

VICKY CRISTINA BARCELONA

by  
Woody Allen

IRIS OUT TO:

EXT. BARCELONA AIRPORT - DAY

FS - The wall of the airport is a brightly colored mosaic.

Camera pans and dollies off the wall, to reveal CRISTINA and VICKY, two young American women, who pull their bags away from the front of the airport. Vicky is a thoughtful brunette and Cristina is a beautiful free-spirited blonde.

Cristina and Vicky walk to a TAXI DRIVER standing beside a taxi.

CRISTINA

Hi.

They stop as the taxi driver prepares to put their bags in the trunk.

INT. TAXI - DAY

FS - Through the windshield as the taxi moves down a highway to the city. Camera tilts up on a road sign, which reads:

"BARCELONA"

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Vicky and Cristina decided to spend the summer in Barcelona.

MCS - Vicky sitting in the rear passenger seat, looks out the window at the passing countryside.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)

Vicky was completing her master's in Catalan identity, which she had become interested in through her great affection for the architecture of Gaudí.

DISSOLVE TO:

MCS - Cristina sits in the rear driver's seat.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)  
Cristina, who spent the last six months writing, directing and acting in a twelve-minute film, which she then hated, had just broken up with yet another boyfriend, and longed for a change of scenery.

She looks down thoughtfully.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)  
Everything fell into place when a distant relative of Vicky's family, who lived in Barcelona, offered to put both girls up for July and August.

MCS - VICKY looks out the window at the countryside.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)  
The two best friends had been close...

A SPLIT SCREEN slides in and shows Cristina sitting on the other side of the taxi.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)  
...since college and shared the same tastes and opinions on most matters. Yet, when it came to the subject of love, it would be hard to find two more dissimilar viewpoints.

Vicky takes her cell phone out of her purse and dials a number.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)  
Vicky had no tolerance for pain and no lust for combat. She was grounded and realistic. Her requirements in a man were seriousness and stability.

VICKY (OVERLAPPING)  
(into cell phone)  
Hi.

INT. DOUG'S APARTMENT - NEW YORK - NIGHT

DOUG, Vicky's businessman fiancée, lies under the covers of his bed and talks into a cordless phone.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
 She had become engaged to Doug  
 because he was decent and  
 successful...

DOUG (OVERLAPPING)  
 (into telephone)  
 --woke me up.  
 (chuckles)

INT. TAXI - BARCELONA - DAY

Vicky talks into her cell phone.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
 ...and understood the beauty of  
 commitment.

VICKY (OVERLAPPING)  
 (into cell phone)  
 Oh, well, I'm sorry, I know I woke  
 you. Yeah, I'm -- I miss you, too.

Cristina, tugging at the ends of her hair, looks down wistfully.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
 Cristina, on the other hand,  
 expected something very different  
 out of love. She had reluctantly  
 accepted suffering as an inevitable  
 component of deep passion, and was  
 resigned to putting her feelings at  
 risk. If you asked her what it was  
 she was gambling her emotions on to  
 win, she would not have been able  
 to say. And that was exactly what  
 Vicky valued above all else.

EXT. NASH HOUSE - DAY

The taxi turns through a gate toward a large house.

INT. NASH HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Cristina follows Vicky into the living room. JUDY NASH walks down the stairs.

VICKY  
Hello.  
(chuckling)  
Hi.

JUDY  
Oh, hello. Hi.

VICKY  
Hi.

JUDY  
(chuckling)  
You're Vicky.

VICKY  
Yes, yes. Vicky.

Judy stops at the bottom of the stairs and shakes hands with Vicky.

JUDY  
(chuckles)  
You're so grown up.

VICKY  
(chuckles)  
Well, it's been a while.

Judy kisses Vicky's cheeks.

VICKY (cont'd)  
It's so great to see you.

JUDY  
Well, welcome to Barcelona.

Cristina stops beside Judy, who looks at her.

CRISTINA  
Hi. Cristina.

Judy shakes hands with Cristina.

JUDY  
Oh, Cristina, I'm Judy.

CRISTINA

Hi.

INT. NASH HOUSE/BEDROOM - DAY

Judy leads Vicky and Cristina into a bedroom.

JUDY

This is your room.

VICKY

Oh, perfect, this is gorgeous.

CRISTINA

Wow, this house is so huge.

JUDY

I put you together.

EXT. NASH HOUSE - DAY

Vicky stands on the balcony outside the bedroom as Cristina turns and gestures at Judy.

CRISTINA

Judy, thank you so much for having me here...

Vicky steps to the railing and looks at the beautiful view of the city.

CRISTINA (cont'd)

...because I know, you know, it's so last-minute and you don't know me at all and...

JUDY

No, I...

CRISTINA

...to include me is just so sweet of you.

JUDY

But, I-I-I have to tell you, ah, eh, it's, it's so nice to have a little action around here. It's been so quiet since Arthur went off to college, so it's...

VICKY

Awww.

EXT. NASH HOUSE - LATER

A MAID, holding a tray, walks out of the house onto the terrace to a table. Judy and MARK, her businessman husband, sit on one side of the table and Cristina and Vicky sit on the other side of the table. They are eating lunch.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

After the girls unpacked and Judy's husband, Mark, got home from the golf course, lunch was served on the terrace.

JUDY

We have a beautiful home, and, yes...

MARK

Yeah, well, we've really come to love it. It's pretty nice here.

The maid stops at the end of the table and puts down the tray.

JUDY

Well, he makes friends with anybody and he speaks the language, so he was like, "Whee!"

Vicky and Cristina chuckle.

MARK

Well, you learned just fine.

The maid walks back toward the house.

MARK (cont'd)

So what do you do, Cristina?

Cristina leans back in her seat and looks at Mark.

CRISTINA

I am currently at liberty.

JUDY

Hm.

VICKY

Oh, come on. She, she made a film.

MARK

Mm.

JUDY

(gasps)

How exciting.

VICKY

Yeah.

CRISTINA

It was twelve minutes.

MARK

What was it about?

Vicky looks hesitantly at Mark.

CRISTINA

About? It was, uh, it was about why  
love is so hard to define.

Mark smiles at Cristina.

MARK

(chuckles)

Wow, that's a mighty big subject to  
handle in twelve minutes.

Cristina chuckles. Vicky stares at Mark.

JUDY

Vicky...you're, you're getting your  
master's in something within--

VICKY

Yeah, my master's in, uh, Catalan  
identity.

JUDY

Ah, well.

MARK

What do you plan on doing with  
that?

VICKY

Oh...

Vicky shrugs at Mark.



VICKY (cont'd)  
 ..God, I don't know, uh, maybe  
 teaching, maybe curating.

JUDY  
 Well...you don't have to do  
 something, you know.

Judy glances at Mark.

JUDY (cont'd)  
 But she's marrying this wonderful  
 man in the fall and all of her  
 conflicts will be resolved when he  
 makes her pregnant.

Judy, Cristina and Mark laugh.

VICKY  
 (chuckling)  
 Oh, well...

MARK  
 Well, now that Judy's decided your  
 future...

Judy holds up her glass of wine.

JUDY  
 To, uh, your summer in Barcelona.  
 Welcome.

MARK  
*Salud.*

Vicky and Cristina reach across the table and toast with Judy  
 her and Mark.

CRISTINA  
 Cheers.

VICKY  
*Salud. Salud.*

EXT. BARCELONA STREETS - DAY

Vicky and Cristina look up at the spires on the top of a  
 church

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
In the days that followed...  
...Vicky and Cristina drank in the  
artistic treasures of the city.

INT. MUSEUM - DAY

FS - LOW ANGLE - Looking up at the ceiling as camera dollies  
in.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
They particularly enjoyed the works  
of Gaudí and Miró.

EXT. MUSEUM - DAY

Judy, Vicky and Cristina walk around a sculpture on a  
terrace. Cristina uses a digital camera to snap a photograph  
of the sculpture.

EXT. MUSEUM - DAY

Judy, Cristina and Vicky, who stand on a staircase.

TOURISTS walk around the roof of the museum, which has  
sculptures all around it. Judy, Cristina and Vicky look up at  
one of the sculptures.

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - DAY

A sailboat moves across the water

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Once, Mark and Judy invited Vicky  
and Cristina to go sailing with  
them...

EXT. BOAT - DAY

A CREWMAN sails the boat across the water. Vicky sits against  
a railing and Judy is sitting on a deck chair.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
...on Mark's boat.

CHARLES, a handsome young businessman, and Cristina hold  
glasses of wine and sit against a railing.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)  
With Cristina in mind, Mark and Judy asked along the son of one of his business partners, an eligible young man Mark thought she might like.

CHARLES  
My dad's Mark's partner. I work for Dad. It's basically investment management. Believe me, it's not too exciting. My dream is to accumulate enough wealth and sail off to an island somewhere and spend the rest of my days snorkeling.  
(chuckles lightly)  
I'm actually a snorkeling nut.

Cristina nods politely and raises her glass toward her mouth.

CHARLES (cont'd)  
Have you ever snorkeled before?

Cristina shakes her head.

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - DAY

The sailboat sails across the water.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Unfortunately, Charles and Cristina were not a match made in heaven.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

A CHEF leads Vicky and gestures around the kitchen. KITCHEN WORKERS are working around the kitchen.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Vicky, meanwhile, researched every aspect of Catalan life, even getting a tour of the market...

Vicky makes notes in a notebook as the chef lectures.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)  
...and a local restaurant, to delve into Catalan cooking.

EXT. RESTAURANT TERRACE - DAY

PEOPLE sit at tables as a GUITAR PLAYER, sitting BG, PLAYS his guitar.

Vicky and Cristina sit at a table and look at the guitar player.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

On balmy summer nights, the girls would sometimes go to hear Spanish guitar music, which never failed to move Vicky in some magical way.

Camera dollies in on Vicky, who looks raptly at the guitar player.

EXT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT

A CROWD OF PEOPLE who stand around the gallery and look at the exhibition. Vicky, Cristina and Judy stand by a wall of paintings.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

One evening, Mark and Judy took them to the opening of a friend's art gallery. Many local artists and a number of collectors attended.

JUDY

Do you like them?

VICKY

I do. Thank you so much for taking us.

JUDY

Well, you know, we buy from this gallery. Mark has commissioned this, this artist to do this series of pictures...

VICKY

Mm-hm.

Cristina looks at someone O.S.

JUDY

...for his office walls. Um...Yeah, I think they'll be beautiful.

CRISTINA  
Is that the artist over there?

Judy turns and looks O.S.

JUDY  
Where?

CRISTINA  
In the red?

JUDY  
Uh, no. No-no-no-no. That's not....  
No.

CRISTINA  
Mm.

JUDY  
Uh, Alfred is, um.... Oh, no, he's  
the gentleman in that, the linen  
coat right there.

Vicky looks at the man O.S.

CRISTINA  
Oh.

JUDY  
That's him. Um...I, I don't know  
who that is.

Judy turns to Mark, who stands behind them looking at a painting.

JUDY (cont'd)  
Ah, Mark?

Mark turns toward Judy.

MARK  
Yeah.

JUDY  
Who is that gentleman in the red  
shirt right over there? Who is  
that?

MARK  
Who?

Mark looks at the O.S. man.

JUDY  
The, the gentleman in the red  
shirt. Who is it?

MARK  
Oh.

JUDY  
Right there, who is it?

MARK  
He's a painter. Remember? Diego  
told us about him? He had that  
fiery relationship with that  
beautiful woman who was nuts?

JUDY  
Oh, my God.

MARK  
With the violent fighting and...

Cristina glances at Mark and Judy.

JUDY  
Oh, yes, yes, yes, yes.

MARK  
Yeah, he had the, the messy  
divorce.

JUDY  
Oh, my God, oh, my God.

Cristina looks at O.S. Juan Antonio.

MARK  
It was in all the newspapers.  
(whispering)  
Yeah, that's him.

JUDY  
Oh, it is.

Judy returns to Vicky and Cristina and Mark turns to talk to  
some PEOPLE.

JUDY (cont'd)  
Oh, my God. Um, his name is, uh,  
Juan Antonio Gonzalo and he, uh, he  
had this hot divorce and she tried  
to kill him. Or he tried to kill  
her.

Cristina looks at Judy with amazement.

CRISTINA

What?

JUDY

I, it was this, like really big thing in the art world. I can't remember the details...

Cristina looks at O.S. Juan Antonio.

JUDY (cont'd)

...but he, you know, it, eh, well, you know, we don't move in those bohemian...circles, so I don't know.

MFS - JUAN ANTONIO GONZALO, a handsome painter in a red shirt, stands amidst the crowd and drinks from a glass of champagne.

EXT. BARCELONA STREETS - NIGHT

Some PEOPLE shoot off sparklers in the street.

Vicky and Cristina walk down the street past a church.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Vicky and Cristina left the art gallery and decided to go for dinner. They strolled past the church in the wonderful summer night air, while people celebrated...

Vicky and Cristina walk out of frame.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Vicky and Cristina sit at a table at the restaurant. There are plates of food in front of them.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

...finally winding up around midnight at a little restaurant.

CRISTINA

...Well, it's just nice to be able to not have to worry about if some place is gonna stay open or...

Cristina takes a pin out of her hair and lets it fall down around her shoulders.

VICKY

Yeah, but you-- we probably should be worrying about our, y'know, dreams.

Cristina glances over her shoulder at someone O.S.

Vicky looks in the same direction, then looks at Cristina.

VICKY (cont'd)

What are you-- who-- who are you looking at?

CRISTINA

Isn't that the, uh...isn't that the painter that we just saw at the gallery?

MS - Juan Antonio sits at a table with some PEOPLE.

VICKY

Oh, yeah, right. He's the uh, the painter with the bad divorce. Mark told us. It was, I was half listening.

Cristina, drinking from a glass of wine, looks at Vicky.

CRISTINA

He keeps looking over here.

VICKY

Well, that's because you keep provoking contact.

Cristina shakes her head.

CRISTINA

I'm not provoking contact.

VICKY

You are, you've been throwing little looks at him all night.

CRISTINA

I'm just drinking my wine.

Vicky nods at Cristina.



VICKY

Mm-hm. Yeah, of course you are.

Vicky glances at O.S. Juan Antonio.

VICKY (cont'd)

Well, you, you must be doing something because uh, he's...

Juan Antonio stands up and walks across the restaurant.

VICKY (O.S.) (cont'd)

...coming over.

Juan Antonio stops at Vicky and Cristina's table and looks at the women.

JUAN ANTONIO

American?

CRISTINA

I'm Cristina and this is my friend, Vicky.

Juan Antonio looks at Cristina.

JUAN ANTONIO

What color are your eyes?

Cristina smiles at him. Vicky looks across the table at her with disbelief.

CRISTINA

Uh...they're blue.

JUAN ANTONIO

I would like to invite you both to come with me to Oviedo.

VICKY

To come where?

JUAN ANTONIO

To Oviedo. For the weekend. We leave in one hour.

CRISTINA

What, where is Oviedo?

JUAN ANTONIO

A very short flight.

VICKY  
By plane?

JUAN ANTONIO  
Mm-hm.

CRISTINA  
What's in Oviedo?

JUAN ANTONIO  
I go to see a sculpture that is  
very inspiring to me. A very  
beautiful sculpture.

Juan Antonio nods at Vicky.

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)  
You'll love it.

Vicky gestures with disbelief.

CRISTINA  
Oh.

VICKY  
Oh, right, y-y-y-you're asking us  
to fly to Oviedo and back?

JUAN ANTONIO  
Mm...no, we'll spend the weekend. I  
mean, I'll show you around the city  
and...we'll eat well, we'll drink  
good wine, we'll make love.

Vicky stares at Juan Antonio as Cristina smiles.

VICKY  
Yeah...who-who exactly is going to,  
eh, make love?

JUAN ANTONIO  
Hopefully, the three of us.

Cristina sighs.

VICKY  
Oh, my God.

JUAN ANTONIO  
I'll get your bill.

VICKY

Jesus, this guy, he doesn't beat around the bush. Look, *senor*, maybe in a different life.

JUAN ANTONIO

Mm-hm? Why not? Life is short. Life is dull. Life is full of pain. And this is a chance for something special.

VICKY

Right, well, who-who exactly are you?

JUAN ANTONIO

I am Juan Antonio. And you are...

(to Vicky)

...Vicky...

(to Cristina)

...and you are Cristina. Right? Or is it the other way around?

CRISTINA

Yeah, that's right.

VICKY

Yeah, I mean, eh, you know, it could be the other way around because, frankly, it doesn't matter because either of us will do to keep the bed warm. You know, I, I get it.

JUAN ANTONIO

Well, you are both so lovely and beautiful.

VICKY

Yeah, thank you, but we do not fly off to make love with whoever invites us to charming little Spanish towns.

JUAN ANTONIO

(to Cristina)

Does she always analyze every inspiration until each grain of charm is...uh...*como se dice*, eh, squeezed out of it.

CRISTINA

I guess I have to say that, um...My eyes are green, actually.

VICKY

Oh, God, look, I wouldn't call our reluctance to leap at your sexual offer being over-analytical. If you would care to join us for some recognized form of social interaction, like a drink, then we'd be fine, but otherwise, I think you should try, you know, offering to some other table.

JUAN ANTONIO

Mm-hm. What offended you about the offer? Surely not that I find you both beautiful and desirable.

VICKY

Offended me, no. It's very amusing, galling, to be honest, but, uh, the-

Vicky looks at Cristina, then checks her wristwatch.

VICKY (cont'd)

(to Cristina)

Is it my imagination or is it getting a little late? Shall we go?

Cristina smiles at Juan Antonio.

CRISTINA

I would love to go to Oviedo.

Vicky looks at Cristina with disbelief.

VICKY

What? Are you kidding? Can we discuss this?

Cristina shakes her head at Vicky.

CRISTINA

I think it would be so much fun. I think we should go.

(to Juan Antonio)

I would love to go.

VICKY

Cristina, can we discuss this some other time when--?

