

LES FILMS BALENCIAGA
present

A COUCH IN NEW YORK

Screenplay by

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Adapted from French by

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FADE IN

ESTABLISHING SHOT - EXT. NEW YORK CITY - SUNSET

The sun bristles off of the buildings and breaks into exotic colors as it sets over New York City.

As we approach the city we hear the sounds of seagulls.

START MUSIC (Song #1, "Beatrice's Song")

The music mixes with street sounds and conversations as we descend into New York.

EXT. MANHATTAN - SUNSET

The camera glides past the dilapidated buildings of the Lower East Side and then through Chinatown and the Bowery. We watch all the indigenous people of each section as they make their way home from work.

As we move uptown past the Empire State Building and then Central Park, we hear snippets of conversations.

The camera stops in front one of the buildings on 5th Avenue overlooking Central Park.

The DOORMAN hails a taxi and opens the door for a couple dressed in formal attire.

The camera rises slowly up the building.

(Off) from a telephone answering machine we hear a MAN's voice.

MAN (off) (angrily)

I lied to you, Doctor Atherton... but you already knew that; you're an analyst...

My mother did cheat on my father and not just once. It was in a motel. In Salt Lake City.

She would take me with her, make me wait in the car.

I can't stand lying on your goddamn couch anymore!

The camera continues to rise.

A telephone (off) rings and the answering machine responds.

ANSWERING MACHINE (off) (embarrassed)
Doctor Atherton, since our last session...
I've completely stopped dreaming...

The camera stops in front of a lighted window.

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Carrying a glass, DOCTOR HENRY ATHERTON approaches the window. He's closely shaved and wearing a neatly pressed suit. Although his face is blank and expressionless, he's somewhat attractive. He listens to the voice on the answering machine.

ANSWERING MACHINE (off)
It's a bad sign - isn't it? The black hole.
Then in the street... I don't know what got
into me, I went up to her...

HENRY turns his back to the answering machine and walks around the room. Something isn't right.

ANSWERING MACHINE (off)
I grabbed her, I kissed her. Everyone was
watching. Then I ran away. I was ashamed
but I also felt good. I did it. Next time
I'm going to go further... When can I see
you? I'm going to go further.
I can't take it anymore. I need to see you.
You're there. I know it. I can feel it.
You...

MUSIC STOPS

HENRY turns around and approaches the telephone. He shuts off the answering machine.

Then he approaches a sofa lifting his pants so they do not crease. He sits down, very straight up. He's tense. He undoes his tie, which is tight around his neck. He moves his shoulders slightly trying to relax. He takes a sip from his glass of wine.

He puts on a compact disc of Maurice Chevalier singing "Ménilmontant".
He closes his eyes and a shadow of a smile appears on his lips.

Suddenly he stands up. He has an idea. He grabs the cordless phone and looks out his window at the park.

HENRY (dryly, in the telephone)
Herald Tribune?
I'd like to take-out an advertisement in your Paris edition.
It's for an apartment exchange...

HENRY smiles as he reaffirms his wish.

HENRY
Yes, an apartment exchange. In Paris.

CUT TO:

ESTABLISHING SHOT - EXT. PARIS - SUNRISE

START MUSIC (Song #2)

The camera spins maniacally around the Arch de Triomphe before heading down the Champs Elysées and then following the right bank of the Seine leaving postcard Paris and heading towards "Ménilmontant", the underside of Paris.

The camera slowly moves from terrace to terrace, where clothes are drying in the wind. We stop on a building covered with vines.

As the camera rises, a Parisian telephone rings incessantly. Finally an answering machine responds. There's a series of messages from disappointed lovers. Although they're from many men, they are all for BEATRICE.

The phone rings one last time with another message. This time it's JULIEN.

JULIEN (off)
Where were you? I waited all night!
It's Julien, Julien who loves you to death!

The camera finally stops in front of a terrace.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEATRICE'S TERRACE - DAY

We see a woman's leg swaying to the voice on the machine.

VOICE (off)
And you Beatrice, do you love me?
Do you love anyone?

Two birds, turtledoves Nelson and Wilson, provide a chorus for the voice.

BEATRICE (off)
"And a one, and a two, and a three, and a four!"

The camera moves up her body but her face remains hidden by the Herald Tribune.

From behind the paper we hear a mellifluous voice with a very charming but thick french accent.

BEATRICE (concentrated, reading)
Temperature thirty eight degrees fahrenheit,
partially cloudy...

She looks down the page and chooses another thing to read.

BEATRICE
Apartment exchange. New York.
Excellent neighborhood.
Must take care of plants and dog.

The Herald Tribune falls revealing a bright and animated face. BEATRICE breaks into a light sweat.

BEATRICE (continuing to read attentively)
For apartment in Paris. Six weeks.

The two turtledoves begin to chirp wildly.

BEATRICE (to the bird)
Taisez-vous Nelson et Wilson...
or, "Shut-up! Go to (h)ell!"

She looks again at the ad.

BEATRICE (excited)

New York! Six weeks!

The turtledoves respond to her joy with more chirping.
The phone rings again but BEATRICE doesn't answer.
The answering machine responds.

JEROME (off) (furiously)
Beatrice, it's Jerome! Pick up the phone! I
know you're there! Don't you have a heart?

BEATRICE looks anxious.
JEROME hangs up.

CUT TO:

EXT. SKY - DAY

High above the Atlantic an Air France plane crosses an American Airlines plane leaving two trails of smoke that meet to form the title:

A COUCH IN NEW YORK

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK/TRIBORO BRIDGE - DAY

An angry Russian TAXI DRIVER speeds over the empty bridge heading towards New York.
In the backseat, BEATRICE is nibbling from her plastic box of airplane food which she took from the plane.
She licks her fingers and spills crumbs all over the seat.
She looks out the window onto the skyline. She's amazed.
Spontaneously she offers the rest of her plate to the DRIVER.

BEATRICE
I'm sorry. It's a little messy...
turbulence. Chicken... it's OK if you put
some mustard on it.

The DRIVER looks at her curiously.
She smiles back innocently.
The DRIVER lightens-up, smiles, takes the desert from the tray,
and shoves it into his mouth.

BEATRICE
The sweet ones, you like.
Me, not always.

DRIVER (in a Russian accent)
I love chocolate, chopped liver, pastrami,
dancing, vodka, woman, and... vodka.

He starts singing along in Russian to the radio as Boris Godounov begins to play.
The taxi finally drives down 5th Avenue and stops in front of HENRY'S building.

CUT TO:

EXT. HENRY'S BUILDING - DAY

The door to the taxi opens.

BEATRICE'S POV: The DOORMAN in his spanking clean uniform.

She looks at him as if he's a mirage.

DOORMAN (smiling cordially)
Miss Saulnier?
Good day.

BEATRICE is amazed.

DOORMAN (even more professionally)
Mister Atherton told me to expect you.

Formally, he holds out his hand to help her out of the taxi.
BEATRICE hands him her plastic tray of airplane food and then gets out of the taxi.

BEATRICE (in a thick French accent)
Thank you.

The DOORMAN is taken aback by her. She's stunning.

DOORMAN (happily)
You're welcome.

BEATRICE (delighted)
Oh, thank you! I'm so happy!

She pays the DRIVER.

DRIVER
Ia loubliou vas, dievouchka!
(I love you!)

He happily drives off.

BEATRICE stretches and give a slight yawn as she looks up at the 18 story building. Suddenly, she remembers her luggage. The taxi is already gone. BEATRICE breaks hopelessly into a sprint following the taxi. The DOORMAN just stands there watching her. In one hand he has the tray and in the other he holds her beaten bag. BEATRICE finally realizes that the DOORMAN has her bag.

BEATRICE (embarrassed)
Oh. Thank you very much!

Smitten, the DOORMAN holds the door open for her.

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY'S BUILDING/HALLWAY - DAY

BEATRICE follows the DOORMAN through the rich and splendid hallway towards the elevators.

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY'S BUILDING/ELEVATOR - DAY

The DOORMAN hits the button for 18 and the elevator starts to rise. BEATRICE picks a piece of camembert from the tray that the DOORMAN is holding and offers it to him. He declines and she gobbles it up.

BEATRICE (to herself, mouth full)
Eighteenth floor?

DOORMAN
Excuse me?

BEATRICE
Eighteenth floor... I told my friend Anne it was the sixteenth.

DOORMAN
No, it's the eighteenth.

So you have friends in New York?

BEATRICE

Just one, my friend Anne. We danced together in the same company.

DOORMAN

You're a dancer - I knew it.

BEATRICE

How?

DOORMAN

I dunno... I just knew it.

BEATRICE looks around the elevator.

BEATRICE

What a beautiful elevator.

DOORMAN (ecstatic)

Yes, isn't it! I've heard that elevators are very rare in France. And bathrooms too.

BEATRICE (sincerely)

Really? I never noticed!

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY'S BUILDING/HALLWAY - DAY

They stop in front of HENRY's door, 18E. There we hear a loud snore.

DOORMAN

That's Edgar!

The DOORMAN opens the door and hands the keys to BEATRICE.

BEATRICE

Thanks again.
Edgar?

DOORMAN

Edgar, the dog. He sleeps alot.

BEATRICE

Why - is he sick?

DOORMAN
I don't think so.

BEATRICE
Maybe he's just bored.

The PORTER puts her bag down in the doorway then steps back.
He hands her plastic tray back to her.

BEATRICE takes a step. The pitch black apartment frightens her.
She stops.
The dog gets up and growls, showing his teeth.

DOORMAN (happily)
Shut-up, Edgar!

The dog calms down.

DOORMAN
He's very obedient, well-trained!

BEATRICE
Good.

The DOORMAN is still waiting for BEATRICE to enter. She smiles
at him and takes a step inside. Then she smiles again at him.

DOORMAN (firmly planted)
Nice apartment - isn't it?

BEATRICE (shyly)
Very... uh, thanks.
Would you like something to drink?

BEATRICE sees that the DOORMAN is obligated to decline.

BEATRICE
Oh, sorry, you're working!

She enters and jumps back. The huge dog emerges from the dark
and sniffs her all over.
The dog calms down.
Finally the DOORMAN hesitantly leaves.

DOORMAN'S POV: BEATRICE closing the door.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI/EXT. PARIS, BOULEVARD DE BELLEVILLE - DAY

The sun beats down on the taxi that is stuck in traffic. The vietnamese TAXI DRIVER forces his way through the jam by stomping on the brake and then the gas. The violent honks of all of the surrounding drivers mix with the music on the radio. HENRY regards all of the different faces of people of all nations, the black hands holding coconuts and ginger, and the darkskinned men in North African garb. His face is still expressionless. Then he shivers.

The DRIVER brushes a bum.

VIETNAMESE DRIVER (happily)
Hey, watch out!

Finally the taxi escapes the jam and the honking and drives quickly up a hill to Ménilmontant. He skids to stop in front of a little black boy who is running to catch up to his little brother.

HENRY jumps back violently and closes his eyes. When he opens them he sees the two boys running off.

HENRY composes himself and settles back into the seat.

DRIVER (even happier)
I thought it was all over this time.
Fourth time this week.
(ecstatically)
I'm going to die of a heart attack if this
doesn't stop.

HENRY
Hm, hm...

CUT TO:

EXT. PARIS/STREET - DAY

The taxi drops him off in Belleville where he sticks out like a sore thumb. His tight-assed demeanor doesn't fit into this laid-back setting. He's totally out of place here. His way of walking and his matching set of luggage are particularly awkward.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUILDING/DOOR - DAY
(A charming but old building)

He takes his agenda out of his pocket to look for the doorcode.
He reads it and then presses some buttons on the keyboard.
Nothing. The door stays closed.

A WOMAN notices him.

WOMAN (with a portuguese accent)
It doesn't work anymore. It changed.
You have to go to the bakery. Over there.
Next door.

Surprised, he looks at her.
She turns back to him to encourage him.

WOMAN
This bakery.

HENRY (after a moment)
Thank you.

CUT TO:

INT. ARAB BAKERY/PARIS - DAY

HENRY enters the bakery with all of his luggage.

MAN
The code? Wait a minute.

The MAN disappears.
HENRY stands there amidst a group of ARABS. He feels
uncomfortable and rightly so.

A small CHILD enters and signals to HENRY.
HENRY picks up his luggage and follows the CHILD behind the
counter and into a dark hallway.
There things happen quickly.

CHILD (in a moroccan accent)
Wait for me here.

HENRY (uncertain)
What?

The CHILD is gone.
HENRY waits again.

SUDDENLY he hears the sound of a lock turning.
The CHILD opens the door from the other side.

CHILD (quickly)
The code is 62A8.

HENRY
What?

The CHILD takes off again.
He comes back with a piece of paper with the code written on it.
HENRY takes the paper. Relieved.
He smiles at the child, an unexpected smile, full of charm. He
ducks down and ties the CHILD's shoelace.
The CHILD leaves.

HENRY
Hey, hey...
(Too late)
Thanks!

The CHILD is gone in a flash.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTYARD OF PARISIAN BUILDING FROM 1930s - DAY

HENRY walks across the courtyard avoiding the garbage cans.
He also avoids a soccer ball that four chinese KIDS are kicking.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

HENRY remains calm as the mother of these kids accidently throws
soapy water on his shoes. He turns left towards the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRCASE

We can hear loud music coming from one of the top floors.

HENRY starts up the stairway and then picks up the pace as he feels someone right behind him. But he doesn't turn around.

THIS IS THE FIRST SIGN OF HENRY'S TRUE NATURE

He continues up the stairs. He turns around. He sees the chinese woman with her buckets running up the stairs quickly behind him.

She catches up to him and he moves over to let her through. But then she stops and hands him the key with a chinese smile and then heads back downstairs.

HENRY

Thank you. Excuse me. I didn't mean to...

BUT the chinese WOMAN is already out of earshot.

CUT TO:

INT. BEATRICE'S BUILDING/SIXTH FLOOR - DAY

He arrives out of breath with all of his luggage at the sixth floor. He's sweating.

He takes a deep breath and wipes his brow.

The loud music is coming from one of the doors.

(This music we'll call "Beatrice's Music")

He puts his ear against the door. Nothing, nothing but music.

Hesitantly he knocks. Still nothing.

He rings the bell. Still nothing.

