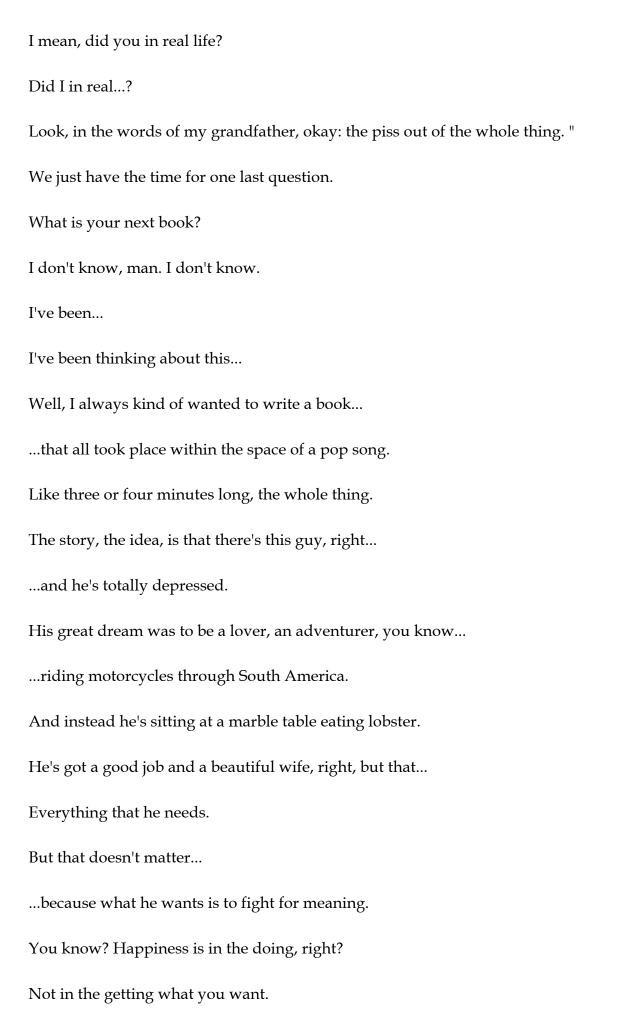
Movie: Before Sunset Do you consider the book to be autobiographical? Well, I mean... ...isn't everything autobiographical? I mean, we all see the world through our own tiny keyhole, right? I mean, I always think of Thomas Wolfe. Have you ever seen that little one-page "Note to Reader"... <i>...in the front of Look Homeward, Angel?</i> Anyway, he says that we are the sum of all the moments of our lives... ...and anybody who sits down to write will use the clay of their own life... ...that you can't avoid that. So when I look at my own life, I have to admit, right, that I... I've never been around a bunch of guns or violence, you know, not really. No political intrigue or a helicopter crash, right? But my life, from my own point of view, has been full of drama, right? And so I thought, if I could write a book... ...that could capture what it's like to really meet somebody... One of the most exciting things that's happened to me... ...is to meet somebody, make that connection. And if I could make that valuable, you know, to capture that... ...that would be the attempt, or...

Did I answer your question?
I'll try to be more specific.
Was there ever a French young woman on a train you met
and spent an evening with?
See, to me, that I mean
that's not important, you know?
- So that's a yes?
All right, since I'm in France and this is the last stop of my book tour, yes.
Thank you.
Mr. Wallace, the book ends on an ambiguous note.
We don't know.
Do you think they get back together in six months
like they promise each other?
Like they promised?
I think how you answer that, you know, is
It's a good test, right, if you're a romantic or a cynic.
Right? I mean, you think they get back together, right?
- You don't, for sure.
- No.
And you hope they do, but you're not sure.
- That's why you're asking the question.
- Do you think they get back together?



So he's sitting there, and just that second... ...his little 5-year-old daughter hops up on the table. And he knows that she should get down, because she could get hurt. But she's dancing to this pop song in a summer dress. And he looks down... ...and all of a sudden, he's 6. And his high-school sweetheart is dropping him off at home. And they just lost their virginity, and she loves him... ...and the same song is playing on the car radio. And she climbs up and starts dancing on the roof of the car. And now he's worried about her. And she's beautiful, with a facial expression just like his daughter's. In fact, maybe that's why he even likes her. You see, he knows he's not remembering this dance... ...he's there. He's there, in both moments, simultaneously. And just for an instant, all his life is just folding in on itself. And it's obvious to him that time is a lie. That it's all happening all the time... ...and inside every moment is another moment... ...all happening simultaneously. Anyway, that's kind of the idea. Anyway.

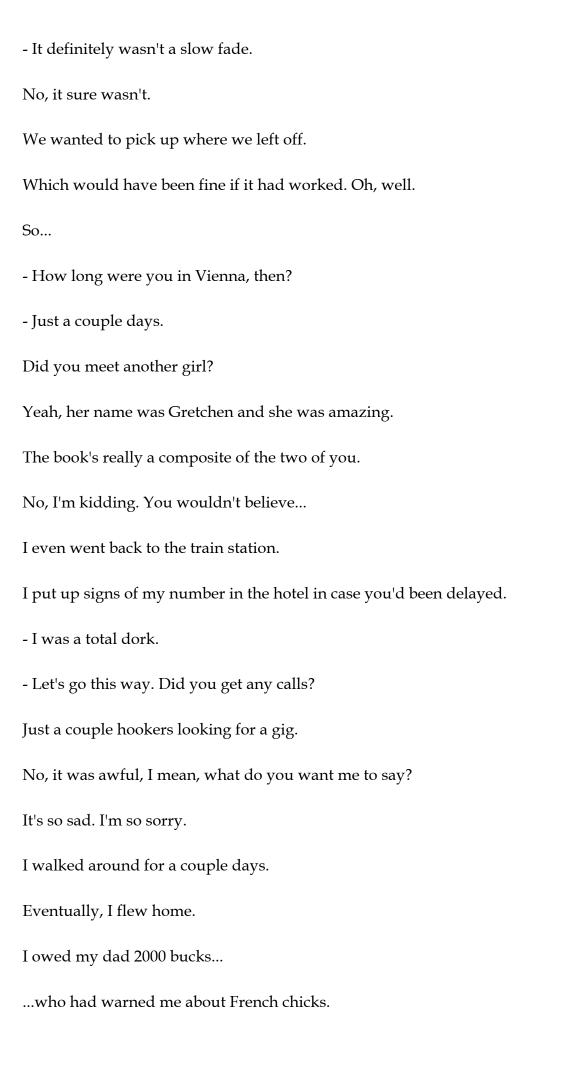
Our author has to be going to the airport soon
so thank you all very much for coming over this afternoon.
And a special thanks to Mr. Wallace for being with us.
Thank you. Thank you.
We hope to see you here again with your next book.
Thank you all. How much longer before I have to go to the airport?
Oh, you should leave at 7:30
- Seven-thirty at the very latest.
- Okay.
- Hi.
- Hello.
- How are you?
- Good, and you?
I'm good, yeah, I'm great. I'm
Do you wanna, maybe, get a cup of coffee?
Didn't he just say you have a plane to catch?
Yeah. But, I mean, I have a little time.
- Okay.
- Yeah? All right, well, let me
I'll meet you outside. Okay.
Excuse me. I'm just gonna go get a cup of coffee.
- I'll be back at 7: 5.

- Did you sign all these?
- Yeah, I sure did.
- Get your driver Philippe's card
so you can call his cell if you're running late.
We'll put your bags in the car so you're not late.
- All right, thanks for everything.
- Thank you.
Which one's Philippe?
- I can't believe you're here.
- I live here in Paris.
Are you sure you don't have to stay?
You're not supposed to talk more?
They're sick of me.
I spent the night here.
- You did?
- Yeah, they got a loft upstairs.
- How are you? This is so weird.
- I'm fine.
- It's good to see you.
- It's good to see you.
- So you want to go to a caf?
- Yeah.

- It's well-written. Congratulations.
- All right. Thank you.
- Wait.
- What?
Before we go anywhere,
I have to ask you
Sure. What?
Did you show up in Vienna that December?
- Did you?
- No, I couldn't. But did you?
- I need to know. It's important to me.
- Why, if you didn't?
Well, did you?
No.
Thank God you didn't.
- Oh, my God.
- Thank God you didn't.
Thank God I didn't and you didn't.
If one of us had showed up alone
that would have sucked.
- I was so concerned.
I felt horrible about not being there, but I couldn't. My grandma died

and she was buried that day,
December 6th.
- The one in Budapest?
- Yes. You remember that?
- I remember everything.
- Of course, it was in your book.
But anyway, I was about to fly to Vienna, you know
and we heard the news about her, and of course I had to go to the funeral.
Yeah, I'm sorry to hear that.
I know. But you weren't there anyway.
Wait. Why weren't you there?
I would have been there if I could have. I made plans
You better have a good reason.
What?
Oh, no.
No, you were there, weren't you?
Oh, no, that's terrible!
I'm laughing, but I don't mean it.
Did you hate me?
You must've hated me.
- Have you been hating me all this time?
- No.

- Yes, you have.
- No.
But you can't hate me now, right?
- I mean, my grandma
- I don't hate you. It's no big deal.
I flew all the way over there, you blew the thing off.
My life's been a big nosedive since, but it's not a problem.
- No, I'm kidding.
- Don't say that. I can't believe it.
You must have been so angry with me. I'm so sorry.
I wanted to be there, more than anything in the world.
- Honestly, I swear
- You can't be angry, my grandmother
I know. I honestly thought that something like that might have happened.
I was definitely bummed, but
Mostly I was mad we hadn't exchanged any phone numbers or any information.
That was so stupid.
No way to get in touch.
- Nothing to go on.
- I didn't know your last name.
Remember, we were both afraid if we started writing and calling
that it would slowly fade out.