JUAN ANTONIO

(to Cristina)

You know, when I saw you across the room at the art gallery, I noticed you have beautiful lips. Very full, very sensual.

CRISTINA

Thank you.

VICKY

Okay, okay, look. I'm sure...You know, if you wanna go--

CRISTINA

(to Juan Antonio)

Well, I can't guarantee the lovemaking because I happen to very moody.

Juan Antonio shakes his head.

JUAN ANTONIO

Let's not negotiate like a contract. I came over here with no subterfuge and presented my best offer. Now I hope you will discuss it and give me the pleasure to take you with me to Oviedo. I have the good fortune to borrow my friend's plane. It's just big enough for the three of us and I'm a very good pilot.

VICKY

Right. Oh, it sounds very safe.

JUAN ANTONIO

Think it over.

Juan Antonio walks away from the table, leaving Vicky and Cristina to discuss his proposition.

VICKY

I hope you're joking about going.

CRISTINA

Oh my God, this guy is so interesting.

VICKY

Interesting? Are you kidding? What's so interesting?

VICKY(cont'd)

He wants to get us both into bed.  
You know, but he'll settle for  
either. In this case, you.

Vicky sighs.

CRISTINA

Vicky, I'm a big girl, okay? If I  
want to sleep with him, I will. If  
not, I won't.

VICKY

Cristina, he's a total stranger.  
This is impulsive, even for you  
and, if I heard right, he-he was  
violent with his wife.

CRISTINA

Well at least he's not one of those  
factory-made zombies, you know? I  
mean, this would be a great way to  
get to know him.

VICKY

No it's not. I'm not going to  
Oviedo with this charmingly candid  
wife beater, you know? You find his  
aggressiveness attractive, but I  
don't. And he's certainly not  
handsome.

CRISTINA

Well I think he's very handsome.  
He's got a great look. I mean,  
he's, you know, he's really sexy.

VICKY

Mm-hm. Well, you would, because  
you're, you know, you're a  
neurotic.

CRISTINA

Look, you got to admire his no-  
bullshit approach.

VICKY

What are you talking about? It's  
all bullshit. I'm not going to  
Oviedo. First off, I've never heard  
of Oviedo. I don't find him  
winning. Third, even if I wasn't  
engaged and was free to have some  
kind of dalliance with a Spaniard,  
I wouldn't pick this one.

Vicky's cell phone RINGS. Vicky pulls it out of her purse and answers it.

VICKY (cont'd)  
(into cell phone)  
Hello? Hi. Oh, hi, I can't talk right now, I'm trying to save Cristina from making a potentially fatal mistake. What? No, the usual. Yeah, I'll call you back. I love you, too.

CRISTINA  
If we go back to the house now, we can just throw some things in a bag and then we'll meet him there. Look, I took an instant liking to this guy. I mean, you know, he's not one of those cookie-cutter molds, you know? He's creative and artistic.

VICKY  
Cookie-cutter mold? What, what are you-- Is that what you think of Doug?

CRISTINA  
Doug? Who said anything about Doug?

VICKY  
It's ridiculous. You like the way it sounds to pick up and fly off in an airplane.

CRISTINA  
I know. I don't know why I'm so scared unless I'm scared of myself.

VICKY  
It's a mistake, Cristina.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

A small plane flies through a STORMY sky with LIGHTNING FLASHING around it.

INT. PLANE - NIGHT

Juan Antonio flies the plane and Cristina sits in the passenger seat beside him.

JUAN ANTONIO

They predicted a little storm out of town, out of Oviedo, but it's nothing serious. Don't you worry. Really. As you can see here... There, it's just, it's just a little bumpy, right?

Cristina looks over her shoulder and the camera pans slightly to reveal Vicky, who sits in the back of the plane. She looks around nervously.

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)

(to Cristina)

Would you like to fly it?

CRISTINA

Um, no thank you!

JUAN ANTONIO

It's easy. It's even easier than a car. Try it.

EXT. OVIEDO HOTEL - DAY

A taxi turns toward the front of an elegant hotel.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

By early morning, they had reached their destination and proceeded to a hotel that Juan Antonio had selected for them.

INT. OVIEDO HOTEL/LOBBY - DAY

Juan Antonio, Cristina and Vicky walk across a balcony with TWO BELLMEN.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Vicky made sure she and Cristina had their own room and Juan Antonio had his. If he was disappointed, he hid it well.

Vicky and Cristina walk down a corridor toward their room as Juan Antonio walks toward his room.

EXT. JULIAN DE LOS PRADOS - DAY

A church is in the background.



NARRATOR (V.O.)  
After freshening up, he took  
them...

INT. JULIAN DE LOS PRADOS - DAY

Cristina, Juan Antonio and Vicky look up at a sculpture of  
Christ on the cross.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
...to see the sculpture that was so  
meaningful to him.

CRISTINA  
Are you very religious?

JUAN ANTONIO  
No, no-no. No-no, I'm not. The  
trick is to enjoy life, accepting  
that it has no meaning whatsoever.

Cristina looks at Juan Antonio with disbelief.

CRISTINA  
No meaning?

Vicky shakes her head and chuckles.

VICKY  
Right.

CRISTINA  
You don't even think that authentic  
love gives life meaning.

JUAN ANTONIO  
Yes, but love is...so transient.  
Isn't it? I was in love with the  
most incredible woman...and...and  
in the end...

Juan Antonio shakes his head and chuckles lightly.

VICKY  
Yes?

JUAN ANTONIO  
(grunting sigh)  
...she put a knife into me.

CRISTINA  
My God, that's terrible!

VICKY

Well, maybe you did something to  
deserve it.

Vicky looks back up at the cross.

EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE - DAY

Cristina, Vicky and Juan Antonio sit at a table and eat  
lunch.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Juan Antonio took his guests for  
lunch. They discussed art and  
romance. He was full of stories  
about Maria Elena, his ex-wife,  
whom he both criticized and  
idolized.

EXT. OVIEDO STREETS - DAY

Juan Antonio talks to Vicky as Cristina takes photographs of  
the buildings.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He proved to be a good host, and in  
the afternoon, he took them to see  
the local sights, where they  
enjoyed hearing about the city and  
took photos.

Cristina points her digital camera at Vicky and Juan Antonio.  
Vicky waves her hand at Cristina with annoyance, indicating  
she does not want Cristina to take a photograph.

Cristina gets Vicky and Juan Antonio to pose as she takes a  
picture of them.

INT. SWEET SHOP - DAY

Cristina eats a homemade cake as Juan Antonio picks up a box  
of them.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Later, they bought candy and cakes  
at a charming sweet shop, which  
were homemade and delicious.

Juan Antonio offers Vicky a cake from the box and hands her a  
napkin.

EXT. OVIEDO STREETS - DAY

Cristina, standing beside Juan Antonio, takes the digital camera off from around her neck and hands it to Vicky.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

They continued to document their trip, and while Vicky remained skeptical, Cristina had a wonderful time.

Vicky walks backward to take the picture as Cristina and Juan Antonio pose against a wall. Juan Antonio puts his arm around Cristina as they pose for another photograph.

INT. OVIEDO HOTEL/LOBBY - NIGHT

Juan Antonio walks across the lobby with two glasses of wine.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The question of sleeping together did not come up until that night...

Juan Antonio puts the glasses of wine down on a coffee table in front of Vicky and Cristina, who sit on a sofa.

JUAN ANTONIO

Here you are.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

...and Juan Antonio was a little drunk.

CRISTINA

Thank you.

JUAN ANTONIO

You are very welcome. All right.

Juan Antonio sits down.

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)

Well, now that the day is almost over, is it reasonable of me to ask you...if you would both join me in my room?

VICKY

Oh, come on. I thought we'd settled that.

CRISTINA

Vicky's just trying to say that she's engaged to be married that's all.

VICKY

Uh-huh.

JUAN ANTONIO

Great. Then these are her last days of freedom.

VICKY

No. Look, I'm not free. I'm committed. You know what my theory is? And when I drink, I get brutally frank. I...I think that you're still hurting from the failure of your marriage to Maria Elena, and you're trying to lose yourself in empty sex.

JUAN ANTONIO

Empty sex? Do you have such a low opinion of yourself?

CRISTINA

She's just saying that it has to have meaning for her, that's all.

JUAN ANTONIO

I mean, the city is romantic. The night is warm and balmy. We are alive. Isn't that meaning enough?

VICKY

Hey, look, I just came along to keep Cristina company. I'm engaged to be married. I have a handsome, lovely fiance who I make love with, and also holds a very real place in my heart, and to be perfectly frank, Juan Antonio, if I were the type of person that played around.... I don't think it's in the cards for us.

Vicky slaps her hands together and picks up her jacket.

VICKY (cont'd)

So, I'm tired. I haven't slept in twenty-four hours and that is exactly what I'm going to do.

Vicky stands up and walks away.

Juan Antonio nods his head, then looks at Cristina.

JUAN ANTONIO

And you?

CRISTINA

I'll go to your room, but...you  
have to seduce me.

INT. OVIEDO HOTEL/JUAN ANTONIO'S ROOM - NIGHT

Juan Antonio, holding a glass of wine, opens the door to  
reveal Cristina, who stands in the hallway.

CRISTINA

Hello.

JUAN ANTONIO

Hello.

Cristina walks haltingly into the room as Juan Antonio closes  
the door.

CRISTINA

I am just here to have a quick  
drink to say thank you and then I'm  
gonna go back to my room.

JUAN ANTONIO

Mm-hm. All right. Did you act in  
the small film you made?

CRISTINA

Did I act?

JUAN ANTONIO

Mm-hm.

CRISTINA

Yeah, I acted. Why?

JUAN ANTONIO

Well, I hope you were more  
convincing than you are when you  
pretend to have come here for one  
quick drink.

Cristina chuckles softly.

CRISTINA  
I am here to go to bed with you.  
You're right.

JUAN ANTONIO  
Mm-hm.

CRISTINA  
So you're pretty much home free.  
Unless you blow it.

JUAN ANTONIO  
Blow it?

CRISTINA  
Yeah.

JUAN ANTONIO  
Blow it. You mean ruin the moment.

CRISTINA  
Yeah.

JUAN ANTONIO  
Huh. And how would I do that?

CRISTINA  
Um...I don't know. It could be  
anything from some inane comment  
to...wearing the wrong kind of  
shorts.

JUAN ANTONIO  
Uh-huh.

CRISTINA  
Although, somehow, by looking at  
you, I think you're wearing the  
right kind of shorts.

Juan Antonio pours another glass of wine.

JUAN ANTONIO  
You're very hard to please.

CRISTINA  
Yeah, well...I am famous for my  
intolerance.

Juan Antonio hands her a glass of wine.

JUAN ANTONIO  
Here.

Cristina walks through the bedroom doorway. She sits down on the end of the bed.

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)  
 And what do you want in life  
 besides a man with the right  
 shorts?

Cristina drinks from her glass of wine and shrugs at Juan Antonio.

CRISTINA  
 I don't know. I know I'm not gonna  
 settle till I...find what I'm  
 looking for.

JUAN ANTONIO  
 Hm. Which is what?

Juan Antonio sits down on the bed beside Cristina.

CRISTINA  
 Um...something...else. I want  
 something different. Something  
 more.

Juan Antonio reaches toward Cristina and gently caresses her chin with his finger.

CRISTINA (cont'd)  
 Some sort of, um...counter-  
 intuitive love.

JUAN ANTONIO  
 Meaning?

CRISTINA  
 Meaning, um...

Cristina smiles at Juan Antonio, then shakes her head. He continues to caress her chin and lips.

CRISTINA (cont'd)  
 (chuckles lightly)  
 I don't know. I don't know what I  
 want. I only know what I don't  
 want. If you don't start undressing  
 me soon, this is gonna turn into a  
 panel discussion.

Juan Antonio and Cristina lean toward one another and kiss.

Cristina suddenly leans back and looks down with distress.

JUAN ANTONIO

What ha-- Are you, are you okay?

Cristina shakes her head.

CRISTINA

Yeah, I'm fine, I'm fine. It's something I ate.

JUAN ANTONIO

What's wrong? Can I, can I get you anything?

Cristina waves her hand at him.

CRISTINA

Um...no, I...I shouldn't be drinking. I--

Cristina hands her glass of wine to Juan Antonio.

JUAN ANTONIO

What happened?

CRISTINA

I'm gonna be sick.

Cristina stands up and hurries to the bathroom.

INT. OVIEDO HOTEL/VICKY & CRISTINA'S ROOM - DAY

Cristina sleeps in bed as a DOCTOR closes his medical bag. Vicky stands beside her and Juan Antonio sits in the background.

DOCTOR

It's her ulcer and perhaps a little food poisoning. Maybe both.

VICKY

Mm. God, both.

DOCTOR

She must just "ret."

VICKY

Okay, "rest?"

DOCTOR

Not eat. Yeah, rest, rest.



VICKY

Right.

EXT. OVIEDO HOTEL - DAY

Vicky walks out of the hotel talking on her cell phone.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

With Cristina stuck in bed, Vicky was anxious to get back to Barcelona, and in no mood to sightsee.

VICKY

(into her cell phone)

Hi, is Doug there? Uh, oh, okay, well, when he gets out of his meeting, can you get him to call me on my cell? Yeah, I'm still stuck in Oviedo.

Juan walks out of the hotel and stops behind Vicky.

EXT. SANTA MARIA DEL NARANCO CHURCH - DAY

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But sightsee is what they did.

INT. SANTA MARIA DEL NARANCO CHURCH - DAY

Juan takes a cigarette out of his pack.

JUAN ANTONIO

I feel very sorry about Cristina.

VICKY

Oh, come on. Don't pretend concern. I'm sure that you kept encouraging her to drink, as you did to both of us throughout dinner. But I can hold my liquor.

JUAN ANTONIO

She never mentioned her ulcer.

VICKY

No. No, because...she's a mental adolescent, and being romantic, she has a, a death wish.

VICKY(cont'd)

So for a, a brief moment of  
passion, she, she completely  
abandons all responsibilities.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - DAY

A boat moves across the water near the lighthouse.

Vicky and Cristina walk down a walkway together.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

After lunch, Juan Antonio took  
Vicky to see the old lighthouse at  
Avilés, which she found very  
beautiful.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - LATER

Juan Antonio and Vicky sit on a wall overlooking the sea.

JUAN ANTONIO

Um, I was born near here and, ah,  
it would be a sin if I came out  
here without paying a visit to my  
father. Would that be boring to  
you?

VICKY

Boring? Uh, no. No. I think that  
would be the first genuinely  
interesting proposition you've made  
me. I would, uh, I would love to  
see your father and his house.

EXT. FATHER'S HOUSE - DAY

Juan Antonio's car pulls up in front of the house. Vicky and  
Juan Antonio get out of the car. Juan Antonio's FATHER comes  
out to greet them.

FATHER

*Hola, hijo.*

JUAN ANTONIO

*Hola, ¿cómo estás?*

FATHER

*Muy bien.*

JUAN ANTONIO

*Te veo muy bien. Tan guapo.*

Juan Antonio's father laughs.

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)  
*Mira. Eh, mi amiga. Vicky.*

Vicky holds out her hand and the father shakes it.

VICKY  
*Buenos días.*

FATHER  
*Buenos días.*

JUAN ANTONIO  
 (to Vicky)  
 My father, Julio.

Vicky and the father kiss on the cheeks.

VICKY  
 Julio.

Vicky gestures at the house.

VICKY (cont'd)  
*Buenos días. Qué casa tan bonita.*

JUAN ANTONIO  
 Well.

FATHER  
*Considera que es tuya.*

VICKY  
 (chuckles)  
 Oh, you know, if we carry on, I  
 don't think it's gonna--

JUAN ANTONIO  
 That's fine, that was great. Uh, he  
 speaks no English.  
 (to his father)  
*Entiende un poquito de español  
 ella.*

FATHER  
*Ah, porque no me importa. Pasad,  
 pasad. Adelante.*

The father walks toward the house. Vicky and Juan Antonio follow him.

VICKY  
I'm sure my Spanish is gonna go.

INT. FATHER'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

The father walks into the house and Vicky and Juan Antonio follow him.

JUAN ANTONIO  
He refuses to speak any other language, and that's an important point with my father, actually.

VICKY  
Oh, really? It is? Why?

JUAN ANTONIO  
Because he's a poet and he writes the most beautiful sentences in the Spanish language, but he -- I don't know -- he doesn't believe that a poet should pollute his words by any other tongue which is quite a--

VICKY  
Right, right. No, it makes sense. I understand, 'cause of the translation and the things you might lose. I mean I, I took some Spanish. Of course, I have no flair for languages. I read it much better than I speak it.

JUAN ANTONIO  
Mm-hm.

VICKY  
Maybe I could read your father.

JUAN ANTONIO  
No, but he doesn't publish. That's the point.

The father picks up two liquor glasses.

FATHER  
*¿Coñac?*

VICKY  
(to Juan Antonio)  
Oh, no?

JUAN ANTONIO

Nope.

The father hands the glasses to Juan Antonio and leaves the room.

VICKY

Well, why not?

JUAN ANTONIO

Be-, eh, I'll explain later. Do you want some *coñac*?

VICKY

Uh, eh, yes, thank you, just a very, very, very little.

The father returns with a bottle of cognac.

JUAN ANTONIO

*Sí. Un poquito.*

The father laughs and pours cognac into the glasses.

VICKY

But-- Thank you.

JUAN ANTONIO

(in Spanish to his father)  
*Te veo bien. Tienes cara de salud, papá.*

SUBTITLES

You look good - you look healthy, Papa.

Juan Antonio takes one of the glasses of cognac and hands the other glass to Vicky.

JUAN ANTONIO

(to Vicky)

Here.

VICKY

Thank you.

FATHER

(in Spanish to Juan Antonio)  
*Sí, tú también, te ves saludable. ¿Qué sabes de María Elena?*

SUBTITLES

Yes, and you too look well. What do you hear of Maria Elena?