From the other side two neighbors appear: MARTIN and PAUL. They are Rastafarians.

MARTIN

She's gone. Took off. To New York.

They head downstairs without waiting for his answer.

HENRY (again too late)

Thanks.

Finally he sticks the key into the old decrepit lock. The door opens.

He is immediately stricken by the chirping from the birds.

He steps back and adjusts his tie.
He enters and closes the door behind him.
The music stops.

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Afraid, BEATRICE enters the dark hallway. All she can hear is the noise of the air conditioner and all she can see are Edgar's shiny eyes glowing in the dark.

She glides her hand on the wall looking for the switch.
Accidentally, she turns on the alarm.
The dog starts barking.

She panics and hits the button again. The alarm and the dog stop. He sniffs her for a moment and then bounces away happily.

In hitting the button, she switched off the alarm but turned on the lights in the hall and the television which shows an aerobics program. She also hears a noise coming from the kitchen. She hits the switch again and everything stops.

It's still dark.

She tries to find her way in the dark.

She hums to herself "Beatrice's Song".

BEATRICE (reading, amused)

Miss Saulnier. Please turn the alarm on every time you leave the apartment. Just press 4AA38 on the keyboard. To turn it off, just press 4AA38 again. Thank you.

(to herself)

OK, no problem.

She exits the hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY'S LIVINGROOM - DAY

BEATRICE follows the dog into the livingroom. Everything is also dark and silent there. Everything is orderly and organized like in a textbook diagram. The room feels sterile, as clean as an operating room.

In the dark we can see small lighted lamps bent over exotic plants.

BEATRICE turns on the radio.

She walks towards the blinds to open them and finds another note.

BEATRICE (still amused)
Oh!
(reading)
Dear Miss Saulnier, these blinds open automatically.
In the entrance to the living room you'll find a note explaining everything.

She heads towards the entrance.

BEATRICE
Here it is.
(reading)
... The arrow facing up is the one you need to open the blinds.

She tries it. The blinds open. She pushes another arrow and the blinds close. She pushes again to open them but they stay closed.

BEATRICE
Damn!

She haphazardly pushes a bunch of buttons. The blinds open making a loud noise. An alarm rings.

Suddenly she shakes nervously. She finds yet another note. She is less amused by this one.

BEATRICE (reading)
If you want to change to room temperature, just use the little computer that...

BEATRICE follows to instructions to the letter. She can hear the noise of the heating turning on. She starts to sweat. She decides to open the window, which is yet another adventure. She lets the life from outside into the apartment. She then falls upon a series of notes that lead her to the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

BEATRICE is fed-up with the notes. The kitchen is highly sophisticated, like a laboratory.

There are notes everywhere, on the fridge, toaster, blender, coffee-maker, everywhere. Everything is computerized.

BEATRICE is overwhelmed by all this and she starts to leave.

But the dog jumps up reaching for his bowl which is on a high stool. He knocks it onto the floor making it roll. BEATRICE follows the bowl which leads her to yet another note, this one concerning the dog's diet.

BEATRICE (upset)
Oh, no!

BEATRICE sighs. She doesn't even want to pick it up, but finally does.

BEATRICE
Mix with a third of white rice...
Edgar is fragile and sometimes experiences difficulties with digestion.

BEATRICE leaves the kitchen followed by Edgar.
A gust of air makes all of the notes fly into the air.

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY'S BATHROOM - DAY

Of course the bathroom is spotless, as if nobody ever used it. There's a jacuzzi and a small gym. Everything has a note on it. There's a series of toiletry bottles organized by size and color. Discouraged, she sits on the scale, which turns on automatically.

SCALE (off)
Congratulations, Henry, you lost forty-five pounds this week.

The phone rings. BEATRICE doesn't react. The answering machine answers. It's CAMPTON, who has difficulty expressing himself.

CAMPTON (off)
Doctor Atherton? It's Mister Campton.
I'm not well.

BEATRICE becomes attentive.

CAMPTON (off)
It's getting worse, everyday.
Jane's after me and so is my neighbor.
I have to see you immediately.

CUT TO:

INT. BEATRICE'S APARTMENT - DAY

BEATRICE's apartment is large enough, but it's a complete mess. There's a lot of light. There's a livingroom, an open kitchen, bedroom, bathroom, and a terrace.

Standing in the middle of the apartment, HENRY doesn't feel well. The apartment is so feminine and such a disaster area; it says so much about the personality of its occupant.

First he picks up a wet towel from the floor. Then he picks up another one and follows the wet foot marks on the wooden floor discovering other articles of clothing. He closes the open cabinets.

BEATRICE's footmarks lead him to a table where she left the rest of her breakfast - toast, jam, and a cup (stolen from a hotel) with lipstick on it.

He continues to follow the footmarks step by step picking up each piece of clothes as if he's on a trail leading to the bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. BEATRICE'S BEDROOM - DAY

The bed is a complete shambles. The shape of her face still remains in the pillow. He picks up a sheet from the floor; from it falls little lace panties. He acts as if nothing has happened, pretending that he doesn't notice the panties.

Nelson and Wilson start singing again.
HENRY feels awkward.
He walks towards the birds.

CUT TO:

INT. BEATRICE'S LIVINGROOM - DAY

HENRY (to the birds)
Would you be so kind as to shut-up?
Would you be...

The birds continue. HENRY tries again in French.

HENRY
Seriez-vous assez aimable pour vous fermez la
guele?
(Would you be kind enough to shut your
traps?)

Forget about HENRY... the birds chirp even louder.
In one quick unconscious movement, HENRY throws the sheet over
the cage.

The little panties falls out again and he picks them up in the
same nonchalant manner.
The room is silent and HENRY takes a deep breath.
He leaves the room.

CUT TO:

INT. BEATRICE'S BATHROOM - DAY

The bath is full of soapy water.
On the edge of the bath is an open tube of toothpaste and a
bottle of perfume that's about to fall into the bath.
He takes a step and the cap of the perfume bottle rolls under his
feet and disappears. He bends over and looks under the sink with
his usual nonchalance.
Finally he sees something under the cupboard and reaches to pull
it out. It's a bra. Behind it is the cap to the perfume bottle.

Mechanically he picks it up. He's about to close the perfume
bottle but then he has an idea: he sniffs the perfume and likes
it.

He snaps back to his usual stiff self and quickly closes the
bottle. He puts it on top of the sink, which is full of make-up,
earrings, etc.

The phone rings. The answering machine picks it up.

A MAN speaks passionately into the machine.

ANSWERING MACHINE (off)
Beatrice, my love, where are you. I...
I dreamt about you last night. I was holding
you in my arms. You kept saying, "yes, yes,
yes".

The answering machine stops.
HENRY sticks his hand into the soapy water and pulls out the
drain. He wipes his hands and goes back to the livingroom.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVINGROOM - DAY

He enters and looks around at the mess. Slowly he takes off his
jacket and wants to put it down neatly on the back of a chair but
there's already a little skirt there. He takes it and brings it
into the bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

He opens a cupboard which is bursting with woman's clothes.
Again he can smell her odor. He finds a hanger and hangs up the
skirt and goes back to the livingroom.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVINGROOM - DAY

He rolls up his sleeves and gets to work.

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT/NEW YORK - DAY

CLOSE ON BEATRICE'S FACE: she's sleeping on the sofa with the dog
next to her. In the background we hear music and the cassette of
her English lesson.

The camera pulls back slowly; the dog moves away from her.
The penthouse has been newly redecorated à la Beatrice: her
clothes, towels, underwear are strewn about everywhere. There
are wet footmarks all over the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY'S BATHROOM - DAY

The dog enters and laps up the water that is overflowing from the bathtub/jacuzzi.

CUT TO:

INT. BEATRICE'S APARTMENT - DAY

The apartment is unrecognizable. Spotless. HENRY has cleaned everything. The shades are closed and the room is silent and dark. Just like HENRY's apartment in New York. He's completely exhausted. He removes the towel that's around his waist and puts it down neatly near the sink and lies down on the sofa. He closes his eyes; he's just about to fall asleep. But there's something under his head. He opens his eyes and lifts up his head. He looks under the pillow and finds a little note. He tries to read it but it's a mess.

HENRY (tired, reading)
Please excuse the mess. The cleaning lady
will come at five o'clock.

He sighs in despair. His head falls back on the sofa. He folds the note, closes his eyes, and instantly falls asleep.

CUT TO:

INT. DANCE CLASS - DAY

In a dance studio with bay windows overlooking New York, twenty young (mostly minority) dancers are dancing to a pianist. They dance perfectly together.

The teacher dances in front of them showing them all the right steps.

Among the dancers is BEATRICE. Next to her is ANNE with whom she is obviously friends.

The piano stops and everyone sighs with relief.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWAY - DAY

ANNE and BEATRICE run down the stairs passing many dancers who are coming or going to class.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Happily BEATRICE walks down the street with ANNE.

BEATRICE

Have you ever felt so... so good that you wanted to cry?

ANNE

Yeah, sometimes when I make love. And you?

BEATRICE

For me... now.
Right now!

BEATRICE's eyes fill with tears of joy.

BEATRICE

Sorry, Anne... I can't help it.

ANNE

I don't understand, why do you feel like that now?

BEATRICE

Just look at the trees, the park, the children, the sky... it's just so wonderful!

ANNE

But that's everywhere!

BEATRICE

In Paris, I really got myself into a mess. I hurt Julian, and Paul, and Jerome, and Francois...
But, you see, I'm here and they're there.

ANNE

But which one do you love?

BEATRICE
None of them, all of them... I dunno...

ANNE
Not even Julian, the one I met at your house.
I really liked him.
He was great-looking... and I loved the way
he moved.

BEATRICE (absentmindedly)
Look... I want pizza!

She enters RAY'S PIZZA and ANNE follows her.

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY'S BATHROOM - DAY

BEATRICE rushes into the dirty bathroom with the pizza dripping from her mouth. Everything is in perfect disorder.

She runs a bath and turns on the jacuzzi. She jumps onto the talking scale. She wets her hair while chomping on her pizza.

The doorbell rings, long and persistently.

She wraps a towel around her head and goes to open the door with her pizza.

CUT TO:

INT. DOORWAY - DAY

She opens the door to find a weary MAN, trembling, on the verge of tears.

MAN (with a parched throat)
I guess you're the replacement this year...?
I'm Mister Campton!

Caught off-guard, BEATRICE nods 'no' - her mouth full of pizza. But the MAN pays no attention to her. Before she can say anything, he walks past her and goes through the hall and into a little room.

BEATRICE swallows her pizza. She has no idea what's going on.

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE - DAY

BEATRICE enters HENRY's office and finds CAMPTON already lying down on the couch ready to confess his life.

Amazed, BEATRICE just stands by the door.

CAMPTON

Johnny was looking at me, hidden behind the drapes. He was there, just a few steps away from me, on the other side of the glass window. My boy, my son. I saw his eyes, his mouth. He's starting to lose his baby teeth.

And his little hand grabbing the drape. Then a shadow passed behind him: my wife, I mean, ex-wife. Then the curtains shut. He disappeared.

I was standing there like an idiot with the superman outfit that I had bought for him. Out in front of the door. I didn't even dare to ring. I just wanted to disappear. It was raining. But I couldn't move. My feet were stuck to the ground. A neighbor came. She said to me: "Don't stay there, Mister Campton, it's raining." I could tell that it was raining. I told her: "I see the rain clearly. It's raining very hard. It's good for the plants," I said. And she said, "Oh yes!" But I couldn't feel anything. I was looking at the window, hoping that Johnny would come out again. That he would open the window, and scream out "Daddy" or something like that.

CAMPTON stops talking. Emotions overwhelm him. He waves his hands desperately.

BEATRICE moves next to him silently. She puts down her pizza, then she gently wipes his tears with her towel.

CAMPTON is relieved. He continues.

CAMPTON

Daddy. I want to hold him, hug him, tell him how I feel. My boy, my son. "So how is school going?" Fathers ask their sons stuff like that - right? "So how is school going

this year?"

BEATRICE

Yes, I guess so. I don't have any children.

BEATRICE stays next to him for a moment. She holds her breath as if to remove her presence from the room.

We feel that each and every word from this man moves her. Then she can't help to ask softly...

BEATRICE

Did Johnny come back?

CAMPTON

No.

BEATRICE

How is that possible?

CAMPTON

She didn't let him. "Don't hug him so tightly. He'll choke. He's only an infant.

Leave him alone." She says things like that all the time.

Out of respect for the man, BEATRICE moves back a bit. Without realizing it, she falls back into the analyst's chair.

CAMPTON

She doesn't want me to see him anymore. She says that he comes back too upset when he sees me. That it's bad for him. What did I do? Sometimes I feel like I'm invisible. Everyone just looks right through me. At work, in the street, everywhere, when someone looks at me they notice that... I see that they don't trust me. They just don't trust me. It shows - you can spot an unwanted man from miles away. A lonely man. Like a dog.

BEATRICE listens attentively to CAMPTON. She's very moved by him. She even wipes away a little tear.

BEATRICE (murmuring)

This is awful. Sometime I say to myself, people are so cruel.

CAMPTON listens to her and calms down. Relieved, he smiles.

CAMPTON

You're right. It's like Jane, you know...

The MAN stops.

BEATRICE (softly)
No, I don't know her.

CAMPTON
The waitress at my favorite deli, down on 12th Street. She's been looking at me in a funny way lately. Every morning I go there for breakfast. Just a coffee and two eggs sunny-side--up.

BEATRICE
Eggs for breakfast? Isn't that a little heavy?

CAMPTON
Yeah, I can't handle it anymore. I can't eat the eggs anymore, I just leave them on my plate. Jane takes them away quickly without saying anything. And then I catch her looking at me...
It must be the way I smell. It's like she's avoiding me. Like the plague. She bites her lip.
I don't like my... smell. I can't stand it anymore. There's something sweet about it... and it's really strong, all-over.

BEATRICE
I don't smell anything. On the contrary, your cologne... it's Vetiver - isn't it?

CAMPTON
It's not cologne. It's my deodorant.

BEATRICE
I like it. Who makes it?

CAMPTON
Vidal Sassoon. It's expensive, but...

BEATRICE
It smells good for a deodorant.

CAMPTON
Yes, very good, really.
But how can you be sure that you don't stink?