What did he tell you about French women?	
Nothing. He's never met any French women.	
He's never been east of the Mississippi.	
Why didn't you put, "Six months later, the French bitch didn't show up"?	
No, but I did, I did.	
- You did?	
- Yeah. No. I made it more hopeful.	
I wrote this fictional version where you do show up.	
- Oh, what happens?	
- Well	
What?	
We make love for about 0 days straight, that's one part of it.	
- Interesting. So the French slut, right?	
- Yeah, exactly.	
It's just then they get to know each other better	
and realize they don't get along at all.	
- I like that. It's more real.	
- My editor didn't think that way.	
Everyone wants to believe in love.	
It sells.	
Yeah, exactly, so	
So things are going well for you, right? I mean	

- Your book is a bestseller in the U.S.
- It's a tiny bestseller.
- Oh, come on.
- All right. Officially, yes.
<i>Most people haven't read Moby Dick.</i>
Why should they read my book?
<i>I haven't read Moby Dick and I liked your book.</i>
- Thanks.
- Even though
I thought you idealized the night of it.
Come on, it's fiction, right?
- I'm supposed to
- I know, I know.
I know. I thought there were times where you made me
Well, I mean, her, right?
No, me. Okay, whatever.
- A little bit neurotic.
- You are a bit like that, aren't you?
- You think I'm neurotic?
- No, no. Come on, I'm kidding.
Where did I do that? I didn't do that.
Oh, maybe it's just me, you know

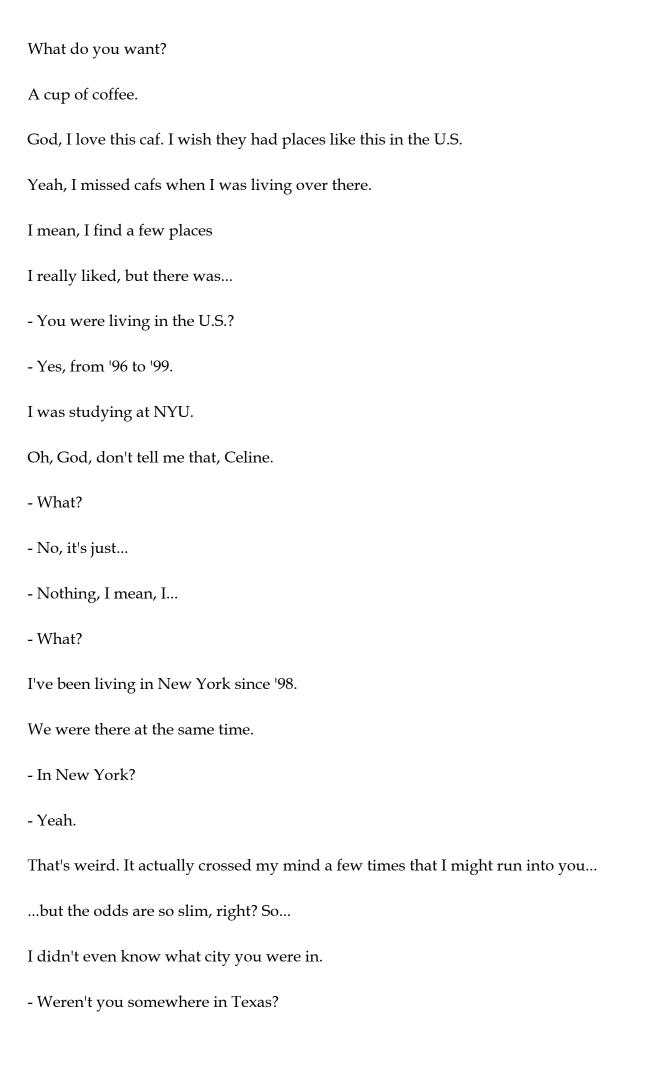
Reading something, knowing the character is based on you
it's both flattering and disturbing at the same time.
How is it disturbing?
I don't know. Just being part of someone else's memory.
Seeing myself through your eyes.
How long did it take you to write it?
Three or four years, on and off.
Wow, that's a really long time to be writing about one night.
Yeah, I know. Tell me about it.
I always assumed you had forgotten me.
No, I had a pretty clear picture of you in my mind.
- I have to tell you something. I just
- What?
I've wanted to talk to you for so long that now It's just surreal, you know?
I feel like everything should be
How long do we have?
Twenty minutes and 30 seconds?
We got more than that.
I wanna know about you.
Tell me, what are you doing?
What are you up to?
Where to start? I work for Green Cross.

It's an environmental organization.
What are they all about?
We basically work on different environment issues
from clean water to disarmament of chemical weapons.
International laws that deal with the environment.
- What do you do for them?
- We're going this way.
Different things.
Like, last year I was in India for a while, working on a water-treatment plant.
Well, the cotton industry there is a major source of pollution, so
I mean, it sounds like you're actually doing something.
Most people, myself included, just sit around and bitch.
You know, how America's consuming all the world's resources, SUVs suck
global warming is real
I'm relieved to hear you're not one of those "freedom fries" Americans.
Hey, you know
But how'd you get into that?
I came out of political science, hoping to work for the government.
- And I did for a little while. Terrible.
- Not good?
Yeah, no. Anyway, I got really tired
Let's go this way.

Having this endless conversation with friends... ...about how the world was falling to pieces. So I decided what I really wanted to do was... ...to find things that could be fixed and try to fix them, you know? You know, I always thought you'd be doing something cool like that. I did. Thanks. I just feel really, really lucky to be doing a job I like, you know? Yeah. I actually alternate in between thinking everything is irrevocably screwed up... ...and things might be getting better in ways. Better? How could you possibly say that? Well, I just mean, you know, like... I know it sounds weird, but there are things to be optimistic about. Okay... I know your book is selling, which is great, I'm very happy for you. But let me break the news to you: The world is a mess right now. From a Western view, things are getting a bit better. We're moving industry to developing nations where we can get cheap labor... ...free of any environmental laws. The weapon industry is booming. Five million people die a year from preventable water disease. How is the world getting better? I'm not angry, I'm not angry.

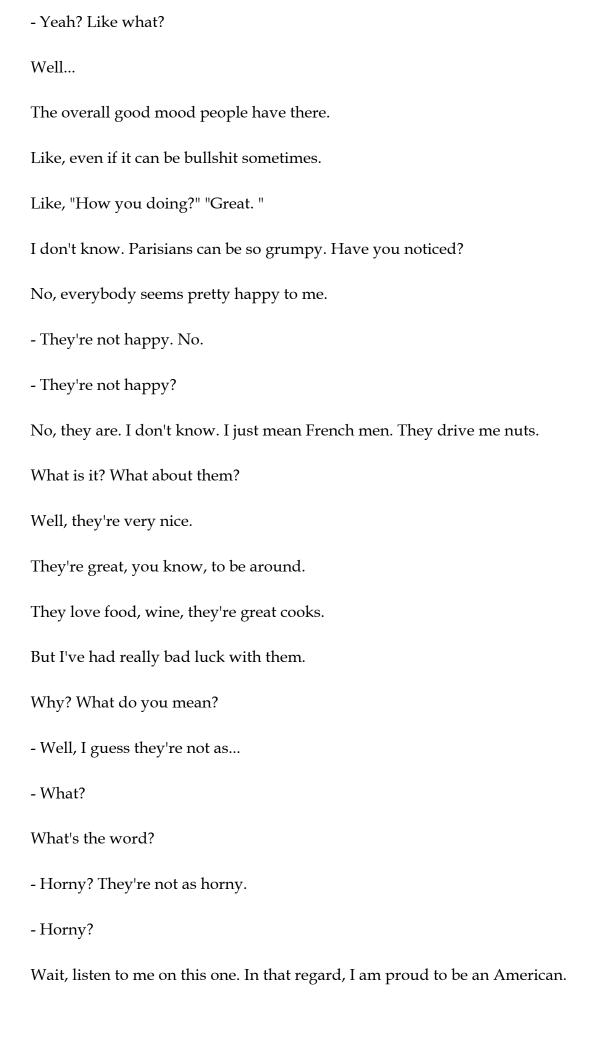
But come on, I want to know.
I'm interested.
I realize that there are a lot of serious problems in the world.
- Okay. Thank you.
- I mean, I don't even have
one publisher in the Asian market.
- Okay. All right.
- Say stop.
- What? Stop.
Look, all I'm saying is there's more awareness. People are gonna fight back.
The world might be getting better because people like you
are educated and speaking out.
Even the very notion of conservation, environmental issues
weren't in the vocabulary till fairly recently.
And they're becoming the norm and eventually might be what's expected.
I agree with what you're saying, but at the same time it's dangerous.
An imperialist country can use that kind of thinking
to justify their economic greed.
Is there any particular imperialist country you have in mind, there, Frenchie?
- No, not really.
- No?
- So you wanna sit over there?

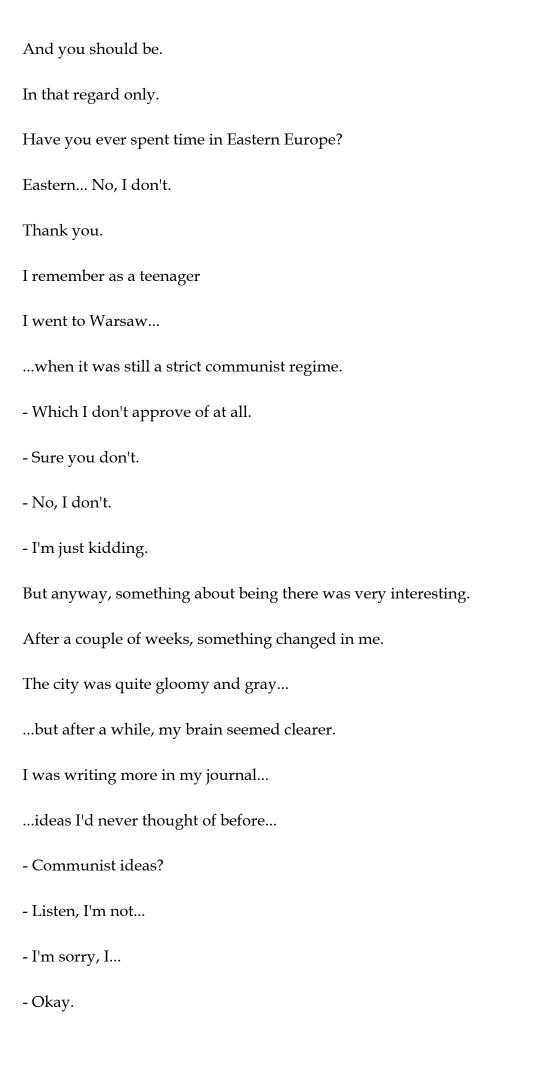
- Yeah, this is perfect.
Oh, wow. Maybe what I'm saying is
the world might be evolving the way a person evolves.
Like, I mean, me, for example.
Am I getting worse?
Am I improving? I don't know.
When I was younger, I was healthier
but I was wracked with insecurity, you know?
Now I'm older and my problems are deeper
but I'm more equipped to handle them.
So, what are your problems?
Right now I don't have any.
I don't, you know? I'm just
damn happy to be here.
Me too.
So how long have you been in Paris?
I got in last night.
I've done 0 cities in 2 days.
I'm wrecked. I'm so glad it's over, you know?
I'm tired of being a huckster.
- Hi.
- Hello.