JUAN ANTONIO  
 (in Spanish)  
*¿Eh, María Elena? ¿María  
 Elena? Pues que vive todavía  
 con el arquitecto en Madrid.*

SUBTITLES  
 She's still living with the  
 architect in Madrid.

Vicky looks around at the books on the wall.

FATHER  
 (in Spanish)  
*Esa mujer era la mejor. Aún  
 tengo sueños eróticos con  
 ella, a mi edad.*

SUBTITLES  
 That woman was the best. I  
 still have erotic dreams  
 about her, at my age.

The father laughs. Juan Antonio rubs his father on the chest  
 and back.

JUAN ANTONIO  
 (in Spanish)  
*También te quería mucho a ti,  
 papá.*

SUBTITLES  
 She also loved you very much,  
 Papa.

FATHER  
 (in Spanish)  
*Qué pena, qué pena...con ese  
 don de Dios.*

SUBTITLES  
 What a shame - with that gift  
 of God...

Juan Antonio snorts.

EXT. FATHER'S HOUSE - DAY

Juan Antonio's father sits at a table on the terrace and  
 drinks out of his cup.

Juan Antonio and Vicky stand in the yard near a well.

JUAN ANTONIO  
 This was my favorite place to come  
 and read when I was young. And,  
 yes, uh...I wanted to be a writer,  
 not a painter. Painting came later.  
 And I wanted to play music, too. I  
 mean, all I knew is that I was full  
 of -- I don't know -- real emotion  
 and I had to find a way to express  
 it.

VICKY

Oh, Cristina says the same thing.

JUAN ANTONIO

Cristina's a very interesting girl.

Juan Antonio gestures at a low wall around a tree.

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)

Wanna sit?

VICKY

Yeah.

Juan Antonio and Vicky sit down on the wall.

VICKY (cont'd)

So, uh, tell me, why won't your father publish his poems?

JUAN ANTONIO

Well, because he hates the world, and that's his way of getting back at them -- to create beautiful works and then...to deny them to the public, which I think, it's...

VICKY

My God. Well, what makes him so...angry toward the human race?

JUAN ANTONIO

Mm, because after thousands of years of civilization...they still haven't learned to love.

INT. OVIEDO HOTEL/VICKY & CRISTINA'S ROOM - DAY

Vicky hands a bowl of soup to Cristina, who lies in bed.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

They returned to the hotel. Cristina was feeling better, but far too shaky and needed more rest.

CRISTINA

Did you guys have a good day?

VICKY

You know what? Yeah, it was, it was very nice.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Juan Antonio and Vicky sit at a table eating dinner.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Vicky and Juan Antonio dined together at a lovely little restaurant. She was more relaxed than at lunch, and had just finished a great deal of wine. This time she was enjoying the conversation.

JUAN ANTONIO

I mean, it's really like no place on Earth. My father used to bring me here.

Vicky's cell phone RINGS.

VICKY

Oh. Oh no.

Vicky takes the cell phone out of her purse and answers it.

VICKY (cont'd)

(into cell phone)

Hello.

INT. DOUG'S APARTMENT - NEW YORK - DAY

Doug sits on the edge of his bed talking into his cell phone.

DOUG

(into cell phone)

Hey. Did I get you at a bad time, babe?

INT. RESTAURANT - SAME

VICKY

(into cell phone)

Oh, hi. No, I'm, I'm just about to eat. Can I, uh, can I call you back?



INT. DOUG'S APARTMENT - NEW YORK - SAME

DOUG  
(into cell phone)  
Okay, let just say one thing. Paul  
and Maryanne said they found a  
house up where they are that they  
like even better than the one in  
Bedford Hills.

INT. RESTAURANT - SAME

VICKY  
(into cell phone)  
Oh, yeah? Well, I uh, uh, you're  
breaking up a little.

INT. DOUG'S APARTMENT - NEW YORK - SAME

DOUG  
(into cell phone)  
How--? Babe? Babe don't-- I'll--  
Call me later, but this house has a  
pool and a tennis court. Okay? We  
could both take lessons from Paul's  
instructor.

INT. RESTAURANT - SAME

VICKY  
(into cell phone)  
Okay. I'll, I'll call you back. I-I  
can't hear you.

INT. DOUG'S APARTMENT - NEW YORK - SAME

DOUG  
(into cell phone)  
I love you.

INT. RESTAURANT - SAME

VICKY  
Hello?

Vicky sighs and hangs up her cell phone.

VICKY (cont'd)  
Oh, God. Connection's terrible.

She puts the cell phone back into her purse.

JUAN ANTONIO  
All right, then.

Juan Antonio picks up a bottle of wine and pours more wine into Vicky's glass.

VICKY  
Oh, thank you. What is this wine?  
It's delicious.

JUAN ANTONIO  
It's great. Was that your fiance?

Vicky nods hesitantly at him.

VICKY  
Uh, yes. Yes.

JUAN ANTONIO  
Why were you so nervous speaking to him?

VICKY  
W-was I nervous?

JUAN ANTONIO  
(chuckling)  
Yes, you turned red.

VICKY  
Eh, well, I-- Well, I'm sure it's,  
I'm sure it's the wine.

JUAN ANTONIO  
Would he be upset if he knew we  
were dining together?

VICKY  
No, not at all! Are you kidding? I  
mean, I, I don't think he'd love  
the basic concept of me sitting  
with a man drinking wine over  
candlelight, but he'd, he'd quickly  
realize there'd be nothing to worry  
about, so, uh...

Vicky picks up her glass of wine.

VICKY (cont'd)

Would you ever withhold your work from the public out of rage?

JUAN ANTONIO

No-no-no. I'm not like my father. Oh, no I told you, I...affirm life despite everything.

VICKY

Right, right. Well...I'd be, uh, I'd be curious to see your work.

JUAN ANTONIO

Really? Why? You are so-- I mean, you are so disapproving of me.

VICKY

Well, I've gotten to know you better and...you know, it'd be interesting and after all, you are a Catalan painter, and that's my subject.

JUAN ANTONIO

Mm-hm. What gave you such an interest in Catalan culture?

VICKY

Well, uh...I, uh, fell in love with Gaudi's church when I was fourteen and...one thing led to another.

JUAN ANTONIO

Hm. And-and, uh...you also admire Spanish guitar, I hear.

VICKY

Yes, yes.

JUAN ANTONIO

Mm-hm.

VICKY

I love the guitar.

JUAN ANTONIO

Would you like to go to hear some wonderful guitar tonight?

Vicky drinks from her glass and looks at him nervously.

VICKY  
Tonight?

JUAN ANTONIO  
Mm-hm.

VICKY  
Well, it's, it's a little late and,  
you know, I'm, I'm a little wobbly  
from the wine.

JUAN ANTONIO  
No-no-no-no-no. You said you could  
hold your alcohol. Besides, we  
leave tomorrow.

Vicky nods her head.

VICKY  
Okay, sure.

JUAN ANTONIO  
Great.

Juan Antonio toasts with Vicky.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

A GUITAR PLAYER sits on a chair and PLAYS the guitar. Some PEOPLE sit on benches and the ground to listen to him. Juan Antonio and Vicky sit amidst the group. Vicky listens intently to the music. Vicky turns and looks emotionally at Juan Antonio. She then looks back at the guitar player.

EXT. PARK - LATER

Juan Antonio and Vicky walk across the park after the performance. They are alone as they cross the grass.

VICKY  
That was, uh, that was  
unbelievable. Thank you, thank you.

JUAN ANTONIO  
I was looking at your face and you  
looked very moved.

Vicky nods her head.

VICKY  
Yes, yes.

JUAN ANTONIO

A few times, I saw a look like that.

VICKY

Right. On, on Maria Elena, I'm sure.

JUAN ANTONIO

Oh, well, yes, maybe on Maria Elena. I mean, if she saw or heard something that moved her, yes.

VICKY

You're still in love with her.

JUAN ANTONIO

No, I'm not, I'm not.

Vicky and Juan Antonio stop and turn toward one another.

VICKY

Mm, that confirms it.

Juan Antonio shakes his head.

JUAN ANTONIO

No, she will always be a part of me and...she's an important person in my life, but for the two of us, something was...not working.

VICKY

Well...what element?

JUAN ANTONIO

We never found out.

Vicky nods her head.

VICKY

Mm.

Vicky looks away from Juan Antonio, then looks emotionally at him.

VICKY (cont'd)

You, um...you said you were looking at my face.

Juan Antonio smiles at her.

VICKY (cont'd)

Why?

JUAN ANTONIO

Why were you looking at mine?

VICKY

Was I?

JUAN ANTONIO

You probably saw my tears.

Vicky nods her head.

VICKY

Yes. You...yeah, um, mm, I'm a little out of control.

JUAN ANTONIO

I was looking at your face...because I find it very beautiful.

VICKY

You do?

JUAN ANTONIO

Of course I do. Of course I do, and you know I do.

Juan Antonio leans toward Vicky and kisses her. They kiss passionately. They slide down out of frame.

INT. PLANE - DAY

Vicky sits in the backseat looking down as Juan Antonio flies the plane and Cristina sits in the passenger seat beside him.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

On the trip home, Vicky, who had mentioned nothing to Cristina, was silent. Cristina, on the other hand, talked nervously.

CRISTINA

I must apologize to both of you for, for ruining the whole weekend! I'm completely mortified! I'm...humiliated. I, I don't know whether it was the wine.

CRISTINA(cont'd)

It could have been the shellfish because of, you know, I have this ulcer, and I, I just thank God you knew enough sights to keep Vicky occupied. You know, I had these horrible nightmares that you two would be like oil and water, hating every minute of being together. I-I just couldn't move.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Vicky enters the library and walks along the stacks.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Vicky buried herself in work at the library. She put foolish ideas out of her head and concentrated on her thesis. But she found her thoughts frequently returning to Oviedo.

EXT. BARCELONA STREETS - DAY

Cristina carries her digital camera around her neck and walks down a sidewalk.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Cristina, searching for a means of self-expression, wandered the streets of Barcelona, experimented with her latest passion, photography, and believed that she had made a fool of herself exactly at the moment of truth with Juan Antonio.

Cristina walks down an alleyway. She stops and raises her digital camera to take a picture.

EXT. NASH HOUSE - DAY

Vicky, sitting at a table, works on her laptop computer on the balcony outside their room.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And then, forty-eight hours later, Cristina came to Vicky with an announcement.

CRISTINA (O.S.)

Vicky, he called!

VICKY  
Hm? What? Who?

Vicky stands up and looks down to see Cristina standing on the terrace below the balcony.

CRISTINA  
Juan Antonio. He called me just now.

VICKY  
Juan Antonio called you?

CRISTINA  
Yeah, he wants to see me and take me to some vineyard, some wine tasting or something. I said, "Absolutely."

VICKY  
A wine tasting. But what about your ulcer?

CRISTINA  
Oh, no, no, it's fine. A little wine's not gonna hurt me. I mean, the point is that he wants to see me. Isn't that great?

VICKY  
Yeah. Yeah.

CRISTINA  
I can't believe it. I never thought he was gonna call.

VICKY  
Mm, that's great. I'm happy for you.

INT. NASH HOUSE/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Cristina sits at a cooking island and writes in a notebook.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
That night, the two women had trouble falling asleep. Cristina sat in the kitchen drinking coffee and working on her poetry.



INT. NASH HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Vicky lies awake in bed.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Vicky, too, was lost in memories of a night that now seemed more and more unreal.

Vicky's cell phone RINGS on the night stand. She turns on the lamp, then picks up the cell phone.

VICKY

(into cell phone)

Hello?

EXT. DOCK - NEW YORK - DAY

Doug, standing on a dock beside a small channel of water and holding a cup of coffee, talks into his cell phone. Boats are moored along the dock.

DOUG

(into cell phone)

Hey, babe. Did I wake you?

INT. NASH HOUSE/BEDROOM - SAME

Vicky sits up in bed.

VICKY

(into cell phone)

No, no, no, no. I was just going to sleep.

EXT. DOCK - NEW YORK - SAME

DOUG

(into cell phone)

I'm sorry I called so late. I had to get out of the office. Get some air, get some coffee, and I had this great idea. Check this out. Dad has contacts in the American Embassy in Spain. Right? I thought I could come early, work from there on my computer, and the two of us could get married in Barcelona. You said it was a romantic spot.

DOUG(cont'd)

You know, we'll just do a quick city hall-type thing. Course we'll do it all over again in New York, and -- you know -- and have a huge blowout for our families and friends, but I thought it'd be fun. What do you think?

INT. NASH HOUSE/BEDROOM - SAME

VICKY

(into cell phone)

What? To get married here?

EXT. DOCK - NEW YORK - SAME

DOUG

(into cell phone)

Yeah, why not? It'd be great to tell our kids we married in Spain, and I'm tellin' ya, Dad's friends would make it real easy for us.

INT. NASH HOUSE/BEDROOM - SAME

Vicky looks uncomfortable.

VICKY

(into cell phone)

Oh, I, mm, I don't know what to say. I...

EXT. DOCK - NEW YORK - SAME

DOUG

(into cell phone)

You don't sound bowled over.

INT. NASH HOUSE/BEDROOM - SAME

VICKY

(into cell phone)

No, it's, uh...it's just a surprise.

EXT. DOCK - NEW YORK - SAME

DOUG  
(into cell phone)  
So w-, eh, look, we're gonna marry  
in the fall anyway, and we're gonna  
do that, too. I promise.

INT. NASH HOUSE/BEDROOM - SAME

VICKY  
(into cell phone)  
Yeah, so what's the point?

EXT. DOCK - NEW YORK - SAME

DOUG  
(into cell phone)  
The point is, it's different, it's  
exciting. I told the idea to Ken  
and Alice. I called them earlier  
and they said they wish they'd done  
it. I mean, you know, in London in  
their case, but they were, they  
were excited.

INT. NASH HOUSE/BEDROOM - SAME

Vicky shakes her head.

VICKY  
(into cell phone)  
Well, I, I, uh...

EXT. DOCK - NEW YORK - SAME

DOUG  
(into cell phone)  
You sound, uh, you sound a bit  
reluctant.

Doug drinks from his cup of coffee.

INT. NASH HOUSE/BEDROOM - SAME

VICKY  
(into cell phone)  
Me? No. Why, why would I, why would I be? No. I...I...I think it's a fine idea. I think it's great, it's a great idea.

EXT. DOCK - NEW YORK - SAME

DOUG  
(into cell phone)  
Yeah, yeah, no, I think, I think it's gonna be good. Listen, I'm gonna call you tomorrow. I know that I woke you up. I'll give you more details tomorrow. I-I love you so much.

INT. NASH HOUSE/BEDROOM - SAME

Vicky holds the cell phone with a conflicted expression.

VICKY  
(whispering into cell phone)  
Yeah.

Vicky looks at the cell phone then turns it off.

EXT. JUAN ANTONIO'S HOUSE - DAY

Juan Antonio drives a red convertible down a street on the outskirts of town. Cristina sits in the passenger seat. Juan Antonio stops the car in front of a gate to his house. He opens the passenger door for Cristina, then gets out of the car.

JUAN ANTONIO  
Okay.

Juan Antonio opens the gate and they walk into the house.

INT. JUAN ANTONIO'S HOUSE/STUDIO - DAY

Juan Antonio leads Cristina across his studio. Half-finished canvases lean against the walls.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Juan Antonio took Cristina to a wine tasting. After, he took her back to his house, a lovely place he had purchased from another painter years ago, and which served as his home and his studio. He showed her his work, which delighted her.

CRISTINA

Oh, my God, this is incredible.

INT. JUAN ANTONIO'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Juan Antonio leads Cristina across the living room.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

She loved the colors and the wild, emotional way he applied the paint to the canvases. From there, it was only one floor up to his bedroom. He told her of his marriage to Maria Elena, and their deep love, and their terrible fights. He told Cristina he had not wanted to make love with anyone else in the bedroom they shared...till now. This time, Cristina kept her food down.

INT. JUAN ANTONIO'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - DAY

Juan Antonio lies atop Cristina on the bed as they kiss passionately and make love. Cristina rolls on top of Juan Antonio as they continue to kiss.

EXT. SCULPTURE GARDEN - DAY

Juan Antonio and Cristina walk around a large sculpture as they examine it.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Juan Antonio took Cristina out several more times. They went to see a new sculpture by a friend of his.

EXT. BARCELONA STREETS - DAY

Juan Antonio stands behind Cristina as she takes a photograph.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
He showed her some of his favorite parts of the city, where she took photographs.

They smile and walk down the sidewalk. Cristina aims her digital camera at some PROSTITUTES who stand against a wall on the far side of the street.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)  
Juan Antonio was friendly with all the whores and thought they would make wonderful subjects.

Juan Antonio and Cristina walk. Cristina stops to take a photograph. Juan Antonio wraps his arms around her. Juan Antonio laughs. The prostitutes pose and Cristina takes a picture of them. Juan Antonio holds Cristina's hand as they walk.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)  
He encouraged Cristina's work, although she was always too shy to allow him to see it.

Juan Antonio playfully wraps his arms around her.

INT. BAR - DAY

Cristina and Juan Antonio sit at the table with a group of FRIENDS.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
He took her to lunch with his friends who were poets and artists and musicians. Cristina held her own quite well.

JUAN ANTONIO  
The art is, the art is always related to the context...

EXT. PARK GÜELL - DAY

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Meanwhile, one day, going to study yet again the Park Güell, which Gaudí had designed and which figured quite prominently in her thesis, Vicky had a chance encounter.

Vicky enters the park from a staircase. Juan Antonio, carrying a sketchbook, walks down another staircase. He walks off the stairs and looks up at Vicky with surprise.

VICKY

Oh.

JUAN ANTONIO

Vicky.

VICKY

Uh, hello, my--

JUAN ANTONIO

How are you?

VICKY

My goodness, what are you doing here?

Vicky and Juan Antonio kiss on the cheeks.

Vicky gestures at Juan Antonio's sketchbook.

JUAN ANTONIO

Uh, nothing, just doing some, some sketches.

Vicky nods nervously at him.

VICKY

Oh, right. Well, I, uh, I didn't mean to disturb you, so....

