(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

We'll Always Have Paris

Written by

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(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAWN

Modern-art prints cover the walls. A purple lampshade casts the room in a magenta glow. A big window looks out onto a quiet road. ADAM, mid-20s, ruggedly handsome, sits on a shabby green two-seater sofa, his head in his hands. IRA, mid 20s, shaggy bob, smudged mascara, sits on the floor, against the living room wall, knees up to her chest.

IRA
What now?

Adam shakes his head, raising it to stare at the wall.

IRA (cont'd)
(softly)
Can't just sit here all day, can we?

Adam continues to stare.

Ira stands and approaches Adam, crouching down to take his hands in hers. They are both fighting tears.

IRA (cont'd)
I think we will always feel this. No matter how much time passes.

ADAM
Even three years?

IRA
Even three years.

Adam stands, walking over to the window and looking out.

ADAM
So, say, you go. You go to Manchester. Get your degree. And I stay here. We live our own lives. And then in three years - if we've... if we've not met anyone else, and we both still feel it... We try again.

IRA
Yes. But, we couldn't have contact. We both have to stick to that. No matter what happens - we have to really try. To live our own lives.

ADAM
What if you do meet someone? What if I do?

Adam turns back around to face Ira. Ira attempts a sad smile but a tear falls down her face. They hold the silence.

Adam walks over and crouches down, pulling Ira into his arms. They stay like this.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ira lies on her back on top of her bed, not in it. She has longer hair, her make up is understated. Her eyes are open, staring up at the ceiling.

She picks her phone up which lies face-down beside her. It reads: 20:59. She places it back down, then rolls onto her stomach, face-down into her pillow, wailing in anxiety.

The phone rings and Ira immediately sits up, harassed. She picks up the phone - it is an unknown number. She takes in a deep breath, and answers the call.

IRA
Hello?
(beat)
Helllooo?

EXT. BALCONY - SAME

Adam sits at a small table, overlooking city lights. His phone is at his ear, he looks the same. There is a cigarette between his lips. He takes it out and smiles.

IRA (ON PHONE)
Adam?

IRA (ON PHONE) (cont'd)
Hello?

ADAM
You answered.

IRA
(softly, hopefully)
Yes.

EXT. ARRIVALS - CHARLES DE GAULLE - DUSK

Adam stands against the bars of the walkway in casual travelling clothes, carrying a backpack.

He watches the stream of people churning through the arrivals' door. He continuously runs his hand through his hair.

He spots a familiar face and cranes his neck to be sure. Ira enters the lounge carrying a shoulder bag, her hair is mussed up, her eyes blink sleepily against the bright light. Their eyes meet. Ira's shoulders relax on seeing him but she bites her lip nervously. She follows the walkway around and approaches Adam who is walking to meet her.

He winks at her and opens his arms. She folds into them.

IRA
I'm so sorry, I can't believe how delayed we were... how long have you been waiting?

ADAM
Not that long. Don't worry about it.

Ira pulls back from him slightly, checking his face. He smiles at her comfortingly and she decides she believes him.

Adam takes her face in his hands, taking her in. They enjoy the moment-- a man rushing past knocks Adam's shoulder with his abnormally large bag and the two stumble and break apart.

Adam frowns at the back of the man before shaking it off and laughing, he grabs Ira's bag and shoulders it.

ADAM (cont'd)
Ready?

He holds his hand out to her. She takes it, considering her hand in his for a moment. She looks up to him and nods, her broad smile dimpling her cheeks.

INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Adam unlocks the front door and pushes it open, switching the light on. The apartment is funky and modern, with artwork on the walls and bohemian rugs.

Adam heads down the hallway, lugging their bags, casting around for the bedroom.

Ira follows behind him more slowly, taking in their surroundings. She looks closely at the artwork - abstract, colourful pieces. She touches them softly, admiring.

ADAM (O.C.)
Ira!