- Yeah, yeah, definitely. I just... I was for a long time. I just, you know, wanted to try New York. What brought you back here? I had finished my master's, for one... ...and no visa, no more visa. And I was starting to get paranoid. All the violence in the medias: Gang violence, murders, especially serial killers... But the final straw was... ...one night I heard some noise on my fire escape... ...so I called 9, and the cops came eventually. - Like three hours later. - Yeah, after I had been raped and killed. No, but it was a man and a woman officer. I was explaining what I had heard... ...when the woman had to go move the police car. I was left alone with the male cop. Right away he asked me if I had a gun, and I said, "No, of course not." And he told me, "Well, you better think about getting one. This is America, not France. Okay?" And I said to him, "I have no idea how to shoot a gun... ...and I have no interest in firearms whatsoever. "

And that's when he pulled out his gun, like this, and he went: something like this in your face
and if you wanna have a long life
you're gonna have to choose between you or them. "
And then they left. And the next morning
I called for an application to get a gun.
Me with a gun.
I mean, that's really scary.
But then I realized something was wrong.
The way that cop had pulled his gun out, and everything, right?
So I canceled my demand for the gun
and I called the police and tried to complain about that cop.
- What happened with that?
- It was so much paperwork
and then I got scared, with my shitty student visa
- Thought you'd get deported?
- Exactly. I gave up
and forgot about the whole thing.
- Well, I guess I never forgot.
- Obviously.
But still, you know,
I really enjoyed being there.
- There's lots of things I miss in the U.S.

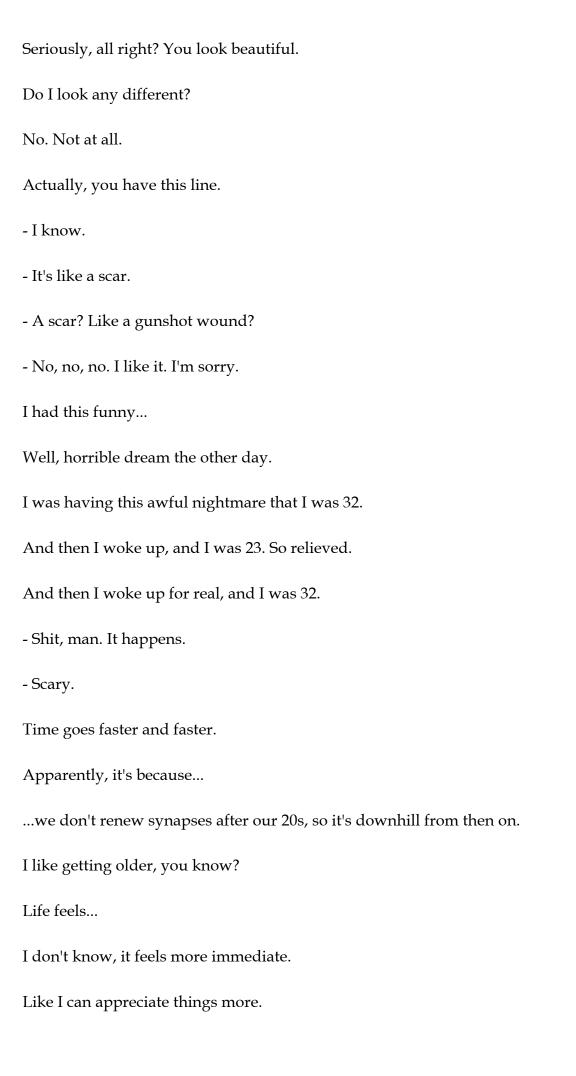


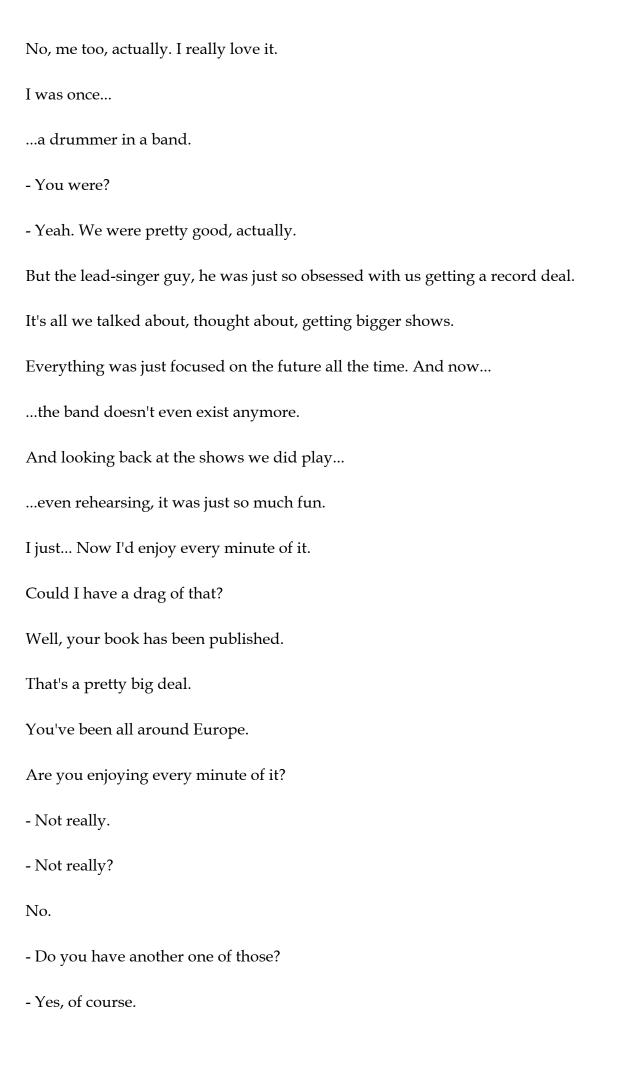


Okay. I'll send you to a gulag later.
No. But it took me a while to figure out why I felt so different.
One day, as I was walking through the Jewish cemetery
I don't know why, but it occurred to me there
I realized that I had spent the last two weeks away from most of my habits.
TV was in a language
I didn't understand
there was nothing to buy, no advertisements anywhere
so all I'd been doing was
walk around, think, and write.
My brain felt like it was at rest
free from the consuming frenzy.
It was almost like a natural high.
I felt so peaceful inside.
No strange urge to be somewhere else
to shop
It could have seemed like boredom at first
but it became very, very soulful.
It was interesting, you know?
Can you believe it was nine years ago we were walking around Vienna?
- Nine years? No, that's impossible.

- Go on.

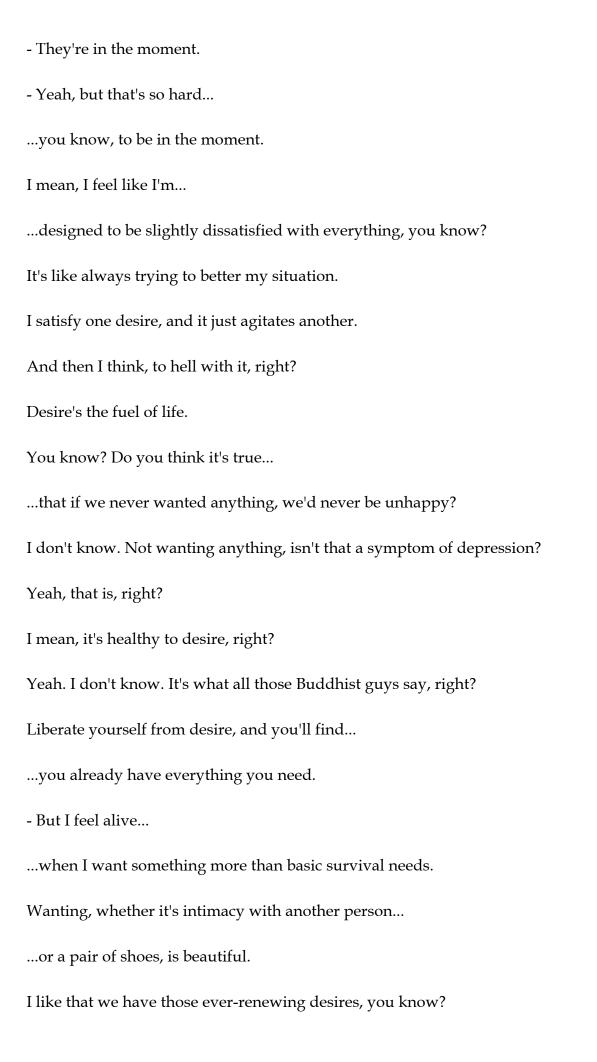
- No, it was. It feels like two months.
But it was summer '94.
Do I look any different?
I do?
I'd have to see you naked.
- What?
- I know, I'm sorry.
Your hair was different back then.
It was like
- It's the same Oh, down.
- Yeah, take it down.
Down. Okay, it was down. Okay.
Well? Voil.
So?
Okay, come on. Tell me.
Skinnier, I think. A little thinner.
Did you think I was fat before?
- No
- Yeah, you thought I was a fatty.
No, you thought I was a fatty. You wrote a book about a fat French girl.
- No, listen.
- Oh, no.





In my field, I see these people that
Oh, sorry.
Come into it with big, idealist visions
of becoming the leader that will create a better world.
They enjoy the goal, but not the process.
- Right.
- But the reality of it is
the true work of improving things is in the little achievements.
- That's what you need to enjoy.
- What do you mean, exactly?
I was working for this organization that helped villages in Mexico.
And their concerns was how to get the pencils
sent to the kid in those little country schools.
It was not about big, revolutionary ideas. It was about pencils.
I see the people that do the real work, and what's really sad is that
the people that are the most giving, hardworking
and capable of making this world better
usually don't have the ego and ambition to be a leader.
They don't see any interest in superficial rewards.
They don't care if their name ever appear in the press.
They actually enjoy the process of helping others.

Here.



