

LOVE MOSAIC

by

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CHICAGO SKYLINE-MORNING-ESTAB

EXT-HUGE MANSION

Incongruous among modest bungalows.

An intense morning sun holds the scenes in a warm tranquility

REAR YARD

An elderly Hispanic-looking man tends a flower bed.

A NARRATOR is heard over ENGLISH subtitles.

Narrator (V.O; in Spanish; subtitled)

Nadie puede llamarse Pedro,
Ninguna es Rosa ni Maria
Todos somos polvo o arena,
Todos somos lluvia en la lluvia.
Me han hablado de Venezuelas,
De Paraguas y de Chiles,
No se de lo que estan hablando;
Conozco la piel de la terra
Y se que no tener apellido.

Pablo Neruda. "Desmasidos Nombres"

No one can be named Pedro,
No one is Rosa or Maria,
all of us are dust or sand,
all of us are rain in the rain.
They have talked to me of Venezuelas,
Of Paraguayes and Chiles,
I don't know what they are talking about
I am aware of the earth's skin
And know that it doesn't have a name.

Pablo Neruda, "Desmasidos Nombres"

The narrator's voice fades away.

CUT TO:

INT. PEDRO AND MARIA'S HOUSE- KITCHEN AND DINING ROOM - DAY

Well-appointed in high-fashioning Mexican style with central spiral staircase leading to rooms on the second floor.

IRMA, an old white-haired Latina woman in her late sixties washes dishes. She pauses and turns on the TV.

ON THE TV

A house is engulfed in flames.

BACK TO SCENE

IRMA

(in Spanish; subtitled)

Empieza y termina con fuego y
Solo un agradecio dios que
queda

It starts and ends with fire
and only a merciful God will
remain.

Irma moves to the window, speaking to herself.

IRMA

(in Spanish; subtitled)

CUT TO:

EXT. PEDRO AND MARIA'S HOUSE - DAY

Juan tends to the rose bushes in front of the house. An old man of sixty-six, Juan is wearing all white shirt and trousers, and a large straw hat. Irma watches him through the window, peeping out through the drapes.

INT. PIERRE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Expensive, exquisitely furnished, PIERRE a middle-aged man sleeps with ROSA, a beauty in her young 20's. The bedclothes in disarray show exposed body parts that both are naked under the covers.

Rosa opens her eyes, checks the clock. It's 5:30 AM. She then looks joyfully at her sleeping lover.

INT. BATHROOM—CONTINUOUS

Rosa lingers under the shower. We revel in her beauty.

INT. PIERRE'S BEDROOM -DAY

CLOSE ON PILLOW.

She places a note beside her lover's pillow.

Rosa hits a button on a record player and steps out.

JACQUES BREL is singing: "NE ME QUITTE PAS".

Pierre awakens to the music and smiles as he reads the note.

ROSA (O.S)

Cher Pierre. I needed to get home early so that I can have Sunday breakfast with my Latino family, and go to church with my mother and grandmother. I'll call you later. Thanks for a Beautiful evening. Love.
ROSA"

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

PEDRO, a Hispanic-looking heavy set middle aged man, sleeps. Besides him, also sleeping, his beautiful younger wife MARIA, a Latina brunette.

The alarm clock on a dresser indicates 6:00.

Maria's sleep is fitful, disturbed. It awakens Pedro, who looks at her longingly and he gazes at her lovely body then begins to caress her.

Maria wakes up, obviously her interest is not sexual.

Her disinterest is not lost on him, but he will have his way.

PEDRO
(in Spanish; subtitled)

Maria. It's Sunday. Time for my prayers.

(she covers her body)

MARIA

Alderman Pedro. Do we have to do it every Sunday Morning?

Pedro does not answer, and starts taking off Maria's nightgown, revealing a beautiful voluptuous woman.

With no foreplay, he penetrates her.

Maria is simply staring at a framed diploma on the wall.

INSERT- The diploma reads:

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS AT CHICAGO

MARIA SOLIZ
MASTER OF ARTS
ART HISTORY

BACK IN THE BEDROOM

Pedro kisses Maria urgently. She accepts her lot, unmoved and visibly annoyed.

PEDRO

(whispering)

I love being inside you. That's when I find peace and welcome Sunday.

MARIA

Please, don't describe anything.
Just do it.

Pedro reaches a noisy climax jubilant in spite of her sadness.

CUT TO:

INT. PEDRO AND MARIA'S HOUSE-KITCHEN AND DINING ROOM - DAY

Irma serves a happy Rosa her breakfast cereal.

ROSA
(smiling)
Thanks. Irma.

Irma gives her a surprise look.

ROSA
(in Spanish; with
subtitles)

Lo siento. Gracias abuela Irma.

Sorry. Thanks Grandmother Irma.

IRMA
(with a wry smile
whispering in Spanish;
subtitled)
El sexton esta en tus ojos y te
va ahogar.

The sex is in your eyes and will
drown you.

Irma sinks in the opposite chair, eyes her suspiciously.

IRMA
(In Spanish; subtitled)
No to quites la ropa por nadie.

Don't take off your clothes for
anybody.

ROSA
(ironically)
Even if it is very hot.

IRMA
Especially if it is hot.

Irma, points at Rosa's legs.

IRMA
(in Spanish; subtitled)

No dejes que nadie te toque alli.

Don't let anybody touch you there.

Irma moves by the window. She gazes at Juan and waves.

Juan waves back. They share a moment between them.

IRMA

(in Spanish; subtitled)

Juan es de Guatemala: Soy de Mexico,
Y tu madre es de..

Juan is from Guatemala; I am from
Mexico, and your mother is from.

ROSA

(Singing)

Puerto Rico. Puerto Rico.
Dad marries her to get the Puerto Rican
vote. Smart political move or love?

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Pedro steps in the bedroom after taking a shower.

Maria is still in bed, staring at the ceiling, with the bed
cover up to her chin. On the night stand next to her is a
book.

INSERT- BOOK COVER

"THE STRANGER".

ALBERT CAMUS

BACK IN THE BEDROOM

Pedro's voice comes through the shower curtain.

PEDRO

I checked her room. Rosa did not
spend the night here.

We see a look of disdain on Maria's face.

MARIA

(Matter-of-factly)

She must have stayed with one of
her girlfriends.

PEDRO

(calmly)

I hope for our sake. I don't want
any gossiping about my daughter.

Pedro enters the bedroom, naked and still
dropping water. Maria averts her eyes.

PEDRO

There is already gossip of her
getting the assistant curator job
at the National Museum of Mexican
Art because of my position of
Alderman of the ward and Chairman
of the City Zoning Committee.

MARIA

(Looking annoyed)

You worry more about political
gossip than your daughter's
happiness. She is qualified for
the job. Remember, her mother,
has a master degree in art history.

Maria points to the diploma on the wall.

Pedro does not respond. He looks at Maria's diploma on the
wall.

Pedro finishes dressing up and steps out of the bedroom.

With painful look in her eyes, Maria smells the sheet. We
see few tears on her face.

CUT TO:

INT. PIERRE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Pierre wakes up, sees and reads the note left on the pillow.

Pierre has extremely regular features, giving him a deceptively boyish look at first glance. He is a tall muscle toned middle aged man with long dark hair and eyebrows.

INT. PIERRE'S BATHROOM - DAY

Pierre enters the bathroom and looks at himself in the mirrors.

One mirror is facing him and two parallel mirrors are on the right and left side. The parallel mirrors are on the right and left sides.
The parallel mirrors create a seemingly endless series of Pierre's image.

Pierre smiles, delighted to see endless images of himself as far as the eyes can discern.

PIERRE

(Speaking to his images
in the mirror)

If a worthless fellow be with thee,
do not let him go, or else one
worse will come to thee.

A moment of silence.

PIERRE

(Serious)

I am not worthless.

PIERRE

(Flirtatious)

I am not worthless.

PIERRE

(Questioning)

I am not worthless.

PIERRE

(Suspicious)

I am not worthless.

PIERRE

(Elated)

I am not worthless.

Yes
I am not worthless.

Pierre goes back to the bedroom.

INT. PIERRE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Pierre picks a book from a bookshelf.

INSERT - BOOK COVER reads:

ARABIC PROVERBS
John Lewis Burckardt

BACK IN THE BEDROOM

Pierre picks a page in the middle of the book.

INSERT - PROVERB reads:

"The blind man does what is nasty
upon the roof of his house, and
thinks that the people do not see
him"

BACK IN THE BEDROOM

Pierre closes the book. He picks up the phone and dials a number.

INT. PEDRO AND MARIA'S HOUSE-DINING ROOM -DAY

In the dining room, Rosa answers the call.

INTERCUT- TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

PIERRE
You left without waking me up.

ROSA
You know my reasons.

PIERRE
(matter-of-factly)
OK with me. Enjoy church. I'll
pick you up Monday morning for
your appointment at the Museum.

ROSA
See you then. I love you.

Pierre smiles somewhat cynically and hangs up.

CUT TO:

INT. PEDRO AND MARIA'S-DINING ROOM - DAY

Pedro approaches Rosa and kisses her on the cheek.

Pedro takes a seat at the table.

Irma approaches the table and sets a breakfast dish in front of Pedro.

PEDRO
(to IRMA)
Thanks, mother.

Pedro starts eating his breakfast.

Rosa reads the Chicago Tribune.

Irma is in the kitchen, looking busy.

Maria enters. She kisses Rosa and takes a seat at the table. She starts reading the Chicago Sun Times.

There is a complete silence except for persistent coughs by Irma.

Irma breaks up the silence.

IRMA
(in Spanish and
sarcastically;
subtitled)
Who knocks at the door will hear
an answer.

PEDRO
(Curtly)
Mother! Speak English.

IRMA
(in Spanish; subtitled)
God speaks Spanish.

Rosa and Maria share a smile.

MARIA
(To ROSA)
Doing anything interesting at the
Museum.

ROSA
(surprised)
Glad you ask, the National Museum
of Mexican Arts is going to help
the Chicago Art Institute by
highlighting the works of three
Latin American Artists.

PEDRO
Oh!

ROSA
The three artists will share the
beauty and the richness of their
cultural heritage in a picture
book exhibition.

PEDRO
Do you need any help from the City?

ROSA
(ironically)
It's about art and not politics.

PEDRO
(stiffening)
In Chicago, it's all about ethnic
politics.

Rosa and Maria share an understanding smile.

Pedro sees the exchange between them.

PEDRO
(with clear impatience)

Politics is about who controls the
exits and entrances.

Rosa shrugs. Maria sighs as if she heard it
before.

Pedro gives Rosa an intense look.

ROSA

(matter-of-factly)

I am already working with Pierre.
I'll be going Monday to the
Chicago Art Museum to finalize the
details of the collaboration with
the National Museum of Mexican
Arts.

PEDRO

(with clear disdain)

That Pierre!

ROSA

(surprised)

Who is this Pierre?

PEDRO

(with clear disdain)

Pierre Chirac is the snobbish and
French curator of the Chicago Art
Institute. He is really pushing
the envelope in his choice of
exhibits.

ROSA

(Ironically)

Approved by the board.

PEDRO

(Stiffening)

What really bugs me is that Pierre
Chirac and Rosa Pineda, my
precious daughter, have been seen
together all over town.

