

GREEN CARD \*

by  
Peter Weir

FINAL DRAFT #6  
New York, February 1990

\*Green Card is now two words

1-11 DELETED

1-11\*

A12 INT. SUBWAY STATION  
[TITLES]

DAY A12\*

Drumsticks beat out a frenetic tattoo on a plain white surface. Wider and we see a YOUNG BLACK STREET MUSICIAN, playing as if his very life depended on it.

Various shots of the drummer are intercut with close-ups of flowers, glowing unnaturally under neon light.

Wider, and we see a young woman, BRONTE PARRISH, as she buys a single flower. She turns to camera as she pins it to her coat. She glances in the direction of the young drummer before moving off, dropping a dollar in the boy's hat.

B12 INT. A TUNNEL, SUBWAY

DAY B12\*

A train flashes past and recedes into the darkness.  
[END TITLES]

12 INT. SUBWAY CAR DAY 12

The usual ill-assorted collection of human beings, each studiously avoiding the others' gaze. BRONTE looks at her flower, leans imperceptibly toward it taking in its scent.

13 EXT. SUBWAY EXIT NEAR CITY HALL DAY 13

She climbs up into the light, checking an address on a piece of paper before heading toward a coffee shop on a corner opposite, the 'Africa'. \*

14 INT. THE 'AFRICA' COFFEE SHOP DAY 14\*

She joins ANTON, who sits at a table by the window. They \* embrace, good friends.

ANTON  
Bronte! \*

BRONTE  
Hullo, Anton. \*

ANTON  
Ok? \*

BRONTE  
(smiles)  
Ok. \*

They sit. \*

ANTON  
Coffee?

BRONTE  
No...yes!

ANTON catches the WAITER's eye, indicates 'more coffee'.

(CONTINUED)

14: (CONTINUED)

14

BRONTE

I'm so nervous.

ANTON

You're supposed to be nervous on your wedding day.

BRONTE

Right!

The waiter brings BRONTE's coffee.

ANTON

You look absolutely gorgeous.

BRONTE

Thank-you.

ANTON

Still 'the country girl', aren't you? After all these years in New York, I don't know how you do it, must be working with all those beautiful plants..

BRONTE

I work with 'weeds', Anton.

ANTON

But as Emerson said "a weed is a plant \* whose virtues we haven't yet discovered", I think you once told me that.

BRONTE

I think I did.

On the radio comes a song with a driving African beat. One of the staff turns up the volume.

ANTON

(laughs)

Not exactly the Wedding March.

She holds her hand out, it trembles slightly. Anton takes it in his own.

ANTON

It's just... so wonderful, it's... I don't know I just never thought you would marry George! I was just delighted when you called and told me, it's such a marvelous thing you're doing, Bronte, I think you and George are... \*

(CONTINUED)

14 (CONTINUED)

14

BRONTE

Please, Anton. No speeches.

ANTON

Ok. No speeches.

As they talk there is a quiet insistent tapping on the window. They turn to see a crooked grin on a broad face. It's GEORGE. ANTON indicates that they'll come out. He fumbles for some change as he gets up. BRONTE and GEORGE stare through the glass at each other, sharing a small secret smile.

ANTON (V/O)

Coming?

15 DELETED 15\*

16 DELETED 16\*

17 INT. ELEVATOR LOBBY/HALLWAY DAY 17\*

The doors of the elevator open and a full load of brides, \*  
grooms and guests emerge. Amongst the group - \*  
GEORGE, Bronte and Anton. As they follow the crowd \*  
their feet make a crunching sound. Rice. All three \*  
laugh, the tension broken. \*

18 DELETED 18\*

19 INT. CHAPEL ANNEX DAY 19

The room is teeming with some fifty BRIDES, GROOMS, WITNESSES and FRIENDS. At a desk, a CLERK is taking the \$5 fee and assisting couples with the paperwork. One BLACK MAN dressed in a flashy suit, his jewel covered fingers clasping a gold cane, is addressed by the clerk.

CLERK

You the witness?

(CONTINUED)

BLACK MAN

Yes, ma'am. First time I get to be the witness!

(he laughs, a fruity baritone)

Every few moments the door to a second room, the chapel, opens and the MARRIAGE CELEBRANT calls out the names of the next couple.

BRONTE, GEORGE and ANTON smilingly observe the spectacle. Flash lights echo each other, while here and there a video camera records the moment. The wedding dresses range from the traditional to the grotesque. One couple judging by their clothing, have come straight from a game of tennis.

The room is filled with the sound of a dozen different languages, while from an inner room, come occasional bursts of laughter, indicating another splicing. The celebrant appears at the door.

CELEBRANT

(reading)

Fauré/Parrish, step in please.

20 INT. CHAPEL

DAY 20

The group assemble.

CELEBRANT

(Behind a podium)

May I have the rings please?

Anton passes two simple bands to her and she places them on the podium.

CELEBRANT

Is there anyone here present who sees any reason why these two should not be joined together in marriage - yes or no?

A profound silence.

CELEBRANT

No? Ok. (She studies the license). Do you George Bertrand Fauré take Bronte Mitchell Parrish to be your lawful wedded wife, to live together in the state of matrimony to love, honour, and cherish her for as long as you both shall live?

GEORGE

I do.

CELEBRANT

And do you Bronte Mitchell Parrish take George Bertrand Faure' to be your lawful wedded husband, to live together in the state of matrimony, to love, honour, and cherish him for as long as you both shall live.

BRONTE

I do.

CELEBRANT

As a token of promise place the ring on the bride's finger.

She passes George the smaller of the two rings. George takes her hand. Close on her finger as he attempts to slide on the ring. It's too small. Not by much, but it's definitely too small. George pushes hard, a hint of pain on Bronte's face, and its on.

CELEBRANT

As a token of your promise place the ring on the groom's finger.

She does so.

CELEBRANT

Join hands. As you both have consented to marry and so acknowledge before all of us here today, then by the power vested in me by the State of New York, I pronounce you 'man and wife'.

George turns to Anton, a big smile.

GEORGE

Aah!

CELEBRANT

(To George)  
You may kiss the bride.

GEORGE

What's this?

The group stare at the CELEBRANT. No one had thought of this moment. BRONTE squirms.

CELEBRANT

We're not all heartless bureaucrats in here, Mr Fauré.

GEORGE turns to BRONTE, a smile suddenly lighting up his face, as he sweeps her off her feet and kisses her. BRONTE is stunned and her hand involuntarily touches her lips.

21 EXT. MUNICIPAL BUILDING

DAY 21

GEORGE and BRONTE walk out into the sunlight. They hesitate in the forecourt, surrounded by other newlyweds who are throwing rice and taking photos. They stand awkwardly, waiting for ANTON. GEORGE lights a cigarette. They appear to ignore each other, but in fact each is sneaking glances at the other.

GEORGE

Nice to meet you.

\*

BRONTE

Yes, you too.

\*

GEORGE

Strange, huh?

\*

BRONTE

Yes.

\*

A silence.

\*

GEORGE

You were very good.

BRONTE

So were you.

George lights a cigarette.

\*

BRONTE

How long have you been waiting to, you know, get the green card.

\*

\*

George, noticing a couple of cops nearby, puts a finger to his lips. They move away from the crowd.

\*

GEORGE

I wait three months, just hoping to make a marriage. You know, its hard to find someone crazy enough to do this.

\*

\*

\*

BRONTE

Thank you.

GEORGE

Oh. Sorry! Just my bad English.

(CONTINUED)

BRONTE

No. You're right.

\*

ANTON joins them, gives each a copy of the marriage license. GEORGE and ANTON speak in rapid French a moment. Then GEORGE turns to BRONTE.

GEORGE

I never forget, Africa!

\*

(CONTINUED)

BRONTE  
Africa?

GEORGE  
(he points)  
Where we meet. \*

BRONTE  
Oh! The coffee shop, right. \*

GEORGE  
So. Good luck with your life. \*

BRONTE  
You too. With your composing.

GEORGE  
With what?

BRONTE  
Your... music. \*

GEORGE  
Oh. Yes, right!

With a slap to ANTON's shoulder he moves off into the mid-morning crowd.

BRONTE  
He doesn't seem much like a famous composer.

ANTON  
Well, he's not famous yet... but he will be.

Bronte stares at the marriage license in her hand. Anton places a hand reassuringly on her arm. She looks up.

BRONTE  
No one must know about this.

ANTON  
Of course not. You have my word.

Bronte struggles to get the ring off.

BRONTE  
Now, I can't get the damn thing off.

Anton looks about quickly.

ANTON  
Not here. When you get home.

(CONTINUED)

BRONTE

What happens next?

ANTON

That's it. You don't even have to see him again.

BRONTE

Good.

ANTON

Two years from today the marriage will be dissolved. Naturally, I'll take care of the costs.

BRONTE

(Takes a deep breath)

Two years.

ANTON

Look, it's just a piece of paper. Nothing has changed in your life! Nothing!

BRONTE

Right.

ANTON

Next week George will be in California,\* armed with his Green Card, ready to start a new job, a new life, and it's you, who've\* given him this fresh start, it's you that..\*

BRONTE

(Cutting in)

No speeches, remember? I told you I had my own reasons for doing this.

22 DELETED

22\*

23 DELETED

23\*

24 DELETED

24\*

25 INT. MR SCHAFFER'S APARTMENT - DINING ROOM.

NIGHT 25\*

MR SCHAFFER is the chairman of the board of this west-side apartment building. He passes the marriage license and various other of BRONTE's documents to the rather forbidding looking members of the group. One, MRS BIRD, puts on a pair of powerful glasses to study the license. BRONTE holds her breath.

MR SCHAFFER

Africa?

(CONTINUED)

BRONTE

Yes. That's where we met. And...he's there now. Again. I wish he were here. But he's not. He'd love the apartment though. He travels a great deal. But. He's the quiet type. We both are really.

MR FINE

What's he doing there?

BRONTE

He's a composer...African music.

MRS BIRD

Not drums! We couldn't have someone who played drums!

BRONTE

No! No, he studies their music. He's an academic.

MR FINE

(carefully)

He himself is not...African?

BRONTE

(cool)

He's French.

MR FINE

Aah. French?

He looks to the group to see if anyone has any objection to this fact.

MRS BIRD

(looking at a document)

What is this... 'Green Guerillas' not some sort of army is it?

MRS FINE

(to MRS BIRD)

It's a volunteer gardening group Mrs Bird.

MRS BIRD

Sounds like some sort of 'yippy' thing.

MR FINE

They do fine work amongst the poor, and you'll note Mrs. Faure' is also with our City Parks Department.

MR SCHAFFER

(to Bronte)

12F is a unique apartment in this building \*  
as I'm sure you're aware. Professor \*  
Vogels' lifetime... 'hobby', resulted in a \*  
situation that requires us to take extreme \*  
care in the selection of a tenant. \*

MRS BIRD

That apartment is a pain in the neck. I \*  
voted against those renovations in 1947, \*  
but no-one listened to me then. \*

MR FINE

Well we're not discussing that now Mrs. \*  
Bird.

MR SCHAFFER

As you know Mrs. Vogel is in a retirement \*  
village but she does has the right to sub- \*  
let...

MRS BIRD

(interrupting)

All that dampness in my ceiling. I've never \*  
been compensated. Never. Not a cent!

MR SCHAFFER

Yes, well... we did have problems with a \*  
recent tenant, a single gentleman who \*  
neglected the particular responsibilities \*  
associated with 12F. That's why the board \*  
feels a young married couple would be more \*  
suitable, and considering the very \*  
reasonable rent, the response has been \*  
ouwerwhelming. \*

MR FINE

I think it's the fact of Mrs. Faure being a \*  
horticulturist that's very much in her \*  
favour? \*

MR SCHAFFER

Yes, but it's highly irregular for us to \*  
give our approval without meeting Mr. \*  
Faure'. \*

(CONTINUED)

MR FINE  
(to Schaffer)

She told us why her husband couldn't be here, she's provided her marriage license amongst her documentation as requested, surely she... \*

MR SCHAFFER  
(cutting in)

Yes, but don't you see that... \*

MRS BIRD  
(overlapping)

I like the couple from the bank, but not the ones with the dog! \*

BRONTE  
(interrupting)

Look, I'm very aware of the situation it's just that... well, I'd bring it back to the way the late Professor had it... I don't want to get too technical but... \*

(She studies the faces of the, as yet, unconvinced board.)

BRONTE

The Maranta Leuconeura needs thinning, and the Crinum and the Zamia are sadly neglected... \*

Mr. Fine is all attention.

BRONTE

... 'the Chamaedorea's root-bound, and special care must be taken with the poor Cyathea Dickensonia... \*

Mr. Schaeffer is falling under her spell.

BRONTE

... not to mention the Cordyline and the Heliconia. \*

Mrs. Bird's glasses are fogging up. \*

BRONTE

... then there's work nurturing the Asperdistras, Bagonias and Bromeliads... \*

27 INT. BRONTE'S NEW APARTMENT

DAY 27

A shot of the front door, from within. Sounds off - Bronte's voice and that of the doorman, OSCAR.

BRONTE (V/O)

Thank you, Oscar, just leave it there. \*

OSCAR (V/O)

Ok. Mrs. Faure! I'll go back down for the \*  
rest of the stuff. \*

The door opens to Bronte. In the background several boxes, \*  
suitcases, etc. and Oscar. \*

BRONTE

That's very kind, thank you. \*

OSCAR

(moving to the elevator)

Don't you pick up anything heavy, ok? I'll \*  
be right back. \*

BRONTE

Thanks. \*

She closes the door behind her, leaning back against it as \*  
she does so. She sighs with relief, studies the key in her \*  
hand, reflects for a moment. Then she climbs the small \*  
staircase. \*

She enters the sitting room - nothing spectacular here but  
it's not the room she's looking at. It's a set of glass  
doors leading off it.

Opening the doors.

28 INT. BRONTE'S GREENHOUSE

DAY 28

She pushes the doors open to a small green paradise. A  
miniature rain forest. It's an old greenhouse full of mature  
tropical trees, ferns, and exotic plants of all kinds. On  
the back wall a fountain tinkles quietly. Condensation drips  
from the glass panelled roof, splashing onto her cheeks and  
hair. She closes the door behind her and sits on a small  
stone bench. A smile spreads across her face, she's in  
another world.

[DISSOLVE TO SCENE 29]

\*

29 EXT. CENTRAL PARK, WINTER DAY 29\*

Winter trees. The camera tilts down to find Bronte. It's early morning and she walks through the park on her way to work. \*

A30 DELETED A30\*

B30 DELETED B30\*

C30 DELETED C30\*

D30 EXT. GREEN GUERILLA 'PEOPLES PARK', PROJECT DAY D30\*

A gardening project on the Lower East Side - bags of seeds are coming out of a truck, while shovels and other gardening implements are passed hand to hand. Lots of laughter and chatter amongst the half-dozen or so volunteers. We see Bronte, talking with HARRY STERN, one of the Green Guerillas. \*

PEGGY HERRON, a sweet faced woman approaches Bronte, with her a tall young man. \*

PEGGY

Bronte? This is Phil. He's just joined us. I thought he might work with you? \*

BRONTE

Sure \*

PHIL

Hi. \*

BRONTE

Hi. \*

Phil looks at her appreciatively, Bronte aware of this. \*

[END WINTER SCENE] \*

E30 DELETED E30\*

F30 INT. GREENHOUSE DAY F30\*

[NOTE: THIS IS A TIME LAPSE, TAKING US TO SUMMER]

Close up on various plants in the now restored greenhouse. \*  
the sprinkler is on, creating a fine misty rain. A wider\*  
view shows the results of Bronte's work - the whole effect\*  
is something of a fantasy. Bronte is seen just outside,\*  
staring into her world. \*

G30 INT. ELEVATOR HALLWAY, OUTSIDE BRONTE'S APT. DAY G29\*

Bronte crosses to the elevator, presses the button and\*  
waits.\*

BRONTE  
(without looking)  
It's just me, Mrs. Bird. \*

Mrs. Bird hastily closes the crack in her door. \*

H30 EXT. BRONTE'S BUILDING DAY H30\*

Bronte removes her wedding ring, placing it carefully in her\*  
purse. \*

I30 EXT. CENTRAL PARK DAY I30\*

Bronte walking through the lush green of the park, on her \*  
way to work. \*

J30 INT. VEGITARIAN RESTAURANT NIGHT J30\*

Close on a plate of mung beans as it is laid on a table. \*

Close on a plate of alfalfa sprouts and cashews also coming\*  
to rest. \*

(CONTINUED)

Phil and Bronte dine together. Their relationship obviously\* progressed. \*

PHIL

... the Eco-System blown apart, the whole \*  
world hanging by a thread, it's incredible \*  
stuff. You don't know his work? \*

BRONTE

No... I don't. \*

PHIL

Wow! He's amazing! What a treat's in \*  
store for you. His theories will blow you\*  
away, a whole new way of seeing the\*  
environment, far different to the Gaia\*  
theories. I'll get you 'Survival or  
Suicide?' and 'The Earth Trembles', that's a\*  
start. When I was with Greenpeace we'd \*  
read him aloud for hours, incredible stuff,\*  
he's the Einstein of the Environment...\*  
Hey?\*

(CONTINUED)

BRONTE  
What? \*

PHIL  
I like you. \*

BRONTE  
That's nice. \*

PHIL  
No. I mean I really like you. \*

30 EXT. CENTRAL PARK, SUMMER

DAY 30\*

Bronte and a friend, LAUREN ADLER, a young artist walk \*  
beneath the canopy of trees. \*

LAUREN  
I mean how did you find it? And keeping it  
a secret from me these past months. You  
move out, say you'll call me and that's it.  
No message, nothing. I suddenly feel I  
don't know you! My God!