Maybe it's this sense of entitlement.
You know, like whenever you feel like you deserve that new pair of shoes?
It's okay to want things, as long as you aren't pissed off if you don't get them.
Life's hard. It's supposed to be.
If we didn't suffer, we wouldn't learn a thing, you know?
So, what, are you Buddhist, or something?
- No.
- No? Why not?
I don't know. The same reason I don't really consider myself anything, really.
I decided a long time ago that
I was gonna be open to everything
but not buy into any one and only belief system.
I went to this Trappist monastery a couple years ago.
- Trappist?
- Yeah, they're Catholic. Cistercian.
- Why did you do that?
- Why? I'd been doing some reading.
Thought it'd be cool. Have you ever spent any time with monks or nuns?
- No. It's not really my style.
- No?
Well, I expected them to be all glowering and stern, but they weren't.
They were quick to laugh, really easy to be around.

Seriously, very attuned to everything, they were just
You know, they weren't trying to hustle anybody.
They're trying to live and die in peace with God
or whatever part of them they feel is eternal.
It was just so refreshing to be around.
You realize that most of the people that you meet
are trying to get somewhere better.
They're trying to make more cash, get a little more respect
have more people admire them.
It's exhausting.
- No kidding.
- And it's exhausting to be one yourself.
There I am, right, you know, all greedy to be more spiritual. you know? You can't escape.
I had this boyfriend of mine many years ago that wanted to be a Buddhist.
So he went to Asia to visit some of those monasteries.
- I've thought about doing that too.
- Yeah, you should. I'll tell you why.
He was good-looking, and each time he went to one of the monasteries
a monk offered to suck his cock.
True story.
It all comes down to that, doesn't it?
That's why I really admire what you're doing.

- You know?
- What do you mean? Sucking cock?
- No.
- No? Wrong answer.
No, I was gonna say you're not detached from life.
You're putting your passion into action.
Well, I try.
You know something?
I'm gonna be on planes
and in an airport for the next eight hours
I'd just love to see a little bit more of Paris.
- Would you walk with me?
- Would you walk with me?- Yeah.
·
- Yeah.
- Yeah Do you mind?
- Yeah.- Do you mind?- That's great.
Yeah.Do you mind?That's great.Do you want to?
Yeah.Do you mind?That's great.Do you want to?Let's do that. Yeah.
 - Yeah. - Do you mind? - That's great. - Do you want to? - Let's do that. Yeah. What do we owe here?
- Yeah. - Do you mind? - That's great. - Do you want to? - Let's do that. Yeah. What do we owe here? Four-fifty?

- That's more than enough.
- Throw that in too.
- Is there anywhere to go around here?
- It's sales day today.
- What's that?
- It's when everything's on sale in Paris.
It's twice a year.
All right, let's go shopping.
No, no, no. That's a bad idea.
I don't wanna inflict that on you.
It's madness. Let's just go to this garden path. It's really nice.
All right. That sounds better than shopping, actually.
Not that I wouldn't do whatever you wanted.
Sometimes I don't even need to buy anything. I just get high
on trying on and looking at things.
Is this where we're going?
- Yeah.
- A therapist will tell you that's good.
- Really? Are you ever in therapy?
- Oh, no.
- Do I seem like I'm in therapy?
- I'm kidding.

- Does it help your sex problems?
- My sex problems?
- I'm kidding.
- Tell me the truth.
- We didn't have any problems.
- No, I'm kidding.
- We didn't even have sex.
- That's a joke, right?
No, we didn't.
I mean, that was the whole thing.
- Of course we did.
- No, no, we didn't.
You didn't have a condom and I never have sex without one.
I'm extremely paranoid.
There's no way
I find it scary that you don't remember what happened.
No, listen
I didn't write an entire book, but I kept a journal
and I wrote the whole night in it.
That's what I meant, you idealizing it.
All right, listen, I even remember what brand of condom we used.
That's disgusting.

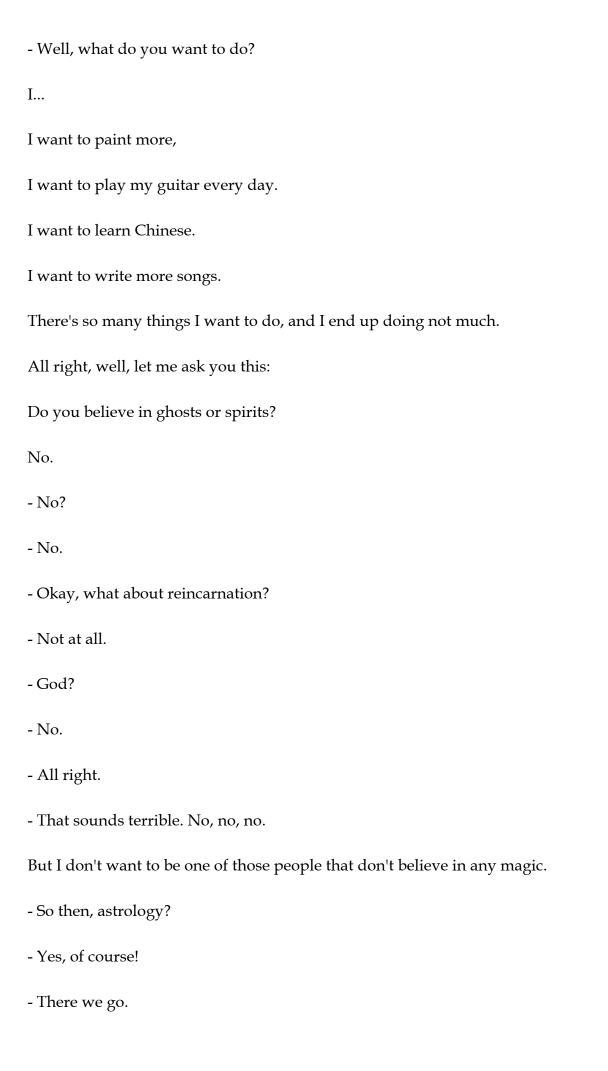
I don't wanna hear it.
- That's not disgusting.
- No.
Okay, when I get home I'll check my journal from '94, but I know I'm right.
- Wait a minute.
- What?
- Was it in the cemetery?
- No.
No, we went to the cemetery in the afternoon.
It was in the park, very late at night.
- In the park?
- Wait a minute, wait a minute.
I can't I can't
Is it that forgettable? You really don't remember? In the park?
Okay. Wait a minute,
I think you might be right
You're messing with me now.
- No.
- Are you messing with me?
Okay. No, I'm sorry. I think
I mean, you're right, okay?
Sometimes I put things in drawers inside my head and forget about it.

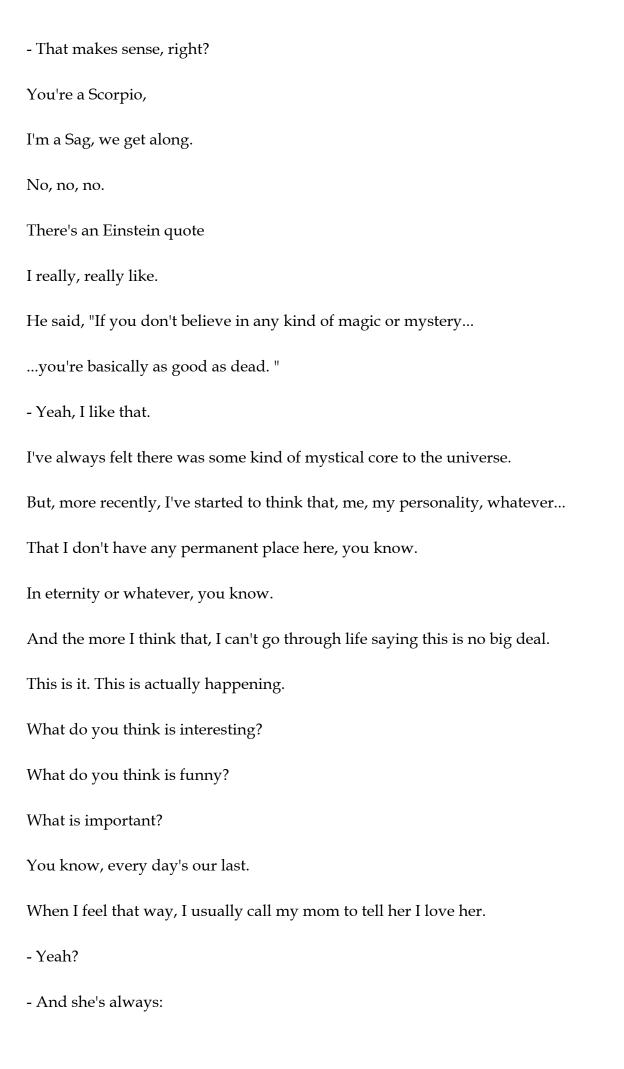
It's less painful to put things away than live with it. What, so that night was, like, a sad memory for you? I didn't mean that night in particular. I meant certain things are better forgotten. I remember that night better than I do entire years. - Me too. - Really? Well, I thought I did. But maybe I... Maybe I put it away because of the fact that... ...my grandmother's funeral was the day we were supposed to meet. It was a tough day for me, but it must've been worse for you. It was unreal. I remember looking at her dead body in the coffin... ...at her beautiful hands, so warm, so sweet, that used to hold me... ...but nothing in that coffin resembled what I remembered of her. All the warmth was gone. And then I was crying, so confused if I was crying... ...because I was never gonna see her again or never gonna see you again... I'm sorry. I'm sorry to go on like this. I've been a little down this week. - Why? - I don't know. Nothing bad, just... Reading your book, maybe?