ROSA

(Angrily)

He is my colleague from another museum, and a dear friend. What's wrong with that?

Pedro remains silent, shaking his head like in disbelief. He studies her for a long moment. Her face is dead serious.

Maria looks at Pedro.

MARIA
(To Pedro and coldly)
Answer her.

PEDRO
(calmly)
This man is much older than you.

Maria looks shocked by what she hears.

ROSA
(with clear indignation)
He is only 55 years old. I learn a lot from a very sophisticated and cultured man.

PEDRO
(sarcastically)
An older man with a beautiful Latina like you will sing out sentences that he never thought.

Rosa gives Pedro one of those your-so-dumb looks.

ROSA
(angrily)
What is this supposed to mean?
You think I can be easily fooled.

Rosa gets up. She throws her napkin on the table. She looks at her anguished mother.

ROSA
(To Maria)
Mother, I am going to get ready for church.

Rosa gets up from the table.

Pedro is staring at her.

Rosa shakes her head from side to side and exits.

Pedro looks shocked. He watches her off, very intrigued.

Maria looks surprised.

MARIA

(Frowning)

Why are you bothered by this
Pierre fellow? He is after all a
colleague.

PEDRO

(Matter-of-factly)

He is rather handsome in a
dangerous way. He has also a
superior air about him. He is
also much older than you and me.

MARIA

(surprised)

Oh!

PEDRO

(seriously)

We need to find out more about her
intentions before it gets serious.
An old French man in my daughter's
life is not part of my plan.

MARIA

(matter-of-factly)

I'll find out.

PEDRO

(relieved)

Thank you. Gossips are a pain.

Pedro gets up, and approaches Maria. He leans to kiss her.
She gives him last minute cheek.

Pedro looks slightly slighted.

PEDRO

I need to get ready to get to city hall. There is no Sunday for a politician.

IRMA
(in Spanish; subtitled)
Latin men face a heritage of sweat.

PEDRO
(to Irma)
The united family will never be defeated.

MARIA
(ironically)
United and with free will.

Pedro sighs and steps out of the dining room.

Irma and Maria look at each other with hostility.

CUT TO:

INT. PEDRO AND MARIA'S HOUSE-UPSTAIRS-HALLWAY - DAY

Maria walks down the hallway upstairs, which seems impossibly long.

Maria knocks on one of the doors.

MARIA
Rosa.

She hears -what?- sounds of moaning.

ROSA
(moaning)
Yes. Yes.

MARIA
(worried)
Are you OK?

ROSA
Yes. Come in.

INT. ROSA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sitting in front of a mirror, Rosa is brushing her long dark hair.

Maria sits on the bed. She watches her daughter in silence.

Irma shows up at door. She gives them an annoyed look and leaves.

ROSA
(passionately)
I love him. I love Pierre.

MARIA
(casually)
Does he love you?

Rosa
(matter-of-factly)
I don't know.

Maria stays silent, and looks chagrined.

Pedro, now fully dressed in a dark suit, looking as the typical politician, enters.

MARIA
(Wishfully)
Why don't you get married to a nice young man who would love you?

PEDRO
(Shouting)
Yes. Why not?

ROSA
(smiling)
Because it is too easy to become a slave. It is much harder to gain freedom.

Pedro sees Maria nodding in agreement. He is visibly angry.

PEDRO
(Angrily)

She is full of piss and vinegar like you. I am afraid a harder time is coming to this family. I need to go to City Hall.

MARIA

(Matter-of-factly)

We'll be using the chauffeur to go to church. If you just would not say anything, everything will be fine.

Pedro exits.

Maria sits down next to Rosa, both looking at their beautiful images in the mirror.

MARIA

(Softly)

Tell me about him. Why do you love him?

ROSA

(calmly)

I learn a lot from him. I feel better about myself when he is around me. Is this love?

Maria looks intently at her image in the mirror, as if searching for an answer.

MARIA

(Sadly)

I have no real education in the art of love. Each of us must feel it differently. Each love has its own art and its precious colors.

ROSA

(surprised)

Is it friendship? You must know about friendship. Dad is your friend.

MARIA

(Sadly)

I don't know about friendship.
Pedro is my husband. I married
him because I had to even though I
had an art degree and could have
done what you are doing.

Rosa has a look of surprise.

ROSA
Come to the Chicago Art Institute
Monday. I'll introduce you to
Pierre. You can see for yourself.

MARIA
(abruptly)
He is much older than you.

ROSA
(indifferently)
He is fifty four.

MARIA
(surprised)
That's thirty years older than you.

ROSA
(Starting to tear up)
So what? I love him. You love Dad?

MARIA
I am married to him.

ROSA
You did not answer my question.

MARIA
I got a beautiful and smart
daughter. That's something.

They embrace long and hard.

Then, there is a total mood-killer. Irma, in her cream
face mask and black dress, opens the door without knocking

IRMA

(in Spanish and
sarcastically;
subtitled)
God does not wait. We are going
to miss the sermon.

Irma slams the door.

Maria and Rosa pull away from each other long enough to smile and possibly take a break. Then, they go back to the embrace.

CUT TO:

INT. A CAR - DAY

Pierre is driving his car down Michigan Avenue. The radio plays a BACH CANTATA: GLORIA. He passes in front of the Art Institute. A big sign is above the entrance door.

INSERT-SIGN announces: "IS IT REALLY DEGENERATE ART OR JUST ART".

BACK IN CAR

A huge crowd of protesters is gathered in front of the museum.

Pierre has a look of disapproval. He continues driving past the Museum.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Pierre is entering the lobby of a building.

An old Haitian man is the receptionist. He is behind a desk watching TV.

An old woman steps out of the elevator with her dog. The spaniel has a skin disease which makes almost all its hair fall out and left it covered with brown sores and scabs.

The old woman has also reddish scabs on her face and wispy yellow hair.

The dog is pulling the woman until she stumbles.

The old woman kicks the dog.

The dog stops.

The old woman kicks it again.

THE OLD WOMAN

(Addressing the dog)

Miserable beast. One day you'll be
hit by a car.

The dog now trails behind. The old woman pulls the dog.
They both step out of the building.

THE RECEPTIONIST

(in French and beaming;
subtitled)

Hello Pierre; Madame Gasparetti is
with her dog.

PIERRE

(in French and amused;
subtitled)

Good morning JEAN-MARIE; They
still hate each other. How are
you?

JEAN-MARIE

(In French; subtitled)

Good, in spite of the age.

PIERRE

(In French and Creole:
subtitled)

I wish you good health. Dreams
come true.

JEAN-MARIE

(In Creole)

Aibobo.

PIERRE

(Smiling)

Amen.

Pierre steps in the elevator.

CUT TO:

INT. SHANNON'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

A beautiful middle aged blonde woman is sitting on a sofa in a large living room with walls full of colorful paintings. She is reading the Style section of the Sunday New York Times.

There is a knock on the front door. She walks to the door and opens it.

Pierre faces her inquiringly with his eyes.

She is welcoming with a beautiful smile.

They embrace long and hard.

PIERRE

(worried)

Shannon dear, you don't mind I came without calling on a Sunday morning.

SHANNON

(smiling)

It is always a pleasure to see my ex. This was after all your home six months ago. We won't quarrel again about the divorce, I hope.

PIERRE

(amused)

Madame Gasparetti was with her dog.

SHANNON

(smiling)

They have not changed their funny routine in the eight years I lived here with you and without you.

PIERRE

(sadly)
 They stayed together while hating
 each other. We are separated and
 we do not hate each other. You
 know that.

SHANNON
 (reassuring)
 Yes. Please sit down.

Pierre sits on a sofa.

Shannon sits on another sofa facing him.

Pierre looks chagrined.

SHANNON
 (questioning)
 What's bothering you? Are you
 bothered by the reaction to the
 "DEGENERATE ART" show?

PIERRE
 (calmly)
 The show is part of my life's to
 Reproduce much of the art destroyed
 By the Nazis, and reawakening the public
 To a lurking right-wing menace.

PIERRE
 I am worried about a personal
 relationship.

SHANNON
 (with sadness)
 The same kinds of relationships
 that led to our divorce.

Pierre shows a chagrined look.

PIERRE
 Her name is ROSA. She is the
 assistant curator at the NATIONAL
 MEXICAN MUSEUM OF ARTS. She is a
 very young and beautiful Latina.

SHANNON

(matter-of-factly)
What's the problem? You always
managed to move on to the next one
to fall in your love trap.

PIERRE
(surprised)
Love trap! Am I talking to the
psychoanalyst or my dear ex-wife.
Who am I talking to?

SHANNON
(ironically)
A curator choosing art for the
viewers is also a psychoanalyst.

Pierre looks amused.

SHANNON
(questioning)
What do you call this situation?
Do you have another proverb for
the situation.

PIERRE
(calmly)
If the rose come, we eat and drink
near it, if it departs, we do not
regret it.

SHANNON
(puzzled)
Is that what you think of our
divorce?

PIERRE
(softly)
No. I love you and wish we stayed
married.

Shannon gives a worried look at PIERRE.

SHANNON
(feigning impatience)
What do you want to do?

PIERRE

(calmly)

There is no future in the relationship. I have to tell her as soon as possible.

SHANNON

(feigning impatience)

Tell her what?

Pierre remains silent as if looking for a good answer.

PIERRE

(calmly)

Tell her I won't see her anymore.

SHANNON

(feigning surprise)

Is it a matter of seeing?

PIERRE

(stiffening)

When the eye does not see, the heart does not give.

SHANNON

(impatiently)

Then what?

Pierre does not answer. He stands up and comes to sit next to her, their faces inches apart.

PIERRE

(seriously)

Give both of us another chance.

Shannon does not answer.

Pierre approaches closer. They kiss lightly.

SHANNON

(lowering her head to avoid Pierre's stare)

You think you'll change. I don't think so. You have a compulsion to have annihilating sex with people whose lives are in turmoil.

Pierre does not answer and gives her another light kiss.

There is a silence. Shannon looks disturbed.

PIERRE

(calmly)

I thought about my mother this morning.

SHANNON

(questioning)

What were your thoughts?

PIERRE

(solemnly)

She was strong in the worst of conditions. A hard nut to crack. My father had known affairs and was practically always absent. He had always an excuse. Like him I was like absent in your life.

SHANNON

(with a voice of authority)

Your are not your father and you were not absent in my life. There was a presence of an absence. I loved you.

PIERRE

(shortly)

Thanks.

SHANNON

(shortly)

Welcome.

They hugged long and hard.

CUT TO:

INT. PEDRO'S OFFICE - DAY

Pedro is behind a desk in a cluttered office. He is examining a document.

There is a knock on the door.

A smiling beautiful young Latina sticks her head in.

Pedro looks happy to see her.

The smiling young woman does not step in.

PEDRO
(smiling)
Come in. LISA.

Lisa enters with documents in her hands. She places them in front of him.

LISA
(softly)
They need your signature.

PEDRO
(smiling)
Thanks for coming to work on a Sunday.
My apologies to your boyfriend.

LISA
(smiling broadly)
Silly. You are my boyfriend.

PEDRO
(smiling)
Great.