BRONTE  
It's no big deal, Lauren.

LAUREN  
'No Big Deal'? You just described what  
sounds like a tropical rain forest on a New  
York rooftop, which you somehow get for a  
very reasonable rent, a South-East aspect, a  
doorman and the Upper West Side, I mean who  
did you kill?

BRONTE  
I didn't have to go quite that far.

LAUREN  
What's that mean? How far did you have to  
go?

(CONTINUED)

BRONTE

It was the fact of my working in the Park, you know, being a horticulturist, all that stuff, that's what did it.

LAUREN

OK. So when do I see it? Now? Tonight?

BRONTE

Well I've been keeping a pretty low profile, they're a kind of stuffy old board, I couldn't bear to lose it.

(CONTINUED)

LAUREN

Everybody's board is like that, they turned down the Swiss Consul at my uncle's \* building? I don't see what the board's got to do with your friends dropping in. Phil must've seen it, surely?

BRONTE

Well, no, actually.

LAUREN

Your new boyfriend hasn't seen it?

BRONTE

Well, we go over to his place mostly, I'm fixing it up, I don't want anyone to see it 'till it's finished.

LAUREN

And when will that be?

BRONTE

When I'm free. \*

LAUREN

'Free'?

BRONTE

I mean not tied up, separated... \*  
separated from the problems of you know, \*  
renovations, doing up the place. \*

LAUREN

Say... a couple of years? \*

BRONTE

Yes. Well, not that long. I can't \*  
explain, Lauren. I'll tell you about it\*  
some time. \*

LAUREN

Gardners are weird people, I know that now.  
My mother's weird, you're weird, it must be  
something you get from mulch.

31, 32, 33, & 34 DELETED

31, 32, 33, & 34 \*

35 EXT. GREEN GUERILLA'S LOT, LOWER EAST SIDE.

DAY 35

CLOSE on a vegetable patch. Standing proudly beside it, the owner, VINCENT. Bronte is with him. \*

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT

Hey! Bronte.

BRONTE

What? \*

VINCENT

Well. You know. Thanks. \*

BRONTE

It was your vegetable patch that decided\*  
us.

VINCENT

In that case. \*

He begins picking some tomatoes and peppers for her.

VINCNET

I'll keep these for you, 'till after. \*

Phil joins them. He drapes an arm about Bronte's shoulder,  
kisses her. \*

PHIL

How you doing, Vincent? \*

VINCENT

Just great, Phil. \*

PHIL

Big day, huh? \*

VINCENT

Yep. Sure is. Last count we got fifteen  
from the neighborhood.

BRONTE

Well there's six of us.

VINCENT

Should about do it.

Phil looks toward a couple of punks in the street. \*

PHIL

You had any trouble? \*

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT

Not so far. But I don't know what'll\*  
happen when they see what we're going to do  
to the lot. They deal in here all night  
long.

BRONTE

They'll just have to go somewhere else.

PHIL

Hey, I've got a suprise for you, Bront. \*

BRONTE

What? \*

PHIL

How about 3000 square feet of top quality  
soil? \*

BRONTE

3000 square feet? \*

VINCENT

Alright! \*

BRONTE

How'd you do it? \*

(CONTINUED)

PHIL

Get this. Burger King does this big press hype at the Sheraton Centre. They recreate Texas or something... a giant burger sitting in the middle of Texas! But what are they going to do with all that soil when the show's over? Dave says I know just the guy who'll take it off your hands. 'Moi'.

BRONTE

Phil!

She embraces him.

From various directions other Green Guerillas begin to arrive on foot or in cars, or vans. Some of the local people also cross to the vacant lot. Tools are unloaded from out of the vans.

HARRY STERN, appears waving a bunch of documents - \*

HARRY

Bronte! The City Fathers give their blessing to the project! Talk about the eleventh hour!

Like a swarm of ants the Green Guerillas and the locals fan out over the lot and set to work cleaning and levelling the ground.

Car parts and all manner of rubbish is uncovered, including a great number of used needles. HARRY warns everyone to use gloves in the cleaning work.

LATER, the ground cleared, pathways marked out, and the wooden frames of the beds are in place. The soil arrives, then a truckload of plants. \*

A36 EXT. GREEN GUERILLA LOT

NIGHT A36\*

LATER, NIGHT. By the headlights of cars the final planting and watering are completed. \*

36 EXT. RESTAURANT.

NIGHT 36

PHIL comes out of a funky looking restaurant, shaking his head. He joins PEGGY, HARRY and BRONTE.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED

36

PHIL

Half an hour.

Groans

BRONTE

What about the place across the street? \*

They look across at another restaurant - 'The All Nations'.

PEGGY

Looks a bit...

(It looks like one of those restaurants you just know is going to be bad.)

HARRY

Anyone eaten there?

37 INT. THE 'ALL NATIONS' RESTAURANT.

NIGHT 37

The CAPTAIN comes forward, a somewhat disapproving look on his face. From inside drifts the vague sound of live music.

CAPTAIN

You have a reservation?

PEGGY

No.

CAPTAIN

You are how many? Four? Let me see now.

He checks his seating plan, picks up four menus.

CAPTAIN

(noticing their dirty hands)

Perhaps you'd care to use our 'facilities' first?

The group examine their dirty hands, much laughter, like naughty schoolchildren.

38 INT. THE 'ALL NATIONS' RESTAURANT

LATER 38

The group study their menus, desperately searching for something appealing. A GREEK BAZOOKIA player sits in a spotlight playing 'Never On Sunday' and other old Greek favourites.

PHIL

(to a waiter)

Can we order?

WAITER NO. 1

I'm not your waiter.

PHIL

Great! So who is our waiter? Maybe it's the big guy over there.

BRONTE looks up. A few tables away, his back to them, a fair haired waiter is taking an order. It's her husband.

(CONTINUED)

BRONTE

Let's go! This place is awful!

HARRY

But go where, this time of night?

GEORGE is now only two tables away, BRONTE looks around like a trapped animal. Another WAITER passes their table with a loaded tray.

PHIL

Hey man! Are you our waiter?

WAITER NO. 2

(without looking)

George!

As GEORGE approaches, BRONTE tries to bury herself inside the menu.

PHIL

You OK, Bronte?

BRONTE

It's hot in here.

GEORGE

You have chosen?

PEGGY

Someone else go first.

HARRY

What are your specials tonight?

GEORGE

From Switzerland we have calves' liver in a special sauce, and from England we have the roast beef.

PHIL

I don't eat meat.

GEORGE

Why not?

PHIL

Pardon me?

38 (CONTINUED)

GEORGE

If you don't eat meat we have fish.

PHIL

I don't eat fish either. Do you have, like a vegetarian special?

GEORGE

Of course. All Nations vegetables.

PHIL

OK. But no oil or salt.

GEORGE

No oil or salt for you.

HARRY

I'll take the fish.

PEGGY

Me too.

GEORGE

Two for the fish, and?

He looks at BRONTE, as do the other three. She slowly lowers her menu. She's bright red.

GEORGE

For Mademoiselle? Or... is it 'Madame'?  
(he winks at her)

39 EXT. BRONTE'S APARTMENT

NIGHT 39

A cab draws up and PHIL and BRONTE get out. PHIL tells the cab to wait a moment. He walks her to the door.

PHIL

Let me come up.

She looks at him.

PHIL

What is it a girls dorm? We've been going\* together a month and I've never even seen\* your apartment, what's with all the secrecy?

BRONTE

You'll see it when it's finished.

(CONTINUED)

39: (CONTINUED)

PHIL

When what's finished? Hey? Most girls I've known have crowded me. Except you. I could do with some crowding.

She hugs him tight. The CAB DRIVER hits the horn.

PHIL

(shouting)

OK!

(then to BRONTE)

Damn it! Come back to my place then. A\* little herb tea, a little massage, some\* music... \*

BRONTE

No, not to-night. \*

PHIL

You're a puzzle. You know that? But just\* remember something I don't play games. OK?\*

The CAB DRIVER gets out.

DRIVER

Are you coming or what?

PHIL

(to BRONTE)

Am I?

BRONTE

Go.

The kiss.

40 INT. BRONTE'S LOBBY

NIGHT 40

OSCAR, the doorman, watches as BRONTE breaks from the embrace, and enters the building. She is a little embarrassed when she sees him.

OSCAR

Evening, Mrs Fauré.

BRONTE

Hullo, Oscar.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED

40

OSCAR

Oh. Some mail here. Mostly addressed to 'Miss Parrish'. Guess some folks don't know you married.

Their eyes meet.

BRONTE

Yes. Well I still go by the name Parrish.

OSCAR

Women's Lib, huh?

BRONTE

Yes, I guess so.

BRONTE turns away, glancing at the mail.

OSCAR

Nothing from Africa.

BRONTE

Oh.

OSCAR

I already checked. Guess he's still on safari.

BRONTE

Something like that. Goodnight, Oscar.

OSCAR

Night, Mrs Fauré.

41 DELETED

41 DELETED\*

42 EXT. GREEN GUERILLA'S LOT, LOWER EAST SIDE.

DAY 42\*

A group of LOCALS stand with members of the GREEN GUERILLAS. BRONTE crosses into the vandalized garden. Shrubs have been pulled up, soil scattered, and paint splashed on most of the recently established seed beds.

PHIL

Bastards!

VINCENT joins BRONTE.

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT

I heard them about 3 a.m. Couple of us tried to stop them.

PEGGY

Did you call the police?

VINCENT

We don't call the cops down here.

HARRY

OK. It's happened. Vincent this garden belongs to you folks now, so what do you want to do?

VINCENT looks at the group of the locals.

VINCENT

Most people down here don't want any trouble, Harry. They'd just rather forget the whole thing.

BRONTE

(to VINCENT)

Is that how you feel?

VINCENT thinks about this.

PEGGY

We could fence it in.

VINCENT

That's not going to stop them. They used to deal in here all night long. They see this as their turf.

BRONTE

If only we could get some mature trees, remember the garden on Avenue 'B'?

VINCENT

What's this?

PEGGY

We had the same trouble on another lot some years ago, then someone donated several fully matured trees and plants, they left it alone after that. Something about an established garden people accept.

VINCENT

So let's get some full mature trees?

42 CONTINUED

42

We don't have that kind of money.

\*

PEGGY

We need more plants, our stocks are pretty low.

PHIL

Harry! A guy up-state offered us a load of plants, I could drive up tomorrow, take me a couple of days. Not mature trees but at least it'll get us going again.

43 DELETED

43\*

44 EXT. BRONTE'S TERRACE

EARLY MORNING 44\*

Bronte in a kimono, works planting various grass and weed\* samples in a long planter box. She transfers them from a\* container labelled, 'Parks Authority Grass Samples'. She\* pauses momentarily, closes her eyes, feels the heat of the\* morning sun. Her reverie is interrupted by the sound of the\* intercom. \*

45 DELETED

45\*

46 INT. BRONTE'S GREENHOUSE/KITCHEN.

DAY 46

BRONTE crosses to the intercom, the time - 7:10 a.m. \*

BRONTE

Hullo?

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED

46

GORSKY (V/O)  
Mrs Faure?

BRONTE  
Yes?

GORSKY (V/O)  
My name is Gorsky, I'm with the  
Investigations Department of the I.N.S.

BRONTE  
The... What?

GORSKY (V/O) \*

Immigration. My partner and I are down in  
the lobby. We wondered if we might have a  
word with you and your husband.

47 INT. OFFICE, BRONTE'S LAWYER.

DAY 47

MAC MCHUGH is one of those older Americans with a calm,  
unflappable manner. He does his best thinking when pacing,  
and that's what he's doing now as he considers BRONTE'S  
predicament.

Tears begin to roll down her cheeks. She takes out a tissue,  
blows her nose.

MAC  
Now, hang on. Don't go getting yourself all  
upset.  
(he presses an intercom)  
Mrs Dale! Two coffees please, and a box of  
tissues.

BRONTE  
(through her sniffles)  
De-caf please.

MAC  
(to SECRETARY)  
That's one De-caf...Now, let me see if  
I've got the facts straight - your friend  
asks you a favour. Why not? Friends ask  
favour, that's what friends are all about.  
He says, 'Hey Bronte I need a favour, would  
you marry this friend of mine? He's an  
illegal alien and he likes it here and he  
wants to stay.' And you say, 'Sure, I'm not  
doing anything Tuesday.'

(CONTINUED)

47 (CONTINUED)

47

BRONTE

It wasn't like that.

MAC

Bronte, I've known your family for twenty-five years, I bounced you on my knee, for God's sake. Nothing I know about you or your background would make me think you'd do a damn fool thing like this!

BRONTE

You don't understand!

MAC

Am I missing something?

BRONTE

He's supposed to be a brilliant composer who's never had a break in his life. Anton arranged some job and he had to have a Green Card to get it.

MAC

Thought you said he was a waiter.

BRONTE

Well he is, I don't know, maybe things didn't work out. Maybe it's a second job, I wasn't about to ask him in front of everybody.

Coffee is brought in.

MAC

Thanks, Mrs Dale.

She leaves.

MAC

This Anton worries me. I'd like to have a little chat with him.

BRONTE

I tried to reach him. He's in Europe, no one knows where.

MAC

Well that's just dandy! Gets you into this mess then leaves.

BRONTE

I got into the mess.

MAC

This Mr Gorsky and his partner, they asked to speak to you and your husband. You said he's out won't be back till six tonight, correct?

BRONTE

Yes. So they said they'd come back.

MAC

Why didn't you say he was still in Africa?

BRONTE

Mac, I saw him a week ago!

MAC paces, deep in thought.

MAC

As I see it we've only got one alternative. We come clean. I'll be there with you when they come at 6. We lay it all out. Just as it happened...

BRONTE

(interrupting)

No! I can't do that. There's another reason I did this...thing.

MAC

Bronte, if I'm to help you, I've got to know everything.

BRONTE

Well...about three months ago, right after Anton told me about his friend George, I saw this apartment. With a greenhouse.

MAC

(trying to follow this)

A 'greenhouse'.

BRONTE

It was filled with the most beautiful, exotic plants.

MAC

Go on.

BRONTE

It was a sub-let. To a married couple only.

Mac just stares at her.

MAC

So that's it. You married someone, a complete stranger, in order to get a 'greenhouse'?

BRONTE

(a whisper)

Yes.

MAC

Seems this Anton chose well - He knew you were looney! A greenhouse!

BRONTE

I can't lose that apartment, Mac. I'd rather go to jail than lose the garden.

MAC

Let's not talk about jail, I doubt it's that serious...A 'greenhouse'!

MAC sighs. Sits down.

MAC

You have a boyfriend?

BRONTE

Phil! I forgot all about him. He's away thank God!

MAC

Nice sort of fellah is he?

BRONTE

Phil?

MAC

No, this husband of yours.

BRONTE

Please don't say 'husband' like that.

MAC

Find him. Work out your story. How you met, that sort of thing. Then when you meet these people tonight, say as little as possible. Let them do the talking. They probably just want to see the two of you together in the apartment. I'll give you my home number, you call if you need me.

47 (CONTINUED)

They both stand. BRONTE looks so depressed MAC takes her in a fatherly embrace.

47

BRONTE

You won't say anything to my parents?

MAC

Of course not. Now don't you worry, it's probably a routine check. The worst thing you could do would be to work yourself up into a state over this. That alone would make them suspicious.

(he smiles at her)

Must be some damned garden!

48 INT. THE 'ALL NATIONS' RESTAURANT

DAY 48

BRONTE waits in the entrance to the restaurant. The same stuffy CAPTAIN who served BRONTE and her friends approaches.