She was so obsessed with it that, later in life, you know
I had this image in my head that this really happened.
To the point that I even associated sex with that walk home.
I mean, and sometimes, even now, when I'm
When I'm having sex, I see myself walking down that street.
I swear. It's so weird, right?
- Is that street nearby? I mean, could?
- Could we? No.
Very far.
Did you ever keep a journal when you were a kid?
Yeah. On and off, I guess.
It's funny, I read one of mine
from '83 the other day.
- Yeah?
And what really surprised me is
that I was dealing with life the same way I am now.
I was much more hopeful and naive
but the core, and the way I was feeling things, is exactly the same.
It made me realize
I haven't changed much at all.
I don't think anybody does.
People don't want to admit it, but it's like we have these innate set points

and nothing much that happens to us changes our disposition.
- You believe that?
- I think so.
I read this study where they followed people who'd won the lottery
and people who'd become paraplegics.
You'd think one extreme is gonna make you euphoric and the other suicidal.
But the study shows that, after about six months
as soon as people had gotten used to their new situation
they were, more or less, the same.
- The same?
Yeah. Like, if they were basically an optimistic, jovial person
they're now an optimistic, jovial person in a wheelchair.
If they're a petty, miserable asshole
they're a petty, miserable asshole with a new Cadillac, a house and a boat.
So I'll be forever depressed no matter what great things happen?
- Definitely.
- Great.
No, come on, are you depressed now?
No, no, I'm not depressed.
But sometimes I worry
I'll get to the end of my life
feeling I haven't done all I wanted to.





t's almost not worth it.
So, what about us?
· What about us?
No, what I mean is
if we were both going to die tonight
Like the apocalypse was coming?
No, that's too dramatic But what if just the two of us were going to die?
mean, would we talk about your book?
The environment? Or
If today was our last day?
Yeah, what would we talk about?
What would you tell me?
· Well
That's hard, huh?
· No, no, I'll do it.
· Okay.
definitely would stop talking about my book.
I would probably drop the environment.
· Okay.
But I would still want to talk about, you know, the magic in the universe.
· I'd just want to do it from a

Are you gonna commit suicide?"

a hotel room, you know
in between sessions of us wildly fucking until we die.
Wow. Well, why waste time with an hotel room?
Why not do it right there on a bench?
Come here, come here.
Okay. We're not gonna die tonight.
All right. Too bad. I'm sorry.
That was an extreme example.
- I'm sorry.
- Okay.
What I My point was, you know
to truly communicate with people is very hard to do.
No, I know, most of our day-to-day exchanges
Yeah, no, I mean
not to bring everything back to sex
- But why not?
No, this example, this friend of mine, she was talking about
- She and her boyfriend Problems in bed.
- Right.
And how when they had been dating for a year she started telling him
what he could do to please her more, and it freaked him out.

- What?

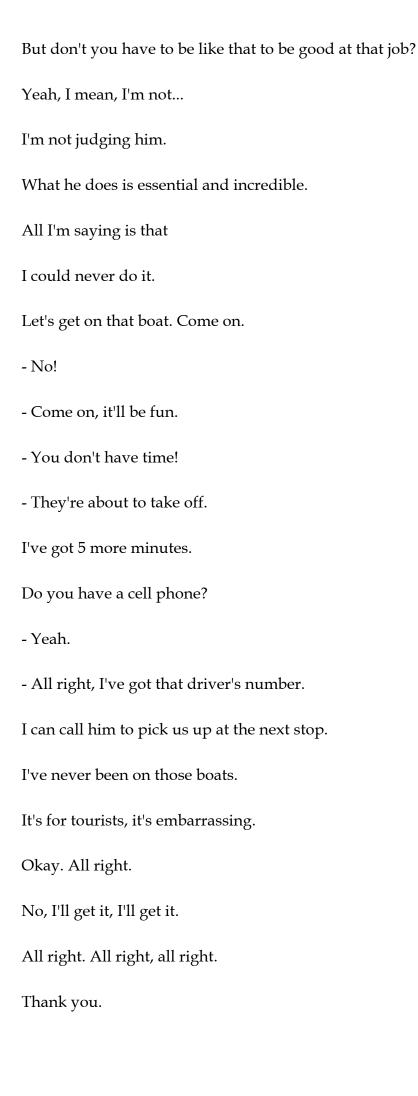
- Why?
- Totally.
He thought it meant he was a bad lover
Maybe she shouldn't have waited so long.
- After a year
- But men are so easily offended.
- What, more than women?
- Definitely on that subject.
- You think so?
- Yeah, yeah.
Well, maybe it's because, you know
men are easier to To please.
- To please?
- Well, I don't know.
- Yeah, they are. They're definitely.
Anyway, this friend, she was telling me
next time she dates a man, she's gonna make a little questionnaire
about what they like and dislike
- What, written down, or out loud?
Yeah, mostly written down.
But it wouldn't be just yes or no.
It would be a bit more complex than that.

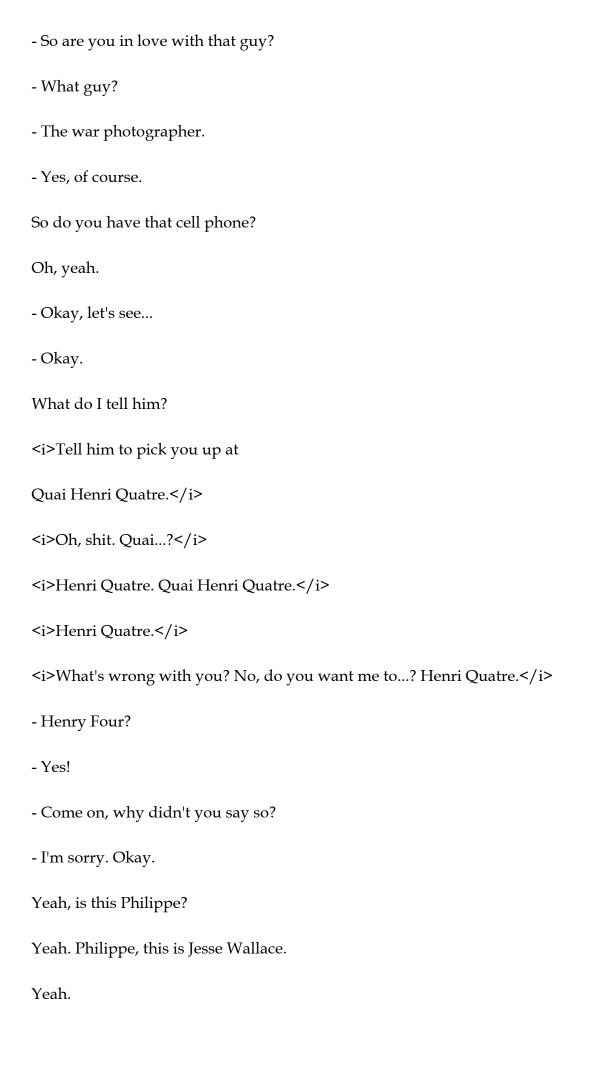
Like, for example, if the question is:
The answer could be: "No, but a good spanking once in a while doesn't hurt. "
Right, or like:
- That kind of thing?
- Yeah, but not just like any dirty talk.
Just "What specific word would you like to hear?"
- What, me?
- Well, yeah.
For example what specific word would you like to hear?
I don't know.
What do you feel about the word
I love it.
Good.
It's amazing what perverts we've become in the past nine years.
At least now we don't have to pretend each new sexual experience
is, like, a life-altering event.
I know. By now, you've stuck it in so many places it's about to fall off.
And I can't realistically expect you've become anything but a total ho.
- Yeah, thank you.
- No, I'm s
- That's true. What can you do?
- What can you do?

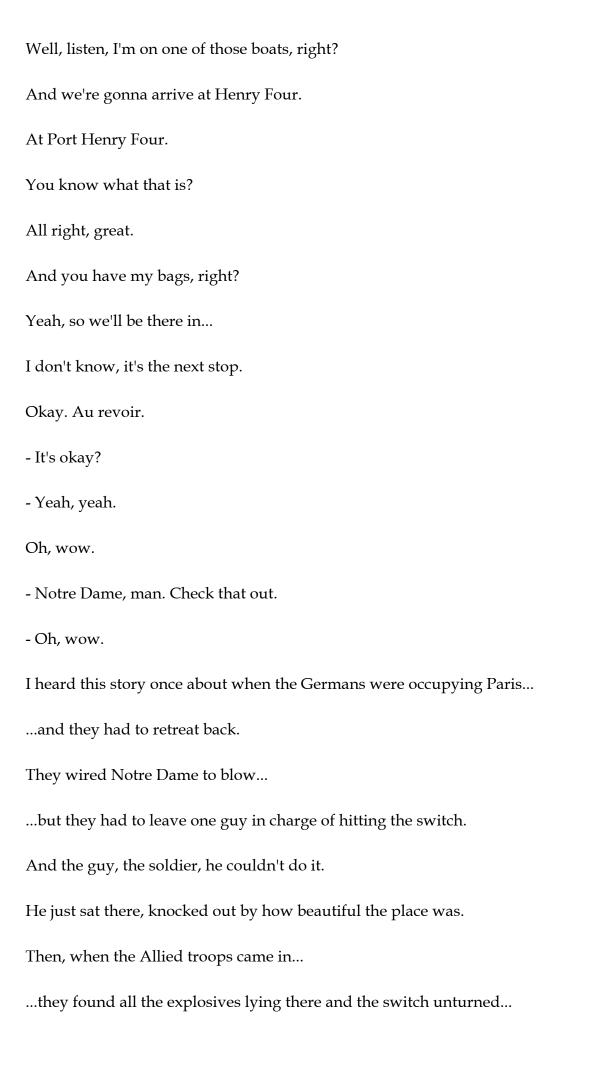
So, what kind of songs do you write?
I didn't know you did that.
- What kind?
- Yeah, sure.
- I don't know, just songs.
- Like?
Like, some are about, you know, people.
Relationships. One's about my cat.
- Sing one.
- No, I can't. I don't have a guitar.
- Come on. A cappella.
- No, no, no.
I'm not singing a song without a guitar.
You're nuts.
Why not?
- No, okay. Not now. No.
- One.
If not now, when? You want to meet here in six months with a guitar?
I'll fly all the way over here.
- You may or may not make the Mtro.
- Okay, that's funny.
- We've got to get back.

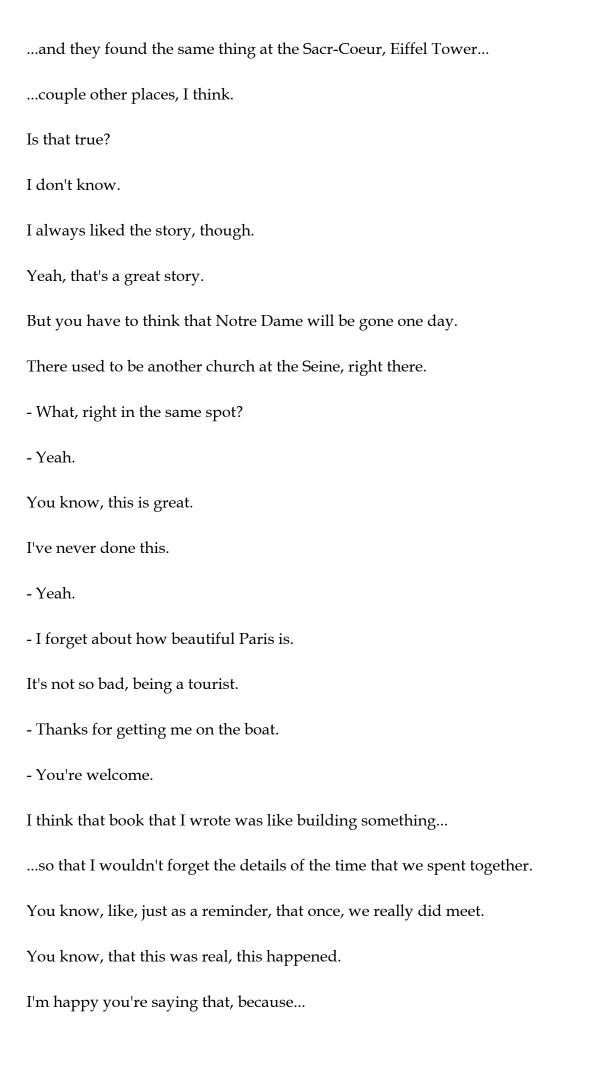
- We'll be all right.
- You're gonna miss your flight.
- All right.
<i>We can walk down La Seine.</i>
It's nice.
Okay.
- So you're flying back to New York?
- Yeah, yeah.
So I read in that article that you're married with a kid. That's great.
Yeah, he's He's 4.
- What's his name?
- Henry. Little Hank.
- He's so much fun.
- Oh, wow, I'm sure.
- Your wife, what does she do?
- She teaches elementary school.
- Do you have kids?
- Yes, two Shit!
- What?
- I left them in the car!
With the windows up, six months ago!
Think they're okay?