JUAN ANTONIO

Disturb me, no. How could you disturb me? I...we never had a chance to say a proper good-bye.

VICKY

Oh. Well, y-you could have called me.

JUAN ANTONIO

I...yeah, I, I debated it. But I didn't think there was much point.

VICKY

Yeah, but y-you, you never phoned. Not to say anything. I mean, "Thank you, it was fun."

Vicky rubs her forehead nervously.

VICKY (cont'd)

I mean, y-you don't make love to someone and then never call them...unless you were greatly disappointed.

JUAN ANTONIO

Quite the opposite. But...you have plans to marry and I thought it best to stop anything before it led to a bad situation for everyone.

VICKY

Yeah, well, I'm only saying that we made love, and, and you seemed to drop off the face of the earth. I mean, I realize these things don't mean much to you.

JUAN ANTONIO

I mean, to pursue matters would have only caused you anxiety, and for me, a disappointment.

Vicky shakes her head at him.

VICKY

I had the ability to hurt you after one night?

JUAN ANTONIO

Maria Elena used to say that...only unfulfilled love can be romantic.

VICKY

Right. Okay. Well, the truth is, you're, you're much more suited to Cristina.



JUAN ANTONIO  
I've grown very fond of Cristina.  
So, I'm very happy for you and your  
husband-to-be.

Vicky nods haltingly at Juan Antonio.

VICKY  
And I...for you and Cristina.

Vicky smiles at him and inhales deeply.

JUAN ANTONIO  
Right. Bye.

VICKY  
Bye.

They kiss on the cheeks again.

Vicky and Juan Antonio walk away from each other.

INT. BARCELONA AIRPORT - DAY

Doug, holding two bags, rides up an escalator.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
And so the morning came when  
Vicky's husband-to-be arrived from  
New York.

Doug walks off the escalator and meets Vicky.

DOUG  
You look beautiful.

Vicky opens her arms to him. Doug puts down a bag and kisses her. They embrace.

EXT. NASH HOUSE - DAY

A taxi stops in front of the house.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Juan Antonio, like certain creative  
men, needed always to live with a  
woman, and had invited Cristina to  
move in with him, which she  
accepted.

Doug and Vicky get out of the taxi and walk toward the house.

DOUG  
Beautiful! Oh, my God.

Doug turns and looks at the CABBIE.

DOUG (cont'd)  
How much do I owe you?

Judy walks out of the house.

JUDY  
Hello! Hi, hi.

DOUG  
Hello, how are you?

Mark walks down the steps with Judy.

JUDY  
I'm fine.

MARK  
You made good time.

DOUG  
Hi.

JUDY  
I'm Judy.

Judy shakes hands with Mark.

DOUG  
Judy, Doug.

JUDY  
Hello, Doug. Welcome.

Judy and Doug kiss on the cheeks.

DOUG  
Nice to meet you, I've heard so  
much about you.

JUDY  
Same here.

Mark steps toward Doug and shakes hands with him.

MARK  
Doug.

DOUG  
Oh, Mark, Doug, how are you?

MARK  
Good to meet you.

DOUG  
Good to meet you.

MARK  
The bags are a bit heavy.

DOUG  
Oh. Uh, the bags.

MARK  
Just leave those. Yeah.

DOUG  
Great.

Vicky, Judy, Mark and Doug walk toward the house.

MARK  
So you're with Global Enterprises?

DOUG  
Yes!

MARK  
You know, Tom Sutter's an old  
friend of mine.

DOUG  
Oh, you know Tom Sutter?

MARK  
Yeah.

DOUG  
We play golf!

MARK  
You do?

DOUG  
Yeah.

MARK  
Well, I got some stories. You  
know, Tom has never beaten me.

DOUG  
Oh, well, he's not the greatest  
player in the world.

MARK  
He isn't?

EXT. MUSEUM - DAY

Vicky and Doug stand amidst PEOPLE in front of the museum.

DOUG  
...No, I didn't know that. All  
right.

Vicky smiles at Doug.

VICKY  
Come on.

INT. NASH HOUSE/BEDROOM - DAY

Doug leans back against the headboard in the bed after having  
sex. Vicky lies under the covers of the bed.

DOUG  
(sighs)  
My God.

Doug shakes his head.

DOUG (cont'd)  
You're a whole different person  
here.

VICKY  
Yeah? What does that mean?

DOUG  
You were so into it.

VICKY  
Well, am I not usually?

DOUG  
Uh, yeah, no, of course you are.  
Yeah, y-- I'm giving you a  
compliment. Maybe it's the  
Barcelona air.

VICKY  
Come here, hold me. Hold me.

Vicky slides against Doug. He puts his arm around her.

DOUG  
You okay?

VICKY  
Yeah. Yeah.

DOUG  
How's Cristina doin'?

VICKY  
Oh, you know, she's, she's already  
moved in with some guy.

DOUG  
That was quick. Don't tell me he's  
a bullfighter.

VICKY  
(chuckles)  
No.

DOUG  
Writer? Composer? Tortured pseudo-  
intellectual and self-destructive?

VICKY  
Mm, yeah, I know. Sometimes she  
gets on my nerves with her crackpot  
love affairs.

Doug shakes his head.

DOUG  
Yeah, look, I love her  
because...she's your friend, but  
I've often warned you about her.  
She's an unhappy person.

Doug picks up a glass of water off the night stand and drinks  
from it. Vicky looks thoughtfully at him.

DOUG (cont'd)  
She can't part with that self-image  
she has of the oh-so-special woman,  
the artist trying to find herself.  
I find her contempt for normal  
values pretentious. It's a boring  
cliché.

VICKY  
Yeah, well, men like her.

DOUG  
Well, she's pretty. And not  
exactly difficult to maneuver into  
the sack.

Doug runs his hand along her arm.

DOUG (cont'd)  
Now you, on the other hand...took a  
little effort to get to bed.

Vicky chuckles softly.

DOUG (cont'd)  
Hey.

Doug gently lifts her chin to make her look at him.

DOUG (cont'd)  
But it was worth the struggle.

Vicky smiles and nods at him.

VICKY  
Yeah?

DOUG  
Yeah.

Doug and Vicky kiss.

EXT. JUAN ANTONIO'S HOUSE - DAY

Juan Antonio paints on a canvas in the backyard as Cristina  
talks into her cell phone.

CRISTINA  
(into cell phone)  
So Juan Antonio wants to take me to  
this old amusement park that he  
said that I would love, and I  
thought that we could just get  
lunch, um, all of us, and then we  
could all see it together.

EXT. NASH HOUSE - DAY

Doug sits on the steps with a newspaper as Vicky talks into her cell phone.

VICKY  
(into cell phone)  
What, tomorrow for lunch?

Doug looks up and gestures at her.

DOUG  
We, we can't. We have plans.

VICKY  
Oh, no, no, no. I, eh, no, we can  
always go boating with Mark and  
Judy. I-I'd like to go with  
Cristina and Juan Antonio.

DOUG  
I, I really want to go boating.

VICKY  
(into cell phone)  
Yeah, that would, that would be  
great. Tomorrow.

DOUG  
Okay.

VICKY  
(into cell phone)  
Okay.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

Vicky and Cristina and Doug and Juan Antonio sit at a table at an outdoor cafe.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
The two couples met for lunch and  
during the course of conversation,  
an awkward moment occurred.

Juan Antonio looks at Cristina, who sits diagonally across the table from him. Under the table, Juan Antonio raises his leg toward Christina. Instead, he brushes his leg against Vicky's leg.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)  
 Juan Antonio, having warm thoughts  
 about Cristina, tried to brush his  
 foot against hers, under the table,  
 and accidentally brushed Vicky's.

Vicky looks up at Juan Antonio.

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - DAY

Vicky, Cristina and Doug pose for a picture as Juan Antonio  
 points a digital camera at them. A roller coaster is in the  
 background.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
 The amusement park was everything  
 Juan Antonio led them to believe.  
 It was antique and charming, and  
 overlooked all of Barcelona.

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - LATER

A VENDOR makes a swirl of cotton candy. Cristina and Juan  
 Antonio stand in front of the booth. The vendor hands the  
 cotton candy to Juan Antonio. Cristina laughs.

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - LATER

Vicky and Doug spin around as they ride a merry-go-round.  
 Doug smiles as Vicky looks around distractedly.

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - LATER

Cristina stands beside Doug as he turns the crank on a  
 gumball machine.

Juan Antonio and Vicky walk on a walkway overlooking the  
 city.

JUAN ANTONIO  
 I see why you love your fiancé.  
 He's, he's very charming.

VICKY  
 Yes, yes, he's lovely.

JUAN ANTONIO  
 And very well suited to you.



Vicky glances at Juan Antonio, then shakes her head.

VICKY

I don't think I like the way you say that.

JUAN ANTONIO

No, I, I, I only mean that you make a comfortable couple, in the best sense, Vicky.

VICKY

Look, you don't understand. I can't do anything about it now. I'm n-, I'm not saying the thought hasn't crossed my mind, but I, eh--

Juan Antonio taps Vicky on the shoulder.

JUAN ANTONIO

Vicky, please, please, Vicky...

Juan Antonio and Vicky stop. Vicky turns toward him.

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)

...we must not get into this conversation again, all right?

Vicky sighs.

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)

Things have moved on and I've developed real feelings for Cristina.

VICKY

I kn-- Then what are you-- W-W- Why did you rub your foot against mine under the table?

Juan Antonio shakes his head.

JUAN ANTONIO

I didn't.

VICKY

Yes.

JUAN ANTONIO

I didn't.

VICKY

Yes, when I looked over at you.

JUAN ANTONIO

Oh, no. If I did, it was a mistake.  
I, I mean, my intention was to  
touch Cristina.

Vicky shakes her head.

VICKY

Oh. Okay, I, I, I'm, I'm sorry. I  
apologize for my mistake.

Vicky folds her arms and shakes her head.

JUAN ANTONIO

I'm sorry, it was my mistake, but  
listen, look.

VICKY

I'm-- Forget it. No, I'm--

JUAN ANTONIO

Listen, listen, you are all set to  
enter, to enter a completely  
different life.

Vicky waves her hand at Juan Antonio.

VICKY

Please. Mm-hm.

JUAN ANTONIO

A life you always wanted with the  
man you love.

VICKY

Yes, yes, goddamn it, and then, I  
know, and then I met you...and we  
had this ridiculously irrational  
weekend together and now I...I  
don't, I don't know where I am.

JUAN ANTONIO

Please.

Vicky sighs.

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)

I'm with Cristina and you're going  
to get married in two weeks, Vicky.

VICKY

Yeah, I know.

JUAN ANTONIO

Okay?

VICKY

I know, you're right. Cristina loves you. I would never--

JUAN ANTONIO

Yes, yes, and Cristina and I are a good fit.

VICKY

Yes.

JUAN ANTONIO

I mean, we, she speaks my language. You and I -- I don't know -- we'd be at each other's throats in a month.

He clasps her shoulder.

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)

All right?

VICKY

Yeah.

JUAN ANTONIO

Look, maybe our paths will cross again someday under different circumstances and...

VICKY

Yeah.

JUAN ANTONIO

...who knows about life?

VICKY

Yeah, you're right. You're right, I'm an idiot. I don't know what I expect to happen.

Vicky and Juan Antonio look away from one another.

INT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE - DAY

Vicky and Doug sit in front of a table. An OFFICIAL stands behind the table and reads from an official document. Cristina, Judy and Mark sit nearby.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
And so the wedding day came and  
Vicky married Doug. Cristina was  
there. She did not bring Juan  
Antonio, who made an excuse.

EXT. NASH HOUSE - DAY

Vicky and Doug carry their bags out of the house to a taxi.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Following the ceremony, the bride  
and groom left for a mini-honeymoon  
in Seville.

Judy and Mark stand on a balcony and wave to Vicky and Doug.

IRIS OUT TO:

EXT. JUAN ANTONIO'S HOUSE - DAY

Juan Antonio stands in the backyard and paints on a canvas,  
which is laid out flat on the ground. Cristina stands beside  
the house and looks thoughtfully at Juan Antonio.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Meanwhile, Cristina began to sense  
the possibility of the kind of  
relationship she had always sought,  
but in the past had eluded her. She  
was the lover of an exciting  
man...an artist whose work she  
believed in.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Cristina and Juan Antonio ride bicycles down a country road  
in the woods.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
She was already thinking of herself  
as a kind of expatriate...not  
smothered by what she believed to  
be America's puritanical and  
materialistic culture, which she  
had little patience for.

NARRATOR(cont'd)

She saw herself more a European soul, in tune with the thinkers and artists she felt expressed her tragic, romantic, freethinking view of life.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Cristina walks through the bar carrying a bottle of beer to a table where Juan Antonio sits with his FRIENDS.

NARRATOR

With Juan Antonio's circle of friends, she hobnobbed with creative people of all sorts.

Cristina reaches the table and kisses Juan Antonio. She sits down at the table.

NARRATOR (cont'd)

She loved their company and continued to experiment with writing and taking pictures.

INT. JUAN ANTONIO'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY

A pot of food boils over on the stove while Juan Antonio and Cristina lie on the kitchen floor and make love.

INT. NASH HOUSE/FOYER - DAY

Doug, Judy, Vicky and Mark stand on the front steps while a TAXI DRIVER unloads the taxi.

JUDY

You had a good time?

MARK

Come on in.

Doug and Vicky walk into the house. Judy and Mark follow them.

VICKY

Yeah, I, I-- Seville is breathtaking.

JUDY

Mm-hm..

DOUG

We ran into some friends from New York, got a chance to spend some time with them, which was great.

VICKY

Uh, yeah, a little too much time.

The group walks into the living room.

DOUG

Oh, you're just angry because they beat our brains out at bridge.

VICKY

Well, I don't like bridge.

JUDY

I don't, either.

MARK

Look at this.

Mark points to a table with some presents on it.

VICKY

What, what is this?

JUDY

Oh, well--

MARK

Uh, swag -- your attention, please.

JUDY

Oh.

VICKY

Oh.

Mark holds up one of Juan Antonio's paintings. It is a modernistic painting of thick black shapes on a white canvas.

MARK

Cristina and Juan Antonio sent you this wedding gift.

VICKY

Oh.

JUDY

When I found out that she was seriously dating Juan Antonio, I, I couldn't believe it.

MARK

What do you think?

DOUG

Just what we need: A Rorschach blot.

MARK

Whoa.

Vicky shakes her head.

VICKY

Yeah, I, you know, I-I don't think I like it.

MARK

We'll buy you one of Alejandro's.

DOUG

No...

Judy picks up a gift bag and holds it toward Vicky.

JUDY

This you will.

INT. JUAN ANTONIO'S HOUSE/BEDROOM

Juan Antonio and Cristina sleep under the covers of the bed. The telephone RINGS. Cristina rolls over in her sleep as Juan Antonio awakens. Juan Antonio turns on the lamp beside the bed, accidentally KNOCKING some objects off the night stand. The sound awakens Cristina as Juan Antonio picks up the cordless phone.

JUAN ANTONIO

(into telephone)

¿Sí? Sí.

Juan Antonio sits up. Cristina sits up and looks at him.

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)

(into telephone)

Y...¿cómo está? Vale, sí, vale.

¿En...en qué hospital está? Vale.

Sí, gracias, gracias.

JUAN ANTONIO(cont'd)

*¿En qué planta está? Vale, gracias, gracias.*

CRISTINA

What?

Juan Antonio hangs up the phone and shakes his head.

JUAN ANTONIO

Maria Elena is, eh, *se ha intent-*  
she tried to kill herself.

CRISTINA

What?

JUAN ANTONIO

My God.

CRISTINA

Is she okay?

JUAN ANTONIO

Uh...yes. I, I don't-- Yes, I  
think so. I don't know. I have to  
go.

Juan Antonio stands up and starts to get dressed.

CRISTINA

Where are you going?

JUAN ANTONIO

Uh...I'm going to the hospital.

CRISTINA

Well, should I come with you?

JUAN ANTONIO

Eh, no...no, I don't think that  
would be a good idea for her.  
She's a mess.

CRISTINA

Well, all right, well, call me if  
you want me to come.

JUAN ANTONIO

Okay, of course.

CRISTINA

Okay?

JUAN ANTONIO

Of course.



EXT. JUAN ANTONIO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Juan Antonio opens the gate and hurries to his convertible.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Juan Antonio hurried out in the  
dead of night.

Juan Antonio opens the convertible and sits down in it.

INT. JUAN ANTONIO'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cristina sits up in bed and tries to read.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Cristina tried to go back to  
sleep...but had an uneasy feeling.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JUAN ANTONIO'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - LATER

Cristina rolls around uncomfortably in bed.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
She dozed restively, but awoke at  
the darkest hour.

Cristina sits up in bed and exits.

INT. JUAN ANTONIO'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Cristina stands at the stove preparing coffee. The sound of the front door OPENING is heard.

CRISTINA  
I'm just up here making coffee! Is  
everything okay?

Cristina turns around and sees Juan Antonio enter from the staircase with MARIA ELENA, his beautiful Spanish ex-wife, who carries her bags over her shoulders. Juan holds hands with Maria Elena, who has been crying.

JUAN ANTONIO  
Okay, uh, Cristina, this is Maria  
Elena.

Maria Elena steps away as Juan Antonio lets go of her hand. Maria Elena sighs. Cristina stares at her.

CRISTINA

Oh.

Maria Elena looks down and shakes her head.

MARIA ELENA

(in Spanish)

*Joder. Me siento como una tonta.*

SUBTITLES

I feel like such a fool.

JUAN ANTONIO

Eh, eh, here you have to speak English. Please.

MARIA ELENA

I'm embarrassed.

JUAN ANTONIO

Okay.

Cristina walks toward them.

CRISTINA

Oh, no. Uh...please, don't feel embarrassed. Can I get you anything at all?

Maria Elena looks up at Cristina.

MARIA ELENA

Vodka.

JUAN ANTONIO

A vodka?

Cristina looks at Juan Antonio and Maria Elena.