Before, when my wife loved me, she would always say, "You smell nice. Mmmm! So nice!"

CAMPTON stops. He's overtaken by his emotions. And so is BEATRICE.

BEATRICE

I'm sure that when you used to leave in the morning, she would stay a while in bed, her head against the pillow breathing in your smell. I guess that's what love is.

CAMPTON (moved, remembering)

Yes, yes. All these smells, even the most intimate one.

I like that about her also. All of them. Everything.

I always felt so good with women. I love them, everything about them.

I... Men, don't interest me. I don't know why.

BEATRICE

I understand. You're right. Completely right.

Suddenly changing the tone of his voice, CAMPTON turns around and looks at her intensely.

CAMPTON

What do you mean, men don't... how am I right?

BEATRICE

Don't let it get to you. I just wanted to say that men don't interest me either. That's it.

CAMPTON

Really?!

BEATRICE

Well, I dunno... in the beginning I always like them. But then - I dunno - I would like to love them, I mean, one. Really love him, but... I can't. They're in my face with all of their love, telling me how much they love me. I can see it from miles away. I know

right away what they're going to tell me,
"Beatrice, I love you, I love you!" And I
try to feel if I have the same thing in me.
I look, I hope. But there's nothing there.
Just friendship or respect. Then I say to
myself, "It'll come, it'll come". But it
doesn't. They ask, "Do you love me? I love
you. Do you love me?" I think it's the
worst question on earth. And the more they
do to make me love them, the more I run away
from them.

BEATRICE laughs to herself.

CAMPTON (moved)
What a shame. It's horrible. I feel sorry
for you.

BEATRICE
It's not that bad. Don't worry about it.

Suddenly CAMPTON turns to BEATRICE and smiles.
She's so true and refreshing that he believes in her.
Content, he lies back down and settles into the couch, repeating
himself.

CAMPTON
It's not that bad. Really! It'll get
better!

BEATRICE (very seriously)
Do you really think so?

CAMPTON thinks for a moment. BEATRICE waits impatiently for his
response.

CAMPTON (with conviction)
Yes!

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

They walk to the entrance door.
In back of BEATRICE, CAMPTON whispers to her.

CAMPTON
Really, it's a shame for men.
Surely, they must like you.

BEATRICE (sighing)
Uh-huh...
(sighing again)
I don't understand it. I don't know what's
wrong with me.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTRANCE - DAY

BEATRICE opens the door and kisses CAMPTON on each cheek (French style). She waits for him to leave.

But CAMPTON doesn't move. He just stands there dumbfounded by her apparent affection.

Intrigued, BEATRICE waits by the open door.

CAMPTON (excited)
As usual, five o'clock Tuesday?

He takes her hand.

BEATRICE
Uhhhh, but... uhhhh...

Distress reappears on CAMPTON's face.

BEATRICE
OK, sure.

He takes out two hundred dollar bills and hands them to her.

BEATRICE is taken aback, but there's something assuring in CAMPTON's face that makes her finally although hesitantly accept the money.

CUT TO:

INT. BEATRICE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Since we last saw HENRY he has again straightened-up the apartment.

Soothing music pervades the apartment.

HENRY is wearing a suit. He feeds the birds then goes to the desk, again picking up his pants' legs to avoid creasing his pants. He sits down, straight up, as usual.

On the desk he has organized BEATRICE's letters into two neat

piles, BUSINESS and PERSONAL.

He casually turns a few pages in a French Poetry Anthology then picks up the telephone.

While he speaks, he unconsciously plays with one of BEATRICE's personal letters.

HENRY

I'd like to reserve one seat for Martha Argurich's concert in Pleyel Hall on the 16th. The name is Atherton.

(beat)

OK, I'll hold.

While HENRY patiently waits, he keeps playing with her letter, just to keep his hands busy. He unconsciously holds it up to the light.

HENRY

Orchestra? That'll be fine. Thank you.

He hangs up and thinks for a moment. He keeps the beat by waiving the letter like a baton. The envelope falls and HENRY picks it up. The letter has fallen out of the envelope. Putting it back, HENRY inadvertently sees a few lines. He mumbles them while reading them to himself.

HENRY (reading)

"I can't stop thinking about you.

I didn't think it was possible, Beatrice.

Your face..."

He pulls the letter further out of the envelope to see more of the letter.

HENRY

"... your hands..."

Slightly embarrassed he turns his head and slides the letter back into the envelope.

He gets up and shuts off the music. There's silence. Then he turns on the radio. He paces around the apartment then rushes back over to the desk and picks up the letter.

HENRY

"... the way you flutter your eyelashes..."

I dream of caressing your skin, its warmth, its softness..."

He closes the letter as if it's burning in his hands.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

HENRY takes a cold shower and then pops two aspirins.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Lying down, HENRY passionately devours BEATRICE's love letters.

HENRY (reading with amazement)
"I'd like to bury my face in the bliss
between your legs, make you scream, 'Bruno, I
love you.'"

HENRY picks up another letter.

HENRY (even more astonished)
"'Don't get too close to me, Pierre', you told
me. 'Feelings aren't for me. Stop asking me
if I love you!'"

HENRY picks up another letter.

HENRY (with emotion)
"You said, 'yes, Frederic' and then it was
'no'! I asked you why not and you just
lowered your eyes.

He picks up yet another letter.

HENRY (even more moved and intrigued)
"I'll never forget the expression on your
face when you told me 'no. I can't do it. I
don't love you.' You said it so casually. I
thought you would be sad, but when you broke
out laughing..."

HENRY thinks for a moment and then repeats the line to himself.

HENRY
"So casually! Broke out laughing!"

He quickly picks-up another letter to find out what's next. He makes a face that says, "What writing!", then painfully continues reading.

HENRY

"I'm warning you, Beatrice. I'm not a reasonable man. I'm violent, fucked-up and fed-up. More than fed-up. I've had it up to here with your bullshit. If you weren't a girl, I'd kick your ass. There'd be nothing left of that pretty little smile of yours! Fini! Basta! Jerome."

HENRY reads so attentively and quickly that we only see him move his lips and eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. 5TH AVENUE/CENTRAL PARK - DAY

ANNE and BEATRICE stroll joyously through Central Park carrying their dance bags. BEATRICE is glowing with happiness. We feel satisfaction and glee running through their bodies after just dancing.

BEATRICE

So, I'll see you later then?!

ANNE

I'll pack my bags. Are you sure it's OK? I won't be in your way?

BEATRICE

Don't worry, the apartment is huge...

ANNE

The change will do me some good. John's sister is coming back and I'd be out on the couch - and without John! And there are roaches... they're harmless, but still...

BEATRICE

Well, there're no roaches in my place - I mean, his place.

ANNE

Really? That's rare. They're all over New York.

OK, I'll see you later.

They kiss and ANNE continues walking as BEATRICE enters HENRY's building.

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

BEATRICE is affectionately received by Edgar the dog. All of the blinds are open and the light is pouring in. All of the furniture has been moved and the plants are all over the place. There are no traces of HENRY's notes. The apartment is such a mess that HENRY wouldn't recognize it.

BEATRICE turns the radio on and nonchalantly throws her bag on one of the sofas. She throws her jacket on a chair and her t-shirt on the floor a little farther.

Edgar follows BEATRICE's every step. Finally he rolls over in front of her asking to be caressed.

Singing blissfully, BEATRICE dances into the bathroom.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

BEATRICE runs a bath. She opens a bottle of HENRY's perfume and puts a few drops into her hand. She breathes in the odor. She likes it. She continues to get undressed leaving articles of clothing everywhere.

The doorbell rings.

BEATRICE (excited)
OK, Anne, I'll be right there!

She quickly wraps herself in one of HENRY's bathrobes and leaves the bathroom.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTRANCE - DAY

She flings the door wide open with a big smile.

BEATRICE'S POV: A STRANGE MAN

He looks even worse than Mr. CAMPTON.
BEATRICE shakes her head in disbelief.

BEATRICE
Oh, no, no, no...
(then hopelessly)
no...

MAN (pathetically)
I need some help.

BEATRICE hesitates.

BEATRICE
Yes, I know. But no, I can't. I mean, I'm
not...

MAN (cutting her off)
I need help.

She looks at him. She tries with all of her force to refuse him.

BEATRICE (feebly)
No, I...

MAN, MR. WOOD
Help me, I don't feel well...

BEATRICE
I can't. I...

But she can see his suffering and she gives in.

BEATRICE
OK, come in...

He walks past her towards HENRY's office.

CUT TO:

INT. BEATRICE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

HENRY is sleeping.
There are some light knocks on the door.
At the same time the answering machine answers a call.

ANSWERING MACHINE
Beatrice, my love, why aren't you answering?

It's Thomas!
This is the tenth message I've left.
I can't take it anymore. I... my love, my
darling... pick up, please... I'm going
insane.

The knocking at the door becomes more and more violent.

Still sleeping, HENRY wields his arms as if to defend himself
from something, his nightmare.

The telephone rings again.

CUT TO:

EXT. HENRY'S FRONT DOOR - DAY

The pitiful MR. WOOD is now smiling at BEATRICE who is tired but
happy.
He looks at her with much emotion.

MR. WOOD
Thank you. Thank you very much.
See you next week. Same time?

BEATRICE hesitates but then looks at the anxious Mr. WOOD.
She can't say no.

BEATRICE
Uh... Yes.

MR. WOOD smiles, then has an idea.

MR. WOOD
Maybe you have some time before that? I
could...

BEATRICE cuts him right off.

BEATRICE
Ah, no. No, absolutely not, Mister Wood!

MR. WOOD is disappointed, but still smiles as he hands her \$200.
BEATRICE takes the bills with less hesitance than the first time.
WOOD takes one last long look at BEATRICE before leaving. This
time BEATRICE has the good sense not to kiss him before shutting
the door.

BEATRICE

Ouf!

She puts the money in a jar.

CUT TO:

INT. BEATRICE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The knocking at the door gets louder and louder.
Frightened, HENRY quickly wakes up.
Yet another man is leaving a message on the answering machine.

ANSWERING MACHINE
Beatrice, it's Julian. Please pick-up,
please!

The knocking becomes more violent.
JULIAN's voice on the machine gets more impatient and sad.

JULIAN (off)
Please pick-up, I'm begging you...

Wearily HENRY gets up and takes a few steps in the dark. He fumbles through the furniture making his way towards the angry voice and the knocking.

JULIAN (off)
Waiting is killing me, Beatrice...

JULIAN hangs up and HENRY is relieved.
But the knocking continues, like a machine gun mixed with "Repond (Open-up)" in French. In front of the answering machine HENRY is dumbfounded.
Then he realizes that the voice isn't coming from the machine. HENRY blindly heads for the first door. He opens it: nothing, just the toilet with the water dripping as usual.
The knocking becomes even more violent.

Finally HENRY finds the front door. He pulls on the handle but can't open it. He becomes frustrated and pulls harder.
Then he grabs the keys and puts them in the lock.
The turtledoves provide a chorus.
After two turns of the key, the door explodes open.

BANG! HENRY gets a punch in the face and goes out like a light.

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY'S LIVINGROOM - DAY

BEATRICE relaxes on the sofa. She's tired and wearing HENRY's bathrobe; her hair is wet. The dog regards her affectionately.

The doorbell rings and BEATRICE jumps. She straightens up stiff. She shuts off the lights and remains rigid.

The doorbell rings again.
Without a sound she gets up and heads for the door.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTRANCE - DAY

BEATRICE puts her ear to the door. She hears breathing. She's petrified.

The doorbell rings again along with some knocking.

BEATRICE (disguising her voice)
Doctor Atherton isn't home.
I'm just the cleaning lady.

She softly walks off, having escaped the bell.

From the other side of the door comes a voice.

VOICE (off)
Beatrice, it's me, Anne!

Relieved, ANNE retraces her steps, opens the door, and lets ANNE and her two valises in. She quickly shuts the door behind them. BEATRICE kisses ANNE on each cheek.

BEATRICE (whispering, relieved)
Thank god it's you!

ANNE (also whispering)
What is it? Did you expect someone else)

BEATRICE (still whispering)
No way! Nobody! No one!

ANNE
Really?
I saw the name downstairs... this isn't
Doctor Atherton the headshrinker's home - is

it?

BEATRICE
Headshrinker? No way!!
He's just an analyst.

ANNE
That's what a headshrinker is, an analyst.
Headshrinker, shrink...

BEATRICE
Then that's him. Do you know him?
Come in, put your bags down.

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT/ANNE'S ROOM - DAY

They enter into ANNE's room.

ANNE
No, but I've heard of him.

BEATRICE
Really - how's that?
Put your things in here.

She opens the armoire.

ANNE
Can you believe it? I was in analysis!

BEATRICE
What - you?! I would've never guessed!
Incredible!

ANNE
Well, it's true.

BEATRICE
That's great, really! So you can help me!
There's the bathroom.

They go into the bathroom.

ANNE
How's that - help you? With what?

BEATRICE

If you only knew! These men!
They're all so...

CUT TO:

INT. BEATRICE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

With a bloody nose, HENRY regains consciousness.

HENRY'S POV: A LARGE STRONG CRAZED MAN - JEROME

JEROME
So that's why, that's why she doesn't want
me!
She's with someone!

JEROME speaks while picking up HENRY by the collar. He looks at HENRY with a mixture of anger and pain.

JEROME
Obviously - you're goodlooking.
One of those rich bastards, I bet.
Even kinda intellectual.
Chicks like that, intellectuals.

He gets ready to smash HENRY again.

HENRY (in bad French)
Mais non, je vous assure. Ce n'est pas moi.
Je... Enfin... Jerome...!
(No, I assure you. It's not me. I...
Jerome!)

JEROME
Jerome! You said my name! You know my name!
How is it possible? Oh, I see...
(getting angrier and angrier)
I see. She told you about me - didn't she?
She had a good laugh about me, I bet! And
maybe you did too!

HENRY
No, I swear. No I don't know her. I...

JEROME (overwhelmed)
I bet you had a pretty good laugh - you
bastard.

JEROME picks HENRY up again by the collar. He's going to hit him

again but no so hard this time.

HENRY moves and avoids the punch which flies into the air.

HENRY (gently)
No, I'm just living here and she's at my place.