Ira makes her way down the hallway, following his call into the room at the end with the door slightly ajar.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ira enters. The room is mood-lit with artful lamps. It is more of the same boho chic. A chaise lounge sits at the end of the bed. Glass sliding doors lead out to a terrace.

Adam is sitting at a small dressing table, rolling a cigarette. He looks up and smiles at her. Gesturing to a bottle of red wine and two glasses on the table.

ADAM
Fucking great, right?

IRA
It's beautiful.

Adam gestures at a rolled cigarette on the table.

ADAM
I rolled you one.

IRA
I kind of quit...

Adam is taken aback, he stops rolling his own.

IRA (cont'd)
But... when in Paris.

She walks over to the table and picks it up. Adam chuckles and licks the paper, finishing the roll.

ADAM
Thought I'd lost you there.

Ira laughs, walking over to the sliding doors and turning the handle. She steps outside.

EXT. TERRACE - CONTINUOUS

Adam follows her out. He lights his smoke before passing her the lighter.

They are slightly awkward and self-conscious, focusing on the city lights and their cigarettes more than each other.

IRA
This doesn't feel real.

ADAM
What doesn't?

IRA
Being here. With you. It's like it's from a dream.

ADAM
So you still sleep talk?

IRA
Oh god, shut up.

Ira turns her head away from him in embarrassment.

Adam takes her shoulders and swings her back towards himself.

ADAM
It's something I've dreamt about too. Over and over. Being with you.

Ira looks up at him. Their cigarettes burn at the end of their fingertips. Ira looks at his lips, then back at his eyes.

EXT. LUXEMBOURG GARDENS - DAY

It's overcast and threatening to rain. The branches of the trees are bare but for a few new buds forming. The fountains are switched off. Adam and Ira walk with their take-away coffee cups in silence, Adam seems lost in thought. Ira glances at him - trying to read his mood and failing. She looks back ahead.

IRA
Look at the blossom!

Ira points to a tree at the end of the pathway. People are sat on benches or the grass, taking photos and admiring the tree.

ADAM
Hang on.

Adam pulls an expensive camera out of his side-bag.

They approach the tree near the edge of the park. As Ira poses, a group of runners pass in front of Adam on the track. He sighs and hangs the camera at his side, waiting impatiently for them to pass. Ira's smile falters slightly.

Once they have passed, Adam raises the camera again. Ira looks up at the blossoms. He snaps a few shots.

ADAM (cont'd)
Beautiful.

EXT. RESTAURANT TERRACE - DUSK

The restaurant is traditional french-style with rattan tables and chairs. Adam sits at a table under the awning, crammed next to other patrons. Rain pours, passersby are a sea of umbrellas.

Adam flicks through the photos on the camera. There's an almost finished beer and half-glass of wine on the table beside him.

Ira exits the restaurant doors and stands behind Adam, leaning down to peek at the photos on the little screen.

IRA
They're really good Adam.

ADAM
Mm.

IRA
You know, they have amazing photography courses in Manchester.

Adam continues to flick through the photos in silence. Ira kisses him on the back of the head and takes her seat.

IRA (cont'd)
It's really pouring now.

ADAM
Typical this is the kind of weather we get.

IRA
I kind of love it actually.

ADAM
You and your pathetic fallacy.

Ira laughs.

IRA
It's not that... it's more, watching the people rush past. It's wondering where they're going - and why they're going there. Everything is sped up. There's more urgency.

Adam looks at her curiously as she says this, then makes a decision.

ADAM
Come on then.

He takes her hand, standing from the table.

IRA
What?

ADAM
Let's join them.

IRA
And go where?

Adam just smiles at her. She takes his hand questioningly.

IRA (cont'd)
What about the--

ADAM
No time, we're in a rush.

He pulls her hand and they run out from under the awning, onto the walkway and into the swarm of people. THE WAITER calls after them angrily. Adam looks back and laughs, pulling Ira deeper into the crowd.