CAPTAIN

What is it you want to know?

BRONTE

I just want to speak to George Fauré.

CAPTAIN

He doesn't work here anymore.

BRONTE

He doesn't?

CAPTAIN

He was rude to a customer. We don't stand for that.

BRONTE

He was fired?

CAPTAIN

This is not an information desk. Excuse me.

He turns to go, BRONTE grabs his arm.

BRONTE

Please, I must find him. Do you know where he lives?

CAPTAIN

George Fauré is trouble. You would do well to avoid him. Now if you'll excuse me young lady I have customers waiting.

48 CONTINUED

48

He leaves. A WAITER who has observed part of the above exchange, waits for the CAPTAIN to leave before crossing to BRONTE.

WAITER  
(foreign accent)  
You a friend of George?

49 EXT. GEORGE'S BOARDING HOUSE. DAY 49

BRONTE checks the address. It's a very run-down neighbourhood and the boarding house is the most decrepit building on the block.

50 INT. BOARDING HOUSE RECEPTION AREA DAY 50

A beat-up looking CLERK takes a hastily written note from BRONTE.

BRONTE  
'Faure!' George Faure! \*

CLERK  
A lot of people come and go here. \*

BRONTE  
He's big, with long hair... he's French.\*  
You must know if he's here! \*

CLERK  
Who's asking? \*

BRONTE  
(hesitates)  
Well... I'm... his wife. \*

The clerk looks her up and down, grins. \*

CLERK  
Yeah? \*

BRONTE  
I must speak to him it's very important! \*

CLERK  
O.K. Sweetheart, keep your shirt on, I'll\*  
tell him when he comes in. \*

51 INT. BRONTE'S KITCHEN- CLOCK LATE AFTERNOON 51\*

The minute hand crawls toward 5:45. \*

A52 INT. GREENHOUSE LATE AFTERNOON A52\*

Bronte waits.

\*

52 INT. LOBBY, BRONTE'S APARTMENT. LATE AFTERNOON 52\*

OSCAR moves forward to intercept a rather scruffy looking man in a battered old army jacket.

OSCAR  
Deliveries 'round back.

GEORGE  
I'm to see Mrs. Fauré.

OSCAR  
And who are you?

GEORGE  
Mr Fauré.

OSCAR breaks into a big grin.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED

OSCAR

Mr Fauré! Sorry! I never seen you before!  
Welcome back! How was Africa?

GEORGE

Africa?

OSCAR

(looking outside)

Got any bags?

GEORGE

Just me.

OSCAR

When I seen you I thought this guy just  
stepped out of the jungle! And I was right!  
Great to see you back! I hate to see a  
young couple like yourselves separated like  
you been, bad for the marriage, call me old-  
fashioned if you like, but that's what's  
wrong with this country, the family is going  
down the toilet!

GEORGE

The toilet?

Oscar picks up a framed photograph of himself, wife and three  
children from his desk.

OSCAR

Fifteen years married to the same woman.\*  
My kids there see. I call her twice a day.  
I don't go for this Woman's Lib stuff, no  
Sir, couples living in sin, that kind of  
thing.

GEORGE

It's not good.

OSCAR

No, Sir!

53 INT. BRONTE'S APARTMENT - ENTRANCE

53

She moves to the door, looks through the peephole.

54 HER P.O.V.

54

A distorted view of GEORGE. He looks rather frightening when  
viewed through the 'fish-eye' lens.

55 INT. BRONTE'S APARTMENT

55

As she opens the door.

GEORGE  
(smiling)

So.

BRONTE  
Yes, well. Come in.

GEORGE  
I like your doorman. \*

BRONTE  
Oh! That's Oscar.

GEORGE seems remarkably unperturbed as he wanders in. This is in sharp contrast to BRONTE's agitated state. GEORGE, his hands thrust deep into his jacket pockets, looks toward the green house.

BRONTE  
Look I think we'd better talk about our 'situation' don't you? You got my note?  
(he looks at her)  
Of course you did, otherwise you wouldn't be here. Now I spoke to my lawyer, he said not to panic. It's probably just routine.

GEORGE  
You got some coffee?

BRONTE  
Good idea! Coffee? Right. Don't panic.\*  
We'll just have coffee like any regular\*  
married couple.

She hurries over to the kitchen while GEORGE continues to stroll about.

BRONTE  
How's the composing? Didn't you get the big job in California? \*

GEORGE  
No I don't like them. I don't worry, I\* prefer to be a waiter than work for people like that.

BRONTE  
But you're not at the restaurant anymore?

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

I quit. \*

BRONTE

They said you were fired.

GEORGE

They say that? I don't like that captain.  
Snob type.

George is examining a crystal vase, BRONTE watching him. Suddenly she's mad. Very mad. His attitude, his lack of any apology. She strides toward him, taking the vase out of his hands. He looks surprised.

BRONTE

These people are due here any minute and you stroll around my apartment, picking up my things - do you realize the situation you've put me in? Do you?

GEORGE

Look, I'm sorry, Betty. Let's talk. Ok. \*

BRONTE

It's 'Bronte'.

GEORGE

'Bronte'. Funny name!

BRONTE

This is hopeless.

GEORGE

The coffee? \*

BRONTE

The coffee. I'm about to go to jail, you'll get deported, but 'what about the coffee?'

She crosses back to the kitchen when the intercom buzzer sounds. She freezes.

BRONTE

My God, they're here!

She moves toward the intercom but GEORGE stops her, then moving past her he picks it up.

GEORGE

(after a pause)  
This is Mr Fauré...OK come.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED

55

He moves into action, stripping off his jacket, passing it to a stunned BRONTE, then he pulls his shoes off and passes those to her. She still stands staring at him.

GEORGE

Better put them in my closet.

She nods and hurries into the bedroom, throwing his shoes into a closet. She's about to leave when she sees a photograph of Phil, his arm about her, on the dresser. This she places face down in a drawer.

She turns and sees George at the door. He indicates his\*  
wedding ring. \*

BRONTE

Right! \*

She searches frantically, finds her ring and jams it onto\*  
her finger.

She returns to the sitting-room, George is stretched out on the sofa, reading the paper. He winks at her as the doorbell sounds.

BRONTE is seized with fear, she leans over GEORGE.

BRONTE

(a whisper)

We haven't talked for God's sake!

GEORGE

Talk about what?

BRONTE

How we met! Our story! They're going to ask us questions!

GEORGE

They just want to see us together. That's all. This happened to a guy at the\*  
restaurant. They see us, they go. Simple.

The doorbell again, longer this time.

GEORGE

(Shouts)

Can you get it, Cherie?

(To her)

Let me do the talking.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED

55

BRONTE

No, I'll do the talking. You don't speak much English, I'll say... I'll tell them...

GEORGE

(Shakes her)

Come on! It's ok. We're together. Ok? So relax.

The surprise of GEORGE'S shaking combined with his crazy grin has a calming effect on her. He shouts again.

GEORGE

Chérie!!

He whispers to her -

GEORGE

Now go!

He lies back down, picking up the paper. BRONTE crosses and opens the door.

56 BRONTE'S APARTMENT - SITTING ROOM.

56

BRONTE ushers GORSKY and MRS SHEEHAN inside. GEORGE, very slowly, untangles himself from his position on the sofa.

GEORGE

Bonjour.

WOMAN

Hello. I'm Mrs Sheehan, this is Mr Gorsky.

GORSKY

Hi.

GEORGE

George Fauré, you met my wife.

Handshakes. An awkward silence. Then -

GEORGE

Please.

\*

They take their places, throats cleared, etc. GORSKY opens an attache case with a loud snap and takes out a file. Throughout the interview MRS SHEEHAN remains all smiles while GORSKY seems distant and suspicious.

MRS SHEEHAN

Now, Mr Fauré...

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE  
(smiling sweetly)  
'George', please.

MRS SHEEHAN  
Yes...Now, you entered the country 5 months ago according to our records...

GEORGE  
Yes and already I love it...

MRS SHEEHAN  
Yes, well...

GEORGE  
(Continues)  
"Land of Opportunity!" Such a great country, already I feel at home, so lucky! Beautiful wife, apartment, (he looks towards the green house) plants! So lucky!

MRS SHEEHAN  
Well your visa, a B2, a Tourist Visa, allowed you only six weeks. Now that in itself is an offense, but recent events have overtaken that. Your marriage, of course, gives you automatic residency status.

BRONTE  
You're not suggesting we married for that reason?

GORSKY  
We're not suggesting anything Mrs Fauré. We just want to verify our records.

MRS SHEEHAN  
(smiling even more reassuringly)  
Everything is quite in order I'm sure. Now. This is your place of residence?

GEORGE  
Of course.

GORSKY  
You moved here after the marriage?

GEORGE  
Yes.

GORSKY  
We spoke to the chairperson of the building. He said you've been away, Mr Fauré.

(CONTINUED)

BRONTE  
(quickly)

In Africa.

GEORGE  
Yes. Shooting elephants.

MRS SHEEHAN  
(grimaces)

Oh!

BRONTE  
With a camera of course, and he got me some plants. Violets. African Violets.

MRS SHEEHAN  
Where did you live, Mr Fauré? Before the marriage?

GEORGE  
All over the place. In the park one night!

He smiles. No one else does.

MRS SHEEHAN  
And where do you work?

GEORGE  
Pardon? \*

BRONTE  
My husband is a composer. He's working on an important composition, based on his African research.

MRS SHEEHAN  
A composer? We don't have a note of that. You write what? Rock and roll, I take it?

GEORGE's eyes note a series of ballet photographs of BRONTE, on the wall. He turns to Mrs Sheehan.

GEORGE  
Ballet. I write for the ballet.

MRS SHEEHAN  
Ballet?

GORSKY  
Your statement on your passport application said you had no criminal convictions. Is that a true and correct statement?

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

Of course!

MRS SHEEHAN

You speak French, Mrs Fauré?

BRONTE

Well, not really. Not exactly.

MRS SHEEHAN

(smiles)

No barrier to love though?

BRONTE and GEORGE glance at each other, genuinely embarrassed.

MRS SHEEHAN

(to GORSKY)

That about does it? We're sorry to have troubled you.

From her manner it would seem they've passed the test, but GEORGE watches them carefully.

MRS SHEEHAN

There's a major clampdown on illegal aliens marrying to get residency status, and the Greencard. It's come down from the top.

(she whispers)

The White House.

GEORGE

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

GORSKY

(staring at GEORGE)

Precisely.

BRONTE

(relieved)

We do understand.

MRS SHEEHAN passes the file back to GORSKY, who puts it away.

MRS SHEEHAN

As a matter of curiosity, how did you two meet? I'm sure it was very romantic.

GEORGE

Well...

BRONTE

We... you go on.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

No, you. Please.

BRONTE

Well, we just...

GEORGE

We sort of crashed into each other - boom!  
Like that.

MRS SHEEHAN

My goodness!

GEORGE

I was carrying a lot of parcels, so... \*

GORSKY

'Parcels'?' \*

GEORGE

Yes, parcels, so I picked them up and... \*

BRONTE

And then Anton. Don't forget Anton,  
darling.

GEORGE

Ah! Anton!

BRONTE

Well he was with George and I knew him.

GEORGE

He also helped pick up the parcels!

BRONTE

Yes darling, but the point was he introduced  
us.

GEORGE

That's true, he did.

MRS SHEEHAN

And?

GEORGE

So...

BRONTE

Well...

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED

56

GEORGE

It was raining and...

\*

BRONTE

Yes, we were soaked!

\*

GEORGE

So... I took one of her parcels when I\*  
picked up mine. \*

(CONTINUED)

MRS SHEEHAN

(to BRONTE)

You had parcels too?

GEORGE

Everyone had parcels. So many parcels. So I picked up one of hers.

BRONTE

By mistake.

GEORGE

So I had my parcels and her parcel and I was staggering around like this...

He gets up and begins staggering around in a rather absurd way.

At this point the phone rings. Everyone looks in the direction of the 'phone.

MRS SHEEHAN

Someone better answer the telephone.

GEORGE

Couldn't be for me.

BRONTE

Well it could, darling, but don't worry I'll get it, we don't want a husband and wife argument in front of our guests.

57 INT. BRONTE'S KITCHEN

DAY 57

BRONTE picks up the 'phone, glancing back over her shoulder to the group in the living room, GEORGE looks as though he's drowning.

BRONTE

(whispers)

Hello?...Phil!

You're still up-state aren't you?... No I'm not glad you're there, I just wasn't sure.

Look it's sort of a bad time to call...

Yes, I miss you...

Phil I can't talk now!...

Of course I feel the same way...

58 INT. SITTING ROOM

DAY 58

MRS SHEEHAN

Do go on Mr Fauré.

GEORGE

Hmm?

MRS SHEEHAN

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

GEORGE

(a deep breath)

Yes. I had all these parcels and I was at home...counting them.

GORSKY

Counting them?

GEORGE

Yes. I always count parcels after I've been shopping. At first it helped with my English - one, two, three instead of un, deux, trois and so on. Also it's wise today with robberies and muggings. Counting parcels. Yes, sir. And also I found this extra parcel. I knew I had 9 and now 10! What was going on I say to myself. So I open it and\* it is ladies underwears...

GORSKY

'Ladies underwear?'

\*

GEORGE

Yes. Exactement. So I called Anton. He\* says it must belong to Betty. \*

A silence. \*

GORSKY

You mean Bronte?

GEORGE

Yes, of course. I didn't know her name then and so now I did...and

(GEORGE is running out of steam)

...So, that was that.

GORSKY

Then what happened? After you found the undergarment?

59 INT. BRONTE'S KITCHEN

DAY 59

BRONTE is anxious for GEORGE, but PHIL is obviously giving her a hard time.

BRONTE  
(whisper)

I want that too!...I am listening!

60 INT. BRONTE'S SITTING ROOM

DAY 60

GEORGE

So...I took her parcel to her and said here are your underwears and she laughed and laughed and then she was laughing so much she fell over - like this...

(GEORGE is on his feet again acting it all out. The I.N.S. people just stare in fascination)

Right down, boom! Injured her back, and I know a little massage technique, a sort of Russian style and you hold the person in a sort of, you bend them over your back like this, and pull! And CRACK, the bones go back in place.

MRS SHEEHAN

Doesn't sound very romantic so far!

GEORGE

Well you know one thing led to another...

(he moves closer to Mrs Sheehan)

You know we French, ooh! la! la! c'est l'amour...I took her in my arms, kissed\* her dark eyes, her beautiful lips, her long\* white neck, and then I kissed her... \*

His hand moves from his neck toward his breast as he mimes\* the seduction. \*

MRS SHEEHAN

(interrupting)

I'm sure I can imagine the rest.

George sits back down. \*

GORSKY

May I use your bathroom?

GEORGE

Hmm?

GORSKY

Bathroom?

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED

60

GEORGE

What for?

GORSKY

Well...I need to use it...the bathroom.

GEORGE

Oh! My English! I thought you said  
'ballroom'. Please. Go ahead.

GORSKY

Where is it?

GEORGE

What?

GORSKY

The lavatory, could you show me where it is?

GEORGE

Please follow me.

He tries to catch BRONTE's eye but she has her back to him and is still talking.

61 INT. BRONTE'S HALLWAY

DAY 61

GEORGE is confronted with three identical doors, only one of which can be a bathroom. He hesitates a second before confidently indicating a door. GORSKY opens the broom closet, and ducks as a mop falls out. GEORGE picks it up.

GEORGE

That used to be the bathroom, before the renovations. I keep forgetting.

GEORGE opens the bedroom door.

GEORGE

And, this was the broom closet but we made\* it into the bedroom. And this door is to the bathroom. Voila!

He opens the bathroom door.

62 BRONTE'S SITTING ROOM.

DAY 62

BRONTE joins MRS SHEEHAN.

MRS SHEEHAN

We'll go as soon as he gets back - bathroom.

BRONTE

(looking anxiously in that direction)  
Oh.

MRS SHEEHAN

Is your back OK now?

BRONTE

My back?

MRS SHEEHAN

Yes, is it better?

GEORGE enters and sits with BRONTE throwing an arm over her shoulder, giving her a hug.

GEORGE

I told them all about the Russian technique,  
the underwear, everything!

MRS SHEEHAN

Quite a story.

BRONTE

Yes, it is.

63 INT. MAC MCHUGH'S OFFICE.

DAY 63

CLOSE ON BRONTE -

BRONTE

Let him move in? Move in to my apartment!  
I don't believe you're saying this!

MAC is pacing.