JEROME (even crazier and angrier)
That's the way it looks! You... when I think of what she told me - wait-a-minute - not so quickly. I don't know where I am. Don't rush me!
An American!!!

HENRY
Jerome, please calm down.

JEROME
I'm not a calm type of guy.

HENRY
I know that.
I don't know Beatrice but I can guess that she's quite beautiful.

JEROME
She is.

HENRY (intensely)
Very beautiful... and lively, smart.

JEROME
Yes.

HENRY
Pure through and through.

JEROME
Yes, through and through.

HENRY
And loving her must be something serious, important.

JEROME
Yes.

HENRY
If I may, if I can say - if you want to win

her over, bring her to you...

JEROME
Yes, that's what I want.

HENRY looks at him.

HENRY
You should start by...

He looks at him seriously.

HENRY (very seriously)
You may try dressing differently.

JEROME
I want her to love me like I am.

HENRY
I guess you're right.

JEROME takes his handkerchief and wipes HENRY's nose.

HENRY
What were we saying?

JEROME
That I should dress differently.

HENRY
Yes, you're not what you seem.
You're completely different.
I know, I was like you before.

HENRY looks attentively at JEROME who is lightening up.

JEROME (astonished and trusting)
No, it can't be!
(beat)
It's true. At heart I'm completely
different.

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT/BATHROOM

ANNE puts her toiletries away.

ANNE (incredulously)
But you don't have the right. You have no right!

BEATRICE
Such distress. They're so unhappy. They just lie down. Then I don't know what happens...

BEATRICE hands her some towels and ANNE takes them.

ANNE (sighing)
You can't do that!
I'm going to take a shower.

ANNE gets into the shower.
Pensive, BEATRICE sits on the toilet.

BEATRICE
When they leave they're happy.
You don't know what it's like.
It's amazing!

ANNE (from the shower)
What did you say?

BEATRICE (yelling)
And you, your analysis did you some good?

ANNE
Of course. It freed me. Especially in love.
Now I know what to do when someone loves me.

BEATRICE
Fortunately. And exactly how did you learn it?

ANNE
Well, it's very personal. Why do you ask?
You're not going to...

BEATRICE (sincerely)
No, no way. I helped them but I won't do it anymore. I swear. No more!

Preoccupied, she gets up off of the toilet and spins around the bathroom.

BEATRICE (impulsively)
But what did your shrink tell you, for
example? He gave you advice?

ANNE
Never any advice.

She sticks her head out of the shower.

ANNE
Advice could be fatal.

BEATRICE
Fatal?!
He told you about himself then?

ANNE
Never! Are you crazy or what? It's not just
a game, it's a relationship. It's very
intense!

BEATRICE (intrigued)
Intense?! What goes on?

ANNE (concealing)
Not too much... almost nothing.

BEATRICE (stupefied)
Not too much? Almost nothing?!

ANNE (hesitantly)
Well, sometimes he would "hm, hm".

BEATRICE
"Hm, hm"?

ANNE
"Hm, hm", yeah, when he felt that I had
something important to say.
(after a moment, seriously)
... or if I was really "blocked".
When I stopped in the middle of a sentence,
"hm, hm".

BEATRICE
In the middle of a sentence - that happened?

ANNE

Uh-huh. That's the crucial moment.

BEATRICE
"Hm, hm", blocked, at the crucial moment?
That's all?

ANNE (getting into it)
No. Sometimes he would repeat a word, a single word from the sentence that I just said. It was really intense. I would think about it all day and night.

BEATRICE
He would repeat a word!

ANNE
Softly, with no emotion. Really softly, so as not to completely interrupt my thought.

BEATRICE
One word? Which one?

ANNE
One word!

BEATRICE
"Hm, hm", one word - that's all?!

ANNE (seriously)
No, that's not all.

BEATRICE
Well...

ANNE
And sometimes he would also say, "Yes"!

BEATRICE
"Yes"?!

ANNE
Yes

CUT TO:

INT. BEATRICE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

JEROME settles into the couch.
HENRY is sitting in an armchair, just like in his office.

HENRY
Yes...

JEROME (flowing uncontrollably)
Yes, it was my sister who she loved. My
mother loved my sister. Everyone loved my
sister. I did too, even if I sometimes
wanted to pull all of her hair out.
Beautiful blond hair. She was so beautiful.
It killed me.

HENRY
Yes...

JEROME
Yes...

HENRY (after a moment)
Yes...

JEROME
Me...

HENRY
Yes.

JEROME (sighing)
No, I'm embarrassed. I shouldn't...

HENRY (gently, with care)
Yes...

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE - DAY

BEATRICE is sitting in the analyst's chair and Mr. STEIN is lying
on the couch.

BEATRICE (in the same tone as Henry)
Yes...

STEIN
I was afraid, very afraid that someone was
following me.

BEATRICE
Afraid!

Me too, sometimes I'm really afraid. I don't know why. Sometimes it's for no reason at all, like when it's gray and sticky outside and I see...

(she remembers what Anne told her)

Uh... Hm, hm... yes.

Excuse me.

(forgetting again)

It goes away. It'll go away. Don't worry.

Hm, hm...

CUT TO:

INT. BEATRICE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Whistling happily, HENRY leans over the toilet to fix the nonstop dripping. He picks up the flush pump and looks at it, then puts it back. We hear the water dripping.

The telephone rings and the answering machine picks it up.

JEROME

Henry, it's me, Jerome.

I felt so good after, after we spoke.

I'd like to see you again. I have so many things to tell you, so many things stuck

inside me. Only you understand me. Don't

forget about me! Goddammit, Henry, pick up!

(beat)

Henry, you're my friend, Henry....

JEROME slams down the phone.

Nervous, HENRY can't seem to fix the toilet. He keeps playing with the pump but little changes.

But then there's a knock on the door.

HENRY stands up and the pump falls into the bowl.

The turtledoves start chirping.

HENRY covers the cage with his jacket.

JULIEN (off)

Beatrice, open! I know that you're there! I can hear you breathing.

(screaming)
Beatrice, it's Julian!

HENRY slowly approaches the door and puts his ear to it. He hears someone breathing heavily and then going down the stairwell.

HENRY is relieved. He goes back to the bathroom and picks up the pump.

The violent knocking starts again. It looks like the door is going to break this time. The door bursts open and a man falls in. He looks at HENRY for a few seconds, annoyed.

Then he leaves. The telephone rings and HENRY jumps again. The answering machine picks up.

JEROME (off)
You're not there, Henry. Did you get my message, Henry? I'm disappointed. Don't do that to me Henry. I'm coming over!

HENRY grabs his suitcases and throws his stuff into them. In his haste, his panic, he inadvertently grabs some of BEATRICE's stuff.

Next to the neatly stacked pajamas and underwear are a young woman's underwear. On top of the undies is one of HENRY's famous notes.

HENRY takes one long last breath of the perfume coming from the woman's clothing.

CUT TO:

INT. CHARLES DE GAULLE AIRPORT/PARIS - DAY

Over the loudspeaker comes the boarding call for all passengers to New York.

HENRY is in a telephone booth going through his address book. Each time he reads a name he makes a little grimace.

Suddenly he stops on a page and reads "Dennis". He becomes excited. He dials the phone but nobody responds.

Last call for passengers to New York.

Nervous, HENRY is about to hang up when someone answers on the other end.

HENRY
Hello, Dennis. It's me, Henry. Henry Atherton. Yeah, been a long time. But I'd like to talk to you. I woke you - didn't I. Sorry. I'll let you get back to

sleep...

Dismayed, he's about to hang up.
He sees the last passengers handing in their boarding passes.

HENRY

No, in Paris. Yes, now. No, everything is
OK, but...

(beat)

Hey, would you mind if I crashed at your
place for a little bit? Just until I get my
apartment back. I'd really appreciate it.

Are you sure - it doesn't bother you?

No, I swear, everything is alright.

CUT TO:

INT. DENNIS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

DENNIS is lying in bed with a GIRL. He looks warm and friendly,
but he's pensive when he hangs up. Then he gets up.

CUT TO:

INT. DENNIS' LIVINGROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT

The apartment is a messy bachelor pad.
DENNIS enters the kitchen and starts to do the dishes.

GIRL (off)

Dennis, what are you doing?
Come back to bed!

DENNIS

I'll be right there!

He continues to do the dishes. Then he picks up the phone and
dials it.

DENNIS (softly)

Mom - am I waking you?

How are you - couldn't sleep?

Mom, you'll never guess who called and asked
me to put him up.

(beat)
Henry... Yeah, Henry Atherton.
No, he's no longer a little boy, mom.
You saw his mom last week.
He's very rich, I know, mom. But still, he
asked if he could stay over a bit.

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Out of the music we hear a champagne cork pop.
It's a party of dancers of all races. They're all dancing and
partying festively. Another cork pops.
ANNE is laughing and kissing a guy.
BEATRICE is sitting; she's a little tired. A MAN is talking
intensely to her.

MAN
I'm lost when it comes to sex.

BEATRICE
Hm, hm.

MAN
You look tired.

BEATRICE
Tired, yes. I've never worked so much in my
life!

The telephone rings.
ANNE pulls herself away from the guy and BEATRICE gets up.

ANNE
It must be John!

Both of them arrive too late at the phone.
The answering machine turns on.

CAMPTON (off)
Miss Saulnier! It's Mister Campton. I'm
with Jane, the waitress, but I snuck away to
call you. I....
It's difficult to... I can only think of you.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE

With his eyes wide open, HENRY is lost deep in space.

STEWARDESS (for the third time)
More coffee, sir?
Sir?

HENRY
Uh... Yes... No. Oh, I don't know.

CUT TO:

INT. JFK AIRPORT/NYC - DAY

The plane pulls into the gate.

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Yet another man, MR. BROWN, rings and enters into HENRY's apartment while another is leaving.
The telephone rings.

ANNE (off)
A session? Not before next week.

CUT TO:

INT. CUSTOMS/JFK AIRPORT - DAY

HENRY gives his passport to the female customs agent who scrutinizes it.

CUT TO:

EXT. JFK AIRPORT - DAY

HENRY exits with his matching luggage.
He looks around and heads for a taxi.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI - DAY

He reads from his address book to the DRIVER.

HENRY
Dennis Lombardi, 144 Spring Street, Brooklyn.

DRIVER
Near Flatbush Avenue?

HENRY
Yes, that's it.

The taxi takes off.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI/EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

HENRY changes his mind. He can't resist the temptation.

HENRY
Uh, excuse me... First I'd like to make a
stop on Fifth Avenue at 74th...

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

BEATRICE attentively listens to Mr. CAMPTON who is lying on the
couch.

CAMPTON
That's right, it hurt when Jane left me. But
now that she's back it also hurts...

BEATRICE
Yes...

CUT TO:

EXT. 5TH AVENUE/CENTRAL PARK - DAY

HENRY gets out of the taxi.

HENRY

Just wait a few minutes, I'll be right back.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTRANCE TO HENRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Again BEATRICE accepts the \$200 from CAMPTON who is becoming obsessed with her.

CAMPTON (hopefully)

Next week, same time...

BEATRICE

Yes.

CAMPTON

Or maybe even tomorrow or... I'm sorry but I really think we're getting at something...

BEATRICE (cutting him short)

Really?! Wait, I'll check my agenda.

There's so many people right now. New Yorkers are really not the most stable people in the world. Do you understand?

CAMPTON (forcing the issue)

It's possible. But me, I... Jane, my son, my wife...

BEATRICE sighs and disappears. CAMPTON waits.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY OF HENRY'S BUILDING - DAY

HENRY enters his building and the DOORMAN is surprised to see him.

DOORMAN

Oh, Mister Atherton, you're back.

HENRY (evasively)

Ah no, just passing through. Conference. Do you have my mail?

DOORMAN
Surely.

The DOORMAN goes to get the mail.

HENRY waits.

The elevator comes down and opens behind HENRY.

HENRY turns around to find CAMPTON, smiling with his head in the clouds. CAMPTON doesn't even notice HENRY.

HENRY (mumbling)
Geez, Campton looks pretty good. Completely different.

The DOORMAN returns with a bunch of letters.

DOORMAN
Excuse me?

HENRY (thinking)
Uh, nothing.
Everything OK up there?
How's the dog?

HENRY is still astonished by the way CAMPTON looked.

DOORMAN
Oh yes, he's just fine, great.

HENRY
Good. I was afraid he would miss me.

DOORMAN
No, don't worry, sir, he's just fine...
completely changed as a matter of fact!

HENRY
What d'ya mean - changed? He's not sick - is he?

DOORMAN
No, sir! On the contrary!
I mean, he's not sick. But his temperament
has changed. He sleeps less, has more
energy, just seems more alive.

HENRY
More alive?!

Another of HENRY's patients, Mr. STEIN, enters; he looks happy and well-adjusted. He stops, fixes his ties, and runs his

fingers through his hair with excitement.

HENRY is fascinated by STEIN's gestures. He can't believe his eyes.

DOORMAN (thinking)
Happier and happier everyday!

HENRY
She takes him out three times a day?

DOORMAN
Oh, yes. He follows her all over!

HENRY
All over?

MR. STEIN bounces across the hall and anxiously head towards the elevator.

HENRY impulsively follows him by taking the second elevator.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY OF 18TH FLOOR - DAY

When HENRY exits the elevator nobody is there. But he advances some and finally, from around the corner, sees his patient. Intrigued, he follows him. HENRY's heart beats anxiously. STEIN stops in front of HENRY's door. HENRY hides and spies on him. HENRY watches as STEIN pushes the doorbell without any hesitation and enters the apartment. HENRY just stands there in shock.

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE - DAY

MR. STEIN is lying on the couch.

STEIN
I had a bad feeling. I heard footsteps, like someone was following me. I felt a shadow behind me. Someone watching me... I'm

scared.

The doorbell rings and STEIN jumps.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

ANNE goes to open the door. She finds HENRY and she looks him up and down.

ANNE (professionally)
Can I help you?

There's silence. HENRY looks her up and down without saying anything. He feels uncomfortable, surprised, disappointed.

ANNE (surprised)
Sir!

HENRY (after a moment)
Miss Saulnier...

ANNE
I'm her secretary, sir.

HENRY (relieved)
Her secretary.
(surprised)
Her secretary!