No, I'm kidding.
No, but I want to have kids someday.
- I'm just not ready yet.
- No?
- I'm in a good relationship, though.
- Oh yeah? That's good.
- What's he do?
- He's a photojournalist.
He does war coverage.
He's away a lot, which is good because I'm so busy.
But isn't that dangerous? Aren't a lot of those guys getting killed these days?
He promises me he doesn't take risks, but I often worry.
He goes in this trance when he photographs something.
- What do you mean?
- Well, once we were in New Delhi
and we passed a bum on the
- A bomb?
- A bum. A homeless.
All right, right.
He looked like he needed help, but his first reaction was to photograph him.
He went really close to his face, fixing his collar
totally detached from the person.







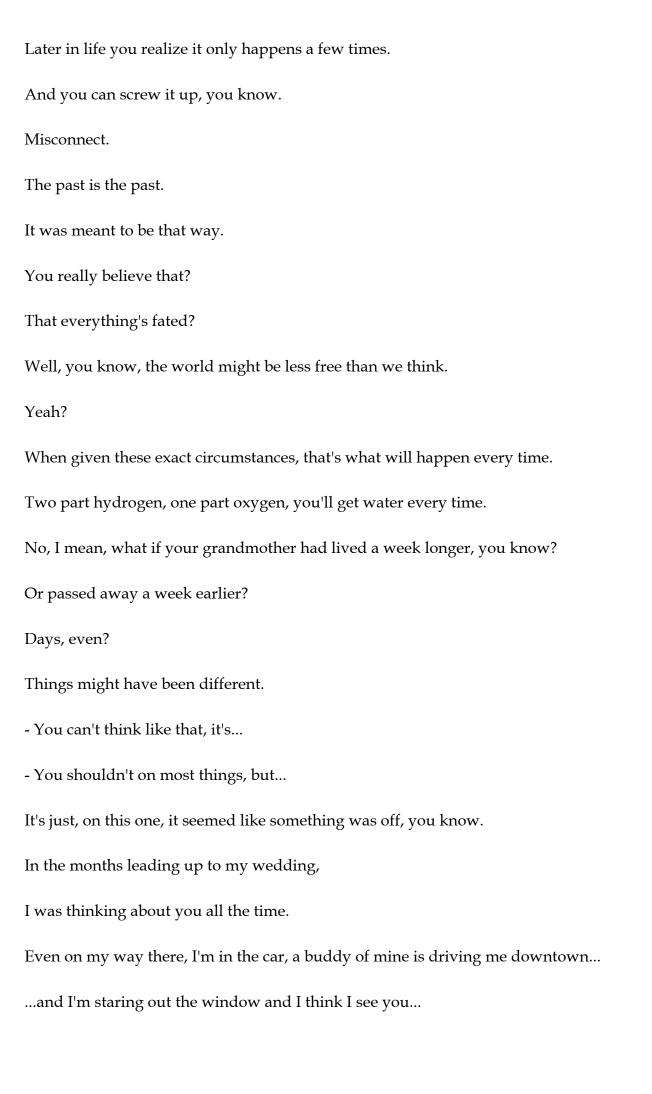


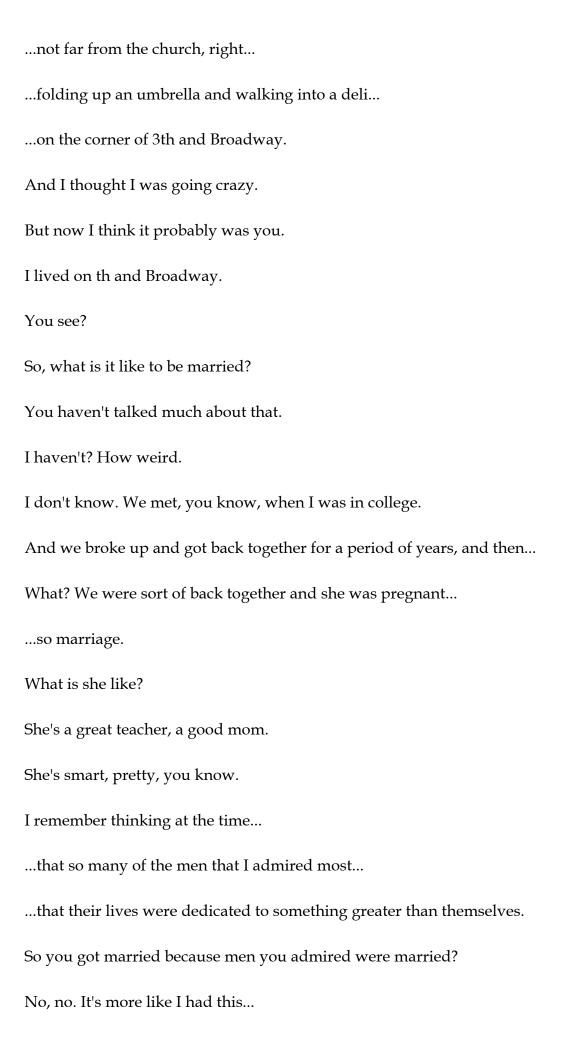
I'm never able to move on like this: People just have an affair, or even entire relationships... ...they break up and they forget. They move on like they would have changed brand of cereals. I feel I was never able to forget anyone I've been with... ...because each person had their own specific qualities. You can never replace anyone. What is lost is lost. Each relationship, when it ends, really damages me. I never fully recover. That's why I'm very careful with getting involved... ...because it hurts too much. Even getting laid, I actually don't do that... ...because I will miss of the person the most mundane things. Like I'm obsessed with little things. Maybe I'm crazy, but when I was a little girl... ...my mom told me that I was always late to school. One day she followed me to see why. I was looking at chestnuts falling from the trees, rolling on the sidewalk... ...or ants crossing the road, the way a leaf casts a shadow on a tree trunk. Little things.

I mean, I always feel like a freak because

I think it's the same with people. I see in them little details, so specific to each of them... ...that move me and that I miss and will always miss. You can never replace anyone... ...because everyone is made of such beautiful, specific details. Like, I remember the way your beard has a bit of red in it... ...and how the sun was making it glow... ...that morning right before you left. I remembered that, and I missed it. Really crazy, right? Now I know for sure. You wanna know why I wrote that stupid book? - Why? - So you'd come to a reading in Paris... ...and I could walk up to you and ask, No... You think I'd be here today? I'm serious. I think I wrote it, in a way, to try to find you. Okay, that's... I know that's not true... ...but that's sweet of you. - I think it is true. What were the chances of us ever meeting again? After that December, I'd say almost zero.

But we're not real anyway, right?	
We're just characters in that old lady's dream.	
She's on her deathbed, fantasizing about her youth.	
So of course we had to meet again.	
Oh, God. Why weren't you there in Vienna?	
- I told you why.	
- I know why, I just	
I wish you would have been.	
Our lives might have been so much different.	
You think so?	
I actually do.	
Maybe not. Maybe we would have hated each other eventually.	
What, like we hate each other now?	
You know, maybe we're	
We're only good at brief encounters	
walking around in European cities, in warm climate.	
Oh, God. Why didn't we exchange phone numbers and stuff?	
Why didn't we do that?	
Because we were young and stupid.	
Do you think we still are?	
I guess when you're young you just believe	
there'll be many people you'll connect with.	

