GREEN CARD *

by
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*Green Card is now two words
A12 INT. SUBWAY STATION [TITLES]

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 [END TITLES]

A train flashes past and recedes into the darkness.
12 INT. SUBWAY CAR

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

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

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

Bronte!

ANTON

Hullo, Anton.

BRONTE

Ok?

ANTON

Ok.

BRONTE (smiles)

They sit.

ANTON

Coffee?

BRONTE

No...yes!

ANTON catches the WAITER’s eye, indicates ‘more coffee’.

(CONTINUED)
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...
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?

DELETED

DELETED

INT. ELEVATOR LOBBY/HALLWAY

DAY

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.

DELETED

INT. CHAPEL ANNEX

DAY

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)
19 (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

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 Faure' 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 it's 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 Faure.
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)
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!
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.
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.

Africa?

MR SCHAFFER

(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 overwhelming.

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
(overlaping)
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 Crinums 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 Cyatheia 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...
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.

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 GUERRILLA '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]
INT. GREENHOUSE

[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 effectic* is something of a fantasy. Bronte is seen just outside,* staring into her world.

INT. ELEVATOR HALLWAY, OUTSIDE BRONTE’S APT.

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.

EXT. BRONTE’S BUILDING

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

EXT. CENTRAL PARK

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

INT. VEGITARIAN RESTAURANT

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

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.
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

35 EXT. GREEN GUERILLA’S LOT, LOWER EAST SIDE. DAY
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.

VINCENT
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?
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 surprise 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 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)
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

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.
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.

Why not?

GEORGE

Pardon me?

PHIL
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)
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.

INT. BRONTE'S LOBBY

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)
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.

42  EXT. GREEN GUERRILLA'S LOT, LOWER EAST SIDE.  DAY

A group of LOCALS stand with members of the GREEN GUERRILLAS. 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 mature 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?
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.

EXT. BRONTE'S TERRACE
Early morning

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.

INT. BRONTE'S GREENHOUSE/KITCHEN.

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

BRONTE
Hullo?
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.

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 favours, 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)
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.

       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

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.
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?

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.

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.*

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)
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
She moves to the door, looks through the peephole.

54 HER P.O.V.
A distorted view of GEORGE. He looks rather frightening when viewed through the ‘fish-eye’ lens.
.55 INT. BRONTE'S APARTMENT

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.

BRONTÉ

They said you were fired.

GEORGE

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

George is examining a crystal vase, BRONTÉ 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.

BRONTÉ

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.

BRONTÉ

It's 'Bronte'.

GEORGE

'Bronte'. Funny name!

BRONTÉ

This is hopeless.

GEORGE

The coffee?

BRONTÉ

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.

BRONTÉ

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)
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)
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.

BRONTE’S APARTMENT - SITTING ROOM.

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.

BRONTÉ
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)
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...
INT. SITTING ROOM

MRS SHEEHAN
Do go on Mr Fauré.

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

BRONTE
(whisper)
I want that too!...I am listening!

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?

Hmm?

GEORGE

GORSKY

Bathroom?

(CONTINUED)
What for?

GORSKY

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

GEORGE

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

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.

INT. BRONTE'S HALLWAY

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.

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

GEORGE opens the bedroom door.

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.

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.

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.
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 tattoo!

MAC
A tattoo! Well... you don't normally associate composers with tattoos, 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

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

65 INT. BRONTE'S APARTMENT DAY

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.
INT. BRONTE’S KITCHEN. DAY

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.

INT. BRONTE’S BEDROOM. DAY

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

EXT. TERRACE DAY

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

EXT. BRONTE’S GREENHOUSE. DAY

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.
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.
68 (CONTINUED)

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

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

'I'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.
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.
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.
INT. SUPERMARKET.

Like any other married couple they patrol the aisles, GEORGE pushing the cart. BRONTE is not too sure about his choices. He pauses a 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:
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)

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

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

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!

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'?
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.

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.

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.

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?
INT. BRONTE'S KITCHEN

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

INT. GREENHOUSE

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.
INT. BRONTE'S KITCHEN

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...

You go on.

GEORGE

No, you.

BRONTE

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.

INT. KITCHEN

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.
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.

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.
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 Green card 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.

INT. BRONTE’S BEDROOM

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

INT. BRONTE’S KITCHEN

GEORGE picks up the pieces of her smashed potted plant.
A84  EXT.  STREET
Lauren at a payphone.

[INTERCUT WITH SCENE 84]

84  INT.  BRONTE'S BEDROOM
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.
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.

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.

INT. BRONTE'S BEDROOM  LATE AFTERNOON 88*

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

INT. SITTING ROOM/HALLWAY  LATE AFTERNOON 89*

No sign of GEORGE. She moves toward the bathroom.

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.

INT. SITTING ROOM  DAY 91

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

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.

DELETED

INT. BEDROOM

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.

INT. BATHROOM.

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.

EXT. TERRACE - ROOF AREA.

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.

INT. GREENHOUSE

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?
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.
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)
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

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

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

104 INT. SITTING ROOM

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

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

She looks up to the ceiling, the sound of drums! She moves down a set of stairs, reaches for a broom, then begins hanging on the damp-stained ceiling - boom, boom, boom.
107 INT. GREENHOUSE

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

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

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.
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

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

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.

Oh?

ANNETTE

(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.*
INT. ADLERS' DINING ROOM - LATER

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)
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.
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?
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

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.
116 (CONTINUED)

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.

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
Bruno?

BRONTE (V/O)

What is it?

GEORGE
What are you doing?

BRONTE (V/O)

What do you mean, what am I doing?
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

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)
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 Connecticut. 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 dreamed 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?

Yes.

BRONTE
What for?

Rape.

BRONTE
Really?

GEORGE laughs, he loves teasing her.

GEORGE
No. Just kid stuff. Stealing cars, that kind of thing.
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)
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.
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.
BRONTE'S BEDROOM

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.

BRONTE'S KITCHEN

SUNDAY MORNING

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

BRONTE'S BEDROOM

MORNING

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!
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

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

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

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)
A TABLE

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

BRONTE'S ROOF -- LATER, THAT MORNING.

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!

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.
GEORGE

Just one more.

BRONTE

What now?

GEORGE

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

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.
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 loungeroom.

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

[HE WINKS AT BRONTE]

BACK IN THE GREENHOUSE.

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.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK. MONTAGE.

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'.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK -- AS THEY WALK.

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

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.
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.

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:

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.

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.
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

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.

146 EXT/INT. LOBBY, BRONTE’S APARTMENT.

There is no sign of OSCAR.

BRONTE
Phil!

PHIL (looking about)
The ‘guard’ isn’t here!

(CONTINUED)
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

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!
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.
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)

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

‘George’, the fish, swims aggressively about in the pond.

151 THE PARROTS

Gossip about recent developments.

152 THE ‘UNDERWEARS.’

GEORGE and BRONTE’s underwear flap unclaimed, in the morning
breeze.
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.

INT. SITTING ROOM.

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.

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

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?
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)
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)
GEORGE

The interview!

157 EXT. STREETS

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.

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

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’?
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)
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.
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.

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

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

MAN
(accent)
I'm from Africa.

INT. COFFEE SHOP
BRONTE orders a double espresso.

EXT. BRONTE'S STREET/APARTMENT BUILDING
She walks slowly up the street and into her building.

INT. BRONTE'S BUILDING - LOBBY
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.
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

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

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

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

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

173 INT. GREENHOUSE

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?
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.
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. Fauré 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?
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)
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.

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