Pedro gets out of his chair and crosses to the front of his desk.

Pedro kisses Lisa passionately.

PEDRO
(beaming)
Are you happy you are going to be
Miss Cinco de Mayo? It was my decision.

They just kissed again.

A smiling Lisa moves to the door to leave.

As Lisa is leaving the office, Pedro nonchalantly swats a fly on the desk.

INT. CAR - DAY

A car is driven on a Chicago street.

Rosa is sitting next to the driver.

Maria and Irma are sitting in the back.

Rosa looks at the driver.

ROSA

(To the driver)

ARTURO. We are not going to St Sabina. We are going to St Theresa.

ARTURO

(abruptly)

Yes. Ms Rosa.

MARIA

(surprised)

Why?

IRMA

(in Spanish; subtitled)

I am going to miss Father FIDEL's sermon.

ROSA

(matter-of-factly)

It will be a good change.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

The car stops in front of a church. Rosa, Maria, and Irma step out.

Irma looks annoyed.

They walk up the stairs of the church.

Rosa stops and looks at the building on the other side of the street.

Maria stops also and gives her a questioning look.

ROSA
(calmly)
Pierre lives in that condo
building.

They step in the church.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - DAY

The church is full. The priest is already delivering his sermon.

Irma, Maria, and Rosa take the only available seats at the last pew.

PRIEST
(solemnly)
Fate and faith go together. The
Arabs refer to fate as MEKTOUB.
It means that fate is written.
Is life written? Is love written?

Rosa looks startled. Rosa stands up and leaves the church.

Maria follows her.

Irma looks annoyed.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH ENTRANCE - DAY

MARIA
(Whispering)
What's the matter?

ROSA
(strangely calm)

Nothing. You can stay with IRMA.
I'll see you later. I thought
about PIERRE and fate. Bye.

Maria and Rosa kiss each other. Rosa crosses the street,
and Maria watching her go. Rosa enters the condo building.
Maria turns and walks slowly in the church.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Maria takes her seat next to IRMA.

Irma gives her an annoyed look.

THE PRIEST

Has the potter no right over the clay,
to make out of the same lump one vessel
for honorable use and another for
dishonorable use?

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Pierre is sitting on a sofa reading the Sunday New York
Times.

The door opens.

Rosa is at the door.

Pierre looks surprised.

Rosa runs toward him. She wraps her arms around his neck
when she gets to him. Before Pierre can speak, Rosa has
him tongue tied..literally. They kiss for a long time.

PIERRE

(surprised)

What happened to church?

ROSA

(running out of breath)

The priest spoke about written
fate. I thought about you and

needed to see you. You have been somehow strange lately.

PIERRE
(calmly)
How is that?

ROSA
(whistfully)
Just a feeling. I don't know if you are happy to be with me.

He takes her hand and leads her to the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Rosa and Pierre frenetically help each other taking off the clothes.

They kiss all over and roll over the bed.

Pierre is now on his back, his head and shoulders resting against the head board. She is astride him, hands resting on his chest, rocking..in control, confident...very much liking the fire she's kindled in his eyes.

Rosa and Pierre lay together with his arm under her head.

ROSA
(beaming)
Do you want to marry me?

PIERRE
(shortly)
It does not make a difference to me.

ROSA
(surprised)
Do you love me?

PIERRE
(coldly)
It does not mean anything. I probably am not able to love.

ROSA

(fawning)
So why would you marry me?

PIERRE
(shortly)
I'll do what you want.

ROSA
(with clear disappointment)
Not a comforting answer.

CUT TO:

EXT. A STREET - DAY

Rosa is standing at the curb of the street.

Juan is tending the flower bed.

Rosa looks back at the house.

Irma in the kitchen window, Pedro in the living room window,
and Maria in the upstairs bedroom window, are looking at
Rosa.

Rosa smiles at Juan.

ROSA
(to JUAN)
The family is watching.

JUAN
(in Spanish; subtitled)
Because they love you.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - DAY

A car, driven by Pierre, stops by the curb.

Juan opens the door.

Rosa gets in.

Pierre lets her kiss his cheek. Pierre looks distant. The car departs.

The car is now driven slowly thru the near west side of Chicago.

ROSA
(abruptly)
What's on your mind?

PIERRE
(with surprising emphasis)
We are passing Haymarket square.
No monument is there to
commemorate the martyrs of the
American Labor Movement killed in
the first famous Chicago police
riot.

ROSA
(matter-of-factly)
Few people know about the
Haymarket affair.

PIERRE
(passionately)
I wonder whether the Haymarket
square riot and the unrest that
continued through 1987 was
inspired by the Paris commune of
1871.

ROSA
(pointedly)
Were they really trying to take
over Chicago the same way the
French workers seized control of
Paris.

Pierre looks at her, smiling approvingly.

ROSA
(questioning)
You tried once to name some of the
galleries in the West Wing of the
museum after the labor martyrs.
What happened?

PIERRE

(solemnly)

One influential member of the board insisted it would be an insult to the city's finest, who serve Chicago every day. Neither handsome. Nor liberal, nor good-natured.

ROSA

(matter-of-factly)

Shame! I bet it was Jim O'Connor.

PIERRE

(Like talking to himself)

They believed in a socialist revolution and that will never be honored here.

Pierre drives the car in a parking lot.

INSERT- SIGN reads "Parking for Museum Staff".

BACK IN THE CAR

ROSA

(exited)

Before I forget, my mother is coming to the museum today. She wants to meet you.

PIERRE

(Stopping the car at a spot designated for the curator)

Let's use the Michigan Avenue entrance. I want to see the action.

ROSA

(Looking worried)

Are you sure? Those right wing nuts are demonstrating.

Pierre does not answer and steps out of the car, followed by Rosa.

CUT TO:

EXT. MUSEUM'S ENTRANCE ON MICHIGAN AVENUE - DAY

A large sign is above the entrance of the museum.

INSERT- SIGN reads: "DEGENERATE ART?"

BACK TO MUSEUM ENTRANCE

A huge crowd is protesting in front of the entrance.

Rosa and Pierre, still far from the crowd, are approached by a TV reporter and a cameraman.

The TV reporter stands in front of them.

THE TV REPORTER

What is exactly this exhibit?

PIERRE

(with emphasis)

RON. The National Socialists attacked modern art by staging in 1973 an exhibit on what they labeled "Degenerate Art". This exhibit replicates what has been done in Munich in 1937, using some of the works that escaped burning or destruction.

RON

(Almost barking because of the noise from the crowd)

What is it for Chicago?

PIERRE

(Answering calmly, one word at a time, as to accentuate the gravity of what he is saying)

The public will see the fate of the Avant-Garde in Nazi Germany,

and the political uses and misuses
of art.

RON

(casually)

Is Rosa also working on the show?

PIERRE

No. You know that I work for
another museum.

Pierre and Rosa are now trying to get to the door through
the angry and shouting crowd.

A heavy set man with a twisted face is hollering.

Rosa and Pierre walk past the heavy set man.

THE HEAVY SET MAN

(Pointing to the
museum's entrance)

The enemy of the white people is
here. It is degenerate art. It's
decadence presented as art.

The protesters unfurl a banner.

INSERT-BANNER reads: "DO NOT CROSS-DECADENT ART".

BACK TO MUSEUM'S ENTRANCE

People in the crowd are mostly young white males, some
young enough to be worried about the visible zits on their
faces, some dressed in khaki uniforms. Circling the heavy
set speakers, a guard of muscular men surveys the scene. A
few of them are bare chested, tatoos carved on their skins:
broken hearts, torches, swatsikas, and roses. A lot of
them are wearing T shirts, sporting the names of their
favorite heavy metal bands: Grim Reaper, Black Sabbath,
Twisted Sister, W.A.S.P, and White Snake.

Four museum security guards rush to protect Pierre and Rosa,
as they approach the museum door.

In the middle of the protesting crowd Mrs Gasparetti is
with her dog. She is pulling him and he is resisting.

PIERRE
(Smiling nervously)
This may be good publicity for the
show.

A short overweight white woman pushes one of the security
guards to face Pierre and Rosa, and takes a photo of them.

THE WHITE WOMAN
(Shouting)
This is the dude that brought this
show to Chicago.

Pierre and Rosa ignore her and get close to the door.

The white woman jumps in front of ROSA and PIERRE.

THE WHITE WOMAN
(Hollering)
Where are you from?

Pierre stops and turns to face her.

PIERRE
(With clear disdain)
La Belle France, Madame.

Pierre turns back and follows Rosa in the museum.

THE WHITE WOMAN
(Screaming with anger)
A French frog; Can you beat that?

CUT TO:

INT. MUSEUM LOBBY - DAY

Pierre and Rosa are in the lobby of the museum.

ROSA
(flippantly)
Real unpleasant experience.

PIERRE
(ironically)

I love humankind. I despise some humans. In any case, a dog that barks does not bite.

ROSA

(matter-of-factly)

I am going to my scheduled meeting. Don't forget my mother's visit later.

PIERRE

(smiling)

Judgment day! Bye.

They kiss on both cheeks.

CUT TO:

INT. PEDRO AND MARIA'S HOUSE-LIVING ROOM - DAY

Irma and Juan are sitting at the dining room table. They are watching a Spanish soap opera on TV. They look mesmerized.

CUT TO:

INT. MUSEUM HALLWAY - DAY

Maria walks up the main staircase of the museum. She is in subtle shades of grey, understated, elegant. She is perfectly dressed.

Maria steps in the hallway that leads to the galleries.

CUT TO

INT. GALLERIES IN THE MUSEUM - DAY

Maria is walking through the galleries of the museum, looking at the paintings.

In three of the galleries, men smile at her. She responds with a smile.

CUT TO:

INT. A CLASSROOM BETWEEN TWO GALLERIES - DAY

Maria enters what looks a classroom.

A replica of "VENUS BEFORE THE MIRROR" stands on a chair in front of two rows of chairs.

INSERT - REPLICA PAINTING

BACK IN THE CLASSROOM

Maria sits in the middle of the first row. She admires the painting.

Pierre and a group of middle-aged well suited people enter the room. They start sitting in the first and second row, surrounding Maria.

Pierre, impeccably dressed, stands next to the painting, facing the audience. Flowing black hair, black suit, unbuttoned white shirt. He studies the painting. He turns around to face the painting.

Maria looks at him intently.

PIERRE

(solemnly)

Ladies and gentlemen, this is the last presentation today. Thank you for your attention.

Pierre is pointing to the Rubens' painting.

PIERRE

(passionately)

All that abundance, the proliferation of matter, the ripening of the flesh, the life that surges and all the details.

The image of the naked Venus looking at something in front of her, presumably the mirror held by Cupid, and the black maid attending to her fair hair, draws an admiring silence from the audience.

PIERRE

(smiling with sincerity)

Let me invite you to appreciate the display of naked flesh, the

tender rounded features, the
innocent face, the golden hair of
the goddess and the puffy
curvature of the cheek.

Pierre moves his gaze from the painting to where Maria is
sitting.

Maria and Pierre are looking intently at each other.

PIERRE
(pointedly)
This is a scene to satisfy both
the visual eye of the viewer and
the mental eye of the interpreter.

Pierre is now looking at Maria, as if she is the only
person listening to him.