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)

(in Spanish)

*¿Te vas a tomar un vodka ahora? Con todas las pastillas que te has tomado, ¿te vas a tomar un vodka ahora? ¿Tú estás loca, o qué te pasa?*

SUBTITLES

You're going to have a Vodka now? With all those pills you took? Are you crazy, or what?

Maria Elena looks down and shakes her head.

MARIA ELENA  
(in Spanish)  
*Me quiero duchar, Juan Antonio. ¿Puedo? Me quiero quitar esto ya de una puta vez.*

SUBTITLES  
I want to take a shower, Juan Antonio, can I? I want to get rid of these clothes.

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)  
In English, in English. Maria Elena, when you are here, you have to speak English, all right?

Juan Antonio points to the guest room.

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)  
You want to take a shower, you go there, in the guest room.

MARIA ELENA  
(in Spanish)  
*¿Qué, estoy de invitada en mi propia casa?*

SUBTITLES  
So now I'm a guest in my own house?

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)  
Sí. You are a guest.

Maria Elena rubs her eyes and whimpers.

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)  
(in Spanish)  
*Venga, María Elena, por favor. Venga, ahí, ya sabes dónde está el cuarto.*

SUBTITLES  
Go on Maria Elena, please. Go on...There. You know where the room is.

Maria Elena walks across the living room.

CRISTINA  
So...what's going on?

Juan Antonio walks to Cristina.

JUAN ANTONIO  
Nothing.

Juan Antonio kisses her. He then walks to the stove.

CRISTINA

What?

JUAN ANTONIO

Eh, nothing, nothing.

CRISTINA

Is everything okay?

JUAN ANTONIO

I, I think she's okay, yeah. I mean...eh...

Juan Antonio picks up a cup of coffee, then turns to Cristina.

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)

Things, things didn't work out for her in Madrid and, and...she came bas-, she came back on the bus tonight, alone. Her whole world looked black and all her plans had come to nothing and...she overdosed in the bus terminal.

CRISTINA

Oh, my God, that's terrible.

JUAN ANTONIO

Yeah. She has to stay with us.

Cristina looks at Juan Antonio.

CRISTINA

What? She's gonna stay with us?

JUAN ANTONIO

Yeah. She has to stay with us. I mean, she has no money.

Juan Antonio pulls out a chair from the table and sits down. Cristina sits down on the table and looks at him.

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)

She has no one capable of caring for her and...and I, I always...I was always her connection to the real life and...

CRISTINA

Uh-huh, I understand, but I mean, how can she stay here?

Juan Antonio shakes his head at her.

JUAN ANTONIO  
Uh, you know, I think...

Juan Antonio stands up.

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)  
...I think that she can't be  
trusted to stay alone. That's the  
problem, because, I mean, even  
if...let me think, even if I...if a  
place could be worked out...

CRISTINA  
Well, maybe she needs psychiatric  
help.

JUAN ANTONIO  
No.

Juan Antonio sits back down.

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)  
She's always had bad experiences  
with doctors. That's--

CRISTINA  
I kn-- I understand, but, but where  
is she gonna stay?

Juan Antonio gestures toward the guest room.

JUAN ANTONIO  
In there.

CRISTINA  
Well, how long is she gonna stay  
here?

Juan Antonio leans toward Cristina and clasps her shoulder.

JUAN ANTONIO  
Cristina, I know...this is not what  
you had in mind, but she has to  
stay with us.

CRISTINA  
No, I, I understand, I understand.

JUAN ANTONIO  
She has, she has no one else.

CRISTINA

Like, I understand, it's only for a short time.

JUAN ANTONIO

Yes, a few months at most.

Cristina looks at him with surprise.

CRISTINA

She's staying for a few months?

JUAN ANTONIO

Listen, I've been through this with her before. So..I mean, if... Shit.

Juan Antonio stands up and paces across the kitchen.

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)

*Put a mierda, coño.* If you had only known her when, when I first met her, I mean, her beauty...

Juan Antonio sits back down.

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)

...her beauty took your breath away.

CRISTINA

Yes, I know.

JUAN ANTONIO

And she was so talented, she was so brilliant...she was so sensual, and, I mean...she chose me...from a hundred men ready to, ready, ready to kill for her.

CRISTINA

Uh-huh.

JUAN ANTONIO

We were both sure that...our relation was perfect, but there was something missing. You know? Like, love requires such a perfect balance. It's...like the human body.

JUAN ANTONIO(cont'd)

It may turn that you have all the vitamins and minerals, but if...there is minus a single, tiny ingredient...missing, like, like, like, like, ooh, like salt, for example...one dies.

CRISTINA

Salt?

INT. JUAN ANTONIO'S HOUSE/CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Juan Antonio can be seen through a window making up the bed in the guest room for Maria Elena.

MARIA ELENA  
(in Spanish)  
*¿Y ella quién es?*

SUBTITLES  
Who is she?

JUAN ANTONIO  
She is the woman I live with and...you have to speak English around her. Please.

MARIA ELENA  
(in Spanish)  
*¿Por qué? ¿Por ella?*

SUBTITLES  
Why? For her sake?

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)  
Yes, exactly, out of courtesy.

INT. JUAN ANTONIO'S HOUSE/GUEST ROOM - SAME

Maria Elena sits in a chair wearing only a towel after her shower. She shakes her head at Juan Antonio as he continues to make the bed.

MARIA ELENA  
(in Spanish)  
*No me fío, Juan Antonio. Los ojos, no los tiene de un solo color.*

SUBTITLES  
I don't trust her, Juan Antonio. Her eyes are not one color.

JUAN ANTONIO  
You always had paranoid ideas about every woman I've ever known.

MARIA ELENA  
 (in Spanish)  
*Es guapa, ¿eh?*

SUBTITLES  
 She's pretty.

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)  
 Sí.

MARIA ELENA  
 (in Spanish)  
*¿Tú crees que va a ser  
 suficiente para ti?*

SUBTITLES  
 Do you think she'll be enough  
 for you?

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)  
 Well...she's, she's quite  
 intelligent and she is a  
 freethinker, like you.

MARIA ELENA  
 Like me?

JUAN ANTONIO  
 Yes.

MARIA ELENA  
 (in Spanish)  
*Siempre buscándome en todas  
 las mujeres.*

SUBTITLES  
 You're still searching for me  
 in every woman.

JUAN ANTONIO  
 (in Spanish)  
*No, eso no es verdad, María  
 Elena. No. Eso no es  
 verdad.*

SUBTITLES  
 This is not true, Maria  
 Elena.

Juan Antonio puts a pillowcase on a pillow.

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)  
 (in Spanish)  
*Estuve en Oviedo hace unas  
 semanas con una mujer que era  
 el antítesis de ti... Una  
 mujer americana. Y tuvimos  
 una cosa... Me pasó una cosa  
 preciosa con ella. Así que no  
 es verdad.*

SUBTITLES  
 I was in Oviedo some weeks  
 ago with a woman who was the  
 antithesis of you...an  
 American, and something  
 beautiful happened with her.  
 So you're mistaken.



MARIA ELENA  
 (in Spanish)  
*Me da igual, me da igual.  
 Siempre intentarás duplicar  
 lo que tuviste conmigo y tú  
 lo sabes.*

SUBTITLES  
 You'll always seek to  
 duplicate what we had. You  
 know it.

Juan Antonio puts down the pillow, then turns and gestures angrily at Maria Elena.

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)  
 Please, keep-- Please, here in this  
 house, speak English. That's all I  
 ask. All right?

MARIA ELENA  
 (in Spanish)  
*No me hables así.*

SUBTITLE  
 Don't talk to me like that.

Maria Elena shakes her head at Juan Antonio.

MARIA ELENA  
 Why are you, why are you getting so  
 angry at me?!

JUAN ANTONIO  
 Why in the world--

MARIA ELENA  
 Why are you getting so angry at  
 me?!

JUAN ANTONIO  
 Why--? Listen. Listen. Why were  
 you thinking about killing  
 yourself? I mean, what a stupid  
 idea did cross on your mind! I  
 mean, try to kill yourself, for  
 Christ's sake!

Maria Elena sighs.

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)  
 Stay here until you get back on  
 your feet, and then I beg you,  
 please, get out of my life!

Juan Antonio exits.

<p>MARIA ELENA (in Spanish) <i>Ay, qué cerquita estuvimos de la perfección, tú y yo.</i></p>	<p>SUBTITLES We came so close to perfection, you and I.</p>
--	---

JUAN ANTONIO (O.S.) (cont'd)  
You're too damaged.

MARIA ELENA  
And you love that.

Juan Antonio scoffs.

<p>MARIA ELENA (cont'd) (in Spanish) <i>Sí. Siempre te han gustado mis... tú lo sabes.</i></p>	<p>SUBTITLES You've always liked my mood swings.</p>
--	--

Maria Elena walks to the bed and sits down.

<p>MARIA ELENA (cont'd) (in Spanish) <i>¿Pero qué es lo que nos faltaba, Juan Antonio?</i></p>	<p>SUBTITLES But what was missing, Juan Antonio? What was missing?</p>
--	--

JUAN ANTONIO  
Speak English!

Maria Elena shakes her head with annoyance.

MARIA ELENA  
I don't like her for you! I don't  
trust her. And you know I always  
have your best interest.

Juan Antonio reenters, sits down on the bed and looks at  
Maria Elena.

JUAN ANTONIO  
Well, eh, not when you tried to  
kill me.

Maria Elena waves her hand dismissively at him.

MARIA ELENA  
Oh, that.

JUAN ANTONIO

Y-Yeah, that. That small detail.  
Yes.

Juan Antonio rubs his face with exasperation.

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)

I mean, I mean, eh, you...you are suspicious of her because she is now my lover. I mean, it's so obvious.

Maria Elena reaches out and tousles his hair, but Juan Antonio pulls away from her.

MARIA ELENA

(in Spanish)

*Que no, que no. Que te veo muy perdido, muy confundido, Juan Antonio, desde que se acabó lo nuestro. Para eso tanto hablar de renunciar al amor y a las mujeres. Para acabar perdiendo la cabeza...no por una, por dos turistas americanas.*

SUBTITLES

No, no. I see you so lost, so confused, since we split up. For all your talk of swearing off women and renouncing love to end up losing your head not for one, but two American tourists.

EXT. JUAN ANTONIO'S HOUSE - DAY

Juan Antonio, Cristina and Maria Elena sit around a table in the backyard and eat breakfast. Maria Elena smokes a cigarette and stares at Cristina. Cristina looks at Maria Elena and smiles politely.

JUAN ANTONIO

(to Cristina)

More coffee?

CRISTINA

Yes, please.

Juan Antonio picks up the coffee pot and starts to pour coffee into Cristina's cup. Some of the coffee splashes out of the cup.

JUAN ANTONIO

I'm sorry.

CRISTINA

It's okay.

Maria Elena sneers.

JUAN ANTONIO  
Here's sugar.

CRISTINA  
Oh no, thank you, thank you.

JUAN ANTONIO  
I thought we could go for a ride to  
the countryside later.

Maria Elena rubs her fist against the side of her mouth.

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)  
I mean, the...the weather is  
beautiful.

Maria Elena bites her fingernails. She looks up at the sky.

MARIA ELENA  
(in Spanish)  
*Yo creo que va a llover más  
tarde. Llueve seguro.*

SUBTITLES  
It's definitely going to rain  
later.

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)  
In English.

Cristina shakes her head.

CRISTINA  
Oh, no, it's fine.

MARIA ELENA  
You speak no Spanish?

CRISTINA  
No, I-I, uh, studied Chinese.

MARIA ELENA  
Chinese? Why?

CRISTINA  
I thought it sounded pretty.

MARIA ELENA  
Say something in Chinese.

CRISTINA  
Me?

MARIA ELENA

Mm-hm.

CRISTINA

Um...*ni hao ma?*

MARIA ELENA

You think that sounds pretty?

Cristina gestures nervously.

CRISTINA

Well, I-- Maybe not the way I'm pronouncing it, of course, but...

Maria Elena looks down and rubs her forehead.

MARIA ELENA

(in Spanish)

*A mí el chino me suena de lo más estridente, vamos. Te taladra el cerebro.*

SUBTITLES

If you ask me Chinese sounds strident. It's like a drill to the head.

Cristina looks to Juan Antonio, who glares at Maria Elena.

JUAN ANTONIO

Speak English, Maria Elena.

MARIA ELENA

(in Spanish)

*¿Además has visto la cocina de los restaurantes? Lo más desagradable.*

SUBTITLES

You ever hear them in the kitchen of a Chinese restaurant? It's so unpleasant.

JUAN ANTONIO

(in Spanish)

Maria Elena, *basta*.

SUBTITLES

Maria Elena, enough.

Christina stares at Maria Elena.

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)

Speak English.

Maria Elena puts out her cigarette.

MARIA ELENA

*Mierda*. I'm sorry, I am nervous today. I had bad dreams.

Maria Elena walks toward the house. Juan Antonio takes a cigarette out of a pack.

JUAN ANTONIO  
Would you like to paint?

CRISTINA  
(to Maria Elena)  
Oh, do you paint, also?

Maria Elena gestures at Juan Antonio with disbelief.

MARIA ELENA  
(in Spanish)  
*Que si pinto, dice.*

SUBTITLES  
Do I paint, she asks.

Maria Elena wags her finger at Juan Antonio.

MARIA ELENA  
Ask him, ask him. Ah, he stole everything from me. His whole style.

Juan Antonio rubs the back of his head and looks at Cristina.

JUAN ANTONIO  
She likes to make up these stories.

Maria Elena puts a cigarette in her mouth.

MARIA ELENA  
Juan Antonio, your whole way of seeing is mine.

JUAN ANTONIO  
I'm not saying that you were not influential.

MARIA ELENA  
Influential?

JUAN ANTONIO  
Yes.

MARIA ELENA  
Influential?

JUAN ANTONIO  
But-- Yes, influential, but I'm, but to say I stole your style--

MARIA ELENA  
 (in Spanish)  
*Hipócrita, hipócrita,  
 hipócrita.*

SUBTITLES  
 Hypocrite, hypocrite,  
 hypocrite.

Maria Elena walks as she lights her cigarette.

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)  
 To say that I stole your style is  
 too delusional.

MARIA ELENA  
 (in Spanish)  
*Que no pasa nada. Que  
 pintamos juntos durante  
 muchos años y tú adoptaste mi  
 visión como tuya, y punto.*

SUBTITLES  
 It's okay. We painted side  
 by side for many years, and  
 you adopted my vision as your  
 own.

JUAN ANTONIO  
 (in Spanish)  
*Bueno, esa es una historia  
 que te inventas tú, que te  
 gusta contar por ahí pero que  
 no es verdad.*

SUBTITLES  
 That's a tale you invented  
 and like to spread. But it's  
 not true.

Juan Antonio gestures at Cristina.

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)  
 (to Cristina)  
 Uh, she always had problems with  
 reality and I'm not going to get  
 angry. I'm not going to get angry.

MARIA ELENA  
 Okay, what did they say in art  
 school? They said I was a genius,  
 right?

JUAN ANTONIO  
 I'm always, I always encouraged  
 your talent.

MARIA ELENA  
 Not talent, I'm not talking about  
 talent. I said genius. Genius.

JUAN ANTONIO  
 I came close to killing for you.

MARIA ELENA

Yeah, you came close to killing me.  
With a chair.

Cristina turns and looks at Juan Antonio.

JUAN ANTONIO

I was defending myself, and you had  
a razor, and you were drunk...with  
a razor and raging!

MARIA ELENA

(in Spanish)  
*Que eran celos que eran  
celos, Juan Antonio, y tú lo  
sabes. Que yo estaba loca por  
ti y tú me traicionaste.*

SUBTITLES

That was jealousy - I was  
crazy for you and you  
betrayed me - with Agustino's  
wife.

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)

Never.

MARIA ELENA

(in Spanish)  
*Sí, sí, sí. Con la mujer de  
Agustino. Con la mirada, con  
la mirada.*

SUBTITLES

With your eyes! With your  
eyes.

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)

You wanted to kill me for looking?

MARIA ELENA

(in Spanish)  
*Que no quiero hablar de eso  
ya, ¿vale? Se acabó.*

SUBTITLES

I don't want to talk about  
that anymore, okay? It's  
over.

MARIA ELENA

(in English)  
No, I-I-I, I see you with, with  
someone else now and I'm fine. I'm  
fine, I'm civil. What else do you  
want?



INT. JUAN ANTONIO'S HOUSE/STUDIO - DAY

Maria Elena stands above a canvas and paints on it. There are buckets of paint all around the room. Cristina stands on the balcony and looks down on her.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

As the days passed, Cristina observed Maria Elena and Juan Antonio, and found the heart more puzzling than ever.

Cristina turns and walks down a hallway. Through a window Juan Antonio can be seen painting behind the house. Cristina waves at him through the window. He puts down a cigarette and walks through a doorway into the house.

JUAN ANTONIO

Where were you? Were you writing?

CRISTINA

Yeah.

JUAN ANTONIO

Yes?

CRISTINA

I was trying to.

JUAN ANTONIO

Hey.

Cristina leans toward Juan Antonio.

CRISTINA

I'm so curious. Does she really think that you stole from her?

JUAN ANTONIO

Ummm. Well, um, I-I guess I took...more from her than I like to admit, yes. That's why I'm always so...sensitive when she brings it up.

CRISTINA

(whispering)

Yeah.

Cristina turns and walks down the hall. Juan Antonio follows her.

CRISTINA (cont'd)  
I feel kinda sad.

JUAN ANTONIO  
Why?

CRISTINA  
'Cause I feel like I'm never gonna  
be able to, um...

Cristina and Juan Antonio stop and Cristina turns toward him.

CRISTINA (cont'd)  
...to influence you or inspire you  
in any way.

JUAN ANTONIO  
Oh, no, that's not true.

CRISTINA  
That's how I feel.

JUAN ANTONIO  
That's not true. That's not true.

Juan Antonio shakes his head at her.