MAC

Don't look so shocked! Frankly I think you've got your priorities wrong young lady, you marry a man you didn't know in order to get a greenhouse. That shocked me! OK. So I'm old fashioned when it comes to marriage. I happen to think falling in love has something to do with it, you don't. Fine. But if marrying a stranger doesn't shock you then letting him move in and sleep on your sofa a couple of nights, shouldn't shock you either.

BRONTE

Oh! This isn't happening.

MAC

They want a second interview in their offices. Monday. Today's Friday. If he moves in tomorrow you've got the weekend to get your story straight.

BRONTE

Two days! I don't see why he has to move in. Why can't we just meet in the park or something?

MAC

This interview will be in depth. You'll be questioned separately. They'll ask you the colour of each others toothbrush, which side of the bed you sleep on, what he likes to eat, I don't know, does he snore? You've got to study each others habits. It's like cramming for an exam!

BRONTE

Oh, God! Do I have any alternative?

MAC

Sure. Confess everything now. He'll get deported, you could face charges! And no more greenhouse.

BRONTE

It's like living in a police state.

MAC

It's called 'breaking the law'. However trivial it seemed to you at the time, that's what you've done.

63 (CONTINUED)

63

BRONTE

What if he isn't what he says he is?

MAC

What do you mean?

BRONTE

He just doesn't seem like what you think of as a composer. He's got a tatoo!

MAC

A tatoo! Well... you don't normally associate composers with tatoos, granted, but...

BRONTE

And he says he writes for the ballet. I wish I could talk to Anton... He's a little scary, Mac.

MAC

Don't let your imagination run away with you. Now you've got my number, you call me at home anytime, ok?

BRONTE

Ok.

BRONTE puts her head in her hands.

MAC

I called an old pal in Immigration this morning. Didn't tell him anything, seems this Gorsky fellah has quite a reputation in the department. The original bureaucrat, they made the mould off of him! Someone else - well they'd probably have let it pass by. Anyway, you'd better introduce George to some of your friends. Let him get to know them. Say he's visiting from Paris or something.

BRONTE

My friends! I couldn't bear that. He's such a slob. I'll do this without anyone knowing.

MAC

That's up to you. Now, get that story straight. Come Monday evening it'll all be over and we can start planning the divorce.

BRONTE

I can't wait.

MAC

First time I've had a client dreading the honeymoon and planning to celebrate the divorce!

64 INT. ELEVATOR - BRONTE'S APARTMENT BLDG. SATURDAY MORNING 64

Close on a hand holding a plastic bag full of water. A fish swims about inside.

65 INT. BRONTE'S APARTMENT DAY 65

She opens the door to GEORGE. He brings with him an odd assortment of possessions -- a battered suitcase, a tennis racquet, a shopping bag, a briefcase, and the fish in the plastic bag which he passes to BRONTE. (It looks a bit like GEORGE in a curious way.)

BRONTE

Oh.

GEORGE

For breakfast.

BRONTE

Oh! I actually...

GEORGE

(Laughs)

It's a cadeau. A gift. For your pond. \*

BRONTE

Oh, right! Thank you. Come in.

They walk up into the apartment.

BRONTE

You can put your things over there for the time being.

George does so. \*

BRONTE

I'll show you around. Not that there's much to see. You do know where the bathroom is!

GEORGE grins.

66 INT. BRONTE'S KITCHEN. DAY 66

GEORGE looks about, opens the refrigerator, to BRONTE'S surprise, nods at what he sees inside, which isn't much. He moves around humming, sniffing at a tomato on the kitchen bench, his senses taking in every detail, he's like a cat in a new home.

67 INT. BRONTE'S BEDROOM. DAY 67

He tests the springs with his hand, nods to her as if 'good mattress'.

A68 EXT. TERRACE DAY A68\*

Bronte and George look out over the rooftops, before turning\* back to the Greenhouse. \*

68 EXT. BRONTE'S GREENHOUSE. DAY 68

George examines the beautiful greenhouse, as Bronte releases\* the fish into the pond. \*

BRONTE  
I'm a horticulturist.

GEORGE  
A what?

BRONTE  
I study plants. \*

GEORGE  
Oh! Botanie... (he indicates the lounge\* room). You know this apartment is too small, if you clear everything out of here\* you could make another big room.

BRONTE  
(shocked)  
But, that's why I got the apartment, for\* this beautiful greenhouse! \*

GEORGE looks about the greenhouse.

GEORGE  
You could grow tomatoes in here.

CONTINUED:

BRONTE

I can buy tomatoes, but not plants like these, cost a fortune.

GEORGE

Tomatoes are expensive too.

They stand awkwardly a moment. GEORGE touches a palm frond, it breaks off with a loud snap.

CONTINUED:

68 (CONTINUED)

68

GEORGE

Oh, sorry!

BRONTE

It's ok. I was going to trim it off,  
anyway. Excuse me.

She takes the palm frond outside.

69 INT. BRONTE'S KITCHEN, LATER.

DAY 69

BRONTE prepares coffee at the kitchen bench, while GEORGE  
sits at the table smoking a cigarette.

BRONTE

(indicating the smoke)

Do you mind?

GEORGE

Mind what?

BRONTE

Not smoking inside.

GEORGE reluctantly extinguishes his cigarette. BRONTE  
carries the coffee to the table and sits. GEORGE takes his  
cup, sneaks a look at her over the rim. She has been looking  
at him too, and she quickly drops her eyes. GEORGE takes a  
loud slurp of coffee -

GEORGE

EERK! What's this?

BRONTE

De-Caf.

GEORGE

Don't you have any real coffee?

BRONTE

'Fraid not.

GEORGE gets up, crosses to his luggage rummages around, finds  
an antique Turkish coffee percolator.

GEORGE

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

BRONTE

I only drink de-caf.

69 CONTINUED

69

GEORGE

You'll change when you taste this. Do you mind?

BRONTE

No, please, go ahead.

He busies himself in the kitchen, opening cupboards, etc.

BRONTE

Let's get the ground rules sorted out - I don't like this one little bit. But, it's happened. So we've just got to see it through.

GEORGE turns to face her.

GEORGE

You don't like me do you?

BRONTE

(taken aback by his honesty)  
We don't have to like each other, we just have to be married.

GEORGE

(smiles)

Right.

BRONTE

I don't want anyone to know about this OK? So we need to work out a story, in case we bump into any of my friends, something simple - You're an old friend, I admire your ballet music, you're visiting from,\* Paris...

GEORGE is busily preparing his coffee.

GEORGE

Uh, huh.

BRONTE

You're staying with me a couple of nights, you're gay, and...

GEORGE

(interrupting)

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

CONTINUED:

69 CONTINUED

69

BRONTE

OK. You're not gay. Just an old friend, you couldn't get a room in a hotel, all booked out, so, here you are.

GEORGE

Not a very good story.

BRONTE

Well you come up with a better one.

GEORGE

Oh... something political, a terrorist\* maybe. \*

BRONTE

Not a terrorist, but political is good. A\* refugee? Yes, that's it. \*

GEORGE

No. We don't say anything. Just a \* friend. Crash on the sofa a couple of nights. So what? This is New York.

GEORGE passes a cup of his coffee to BRONTE, but she declines.

BRONTE

You're right. Simpler the better. Now you sleep on the sofa, and we split expenses.

GEORGE

Split expenses?

BRONTE

Don't tell me you don't have any money?

GEORGE

Maybe 20 dollars.

He sips his freshly made coffee, a look of ecstasy on his face.

BRONTE

That's all?

GEORGE

Well, the fish cost sixty dollars.

BRONTE

I didn't ask you to buy the fish.

GEORGE

(shrugs)

So, I'll cook.

70 INT. SUPERMARKET.

DAY 70

Like any other married couple they patrol the aisles, GEORGE pushing the cart. BRONTE is not too sure about his choices. He pauses at the meat freezer, stares at a sea of red meat.\* A voice startles him. It's a butcher on a closed circuit\* T.V. \*

BUTCHER

What? Whadya want?

George, puzzled, moves to Bronte in the breakfast food\* section. \*

She reaches for a packet of muesli breakfast food.

GEORGE

For your birds?

BRONTE

What?

GEORGE

I think that's birdseed. Put it back, I'll get some croissants.

BRONTE

I like birdseed. \*

She takes the muesli.

They reach the bread section. GEORGE reaches for a large crusty white loaf, BRONTE for a hard black, seed-studded loaf. This time both insist the other choose the bread.

Around a corner of the market BRONTE sees LAUREN approaching. She attempts to hide behind a large display, but LAUREN has seen her.

LAUREN

'B'! It is you!

BRONTE

Lauren! What are you doing here!

LAUREN

What am I doing here? Like I'm buying you know 'food'.

BRONTE

No I mean it's not your neighbourhood.

GEORGE hovers, a few yards away, watching them.

CONTINUED:

70 CONTINUED

70

LAUREN

My Mother's having one of her little 'musical soirees'. I said I'd pick up a few things for her.

GEORGE smiles at LAUREN. Lauren takes this in, but as yet doesn't realize they're together.

LAUREN

So when am I going to see the apartment?

GEORGE has moved closer.

GEORGE

(To LAUREN)

Hi!

LAUREN glances at him. It's as if a complete stranger had just spoken. BRONTE keeps her back to him.

LAUREN

Oh. Hi.

She takes BRONTE'S arm, moving her away from this potentially weird guy.

LAUREN

Ah. Let's move over here... So, when am I going to see it?

GEORGE follows them.

GEORGE

You are the first friend of Bronte I meet!

LAUREN

(Looking from GEORGE to BRONTE)  
You're together?

BRONTE

Sorry, an old friend, George Faure'. \*  
George, Lauren Adler.

GEORGE

Hi, Lauren.

CONTINUED:

LAUREN

That accent! You're French, right?

GEORGE

Oui.

LAUREN

Isn't that weird! Everything in my life has been French lately. Monday I buy a jacket - it's French. I see a French movie Wednesday, then last night Tony says 'Let's eat French!' It's like Carl Jung, what'd he call it? 'Coincidence something'.

CONTINUED:

70 (CONTINUED)

70

GEORGE  
'Coincidence', oui.

LAUREN holds out her hand.

LAUREN  
So... pleased to meet you Bronte's French  
'friend'.

An awkward silence.

GEORGE  
So, you want to eat French again? I'm  
cooking!

LAUREN  
(Looks to BRONTE)  
Well...

71 INT./EXT. LOBBY - BRONTE'S BUILDING

DAY 71

The trio enters the building, OSCAR moves to open the door, BRONTE of-course terrified he's going to call her 'Mrs. Faure'!

OSCAR  
Hi there...

BRONTE  
(Cutting in)  
Can't talk now Oscar.

OSCAR  
Ok, Hi Mr. Faure'. Hey, kids, meet Mr.  
Faure'.

As BRONTE ushers LAUREN to the elevator, two of OSCAR'S younger children appear.

OSCAR  
He's the one been in Africa!

KIDS  
Hi.

GEORGE  
Bonjour!

As he moves past him OSCAR whispers.

71 CONTINUED

71

OSCAR

Maybe you two'll be thinking about starting a family soon? Huh? Huh?

GEORGE holds a finger to his lips, winks at OSCAR.

*NO BOTTOM  
MAYBE*

The group enters the elevator, BRONTE quickly pressing the button. As the door begins to close MRS BIRD suddenly appears. She tries to force the door open. BRONTE keeps her finger on the 'close' button, but MRS BIRD, surprisingly strong, forces her way in.

MRS BIRD

They should fix these doors! Someone'll get killed around here!

72 INT. BRONTE'S ELEVATOR

DAY 72

BRONTE breaks out in a cold sweat.

MRS BIRD

What did those government people want?

BRONTE

It's nothing. \*

GEORGE

We don't know exactly what they want. \*

MRS BIRD

They asked me all kinds of questions.

GEORGE

They shouldn't bother old ladies, they are cruel to them.

LAUREN

(To BRONTE)

What's this?

BRONTE

George's visa, minor problem.

MRS BIRD

They said does Mr. Faure' do this and that, what about Mrs. Faure', did she go to Africa and so on.

LAUREN

(Raises her eyebrows to BRONTE)

'Mrs. Faure'?'

CONTINUED:

72 CONTINUED

72

BRONTE  
(Aside)

George's mother.

GEORGE  
(A whisper)

She die in Africa. \*

LAUREN

Oh, I'm sorry.

GEORGE  
(Shaking his head)

Yes. Killed by the elephants.

73 INT. BRONTE'S ELEVATOR HALLWAY

DAY 73

BRONTE and the others enter. MRS BIRD calling after them.

MRS BIRD

We never had government people here before!

BRONTE

It's all ok Mrs. Bird, I'll explain later.

74 INT. BRONTE'S APARTMENT

DAY 74

As they enter, LAUREN makes straight for the garden with suitable oohs! and aahs! BRONTE follows GEORGE into the kitchen.

BRONTE

You had no right to ask her to my apartment! \*

GEORGE

I have to meet your friends! Merde! \*

LAUREN (V/O)

Bronte! It's incredible!

BRONTE hurries to the greenhouse to join her friend.

75 INT. BRONTE'S GREENHOUSE

DAY 75

LAUREN genuinely impressed.

LAUREN

You did kill someone. You probably cut them up and used them for mulch, this is amazing. So is your French friend, I want details later, ok?

76 INT. BRONTE'S KITCHEN DAY 76

GEORGE watches them through the windows as he prepares lunch.  
BRONTE occasionally glances in his direction.

77 INT. GREENHOUSE DAY 77

LAUREN

My mother would adore this.

BRONTE

I'll give you an orchid for her, look if you can't stay for lunch I understand, take two orchids, I'm sure you have to get the groceries back to her.

LAUREN

Let her wait. Speaking of my mother guess what, she and daddy are leaving New York.

BRONTE

But her beautiful garden! \*

LAUREN

(Nods)

It's happening. They've had enough of the\* city, anyway, I've told daddy all about the Green Thumbs or whatever they are...

BRONTE

Green Guerillas.

LAUREN

Well anyway being a great old liberal he\* says how he'd like to give you and your group all the plants.

BRONTE

Lauren! My God, those beautiful trees!

LAUREN

Wait a minute. There's a problem. Mother won't hear of it. She doesn't want the garden broken up, but if you talked to her maybe you could change her mind. You know, gardener to gardener.

BRONTE thinks about this as LAUREN heads for the kitchen.

78 INT. BRONTE'S KITCHEN

DAY 78

LAUREN enters, watching GEORGE at work. BRONTE joins them.

GEORGE is everywhere at once, like a professional chef. Sniffing ingredients, adding spices, finally mopping his sweaty brow with a dish cloth.

LAUREN

I could just sit here and watch you all day, George! Another stroke of luck 'B'? Having a French chef as a 'guest'.

(She winks at BRONTE)

BRONTE

Stop it, Lauren.

LAUREN

So what are you doing in New York, George?

GEORGE

I just crashed...

BRONTE

George is a political...

GEORGE

You go on.

BRONTE

No, you.

LAUREN

A 'political' what?

GEORGE

A political ballet.

LAUREN

I can't imagine a 'political' ballet.

GEORGE raises his clenched fist.

GEORGE

You know, sort of, like that.

BRONTE

(interrupting)

George writes for the ballet. He's an old friend, he's...

GEORGE  
(interrupting)

Not gay.

BRONTE  
Of course not. He couldn't get a hotel so.  
He's been working in Africa...

GEORGE  
Look. We're friends, so I don't fock her,  
OK?

BRONTE'S jaw drops.

79 INT. KITCHEN

DAY 79

The meal is nearly over. LAUREN and GEORGE have eaten the chicken, BRONTE picks at a salad without dressing. BRONTE can't help noticing how bad GEORGE's table manners are, he slurps his wine and makes loud eating noises.

LAUREN  
Hmm! George, that was fantastic! Bronte  
how can you resist?

BRONTE  
It's not my kind of food.

GEORGE  
She likes birdseed.

BRONTE  
It's just not healthy, all that butter.

GEORGE  
(lighting a cigarette)  
What's the point of life if you don't enjoy  
yourself?

BRONTE  
Do you mind?

GEORGE puts it out.

LAUREN  
You're like an old married couple!

GEORGE  
(winks at BRONTE)  
Good!

LAUREN  
How did you two meet?

GEORGE  
(looking at BRONTE)  
Well, I was carrying all these parcels  
and...

BRONTE  
We just bumped into each other. And George  
composes for the ballet, it's a long story  
I'll tell you sometime. Lauren, look I've  
got to catalogue a whole load of plants...

LAUREN  
I can take a hint. Nice to have met you,  
George! Au revoir.

GEORGE  
Ciao, Lauren.

LAUREN and BRONTE leave the room.

80 INT. BRONTE'S APARTMENT - DOORWAY

DAY 80

LAUREN  
(whispers)  
He's gorgeous.