PIERRE
(with an admiring look and a lazy smile)
Cupid sets the angle of the mirror
to allow the crossing between the
stare of the admired, Venus, and
the stare of the admirer, you the
viewer.

Maria raises her hand.

PIERRE
(surprised)
Yes.

MARIA
(nervously)
Sir, I see two images of Venus.
The one in the mirror is more
honest in her avowal of
connivingness.

Everybody remains silent. The whole audience is observing
curiously Rosa and Pierre looking at each other.

PIERRE
(to MARIA)
Venus ought to be praised for the
honesty of her confession.

Maria stands up and rushes to the door, stepping on some feet.

MARIA
(whispering)
I am sorry. I am sorry. I am not
with this group. I was just
resting here.

CUT TO:

INT.MUSEUM LOBBY - DAY

Rosa is standing by the grand staircase.

Maria joins her.

They kiss.

MARIA
(beaming)
You are glowing like a papaya.

ROSA
(happily)
The meeting went well. We are
proceeding with the Latin artist
project.

MARIA
(questioning)
Where is this Pierre of yours?

ROSA
(matter-of-factly)
He is with a group of donors. He
is now showing them a replica of
"Venus in Front of a Mirror".

Maria looks startled.

Rosa's face beamed.

ROSA
(beaming)

Here he is.

Pierre walks toward them.

Pierre kisses Rosa on both cheeks.

ROSA
(happily)
Pierre. Meet Maria, my mother.

PIERRE
(with a smile that suggests complicity)
Delighted to finally meet you.

MARIA
(nervously)
Me too.

Maria and Pierre shake hands, staring nervously at each other.

Close-ups of Maria and Pierre reveal their trouble.

PIERRE
(abruptly)
I hear you also majored in history
of art.

MARIA
(matter-of-factly)
Then, I got married and had Rosa.

PIERRE
(smiling)
That's making art.

Maria smiles back at him, but her eyes are troubled.

Rosa appears under the spell of Pierre.

There is an awkward silence with Pierre and Maria staring at each other.

Maria breaks the silence.

MARIA
(abruptly)

Why did you become a curator?

PIERRE

(smiling confidently)

Because life is a wasteland of banal and cruel acts. Working with art makes it less cruel and banal.

ROSA

(shortly)

We need to let Pierre go. He has a board meeting.

Pierre kisses Rosa on both cheeks.

Maria looks sad at the show of affection.

Pierre turns to face Maria. He shakes her hand, his brown eyes asking for more.

Pierre is not as self-possessed as he tries to appear. There is something behind this, a mystery.

Maria looks uncomfortable.

PIERRE

(smiling with sincerity)

I hope to see you again.

MARIA

(nervously)

You will.

CUT TO:

INT. A GALLERY IN THE MUSEUM - DAY

Maria and Rosa step in a gallery and sit on the bench in the middle of the gallery, facing a Rembrandt painting.

INSERT- PAINTING- REMBRANDT-OLD MAN WITH A GOLD CHAIN

BACK IN THE GALLERY

Rosa and Maria remain silent for a while looking at the painting.

ROSA
(beaming)
What do you think of him?

MARIA
(flippantly)
Of Pierre?

ROSA
(feigning impatience)
Who else?

MARIA
(lowering her head to
avoid ROSA's stare)
He is interesting.

ROSA
(passionately)
I adore him. I hope that Dad will
go along.

Maria looks surprised.

MARIA
(abruptly)
Go along with what?

ROSA
I would like to eventually marry
him.

Maria does not answer and turns her face toward the painting. She looks back at Rosa, puts her arms around her and hugs her.

Maria and Rosa stand up.

MARIA
(coldly)
I'll see you home. We'll talk
about it. This is not the right
place. I am going to do some
shopping.

ROSA

(matter-of-factly)
 I need to go back to my office. I
 am not sleeping home tonight.

MARIA
 (stiffening)
 Oh!

CUT TO:

INT. THE MUSEUM BOARDROOM - DAY

Well dressed men and women are sitting around a table in a
 large room.

The door opens. Pierre enters the room.

Pierre takes a seat at the table.

PIERRE
 (solemnly)
 Thank you for coming. The meeting
 will examine a potential project.
 It will be brief.

O'CONNOR
 (abruptly)
 Thank you PIERRE.

PIERRE
 (amiably)
 Thank you, Chairman O' Connor.

O'CONNOR
 (abruptly)
 Jim. Please.

PIERRE
 (calmly)
 Thank you Jim, I first would like
 to thank JUDITH for allowing us to
 show her contemporary collection.
 It is a success. As you know, it
 features an extraordinary
 selection of paintings, sculptures,
 and works on paper created from
 1960 to the present.

Judith, a blonde middle aged woman, dressed in what looks like a Chanel suit, seated at the end of the table smiles, and nods approvingly. She winks at Pierre. Pierre winks back.

Everybody looks at her and applauds.

JUDITH

(beaming)

It is a pleasure to help the museum, and thank you Pierre for making it possible.

Jim looks annoyed.

JIM

(abruptly)

Let's get back to the business of the day.

The look on Pierre's face shows his disapproval of the interruption.

PIERRE

(with surprising emphasis)

We forget the best of what we are doing for the noise of a fly. A buzzing in our ears can distort our good judgment.

Everyone is silent, with eyes looking at either Pierre or Jim.

PIERRE

(in an easy professional voice)

Pacifism in most of us precludes the casual killing of the annoying fly.

Jim looks angry.

JIM

(curtly)

What are you getting at?

PIERRE

(with a smile that suggests competence)
 I propose for next summer a
 special exhibit on the fly in art.

Everyone in the room is chuckling, nervously.

JIM
 (sarcastically)
 A fly in the art? Are you serious?

PIERRE
 (Reading from a prepared text)

The legend goes that Giotto, then an apprentice, tricked his teacher, Cimabue, by painting a fly on the nose of a figure painted earlier by Cimabue. Returning to his work, Cimabue tried in vain to drive the fly away with his hand, believing to be alive. From the prank of an apprentice started the tradition of depicting the fly in a variety of poses. It was a professional "trompe l'oeil".

JIM
 (ironically)
 A professional what?

PIERRE
 (calmly)
 A trompe l'oeil. That is a trick, a trick which then became either a symbol or a bit of artistic mischief known to connoisseurs. Many painters aware of Giotto's hoax, have tricked their viewers by placing with a beautiful piece of art something that leads them to react. The viewer would not expect a fly on the shoulder of a cherub, or on the knee of the virgin.

JUDITH
 (beaming)

Bravo Pierre. I love it.

PIERRE

(calmly)

In few weeks, I'll send you a more elaborate document on this potential exhibit that will allow us to have a good debate on the merits of an exhibit on "Fly in the Art". Thanks for coming for this short meeting.

With the exception of Jim, everyone looks pleased. Pierre leaves the room.

JUDITH

(To the people around the table)

I love it. I love it.

CUT TO:

EXT AND INT. CHICAGO STREETS AND MUSEUMS - DAY

Pierre is walking through the galleries of the Art Institute, looking reflective.

Rosa is walking through the galleries of the National Museum of Mexican Art, looking pensive.

Maria is walking in the LOOP and admiring public art works.

Scene 1:

Pierre is looking at EL GREGO'S "ASSUMPTION" in gallery 211.

Rosa is looking at the anonymous "ALEGORIA DE LA VIDA DE SAN FRANCISCO".

Maria is looking at EDWARD KENNEDY'S TWO LIONS guarding the entrance of Art Institute. Few demonstrators are still in front of the museum, screaming right wing slogans.

Scene 2:

Pierre is looking at GEORGES SEURAT'S "A SUNDAY IN LA GRANDE JATTE" in gallery 240.

Rosa is looking at MARIA TOMASULA'S "ALL I KNOW".

Maria is looking at ALEXANDER CALDER'S "FLAMINGO" in the Federal Plaza.

Scene 3:

Pierre is looking at VINCENT VAN GOGH'S "THE BEDROOM" in gallery 241.

Rosa is looking at MARIO CASTILLO'S "LAS MEMORIAS ANTIGUAS DE LA RAZA DEL MAGUEY AUN RESPIRAN".

Maria is looking at CHAGALL'S "THE FOUR SEASONS".

Scene 4:

Pierre is looking at EDWARD HOPPER'S "NIGHTHAWKS".

Rosa is looking at CARMEN'S LOMAS GARZA'S "QUINCEANARA".

Maria is looking at PICASSO'S "HEAD OF A WOMAN".

Scene 5:

Pierre is looking at PABLO PICASSO'S "THE OLD GUITARIST" in gallery 391.

Rosa is looking at RAFAEL CORONEL'S "TULYEHUALCO'S "LA CARBONERA".

Maria is looking at JOAN MIRO'S "CHICAGO".

Scene 6:

Pierre is looking at RENE MAGRITTE'S TIME TRANSFORMED in gallery 396.

Rosa is looking at MARCOS RAYA'S "LOS HIJOS DE LA MALA VIDA".

Maria is looking at JEAN DUBUFFET'S MONUMENT WITH STANDING BEAST"

Scene 7:

Maria calls on her cell phone.

Rosa calls on her cell phone.

Pierre answers.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

MARIA
(nervously)
This is Maria. Rosa's mother.

PIERRE
(happily)
A pleasure to hear from you.

MARIA
(rapidly)
Go to your home. I meet you there
in half-an-hour. I know where it
is.

Maria hangs up. Pierre looks pleased.

Rosa calls. Pierre checks who is calling him. He does not answer.

CUT TO:

INT. PIERRE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Pierre is behind the door.

Pierre hears a knock. He opens the door.

Maria is standing at the door. Her manner is a little uncertain, a little tentative, but with a quiet determination beneath it.

With no words, Pierre takes her hand and guides her down the hall.

As they step in the living room, Maria sees a sunken living room with massive windows revealing the city's skyscrapers.

Pierre and Maria cross the living room and enter a bedroom.

INT. PIERRE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Pierre and Maria kiss.

Pierre takes Maria's shirt up over her head. She helps him.

Pierre helps her with her shoes and skirt.

With Maria, standing all naked, Pierre takes off his clothes very quickly. He throws them on the floor.

Maria shakes her head so her dark hair swings intriguingly against his shoulder.

Pierre pushes Maria gently on the bed. He lay down on her. He kisses her all over and when he kisses her vagina, the look on Maria's face is of the unexpected, unknown pleasure. We hear her gasping.

They make love passionately and without exchanging a single word.

They are staring in each other eyes as if asking questions and not getting answers.

They start moving in unison.

It was quickly over. His voice was thin and her moan was high.

Pierre moves aside.

Maria jumps out of bed. She quickly puts on her clothes.

PIERRE

(smiling)

Would you mind if I changed your name.

Maria does not answer. She is putting on her clothes.

PIERRE

(with emphasis)

I'll call you ZEINA. Z. E. I. N. A.

MARIA

(with a sideways look and a lazy
Smile)

Say it again.

PIERRE
(with emphasis)

ZEINA.

MARIA
(questioning)
What does it mean?

PIERRE
(smiling and sincerely)
Beautiful in Arabic.

She looks at him.

MARIA
(abruptly)
Kiss me as if I was Zeina.