EXT. PARIS - STREET - CONTINUOUS

Adam and Ira run down the pathway, holding hands and dodging other walkers. They duck through the gaps in heavy traffic, crossing the road and heading for an overpass.

On reaching it Adam stops them, clutching his side and gasping for breath. They laugh. Adam pulls Ira into his arms. They stand, swaying in their embrace.

IRA
I'm sorry. For bringing up Manchester.

Adam grimaces to himself slightly.

IRA (cont'd)
I know we said we'd focus on just being here.

He pulls back.

ADAM
Let's go back and get dry.

Ira looks back at him, questioning.

Adam brushes the wet hair back from her forehead, kissing it swiftly before throwing his arm round her shoulders and leading them back out into the now drizzling rain.

EXT. SACRE-COEUR - GROUNDS - DAY

The sky is grey but very bright. Adam and Ira stand by an old carousel at the foot of the Sacre-Coeur. A steep, uphill climb of steps awaits them. Tourists are scattered about, heaving more heavily at the top of the hill.

ADAM
We going up there?

IRA
Well, we don't have to. But it is beautiful.

Adam looks around, his sunglasses obscure his expression.

IRA (cont'd)
It's beautiful from here too, we could just sit on a bench for a bit?

Adam ignores her, he heads over to the foot of the steps and starts climbing. Ira follows him, staying a little behind. She looks around as she climbs.

People are enjoying their lunches on benches, having picnics on the grass.

A LITTLE BOY chases bubbles blown by his FATHER. Each bubble pops right before he can catch it. Ira makes to call out to Adam, to share in the moment, but stops herself.

Adam continues to climb the steps at a steady pace, head down, watching his feet.

SACRE-COUER - ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Ira reaches the top. Tourists are swarming. She takes in the view of the building before turning to the view of the city below them.

The fences of the walkway are heavy with love-locks, there is barely room for a single one to be added.

Salesmen stand by mats, selling Eiffel tower figurines and other landmark key-chains.

Ira casts around, looking for Adam.

Someone taps her shoulder and she turns. Adam stands behind her, holding his hands clasped in front of him. He reveals the surprise - a plastic pack: enclosed inside is a lock and key. He smiles at her broadly.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

The nightclub is sweaty and heaving. Strobe lights glitter over faces and bodies. Music booms and shoes thump the floor. Adam is dancing with his hands in the air, one holds a plastic cup of beer. He is smiling drunkenly, enjoying himself. His camera bag bounces against his hip, the strap crossed over his chest.

Ira has her back to him, dancing less enthusiastically.

Adam wraps one arm around her and dances up behind her. She clasps his arm but does not pull him closer.

He leans to kiss her neck and she allows it but still doesn't lean into him. Adam tugs her shoulder gently and she turns to him.

ADAM
YOU OK?

IRA
YEAH!

Ira attempts to look enthusiastic.

ADAM
YOU WANT TO GO?

IRA
NO, NO! WE CAN STAY FOR A BIT.

ADAM
IF YOU WANT TO GO - JUST SAY.

IRA
IT'S FINE! WE'LL STAY!

Adam shakes his head at her and turns his back, he pushes through people, heading off the dance floor. Ira stands watching him, surprised.

Adam goes through a door marked 'Zone Fumeur'.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

The door opens out to the alleyway at the back of the nightclub. A TALL MAN and a BEEFY MAN talk quietly while they lean against a wall smoking, dressed in dark clothing. The music pulses mutedly through the walls.

Adam approaches them, pulling a cigarette out of a pack from his pocket.

ADAM
(Miming lighter)
Lighter?

Tall Man produces a lighter and hands it to Adam.

ADAM (cont'd)
Merci.

He lights the cigarette and hands it back, walking further down the alley and leaning against the wall on the opposite side to the exit door. He inhales deeply.

Ira enters the alleyway, looking around and finding him. She walks over.

IRA
(playfully)
Where's mine then?

ADAM
You don't smoke anymore.

IRA
Sometimes I do.