BRONTE  
Lauren look he...

LAUREN  
I didn't like Phil, I can say it now. So  
earnest! My God!

BRONTE  
Phil and I are still very much together.

LAUREN  
(devastated)  
Oh!

BRONTE  
George is an old friend. That's all.

LAUREN  
Oh. I'm sorry. I feel so embarrassed.  
I mean I like Phil, he really cares about  
the environment and all that.

80 (CONTINUED)

80

BRONTE

Yes he does.

LAUREN

Typical me. Putting my foot in it.

BRONTE

Forget it.

LAUREN

(giggles)

In that case, I wouldn't mind seeing George again myself. He's dishy.

BRONTE

I can't see it myself.

LAUREN

Bad luck for you!

BRONTE

I'll call your mother about the trees. We've got a real problem on one of our lots, those trees would solve everything.

LAUREN

She'll take some convincing, 'B'.

She kisses her good-bye and leaves.

BRONTE moves back to the kitchen.

81 INT. BRONTE'S KITCHEN.

DAY 81

BRONTE finds GEORGE still at the table. He's been sneaking a cigarette, which he tries to conceal from her.

BRONTE

Why did you ask her to stay for lunch? This is my apartment. Oh! This isn't going to work!

GEORGE

No, it won't work if I don't know everything about you!

BRONTE

And that silly story about the parcels, oh! It's all horrible! Lying to my friends now, and I know you've got a cigarette under there, please put it out, or smoke outside.

81 (CONTINUED)

81

GEORGE gets up and crosses to the doors leading to the garden. He stands half-in, half-out, blowing clouds of smoke up into the atmosphere.

GEORGE

You begin the lie when you marry, I didn't make you lie!

BRONTE

Well, I didn't ask her to lunch!

GEORGE

You always blame me! You did it too!

BRONTE

Did what?

GEORGE

Married me! I did it for the Greencard why did you do it? No one made you!

BRONTE

(loud)

Outside!

GEORGE

(shouting)

If you push me to be a beast I can be a beast, so take care, huh?

With this last sentence he flings his hands wide knocking a pot plant off a stand. It smashes in a thousand pieces, sending dirt and plant everywhere. It sets BRONTE off, as she runs to pick it up.

BRONTE

Now look what you've done, you... silly French... oaf!

GEORGE watches her a bit, it bothers him to see her crying. She turns and runs to her bedroom, slamming the door behind her.

82 INT. BRONTE'S BEDROOM

DAY 82

She climbs up onto her bed, assumes a lotus position, tries to meditate, the odd tear occasionally sliding down her cheek.

83 INT. BRONTE'S KITCHEN

DAY 83

GEORGE picks up the pieces of her smashed potted plant.

REVISED: 3/21/90

A84 EXT. STREET

DAY A84\*

Lauren at a payphone. \*

[INTERCUT WITH SCENE 84]

84 INT. BRONTE'S BEDROOM

DAY 84

The 'phone rings; BRONTE composes herself before picking up.

BRONTE

Hullo?

LAUREN (V/O)

It's me, just wanted to thank you for lunch.  
And that greenhouse, I'm so jealous.

BRONTE

Lauren. I'm sorry about lying to you, I...\*

LAUREN (V/O)

'Lying' to me? What do you mean? \*

BRONTE

I mean not telling you, you know not having\*  
you here before, you're my oldest friend. \*

LAUREN

Forget it, 'B'. \*

BRONTE

I haven't been myself lately, you're right  
about that. Things are complicated right  
now, the lot was trashed, you know, the one  
I told you about.

LAUREN (V/O)

Well, I was calling about that, you know  
mummy is having this dinner tonight, well I  
just spoke to her and she's invited you.  
Great chance for you to work on her, about  
the trees.

BRONTE hears a clicking sound in the phone, as if someone  
else had picked up.

LAUREN (V/O)

You could bring George... hullo?... Bronte?

BRONTE

Just a moment.

CONTINUED:

85 INT. BRONTE'S KITCHEN

DAY 85

She gets up, pushes the kitchen door open suddenly. GEORGE looks guilty, he may have just put the other phone down. She closes the door, whispers to LAUREN.

86 INT. BRONTE'S BEDROOM DAY 86

BRONTE

Not George, no, he... he has work to do here, composing.

LAUREN (V/O)

Can you come? It's just that they're going to be out of town the next couple of weeks, I think you should talk to her before she goes.

87 INT. SITTING ROOM DAY 87

GEORGE sits in a chair, listening to BRONTE's muffled voice. He hears other sounds, the splash of the fountain, the chattering of the birds, distant city sounds. He hears a rhythm in the ambient noise, and begins to hum softly to himself.

88 INT. BRONTE'S BEDROOM LATE AFTERNOON 88\*

BRONTE wakes with a start. Checks her bedside clock. 6PM.

89 INT. SITTING ROOM/HALLWAY LATE AFTERNOON 89\*

No sign of GEORGE. She moves toward the bathroom.

90 INT. BATHROOM/HALLWAY LATE AFTERNOON 90\*

BRONTE opens the bathroom door - GEORGE is changing. She lets out a yelp and slams the door.

BRONTE

(calls out)

Please lock the door in future!

She turns and nearly trips over his bag placed outside the door. She swears softly but her attention is diverted by a glint of silver in the bag. With her toe she pushes the bag further open. In the bag is an antique silver candelabra.

91 INT. SITTING ROOM DAY 91

She hurries back into the room, picks up her wallet. Checks inside. Her cards and money are still there.

92 INT. BATHROOM.

92

GEORGE undresses and pulls back the shower curtain. The shower is full of hanging plants. A printed sign stuck to the tiled wall reads - 'SAVE WATER, SHOWER WITH A FERN'.

GEORGE struggles to get in amongst the plants to have his shower. He's terrified he might knock one over.

93 DELETED

93\*

94 INT. BEDROOM

LATE AFTERNOON 94\*

BRONTE in a kimono tip-toes from her bedroom toward the\* kitchen. She glances around. No sign of George. But she\* can hear him humming somewhere. She opens the spice\* cupboard. There he is, checking out her spices. She closes\* the cupboard door. \*

95 INT. BATHROOM.

95

BRONTE prepares for a shower. She pulls back the shower curtain to see that some of her plants have been moved. A temporary clothesline has been rigged up, and there, hanging from the line, are GEORGE's underpants. They drip obscenely. She picks up a long-handled scrubbing brush, and holding the brush end she uses the handle to move the underpants out of her way.

96 EXT. TERRACE - ROOF AREA.

LATE AFTERNOON 96\*

BRONTE carries out a small portable clothes stand. On it are pegged some clothes of her own, and, GEORGE's underwear.

From inside the greenhouse she can hear GEORGE humming to himself.

97 INT. GREENHOUSE

LATE AFTERNOON 97\*

GEORGE is bent over a garden bed digging in the soil.

BRONTE

What are you doing!

GEORGE

(smiling)

You were asleep so I went and bought a\* surprise for you, some vegetables. \*

He holds up some empty seed packets. \*

(CONTINUED)

BRONTE

Look!... (she hesitates, it's not the time to have another argument) Thank you, it's very kind, but...

GEORGE

And outside, come...

She follows him onto the terrace.

98 EXT. TERRACE

LATE AFTERNOON 98\*

He crosses to a long planter box.

GEORGE

In here we have zucchini, peppers, potatoes...

BRONTE

My God, I had plants in here!

GEORGE

Just weeds, I pulled them out.

BRONTE

That was my research!

GEORGE

I'm sorry, I tried to give you an apology, I bought this for you!

BRONTE, helped by GEORGE, picks up the discarded 'weeds'.

BRONTE

Just don't touch anything. Ok? Nothing.

GEORGE

Ok. Ok.

BRONTE sits on a bench, GEORGE lights a cigarette, moves to the wall looking out over the city.

BRONTE

Look. Truce, ok?

GEORGE

I don't make the war.

BRONTE

I just don't want you going into the greenhouse anymore. It's the only thing I ask. It's my private... place. Ok?

98 CONTINUED

GEORGE

You like plants better than people.

BRONTE

Some people.

They stare at each other. GEORGE draws on his smoke, before\* moving off around the corner. We hear the sounds of feet\* climbing a metal ladder. Bronte wonders what he's doing up\* on the roof. She looks up and sees him moving along the \* edge of the roof. \*

A99 ROOF TOP.

LAST LIGHT A99\*

George crosses through the maze of roof top architecture. \* Bronte appears at the top of the ladder. She follows him.\* Cat and mouse between the chimneys. She catches up with him\* just as he suddenly jumps off the roof onto a fire-escape\* platform. He laughs at her fear. They study the skyline \* for a moment. \*

BRONTE

You asked before, you know, about why I did it. Got married? Well, it was the plants in there. They give me peace. I don't expect you to understand, but that's it. That's why I did it.

GEORGE

(shrugs)

You want something. You take it.

BRONTE

Is that your philosophy of life?

GEORGE

It's not philosophy, it's survival.

She joins him at the parapet. They stare out at the neighbouring buildings, people can be seen crossing windows here and there.

BRONTE

We could study married couples from up here.

GEORGE

Marriage! I'm never getting married.

BRONTE

Me neither!

\*

They look at each other, burst out laughing.

A99 CONTINUED

GEORGE

We work tonight? Study - just like school.  
All the facts - life, family, firends. \*

BRONTE

I have to go out.

GEORGE

Then I'll come too.

BRONTE

You can't.

GEORGE

Your boyfriend? The vegetarian?

BRONTE

He's away. But...

GEORGE

So?

BRONTE

It's at Lauren's parent's place. 'Snob'  
types you'd call them.

GEORGE

I would embarrass you? Too much 'oaf'.

BRONTE

No! It's not that. The Adlers are leaving\*  
New York, they're thinking of donating \*  
their trees, to this volunteer gardening\*  
group I work with. We go into poor areas,\*  
like the lower East side, help them build\*  
gardens. \*

GEORGE

I came from that life, you waste your time.\*  
Nothing changes down there, it will always\*  
be this way, better to forget about it. \*

BRONTE

Forget about it? \*

GEORGE

The trees are very good, yes, but we can't\*  
eat the trees. \*

BRONTE

Nothing changes without hope. \*

(CONTINUED)

A99 CONTINUED

GEORGE  
You think gardens make hope? \*

BRONTE  
Yes. It's a start. \*

GEORGE  
You want trees, go to the country. \*

BRONTE  
Try telling that to the children down \*  
there. They live with chaos and despair, \*  
you may think it's nothing to give them a \*  
garden to plant, trees to climb, but at \*  
least it's doing something. \*

GEORGE  
If it amuses you, then do it. \*

BRONTE  
Amuses me! ...Huh! As with most things we \*  
disagree. \*

GEORGE  
(smiles)  
That's ok. \*

She turns abruptly and walks back toward the ladder. \*

99 INT. BRONTE'S BEDROOM NIGHT 99

She stares in the mirror, should she wear her hair up or  
down? She tries a few combinations.

100 INT. SITTING ROOM NIGHT 100

She crosses through, dressed to go out. She looks ravishing.  
Her hair is down. GEORGE sits in an armchair, humming to  
himself.

101 INT. BATHROOM NIGHT 101

She decides against leaving her hair down, and pins it up.

102 INT. SITTING ROOM NIGHT 102

She crosses back through.

GEORGE  
Better down.

BRONTE  
What?

GEORGE  
Your hair looks better down.

She ignores this.

BRONTE  
I'll be back by ten, we can still work then.  
Please don't let anyone in or answer the  
'phone.

GEORGE  
Ok, don't be late, huh?

103 INT. ELEVATOR HALL NIGHT 103

BRONTE, a last concerned look back toward the apartment,  
enters the elevator.

104 INT. SITTING ROOM NIGHT 104

GEORGE stares at the steamed-up doors to the greenhouse.  
Since being forbidden to go in, that's all he wants to do.

105 INT. GREENHOUSE NIGHT 105

GEORGE looks about, inspects his seedlings. He taps absent-  
mindedly on a table top. He likes the beat, picks it up on  
an upturned flower-pot.

106 INT. MRS BIRD'S APARTMENT NIGHT 106

She looks up to the ceiling, the sound of drums! She moves\*  
down a set of stairs, reaches for a broom, then begins\*  
banging on the damp-stained ceiling - boom, boom, boom. \*

107 INT. GREENHOUSE

NIGHT 107

GEORGE hears the answering 'booms!', chuckles to himself as he incorporates them into his 'composition'.

'Boom, Boom, Boom' (MRS BIRD)

'Bam, Bam, Bam' (GEORGE)

'Boom, Boom' (MRS BIRD)

'Ba, Bam, Bam, Bam, Bop' (GEORGE)

108 INT. ADLER'S FRONT DOOR

NIGHT 108

An Italian butler, ALBERTO, opens the door to BRONTE. \* GEORGE's comment about her hair must have had some effect, as she now wears it down.

109 EXT. ADLERS' GARDEN

NIGHT 109\*

Alberto ushers BRONTE out onto the garden. It is even more\* magnificent than she remembered. Several mature trees stand in fascinating contrast to the towering city buildings. Other plants and flowering shrubs surround the walls.

SOLLY ADLER, a distinguished looking man in his sixties, detaches himself from a group of guests.

SOLLY

Bronte! How exquisite you look!

He kisses her on the cheek.

BRONTE

Thanks for inviting me at the last moment.

SOLLY

Not at all! Not at all! It's just so wonderful to see you, it's been so long. And Lauren tells me you've got a brilliant new apartment.

BRONTE

Yes... Is she here yet?

(CONTINUED)

SOLLY

You know our Lauren, she'll either be late or not come at all. Come and meet everyone... Annette!

ANNETTE

Coming dear!

A GUEST

(to ANNETTE)

But the drainage, how do you cope with that?

ANNETTE

We've never had one problem with the drainage, thirty-years ago we built it and not one problem! Excuse me.

She moves to BRONTE and her husband.

ANNETTE

Bronte, how lovely to see you, and looking so beautiful.

BRONTE

Hullo Mrs. Adler.

ANNETTE

'Annette', please.

SOLLY

Let me take Bronte on the 'tour', might be her last chance.

ANNETTE

Then you two go ahead, I'll go and check on dinner.

BRONTE and SOLLY wander among the beautiful trees and plants. BRONTE takes it all in, SOLLY enjoying her reaction.

SOLLY

Don't get your hopes up my dear. If it was up to me I'd let you have the lot, but Annette is against the idea. She doesn't want to see it broken up.

BRONTE

I can understand that.

109 CONTINUED

SOLLY

It's just, well, she worked on the design. Thirty years ago now, she watched it grow, nurtured it. I have no such sentimental attachment. Frankly I'd rather see the trees in a park where more people could enjoy them.

They reach the edge of the garden, and look out at \* glittering New York. SOLLY looks rather melancholy.

SOLLY

It's not our city anymore... It's time for us to get out.

ANNETTE (V/O)

Dinner everyone!

110 INT. ADLERS' DINING ROOM

NIGHT 110

A large table set for ten. The guests seek out their names on the small cards in the centre of each plate. They're a sleek lot, a mix of professionals and administrators of various bodies associated with the Arts. BRONTE feels very out of place, and stares forlornly at Lauren's empty chair.

Just as all are unfolding napkins and accepting wine from the discreet butler, ALBERTO, the sound of the doorbell is\* heard.

ANNETTE

This'll be Lauren. As an artist our daughter reserves the right to be late!  
(to the BUTLER)

I'll go Alberto. \*

She leaves.

111 INT. ADLERS' FRONT DOOR

NIGHT 111

ANNETTE opens the door to LAUREN. She's about to greet her when from behind the door frame appears, GEORGE.

LAUREN

Mama, this is George Faure'. From Paris.

ANNETTE

Oh?

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED

LAUREN

George is Bronte's houseguest and she was too shy to bring him. I called to get Bronte and found him all alone. You don't mind do you Mama?

ANNETTE

But of course not! We've learnt to expect the unexpected with our Lauren, Monsieur Faure'. Bienvenu, do come in.

GEORGE

Thank-you, Madame.

LAUREN

George is a very important composer Mama, so you two will have lots to talk about.

ANNETTE

Tres interessant, monsieur. Nous parlerons apres.

As they cross to the dining room, LAUREN takes GEORGE's arm, whispers to him.

LAUREN

Mother plays the piano a little. Get it. A 'little'.

112 INT. ADLERS' DINING ROOM

NIGHT 112

The other guests look up at the new arrivals. BRONTE stares in disbelief.

LAUREN

Everyone, may I present George Faure', a leading French composer!

Greetings, introductions, GEORGE smiles at BRONTE, shrugs. During the introductions LAUREN keeps a firm grip on George's arm, and the colour in Bronte's cheeks is not due entirely to the surprise of his arrival.