Pierre stands up and kisses her passionately.

Pierre sees that she is staring at his desk.

Maria is staring at a framed photo of smiling Rosa, like if Rosa was laughing at her.

Pierre sees what she is looking at.

Pierre and Maria are looking troubled.

Maria storms out of the bedroom.

Maria leaves her underwear on the floor.

INSERT UNDERWEAR ON THE FLOOR

BACK IN THE BEDROOM

Pierre, still in bed, pushes a button on CD player on the night stand.

EDITH PIAF is singing: "NON JE NE REGRETTE RIEN"

CUT TO:

EXT. A CAB - NIGHT

A car is going down a Chicago street.

Maria is in the back seat. She looks worried.

Maria looks up.

THE TAXI DRIVER, a turbaned old Sikh man, is looking at her in the rear view mirror.

Maria averts his stare and looks back at the scenes on the street.

THE TAXI DRIVER

(coldly)

Are you OK?

MARIA

(abruptly)

Yes. Thanks. Please can you hurry up? I am late for dinner.

THE TAXI DRIVER

(smiling)

Whoever is having dinner with you will surely wait. From woman, woman is born; without woman, there would be no one at all.

Maria is looking at the street.

THE TAXI DRIVER

(lecturing)

A beautiful woman like you is worth waiting for. Only, the True Lord is without woman.

MARIA

(abruptly)

Please stop here.

The cab stops.

Maria throws a \$20 dollar bill at the driver. She bursts out of the cab.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Maria is walking on a crowded street.

People are mulling about the sidewalk as Maria walks by.

We hear someone whistling as she walks by. She continues to walk past the admiring men.

She walks three blocks before reaching her house.

CUT TO:

INT. PEDRO AND MARIA'S HOUSE-DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Pedro and Rosa are seated at the dining room table, eating a dinner.

Irma is busy in the kitchen.

Maria enters and takes a seat at the table.

Pedro, Rosa, and Irma look at her inquisitively.

Maria avoids the stares.

MARIA

(shortly)

Sorry. I went shopping. I walked back.

IRMA

(in Spanish and
sarcastically;
subtitled)

The tongue of the wise is in her heart, the heart of the fool is in her mouth.

Pedro, Rosa and Maria look disapprovingly at Irma.

Irma shrugs her shoulders. She is putting food on a dish.

MARIA

(abruptly)

I'll have my dinner now. Thank
you, IRMA.

Irma approaches the table, carrying a plate
of hot steaming food. She sighs loudly and
sets the dish on the dinner table in front
of Maria.

Maria pours wine in a large glass and drinks all of it.

Pedro and Rosa look intrigued by her behavior.

MARIA
(to ROSA)
Congratulations on your success
today. It is a victory for
Hispanic art.

Rosa nods approval.

ROSA
(with a proud voice)
Pierre has been instrumental in
making it possible.

Maria lowers her eyes. She looks pained. She avoids Rosa's
stare.

PEDRO
(abruptly)
Do you know that he divorced his
wife of ten years, just few months
ago.

ROSA
(matter-of-factly)
So!

PEDRO
(matter-of-factly)
Her name is Shannon. She is a
very beautiful blonde. A known
psychiatrist if I may say.

Maria looks troubled and Rosa.

ROSA

(angrily)

Are you investigating Pierre? I thought you only investigated real estate people.

PEDRO

You bet, especially that my beautiful daughter is involved with this French guy and this French guy is known for his womanizing.

IRMA (O.S)

(in Spanish; subtitled)

He gets his passage for nothing, and winks at the wife of the captain.

ROSA

(to PEDRO, With irony)

That's a lot of information you got from your sources.

Pedro stands up.

PEDRO

(Shouting)

You are not going to get serious with this French guy, curator or no curator. He is older than you. What would I call him? My son-in-law or father-in-law. He is older than me and your mother.

MARIA

(coldly)

There is no need for shouting, and nobody is getting married yet.

ROSA

(to MARIA)

Whose side are you?

MARIA

(calmly)
The side of reason.

Rosa stands up. She stares intently at Maria and Pedro.

ROSA
(abruptly)
I am going to sleep.

Rosa leaves the room.

Pedro leaves the room.

IRMA
(in Spanish and
ironically; subtitled)
Hispanic men are born to carry the
torches and end up getting first
degree burns.

CUT TO:

EXT. A CAFE TERRACE - DAY

Maria walks in a cafe terrace.

A beautiful middle aged brunette waves to her.

Maria walks toward the woman, gives her a kiss and sits
next to her.

MARIA
(smiling)
Hi TINA. Italian goddess.

TINA
(brightly with her best beauty-queen
smile)
Hi, Latina goddess.

MARIA
(calmly)
Don't feel like it.

A waiter approaches the table.

MARIA
 (To the waiter)
 An espresso. Please.

TINA
 (to Maria)
 You look preoccupied.

MARIA
 (casually)
 Life presents you sometimes with
 real challenges.

TINA
 (flippantly)
 Believers from around the world
 travel to a shrine in the south
 side of Chicago to pray at a
 shrine. It is the National Shrine
 of St Jude.

MARIA
 (looking preoccupied)
 Saint who? Did you say St. Judas.

TINA
 (Smiling)
 Saint Jude. J. U. D. E. The
 patron of difficult and helpless
 cases.

Maria remains silent.

TINA
 (seriously)
 He is the saint of inspiration.

The waiter arrives with the espresso.

Maria takes a sip and looks straight in Tina's eyes.

MARIA
 (calmly)
 Did you sleep with anybody other
 than your husband?

TINA

(surprised)
 I married Tony. It's the TINA and
 TONY for life. The same thing for
 you. Pedro loves you.

MARIA
 (matter-of-factly)
 On our wedding night he told me:
 You are a virgin. I love you for
 it.

TINA
 (ironically)
 Must have been a bliss for a
 budding alderman.

MARIA
 (matter-of-factly)
 I was virgin, Hispanic and
 Catholic. Nothing else mattered
 for Pedro.

Tina look surprised.

MARIA
 He did not care about my degree in
 the history of art. He really
 never appreciated my beauty. I
 see it in the staring eyes of
 other men.

The waiter approaches the table. He puts the expresso cup
 in front of Maria.

TINA
 (seriously)
 If it is a consolation, it is not
 better with Tony. I know how the
 caged birds feel.

MARIA
 (Smiling)
 Can a woman become a virgin again?

Maria and Tina laugh and embrace.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Irma and Juan are sitting at the dining room table. They are holding hands and watching a Spanish soap opera.

A couple is kissing on TV. Irma and Juan look mesmerized.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Maria enters an apartment lobby. Jean-Marie is at the reception desk.

The elevator door opens and Mrs Gasparetti steps out pulling her resisting dog. The dog stops.

Mrs Gasparetti hits it with her foot.

The dog is now pulling.

MRS GASPARETTI
(with exaggerated impatience)
Stupid beast.

Mrs Gasparetti and her dog finally leave the lobby.

The bemused Jean-Marie looks at Maria.

JEAN-MARIE
(to MARIA)
Mrs Gasparetti is with her dog.
Can I help you?

MARIA
(abruptly)
Mrs Shannon Chirac.

JEAN-MARIE
(matter-of-factly)
403. Take the elevator.

CUT TO:

INT. SHANNON'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Shannon is sitting on a sofa, reading the Chicago Sun Times.

There is a knock on the door.

Shannon goes and opens the door.

Maria is standing there.

Shannon looks at her inquisitively.

SHANNON

(amiably)

Yes. How can I help you?

MARIA

(calmly)

I am looking for Mrs Shannon
Chirac.

SHANNON

(abruptly)

That's me minus the Chirac.

MARIA

(calmly)

Can I come in for few minutes? I
need to talk to you about Pierre.

Shannon moves aside to let Maria in, closes the door and
walks toward the living room, followed by MARIA.

SHANNON

(abruptly)

Please, sit down.

Maria sits on one of the sofas. She stares at the
paintings on the walls.

SHANNON

(Pointing to the
paintings and with an
indolent shrug)

That's what you get when you marry
a curator.

MARIA

(whispering)

I am sorry about your divorce.

Shannon does not answer.

MARIA

(calmly)

My daughter who is only 24 years old has told me that she wants to marry Pierre.

SHANNON

(with surprising emphasis)

Is her name Rosa?

MARIA

(coldly)

Yes.

SHANNON

(surprised)

I am meeting the mother of the woman who is in his life now.

MARIA

(calmly)

I am sorry.

SHANNON

(with deliberate patience)

You don't need to be sorry. Pierre is always looking for another conquest. That's his fate to be always looking. But, he is easily bored with perishable charms.

Maria

(surprised)

What do you mean?

SHANNON

(with deliberate calm)

He needs to seduce women. He has kisses in stores for girls, women and whores. He won't marry her. He feels loose enough to seek his own pastime.

MARIA
(with indignation)
Why do you say that?

SHANNON
(matter-of-factly)
He does not reason. He feels.
Now I need to be alone. I wish
you luck.

Maria and Shannon stand up and move to the door.

SHANNON
(matter-of-factly)
Be warned. Pierre is a man who
sucks the marrow before throwing
the bones.

MARIA
(questioning)
You are a psychiatrist. You
understand obsession.

SHANNON
(with an indolent shrug)
Yes and yes.

Shannon closes the door.

CUT TO:

INT. PIERRE'S OFFICE IN THE MUSEUM - DAY

A computer-large sofa, a lot of paintings are everywhere-
on the walls, on the sofa, on the desk, and even on the
floor.

Maria enters Pierre's office, an office cluttered by
colorful paintings everywhere in the floor, on the walls
and on his large desk.

Pierre steps from behind the desk.

Maria is already in the middle of the office.

Pierre moves to the door and locks it.

Pierre pushes Maria toward the wall. No words are exchanged.

Pierre throws himself upon her. His arms spread eagled on the wall, her legs apart. They kiss.

PIERRE

(with passion)

I got to have you. Zeina!

MARIA

(with approval)

Yes. Yes.

Maria lifts her skirt up. She is naked underneath.

Pierre lifts her and makes love to her.

MARIA

(Whispering)

You have to let Rosa go.

PIERRE

(with passion)

I will. I will. Zeina. Today.

The love making is done in minutes.

Maria arranges her skirt, and smoothes the crumbled skirt.

Pierre is staring at her.

Maria quickly moves to the door.

MARIA

(abruptly)

I'll see you again. Do what I asked.

PIERRE

(with emphasis)

I will. I will. Tonight.

CUT TO:

EXT. MUSEUM ENTRANCE - DAY

Maria, looking nervous, walks through the crowd of screaming demonstrators in front of the museum.

A fat woman blocks her way.

THE FAT WOMAN

(hollering)

Do you oppose this disgusting show?

MARIA

(with clear disdain)

I approve of art.

The fat woman looks disgusted.

As Maria makes it out of the crowd, she bumps against another woman, who was forcefully pulling on her dog.

Mrs Gasparetti is with her dog.

CUT TO:

EXT. MUSEUM PARKING LOT - DAY

Maria walks to her car. She gets behind the wheel, starts the motor. Putting the car in gear, she inadvertently moves forward hitting a small car. She puts the car in reverse, then speeds away without checking the damage on the other car. She looks agitated.