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)  
I never heard the Scriabin, the  
Scriab-, the Scriabin--?

CRISTINA  
Yeah.

JUAN ANTONIO  
--Piano Sonata until you played the  
recordings for me and now I can't  
stop listening to it.

CRISTINA  
No?

Juan Antonio smiles at her.

JUAN ANTONIO  
No.

CRISTINA  
Well, that makes me happy.

Cristina leans toward Juan Antonio to kiss him, but he pulls  
away from her.

Below, Maria Elena, working on her painting, looks up toward the hallway.

CRISTINA (cont'd)

What?

JUAN ANTONIO

Uh, maybe it's not a good idea here.

CRISTINA

What?

JUAN ANTONIO

I mean, she's been...better, lately, and, uh, I don't want to...upset her.

Cristina shakes her head.

CRISTINA

Of course, no. Okay.

Juan Antonio walks away. Cristina turns and looks toward the studio.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

An INSTRUCTOR lectures to some STUDENTS, Vicky among them. BEN, a young man and student, looks at Vicky.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It was at Vicky's afternoon language class, which she took several days a week to improve her Spanish that she met Ben, a young man who couldn't stop noticing her, and started to chat her up each day.

INT. LANGUAGE SCHOOL/HALLWAY - DAY

Vicky and Ben walk down a staircase.

BEN

Yeah, I can't believe they hired me at the consulate, 'cause my Spanish is less than perfect, to say the least.

Vicky waves her hand at him.

VICKY

No, I think it's, it's good, it's good.

BEN

Ah, it's all right.

VICKY

But are, are you enjoying your time in Barcelona?

Vicky and Ben walk out of the building.

BEN

Um...I would if I had more friends.

VICKY

Right.

BEN

Yesterday, I walked from the beach up to Park Güell in search of Gaudí.

EXT. LANGUAGE SCHOOL/HALLYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Vicky and Ben walk across a landing.

BEN

Hey...

Vicky and Ben stop, then turn to one another.

BEN (cont'd)

...you wanna see a movie?

VICKY

Um, a movie?

BEN

Wednesday? Afternoon?

VICKY

Uh...eh, yeah.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY

The movie screen shows a black-and-white image of Uncle Charlie, who walks down a train corridor. Uncle Charlie is a character played by Joseph Cotten in the 1943 Alfred Hitchcock masterpiece SHADOW OF A DOUBT.

Uncle Charlie grabs his niece Charlie (played by Teresa Wright) by the arm. Charlie tries to run away from Uncle Charlie. Uncle Charlie grabs Charlie and prepares to throw her off the train.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The movie was a great success, and Ben proved to be very good company for Vicky.

EXT. FRUIT STORE - DAY

Ben and Vicky, visible through the window, are shopping in the store.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

One afternoon, they ducked into a store to buy some cherries and when the storekeeper took a phone call in the back...

INT. FRUIT STORE - CONTINUOUS

Ben reaches toward Vicky and clasps her hand.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

...he couldn't resist taking her hand.

VICKY

Uh...uh, no.

Vicky pulls her hand away from Ben.

VICKY (cont'd)

Don't. I....

BEN

No?

VICKY

Ehhh, no. Yyyy-you-you-you do know...that I'm, I'm recently married.

BEN

Yeah, I...I guess I was under the impression that...maybe you jumped into it too quick, maybe you regret it...?

VICKY  
Regret? Have, have I implied that?

BEN  
Unless I read into it.

VICKY  
No, I...I shouldn't tell you this.  
I, I, uh...you know what? I was  
always someone who thought I knew  
exactly what I wanted.

BEN  
But you didn't.

Vicky shakes her head nervously.

VICKY  
Well, no, I, I, I met somebody else  
and, uh...I'm not gonna get into  
that story.

BEN  
So, this guy you met?

VICKY  
The guy is, is living with my best  
friend.  
(sighs)  
You know?  
(chuckling)  
What am I talking about? When  
I...when I hear myself, it's just,  
it's just crazy. I just married  
the guy I wanted.

BEN  
Did you?

VICKY  
I thought so.

BEN  
So? What happened?

Vicky shakes her head.

VICKY  
One goddamned weekend in Oviedo.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Juan Antonio, Cristina and Maria Elena ride their bicycles down the road.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Cristina, Juan Antonio and Maria Elena went riding in the country. Maria Elena had decided they would all cook a big dinner together and she insisted they pick fresh blackberries.

Juan Antonio rides ahead.

CRISTINA

Wait for me!

MARIA ELENA

...give me vertigo...

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Juan Antonio and Cristina lay a blanket down on top of a hill. Maria Elena stands under some trees at the base of a slope.

CRISTINA

This is the perfect spot.

JUAN ANTONIO

Here, like that...like that.

CRISTINA

Okay, wait. Can you get some th--

JUAN ANTONIO

Okay, here.

Juan Antonio, picking up a backpack, suddenly hunches over with pain.

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)

Ow, ow.

CRISTINA

What's wrong, what's wrong?

JUAN ANTONIO

(chuckling)

Ow.

CRISTINA  
What, what, what?

JUAN ANTONIO  
Ay, ay.

CRISTINA  
What happened?

JUAN ANTONIO  
I--

Cristina steps behind Juan Antonio. Maria Elena glances over her shoulder at them.

CRISTINA  
Wait, no, sit down. Sit-sit-sit-  
sit-sit-sit-sit, sit-sit-sit.

Cristina helps Juan Antonio down onto his knees.

CRISTINA (cont'd)  
Is it your upper or your lower?

Cristina kneels down as Juan Antonio gestures toward his upper back.

JUAN ANTONIO  
Here.

CRISTINA  
Here?

JUAN ANTONIO  
Yeah.

Cristina starts to massage his shoulder and upper back.

CRISTINA  
Hold on, wait.

JUAN ANTONIO  
Ah. Ow.

Juan Antonio hunches down toward the ground.

CRISTINA  
Let me-- Ooh, ooh, ooh. Here,  
wait, let me....

JUAN ANTONIO  
Ooh.



CRISTINA

Here. You want some aspirin?

JUAN ANTONIO

Ah, yeah.

CRISTINA

I have aspirin in my, in my bag.

JUAN ANTONIO

All right, all right.

CRISTINA

Okay. You relax, I'll be right back.

JUAN ANTONIO

All right.

Juan Antonio holds his shoulder.

Cristina stands up and walks to the bicycles. Cristina takes her purse off her bicycle. She turns and walks back toward Juan Antonio and stops. She looks at him in surprise as Maria Elena kneels behind him on the ground and massages his neck.

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)

*Ahí, ahí.*

MARIA ELENA

*Mucha tensión, de pensar. Oh, to the world, he's carefree, nothing matters, life is short and with no purpose kind of thing. But all his fear just goes to his head. Oye, relájate.*

JUAN ANTONIO

*Sí, con esas manos que tienes....*

Juan Antonio looks at Cristina.

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)

(to Cristina)

Do you know, she, she plays piano?

Cristina sits down.

CRISTINA

No, I, I...I didn't know. Is that why you have a piano in the house?

MARIA ELENA

Well, I could have been a concert pianist.

JUAN ANTONIO

Yes, you could have. I mean, no one plays Scarlatti like Maria Elena. And...she understands Scarlatti. Am I right?

MARIA ELENA

Do you play music?

Cristina looks hesitantly at Maria Elena and shakes her head.

CRISTINA

No, I just have to come face to face with the fact that I am not gifted, you know? I-I can appreciate art and I love music, but...it's sad, really, because I feel like I have a lot to express and I am not gifted.

MARIA ELENA

But you do have talent.

CRISTINA

No.

MARIA ELENA

Yes.

CRISTINA

I-- What's my talent?

MARIA ELENA

You take beautiful photographs.

JUAN ANTONIO

That's true. She always takes pictures that she hides from me.

Cristina looks nervously at Juan Antonio and Maria Elena.

CRISTINA

That's-- No, that's, that's because they're nothing. How do you know I take pictures?

Maria Elena stops massaging Juan Antonio's neck.

MARIA ELENA  
I found them in your luggage.

Cristina looks at Maria Elena with disbelief.

CRISTINA  
You went through my luggage?

MARIA ELENA  
Of course I went through your luggage. First night I was in the house, I didn't trust you. I didn't believe you were who you said you were. I wanted to know who was really sharing the bed of my ex-husband.

CRISTINA  
What?!

MARIA ELENA  
Who knew what I would find there? How could I be sure you were not going to hurt me? After all, I had thoughts of killing you.

Maria Elena starts to massage Juan Antonio's neck again.

INT. JUAN ANTONIO'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Juan Antonio and Maria Elena, sitting in a chair, look through prints of Cristina's photographs. Cristina hands them more of her photographs.

CRISTINA  
So, here's a, uh, few more.

Cristina hands more photographs to them. Juan Antonio and Maria Elena look excitedly at the photographs.

CRISTINA (cont'd)  
I, don't say you like 'em if you don't like 'em.

MARIA ELENA  
(to Juan Antonio)  
Look at this.

JUAN ANTONIO  
No-no. What are you talking about? They are beautiful.

MARIA ELENA  
They are beautiful!

JUAN ANTONIO  
Yeah, you see?

MARIA ELENA  
Look at this.

EXT. BARCELONA STREETS - DAY

Cristina and Maria Elena walk past some fountains. Cristina holds her digital camera as Maria Elena gestures around her and points a film camera.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
The next day, Maria Elena went out photographing with Cristina. She had a superb eye and knew a lot about the art of photography and taught Cristina much about the aesthetics and subtleties of picture taking. She advised her to get rid of her digital camera and use an old one for more interesting results. She said it was important to have a darkroom and that she would set one up in the basement for Cristina and teach her various techniques of developing her own pictures.

Cristina and Maria Elena point their cameras at a TOURIST.

A MAN holds a dog on a leash. Cristina, standing beside Maria Elena, points her digital camera at his dog.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)  
They photographed everything, from silly-looking dogs...

EXT. PARK - LATER

Cristina hurries to FOUR CHILDREN, who are posing for a photograph.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
...to grim-faced children. But the best subject...

EXT. BARCELONA STREETS - DAY

Cristina gestures at Maria Elena and poses her in front of some graffiti on a wall.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
...was Maria Elena herself.

CRISTINA  
Yeah, just against the, yeah.

Maria Elena poses against the wall. Cristina steps back and takes multiple photographs of her.

EXT. PEDESTRIAN MALL - DAY

ADAM TABACHNIK, a businessman, and SALLY walk with some shopping bags.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Shopping one afternoon, Vicky and Doug ran into Adam Tabachnick and Sally.

Adam and Sally stop and turn to see Doug and Vicky, who walk down the mall.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)  
Adam was in the same business Doug was in, and they were friendly, although in New York, they did not spend a lot of time together.

SALLY  
Do we know you?

DOUG  
Oh, my-- Sally, oh, my God.

Sally laughs.

ADAM  
How are ya?

DOUG  
(chuckling)  
Oh, my God, you got to be kidding me.

Doug steps toward Adam and embraces him. Sally smiles at Vicky.

ADAM  
(chuckling)  
Doug.

SALLY  
Hi.

VICKY  
Hi.

SALLY  
It's good to see you.

VICKY  
Oh.

EXT. RESTAURANT TERRACE - NIGHT

Adam and Doug and Sally and Vicky sit at a table. A GUITARIST sits in a chair and PLAYS a guitar. Adam, ignoring the guitarist, gestures at Doug.

ADAM  
Any program on T.V. Uh, obviously, anything live, you can play it back on your computer. So I'm on a flight to Tokyo. I'm forty thousand feet up in the air.

DOUG  
Oh, my God.

As Sally, Adam and Doug chat with one another, Vicky, ignoring them, looks raptly at the guitarist.

ADAM  
And I am watching the Mets, live, on my laptop.

SALLY  
(chuckles)  
It's amazing. You're never out of touch.

DOUG  
Well, we're gonna have the new house wired for everything. I'm, I'm lookin' at those new Japanese high-definition T.V. screens.

ADAM  
Yeah, well, you've got to have my  
guy do your installation.

DOUG  
Yeah.

ADAM  
He's just a genius with computers  
and....

DOUG  
I, I get it. I'll get his card.

SALLY  
(to Vicky)  
We just did our place in Greenwich.  
You have to see it.

Vicky turns to Sally.

SALLY (cont'd)  
We have, we have this wonderful  
decorator you should use. He's, um,  
he's creative, but he knows when to  
back off. We did it, uh,  
modern...with just a splash of  
antiques here and there. I love  
combining the two, but God, the  
prices. Do you have any idea what a  
good size oriental rug costs?

DOUG  
She's right. She's right. A-  
Actually, there's an old joke. "A  
hundred thousand for a Persian rug?  
For fifty thousand, I can get....

Doug's joke fades away as Vicky turns back to the guitarist.

EXT. NASH HOUSE - DAY

A group of GUESTS is at a party on the terrace of the Nash  
House.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Life continued predictably for  
Vicky and Doug...

INT. NASH HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Vicky, holding a glass of wine, walks through a patio doorway off the terrace.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
 ...until one afternoon, when an  
 unpredictable moment occurred.

Vicky looks through a window into an inner courtyard and reacts with surprise: Judy and JAY, Mark's business partner, are kissing passionately.

VICKY  
 (whispering)  
 Oh...my God.

Judy steps back, then looks up at Vicky.

EXT. BARCELONA HOTEL - DAY

Vicky walks across the sidewalk toward the front of the hotel. A sign on the hotel reads: HOTEL CASA FUSTER.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
 Several days later, Judy asked  
 Vicky to meet her privately, away  
 from the house to have coffee.

INT. BARCELONA HOTEL/LOUNGE - DAY

Judy and Vicky sit on a sofa with a coffee table in front of them. Vicky picks up a cup of coffee.

JUDY  
 What happened the other day, I...  
 (sighs)  
 I don't want you to get the wrong  
 idea.

VICKY  
 Oh, no-no-no-no, that's really none  
 of my business. I've--

JUDY  
 I, I-I'm not having an affair with  
 Mark's partner. I'm not.

VICKY  
 No, I, I didn't think you were.



JUDY

N-, uh...not that I haven't had fantasies of, of someone coming along and, and taking me out of my situation...but, uh, the fantasies are not Jay Lewis. Eh, mm, even though he would, he would like that. He would.

VICKY

By taking you out of your situation...?

JUDY

Oh. I haven't...I haven't been in love with Mark...for years. I m-, I- I love him, but I'm, I'm not...in love with him.

VICKY

I'm sorry to hear that.

JUDY

I mean, eh, it's, uh...it's funny. I, I just made...I just made the same speech to my shrink. Huh.

VICKY

Well, what does your shrink say?

JUDY

Uh...he says, um...that I'm, I'm too frightened...to act and that...that I'm looking for some kind of magical solution, which, which is unrealistic and that I...I- - and an affair is, is not the answer. And I, I don't, I'm sorry to be laying all of this on you, but I was so humiliated when you saw us.

VICKY

Oh, no, oh, no, oh, no. Look, I--

JUDY

I was just....

VICKY

Look, you, eh, you mustn't feel that you have to explain yourself to me. I--

JUDY  
 I mean...Mark is great.  
 (weeps softly)  
 I'm sure any...any dissatisfaction  
 I have is my own problem.

VICKY  
 No.

JUDY  
 I'm just, uh...I, I, I can't leave  
 him and I know that I never will.

VICKY  
 Well...why not?

JUDY  
 I'm just, I can't. I'm...too  
 scared. And the mo-- the moment's  
 passed.

EXT. FATHER'S HOUSE - DAY

Juan Antonio's father walks to Juan Antonio's car as his son,  
 Cristina and Maria Elena get out of the car.

Maria Elena runs around the car and embraces Juan Antonio's  
 father joyfully. The father lets go of Maria Elena and steps  
 toward Juan Antonio. They kiss on the cheeks.

EXT. FATHER'S HOUSE - LATER

Cristina and Maria Elena walk across the yard.

CRISTINA  
 It's so apparent to me that you and  
 Juan Antonio are still in love when  
 I see you together.

MARIA ELENA  
 Mm. Our love...

CRISTINA  
 You know?

MARIA ELENA  
 Our love will last forever. It's  
 forever, but it just doesn't work.  
 That's why it will always be  
 romantic. Because it cannot be  
 complete.

CRISTINA

Well, maybe it can't be complete because, you know, I'm getting in the way or, I don't know. I feel like...

Maria Elena shakes her head.

MARIA ELENA

No. Before you...

CRISTINA

...if I--

MARIA ELENA

...before you, we used to cause each other so much pain, so much suffering. Without you, all this would not be possible. You know why? Because you are the missing ingredient. You are like the tint that, added to a palette, makes the color beautiful.

Cristina and Maria Elena stop and sit down on a bench. Maria Elena lights a cigarette.

CRISTINA

You know, aren't you and Juan Antonio tempted to make love? I feel like, I don't know.

MARIA ELENA

No-no. A-At the end of our marriage, we didn't. But I have to say, those feelings are coming back now...thanks to you...in a new and deeper way.

CRISTINA

Well, I wouldn't be upset about it. You know, I'd never want to get in the way. It wouldn't, it wouldn't upset me at all.

MARIA ELENA

I know you wouldn't be upset. The same way I get this warm feeling when I hear you both locked in passion every night. I listen and I'm happy.

EXT. JUAN ANTONIO'S HOUSE - DAY

Cristina, holding a glass of wine, wanders between the trees in the backyard.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Was Cristina okay with it when Maria Elena and Juan Antonio made love one afternoon? Beforehand, she gave them both her blessing, but then had mixed feelings. She was not quite as open-minded as she had always imagined herself, and the thought of the two of them in bed, and inevitably full of intensity, caused her some conflict.

Cristina sits down on a chair.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)

In the end, she gradually relaxed and let herself go with the flow of things, a tolerance she was proud of.

EXT. BARCELONA STREETS - DAY

Cristina, Vicky and Doug walk down a street.

CRISTINA

At first, it did bother me, but then I started to think about all these standard, accepted clichés of love, you know, what's right, what's wrong, what's appropriate, according to the "appropriate police."