ANNETTE

Alberto! Another place if you will.\*

113 INT. ADLERS' DINING ROOM - LATER

NIGHT 113

It's an animated table, a half-dozen conversations at once. GEORGE sits between LAUREN and another woman FRANCINE, and is receiving considerable attention from both. BRONTE sits across from GEORGE, and although she avoids eye-contact, she is aware of his every move.

INTERCUT DIALOGUE

SIMON (A GUEST)

... the gallery committee refused to hold the exhibition, despite my recommendation.

MONICA\*

But that's outrageous!

JOHN\*

... an absolutely charming villa just outside Sienna.

GRACE (A GUEST)

Aah! Sienna, beautiful Sienna!

GEORGE

(to FRANCINE)

You know, you have to have, how do you say in English, big... aah... big...

(He makes a gesture with both hands)

GRACE

(Talking to Guest #2)

We had our honeymoon in Sienna! I love Sienna! The Duomo is my favourite cathedral in Italy.

FRANCINE

(To GEORGE)

'Big"... you mean... 'grande!'

GEORGE

Oui... grande... balls! Big balls.

FRANCINE

(nodding)

Testicles.

GEORGE

Yes! Testicule, that's the word. Big testicles.

(CONTINUED)

FRANCINE

Fascinating.

BRONTE

(to ANNETTE)

It's the children that bother me most, what hope is there for them down there?

ANNETTE

(to BRONTE)

I hear what you say and I do hope you understand Bronte, but to break up that garden would be a crime. I couldn't do it, dear. The pleasure it's given me, that it will give to whoever buys the apartment. You do understand?

SIMON

Yes, forty years of marriage I can't believe it myself.

CARL\*

Don't talk to me about marriage!

FRANCINE

Are we talking about marriage? I'm an expert, ask me anything.

SOLLY\*

Simon and Grace are about to celebrate their fortieth wedding anniversary.

MONICA\*

Bravo!

Glasses are raised.

FRANCINE

(glancing at his ring)

You're married George?

\*  
\*

GEORGE

Me? Well. Not usually.

FRANCINE

Whatever do you mean?

GEORGE

Well, not normally.

LAUREN

You're getting divorced?

(CONTINUED)

113 (CONTINUED)

113

GEORGE

Yes. Definitely.

He winks at BRONTE.

LAUREN

(to BRONTE)

'B', you'll never get married.

BRONTE

What makes you say that?

LAUREN

Oh... you've turned down enough offers. You're going to end up a sort of grand old Kate Hepburn, surrounded by your beautiful plants.

BRONTE

Most men I know are too boring

(looking at GEORGE)

or too vulgar, to spend the rest of your life with.

LAUREN

You should change your brand of men.

BRONTE

Oh, really?

LAUREN

It's true 'B'. You're 'nice', you look for the same thing in a man, and so we get two 'nices'.

BRONTE

Erk! 'Nice!' What an awful word.

LAUREN

Well Phil's nice isn't he?

BRONTE

Phil's a gardener, they're different.

FRANCINE

(to GEORGE)

Are you any relation?

GEORGE

Relation? What do you mean?

FRANCINE

Any relation to the Faure'.

GEORGE

Who's that?

FRANCINE

Don't tease me - the Faure'. 'Gabriel'.

LAUREN

What's this Francine?

FRANCINE

I thought George must be related to the famous composer, Gabriel Faure'.

ANNETTE

Is it true, George? C'est vrai?

GEORGE

Oh. Well we don't like to talk about him. The family.

FRANCINE

So he is a relative?

GEORGE

Of course. Of course he is. I just haven't seen him in a long time.

FRANCINE

(laughing)

Solly! George hasn't seen Gabriel in a long time.

BRONTE

What's this?

FRANCINE

Your composer friend, M. Faure', hasn't seen his relative Gabriel 'in a long time'.

The rest of the table is listening.

SOLLY

(to the OTHERS)

Gabriel Faure' has been dead for fifty years.

Much laughter, GEORGE embarrassed, attempts to cover.

113 CONTINUED

GEORGE

That's why we never see him.

More laughter.

FRANCINE

(to GEORGE)

I love his chamber music and his compositions for the harp - so... sensual.

GEORGE

Well we don't like him - he's out of date.

FRANCINE

Do I hear the voice of the avant garde?

GEORGE

Music of Concrete.

FRANCINE

(laughing again)

You must play some 'concrete' for us after dinner. Annette and Solly are very musical, we always end up around the piano.

GEORGE takes a great gulp of wine.

114 INT. ADLERS' PANTRY

NIGHT 114\*

GEORGE is having an animated conversation in Italian with\* Alberto. They have several bottles of wine which they are\* tasting. BRONTE hurries in, putting on her coat. \*

BRONTE

Come on, George! Let's go. Quick!

SOLLY appears behind her.

SOLLY

Come on you two, Annette is about to play!

115 INT. ADLERS' PARLOUR

NIGHT 115

ANNETTE plays a pretty piece on the piano, the guests listen politely. She finishes to applause.

FRANCINE

Now, George Faure'! Please!

(CONTINUED)

ANNETTE

Do you mind? It's not every night we have a Faure' in the house.

GEORGE

Well. No. I don't play well... I'm not writing lately... too busy.

FRANCINE

One of your earlier pieces, perhaps?

GEORGE

(to BRONTE)

We should be going.

BRONTE

Yes, we really must. George has jet-lag.

LAUREN

Why not George? Just one piece.

GEORGE is concerned. He moves to the piano.

GEORGE

Some water.

SOLLY hurries to get GEORGE the water. GEORGE stares at the keyboard, takes the drink and drains it, banging the glass down on top of the piano. There's a tension in the room. There's something animal-like, restless, even dangerous coming off GEORGE.

The guests lean forward in anticipation. Are they present at a 'great moment'? Will he become famous? If he does they'll be able to recall this night and say 'they were there'.

He plays random notes, chuckling to himself. Then he launches into a kind of parody of 'concrete music'. Or is it? The guests can't be certain. Discordant notes, thumps on the piano lid, sudden thunderings on the low notes, then he picks up his empty glass and rattles the ice. During this he glances at Bronte, she's appalled. Annette Adler, however, is fascinated.

Now he plays a repetitive, hypnotic, melody line.

GEORGE

(to MRS ADLER)

Will you translate for me, madame?

115 CONTINUED

ANNETTE is puzzled. GEORGE begins a whispered poem, in French. He speaks with intensity and passion, his eyes sometimes closing.

(ANNETTE translates after each line, as requested.)

GEORGE'S POEM

"Once I heard the sound of the wind in the trees,  
'Once I heard the sound of the laughter of children,  
And I wept warm, salted, tears for the lost trees.  
'Let the little children come unto the trees,  
And I will give them hope', He said.

But there are no trees for the poor lost poor children.  
For Decay is their toy,  
Despair is their game,  
They have only Chaos to climb." \*

A silence. MRS ADLER has been deeply moved. She rises to her feet applauding and crying 'bravo'. Other guests join in. BRONTE stares at GEORGE, who gives her the faintest wink.

116 EXT. BRONTE'S APARTMENT BUILDING, IN A TAXI NIGHT 116

A cab draws up, in the back GEORGE sits between BRONTE and LAUREN.

LAUREN

Look 'B', I'm sure you're tired, please, you go on up, but maybe George would like to see a little night-life? George?

GEORGE

Well, we have to work.

LAUREN

Work? What work?

BRONTE

Go George, if you want to.

GEORGE

No. Thank you Lauren, after playing I get weird.

LAUREN

I loved your music George. So did mother! Did you see her? She practically dissolved into jello when you did your poem thing. Guilt! I mean she was dripping in it. I think George might have got you your trees 'B'.

GEORGE

It was just the 'coincidence'!

GEORGE and BRONTE get out.

BRONTE

Thanks Lauren.

LAUREN

Goodnight! Don't do anything I'd do, Bronte!

117 INT. ELEVATOR - BRONTE'S BUILDING NIGHT 117

As the elevator creaks its way up GEORGE and BRONTE, on opposite sides, stare at each other. GEORGE smiles, so does BRONTE. Then GEORGE is laughing. BRONTE joining in.

GEORGE

We make a good team. Huh?

118 INT. BRONTE'S APARTMENT. NIGHT 118

CLOSE ON A SMALL NOTEBOOK

GEORGE is making an entry - listing the names of the people he met that evening at the Adler apartment.

119 INT. BATHROOM/HALLWAY NIGHT 119

GEORGE knocks on the bathroom door.

GEORGE

Bronte?

BRONTE (V/O)

What is it?

GEORGE

What are you doing?

BRONTE (V/O)

What do you mean, what am I doing?

119 CONTINUED

GEORGE

You put on face cream?

A silence. Then the door opens. She does indeed have cream on her face.

BRONTE

'Monte Carlo' - Restorative cream for the \* face, and in the bath 'Revitalizing Body Soak'. You're not writing this down?

GEORGE has a small notebook and is making an entry.

GEORGE

Sure. I want to get an 'A'.

She smiles as she closes the door.

120 SITTING ROOM - LATER

NIGHT 120

BRONTE collects sheets, blankets, a pillow, etc. GEORGE follows her about, humming softly to himself, making the occasional entry in his notebook.

BRONTE

Thanks.

GEORGE

What for?

BRONTE

You know. That poem, song, whatever it was. The trees.

GEORGE

Oh! That... I didn't do it for you. I did it for me. You were mad I was there. If you're mad we don't study. And if we don't study, I don't get the Greencard.

They make the sofa together, GEORGE softly humming.

BRONTE

Are you composing something now?

GEORGE

Composing?

BRONTE

Well you're always humming that little tune.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED

GEORGE  
Me hum? I don't hum.

BRONTE  
You do. All the time.

GEORGE  
If it bothers you I'll stop.

BRONTE  
No, I like it.

GEORGE  
This first thing you like about me!

BRONTE  
I don't dislike you, George. I have no opinion about you. I just want it over, and my life to continue as it was before.

GEORGE  
And I am waiting for my life to begin.

They stare at each other.

121 INT. SITTING ROOM, LATER

NIGHT 121

CLOSE on photos in BRONTE's family album.

BRONTE  
My brothers and sisters. Dad's a writer, they live in Conneticut. He named us after\* famous writers, kind of puts a curse on your whole life. I think he wanted me to do something artistic. It was OK when I was a dancer, but he doesn't care much for gardening. That's Colette, and Austin, Lawrence, and Elliot on the end. And... that's my father.

GEORGE  
Strong face.

BRONTE  
Strong man. With very strong opinions. In fact you and my father! Oh! You couldn't get two people more different. You'd hate each other.

GEORGE  
Why?

(CONTINUED)

BRONTE

Well you're so right-wing about everything!

GEORGE

I'm no wing. You are the one with the wing. All your ideas are from the same place. I have two wings, balance.

BRONTE

(turning a page in the album)

Oh! That's my school and there's Lauren, and...

GEORGE

Phil?

BRONTE

Yes. Phil.

GEORGE

You're in love with him?

BRONTE

Yes. Yes I am. He's kind, sensitive...

GEORGE

Vegetarian.

BRONTE

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

GEORGE

Not like me. Big pig.

He makes a pig squeal. BRONTE laughs. They sit in silence a moment. BRONTE notices the tattooed star on GEORGE's arm.

GEORGE

I was twelve years old when I made that.

BRONTE

You were still at school and you got a tattoo?

GEORGE

School?

(he laughs)

I left school at ten years old. This star is same as my father's. He was a mechanic but he always dreamt of gypsies. He would like to be a gypsy.

He rolls up his sleeve, another tattoo. A heart, divided length-ways, one half black.

GEORGE

This is given to me by the putain. Prostitute. Two girls in our town. This is how the heart is. Love, hate. If people say they love everything, it's not true. This is how the heart is. This is my honesty.

He shows a tattoo on his other arm, a drawn dagger, a snake entwined about the blade. BRONTE stares, fascinated.

GEORGE

This one - when I was a bad boy, living in the streets. This is the knife. For revenge. When someone does something bad to you, you make this tattoo. Until you find him, and kill him. Then you make another, here with the knife put away.

BRONTE

You don't have that one.

GEORGE  
(chuckles)

I don't find him, yet.

There is considerable sexual tension building between them.

BRONTE

Were you ever in jail?

GEORGE

Yes.

BRONTE

What for?

GEORGE

Rape.

BRONTE

Really?

GEORGE laughs, he loves teasing her.

GEORGE

No. Just kid stuff. Stealing cars, that kind of thing.

121 CONTINUED

BRONTE

Oh.

GEORGE

Nothing serious.

BRONTE nods. A silence between them.

GEORGE

And... when is your menstruation?

BRONTE

My...?

GEORGE

Menstruation. End of the month, the beginning, when?

BRONTE

Beginning of the month.

GEORGE

Uh, huh.

BRONTE thinks. If GEORGE is to be this honest, so will she.

BRONTE

Why do you have a candelabra in your bag?  
The silver candlestick.

GEORGE

It was a gift. From a friend.

BRONTE

Yeah?

GEORGE

She said it belonged to Mozart. \*

Bronte laughs. \*

GEORGE

What's funny? \*

She realizes that he is telling her something very intimate,\*  
and she regrets her insensitivity. \*

BRONTE

Nothing, I'm sorry, I... \*

GEORGE

I used to put it on my piano for\*

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED

                                  GEORGE  
inspiration. Many years ago.                                  \*

                                  BRONTE  
Who was she?

                                  GEORGE  
Helene. She found me when I was, sauvage,  
'wild'. I could play any instrument but not  
read music. She was a professor, she...  
believed in me. Taught me. With her I  
could write music.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED

BRONTE

Were you lovers?

GEORGE

We were friends. Later we were lovers. \*

BRONTE

I didn't believe you were really a composer. We've told so many lies... it's... it's hard to know the truth.

GEORGE

You just have to trust your instinct.

BRONTE looks away from him, turns a page in the album, points out a photograph.

BRONTE

My first boyfriend. He was a musician. Played the slide-trombone.

GEORGE stares at her full, red lips.

GEORGE

And it was he, first kissed those lips?

BRONTE stares back at him.

BRONTE

I don't think they'll ask you that.

She gets up, leaves the room.

122 INT. BRONTE'S BEDROOM NIGHT 122

BRONTE undresses furtively, hiding her nakedness as if expecting GEORGE to come in at any moment.

123 INT. SITTING ROOM NIGHT 123

GEORGE just rips his clothes off.

124 BRONTE'S BEDROOM

NIGHT 124

She settles into bed, switches off the light. Lies there thinking of GEORGE and his strange life. She hears a faint tapping on the wall.

GEORGE (V/O)

Bronte?

BRONTE

Yes, George?

GEORGE (V/O)

What side of the bed do you sleep on?

BRONTE  
(looks)

The left side.

GEORGE (V/O)

OK. I take the right side.

BRONTE

OK.

She closes her eyes, then opens them suddenly. Glances over her shoulder. Did he mean he wanted to come in? Could he have misunderstood her? But her door is closed and there's no further sound from GEORGE. She settles back down and tries to sleep.

But there is a sound. A soft scratching. She looks about her. It's at the window. The branch of a tree gently rubbing against the glass.

125 BRONTE'S KITCHEN

SUNDAY MORNING 125

GEORGE has prepared breakfast for BRONTE. He balances the tray like a waiter.

126 BRONTE'S BEDROOM

MORNING 126

He pushes the door, it resists at first, so he pushes harder. There is an almighty crash, as a small table and pot plant hit the floor. BRONTE leaps out of bed.

GEORGE

Sorry! Clumsy oaf!

BRONTE

No. I just...it was my fault!

126 CONTINUED

GEORGE  
(indicating tray)  
Your birdseed.

BRONTE  
Oh. Thank you.

They both pick up the pieces, GEORGE realizing it had been a crude alarm should he have attempted to enter during the night. BRONTE is scarlet with embarrassment.

A127 EXT. GREENHOUSE

DAY A127\*

Bronte works in the greenhouse, George watching her. He\* paces restlessly about, always drawn back to watch Bronte.\* Her serenity is in sharp contrast to his agitation. Finally\* he picks up a pen and a sheaf of paper and taps on the \* glass. \*

GEORGE  
Bronte? Come on, we have work to do! Huh? \*

127 INT. BRONTE'S SITTING ROOM

DAY 127

GEORGE sits at a table by the open doors of the greenhouse. He stares at the plants, smiles to himself and begins to write in the pad before him (we 'hear' his letter as he writes).

GEORGE (NARRATION)  
'Cherie,  
It is hot here in Africa, and very green. The elephants have been restless again, I think it must be the drums, it makes them crazy. I miss you every day and I ask the same thing, when are you coming, Cherie?'