HENRY is silent again. He tries to look into the apartment. He hears some muffled voices, a man's voice and a woman laughing.

ANNE moves to block HENRY from seeing into the apartment.

ANNE
Yes, sir?

HENRY (obstinately)
I'd like to see, Miss Saulnier, Beatrice Saulnier.

ANNE (sternly)
It's impossible, sir.

HENRY
Why isn't it possible?

I'm...

ANNE (interrupting him)
I'm terribly sorry, sir.
It's not possible. Miss Saulnier has a session now!

HENRY (not believing his ear)
Has a session? How's that? With whom? It's not possible. I must see her.

ANNE (like to any other patient)
I'm sorry, sir. Not now.
(seeing that Henry isn't looking well)
You don't look well. Why don't you sit down a minute.

She points to a bench in the hallway.

HENRY (confidently)
But she can't have a session.
It's not possible. I...

ANNE (motherly)
But yes, sir, she does. She has a session.
Would it help if...

HENRY (about to explode)
But I'm perfectly fine! It's you... Has a session!

And that's when Edgar the dog shows up.
HENRY signals and smiles to him.
Edgar growls at HENRY who can't believe it.

HENRY
Edgar, it's me! Edgar!

The dog examines him for a moment, then returns disdainfully to his place in the apartment.
Exasperated, HENRY heads off.
ANNE shuts the door behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTRANCE - DAY

The DOORMAN notices that HENRY isn't well.

DOORMAN
Is everything alright, sir?

HENRY (not paying attention to him)
Yes...

The DOORMAN is surprised.

CUT TO:

INT. IN FRONT OF HIS DOOR - DAY

HENRY (to the Driver)
Follow me please.

HENRY starts to take a walk in Central Park.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI/EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

The taxi follows HENRY as he takes a walk.
First HENRY walks rapidly and angrily, then he calms down a bit.
HENRY finally decides to get back in the taxi.
But the taxi is nowhere to be found. All of HENRY's belongings
have vanished.

HENRY
Shit! My luggage!

HENRY looks left and right but doesn't see a thing. Hundreds of
taxis pass but never the right one.
He shivers when he sees a baglady and searches in his pocket. He
finds ten cents, but decides against giving it to her when he
spots a phone. He dials his own number.

HENRY (off)
You have reached the number of Henry
Atherton. I cannot come to the phone right
now. Please leave a message after the beep.

CUT TO:

EXT. HENRY'S BUILDING - DAY

BEATRICE and ANNE exit the building and walk.
We see that they're being followed by STEIN.
BEATRICE doesn't notice, but ANNE turns around frequently.

ANNE
I feel like Stein is following us.

BEATRICE turns around but STEIN is hiding.

BEATRICE
I don't see anything.

ANNE
Lets turn over there. We'll see.

They enter Central Park. It starts to rain, really hard.
STEIN becomes more discreet in following them.

ANNE (suddenly excited)
What if we went shopping?!!

BEATRICE
What?

ANNE (really excited)
The money, the money from the sessions!

BEATRICE looks at ANNE conspiratorially and becomes equally excited. She takes ANNE by the arm and they take off.

BEATRICE (ecstatically)
C'mon!

CUT TO:

EXT. MIDTOWN NYC/5TH AVENUE - DAY

HENRY is a beaten man. His suit is sopping wet. He stops amidst the crowd during rush hour. The people look curiously at him. HENRY doesn't even notice the rain. A group of Salvation Army singers sing louder and louder as if they're singing for HENRY.

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

There are many bags and boxes of useless new stuff lying around. BEATRICE and ANNE dry their dripping wet hair while they open the boxes.

The telephone rings and the answering machine picks up.

STEIN (off)

Hello, this is Mister Stein. I need to see you immediately. I didn't tell you everything. I'm downstairs and would like to come up...

BEATRICE looks out of the window with her binoculars. She watches STEIN, a little dot in the binoculars, as he enters her building.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - NIGHT

Walking wearily, HENRY crosses the Brooklyn Bridge.

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Music.

The doorbell rings.

BEATRICE

It's Mister Stein. What should I do?
I'll open it.

ANNE

No, don't do it.

The doorbell rings again. BEATRICE can't hold back; she answers the door.

Sopping wet, STEIN appears.

BEATRICE

Mister Stein, you're soaked, you're going to catch pneumonia like that.

She gives him a towel to wipe himself off.

STEIN

I know who was following me, Miss Saulnier...
Doctor Atherton. I saw him in the park.

BEATRICE

But Doctor Atherton is in Paris. I swear.
He won't be back for another two weeks.

STEIN would like to enter but BEATRICE blocks his way.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET/BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Tired, HENRY continues to walk through a poor neighborhood.
There are bums and kids all over.
Finally he enters a building.

CUT TO:

EXT. DECREPIT BUILDING - NIGHT

HENRY wearily walks up the stairs and rings the doorbell. Loud
music is coming from inside the apartment.
Friendly and warm Dennis opens the door. His face drops when he
sees Henry's disheveled state.

DENNIS

What happened to you?

HENRY

They stole everything!

DENNIS quickly brings him inside.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

DENNIS gives HENRY a towel to dry himself off.
Then a shirt and a pair of pants.
HENRY starts to undress.

DENNIS

What's up? You look "different"!

(Off) there's a bunch of laughter from the next room.

DENNIS

All the guys from the old neighborhood,
they're all here. I thought it would be
nice.

HENRY (dryly)

Great. Thanks alot.
You too, you think I look "different"?

DENNIS looks carefully at HENRY.

DENNIS (seriously)

Uh-huh.

CUT TO:

INT. DENNIS' LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

The window is open and we can hear festive and lively street
noises coming from below.

DENNIS takes care of things in the kitchen from where he can see
everything.

HENRY crashes into an armchair. He's wearing DENNIS' clothing
which is ridiculously small on him. All of the guys come over to
shake his hand. HENRY feels out of place, he hasn't seen these
guys in ages.

First MARTY approaches HENRY.

MARTY

Hey, Henry! It's been a long time!

HENRY

Hello, uh...

MARTY

Marty... Marty Tavoularis...

HENRY (trying to be cordial)

Oh, yes, Marty... about twenty years...

MARTY

At least! The last time was at Yankee
Stadium. Greg Nettles hit a two-run homer in
the ninth and we beat the Angels - d'ya

remember?

HENRY

Oh yeah, the Yankees... of course!

Another guy, smiling, slaps HENRY on the back.

BILL (friendly and admiring)

So Henry, I heard you're doing alright, moved "uptown".

HENRY

Yeah, I guess so...

HENRY cuts the conversation short. He seems distanced from the group.

HENRY (after a moment)

You too, Dennis told me!

MARTY

Yeah, OK, I'm working in a garage now. It's OK.

HENRY just nods.

JOE approaches him.

JOE (laughing)

It's better than jail!

PATRICK (also laughing)

Or unemployed like me.

But I manage.

Not all of us went to Harvard.

HENRY

Well...

PATRICK (insisting)

Yeah, well, school was never really my thing...

DAN (laughing)

I think that "brains" were never really your thing!

(to Henry)

Your mother's still around! I saw her the other day in the supermarket. I heard you got a place on fifth avenue....

FRANCIS (skeptically)
Do you like it up there?

HENRY
It's alright, I guess...

MARTIN (insisting)
You remember Miss Coldcream?

HENRY
Uh....

MARTIN
Yeah, she's the one that we stole the...

HENRY
Uh... excuse me...

HENRY gets up leaving the guys there. Everyone just looks at him wearing DENNIS' cheap suit. Everyone is amazed.
HENRY takes the cordless phone into the bathroom.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

He dials a number.

HENRY
Hi, this is John Wire... I'd like to have a session with Miss Saulnier. It's urgent. Tomorrow. Tomorrow at five. OK, thanks.

Someone opens the bathroom door and says, "Oh, excuse me!"

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT -

ANNE (yawning)
There's a real weirdo coming tomorrow.

BEATRICE (yawning)
Y'know, all of them are a little weird when they're lying down.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEAR HENRY'S BUILDING -

DENNIS

Listen, it's really simple: I'll tell her that I'm Henry Atherton and that she has absolutely no right to have sessions with my clients.

HENRY

I'll take a session, then I'll get my dog and that's that.

DENNIS

That's that!

DENNIS takes out his wallet and hands HENRY some bills.

DENNIS

Here, y'never know!

HENRY

Thanks. Tomorrow I'll go to the bank. So, I'll say, "I'm Henry Atherton. Please stop this joke!" Then I'll take the dog and that's it. Y'think she'll believe me?

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY OF 18TH FLOOR -

HENRY walks deliberately down the hallway, still wearing DENNIS' clothing which is too small on him but makes him look fragile and somewhat pathetic.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTRANCE TO HENRY'S APARTMENT -

HENRY rings the doorbell and ANNE comes to let him in.

ANNE
Goodday Mister...

HENRY (dryly)
Yes, yes...

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY -

He walks towards his office straining his neck to look into all of the nooks of the apartment. Things certainly have changed. ANNE opens the office door and HENRY enters.

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE -

BEATRICE is there but has her back to him; she's taking notes.

BEATRICE (mumbling to herself)
Troubled infancy, anorexic...
(to Henry)
Oh, excuse me, I'll be right with you.

HENRY'S POV: THE BACK OF BEATRICE'S HEAD, HER BEAUTIFUL HAIR AND LONG NECK

HENRY looks around his office and sees that everything has changed.

BEATRICE (still taking notes)
Mister...?

HENRY
Yes...

BEATRICE
Mister...

HENRY
Wire, John Wire.

BEATRICE
Beatrice Saulnier, pleasure to meet you.

HENRY
Pleasure to meet you.

BEATRICE (continuing to take notes)
Please...

HENRY
Oh, yes...

HENRY understands and hesitantly lies down on the couch which is too short for him; his feet hang off.

BEATRICE sits down in the armchair just behind him as if he were any patient. HENRY can't see her.

HENRY clears his throat, but nothing comes out.

HENRY
Uh...

BEATRICE waits for HENRY to start the sessions but there's only silence.

HENRY'S POV: HIS PRIZE PLANT COLLECTION WHICH HAS GROWN INTO A SMALL JUNGLE DUE TO THE EXCESSIVE LIGHT

The sun beams through the window onto HENRY's face making him uncomfortable.

The dog growls a little.

HENRY tries to look at BEATRICE through her reflection in the window, but without success.

HENRY clears his throat - hmmm - still nothing.

BEATRICE becomes more and more attentive. This time she follows ANNE's advice and says nothing and doesn't move. She just listens to the silence.

The dog looks at HENRY as if he's waiting to hear something.

Disturbed by the light, HENRY rubs his eyes. Finally BEATRICE breaks the silence.

BEATRICE
Hm, hm...

More silence.

BEATRICE
Yes...

This makes HENRY even more uncomfortable.

HENRY (clearing his throat twice)
Yes...

BEATRICE is disconcerted.
Suddenly without realizing it, HENRY takes a large whiff of
BEATRICE's perfume. He thinks for a moment.

The sun is hidden by the clouds leaving the room in a shadow.

BEATRICE feels lost and uneasy.

HENRY can't start. He just flutters his eyelids.
BEATRICE doesn't know what to say.
The dog is the only one breaking the silence.

Both of them lean over slightly to listen to the other one
breathe.
The sun comes out from behind the clouds and brightly lightens up
the room.
Even the dog is becoming impatient.

BEATRICE
Yes...

CUT TO:

INT. ENTRANCE - DAY

HENRY stops and turns around to face BEATRICE.
He stares deeply into her eyes, mesmerized by her beauty.

BEATRICE also looks intensely at HENRY. She's intrigued.
Actually, HENRY is the first patient who hasn't bounced out of
the office ecstatically after a session.
HENRY becomes embarrassed and lowers his eyes.
Then he raises them again and they look straight into each
other's eyes without moving.

Finally BEATRICE breaks the silence.

BEATRICE (shyly)
Well, sir, I'm sorry.

HENRY can no longer stand to look at BEATRICE's beautiful warm face; he lowers his eyes again.

HENRY
Yes, Wire. John Wire.
Don't worry about it.

BEATRICE
No, I will worry about it.
Mister Wire. John Wire...
I'm terribly sorry that I couldn't be of any help.

HENRY (also sorry)
No...

BEATRICE
You're the first one, the only one.

HENRY
Really?

BEATRICE
It'll be better when Doctor Atherton gets back. I'm...

HENRY (disappointed)
Do you think so? Maybe you're right. I dunno.

BEATRICE (with a little hope)
Maybe next time we'll have better results.

He looks at her; she looks upset. But suddenly her mood changes and becomes enthusiastic.

BEATRICE
Yes, next time. I think it'll be better...

She looks intently at him as if she's looking deep into his heart.

HENRY (consoling)
Yes, certainly. When?

BEATRICE
Yes, when...?

BOTH OF THEM TOGETHER

Tomorrow?!

The two nod in agreement.

Then there's an awkward moment, a waiting period.

BEATRICE doesn't open the door.

Suddenly HENRY remembers something and gets a little embarrassed.

HENRY (anxiously)

Oh, yes, of course. Sorry....

HENRY reaches into his pocket, pulls out his wallet, and awkwardly looks for a few bills. His fingers are trembling. Meanwhile BEATRICE signals 'no' to him but he doesn't see it.

HENRY

Two hundred. Ah, sorry. I don't understand it but I'm short twenty. Can I...

BEATRICE

Mister Wire, I don't want anything. I couldn't do anything this time.

HENRY

Take it; it's the rule. Have to stick by the rules. Doctor Atherton would never refuse the money.

BEATRICE (wanting to be professional)

OK.

She accepts the money.

BEATRICE

I'll see you tomorrow, Mister Wire. One o'clock.

HENRY

See you tomorrow, ma'am...

(suddenly remembering something)

Oh, Doctor Atherton's plants

BEATRICE

Yes...

HENRY

It looks like a jungle in there. Is it supposed to be like that?

BEATRICE

I don't know, I've never had plants before.
I'll look into it.
Goodbye, Mister Wire.

Pensively BEATRICE enters the apartment and puts the money in a drawer in the kitchen. When she opens the drawer many bills fly out. BEATRICE shrugs her shoulders.