She parks by a café terrace.

INT. CAFÉ TERRACE - DAY

Maria sits at a table outside. A waiter approaches.

MARIA

(to the waiter)

An espresso macchiato. Please.

The waiter leaves.

Maria takes her cell phone out from her bag.

The waiter returns and put the espresso cup and a cup of water on the table.

Maria is calling on her cell phone.

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

MARIA
(nervously)
It is Zeina.

PIERRE
(pleasantly)
Always at your service.

MARIA
(curtly)
I insist on you telling Rosa
It's over tonight.

PIERRE
I told you I will and I will.

MARIA
Bye.

Maria hangs up the phone.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Irma and Juan sit at the dining room table. They are holding hands and watching a Spanish soap opera on TV show.

On TV, a young beautiful woman is hit in the face by an older woman.

Irma and Juan look at each other, wide-eyed- a look of disbelief.

Maria steps in, still looking agitated. She sees that they are holding hands. She does not say anything to them and walks upstairs.

INT. BATHROOM-SHOWER- DAY

A heavy spray of water comes down upon the naked MARIA. She stands there quietly letting it wash over her.

She turns off the shower, steps out of the stall, picks up a towel, and dries herself.

She looks at her image in the mirror.

MARIA

(Talking to her image in the mirror)

Why? Why? This can't be happening
to me.

CUT TO:

INT. PIERRE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Pierre is in the living room, wearing a silk robe, swirling a snifter of cognac, listening to CHARLES AZNAVOUR singing "LA BOHEME".

The door opens.

Rosa enters. She is wearing a white linen wrap dress. She looks stunning.

Pierre gives a nod for a hello. She looks at him with lovesick eyes.

ROSA

(nervously)

You have a funeral face. I found
your message about talking to me
about something important.

Maria tries to kiss Pierre on the lips, but succeeds only to kiss his cheek.

Maria looks surprised.

PIERRE

(indifferently)

Sit down please.

Maria sits on the sofa facing PIERRE.

ROSA

(briskly)

What's the matter with you?

Pierre looks pained.

PIERRE
(calmly)
I simply want to end this affair.
It can't go on and won't go on.

Rosa looks shocked.

Rosa turns her face away and stares off into the window,
too perturbed to speak.

Rosa takes a deep breath, trying to calm herself.

ROSA
(wearily)
Are you crazy? I love you. Do
you love me?

PIERRE
(indifferently)
It does not mean anything. You
need to move on.

ROSA
(questioning)
Are you interested in changing
your life?

PIERRE
(matter-of-factly)
People never change their life.
They just change the decor.

ROSA
(angrily)
That's what I was all these months
- a decor. We were talking
marriage a day ago. Don't you
think marriage is serious thing?

PIERRE
(matter-of-factly)
I tried it once. No.

ROSA
(with resignation)

You are strange.

PIERRE
(matter-of-factly)

I am a stranger.

ROSA
(stiffening)

You are being heartless.

PIERRE
(matter-of-factly)

There are many roads that lead to
the heart.

ROSA
(angrily)

Do you want me to go with another
man?

PIERRE
(matter-of-factly)

Who is not pleased with the
government of MOSES will be
pleased with the government of the
PHARAO.

ROSA
(angrily)

You compare yourself to MOSES.
That's bull.

PIERRE
(matter-of-factly)

Who cannot reach the bunch of
grapes says of it: "it is sour".

ROSA
(angrily)

Can't you respond without
resorting to your damn Arab
proverbs? Use your heart.

PIERRE
(matter-of-factly)

How many are the roads that lead
not to the heart?

ROSA
(with clear impatience)
You are repeating yourself. You
already used that stupid proverb.
You sound like an old man speaking.

PIERRE
(matter-of-factly)
Born with NOAH in the ark.

ROSA
(angrily)
Fuck you. Why are you **doing** this?

Rosa stands up and walks toward the bedroom door.

Rosa stops and turns her face towards PIERRE.

ROSA
(looking shaken but still
defiant)
I wish you die in an accident or
something.

PIERRE
(matter-of-factly)
An accident. That's an
appropriate ending. It beats
terminal disease.

ROSA
(angrily)
You are after all an evil French
man. You did work your horror in
my life by your behavior today.

Pierre looks pained and says nothing.

ROSA
(with resignation)
I can see how totally irrelevant I
have become.

PIERRE
(calmly)

That's not true. You'll always be
my friend.

ROSA
(impatiently)
Tell me how this ends.

PIERRE
(bluntly)
It ended.

ROSA
(angrily and shouting)
Shut up. I wish your father never
met your mother.

PIERRE
(painfully)
My mother would approve.

Rosa leaves the living room and enters the bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. PIERRE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rosa enters the bedroom, looks sadly at the bed, and goes
to the bathroom.

Rosa stands in front of the mirror. Her face has a sad
expression as she looks at herself and at the different
images on the side parallel mirrors.

Rosa opens her wrap dress, unfastens her bra, takes off her
underwear, and throws both of them on the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. PIERRE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Pierre is sitting on the sofa looking very sad.

Rosa enters and goes to a chair facing Pierre. She sits
straight and tall. Her feet are planted on the carpet, the
back hard against the chair back. She shows a body without
slack, as if she knew that the slightest weakening of
muscles would lead to a total disintegration.

Pierre is looking at her intently.

Rosa stands up. She opens her wrap dress.

Pierre is startled looking at the beautiful naked body.

ROSA
(in a trembling voice)
Were you ever in love with me?

PIERRE
(calmly, one word at a time)
Yes, I was.

Rosa motions toward her naked body.

ROSA
(in exasperation)
And this?

PIERRE
(calmly)
You are gorgeous.

ROSA
(in a tearful voice)
I know it.

Pierre nods in approval, still staring uncomfortably at her nakedness.

Rosa draws a line with her hand toward her genitals.

ROSA
(angrily)
What about this? You used to
worship it.

PIERRE
(calmly)
I did.

ROSA
(angrily)
I wish you die soon.

Rosa turns around and walks back to the bedroom.

Pierre looks pained.

CUT TO:

INT. PIERRE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rosa steps in, takes off her wrap dress and shoes, gets in the bed, pulls the cover on her naked body, and puts off the light.

Pierre stops by the door.

PIERRE

(whispering)

I'll sleep on the sofa in the living room.

Rosa does not answer. We hear her cries.

CUT TO:

INT. PIERRE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rosa is sleeping.

Pierre steps in, slowly approaches the bed, and sees that Rosa is sleeping. She is breathing softly and regularly.

Pierre slowly exits the bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. PEDRO AND MARIA'S HOUSE- UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -NIGHT

Pedro walks thru the upstairs hallway. He looks into Rosa's bedroom. She is not there.

Pedro walks by Irma's bedroom. She is kneeling and praying in front of a miniature statue of a black MADONNA and lighted candles.

Pedro walks to his bedroom.

INT. PEDRO AND MARIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maria is reading a book.

Pedro gets ready for bed, undressing, hanging jacket and trousers up neatly.

Pedro is in and out of the bathroom and bedroom brushing teeth.

PEDRO
(Toothpaste on his lips)
I checked her bedroom. She is not here.

MARIA
(curtly)
She knows what she is doing.

Pedro puts on his pajamas.

PEDRO
(pointedly)
Aren't you worried about her and this French curator?

MARIA
(coldly)
I am sure she is OK. Good night.

Maria puts the book on her night stand, turns to her corner and pulls the cover to her chin.

Pedro starts touching her.

MARIA
(stiffening)
It is not Sunday and I am not in the mood.

PEDRO
(abruptly)
You are strange.

MARIA
(coldly)
I am a stranger,

PEDRO
(angrily)
Whatever. Good night.

Pedro looks angry. He turns off the light.

CUT TO:

INT. PIERRE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Rosa walks in the bedroom from the bathroom. She is wearing a bath towel. She looks sad. She quickly dresses up, wearing her white linen wrap dress.

Rosa walks out of the bedroom in the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Pierre is still sleeping on the sofa.

Rosa slowly and quietly moves to the door and exits the apartment.

Pierre wakes up just when the door noisily closes. He looks sad.

CUT TO:

INT. MUSEUM - DAY

Rosa walks from her office to the lobby of National Museum of Mexican Arts.

Ron and his camera man are speaking to the receptionist.

The receptionist points to Rosa.

THE RECEPTIONIST
(happily)
Here she is.

RON
(beaming)
Hi Rosa. I am still working on art and Chicago. I have few questions.

ROSA

Shoot.

Ron signals to the camera man to start shooting.

RON

(matter-of-factly)

Your museum is relying on in-house collection. Why?

ROSA

(sadly)

Bad times for the economy compel us to focus more on own collection.

RON

(surprised)

How about the public?

ROSA

(matter-of-factly)

The public does not care whether we own or rent what being exhibited. They are just looking for arts.

RON

(flippantly)

You are quite young for an assistant curator.

ROSA

(In French; subtitled)

To those who are well born, value has nothing to do with age.

RON

(coldly)

I don't speak French. Our audience prefers English. Is your father helpful with your job?

ROSA

(feigning impatience)

He is in zoning. I am in art.

RON
 (pointedly)
 How about Pierre Chirac? You are
 close?

ROSA
 (Irritated)
 This interview is over.

Rosa steps out of the museum.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - DAY

Rosa is driving her car on Lake Shore Drive. The sign indicates that the next exit is Hyde park. She takes it.

Rosa stops the car in front of a very large building.

We see an inscription carved in a marbled block along the roofline: ETHNICITY, EDUCATION, EXCELLENCE.

We see the façade, Gothic in architecture, then the high vaulted entrance which is inscribed "HYDE PARK HIGH SCHOOL".

CUT TO:

INT. A HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

A classroom is filled with students from various ethnic group.

An Indian looking teacher is at the front of the class, and a painting is hanging on the blackboard.

Rosa, dressed in her white linen wrap dress, steps in. She is greeted by a smile and a hand shake by the teacher.

ROSA
 (To the teacher)
 SOMNATH. I am here as promised,
 but I can't stay long.

SOMNATH

(beaming)
Thanks for coming anyway.

The whole class is watching the scene. Somnath faces the students.

SOMNATH
(with enthusiasm)
Ms Rosa Pineda is the assistant curator at the NATIONAL MUSEUM OF MEXICAN ARTS. She agreed to visit our art appreciation class. She is going to describe a painting and answers few questions. She was not told which painting she'll be describing.

ROSA
(amiably)
Hi everybody. It is a pleasure to be with you. The art appreciation class is a very important elective. Each of us can observe a painting and develop an opinion.

Rosa looks at the painting for a while.

Rosa turns around to face the students.

ROSA
(with emphasis)
The painter happens to be MICHELANGELO MERICI, better known as CARAVAGGIO. The painting is called the "CALLING OF SAINT MATTHEW". CARAVAGGIO represents the event as a nearly silent, dramatic narrative. The tax-gatherer LEVI, which was SAINT MATTHEW's name before he became an apostle, is seated at a table with his four assistants, counting the day's proceeds, the group lighted from a source at the upper right of the painting. CHRIST, his eyes veiled, with his Halo the only hint of divinity, enters with

SAINT PETER. A gesture of his right hand, all the more powerful and compelling because of its languor, summons LEVI. Surprised by the intrusion and perhaps dazzled by the sudden light from the just-opened door, LEVI draws back and gestures toward himself with his left hand as if to say, "Who, me?", His right hand remaining on the coin he had been counting before CHRIST's entrance.