128 INT. BRONTE'S KITCHEN

DAY 128

BRONTE at the kitchen table writing to GEORGE.

BRONTE (NARRATION)  
Dear George,  
The apartment is looking beautiful, and I only have to look in the fishtank to think of you. Hurry home, you are never far from my thoughts...'

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED

A TABLE

DAY

Two piles of letters, first GEORGE's hand then BRONTE's as they add their latest efforts.

129 BRONTE'S ROOF -- LATER, THAT MORNING.

129\*

BRONTE is dressed in ski clothes. \*

GEORGE too wears an ill-fitting ski outfit borrowed from BRONTE's wardrobe. He adjusts a camera on a tripod.

GEORGE

Now, photographic evidence of our 'life together'!

BRONTE is laughing.

BRONTE

This is ridiculous! I should be out jogging.

GEORGE

You worry too much about health. You'll get sick with worry.

BRONTE

You look so silly!

GEORGE

For the Greencard I do anything.

He puts on an odd-looking ski-hat, picks up a pair of skis, then presses the delay mechanism on the camera before hurrying to join BRONTE.

GEORGE

Ten seconds...come on...we have to smile, like oafs!

130 INT. MONTAGE

DAY 130

A series of shots of 'fun times' in their marriage - in beachwear and various other changes of wardrobe. They both laugh a lot. (Note, both in baseball hats and sweaters, off to the game, then dressed in ballet tights, leaping about). \*

GEORGE

Now dancing!

He puts on a tape, takes her in his arms and they dance.

Flash! GEORGE winds the camera on.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED

GEORGE

Just one more.

BRONTE

What now?

GEORGE

'Handyman'. The husband always does the handyman things.

131 INT. LATER

DAY 131

BRONTE takes shots of GEORGE dressed in her coveralls, a baseball hat on his head; carrying a small tool kit; pretending to fix the faucet; finally, hammering in a nail. Over the last image, the sound of the intercom buzzer. BRONTE, puzzled, answers it.

BRONTE

Mother! Why didn't you call? Well of course..I'm look, ah..of course...come up.

She turns to GEORGE, a look of panic on her face.

BRONTE

It's my parents! This is the worst. You've got to go!

GEORGE

OK. I'll change!

BRONTE

There's no time.

GEORGE

But...

A knock at the door. BRONTE takes GEORGE's arm, leads him to the door.

BRONTE

Just go! I'll explain to them.

She opens the door. It's MRS BIRD.

BRONTE

Mrs Bird!

She glances toward the elevator.

MRS BIRD

I wonder if I could have a little chat with you and your husband, Mrs Fauré?

BRONTE

Oh, well, my husband was just leaving...

131 CONTINUED

MRS BIRD

(cutting in)

I won't take up too much of your 'valuable' time, but I want to know about these government people. And I heard drums last night! Jungle drums!

BRONTE

Some other time, please.

MRS BIRD

(won't be stopped)

They keep asking all sorts of questions about you and your husband, he's not a spy or something is he?.

The elevator doors open and BRONTE's parents step out, and cross toward BRONTE and MRS BIRD. GEORGE, alarmed, retreats back inside.

BRONTE

No, George!

MRS BIRD

What's going on?

MRS PARRISH

Hullo, darling!

MRS BIRD

What about those drums?

BRONTE

Hullo mother, daddy. Later Mrs Bird. Come in!

BRONTE's parents ease past MRS BIRD and enter the apartment. The old duck stays till the last minute trying to peer into BRONTE's apartment, until the door closes.

132 INT. BRONTE'S APARTMENT

DAY 132

As they climb the stairs.

\*

BRONTE

Why didn't you call? I'dve prepared something. \*

\*

MR PARRISH

Since you never come visit these days, guess its up to us. \*

\*

132 CONTINUED

MRS PARRISH

Oh. It's not that, your father had to see\*  
someone, this is lovely! \*

MR PARRISH

Pokey sort of entrance. \*

They enter the lounge room. \*

GEORGE stands, frozen, in the centre of the room. BRONTE  
picks up the tool kit and passes it to GEORGE.

BRONTE

If you could just finish up, George.

GEORGE nods at MR and MRS PARRISH who are looking about the  
room.

132 CONTINUED

GEORGE

Oh. Yes. Right. Just finish the work.

BRONTE

(to her PARENTS)

This is George...the handyman.

GEORGE

Bonjour.

MR/MRS PARRISH

Hi. Hullo.

MRS PARRISH

(looking toward the greenhouse)

Darling, how beautiful! Now I know why you were so excited!

She crosses to the greenhouse, followed by BRONTE. \*

BRONTE

(to her Father)

Did they sign the big contract, Daddy? \*

MRS PARRISH

Oh. No! Let's not talk about that. \*

MR PARRISH

Did they sign the contract? No! They backed out! Liars! They lied to me! \*

MRS PARRISH

Oh dear! Don't upset yourself! \*

MR PARRISH

One thing I can't stand is a liar! \*

MRS PARRISH

You read your paper dear and we'll look at the greenhouse. Oh. Dear. He's so upset. \*

They go out into the garden. Mr. Parrish, with a nod to George, looks about the apartment. George takes out a tape measure, pretends to measure up a wall. Mr. Parrish watches him.

MR PARRISH

Want a hand there, George?

GEORGE

Thank you. No. Simple job. Just... measuring.

(CONTINUED)

MR PARRISH nods. Watches him, trying to work out what he's doing.

133 INT. SITTING ROOM

LATER 133

BRONTE and her parents sit having coffee and sandwiches. \*  
GEORGE approaches BRONTE.

GEORGE

I need a screw.

BRONTE

Pardon?

Her parents stare at GEORGE.

GEORGE

(smiles)

I really need a screw.

BRONTE blushes.

BRONTE

I thought you were leaving.

GEORGE

I just fix the door. But I need a...

BRONTE

I heard what you said. Cupboard. Under the sink.

GEORGE crosses to the kitchen. MR PARRISH gets up.

MR PARRISH

I'm going to help George, he seems a bit lost.

134 INT. BRONTE'S KITCHEN

DAY 134

MR PARRISH watches GEORGE take the screws from the cupboard.

MR PARRISH

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

GEORGE stops what he's doing.

GEORGE

No...I'm a composer.

143 CONTINUED

George smiles to himself, it's as if for the first time he really believes it.

MR PARRISH  
(chuckles)

I used to be a cleaner when I first started writing. Long time ago.

As Mr. Parrish reminisces George notices a pile of \* documents, letters, and the recently taken polaroid photos\* near Mr. Parrishes hand. The edge of their marriage license\* is plainly visible. \*

MR PARRISH

We'd just got married, against the wishes \* of my parents I might add, didn't have a \* bean... \*

135 INT. GREENHOUSE. DAY 135

While Mrs. Parrish examines the plants, Bronte looks\* anxiously across to the kitchen. \*

136 INT. KITCHEN. DAY 136\*

MR PARRISH

We fell for each other right off! A \* 'shipboard romance', is what it was. \*

George makes his move, pretending to move past Mr. Parrish \* to get a hammer. As he does so he scoops up the photos and\* documents. He's almost successful, but for one photograph\* which flutters to the ground. Mr. Parrish beats him to it.\* He stares at it. It's Bronte and George in their ski-\* clothes against a bold blue sky and obviously very much in\* love. He examines it, then passes it to George without\* comment. \*

Bronte enters. \*

BRONTE

Shouldn't you be going, George?

MR PARRISH

Now, you go outside with your mother.

BRONTE

But...

MR PARRISH

Outside! George and I have everything \* under control, go on out you go, we've been\*

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED

MR PARRISH (CONTINUED)  
 talking about music and love and all manner\*  
 of things, haven't we George? \*

[HE WINKS AT BRONTE]

137 BACK IN THE GREENHOUSE.

DAY 137

BRONTE enters, looking back over her shoulder.

MRS PARRISH  
 I like your George, dear, charming man.

BRONTE  
 He's not my George, and he should've left by  
 now.

MRS PARRISH  
 He's keeping your father happy, you know how  
 restless he gets in the city, so let's be  
 grateful.

138 EXT. CENTRAL PARK. MONTAGE.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON 138

They stroll through the Sunday crowds. BRONTE shows GEORGE her favourite trees, gardens, etc. while GEORGE stops to tell her his views on the various musicians playing in the park. He's particularly struck by a young Hungarian gypsy guitarist. The guitarist smiles at GEORGE, recognizes a fellow 'gypsy'.

139 EXT. CENTRAL PARK -- AS THEY WALK.

DAY 139

They take it in turns relating each other's past, by way of 'cramming' for the coming 'exam'. (Much of what follows is 'voice over' the preceding scene.)

BRONTE  
 Your mother dreamt of owning a car. But she never did. She died 12 months before your father. Your parents never showed any affection towards you or any of their six children. Life was hard, and you ran away from home at twelve years of age.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

You felt your father was so clever you could never equal him. You tried to be a ballet star to impress him, but you injured your back.

BRONTE

Ankle.

GEORGE

You were always in causes and demonstrations, then gardening and Green Guerillas.

BRONTE

At seventeen you met Helene. She was at the university in Paris. She taught you to read and write music. You became lovers and began your first compositions. You lived together for seven years... until she died. Then you joined the army and gave up your music for many years... 'till Anton heard you one night in Paris, and suggested you start over in America.

GEORGE

You lived with two men. First Peter, then Stephen. Both nice guys.

BRONTE

'Nice'?

GEORGE

That's what you said. Stephen wanted to marry you but you think marriage is boring.

BRONTE

Except our's!

GEORGE

Then you met, Phil. Him you really love.

BRONTE

Well you can't tell them that!...I left Phil...

GEORGE

And married me, because...

BRONTE

You were different...and funny.

GEORGE

And don't forget! A good handyman!

BRONTE

Right. You've had lots of women but loved no one since Helene, but you fell for me because...

GEORGE

Ah? Now what's a good reason? I just can't think...

BRONTE

(awkward)

Is it that hard to think of a reason?

GEORGE

Let me see...ah...there must be a reason...yes! Because I begin to hear music again.

140 EXT. STREET LEADING TO BRONTE'S APARTMENT. LATE AFTERNOON 140\*

The shadows lengthen as BRONTE and GEORGE walk toward her apartment. A cab has pulled up outside the apartment, fifty yards away. PHIL gets out. BRONTE makes a quick decision, passes GEORGE the key. \*

BRONTE

(under her breath)

Don't wait up for me!

Then she hurries away from him.

BRONTE

Phil!

PHIL pauses at the door as BRONTE runs up to him. They embrace, kiss. From GEORGE'S P.O.V. we see them talking animatedly. PHIL looks at his watch. They make a decision. BRONTE wants to walk away from GEORGE'S direction, but PHIL insists the shortest way is down the street, GEORGE'S direction.

GEORGE slowly walks toward them, until they pass, BRONTE with eyes averted, PHIL, arm about her, whispering in her ear. GEORGE looks back after them.

141 INT. KITCHEN, BRONTE'S APARTMENT. NIGHT 141

GEORGE sits at the kitchen table, eating his dinner. He stares at the photos spread out on the table in front of him. He takes a swig straight from the wine bottle.

142 INT. A VEGETARIAN RESTAURANT. NIGHT 142

PHIL and BRONTE' at a candle-lit table in a quiet corner of the restaurant.

PHIL

I saw us there. I swear. Out in the middle of nowhere. Grow our own food. One night there was this incredible moon! You should have seen it. Wow!

BRONTE  
(smiles)

We had the same moon.

PHIL

Yes, but you should've seen it without all the crap in the sky.

Close on BRONTE, her thoughts elsewhere -

DISSOLVES TO:

143 INT. GREENHOUSE NIGHT 143

GEORGE wanders among the plants, glass of wine in hand. With a cough and sputter the automatic sprinkling system begins operation. GEORGE tilts his head back and lets the fine 'tropical rain' fall down on him. He spins around on the spot, now dripping wet. He shakes his head like a great dog, sending spray in all directions.

144 INT. VEGETARIAN RESTAURANT NIGHT 144

PHIL

Hey? Cornball time. OK? We feel deeply about each other, right? OK now here comes Mr Middle-Class...Why don't we get married? Tell me one good reason why not?

BRONTE

I could come up with one.

144 CONTINUED

PHIL

What? You're worried that it's the 'yuppie \* mentality'? Forget it. We'd do it differently - I'd get that piece of land, we'd work it together, no machinery, no chemicals, hundred percent natural.

From somewhere, laughter, and a French voice, a song. BRONTE turns suddenly. Her point-of-view, a bored looking waiter in the mostly empty restaurant. He stands by a tape machine playing the love song. She turns back to PHIL, takes his hand, stares into his eyes.

BRONTE

Take me home.

PHIL is only too happy to leave for what promises to be a night of love.

145 EXT. BRONTE'S APARTMENT BUILDING NIGHT 145

They get out of a cab, embrace. BRONTE kisses him passionately.

BRONTE

Tomorrow night I want to go out again. I want to spend the night with you. Make love all night long.

PHIL is both excited and intrigued.

BRONTE

Now go.

She moves inside, PHIL in hot pursuit.

PHIL

No!

146 EXT/INT. LOBBY, BRONTE'S APARTMENT. NIGHT 146

There is no sign of OSCAR.

BRONTE

Phil!

PHIL

(looking about)  
The 'guard' isn't here!

(CONTINUED)

146 (CONTINUED)

146

BRONTE  
Please go. We'll be together tomorrow  
night.

PHIL  
Just to the door! Bronte! There might be  
some intruder lurking about!

147 INT. BRONTE'S SITTING ROOM -- THE SOFA

NIGHT 147

GEORGE is trying to get to sleep, when he hears the door to  
the apartment softly open. Whispers. He peers over the top  
of the sofa and sees PHIL and BRONTE. GEORGE settles back.

BRONTE (V/O)  
(whispering)  
You've seen me to the door, now go!

PHIL (V/O)  
Come here.

A silence.

GEORGE covers his head with the blanket.

BRONTE (V/O)  
Phil, no.

PHIL (V/O)  
You feel so good. But your neck's all  
tense. You need a little massage, maybe a  
little oil, a little music?

BRONTE (V/O)  
Please go!

PHIL (V/O)  
I can't, oh...

BRONTE (V/O)  
Phil! Don't...

Sounds of rustling clothing.

GEORGE  
(from under the blanket)  
You heard her!

148 INT. BRONTE'S APARTMENT - ENTRANCE

NIGHT 148

PHIL and BRONTE, like teenagers discovered by a parent, go very still. Then they blink in a sudden flood of light. GEORGE appears, a blanket over his shoulders. They stare at him, BRONTE horrified, PHIL's mouth open in astonishment.

GEORGE

She said go. OK?

PHIL

(to BRONTE)

Who's this?

BRONTE

George, no!

GEORGE

You go now.

PHIL

Bronte! What the fuck's going on?

BRONTE

George, how dare you!

GEORGE

Go, or I'll throw you out!

BRONTE

That's enough!

PHIL

Bronte? Talk to me? Who is this asshole?

BRONTE

It's George!

GEORGE

Get out...vegetarian!

PHIL

Who the hell do you think you are?

BRONTE

(sensing what's coming)

George. No!

GEORGE

I'm the husband, that's who!

PHIL looks from GEORGE to BRONTE. She's very pale.

148 CONTINUED

PHIL  
What did you say?

GEORGE  
That's my wife you've been grabbing, now get out!

BRONTE runs up the stairs. PHIL goes to follow but GEORGE blocks his path.

PHIL  
Bronte? Is it true?

BRONTE  
(a cry)  
Yes! but not the way you think! Oh God! \*

GEORGE  
Out!

PHIL  
What?... Wait a minute! You're that waiter!  
The restaurant!

GEORGE  
Go now! Merde! Bordel! Putain!

PHIL  
I don't know what's going on here but I'm  
going to find out, You French asshole!

GEORGE makes a sudden move toward him causing PHIL to back away, then with a last glaring look at GEORGE, he leaves.

149 INT. BRONTE'S KITCHEN

NIGHT 149

GEORGE goes into the kitchen for a drink.

The bedroom door opens, BRONTE comes out with GEORGE's shoes, clothes, etc. She approaches him, stuffs them into his arms, then moves to the front door, opening it for him, the following dialogue over -

GEORGE  
What? What are you doing?

BRONTE  
Now you go!

GEORGE  
But! The interview?

(CONTINUED)

149 (CONTINUED)

149

BRONTE

Out!

GEORGE

We...tomorrow!

BRONTE

Now!

GEORGE

You're upset?

BRONTE

Upset? Upset!!? Go on, out, out, out!