CUT TO:

EXT. HENRY'S BUILDING - DAY

Outside HENRY is charmingly dumbfounded. He takes a deep breath to bring himself back to the real world, then he heads for the park where DENNIS is waiting on a bench with two girls. DENNIS leaves the girls to join HENRY.

DENNIS
So...

HENRY (oddly)
So, nothing.

DENNIS
Did you tell her?

HENRY
No, I couldn't.

DENNIS (in disbelief)
How's that?

HENRY
I don't know.

DENNIS
How's that, "you don't know"?!
What are you talking about?!

HENRY
I'm seeing her again. So next time...
(suddenly realizing what he's saying)
Uh... next time I'll...

DENNIS
The next time? You're seeing her again?

HENRY
Yeah, the next time. Uh, I mean, No. No way. I can't believe it...

DENNIS
Hm, hm.

HENRY
I have to tell you, I mean, I don't know what happened... as soon as I walked in, it was like I really was her patient. Even the freakin' dog didn't recognize me!

DENNIS
Patient? The dog?

HENRY
Uh-huh.

DENNIS
Hm, hm. Listen, that's all well 'n good, Henry, but... if you want, I'll go in your place. I'll tell her I'm Doctor Atherton and that'll be it.

They head back towards the two girls.

HENRY
OK, you're right!

DENNIS
Here, Henry, this is Juli and Dorothy. They're from North Carolina and I just met them. We're taking them to lunch tomorrow at the Plaza.

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Wearing a bathrobe, BEATRICE enters the living room. She looks upset, as if she didn't sleep all night. While she walks she reads a large book by Sigmund Freud and moves her lips to pronounce the difficult words. The doorbell rings and she goes to open it. She's disturbed that someone is bothering her. She's still reading Freud.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTRANCE - DAY

It's the DOORMAN with a large bouquet of flowers.

DOORMAN
It came for you this morning.

She looks up for a second.

BEATRICE (indifferently)
Thanks.

She takes the card and sighs.

BEATRICE
Campton!

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

ANNE is scrambling some eggs when BEATRICE enters still reading.
BEATRICE unconsciously drops the flowers on the table.

BEATRICE (abruptly)
And then there was silence. I thought I
would go crazy. I couldn't breath, like I
told you. Finally I tried. Her breathing
accelerated.

While opening a window she reads from the book.
All of the HENRY's little notes fly away and BEATRICE tries
unsuccessfully to grab them.

BEATRICE
Shit, shit...

The notes are gone.
The toast pops up.

ANNE
Accelerated? Are you sure?

BEATRICE
What?

ANNE

Her breathing?

BEATRICE (lost)
Yes, yes.

ANNE
And then...

The dog comes and rubs up against her.
BEATRICE looks as if she's been hypnotized.

BEATRICE (awkwardly)
Like you changed. You don't think this dog
has changed?

ANNE looks at the dog, then queerly at BEATRICE.

ANNE
I don't know. I didn't notice. And...

BEATRICE
Yes, he's changed, I swear.
And nothing.
I almost told him not to come back. But I
couldn't. So...

ANNE
So...

BEATRICE
So I told him to come back tomorrow.
He's so upset. I dunno. It just happened.

ANNE
Hm, hm...

BEATRICE
Look at the plants!

ANNE
What?

BEATRICE
You don't think that the plants look strange?

ANNE
Strange?

BEATRICE
Like they're sweating...

ANNE
Sweating?

BEATRICE
Like in a tropical forest...

ANNE
Tropical forest?

ANNE watches BEATRICE as she leaves the kitchen with her head buried in FREUD.

BEATRICE (while leaving)
Why do you have eggs every morning? The
smell kills me!

CUT TO:

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - DAY

DENNIS and HENRY join JULI and DOROTHY.
The MAITRE D' recognizes HENRY, but not wearing DENNIS' clothing.
He heads for their table.
Some other customers signal "hello" to him but he waves them off.

DENNIS
Excuse me one second.

DENNIS leaves HENRY alone with the two young ladies.

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM - DAY

BEATRICE starts very seriously to go through HENRY's belongings,
his ties, shoes, and even his large armoire. She pensively
regards the perfectly arranged suits, as if she was going to find
some answer there.

Then she looks worriedly at herself in the mirror.

She looks at herself again in the mirror, then stands up
straight. Then she jumps on the edge of the bed. The pants are
way too long and they don't crease. She thinks for a moment.
Then she makes 100 different faces at herself in the mirror.

BEATRICE (seriously, calmly)
Yes...

Upset, she sighs and reads a few lines by Freud.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

BEATRICE starts by sensuously sniffing HENRY's cologne.
She breaths it in and out and then reflects for a moment. Did
she smell this someplace recently?
She sniffs it again then decides 'no'.
She takes pleasure in splashing a few drops on herself.

CUT TO:

INT. TELEPHONES/PLAZA HOTEL - DAY

DENNIS (into the phone)
I'd like to see Miss Saulnier.
Mister Atherton. What? In two weeks? Not
before? But Miss Saulnier... excuse me.
That's not possible.
I'll think about it.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Upset DENNIS returns to the table and is astonished that HENRY
isn't there.

DENNIS
Where did he go?

JULI
He said he'd be right back. He just got up
and said he needed to get some air.
Your friend, is he OK?

DENNIS (annoyed, looking all over)
I don't know.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY OF 18TH FLOOR - DAY

Out of breath, HENRY arrives and rings the doorbell. He puts himself up against the wall in case ANNE answers; he doesn't want to see her.

When the door opens, he's ready to talk to ANNE confidently without seeing her.

HENRY
Miss!

He is surprised, caught off-guard by the voice. It's not ANNE's voice but BEATRICE's.

BEATRICE
Mister Wire, come in, come in...

HENRY looks at her queerly.

She has completely changed her appearance: she's wearing a chic suit with gorgeous shoes and she has her hair up in a bun. She's wearing a little make-up and she looks more beautiful than ever. Even the dog who is at her feet has been brushed. There's only one thing that bothers Henry: her perfume. He's not pleased by it. BEATRICE notices this.

BEATRICE
Is something wrong?
Does the dog smell or something?

HENRY
Maybe... no, it's not that. On the contrary.

HENRY is still dressed in DENNIS' suit. He cut himself shaving and has a little band-aid on his cheek but he is still his stiff self.

BEATRICE
Come on, Mister Wire.

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE - DAY

The blinds are closed and the furniture is in its original place. Only the overgrown plants seem out of place. BEATRICE takes HENRY's hand and leads him to the couch. HENRY is

taken aback by her touch. He sits down.

She puffs up the pillow for him and puts a chair at the end of the couch so that his feet don't hang off. HENRY settles into place.

LATER

We rejoin them later. HENRY is passionately speaking and BEATRICE is listening attentively.

HENRY

In Brooklyn, the old neighborhood. It's better now. But at the time... Poor, very poor. That's where I lived. With my mother. It's been forever since I've been back. I don't like going back there. I like it better when she comes to visit me here... uh, I mean at my place. The last time was for my engagement dinner.

HENRY is moved. He has a difficult time continuing.

HENRY

I had bought her a dress... but... All the people... it didn't go. Not at all. The dress was really nice. Too nice. It didn't go with her hands. Her old hands. And those nails... calcium deficiency, they call it. It's easy to say. Really it's just old age. But that's easy to say also. At the engagement party for Lisbeth and me, I looked at Lisbeth's mother's hands. Stunning, beautiful, soft, all the same color. Evidently no calcium problem. My mom didn't notice. She was happy and she was impressed. Proud of me. At least in the beginning. After at dinner, I felt that she was really trying too hard. Anyway, she was exhausted. It took a lot of work to seem at home with them. She kept looking at Lisbeth, my fiancée. I said to myself, I don't really know. I spilled a glass of wine. It was a 1985 Saint Emilion. I saw my mom's face drop. I know.

A few days later I went to see her in Brooklyn. She was waiting for me. And I just didn't feel right with her anymore. I had just forgotten how to act with people like her. And then...

BEATRICE
Then...?

HENRY
And then I said to myself that she's worn-out, over-the-hill. It was because of all that stuff I studied at Harvard and... I couldn't talk to her anymore. And... That's where I learned to hide everything really well. My emotions, my smell, feelings, everything. Sitting at the kitchen table my mother said to me: "I hope that you're happy." She took my hands when she said it, and her hands were cold... she held my hands for a long time. I wanted her to let go, to let go of my goddamn hands but she wouldn't. Finally she let them go and then I rubbed them together to warm them back up. I left shaking and I didn't look back.

BEATRICE is crying.

HENRY
You're crying.

BEATRICE
No, it's just allergies, the plants.

HENRY
Oh...

The whole session has been marked by the falling of pins from BEATRICE's bun. They fall one after another. By the end of the session, BEATRICE's hair is down.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET -

HENRY is ecstatic. Happily he loosens the knot in his tie. When he sees a baglady, he starts to cry. Then he hugs her and

gives her \$200.
Continuing on his way, he calms down.
Playing, he takes a ball from a little boy and then throws it
back to him.

CUT TO:

INT. BALLET THEATER -

ANNE is fascinated by the show but BEATRICE's mind is elsewhere.
The show is a multimedia production.

BEATRICE
If you had any idea what he told me!

ANNE (watching the show)
Uh-huh...

BEATRICE (almost exploding)
Fear of poverty!

ANNE (not paying attention)
Really...

BEATRICE
What do you think of that?
It conceals something. That's what Freud
said.

ANNE
Yes...

BEATRICE
Yes, what...

ANNE
What are you talking about?

BEATRICE
Fear of poverty!

ANNE
Really.

BEATRICE sighs at ANNE's indifference. She stops talking and
settles into her seat, but she can't concentrate on the show.
After a moment she can't hold it back anymore.

BEATRICE
What do you think about it?

ANNE (not really concerned)
Poverty? It's horrible.
You shouldn't worry about it.

BEATRICE (very concerned)
Not worry about it?! It's him.
Him! Why?

ANNE
Yes...

BEATRICE
And I also think that he's falling in love
with me...

ANNE (mechanically)
No.

BEATRICE
How do you know?

The people next to them shush them.
BEATRICE sinks into her seat.

CUT TO:

INT. DENNIS' RESTAURANT - NIGHT

It's a wild night in DENNIS' restaurant. There's a lot of noise
as the waiters are shouting out the names of Italian dishes from
every direction.

HENRY slaloms through the waiters who are carrying trays as he
makes his way towards DENNIS who is taking a CUSTOMER's order.

HENRY comes right up to DENNIS who is too busy to deal with HENRY
right now.

DENNIS (happily)
The liver à la Venetian is excellent. And
with that?

HENRY
I'm so happy!

The CUSTOMER mistakes HENRY's voice for DENNIS'.

CUSTOMER
Not me; not really anyways.
I think I'll take the veal marsala.

The CUSTOMER thinks that he has ordered, but HENRY keeps getting knocked over by various waiters who keep cruising through. He practically looks like he's dancing around DENNIS just to stay on his feet. The CUSTOMER no longer knows who is speaking to him.

DENNIS (to Henry)
Fickle asshole! Who does he think he is?

CUSTOMER
I can change my mind - can't I?!

DENNIS crosses out the liver and writes veal marsala.

DENNIS (to Henry)
Why?

CUSTOMER (to Dennis)
Because I like it! Are you telling me that I can't have it?

HENRY (to the Customer)
I don't know.

CUSTOMER
You don't know.

DENNIS
It depends on your mood... the liver...

HENRY
It's so wonderful.

CUSTOMER
Well done or medium?

DENNIS
Medium.

CUSTOMER
OK, I'll take the liver, but well done!

HENRY
I don't know...

DENNIS

Is it really so wonderful?

CUSTOMER

I don't know, I haven't had it yet.

HENRY

Why not?

CUSTOMER

I don't really know.

HENRY

Maybe I'm nuts, but it feels so good, like my hearts gonna burst out of my chest!

CUSTOMER

On second thought - liver, hearts - all that stuff inside, I dunno.

DENNIS

You should really try it.

HENRY leaves DENNIS and heads for a table. Just before he sits down DENNIS approaches him.

DENNIS

What did you tell her? I hope you told her who you are.

HENRY interrupts DENNIS and breaks into a monologue. At the beginning amidst the waiters' shouting and the customers talking we only get bits and pieces. Then little by little the whole restaurant quiets leaving HENRY on center stage.

HENRY

I told her, I told her that I hate paint chips, cracks in the walls, worn-out carpets that turn-up at the ends... Yeah... I told her that my suit was too tight on graduation day and my mother wouldn't shut-up. And she would always ask really loudly, "Is this a friend of yours? What's his name? What does his father do?" And after the ceremony we hugged in front of everyone. Someone laughed. And they all took off. In their big cars, one after another. And it was just us after the ceremony. She looked at me and she understood. She said, "It's nothing!" Dennis, you know that I canceled my wedding with Lisbeth, Lisbeth Honeywell.

DENNIS
Not Attorney General Honeywell's daughter?

HENRY
That's her. We already had the invitations.
And I called it off.

DENNIS
When was that?

HENRY
Just before I went to Paris.

DENNIS
And now you regret it?

HENRY
No. I love Beatrice. Beatrice Saulnier.

DENNIS
Oh, c'mon. It's just transference!

HENRY suddenly looks surprised. Could DENNIS be right?

CUT TO:

EXT. THEATER/STREET - NIGHT

Amidst a group of people waiting for taxis, we see CAMPTON and STEIN who are following BEATRICE and ANNE. BEATRICE and ANNE don't notice them. CAMPTON is not trying to hide while STEIN is.

ANNE
It's a phase in analysis. It's called 'transference'. And y'know I feel it again, that Stein's following us.

BEATRICE
Transference? Transference of what?
What is it?

ANNE
It happens during analysis when the patient feels real emotions for the analyst. If they're good feelings like love then it's positive transference and if it's bad

feelings like hate then it's negative transference. Maybe even something the patient felt a long time ago for the mother or father.

I'm telling you, we're being followed.

BEATRICE looks at her with amazement.

BEATRICE
Stein or Campton?
(she turns around)
Look, there's noone!

ANNE
We're being followed: you see, that's also transference.
It happens everytime.

BEATRICE turns around, sees CAMPTON and smiles.

BEATRICE
It seems so. Oh shit! So you think that he thinks that he loves me without really loving me?