VICKY

Mm-hm.

CRISTINA

And, you know, you see how screwed up most relationships are, you know what I mean?

DOUG

So what you're saying is you're sharing a man. You're like a Mormon wife.

CRISTINA

I, I know it sounds strange, but actually, we all contribute to the relationship and we're all really nourished by it.

DOUG

But if everyone did that, society couldn't function that way.

CRISTINA

Oh, come on!

Vicky shakes her head.

VICKY

No, Doug, come on, let's not get into one of those turgid, categorical imperative arguments.

CRISTINA

You know, Maria Elena believes that there are many truths in life, not just one.

VICKY

Whatever works.

Doug looks at Vicky with disbelief.

DOUG

Whatever works?

VICKY

Yeah.

DOUG

I don't know. I mean, babe...

Doug clasps Vicky by the arm.

DOUG (cont'd)

...could you live like that?

VICKY

Well, it, I-I never had Cristina's....

DOUG

What? Cristina's lack of structure?

CRISTINA  
It's very structured, actually.

VICKY  
Her courage, I never had her  
courage.

DOUG  
Her courage? Courage?

Doug, Cristina and Vicky walk to a table at a sidewalk cafe.

DOUG (cont'd)  
Next thing, she'll be going to bed  
with Maria Elena and glorifying it  
as some kind of superior  
alternative lifestyle.

Doug sits across from Cristina and Vicky. Cristina looks at  
Doug.

CRISTINA  
Oh, I have gone to bed with her.

Doug and Vicky look at Cristina with surprise.

VICKY  
No!

CRISTINA  
Yeah.

VICKY  
When?

CRISTINA  
Well, Juan Antonio and Maria Elena  
have made this darkroom for me, you  
know. They're both pushing me to  
take photographs and, uh, actually,  
I'm getting pretty good. Believe  
it or not, I'm getting much more  
confident.

INT. JUAN ANTONIO'S HOUSE/DARKROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Cristina puts a photograph of Maria Elena in a bath of  
developing fluid. Photographs hang on the wall around the  
room.

CRISTINA (V.O.)

And, and we were down there in the darkroom, and, um...I was just working on some of my photographs, things that...you know, I wouldn't have done if she hadn't inspired me.

Cristina steps to some of the developing baths as Maria Elena picks up a photograph and looks at it. Maria looks around at the photographs on the lines.

Maria Elena takes some photographs out of the developer and looks at them.

Maria Elena stops and looks at a photograph in the developing solution. Cristina holds up several photographs of Maria Elena and looks at them. She takes one of the photographs of Maria Elena posed against the graffiti and holds up the photograph against another, which is hanging on the line.

Maria Elena walks up beside Cristina. Maria Elena runs her hand down Cristina's arm, then Cristina runs her hand up onto Maria Elena's shoulder. Cristina lowers the photograph, then turns to Maria Elena. Maria Elena caresses Cristina's face.

Then they kiss. They lean back and caress one another, then kiss passionately.

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - DAY

Cristina smiles at Vicky.

CRISTINA

And it happened very naturally for both of us.

Vicky and Doug stare at Cristina.

VICKY

You weren't nervous?

CRISTINA

No, no, it was very loving and gentle.

VICKY

Did you enjoy it?

Cristina nods her head.

CRISTINA  
Mm-hm. I did.

A WAITRESS enters and puts down glasses and silverware on the table.

VICKY  
And...eh, is, it was just the one time?

CRISTINA  
Yeah, yeah.

The waitress leaves.

CRISTINA (cont'd)  
I mean, it just happened, you know?  
I'm not planning on making a habit out of it, necessarily.

Doug gestures hesitantly at Cristina.

DOUG  
But if you...enjoyed it, come on....

CRISTINA  
I did, I did...at the time.

VICKY  
Well, did you tell Juan Antonio?

CRISTINA  
Yeah, of course. There's nothing to hide.

DOUG  
Would you say, then, you are a bisexual?

CRISTINA  
No...I see no reason to label everything. I'm me! You know? And I've slept with Juan Antonio since and enjoyed that experience very much.

Vicky shakes her head.

VICKY  
Wow. It's a great story.

Vicky chuckles softly.



Doug nervously moves around the silverware on the table.

DOUG  
 Yep. That's a...great story.

Doug opens his napkin and puts it down on his lap.

DOUG (cont'd)  
 Hey, look, I d-- I don't set myself  
 up as a judge, so....

INT. NASH HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Doug sits on the bed and types on his laptop computer. He glances at Vicky as she brushes her hair thoughtfully in the bathroom.

DOUG  
 What are you thinking?

VICKY  
 Hm? Oh, I don't know. How quickly  
 time passes.

Vicky walks to the bed.

VICKY (cont'd)  
 Summer's almost over. We're going  
 home soon.

Vicky sits down on the edge of the bed.

DOUG  
 I thought you were still, uh,  
 dwelling about your friend's little  
 tale of lust in the darkroom.

Vicky stops brushing her hair and looks down. Doug puts down his laptop and crawls across the bed to her.

DOUG (cont'd)  
 And speaking of darkrooms....

Doug kneels behind Vicky and kisses her shoulder.

DOUG (cont'd)  
 Come here.

Doug leans toward Vicky and kisses her around her face. Doug gently pulls Vicky down on the bed as they continue to kiss.

EXT. BARCELONA STREETS - DAY

Cristina walks down the sidewalk in a crowd of PEDESTRIANS. Cristina stops and takes a photograph of some flowers in a flower stall. She continues walking and then stops to take another photograph.

INT. JUAN ANTONIO'S HOUSE/DARKROOM - DAY

Cristina develops photographs as Juan Antonio and Maria Elena watch.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Over the next weeks, Cristina became more and more sure of herself as a photographer. Both Juan Antonio and Maria Elena contributed ideas and support when she had doubts. Thanks to their encouragement, photography was becoming a productive interest in her life.

Maria Elena rubs Cristina's shoulder. Cristina smiles, then kisses Juan Antonio.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)

By now, she and Juan Antonio and Maria Elena had become lovers.

Maria Elena and Cristina caress one another's cheeks, then kiss.

EXT. JUAN ANTONIO'S HOUSE - DAY

Maria Elena sits beside the pool and gently rocks her foot in the water. Juan Antonio paints on a canvas. Cristina sits in a chair and holds a book in her hands.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Everything seemed perfectly balanced, perfectly in tune. Maria Elena was calm and relaxed. Juan Antonio was going through a very creative period with his painting.

Cristina looks up thoughtfully.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)

It was only Cristina, as the last days of summer expired, who began to experience an old, familiar stirring...a growing restlessness that she dreaded, but recognized only too well.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Cristina sits on some stone steps beside the sea and stares thoughtfully out at the water.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Suddenly, thoughts started taking precedence over feelings. Thoughts and questions about life and love. And, as much as she tried to resist these ideas, she could not get them from her mind.

INT. JUAN ANTONIO'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY

Maria Elena, in the middle of drying dishes, looks at Cristina with shock. Juan Antonio turns and looks at Cristina.

JUAN ANTONIO

You're moving out?

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Finally summoning her resolve, one evening after dinner, she made an announcement that surprised everyone.

CRISTINA

I mean, I, I, I, I don't want what Vicky has. I don't want what my parents had. I don't want what I had before I came here. I mean, I know that. But I, I, I know I can't live like this forever.

MARIA ELENA

(in Spanish)

*¿Te lo dije o no te lo dije?*

SUBTITLES

Did I tell you or not?

JUAN ANTONIO  
 (in Spanish)  
*Vale, vale.*

SUBTITLES  
 Okay.

Maria Elena leans against the counter and rubs her face agitatedly.

JUAN ANTONIO  
 What do you want, Cristina?

CRISTINA  
 I want something different.

JUAN ANTONIO  
 What?

CRISTINA  
 I'm, I-I-I don't know. Not this.

JUAN ANTONIO  
 There is no answer, Cristina.  
 There is no, there is no single  
 answer.

Maria Elena turns toward Juan Antonio and gestures angrily at him.

MARIA ELENA  
 (in Spanish)  
*Juan Antonio, que no lo  
 entiendes. Que ya ha  
 conseguido lo que quería.  
 Quiere otra cosa. Que esto ya  
 no le basta. Es como una  
 enfermedad, que nunca le va a  
 bastar con nada.*

SUBTITLES  
 Don't you understand, she's  
 gotten what she wanted. She  
 wants something else. This  
 isn't enough for her.

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)  
 Maria Elena, Maria Elena.

CRISTINA  
 Please...don't get so upset.  
 Please. And can you speak English?  
 I can't understand you.

JUAN ANTONIO  
*A ver, habla inglés, por favor.*

MARIA ELENA  
 (in Spanish)  
*Nunca se va a conformar con nada, esta niña.*

SUBTITLES  
 This girl will never be satisfied with anything.

JUAN ANTONIO  
 (in Spanish)  
*María Elena, habla inglés, para que te pueda entender.*

SUBTITLES  
 Speak English so she can understand us.

MARIA ELENA  
 (in Spanish to Cristina)  
*Sabía que nos la ibas a jugar, sabía que nos la ibas a jugar y nos la has jugado. Cómo lo sabía.*

SUBTITLES  
 I knew you would use us. I knew you would use us. And you used us. I knew it.

Maria Elena slams her hand down on the counter.

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)  
*Ya, vale, vale...*

MARIA ELENA  
 (in Spanish)  
*¡Cómo lo sabía, cómo lo sabía!*

SUBTITLES  
 I knew it! I knew it.

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)  
*Ya. Maria Elena. Por fav-- Speak English, please so she can understand it, all right? Ya.*

Maria Elena sobs. Maria Elena wags her finger at Crisina.

MARIA ELENA  
 (to Cristina)  
 Chronic dissatisfaction. That's what you have. Chronic dissatisfaction.

JUAN ANTONIO  
*Ya, ya.*

MARIA ELENA  
 Big sickness. Big sickness.

JUAN ANTONIO  
 (in Spanish)  
*Eh, no es eso, María Elena,  
 no es eso. Es simplemente...  
 Es simplemente...Mírame.*

SUBTITLES  
 That's not it, Maria Elena.  
 That's not it. It's simply  
 that... Look at me.

Juan Antonio clasps Maria Elena by the chin.

JUAN ANTONIO  
 It's simply that...

Maria Elena looks at Cristina.

MARIA ELENA  
 (to Cristina)  
 How can you...? Do you know how  
 much we love you?

CRISTINA  
 Yeah. And I love you both.

MARIA ELENA  
 No, you don't!

CRISTINA  
 Yes, I do.

MARIA ELENA  
 No, you don't!

CRISTINA  
 It has nothing to do with that!

MARIA ELENA  
 (in Spanish)  
*Niña de mierda, niña de  
 mierda.*

SUBTITLES  
 You spoiled little shit.  
 Spoiled little shit.

JUAN ANTONIO  
 (in Spanish)  
 Please, please. Please. Not,  
 that, not, not--

MARIA ELENA  
 (in Spanish)  
*¡Cómo lo sabía, cómo lo  
 sabía, cómo lo sabía!*

SUBTITLES  
 I knew it. I knew it. I knew  
 it.

Juan Antonio holds his hand over Maria Elena's mouth, then kisses her to calm her down.

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)  
 (in Spanish)  
*Oye, cállate. Cállate ya, por favor.*

SUBTITLES  
 Shut up now please.

Juan Antonio turns Maria Elena away from Cristina. Maria Elena slaps her hand down angrily on the stove.

JUAN ANTONIO  
 (in Spanish)  
*Cállate ya. Es evidente que no ha encontrado a la persona adecuada. El día que encuentre a la persona adecuada, que no somos ni tú, ni somos yo...pues toda esta cosa suya, de encontrar la tranquilidad y la fa...la felicidad, y todo esto, se le pasará.*

SUBTITLES  
 Shut up now. It's simply that she hasn't met the right person yet. When she does find the right person - not you or me - this whole thing about finding peace and happiness will pass.

Maria Elena shakes her head and wipes her eye with her hand. She taps her finger against the side of his head.

MARIA ELENA  
 (in Spanish)  
*Que no es eso. Te lo metes en la cabeza. Que no es eso, no es eso.*

SUBTITLES  
 That's not it.

JUAN ANTONIO  
 (in Spanish)  
*Ya está, ya está. María Elena. Vale.*

SUBTITLES  
 Okay, fine.

Juan Antonio looks at Cristina.

JUAN ANTONIO  
 Where will you go, Cristina?

MARIA ELENA  
*Que no.*

CRISTINA

I, um, I just got to get out of here for a few weeks and I'm, just got to clear my head. It's not-- This is all my...problem. It has nothing to do with you.

Juan Antonio steps toward Cristina.

JUAN ANTONIO

Come, come here. Ay.

Cristina steps toward Juan Antonio. Juan Antonio embraces Cristina and kisses her head. Juan Antonio holds his arm around Cristina.

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)

Let's be...thankful for all the good times that we've spent together.

Maria Elena turns her head away from them.

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)

All right?

Juan Antonio puts his hand on Maria Elena's back. Maria Elena turns toward them and tries to control her emotions.

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)

And, and remember each other with respect. All right? And love and affection. All right?

Maria Elena steps toward Cristina and embraces her.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Cristina and Vicky sit together on the stone steps.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Cristina told all that had happened to Vicky and said she was going to France for a few weeks to think things out. She would return to pick her up, so they could go back to New York together.

VICKY

That's good for the relationship.



CRISTINA

Yeah.

EXT. MUSEUM NACIONAL DE ART - DAY

Vicky and Judy walk down the steps of the museum. Banners on the museum read: "MUSEU D'ART: EL CARTEL MODERN."

JUDY

So it's been Juan Antonio all this time?

VICKY

Uh, look, I'm, I'm not gonna do anything. For-forget I said-- I j-, I just needed to tell someone and, and we've become close, so....

JUDY

Well, why, why don't you act on it?

VICKY

What, act now?

JUDY

Yes.

Judy and Vicky walk to a railing where they can see a view of the city.

VICKY

What, break up with Doug, who's really a sweet guy and married me in good faith, for the...for what? For a bohemian Spanish painter with a passionate tie to an ex-wife...who probably doesn't even share my feelings, if he ever did?

JUDY

Y-Yeah.

VICKY

So-- Oh, God, who am I kidding? I, but the, the dream is exciting.

JUDY

If, if I were you, I wouldn't waste another minute. I'd, I'd get on it. I'd--

VICKY

Well, get on what?

JUDY

Well, you're in love with him. If--  
Do something or the, the years will  
pass by and you will be sorry,  
Vicky.

Vicky shakes her head.

VICKY

No, no. What are you saying? I,  
look, I can't risk everything. If,  
if Juan Antonio had never existed,  
I'd be fine with Doug.

JUDY

Just, you'd-- Just fine?

VICKY

Yeah, as I planned.

JUDY

Just fine?  
(scoffs)  
How, how blunt do you want me to  
be? I, when I look at Doug, I...see  
Mark. I....

VICKY

Yeah, well, you're using me to  
rewrite your own history.

EXT. NASH HOUSE - DAY

Through windows Judy can be seen walking through the living  
room and talking on a cordless phone.

JUDY

(into telephone)  
If, if there's some way...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Despite Vicky's protestations, Judy  
was possessed with finding a way to  
bring her and Juan Antonio  
together...and prevailed upon her  
friend, Gabriella, who was a figure  
in the art world, to throw a party,  
and invite Vicky and Juan Antonio.

JUDY  
 (into telephone)  
 Yeah, I have his number.

EXT. BAR - DAY

Juan Antonio walks angrily out of the bar and down a street.  
 Maria Elena hurries out of the bar and after him.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
 Meanwhile, as predicted, without  
 Cristina, the relationship between  
 Juan Antonio and Maria Elena had  
 gone back to its old  
 destructiveness.

Maria Elena shoves Juan Antonio angrily. PEOPLE on the street  
 turn and stare at them. Juan Antonio walk down the street.  
 Juan Antonio gestures angrily at Maria Elena.

JUAN ANTONIO  
 (in Spanish)  
*...dedicado de mi tiempo a  
 tus fobias, a tus locuras, a  
 tus mierdas. Eso afecta a mi  
 trabajo, ¿entiendes?*

SUBTITLES  
 I devote all my time to you -  
 pampering you, nursing your  
 tics and phobias. My work  
 suffers.

MARIA ELENA  
 (in Spanish)  
*¡Que yo no tengo la culpa de  
 que tu trabajo se haya ido a  
 la mierda y yo no tengo la  
 culpa de que no te enteras de  
 nada y no creces y no  
 maduras!*

SUBTITLES  
 It's not my fault. It's not  
 my fault that your work has  
 gone to shit and that you  
 don't mature.

JUAN ANTONIO  
*No puedo seguir viviendo así, María  
 Elena.*

MARIA ELENA  
 (in Spanish)  
*¿Sabes lo triste que es para  
 mí ver que nunca en tu puta  
 vida te vas a dar cuenta del  
 potencial que tienes?*

SUBTITLES  
 Do you know what it is like  
 for me to see that you will  
 never realize your full  
 potential?

JUAN ANTONIO  
 (in Spanish)  
*Déjame en paz. María Elena,*  
*déjame en paz, déjame en paz.*  
*Déjame en paz.*

SUBTITLES  
 Leave me alone. Leave me  
 alone, please!

Maria Elena stops, then turns back and slaps Juan Antonio repeatedly.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
 As had happened before...

EXT. JUAN ANTONIO'S HOUSE - DAY

Maria Elena carries her bags, opens the gate and walks to a taxi.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
 ...by mutual consent, Maria Elena  
 packed her things and moved out of  
 Juan Antonio's house.

Maria Elena gets into the taxi and the taxi moves down the street.

EXT. GABRIELLA'S HOUSE - DAY

PARTY GUESTS stand around a pool outside the house. Judy talks to Mark and Doug as Vicky looks away distractedly.

JUDY  
 ...He's, he's a real sweet guy.