The students listen enrapt.

Rosa looks sad and preoccupied.

ROSA
(casually)
The literal and moral meaning are autonomous and yet connected. I'll let your teacher continue with a discussion of the painting. I need to go.

Rosa looks ready to leave.

SOMNATH
(surprised)
Can you at least answer one or two questions?

Somnath looks back at the students, nodding for questions.

A BLACK STUDENT
(in an easy soulful voice)
What does a curator do?

ROSA
(matter-of-factly)
In a museum, there is the art behind the art. I weigh color, lighting, even framing to put the galleries in proper harmony.

A FEMALE STUDENT
(Wearing a hijab)

Are you Arab?

SOMNATH

(with authority)

OK. That's it for questions. Let
applaud Ms PINEDA, a proud
Mexican-American.

The students applaud.

CUT TO:

INT. PEDRO AND MARIA'S HOUSE- DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Rosa goes in and sits at the dining room table.

Irma is looking at her intently.

Rosa wipes a tear.

Irma approaches Rosa.

IRMA

(in Spanish; subtitled)

What's the matter?

ROSA

(shortly)

He wants out.

IRMA

(in Spanish; subtitled)

If you mix the blood of your
menses with his wine, he will come
back to you.

Rosa smiles and wipes another tear.

ROSA

(making a disgusted look)

What a disgusting idea?

IRMA

(in Spanish; subtitled)

He'll wait for you in dread
abandonment like a wounded lamb
waiting for his predator.

ROSA
(sarcastically)
It's that simple.

IRMA
(in Spanish; subtitled)
Nothing can resist the mix of
blood and love.

ROSA
(sarcastically)
Then What?

Irma closes her eyes. She looks like she is
fishing for an answer.

IRMA
(in Spanish; subtitled)
The unfaithful partner will return
to the timid joys of innocent
paradise.

ROSA
(sarcastically)
What is that?

IRMA
(in Spanish; subtitled)
Conjugal love and sex.

ROSA
Oh!

IRMA
(in Spanish; subtitled)
If an unfaithful partner does not
return, he'll meet a dreadful end.

ROSA
(Anguished)
No curse, please.

Rosa stands up, kisses her grandmother, and exits the room.

There are tears in her eyes now.

CUT TO:

INT. PEDRO AND MARIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maria is in bed, reading an art book.

INSERT - BOOK COVER reads:

BLUE: THE HISTORY OF A COLOR

MICHEL PATOUREAU

BACK IN THE BEDROOM

Rosa walks in and sits on the bed next to Maria. She looks chagrined.

MARIA
(matter-of-factly)
What's wrong?

ROSA
(nervously)
He wants out.

Maria, briefly and for a second, looks pleased. She quickly shows a concerned demeanor.

MARIA
(casually)
Why?

ROSA
(nervously)
Just like that. I don't know why.
I don't know what happened. He
said it was over. I won't accept
it.

MARIA
(casually)
Because it is not over for you.

ROSA
(with emphasis)

It will never be.

MARIA

(stiffening)

You want to go on with old dreams.
Let it go. It is dark now, it
will be less dark in the future.

ROSA

(surprised)

I don't understand.

MARIA

(looking in ROSA's eyes)

He is doing you harm with all the
differences between both of you.
The age difference alone should be
enough.

Rosa says nothing.

Maria avoids Rosa's stare. She is biting her bottom lip,
and she looks like she is fighting the urge to do something
or say something.

MARIA

(pointedly)

You better get some sleep now.

MARIA

(WEARILY)

I love you. I'll go to sleep. I
need it.

Rosa kisses her mother.

CUT TO:

INT. A CAR - NIGHT

A car is chauffeured by Arturo.

Pedro and Lisa are in the back seat.

The car stops in front of a condo building.

Pedro and Lisa have a passionate kiss.

PEDRO
(beaming)
Sleep well. You are going to be Ms
Cinquo de Mayo.

A smiling Lisa steps out of the car.

Pedro dials a number on his cell phone.

PEDRO
(Yelling)
Is she there?

MARIA
(Sounding impatient and
annoyed)
Yes. She is here. Do you have to
scream to ask a simple question?

Pedro turns off his cell.

PEDRO
(whispering)
Bitch.

Pedro looks angry.

ARTURO
(casually)
Where now Boss?

PEDRO
(coldly)
Take me home.

CUT TO:

INT. PEDRO AND MARIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maria is sleeping.

Pedro walks in the bedroom. He approaches the bed and
wakes Maria.

PEDRO

I am glad we got rid of that old French. Imagine him in my family.

MARIA
(Sarcastically)
I am happy for you.

PEDRO
(Surprised)
Aren't you happy about it?

MARIA
(casually)
I am happy. She is sleeping in her room. Let me go back to sleep. We'll talk about it tomorrow.

Pedro takes off his clothes.

Pedro gets in bed and proceeds to kiss MARIA while groping her.

Maria opens her eyes, grabs both of his hands, and pushes them away from her.

Pedro looks shocked.

Maria gets up from the bed and walks towards the door.

MARIA
(abruptly)
Nothing is going to happen tonight. I am going to sleep on the sofa in the living room.

Pedro looks shocked. The look on his face is of anger.

CUT TO:

INT. PIERRE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Pierre is in his bed reading a book.

The phone rings. Pierre sees that it is Rosa. He does not answer, puts the book on the night stand, and turns off the light. He stares at the ceiling.

CUT TO:

INT. PEDRO AND MARIA'S HOUSE-LIVING ROOM - DAY

Irma crosses the living room toward the kitchen, and stops to look with indignation at sleeping MARIA.

Maria is sleeping on the sofa.

Maria sits up when she hears someone tapping insistently on the window pane.

She looks around the room.

Pierre appears outside the window ledge, all naked. He is tapping on the window pane.

Maria gets out of bed and opens the window.

PIERRE

(beaming)

Art and fate unite us. Art and fate
unites us. It is written. It's
MEKTOUB.

Pedro is at the door holding a gun.

A gun shot. Pierre is hit in the chest. He falls backward into space.

Irma drops dishes on the floor.

Maria wakes up. She sits up a little stunned. She looks relieve it to find things so normal.

IRMA

(in Spanish; subtitled)

A mouth that prays, a hand that
kills.

Irma leaves the living room.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN AND DINING ROOM - DAY

Maria serves herself a cup of coffee, sits at the dining room table, and proceeds to read the Chicago Tribune.

Irma is busy in the kitchen, and drops a dish on the floor.

Maria looks disturbed by the noise.

IRMA

(in accented English)

Why did Pedro leave without having his breakfast? He looked angry.

MARIA

(coldly)

He'll be OK.

IRMA

(in Spanish; subtitled)

The sex is in your eyes and will drown you.

Maria does not answer and gives her a disgusted look.

Rosa comes in and sits next to Maria.

Irma looks at them suspiciously.

MARIA

(casually)

You had a restful sleep.

ROSA

(whispering)

Sort of.

MARIA

(Casually)

What are **you** doing today?

ROSA

I need to see PIERRE.

MARIA

(stiffening)

No, you won't. He told you it is over and there is no need to exasperate the situation.

ROSA
 (nervously)
 What am I supposed to do? I am
 hurting.

MARIA
 We are spending the day together.
 It is Cinco de May. Go get ready.

Rosa leaves the room.

IRMA
 (in Spanish; subtitled)
 The road in the future will be so
 ragged and high. It will be
 impossible to climb.

Rosa shows up.

Rosa and Maria exit the house.

CUT TO:

EXT. A PILSEN STREET - DAY

The street is full of people on both sides. Some are
 carrying Mexican flags.

Rosa and Maria are in the crowd, watching the floats.

A float with a Mariachi band playing Mexican music, is
 followed by a float carrying women of various ages, wearing
 traditional Mexican clothes.

The third float is carrying Lisa as Ms Cinco de May.
 Pedro is also on the float waving to the crowd.

Maria sees the third float. She does not look pleased.

MARIA
 (casually)
 Let's go for a coffee.

ROSA
 (with resignation)
 Let's go.

CUT TO:

EXT. A CAFE TERRACE - DAY

Rosa and Maria are seated at a table that can seat four people, in a crowded terrace, and just off the square. They observe in silence the commotion across the way created by the Cinco de May parade.

Interrupting overhead is the drone of a low flying airplane, pulling a large sign that reads: "LA VIDA LOCA"

Rosa breaks the silence.

ROSA
(quietly)
He describes life as a garden
redolent of mystic scents.

Maria stays silent, looking a little troubled.

ROSA
(calmly and with sadness)
Seeing and listening to him each
time provided an escape into the
oceans of forms and colors of
Caravaggio, Vermeer, Poussin, and
Velasquez.

MARIA
(casually)
Is that why you love him?

ROSA
(passionately)
I live for his love. Don't you
live for the love you have for Dad?

MARIA
(Looking saddened)
I lived for art, then married for
convenience.

Rosa looked surprised by the answer.

ROSA
 (with surprising emphasis)
 I think there must be another
 woman involved with Pierre, which
 led to this sudden break-up.

Maria looks very troubled.

MARIA
 (nervously)
 Why do you think here is another
 woman?

Rosa forces her tears back by what looks
 like an enormous effort of will.

ROSA
 (shortly)
 I am just sensing it.

A well dressed, beautiful young African-American woman sits
 at their table on one of the unoccupied chairs. She
 studies the menu, and waves to the waiter.

Maria and Rosa stay silent. They sip from their coffee cups.
 They look with curious eyes at the WOMAN.

THE WOMAN
 (To the waiter)
 I would like the soup of the day,
 the spinach salad, a glass of
 pinot, and later an espresso.

THE woman's cell phone rings. She listens for a minute.

THE WOMAN
 (with determined impatience)
 I am in Pilsen, watching the
 CINQUO DE MAYO festivities.

A silence.

THE WOMAN
 (sarcastically)
 They defeated the fucking French.
 That's why there are celebrating.

A silence.

THE WOMAN
 (with clear disdain)
 Fuck love.

The woman turns off her cell, opens her bag, and takes out a sheet of paper and a pencil.

The woman adds up the bill, takes the exact amount out of her bag, and sets the money in front of her.

The waiter arrives with **her** soup.

Maria and Rosa are silent, and observing the woman discreetly.

The woman's cell phone rings. She listens for a minute.

THE WOMAN
 (angrily)
 Fuck this relationship. It's over.
 Leave me alone.

The woman turns off her cell, does not touch the soup, stands up and looks at Rosa and Maria.

THE WOMAN
 (To Rosa and Maria)
 Commitment is a bitch.

The woman leaves abruptly, leaving the money on the table.

MARIA
 (wearily)
 He loves her.

ROSA
 (casually)
 Commitment is a bitch.

ROSA
 (Serious)
 Commitment is a bitch.

ROSA

(Flirtatious)
Commitment is a bitch.

ROSA
(Questioning)
Commitment is a bitch.

ROSA
(Suspicious)
Commitment is a bitch.

ROSA
(Elated)
Commitment is a bitch.