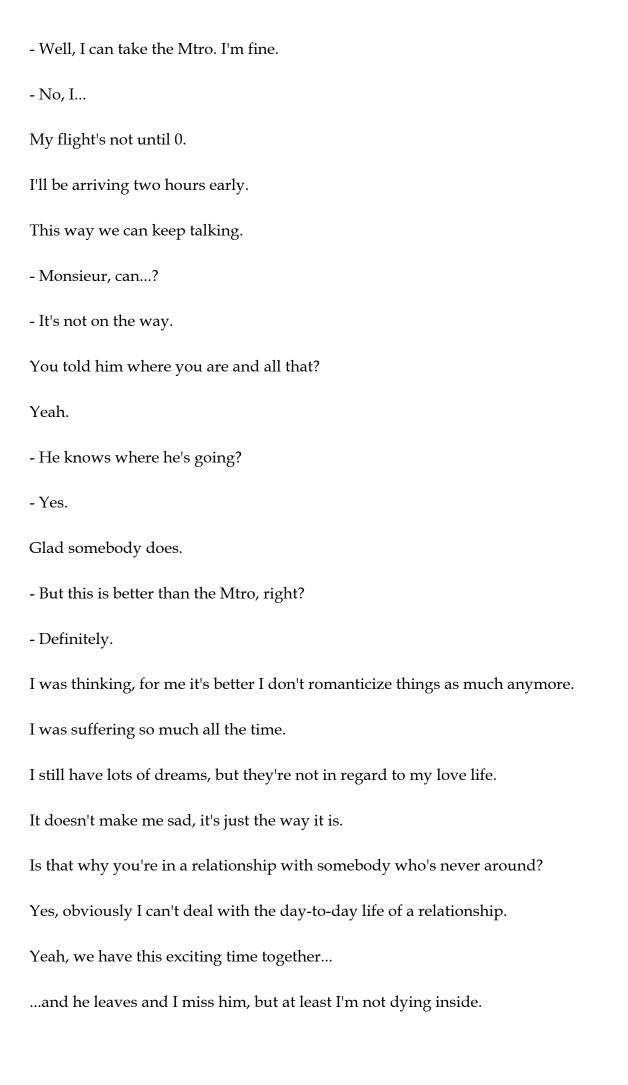


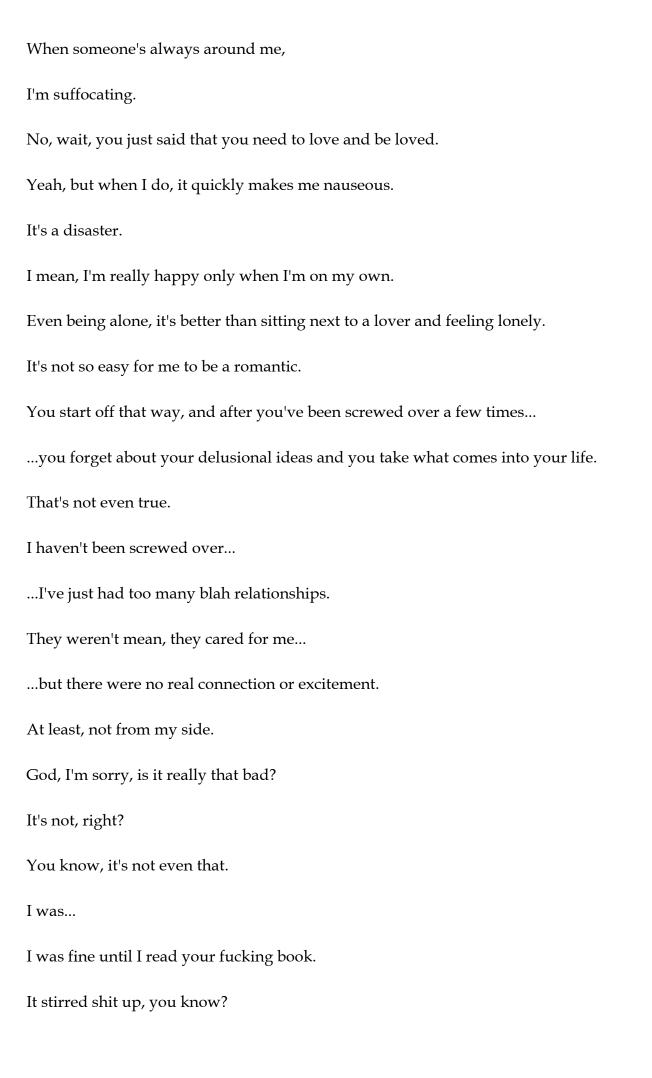


This idea of my best self, you know? And I wanted to pursue that... ...even if it might have been overriding my honest self. You know what I'm saying? In the moment, I remember thinking it didn't much matter, the who of it all. I mean, that nobody is gonna be everything to you... ...and that it's just the action of committing yourself... ...you know, meeting your responsibilities, that matters. I mean, what is love, right, if it's not respect, trust, admiration? And I... I felt all those things. Cut to the present, and I feel like I'm running a nursery... ...with somebody I used to date, you know. I mean, I'm like a monk, you know. I mean, I've had sex less than 0 times in the last four years. - What, what? You laughing at me? - No. - It sounds pathetic? - What monastery do monks have sex...? Okay, you're right, I'm doing better than most monks. But I do, I feel like if somebody were to touch me... ...I would dissolve into molecules. Well, we're here. We've gotta go.

Come on.
Shit.
- I'm sorry to hear that, you know.
- What?
You're not that happy with your marriage.
- This friend of mine, she's a shrink
- How's she doing?
She's a mess, but
No, she said she's been dealing with couples that are breaking up
for the same reason.
- What reason is that?
They all expected, after a few years of living together
for the passion, that desire, to be the same.
- Yeah, right.
- It's impossible.
And thank God
we'd end up with aneurysms in that constant state of excitement, right?
We'd do nothing at all with our lives.
Would you have finished your book if you were fucking every five minutes?
I might have welcomed the challenge,
I mean
It's natural for your wife after the birth of your son

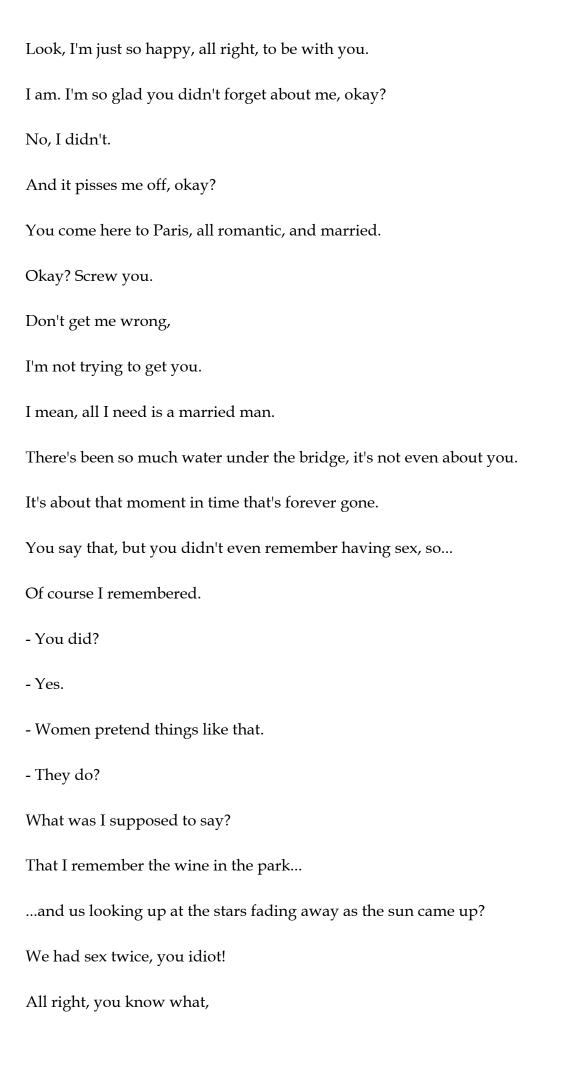
to give all her love to the little one.
- Of course.
If she was obsessed with sex, riding you like a wildcat
That wouldn't make any sense, right?
Everything you're saying makes sense.
It's not about sex.
No, I know. It's obvious.
I
You know, couples are so confused lately.
I think it must be that
men need to feel essential and they don't anymore.
It's been imprinted in their head for so many years
that they had to be the provider.
Like, I'm a strong, independent woman in my professional life.
I don't need a man to feed me
but I still need a man to love me and that I could love.
- So your driver's here.
- Yeah.
Well, I guess this is goodbye.
- You better give me your
- No, no.
Why don't we just give you a ride home?





It reminded me how genuinely romantic I was... ...how I had so much hope in things... ...and now it's like I don't believe in anything that relates to love. I don't feel things for people anymore. In a way, I put all my romanticism into that one night... ...and I was never able to feel all this again. Like, somehow this night took things away from me... ...and I expressed them to you, and you took them with you. It made me feel cold, like love wasn't for me. I don't believe that. I don't believe that. You know what? Reality and love are almost contradictory for me. It's funny, every single of my exes, they're now married. Men go out with me, we break up, and then they get married. And later they call me to thank me for teaching them what love is... ...and that I taught them to care and respect women. - I think I'm one of those. - I want to kill them! Why didn't they ask me? I would have said no, but they could have asked! I know it's my fault because I never felt it was the right man. Never. But what does it mean, the right man, the love of your life?

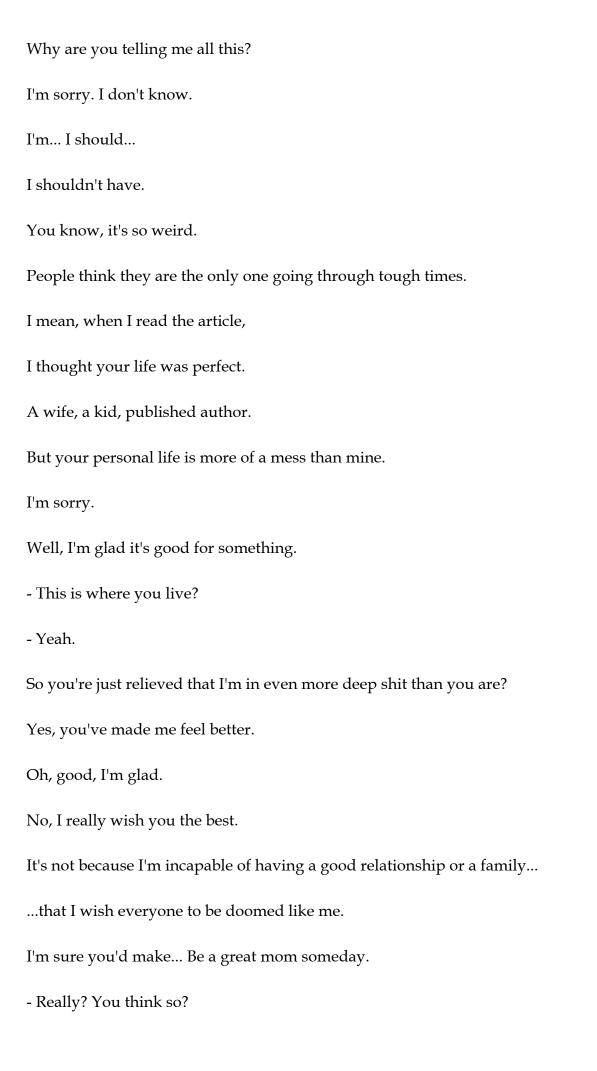
The concept is absurd. We can only be complete with another person.
- It's evil, right?
- Can I talk?
I guess I've been heartbroken too many times and then I recovered.
So now, you know, from the starts,
I make no effort.
- I know it's not gonna work out.
- You can't do that.
You can't live trying to avoid pain
at the expense
- Those are words.
I've gotta get away from you.
- Stop the car, I wanna get out.
- No, don't
- Keep talking.
- It's being around you.
Don't touch me, you know.
I want to get on a cab.
No, don't. No, no, keep going.
Listen, I'm just so happy
Thank you, just keep going.
All right.