ANNE
Yes, he loves his mother but he's afraid of being incestuous so he transfers this love onto you - y'understand?

BEATRICE
No, but he loves his mother. That's for sure. She's wonderful. I adore him - y'know? I love to look at his hands. His eyes. He's so powerful.

ANNE
Really? That's what I was saying. He loves his mother.

BEATRICE
But so do I. I love my mother. That's normal.

ANNE
That's what you think!

BEATRICE
Of course, it depends on what day it is. Sometimes when she asks too many questions it

bothers me. But, that's rare...
You really think it's not normal to love your
mother? I can't believe it.
What I hate is that mothers get old and die.
Then you're really alone.

ANNE
Listen, everything is sexual. Everything.
(she turns around towards Stein)
You see!

BEATRICE
I know, I read it last night! But you know,
I never wanted to sleep with my mother.
At least not consciously anyways.

ANNE
And with your father?

BEATRICE
No, I don't think so. And anyways I don't
care. It doesn't matter.
This conversation isn't leading anywhere.
You love your mother too, don't you?

ANNE
Me - no. I hate her.
I love my father.

BEATRICE
Ah! He didn't talk to me about his father at
all. Not one word.
He's afraid of becoming a bum.

ANNE
It'll happen.

BEATRICE
That would be awful for him!

ANNE
Why? I don't see why it is so difficult to
talk about his father. That's what freed me.

BEATRICE
So, you think he doesn't really love me?!
Me, I mean Beatrice. I'm not his mother or

his father! I'm just me, if you know what I mean.

ANNE
What you?

BEATRICE
Does he love me - yes or no?

ANNE
No.

BEATRICE
How do you know?

ANNE
I already told you, it's transference,
positive transference.

BEATRICE
And what if for example, he took me in his
arms and gently hugged me and...

ANNE
As long as you're his analyst, he's not
allowed...

BEATRICE
And me?

A taxi stops in front of them and CAMPTON opens the door and
smiles at them.

BEATRICE is shocked and annoyed by him.

BEATRICE (to Campton)
No thank you.
(to Anne)
You don't have any time to yourself with this
job!

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR -

A WOMAN goes up in the elevator. She's extremely well dressed
and looks very serious.

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Dressed like a bum with a rag tied around her head, BEATRICE vacuums the apartment but without great success, which pisses her off.

Out of nowhere pops the tall well dressed serious woman from the elevator.

She comes up to BEATRICE and looks her over from head to toe with a condescending smile on her lips. She plays ostentatiously with the keys to the apartment.

BEATRICE has difficulty shutting off the vacuum cleaner. She's amazed by the appearance of this woman.

The WOMAN ignores her, turning her back to BEATRICE, and begins to walk around the apartment arrogantly. She is surprised by the changes.

LISBETH
Well, that's original. A real dump.
Come here Edgar, come to Lisbeth!

The dog hides.

LISBETH
Edgar, Edgar!

We feel her getting angry. But also helpless.

LISBETH (to Beatrice)
Help me! What's wrong with him? It looks
like he's afraid of me! He can't stay here.
What - what a mess!

BEATRICE hands her the vacuum cleaner. LISBETH turns it on accidentally. She loses control of the vacuum cleaner which goes wild around the apartment and knocks things over. LISBETH runs after the machine and finally catches up to it. She crashes into the wall and the shades close.

BEATRICE looks for the dog.

BEATRICE
Edgar. Come here!

Edgar appears but when he sees LISBETH he hides behind BEATRICE.

LISBETH walks around BEATRICE approaching the dog. Edgar runs away again and hides in the closet with HENRY's clothes. LISBETH follows him.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM -

The bed is unmade and BEATRICE'S clothes and underwear are everywhere.

LISBETH feels nauseous.

And when she see BEATRICE's clothes in the closet next to HENRY's she can't stand it.

LISBETH (shocked)
So you're not the maid!
So really... you...
I'm quite surprised!
I... His taste has really gone downhill!
A housewife - how quaint!

Then she sticks her arm into the armoire and grabs the dog by the collar.

She drags him to the door.

The dog resists adamantly.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTRANCE -

LISBETH (sadly)
It's my dog... well it was a present that I gave. I guess it wasn't a present for him...
(then composing herself)
But under the circumstances. I'm afraid for his upbringing.

There's a cloud of dust from BEATRICE's rag.

Both of them start to sneeze.

LISBETH opens the door while sneezing.

LISBETH (tears ruining her make-up)
Goodbye and good luck with him.

The door closes on this tempest.

Already nervous and shocked, BEATRICE starts to cry.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

We see HENRY get off a bus with incredible agility, like a dancer. Then he happily turns the corner onto 5th Avenue.

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

BEATRICE opens the door and HENRY enters.

HENRY
Where's the dog?

BEATRICE (tense)
Someone came to take him away.

HENRY
What? Who?

BEATRICE
A woman, a very sad woman.

HENRY
Really?
And you let her do it?

BEATRICE
She had the keys. Her... Yes! I should call
Mister Atherton in Paris, just to let him
know.

HENRY
Uh... listen... yes, well, no.
If I were in your place, I wouldn't do it.

BEATRICE
Why not?

HENRY
Wouldn't want to worry him.

BEATRICE

I guess you're right. He probably had a big ordeal with that woman. Poor girl! No, I have to tell him.

HENRY

Why 'poor girl'? She's not so bad off, if it's her, I mean, his fiance.

BEATRICE

Everything that I hate. She probably has some deep-rooted problems. It shows. She was really arrogant, like she owned the world. It's horrible to be like that. Poor guy!

HENRY

Who's that?

BEATRICE

Henry Atherton. Well, if he loves her. It must be a kind of illness; he must love to suffer. She must have punished him to death. Or maybe they made each other suffer.

HENRY

Maybe you're right.

BEATRICE

I wonder if she sees a shrink?

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE - DAY

HENRY takes delight in getting comfortable on the couch. BEATRICE settles into the armchair with pleasure, but she's preoccupied.

BEATRICE

She must be in analysis.

HENRY

Who?

BEATRICE

Lisbeth.

HENRY sighs.

BEATRICE

Oh, excuse me. That name brings back awful memories. It's a very common name here, Lisbeth. In France there are also many Elisabeths. I even have a friend from school named Elisabeth. I don't know why but she always wanted to be called Charlotte. Probably because of the Queen of England. Well, maybe... but I don't see why. OK, let's start.
Edgar, what will happen to him with her...

HENRY

Yeah, he really changed alot lately.

BEATRICE

I'm afraid she'll hit him when she gets really mad. Not every day. With Doctor Atherton he would sleep alot. He lived in a antiseptic world - you know, what do you call that?

The small world of an obsessive man. It's sad! Dark, closed from the world. But it's curable. It's long, sometimes very long, but I read that it's possible...

HENRY

Yes, it's possible. So you think that...

BEATRICE

Someone who must be afraid of something in life. I really wonder what. You should see the way he hangs his suits. And his shoes. I don't know why, but when I saw his shoes all neatly lined up and perfectly waxed, my heart dropped down to my stomach. If on at least one of the shoes there had been a spec of dirt or a blade of grass... He must go into the park sometimes. But excuse me, the clock is ticking, John... I mean, Mister Wire.

HENRY listens with incredible concentration and when she talked about the shoes he looked down at his own, relieved to see that they were dirty.

HENRY

Yes, Miss Saulnier...

BEATRICE
Obviously, an analyst's life is incredible.
Everything that goes on in the office, all
these feelings. Everything is fake, real...
you don't know what's true or false.

HENRY (overwhelmed)
Yes, I wanted to tell you...

BEATRICE
Hm, hm...

HENRY (even more overwhelmed, with difficulty
speaking)
I wanted to tell you, that despite our
situation...

BEATRICE
Yes....

HENRY (unable to speak)
Me on the couch.

BEATRICE
Me in the chair.

HENRY
Me lying down...

BEATRICE
And me sitting up

HENRY
I would still like to tell you...

BEATRICE (cutting him off abruptly)
Yes, I know, Mister Wire, but please don't
say anything. Don't say anything, Mister
Wire. And don't worry, it'll go away. It's
just transference.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET/BROOKLYN - DAY

DENNIS and HENRY walk quickly in DENNIS's neighborhood.

HENRY

Listen, I'm telling you that I am in love. It's not transference. I know what I'm talking about. That's what my job is. If it was transference it would be different. Completely different.

DENNIS

Really. If you say so. I'm so happy for you. If only I could fall in love. It's not for a lack of women... it's just finding the right one...

HENRY (panicked)

In one week she goes back to Paris.

DENNIS

Try to make her stay.

HENRY

How?

I have to tell her that I love her first. In the office it just doesn't count. She thinks that it's just transference. But maybe even out of the office...

And then... when she finds out...!

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

BEATRICE says 'goodbye' to another patient.

CARVER

I have to tell you, I love you.

BEATRICE (forcefully)

No way!

CARVER (forcefully)

What d'ya mean?

BEATRICE

It's just transference! Positive transference!

CUT TO:

INT. ANOTHER STREET/BROOKLYN - DAY

HENRY is really excited. DENNIS is following him.
A car suddenly brakes almost hitting HENRY who doesn't even notice it.

HENRY

And when she finds out who I am, what I did...

That I lied to her! That I read all her letters, that I smelled her perfume, that I slept in her bed. That my name is not John.

And how can I get her out of the office?
How? C'mon, think!

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

The doorbell rings and another patient arrives. He's carrying a bouquet of flowers and he hands them solemnly to BEATRICE.
BEATRICE is not happy.

BEATRICE

What's wrong, why are you crying?

BROWN

I'm so touched. Really touched.

(he gets down on his knees)

Will you... I love you. I love you. I love you...

BEATRICE is horrified.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

DENNIS and HENRY try to hail a taxi because it starts to rain, but someone jumps into it right before them.

HENRY

I have an idea.

DENNIS
Great...?

HENRY
I get there, I ring, I fall and hurt my leg.
She takes me to the hospital and there, I
take advantage of the situation and tell her
that... I... uh...

DENNIS
Don't you think that there's an easier way?

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Another PATIENT enters.
He takes BEATRICE's hand and holds it. Then without her having
time to react he hugs her tightly and smothers her with kisses.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

It's still raining.

HENRY
Or else, I get there. I tell her that the
dog is downstairs in the street - no, in the
park, all alone. Come quick, let's go get
him! We have to! We have to save the dog.
And then when we get downstairs and there's
no dog, while we're looking for him, with all
the excitement, I'll tell her...

DENNIS
Everything...?

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

BEATRICE is in tears. She's exasperated.
ANNE comforts her.

BEATRICE

I can't take it anymore. I can't.
They're such... brutes...
They're monsters...
What right do they have?
To shove their love in my face...
I feel like I'm suffocating.
It's a nightmare.

ANNE

Transference - uh-huh!

BEATRICE

Yes, a nightmare!
I love him.

ANNE

Is it really love?

BEATRICE (terribly sad)

Yes. For the first time.

ANNE

What can you do? You have to meet him out of
the office, on the street, maybe, just by
chance. It's the only way.

BEATRICE

I'd like to. I'd like to but everything is
fake. This fucking transference!
Why did I mix him up in this!
What did I do?

ANNE

C'mon, Beatrice!

BEATRICE

OK, I know. Shit.
And I miss that goddamn dog!

CUT TO:

INT. DENNIS' BUILDING - DAY

The two men walk up the stairs.

HENRY

I swear, the dog is a good idea. She'll never suspect anything...

DENNIS
Nothing!

The telephone rings.
Both of them run to it.

CUT TO:

INT. DENNIS' APARTMENT - DAY

Both of them jump on the phone. HENRY picks it up then gets confused and hands it to DENNIS.

DENNIS
It's for you, Mister Wire.

HENRY takes the phone.

HENRY
Speaking.
(trembling, to Dennis)
It's her, Beatrice.

DENNIS
Tell her...

HENRY (excited, to Dennis)
Yes, yes.
(into the telephone, calmly)
What can I do for you?

DENNIS picks up the other phone and listens in.

HENRY
Nothing. You mean that I can't do anything for you? Nothing. Uh... Nothing at all.

DENNIS
Tell her.

HENRY
Yes, but if... Uh...
(then hopelessly)
No more sessions? You're going home?
Tomorrow? So quickly?
But about our work?!

He's speechless and so is she.

HENRY
Just his replacement. I understand, I know,
but...

HENRY doesn't know what to say. He's glued to the phone.

HENRY
Yes, I'm still here. You too?
What are you saying? Nothing.
Neither do I. Oh, you're saying goodbye.
(emotionally)
Goodbye. See ya...

He listens and hears that she doesn't hang up.

HENRY
Are you there? Still there? Miss Saulnier.
I... I'm... I...

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE - DAY

BEATRICE is there with the telephone in her hand.
The window is open and there's noise and music coming from the
street below. She doesn't hear HENRY trying to talk to her.
Suddenly she hangs up.

CUT TO:

INT. SLEAZY BAR - NIGHT

DENNIS and HENRY get really drunk in a sleazy bar.
DENNIS drags HENRY outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

They're holding each other up.

HENRY
Y'know, Dennis, I'm so sad. It's hopeless...

DENNIS
Yeah, I think you already mentioned that.

HENRY
Oh yeah?
But you know, I crave suffering!

Then he bursts out laughing.

DENNIS
Why are you laughing?

HENRY
There's a stain on your shirt.

DENNIS
On yours too.

HENRY
You know, Dennis, I like this stain. In fact, I love it.

Then he takes a look at his dusty shoes.

HENRY
And the shoes too!

CUT TO:

EXT. LIVELY STREET/BROOKLYN - NIGHT

The dancers leave a nightclub with BEATRICE and ANNE.

DANCER 1
So you're leaving - eh?

BEATRICE (gloomy)
Uh-huh.

DANCER 2
But why?

BEATRICE sighs and shrugs her shoulders.

BEATRICE
There's nothing else I can do.
I'm stuck in a bad place.

And I can't get out.

She shrugs her shoulder again and looks around her at the dirty street.

BEATRICE
What a neighborhood!

She shivers then smiles fighting off her feelings.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIVELY NEIGHBORHOOD/BROOKLYN - NIGHT

HENRY and DENNIS walk still holding each other up.

HENRY
What a nice neighborhood!
Let's go in here.

DENNIS
Do don't think it's a little slimy?