GEORGE

But the interview!

She pushes him out the door, he puts a foot in it.

BRONTE

I don't care! I don't care what happens.  
Go or I'll call the police, I'll call  
Immigration. Jail would be better than  
this, at least I'd have a cell to myself!

He withdraws his foot and she slams the door, then bolts and  
locks it.

DISSOLVE TO THE NEXT SCENE

150	THE FISH	MORNING	150
	'George', the fish, swims aggressively about in the pond.		
151	THE PARROTS	MORNING	151
	Gossip about recent developments.		
152	THE 'UNDERWEARS.'	MORNING	152
	GEORGE and BRONTE's underwear flap unclaimed, in the morning breeze.		

153 BRONTE'S BEDROOM.

MORNING 153

BRONTE wakes slowly, then the memory of the night before floods back. She sits up suddenly, reaches for the telephone, and dials. She gets an answering machine.

BRONTE

Phil...I've got to talk to you about last night...Please call me.

154 INT. SITTING ROOM.

DAY 154

She surveys the tangled sheets and blankets of George's sofa bed. It's then that she hears a voice coming from outside her door.

MRS BIRD (V/O)

Get up! Go on, get up!

BRONTE runs toward the front door.

155 BRONTE'S P.O.V., ELEVATOR HALL

DAY 155

MRS BIRD is poking a shapeless bundle with her umbrella. The bundle is GEORGE, who is slowly waking from where he's made his camp for the night.

MRS BIRD

Now the Homeless are in our hallways! Go on. Out! Out! Back to the subway!

GEORGE turns to look up at her.

MRS BIRD

It's you!

GEORGE

I'm leaving, I'm leaving!

BRONTE joins them.

MRS BIRD

(to BRONTE)

Ever since you moved in here there's been nothing but trouble!

GEORGE

I didn't want to wake you, chérie.

BRONTE

You forgot your key again?

155 CONTINUED

GEORGE

Yes, always forgetting the key!

GEORGE gathers up his things and enters the apartment.

MRS BIRD

But the board wouldn't approve of this sort of thing! Sleeping in our hallway! This isn't Africa you know!

BRONTE

I realize that Mrs Bird. It won't happen again.

BRONTE hurries in after GEORGE and closes the door.

156 INT. GREENHOUSE

DAY 156

BRONTE walks into her greenhouse, GEORGE following slowly behind.

BRONTE

Why did you do it? Last night.

GEORGE squirms, tries to find the words.

GEORGE

I just don't like vegetarians.

BRONTE

Don't be ridiculous.

GEORGE

The way he was bothering you. I lost control.

BRONTE

Is this supposed to be an apology?

GEORGE

He's not right for you.

BRONTE

(angry)

Oh? Really? He knows more about people's feelings than you'll ever know!

GEORGE

'Feeling'! You don't have feeling at all! \*  
Merde! \*

(CONTINUED)

156 CONTINUED

BRONTE

You snore, your table manners are atrocious!

GEORGE

You think that's important? You're a snob!

BRONTE

Well you're a slob! You're out of shape, you're...you're...disgusting!

GEORGE

You think you're a rebel, but you're frightened of your papa. You act like a little girl with him. \* \*

BRONTE

My father's made something of his life!

GEORGE

You live life like you got it from a book.

BRONTE

You're forty and you sleep in the park!

GEORGE

And Phil? You make the nice love with Phil, like vegetables, you need the fok!

BRONTE

That's the language of the gutter, where you come from, where you'll end up!

GEORGE

Yes! I'm the gutter! But you, you're like a plant. A plant that needs water. A cactus!

BRONTE

I said once I had no opinion of you. Well I do now. I hate you! I really hate you!

GEORGE

Good! Your first feeling!

They stare at each other, trembling with anger. The clock on the wall makes a loud click. They look toward it. It's twenty to ten.

BRONTE

My God!

(CONTINUED)

156 CONTINUED

GEORGE

The interview!

157 EXT. STREETS

DAY 157

GEORGE and BRONTE running, looking for a cab. GEORGE takes her hand, he's faster, and is virtually pulling her along behind him, whistling at passing cabs.

158 INT. I.N.S. WAITING ROOM.

DAY 158

CLOSE on an illuminated number. 75. With a loud click it changes to, 76.

WIDER, and a COUPLE get up from amongst the CROWD and cross to the desk. Of the forty or so people waiting, most, including GEORGE and BRONTE, look utterly miserable. It's like the central casting office for the entire world. What is noticeable about these people is that they are all couples. Most hold files of documents in their sweaty palms.

GEORGE

(a whisper)

Your cream? Your face... \*

BRONTE

Hmm?

GEORGE

The name of your face cream.

BRONTE

'Monte Carlo'. \*

GEORGE

'Monte Carlo, Monte Carlo'. \*

The click of the next number. GEORGE nudges BRONTE and they cross to the desk.

CLERK

Mr and Mrs Four?

BRONTE

The name is Fauré. With an acute.

CLERK

(indicating)

Through that door over there.

159 INT. A SERIES OF CORRIDORS, I.N.S. DEPARTMENT.

DAY 159

Their footsteps echo as they follow the CLERK through a labyrinth of corridors. BRONTE glances at GEORGE, he's perspiring freely. The CLERK stops outside a door which looks the same as any other.

CLERK

You wait in here Mr Four, and Mrs Four if you'll follow me.

GEORGE and BRONTE stare at each other a moment. GEORGE takes her hand. They stand this way a brief moment, then BRONTE breaks away and GEORGE enters the room.

160 INT. ROOM NO. 1

DAY 160

GEORGE sits in a chair facing a desk. The room is all grey. The door opens and MR GORSKY appears. He nods to GEORGE before closing the door and taking a seat behind the desk. GEORGE places documents and photos on the desk. GORSKY briefly glances at them.

GORSKY

Mr Fauré as you know we have doubts that your marriage is bona fide. I have here a number of detailed questions. Your answers will help us make a determination. I want you to be brief, and to the point.

(he switches on a tape recorder)

I ask you to raise your right hand... Do you hereby swear that the evidence you are about to give is the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth?

161 INT. ROOM NO. 2

DAY 161

BRONTE sits opposite MRS SHEEHAN, her right hand raised.

BRONTE

I do.

MRS SHEEHAN

Your name is Bronte Mitchell Faure'?

162 [THE TWO INTERVIEW LOCATIONS ARE NOW INTERCUT]

DAY 162

CLOSE on GEORGE.

GEORGE

She sleeps on the left side of the bed. \*

BRONTE

He's on the right side. \*

GEORGE

Her toothbrush? Green.

BRONTE

Mine is green.

GEORGE

(nervous)

Face cream? Yes, it's called... 'Monaco'. \*

BRONTE

I use 'Monte Carlo' on my face. \*

GEORGE

Her father is a writer.

GORSKY

His name?

GEORGE

Sydney.

BRONTE

He was born in France. Lived all of his life there.

GEORGE

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

BRONTE

He knows I love salads, he likes all fatty foods, you know, being French.

GEORGE

She likes such things as birdseed...

GORSKY

Birdseed?

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED

GEORGE

Muesli...and de-caf, eeh, horrible coffee!

BRONTE

He hums all the time.

MRS SHEEHAN

Hums?

BRONTE

He's composing. He hasn't written for a long time...he has music inside him, but he's not found a way of letting it out. He says he's not sensitive but I don't think that's true. He's a very sensitive man. And he makes me laugh.

GEORGE

She is very kind to people. Me, I don't think that way. I don't trust people. She makes gardens for poor people.

BRONTE

He's had a very hard life. In a way he's never learnt to give. But he has so much to give. If he could just find a way to do it.

GEORGE

She has peace. I don't have peace.

BRONTE

He has passion. He eats life.

163 EXT. I.N.S. BUILDING.

DAY 163

GEORGE and BRONTE, both looking a little dazed, walk slowly outside. Neither dares look at the other. They stop in the centre of the forecourt.

GEORGE

What is the name of your face cream?

BRONTE

'Monte Carlo'.

\*

GEORGE

I said Monaco.

\*

BRONTE

Men never know details like that.

GEORGE

I was good I think.

BRONTE

So was I. I think you'll get what you wanted.

GEORGE looks at her.

BRONTE

The Greencard.

GEORGE

Oh. Yes.

BRONTE

I didn't know I was such a good liar.

GEORGE

Me too!

BRONTE

Don't need this anymore.

She takes off her ring, gives it back to GEORGE.

GEORGE

You can keep the fish.

BRONTE

Oh. Thanks.

GEORGE looks away from her, so much he'd like to say.

GEORGE

I'll see you again? I mean I have to get my things.

BRONTE

I'll leave them with Oscar.

GEORGE

Oh. Oscar. Right. Good idea.

BRONTE

As soon as we hear something we can start the divorce proceedings.

GEORGE

As soon as possible.

163 (CONTINUED)

163

BRONTE  
I can't wait. Good-bye, George. For the  
last time.

GEORGE  
Adieu, Bronte.

BRONTE  
Good luck with your music.

GEORGE  
(nods)  
I hope you get your big trees.

They turn and walk away in opposite directions. GEORGE  
hesitates, looks back. Then walks on.

164 GEORGE DAY 164

Walking. Everywhere he goes he sees plants, trees, gardens.  
He even notices a small weed growing out of a crack in the  
sidewalk.

165 BRONTE DAY 165

As she walks it seems everyone is from somewhere else, a  
dozen people speaking as many languages. A black beggar  
approaches her.

*Beggar*  
MAN  
(accent)

I'm from Africa.

166 INT. COFFEE SHOP 166

BRONTE orders a double espresso.

167 EXT. BRONTE'S STREET/APARTMENT BUILDING DAY 167

She walks slowly up the street and into her building.

168 INT. BRONTE'S BUILDING - LOBBY DAY 168

PHIL stands up to greet her. OSCAR, a concerned look on his  
face, is in the background. A third person is there - MR  
GORSKY.

PHIL  
You've been through hell, poor girl.

169 (CONTINUED)

168

BRONTE  
 (looking from GORSKY to PHIL)  
 Phil, what have you done!

PHIL  
 Hey, it's cool. You get to keep the  
 apartment...it's him they want.

169 EXT. STREET: GEORGE'S BOARDING HOUSE DUSK 169

GEORGE is still humming to himself as he walks up the street.  
 He carries a small potted plant.

TWO MEN get out of a parked car, and cross to intercept him,  
 one of them is GORSKY.

170 INT. BRONTE'S GREENHOUSE NIGHT 170

BRONTE enters the moonlit greenhouse. No other lights are  
 on. She takes a trowel and crosses to one of the beds.  
 There, she digs up some recently sprouted vegetables. They  
 look large and fecund.

171 INT. GEORGE'S ROOM NIGHT 171

The only light here comes from 'Mozarts' candelabra. GEORGE  
 works furiously, his hand flies across the page. He hums,  
 chuckles, hums again, and taps with his hand on the table.  
 The muse has been awakened.

172 INT. BRONTE'S KITCHEN NIGHT 172

She sits at the table savouring every mouthful of George's  
 vegetables.

173 INT. GREENHOUSE DAY 173

MAC appears amongst the plants, looking somehow rather out of  
 place. He shakes his head.

MAC  
 Very nice. But was it worth it? They've  
 got this stuff at the Botanical Gardens,  
 only bigger.

BRONTE  
 (ignoring this)  
 What's going to happen, Mac?

173 (CONTINUED)

173

MAC

Bottom line, they're not going to prosecute. That young man of your's, Phil, has the makings of a good lawyer. Seems he worked it all out himself, called Immigration, and... made a deal. I had nothing to do with it.

BRONTE

What about George?

MAC

He's to be deported.

BRONTE

When?

MAC

Today. No one likes to be made a fool of. 'Specially not this Gorsky guy. Don't worry, George has already signed his side of the divorce papers.

He opens an attache case.

BRONTE

Where will he go?

MAC

Does it matter?

BRONTE

Back to France?

MAC

I don't know. Gorsky said something about his going to some ex-colony, Devil's Island maybe. That'd suit him.

BRONTE

Was it Africa?

MAC

Africa? Matter of fact it was.

He takes out various legal documents.

MAC

Now. If you'll just sign where I've marked it.

BRONTE takes down an orchid.

BRONTE

I want you to have this. It's very rare.

MAC

Come on Bronte, I can't take your plants after all this. Anyway, what would I do with an orchid?

BRONTE

Take it home to your wife. And take the parrots, too.

She gives him the birdcage.

MAC

Bronte! What is this, a fire sale? Just sign your divorce. Bronte? Bronte!

She hurries out of the apartment, grabbing her coat on the way.

174 INT. SUBWAY STATION.

DAY 174\*

BRONTE at the flower stand. She stops, buys one, pinning it to her dress. \*

175 EXT. STREET IN A CAR

DAY 175

GEORGE and MR GORSKY sit in the rear of the government car. It's raining and the only sound is the thump, thump of the windscreen wipers. GEORGE looks out the window.

GEORGE

On the left, that building there.

The car draws up outside BRONTE's apartment building.

GORSKY

(checks his watch)

Make it quick, Mr Fauré.

GEORGE

Look. Why don't you call me 'George'? You did your job very well. You won. We can relax now, huh?

He offers his hand, GORSKY stiffly shakes it.

176 INT. BRONTE'S LOBBY

DAY 176

Oscar moves forward to greet GEORGE.

OSCAR

Thought you'd left already, Mr Fauré!

GEORGE

(reaching into his coat)  
For Mrs Fauré! She'll understand.

He passes OSCAR a bundle of music sheets, covered with musical notation in George's hand.

OSCAR

Heading back to Africa?

GEORGE

Yes. Africa. I just came for my things.

OSCAR reaches down under his desk.

OSCAR

Mrs. Faure' said you'd be back.

GEORGE takes his possessions from OSCAR.

OSCAR

Hell, I don't know what's going on, but I just want you to know, I'm with you two. Us against the rest.

GEORGE

Thank you, Oscar. Is she upstairs?

OSCAR

She just left. I thought she was going with you?

GEORGE

With me?

OSCAR

Well, she said to tell you she'd see you in Africa... where you met.

GEORGE

Where we met?

176 CONTINUED

OSCAR

That's what she said.

GEORGE thinks about this, then suddenly seizes OSCAR's head, and kisses him on both cheeks.

GEORGE

Africa! Yes. Africa! Thank you, Oscar.  
Au revoir.

177 INT. SUBWAY CAR. DAY 177

BRONTE riding in the subway car, she takes in the perfume of the flower pinned to her dress.

178 INT./EXT. AFRICA CAFE. DAY 178\*

The rain streaks the window, rendering the passers-by in an impressionistic blur. But then he's there. Sharp and clear. The same crooked grin, just as it was in the beginning.

BRONTE smiles back. She knew he'd come. She hurries toward the door of the cafe.

179 EXT. AFRICA CAFE -- DOORWAY/STREET DAY 179\*

As they run toward each other, a man laden with parcels is caught up in their embrace, and he and the parcels hit the sodden pavement at the same time. GEORGE bends down to help pick up the parcels, as does BRONTE. GEORGE begins counting them.

GEORGE

Un, deux, trois...

Then they embrace, wildly, oblivious to the rain. GORSKY stands by the car in the background. A look of incredulity on his face. They are kissing, but maybe it's a clever ploy. He appears behind them.

GORSKY

I'm sorry, George.

BRONTE

Do you have the ring?

GEORGE

(searches his pockets)

Yes.

He forces it onto her finger.

(CONTINUED)

179 (CONTINUED)

179

GEORGE

I do.

BRONTE

So do I.

They kiss again.

GORSKY

Nice try, George, but not this time. Let's go pal, you've got a plane to catch.

GEORGE backs away toward the car.

BRONTE

Will you write?

GEORGE

Every day. And the letter will always say the same thing -

(now he's shouting)

'When are you coming, chérie'?

He holds his hand up in a clenched fist (the sign of the 'Political Ballet!'). BRONTE does the same. The music begins, 'George's Theme,' it's his humming, drumming, all of the key sounds GEORGE heard during his time with BRONTE, fully realized in a triumphant theme.

180 EXT. ADLER'S APARTMENT.

DAY 180

A giant crane lifts down a 'fully matured tree' from the roof garden on the ADLER's apartment. It swings incongruously against a background of skyscrapers. LAUREN is there, and MR and MRS ADLER, and many of the Green Guerillas.

181 EXT. THE GARDEN, LOWER EAST SIDE. [CREDITS]

DUSK 181

The lot has been transformed by the addition of the trees and mature shrubs.

The Green Guerillas and the locals put the finishing touches to the garden, as something of a spontaneous party breaks out.

Meanwhile children clamber up into the trees, the first they've ever climbed.

\* \* \*