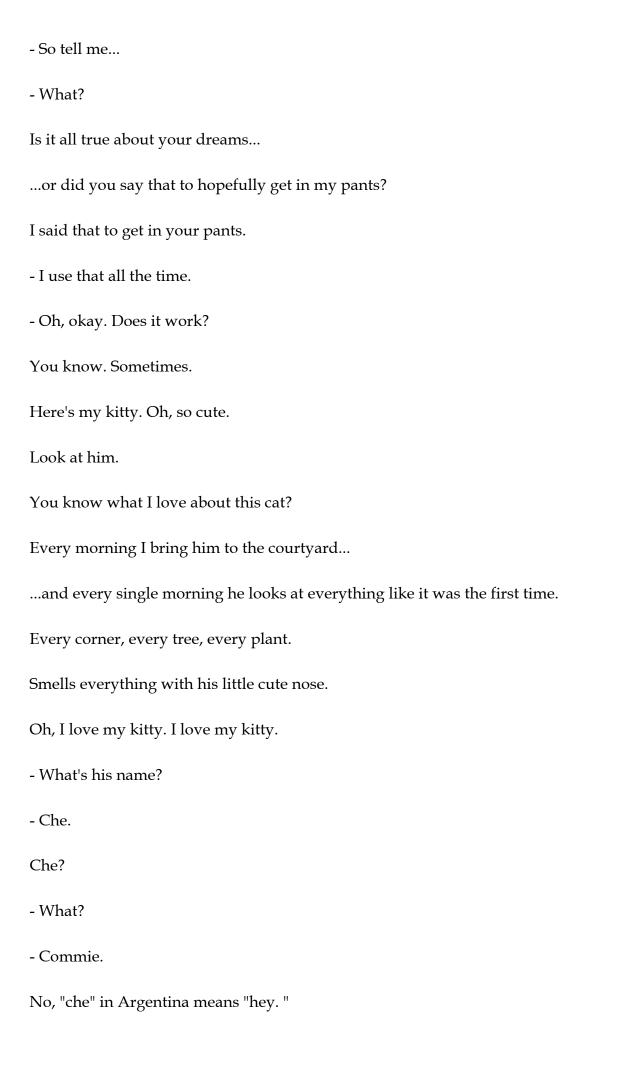
I'm just happy to see you.
Even if you've become an angry, manic-depressive activist
I still like you,
I still enjoy being around you.
And I feel the same. I'm sorry.
I don't know what happened, I just
- I had to let it all out.
- Don't worry about it.
I'm so miserable in my love life, in my relationship.
I always act as
Like, you know, I'm detached.
But I'm dying inside.
I'm dying because I'm so numb.
I don't feel pain or excitement,
I'm not even bitter, I'm just
You think you're the one dying inside?
My life is 24/7 bad.
- I'm sorry.
- No, no.
I mean, the only happiness I get is when I'm out with my son.
I've been to marriage counseling
I've done things I never thought

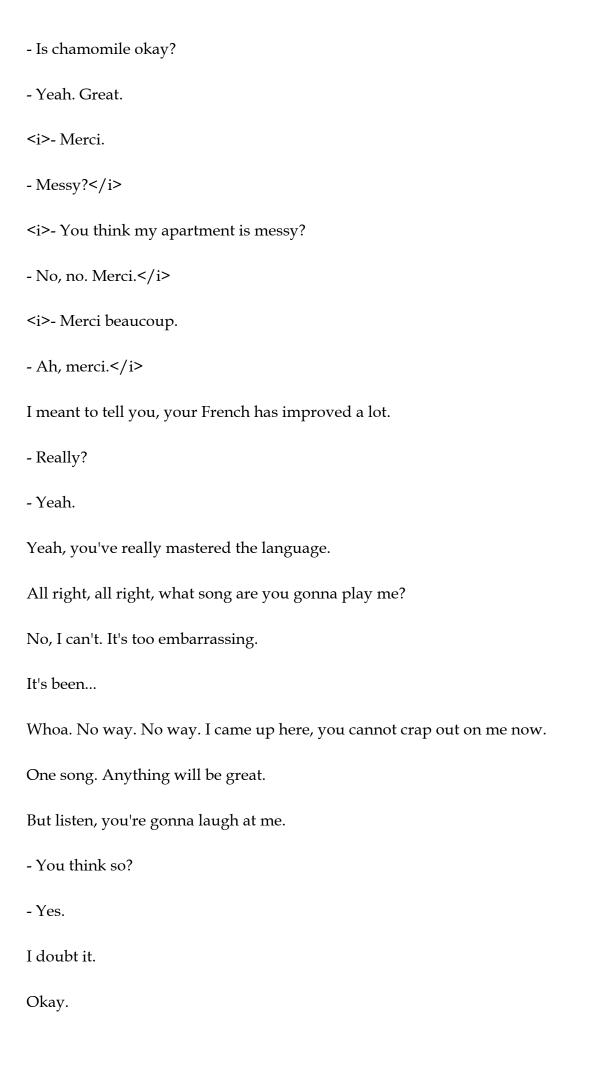
I would have to do. I've lit candles, bought self-help books, lingerie. - Did the candles help? - Hell, no. I don't love her the way she needs to be loved... ...and I don't even see a future for us, but then I look at my little boy... ...sitting across from me, and I think I'd suffer any torture... ...to be with him for all the minutes of his life. I don't want to miss out on one. But then, there's no joy or laughter in my home, you know? - I don't want him growing up in that. - No laughter? That's terrible. My parents have been together 35 years... ...and even when they fight they end up laughing. I don't want to be one of those people who are getting divorced at 52... ...and falling down into tears, admitting they never really loved their spouse... ...and they feel their life has been sucked up into a vacuum cleaner. You know, I want a great life. I want her to have a great life... ...she deserves that. But we're just living in the pretense of a marriage, responsibility... ...you know, all these ideas of how people are supposed to live.

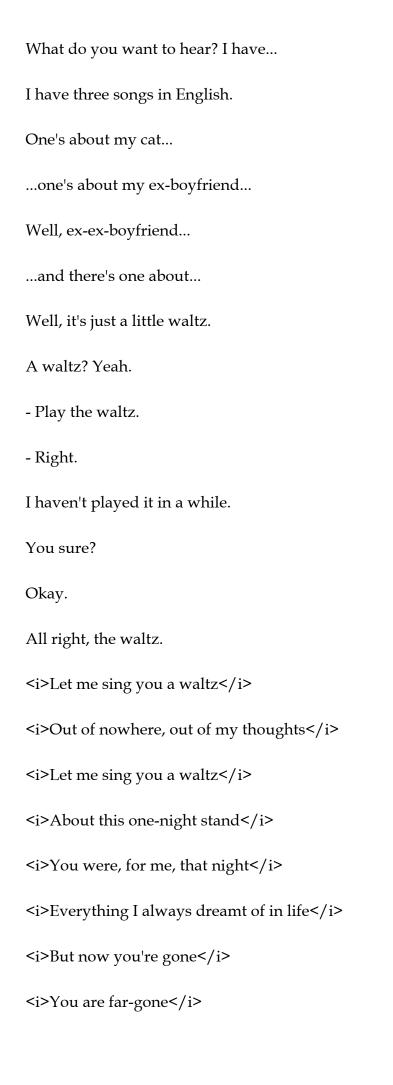
But then I I have these dreams
What dreams?
I have these dreams, you know, that
I'm standing on a platform
and you keep going by on a train
and you go by, and you go by, and you go by, you go by.
And I wake up with the fucking sweats.
And then I have this other dream
where you're pregnant in bed beside me naked
and I want so badly to touch you, but you tell me not to and you look away.
And I And I touch you anyway
right on your ankle, and your skin is so soft that I wake up in sobs, all right?
My wife is there looking at me, and I feel I'm a million miles from her.
And I know that there's something wrong, that I
God, that I can't keep living like this
that there's gotta be more to love than commitment.
But then I think that
I might have given up
on the whole idea of romantic love.
That I might have put it to bed that
That day when you weren't there.
You know, I think I might have done that.



- Yeah
a few antidepressants, you know, you'll do great.
- Okay, say stop.
- Stop.
- Okay.
- You ready? Okay.
- So I want to try something.
- What?
I want to see if you stay together or if you dissolve into molecules.
How am I doing?
Still here.
Good. I like being here.
Is this your apartment?
No, I live down there.
- Down there?
- Yeah.
Monsieur, I'm gonna walk her to her door.
This is incredible.
- This is where you live?
- Yeah.
- How long have you been here?
- Four years.







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<i>All the way to your island of rain</i>
<i>It was, for you, just a one-night thing</i>
<i>But you were much more to me</i>
<i>Just so you know</i>
<i>I don't care what they say</i>
<i>I know what you meant
For me that day</i>
<i>I just want another try</i>
<i>I just want another night</i>
<i>Even if it doesn't seem quite right</i>
<i>You meant, for me, much more</i>
<i>Than anyone I've met before</i>
<i>One single night with you, little Jesse</i>
<i>Is worth a thousand with anybody</i>
<i>I have no bitterness, my sweet</i>
<i>I'll never forget this one-night thing</i>
<i>Even tomorrow, in other arms</i>
<i>My heart will stay yours until I die</i>
<i>Let me sing you a waltz</i>
<i>Out of nowhere, out of my blues</i>
<i>Let me sing you a waltz</i>
<i>About this lovely one-night stand</i>
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- No, one more! Please, please.	
- No! It was our deal.	
One One song. No, no, no.	
You can have your tea and then	
- All right, let me ask you one question.	
- What?	
Do you just plug that name in for every guy that comes up here?	
Yes, of course.	
What do you think, that I wrote the song about you? Are you nuts?	
Is this you? Little cross-eyed Celine?	
- Yes. That's funny.	
- Cute.	
- Is that your grandmother?	
- Yeah.	
Oh, wow.	
- You want some honey?	
- Yeah, sure.	
Did you ever see Nina Simone in concert?	
No, I never did.	
I can't believe she's gone.	
I know, it's so sad.	
Thanks.	

It's hot.
I saw her twice in concert.
She was so great.
That's one of my favorite songs of hers.
She was so great.
She was so funny in concert too.
She would She would be right in the middle of a song and then
you know, stop
and walk from the piano all the way to the edge of the stage.
Like, really slowly.
And she'd start talking to someone in the audience.
I love you too. "
And then she'd walk back.
Take her time, no hurry, you know.
She had that big, cute ass.
She would move.
And then she would go back to the piano and play some more, you know.
And then she would, I don't know
just start another song in the middle of another.
You know, like, stop again, and be like: can you move that fan.
You're cute.
Oh, yeah. "

Baby, you are gonna miss that plane.
I know.
Subtitles by