DOUG  
 Yeah.

MARK  
 I, I think he's sweet.

DOUG  
 Yeah.

MARK  
 I mean, he just, he owns his....  
 He gets in very close.

JUDY  
 No, he does, he's not, he's not a s-  
 he's not, no, no-no-no.

DOUG  
He's, he's a, I tell you, he's a  
close talker. He's a close talker.

MARK  
Yes.

DOUG  
Yeah, yeah.

MARK  
That's probably why he's so  
successful.

JUDY  
But he's, yes.

MARK  
'Cause everything just--

DOUG  
I was telling her in the car ride  
over here that I'm, I'm, I'm  
actually very exci-- I mean, I  
think he's gonna be a great contact  
for me, don't you think?

JUDY  
He's, he's a wonderful man.

Vicky steps toward the group and gestures at them.

VICKY  
I'm gonna go check out the food.  
Does anyone want anything?

JUDY  
I mean....

DOUG  
No.

MARK  
No, I'm fine, I guess.

JUDY  
No, thank you, thank you.

Doug kisses Judy.

Vicky walks toward the house.

JUDY (cont'd)  
No, thank you.

MARK  
Coming up.

DOUG  
But he gets in your face.

JUDY  
No-no-no, I mean, he'll get a  
little close, but not that close.  
But his...

Vicky walks toward a buffet table. Juan Antonio is standing near the table.

JUAN ANTONIO  
Hello.

Vicky turns and looks at Juan Antonio with surprise.

VICKY  
Oh. Hello.

JUAN ANTONIO  
I'm surprised to see you.

VICKY  
As am I to see you. I didn't think  
you liked parties.

JUAN ANTONIO  
Yeah, well, Gabriella insisted that  
I come and she's an old friend. You  
know, of course, that Cristina and  
I are no longer together, right?

VICKY  
Yes. So now you're just with your  
ex-wife?

JUAN ANTONIO  
No, Maria Elena is gone as well.

VICKY  
Oh. For now.

Juan Antonio nods, then shakes his head.

JUAN ANTONIO

Eh, uh, it's funny. Um, Maria Elena and I...we are meant for each other and not meant for each other. It's...it's a contradiction. I mean, in order to understand it, you need a poet, like my father.  
(chuckles softly)  
Because I don't.

VICKY

Well.

JUAN ANTONIO

How about you? All goes well with your husband, I'm sure?

VICKY

Oh, yes, yes, he's wonderful. He's terrific. I'm, I'm quite...delighted with the way things turned out.

JUAN ANTONIO

Why don't I believe you?

VICKY

Uh...don't become flirtatious. You know, I realize your, your bed is empty now and you always had a little yen for me, but...we're preparing to leave by the weekend, so I--

JUAN ANTONIO

Meet me for lunch.

VICKY

I'm too scared.

INT. NASH HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Vicky looks at a mirror and rubs cream under her eye. Doug stands in the bathroom talking into a cell phone. They are both dressed in their underwear.

DOUG

(into cell phone)

No. What? I, you're, you're breaking up, Tom. That you're breaking up. Where are you?

Vicky looks down wistfully.

DOUG (cont'd)  
 (into cell phone)  
 Okay. That's better. That's better.  
 Yeah, just try to stand still. Can  
 you hear me?

EXT. MARKET - DAY

Doug and Vicky look at a bird in a cage hanging from one of the stalls in the market.

DOUG  
 We have to get a bird for...

VICKY  
 (chuckles)  
 Uh, no...

DOUG  
 ...Mark and Judy.

VICKY  
 ...we can't get 'em a bird.

DOUG  
 Why not?

VICKY  
 It's ridiculous.

DOUG  
 God, they're beautiful. I always, I  
 always wanted a bird. You know, we  
 should actually, when we get home,  
 I'd love to get, like, a bird for  
 the new house.

VICKY  
 Yeah?

DOUG  
 Yeah. I, and you know, I'm, I'm  
 leaning towards Bedford Hills.

Vicky chuckles.

DOUG (cont'd)  
 What do you think?

Vicky's cell phone RINGS.



VICKY

Yeah, I, yeah. Oh, I-- Hold on.

Vicky takes her cell phone out of her purse and looks at it. Doug looks back at the bird. Vicky answers the cell phone.

VICKY (cont'd)

Hello?

INT. JUAN ANTONIO'S HOUSE/STUDIO - DAY

Juan Antonio stands in front of a canvas talking into his cell phone.

JUAN ANTONIO

(into cell phone)

Spend tomorrow afternoon with me.

EXT. MARKET - SAME

Doug leans down toward the bird in the cage as Vicky walks and talks into the cell phone.

DOUG

(to bird)

Hey, buddy.

VICKY

(into cell phone)

Oh, no, it's not possible.

DOUG

(to bird)

Hey, buddy.

VICKY

(into cell phone)

We're, we're preparing to leave by the weekend.

INT. JUAN ANTONIO'S HOUSE/STUDIO - SAME

JUAN ANTONIO

(into cell phone)

Be on the corner of Calle Tiles, Tiles in Pedralbes, and I'll drive by, and I'll pick you up at noon.

EXT. MARKET - SAME

VICKY  
 (into cell phone)  
 Uh, no, I, uh, you're wasting your  
 time, I can't talk now.

INT. JUAN ANTONIO'S HOUSE/STUDIO - SAME

JUAN ANTONIO  
 (into cell phone)  
 Look, look, I'm not the kind of man  
 who would try to come between a  
 husband and wife. I'm not. I'm not.  
 But Judy Nash called me and she  
 tells me that you are not happy,  
 that you are actually more in love  
 with me than the man you married.

EXT. MARKET - SAME

VICKY  
 (into cell phone)  
 I can't talk.

Vicky hangs up the phone and puts it into her purse. Vicky  
 walks back to Doug, who's standing by the bird cage. He holds  
 up a souvenir made of straw.

DOUG  
 This is nice.

A STREET VENDOR approaches Doug.

DOUG (cont'd)  
 Yeah, really nice, yeah.

STREET VENDOR  
 She is nice.

Vicky embraces Doug.

VICKY  
 Hey, what's that?

DOUG  
 Hey, babe. What do you think?

Doug looks at the price tag on the souvenir.

DOUG (cont'd)  
Who was that?

VICKY  
Hm?

DOUG  
On the phone.

VICKY  
Oh, it was, uh, it was my, uh,  
language teacher.

DOUG  
Yeah?

VICKY  
He wants me to have a good-bye  
lunch with him tomorrow at, at  
noon.

Doug puts the souvenir back on the rack.

DOUG  
Oh, that's perfect. I'm gonna play  
golf with Mark in the morning.

INT. NASH HOUSE/BEDROOM - DAY

Vicky walks nervously out of the bathroom. She turns and looks at her reflection on a dressing table mirror. Vicky tries on various outfits until she finally settles on a white shirt.

EXT. AVENUE PEDRALBES - DAY

Vicky stands on the sidewalk. Juan Antonio arrives in his convertible. Juan Antonio opens the door for her. Vicky gets into the car and Juan Antonio drives down the street.

EXT. JUAN ANTONIO'S HOUSE - DAY

Juan Antonio and Vicky sit at a table with dishes of food in front of them. Juan Antonio clasps Vicky's arm as he talks to her.

Vicky and Juan Antonio walk toward the house.

JUAN ANTONIO  
Uh...if you'd like to. Uh....

VICKY

Sure.

Vicky and Juan Antonio walk into the studio, where there are a number of Juan Antonio's paintings piled up against the walls.

JUAN ANTONIO

Uh, well, this is...uh, no, yeah, I've been working on these ones lately. And...uh, yeah.

VICKY

Oh, they're very overwhelming.

JUAN ANTONIO

This is....

VICKY

Oh, my God.

JUAN ANTONIO

Yeah. I mean, it's, it's very hard to explain a painting, right?

Juan Antonio picks up one of his paintings.

VICKY

No, you don't have to. It's, it's fascinating. It's fascinating.

JUAN ANTONIO

This one, actually, should be...the other way around, but....Uh...

VICKY

No, I, I like it very much. Can, can I, uh...can I be frank about something?

JUAN ANTONIO

Yeah.

Vicky gestures at a painting, which is filled with violent swirls of black and white.

VICKY

This one-- it's, uh...it's, uh, there's something very frightening about...it.

JUAN ANTONIO  
 Uh...well, that one is Maria  
 Elena's.

Juan Antonio rubs up against Vicky's back as she gestures at the painting.

VICKY  
 Right, well, that explains it.  
 It's very chaotic and...er-erratic  
 al-almost. But, uh....

Juan Antonio steps up behind Vicky and embraces her tightly.

VICKY (cont'd)  
 Oh, God, what am I doing here? I  
 don't know what I expect to happen.

JUAN ANTONIO  
 It's been, it's been...a long time  
 since we made love that night in  
 Oviedo.

Vicky turns toward Juan Antonio and nods.

VICKY  
 Y-Yes, I--

JUAN ANTONIO  
 And I've thought about it many,  
 many times.

VICKY  
 Yeah, well, I'm sure you weren't  
 thinking about it when you were  
 making love to Cristina or, or  
 Maria Elena.

Juan Antonio caresses her hair.

JUAN ANTONIO  
 Well, I, I never lied to you. I, I  
 mean, I told you from the first  
 moment I was attracted to both you  
 and Cristina.

VICKY  
 Yeah, I-I, look, I'm....

Vicky steps away and clasps her hand to her face.

VICKY (cont'd)  
I, I can't just go to bed with you.  
I'm...I'm not good at this.

JUAN ANTONIO  
But you weren't nervous that night.

VICKY  
I wasn't married.

JUAN ANTONIO  
You were about to be.

VICKY  
Yeah. You're right. It's what I  
want.

Vicky shakes her head an Juan Antonio.

VICKY (cont'd)  
But I-- What, what am I supposed to  
do? M-Make love with you and then,  
and then go on with my marriage  
like, like nothing happened? Or,  
or just terminate it?

JUAN ANTONIO  
Judy Nash says you are heading an  
unhappy life.

VICKY  
Yeah, well, I, eh, she's talking  
about herself.

Juan Antonio shakes his head at Vicky, then runs his finger  
along her neck.

JUAN ANTONIO  
But...maybe you will understand  
more about your own feelings once  
we've made love.

VICKY  
Yeah, or less. Uh, look, I, I, I'm  
not saying I'm not tempted...

Vicky leans toward Juan Antonio.

VICKY (cont'd)  
 ...but it would require such an upheaval, emotionally, and, and from a practical point of view, you, you're not exactly the kind of man to plan a, a...

Vicky and Juan Antonio kiss passionately.

VICKY (cont'd)  
 ...future with.

A GUNSHOT is heard.

Juan Antonio and Vicky turn toward the noise and see Maria Elena holding a pistol. Maria Elena SHOOTS the pistol again at Juan Antonio and Vicky.

JUAN ANTONIO  
*¡Maria Elena, deja eso!*

VICKY  
 Oh, my God! Oh my God, no!

JUAN ANTONIO  
 No, no!

Juan Antonio steps in front of Vicky and waves his hand at Maria Elena.

Maria Elena lowers the pistol and COCKS it.

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)  
 Maria Elena!

Vicky fearfully whimpers.

Juan Antonio dashes toward Maria Elena.

VICKY  
 What are you doing?! Don't!

JUAN ANTONIO  
*¡María Elena, suelta eso!*

Juan Antonio grabs Maria Elena and struggles with her for the pistol.

MARIA ELENA  
 (shrieking)  
 ...la mierda! ¡Que no!

JUAN ANTONIO

*¡Suelta eso, por favor! María  
Elena. María Elena. ¡Suelta!  
¡María Elena, suelta eso! ¡Mátame!  
¡Déjame, que te mato! ¡Que te mato!  
¡Déjame, que te mato!*

The pistol FIRES and hits a vase. Vicky cowers and holds her hands over her head. Juan Antonio takes the pistol away from Maria Elena.

JUAN ANTONIO

(in Spanish)  
*María Elena, suelta. Dámela,  
dámela, dámela. Ya.Ya.Ya. ¡Te  
vas a matar!*

SUBTITLES

You're going to kill  
yourself!

MARIA ELENA

(in Spanish)  
*¡Que no quiero vivir así!  
¡Que no quiero!*

SUBTITLES

I don't want to live! I don't  
want to live, damn it!

Vicky walks hesitantly forward.

MARIA ELENA

*¡Que no quiero!*

JUAN ANTONIO

(in Spanish)  
*Ya, ya, ya.*

SUBTITLE

Let it go. Now, now, now.

MARIA ELENA

(in Spanish)  
*¿Cuándo comprenderás que no  
quiero vivir? Que no se puede  
vivir así.*

SUBTITLES

Don't you understand that I  
don't want to live, that I  
can't live like this.

JUAN ANTONIO

*María Elena--*

MARIA ELENA

(in Spanish)  
*¡Que me va a explotar la  
cabeza! ¡Que no lo aguanto,  
que no aguanto más!*

SUBTITLES

My head is going to explode.  
I can't take this anymore. I  
can't take it anymore.



JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)  
 Maria Elena. Maria Elena.

Maria Elena gestures at the pistol in Juan Antonio's hand.

MARIA ELENA  
 (in Spanish)  
*Dame la pistola. Dámela.  
 Que me des la pistola. Que  
 me des la pistola.*

SUBTITLES  
 Give me the gun. Give me the  
 gun. Damn it!

Maria Elena slams her fists down on a table and sobs uncontrollably.

JUAN ANTONIO  
 (in Spanish)  
*Escúchame, mi amor. Mi amor,  
 escúchame.*

SUBTITLES  
 Maria Elena? Listen to me  
 please, my love. My love,  
 listen to me.

Juan Antonio reaches his hand toward Maria Elena.

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)  
 (in Spanish)  
*Ven, dame la mano. Ven, ya.*

SUBTITLES  
 Come. Give me your hand.  
 Come. It's okay.

Maria Elena reaches out and clasps his arm.

JUAN ANTONIO  
 (in Spanish)  
*Ya, ya, mi amor, ya.*

SUBTITLES  
 It's okay, my love. It's  
 okay.

The pistol in Juan Antonio's hand suddenly accidentally DISCHARGES. Maria Elena and Vicky shriek. Juan Antonio drops the pistol to the floor.

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)  
*¡Dios!*

Vicky holds her hand: the bullet has hit her in the hand.

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)  
 Oh, my God, are, are you okay?

VICKY

Oh, my God, oh, my God, oh, my God,  
my hand!

MARIA ELENA

Oh, my God, I'm so sorry! *Que me  
has quitado la pistola.*

Blood spreads across Vicky's hand. Juan Antonio goes to Vicky's side. Vicky gestures at Juan Antonio and Maria Elena.

VICKY

Oh, my God, you're both crazy!  
You're both complete--

JUAN ANTONIO

Are you okay? Let me help you.

VICKY

Both of you are completely insane!

JUAN ANTONIO

I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

VICKY

How the hell am I gonna explain  
this to my husband?!

JUAN ANTONIO

I'm sorry.

VICKY

I, I can't live like this!

JUAN ANTONIO

Let me see, let me see.

VICKY

This is not my life!

JUAN ANTONIO

Let me see it.

Juan Antonio turns toward Maria Elena and gestures angrily at her.

JUAN ANTONIO (cont'd)

(to Maria Elena)

*Maria Elena, Maria Elena. Mira lo  
que has hecho. No puedes traer una  
pistola a casa. Mi amor, no puedes  
traer una pistola a casa.*

VICKY

You're d-- I just can't do it!

MARIA ELENA

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry,  
I'm so sorry. I had bad dreams--

VICKY

I'm so.... Oh, my--

INT. NASH HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Doug and Vicky are seen through the windows walking across the terrace.

DOUG

...understand what your language  
teacher was doing with a gun.

VICKY

...he, he collects these antique  
firearms and he was showing me his  
favorite one and it, it just went  
off.

Doug slaps his hands together angrily.

DOUG

Oh, my God! We should sue him! That  
is so damn irresponsible!

Vicky and Doug stop on the terrace. Vicky turns toward him.

VICKY

No, no, it's not, it's not that  
bad, honestly.

DOUG

Jesus.

VICKY

Once the bandages come off, it'll  
be, it'll be a scratch.

DOUG

What would happen if something  
happened to you?

VICKY

What? What are you saying?

Doug steps toward Vicky and clasps her face.

DOUG  
Hey...I love you so much.

He kisses her.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Doug never found out the real  
story.

Doug embraces Vicky.

VICKY  
Oh. Okay.

EXT. DOCK - DAY

Judy and Mark and Vicky and Doug walk past some sailboats on  
a dock.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Judy knew the secret and, of  
course, was relieved Vicky had not  
been hurt worse, or killed. With  
Vicky leaving to go back to New  
York, Judy's plans to rescue Vicky  
from her own fate were put on  
terminal hold.

EXT. SIDEWALK RESTAURANT - DAY

Cristina and Vicky sit at a table at a sidewalk restaurant.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
When Cristina returned from  
Antibes, Vicky told her the whole  
tale, and Cristina thought it was  
sad how much Vicky had wanted Juan  
Antonio and was unable to say or do  
anything about it.

CRISTINA  
...But I would have stepped aside.

VICKY  
No, no, look...I, I knew you had  
feelings for Juan Antonio from the  
moment you saw him.

CRISTINA

But if I knew what had happened, I never would have gone ahead with it.

VICKY

Well, look, it was...it was a...a passing thing. Now it's over.

Cristina looks thoughtfully at Vicky. Vicky looks uncertainly at Cristina.

INT. BARCELONA AIRPORT - DAY

Doug and Vicky carry their bags to the escalator. Cristina walks with them. They get on the escalator and ride down on it.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Vicky went home to have her grand wedding to Doug...

Doug gets off the escalator and walks out of frame. Cristina and Vicky walk off the escalator and across the main floor.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)

...to the house they both finally settled on, and to lead the life she had envisioned for herself before the summer in Barcelona. Cristina continued searching, certain only of what she didn't want.

FADE TO BLACK.