Yes

Commitment is a bitch.

Maria looks puzzled.

ROSA
(seriously)
He does that every morning in
Front of the mirror. The
Parallel mirrors on both sides
Provide a glimpse in alternate
Universes.

Maria looks sideways at the crowd. She has
a lazy smile.

CUT TO:

INT. PEDRO AND MARIA'S HOUSE-LIVING ROOM - DAY

Irma and Juan are sitting at the dining room table. They
are holding hands and watching a Spanish news program on TV.

We see Georges Bush on the screen, delivering a speech.

Irma and Juan look annoyed.

IRMA
(with disdain)
Ugly gringo.
Juan nods approval.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURENT BAR - NIGHT

Pierre sits at the bar, sipping a drink. He stares at Judith, looking like the beautiful and richly dressed socialite she is, as she walks over to him, kisses him on the lips, and sits down.

The low murmur of the restaurant surrounds them.

JUDITH
Thanks for accepting my invitation for dinner.

PIERRE
I assume your husband is out of town.

JUDITH
No.

Judith avoids Pierre's eyes and waves to the barman.

JUDITH
(to the barman)
I'll have a vodka martini.

Pierre looks at her body admiringly.

JUDITH
(smiling)
It is not a trompe l'oeil. It's the real thing.

PIERRE
I see that you like my idea of the fly in art exhibit. The viewer would not expect a fly on the shoulder of an ascetic, the back of a cherub, or the knee of the virgin.

JUDITH

I like it. I like it.

The barman brings the drink to Judith.

PIERRE

Let's take the drink to our table.
Nothing better than a nice dinner
before sex.

JUDITH

(smiling)

You are so clairvoyant.

LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Maria sits on a sofa reading a book.

Rosa sits close to her, wearing pajamas.

ROSA

(casually)

I am going to bed.

MARIA

(casually)

Have a nice night.

Rosa kisses her mother and leaves the room.

Maria turns off the light, and pulls the cover up to her chin. Her eyes are open, staring intensely at the ceiling.

Pedro steps in, turns on the light, and approaches the sofa.

PEDRO

(angrily)

You belong in the same bed as your husband.

MARIA

(abruptly)

Not tonight. We'll see tomorrow.

Pedro rushes out of the living room.

CUT TO:

INT. PIERRE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Pierre and Judith are in bed sleeping. The bedclothes in disarray show exposed parts that both are naked under the covers.

The phone rings. Pierre opens his eyes, and check who is calling. We can read that it is Maria. He does not answer and returns to sleep.

JUDITH

Why don't you answer your phone?

PIERRE

(smiling)

It was your husband.

JUDITH

Funny. Go to sleep.

INT. KITCHEN DINING ROOM - DAY

Irma is busy in the kitchen.

Maria walks in.

IRMA

(In Spanish; subtitled)

They both left the ship early.

Maria picks up the phone and dials a number.

INT. PIERRE'S OFFICE - DAY

Pierre in his office at the Museum answers.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

MARIA

(nervously)

Rosa left early. I am worried.

PIERRE

(calmly)

I am sure she is OK. She is a strong young woman.

MARIA

(matter-of-factly)

I know her as a delicate woman.

PIERRE

(casually)

She has a key to my apartment. I'll go see if she is there. Maybe, she is picking up her clothes.

MARIA

(calmly)

That's very possible. I'll go there too. I'll meet you there.

Pierre hangs up first, a smile on his face.

INT. MARIA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Maria is dressing up in the bedroom.

Irma shows up at the door.

IRMA

(in Spanish; subtitled)

The lions withdrew, the hyenas then played.

Maria jumps. She turns around.

MARIA

You scared me Mexican bitch. You are the hyena.

Irma leaves, a smirk on her face.

Maria shakes her head in disbelief.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR - DAY

Maria is driving her car in the LOOP.

The streets are full of car speeding and people crossing from one side to another.

Maria looks preoccupied and has to suddenly break twice to avoid hitting another car and old lady crossing the street.

Maria is driving fast on the left lane of the street. She puts on a tape. MARIA CALLAS sings the death scene from LA TRAVIATA.

A car veers by.

Maria swerves her car.

Maria slows down a little and moves to the slow right lane. A man is crossing the street. She puts in the brakes.

Maria snaps off the tape deck. She resumes driving slower.

CUT TO:

EXT. A LOOP STREET - DAY

The loop street is a one way, two lanes street.

The EL train is roaring above.

Mrs Gasparetti is with her dog. She is pulling and he is resisting. She stops because the traffic light is red.

The dog starts pulling to cross the street. He escapes from her grip and rushes through the street.

Cars are streaming and one of them hits the dog, throwing it few yards. The dog lay in a pool of blood.

Mrs Gasparetti is yelling.

MRS GASPARETTI

Oh! My God. Oh! My God.

Maria drives by, sees the dog in a pool of blood and Mrs Gasparetti on the curb crying.

Maria does not stop.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH ENTRANCE - DAY

Rosa is in front of the church, facing the condo building where Pierre lives. She is wearing a white wrap dress. She is looking at the condo building on the other side of the street. She turns back and enters the church.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE THE CHURCH - DAY

Rosa goes to the first pew of the church and sits. She is not praying but looking intently at all the statues and the religious paintings on the walls.

An old bearded priest steps from behind the altar. He approaches Rosa.

THE PRIEST

(amiably)

Good morning, my child. I am
FATHER JOHN.

ROSA

(casually)

Good morning, Father John.

FATHER JOHN

(inviting)

I'll be in the confessional if you
need help.

ROSA

(mildly)

Thanks Father. It's a good idea.

Father John walks to the confessional.

Rosa follows and enters the confessional.

FATHER JOHN

(solemnly)
What would you like to talk about,
my child.

ROSA
(nervously)
The man I love has rejected me.

FATHER JOHN
(solemnly)
God loves you and won't reject you.

Rosa is silent, looking not pleased by the answer. She stands up, leaves the confessional and walk toward the pew.

She sits.

Father John looks pained.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Maria enters the building where Pierre lives.

An old man sits behind the reception desk.

MARIA
(coldly)
I am here to see Pierre Chirac.

THE OLD MAN
(amiably)
Yes. He is expecting you. Take
the elevator to 3G.

CUT TO:

INT. PIERRE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Pierre is walking towards the door. He opens it to find Maria ready to knock. Her look is anxious and nervous. His look is sweet and reassuring. He shows her an inviting smile.

They hug gently.

PIERRE
(beaming)
She is not here. Come inside.

Maria follows him in the large living room.

PIERRE
(beaming)
I waited for Zeina. It has been a
while.

Pierre kisses her. She responds easily.

PIERRE
Come with me.

Pierre leads her to the bedroom.

Maria is not resisting. Her eyes are transfixed by the
paintings on the walls and the huge bed.

Pierre hugs her and proceeds to take off all her clothes.

With Maria, standing totally naked, he takes off his shirt.

Maria's face shows utter horror when she sees a stupefied
Rosa at the door.

MARIA
(Screaming)
My God; My God.

Pierre turns around to see a horrified Maria at the door.

ROSA
(shouting)
NO. NO.

Pierre rushes toward Rosa. She runs away out of the
bedroom.

Pierre runs after Rosa.

PIERRE
(shouting)
Let me explain. Please, Let me
explain.

Maria remains unable to say a word, horror in her eyes. She covers her naked breasts with one hand and her pubic hair with another. She approaches the window.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Rosa runs out of the apartment, her face swollen with shock. She runs beyond the elevator door to the stairs door.

Pierre runs out of the apartment, just when Maria runs down the stairs.

EXT. THE STREET - DAY

Rosa storms out of the building, and runs to the other side of the quiet street.

Father John is walking down the church steps as Pierre steps out shirtless from the building.

Rosa turns back to look at Pierre with disbelief. She looks up at the 3rd floor of the building to see her naked mother at the window. Her eyes show complete horror.

Pierre starts crossing the street to get to a stunned Rosa looking at her naked mother.

A city bus is coming speeding down the street.

Neither Rosa nor Pierre sees the bus.

The bus comes to a screeching halt after hitting Pierre and throwing him a few yards away.

Rosa looks with horror at Pierre lying at a pool of blood.

Father John runs toward Pierre.

Father John makes the sign of the cross. He looks at Rosa and the gathering crowd.

FATHER JOHN

He died.

Rosa utters a long scream.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Maria standing at the window screams and faints.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Shannon, dressed all in black, is in front of her building.

Jean-Marie is waving for a cab.

Mrs Gasparetti is sitting by the street curb. She is without her dog and looks sad.

Jean-Marie stands at the curb of the street, and signals for a cab.

JEAN MARIE
Taxi!

Soon one pulls up.

Jean-Marie opens the door to let Shannon in.

JEAN-MARIE
(amiably)
He was always kind to me.

Shannon does not answer. She enters the cab.

JEAN MARIE (O.S)
The Lord giveth and the Lord
taketh away.

THE CAB DRIVER
(abruptly)
Where to?

SHANNON
(coldly)

The Karpik's Funeral Home on
Clark Street.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Maria is lying on a hospital bed.

Pedro and another man enter the room.

PEDRO

(bluntly and without emotion)

This is Mr WEATHERHEAD. He is
going to be your lawyer. I'll pay
him.

MARIA

(surprised)

My lawyer!

PEDRO

(bluntly)

We are divorcing. Rosa does not
want to see you anymore. She is
resting with my family in Mexico.

Pedro gives her a mean look and leaves the room abruptly.

Mr Weatherhead stays.

WEATHERHEAD

(matter-of-factly)

I got the divorce papers with me.
All we need is your signature.
You get to keep the house, and
Pedro agrees to pay a monthly
alimony for life. You are after
all the mother of his only child.

MARIA

(calmly)

It is fine. I need to be alone
now. I'll look at the papers and
sign them.

WEATHERHEAD

(calmly)
I'll be back tomorrow.

Mr Weatherhead departs. An old white nurse steps in. She approaches the bed.

THE NURSE
(with a look that suggests disapproval)
You are supposed to leave tomorrow morning. You are fine.

MARIA
(calmly)
Thanks.

THE NURSE
(with clear disdain)
The French guy is dead, your husband is divorcing you and your daughter left to Mexico. It is all over the papers.

MARIA
(shocked)
Thank you. I need to be alone now.

THE NURSE
(pointedly)
You did great harm because you did not control your will.

Maria has tears in her eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. FUNERAL HOME OFFICE - DAY

An old man dressed in black is sitting at a desk.

Shannon is standing in front of the desk.

Shannon hands him a CD.

The old man takes the CD.

SHANNON
(calmly)

Play the 3rd song during the
cremation. It is his wish.

CUT TO:

INT. PEDRO AND MARIA'S HOUSE-LIVING ROOM - DAY

Irma and Juan are sitting at the dining room table. They
are not holding hands. They are staring intently at the TV.

The TV is not turned on.

CUT TO:

INT. CREMATION ROOM - DAY

A cardboard casket, mounted on a trolley is pushed by an
old man. The oven door is open. The flames are raging.

The trolley quickly inserts the container in a moveable
hopper.

The container slides into the crematory.

We hear Leonard Cohen singing: " If it be your will."

FADE OUT

THE END