HENRY
No way... it's perfect! Oh Dennis, I'm so miserable.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - NIGHT

HENRY and DENNIS are sitting near the window in this diner which is bustling with early morning life, policemen, busdrivers, etc.

HENRY (still wrecked)
(talking about the client)
Oh, I envy them.

DENNIS
I don't. I'm happy that we got out.

HENRY
Me too. But...

HENRY becomes serious.

At the other end of the diner ANNE and BEATRICE are sitting in a

booth, sad and somber.

Between them and DENNIS and HENRY is a fat policemen blocking the view. He's feasting on a huge breakfast. Then he pushes his plate away and gets up.

HENRY straightens up and then crashes back into the booth.

The policeman sits back down, a little to the left this time.

DENNIS spots ANNE who is looking at him. He smiles at her.

ANNE notices DENNIS and finds him attractive. She responds with a smile.

HENRY has his nose in his cup and sees nobody.

HENRY

What are you look at?

DENNIS

A girl.

HENRY

Don't do it. It'll never fly.

DENNIS doesn't respond. He stands up and goes to see ANNE who is paying the cashier. He pays at the same time and they smile at each other, etc.

HENRY and BEATRICE mope at their respective tables; they can't see each other because of the fat cop. They sigh in unison.

Finally ANNE comes back from the register and drags BEATRICE outside.

When DENNIS sees what's happening, he drags HENRY outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAWN

HENRY now seems to be sober. He is horrified by the poverty of the street. Abruptly he stops a taxi.

HENRY

I'm going home. Are you coming?

DENNIS is looking in the opposite direction. We feel that he's torn.

DENNIS

Not yet...

HENRY jumps into a taxi and takes off.

DENNIS follows ANNE and BEATRICE.
ANNE looks back at him, almost shyly.

CUT TO:

INT. DENNIS' APARTMENT - DAY

All excited, DENNIS makes coffee for the girls.
He takes out some bagels and lox and makes fresh orange juice.

BEATRICE doesn't want any, but ANNE indulges.

DENNIS
I'll go see if my friend is feeling better.
I'll try to get him out of his cave.

DENNIS goes into the bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM - DAY

HENRY is on the telephone.

HENRY (tensely)
Yes, ma'am, I'm telling you that it's not possible.

DENNIS
Do you want some coffee, some bagels? Some coffee'll do you good!

HENRY (into the phone)
Please, check again. Please. This is absurd!
(to Dennis)
Coffee?! No way.
Nothing. Tomorrow. No, that's too late.

DENNIS
I swear!

HENRY
Waiting list?

(to Dennis)
I'm coming!

DENNIS
What list? Why?

DENNIS goes to rejoin the girls.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVINGROOM -

ANNE
Great coffee!

DENNIS
Isn't it? It's Columbian.
(to the bedroom)
Henry, the coffee's getting cold!

HENRY (off)
I'm coming.

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM - DAY

HENRY (into the telephone)
Are you sure, ma'am - even in first class?
Nothing? What about business? Please check.
No, nothing. Even in tourist or through
London?
Why the hell is everyone going there?!
What's wrong with America?!

DENNIS (off)
Henry...

HENRY
Yeah, I'm coming.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVINGROOM - DAY

DENNIS

Do you want me to make some more coffee?

ANNE looks at BEATRICE who shrugs her shoulders indifferently.

ANNE (trembling)

Why not?

DENNIS goes to make the coffee and ANNE follows to help him.
BEATRICE sadly regards the sunrise.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

HENRY throws his stuff into a suitcase.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVINGROOM - DAY

Frazzled, HENRY enters the living room with his valise.

(OFF) we hear the door close.

DENNIS (off)

See ya. You'll call me?

The door shuts.

DENNIS comes back into the living room with stars in his eyes.

HENRY

See ya, Dennis.

DENNIS

Where the hell are you going?!

HENRY

Paris!

DENNIS

What the hell for?!

But the planes only leave at night...

HENRY hugs DENNIS and then goes out the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. HENRY'S BUILDING - LATE AFTERNOON

ANNE and BEATRICE get into a taxi. BEATRICE is still tense.
The taxi takes off.
After a few feet, BEATRICE stops the taxi.

BEATRICE
The alarm. I forgot to turn it on.

She runs back inside.

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT -

BEATRICE nostalgically tours the apartment.
She puts some of HENRY ATHERTON's cologne on her.
She looks for the instruction note for the alarm but can't find it. She doesn't know what to do. She opens a draw and all of the patients' money flies out.
The telephone rings.
Excited she runs over to it but the answering machine picks up.

CAMPTON (off)
Miss Saulnier, it's Mister Campton. Don't let me down like that. Please don't be sore at me...

She shuts off the answering machine.

In touring the apartment she sees the dog's bowl.
She picks it up and subtly puts it into her bag.
The telephone rings again but BEATRICE doesn't move. The answering machine picks it up.

DENNIS (off)
Hello, Anne...?

BEATRICE doesn't listen. She exits the apartment forgetting to turn on the alarm.

CUT TO:

INT. JFK AIRPORT -

Still frazzled HENRY paces around the counter. He avoids being seen by the other passengers. Then quickly he rushes up to an airline employee.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI -

The taxi takes off. Then brakes abruptly to avoid hitting a dog: it's Edgar, who heads over to BEATRICE. He puts his paws on the taxi window on her side.

BEATRICE (in tears)
Let's get out of here! I can't stand this dog.

The taxi heads down the street.

ANNE
Did you turn the alarm on?

BEATRICE
The alarm!

She looks at her watch and decides against it.

BEATRICE
Forget about it!

CUT TO:

INT. JFK AIRPORT -

HENRY leans over the Air France counter.

HENRY
Ma'am, do you think I have a chance?

COUNTERGIRL (stressed)
I don't know, sir. It's too early to tell, but alot of passengers are already here.

HENRY
But not all?

COUNTERGIRL
No, not all, sir, but almost.

Quickly HENRY turns around discreetly to get a glimpse of BEATRICE. No luck.

HENRY (to himself)
I must've missed her...

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI -

The DRIVER drives like a lunatic as he approaches the signs for JFK.
BEATRICE is indifferent.

ANNE
You'll make it, don't worry...

CUT TO:

INT. JFK AIRPORT -

The COUNTERGIRL types something on the computer.

COUNTERGIRL
You're in luck, sir, there's open one seat on this flight.

HENRY is ecstatic.

COUNTERGIRL
Here's your boarding pass! Hurry-up to the gate, it's about to close!

He takes off towards the gate.

Then BEATRICE flies in and arrives at the counter with ANNE.

The dog's bowl flies out of her bag and rolls on the floor.
BEATRICE runs after it and finally picks it up.
She comes back over to the counter and puts it down with her
passport and ticket.

COUNTERGIRL

I'm sorry, ma'am, but the plane just left the
gate. It's too late. Your place was given
to someone on stand-by.

BEATRICE

Really!

(to Anne)

Don't wait for me. I'll catch the next one.

ANNE

Are you sure?

BEATRICE

I'm sure. Go ahead.

They hug and ANNE leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. JFK AIRPORT -

At the taxi stand DENNIS arrives just in front of ANNE.

DENNIS

Hey, what are you doing here?

ANNE

I dropped off my friend who's going to Paris.
And you?

DENNIS

I came to see if my friend was able to get a
flight. Wait-a-minute, I'll be right back.

ANNE wait.

DENNIS returns a few seconds later.

DENNIS

No problem.

They look at each other.

ANNE
What do you want to do?

DENNIS (smiling)
We could go to the movies or take a walk, get something to eat...

They head off together.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE -

HENRY hides behind his newspaper but twists around to try and see if BEATRICE is on the flight.

Little by little the lights go off.

All the passengers settle in for the flight and get under the covers.

Only HENRY stays awake, sitting up. He bothers his neighbor to get into the aisle.

Still with his paper in front of him he heads for the toilet while glancing all over at the passengers who are going to sleep.

Some hide their faces from him.

HENRY looks at a woman's body whose face is covered with a blanket.

He smiles and goes back to his place.

The woman lowers her blanket: it's not BEATRICE.

CUT TO:

INT. JFK AIRPORT - NIGHT

BEATRICE wanders through the airport. She looks through the smoke windows and watches the planes take off.

CUT TO:

INT. CHARLES DE GAULLE AIRPORT/PARIS - DAY

HENRY's tie is undone and his five o'clock shadow is quickly becoming a full beard. His pants are all creased and he looks like a mess as he approaches customs. The other passengers avoid him like the plague.

He keeps on thinking that he sees BEATRICE, but he's always wrong.

He looks at the arrival board and sees that two other planes are coming in from New York that day.
He lies down on a bench next to a real bum.
He settles in but he suddenly gets a slap in the leg.
It's a COP telling him to move on.
HENRY get's up.

CUT TO:

INT. JFK AIRPORT - NIGHT

BEATRICE sits in front of the windows.
A CLEANING LADY passes in front of her with a mop.
BEATRICE has to move to let her do her job.
The CLEANING LADY comes back over to BEATRICE and looks at her.

CLEANING LADY
Not going your way today, honey?

BEATRICE
Well, not really...

CLEANING LADY
Me neither.
What are you waitin' for, chile?

The CLEANING LADY goes away and comes back.

BEATRICE
That it stops!

The CLEANING LADY goes away and comes back again.

CLEANING LADY
Oh, I see, it's your heart, girl...

BEATRICE
Uh-huh.

CLEANING LADY
There's always reason to suffer, dear...

BEATRICE
Yes and no. Oh, it'll go away.
Not to love, that hurts... but to love, that hurts too!

CLEANING LADY

Oh yeah! There's always reason to suffer...
except one: a man! A man is never worth it,
sugar!

Pushing her mop the CLEANING LADY goes away.

CUT TO:

INT. BEATRICE'S BUILDING/PARIS - NIGHTFALL

HENRY slowly walks up the stairway. He joyously opens the apartment door. He kisses the turtledoves. He sees that the concierge has fed them and given them water.

He goes out onto the terrace and looks at the view with new pleasure.

He throws his jacket anywhere, takes off his shoes and slides them across the room. He turns on the radio.

He looks out of the window: nobody. He just hears the kids playing soccer in the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHARLES DE GAULLE AIRPORT - DAWN

BEATRICE is wiped out as she gets off of the plane.

Everyone is rushing to get a taxi and BEATRICE finds herself at the end of the line.

CUT TO:

INT. BEATRICE'S APARTMENT - DAY

BEATRICE's apartment is now a mess, thanks to HENRY who is now sleeping. He turns over in the bed. He hears a car brake outside and rushes to the window.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI - DAY

BEATRICE sadly watches the names of entrances to Paris as they pass by.

Finally they arrive in Paris.

CUT TO:

INT. BEATRICE'S APARTMENT

HENRY leaves the window and goes back to bed.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTYARD IN BEATRICE'S BUILDING - DAY

BEATRICE crosses the courtyard. There's silence.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWAY - DAY

She slowly goes up the stairs.

When she gets to the sixth floor in front of her door she takes out her keys. He's about to stick them in the lock but then puts them back into her bag.

She doesn't know what to do.

She rings the doorbell of her neighbors.

After a moment MARTIN the rastafarian opens it.

MARTIN

Beatrice, you're back. Geez, you look terrible.

BEATRICE (depressed)

Do you mind if I stay with you, just until the guy leaves my apartment?

MARTIN

What guy?

BEATRICE

My apartment exchange.

MARTIN (a little condescending)

Oh, your guy. Sure, c'mon in.

BEATRICE (yawning)

Yeah, my guy.

MARTIN

Your guy... we haven't see you in a long time!

She enters the apartment.

CUT TO:

INT. NEIGHBOR'S APARTMENT - DAY

BEATRICE crashes into the couch. MARTIN gently covers her with a blanket.
He and PAUL exchange concerned looks.

CUT TO:

INT. BEATRICE'S APARTMENT - DAY

HENRY can't sleep anymore; he gets up. His beard is even thicker now and he has bags under his eyes.
He walks around the apartment. He looks out of the window: nobody. He goes out onto the terrace.

CUT TO:

EXT. TERRACE - DAY

He looks out at Paris and sighs.
He goes back into the apartment.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

He fills a pail with water but he's not paying attention and the water overflows.
Suddenly HENRY realizes and shuts off the water and leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. TERRACE - DAY

Slowly and sadly he waters the plants. Water spills all over.
HENRY breaths in the plants.
He breaths in the smell again and his sad look disappears. He

brightens up as he continues to water the plants. He comes to the edge of the terrace.

And next to his neighbor's terrace. He breaths again and looks surprised. He shrugs his shoulders as if he's going crazy. He wants to water the rest of the plants but he doesn't have any more water. He goes back into the apartment.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

He refills the pail of water.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEIGHBOR'S TERRACE - DAY

Wrapped in the blanket, BEATRICE looks out over Paris. She looks at the plants at the end of the terrace and breathes in their odor. She is also drawn by the mysterious smell coming from the next balcony. Unconsciously she smiles.

There is a piece of smoked glass that separates the two terraces.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEATRICE'S TERRACE - DAY

HENRY keeps heading uncontrollably towards the left end of the balcony.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEIGHBOR'S TERRACE - DAY

BEATRICE keeps heading uncontrollably towards the right end of the balcony.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEATRICE'S TERRACE - DAY

HENRY hums "Beatrice's Song".

CUT TO:

EXT. NEIGHBOR'S TERRACE - DAY

BEATRICE does the same. She bats her eyelashes. This voice reminds her of something. She tries hard to remember. Where could she have heard this voice before?

CUT TO:

EXT. BEATRICE'S TERRACE - DAY

When HENRY starts to sing some of the words to the song, BEATRICE's memory starts to work harder.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOTH TERRACES - DAY

Shaking, BEATRICE sings along with the words as they move closer to each other, still separated only by a piece of smoked glass.

At the same time they lean over and see each other.

Both of them rush off their terraces into the respective apartments.

CUT TO:

INT. NEIGHBOR'S APARTMENT - DAY

BEATRICE rushes through her neighbor's apartment in bare feet.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

The door opens and BEATRICE falls into HENRY's arms.
HENRY brings her into the apartment.

BEATRICE (stammering softly)
I love you.

She falls back into HENRY's arms and together they fall onto the couch.

THE END