Adam looks at the floor, Ira takes his other hand, interlinking her fingers with his. Adam exhales.

ADAM
We'll go. When I finish this.

IRA
We don't have to go...
(MORE)

IRA (cont'd)
We can stay for a bit.

ADAM
Ok.

Adam chucks the cigarette butt at the ground and walks back towards the exit door. As he reaches it, Beefy Man steps in front of it - blocking his way.

ADAM (cont'd)
Can you move, mate?

Tall Man steps up behind Adam, grabbing both of his arms and holding them behind his back.

ADAM (cont'd)
What the fuck?

Ira rushes forwards.

IRA
What are you doing?

BEEFY MAN
(slight french accent)
Bag.

ADAM
What?

BEEFY MAN
Give me the bag.

Adam shakes his head in disbelief. Ira places her hand on Tall Man's arm.

IRA
Please.

Tall Man shrugs her hand off violently. He pulls Adam away from the door, then pushes him against the wall. Beefy Man pulls the camera-bag strap off of Adam's shoulder. Ira stands, frozen, shaking, not knowing what to do. Helpless.

There is the sound of voices behind the door. It bursts open and a group of people spill out - laughing and joking. Tall Man and Big man break away from Adam. They run down the street and around the corner.

Ira rushes to Adam.

IRA (cont'd)
Are you okay? Are you okay?

INT. BEDROOM - APARTMENT - NIGHT

Adam sits on the bed, facing the window. Ira stands against the bedroom door, her arms hugging her shoulders.

ADAM
Of course this fucking happens.

IRA
I'm so sorry, Adam, your camera.

Ira tentatively approaches Adam, sitting beside him on the bed.

ADAM
If you hadn't wanted to leave...

IRA
What?

ADAM
If you could've just waited a bit.

IRA
I said I was happy to wait?

ADAM
You? Waiting for me?
(humorless laugh)
Wouldn't be like you would it?

Ira shakes her head.

ADAM (cont'd)
I'm always waiting for you...
Waiting for the time to be just right for you.

IRA
(slowly)
...I've never asked you to wait.

ADAM
No. You didn't.
You just went anyway.

IRA
This is about Manchester?
I asked you to come with me!

ADAM
Exactly! It's always been what you've wanted!

IRA
I respected your choice to stay. I didn't hold it against you.

ADAM
But I wasn't enough to stay for?

Ira stands, frustrated.

IRA
It wasn't about you!

ADAM
It never is.

IRA
I wanted more for myself! I wanted something different!

ADAM
You just wanted to fuck other people.

Ira recoils.

IRA
You've been angry at me... all this time?

ADAM
And you've been living it up.

IRA
Living it up...I've spent years... feeling guilty. Feeling like I owed you something. Like I owed us something.

ADAM
You only came here because you felt you had to?

IRA
No! I wanted to come. I still felt things... I wondered. If we both changed, if we'd be on the same page...
(quietly)
But I can't force you to want more for yourself.

ADAM
What the hell does that mean?

IRA
If I'd never dreamt of this trip we wouldn't be here... You don't even want to be here. Not really. You'd rather have met up back home... You don't want different, Adam.

ADAM
You just can't sit still. What's wrong with an easy, simple life?

IRA
Nothing.
(deep breath)
It's just not what I want.

Adam takes this in.

ADAM
And if I came with you - to Manchester? Just for a while. To see how it was?

Ira shakes her head, taken aback.

IRA
But that's not what you really want.

ADAM
Maybe it could be.

IRA
Maybe. You'd have to figure that out on your own. I can't be the reason.

ADAM
Why not?

IRA
(gently)
Because a person isn't a life.

A kind of disappointed acceptance crosses Adam's face. Ira hesitates, then sits back next to him on the bed. She rests her head on his shoulder. He allows it, closing his eyes.

INT. CHARLES DE GUALLE - DEPARTURES - DAY

The lounge is calm, people mill about looking bored. Ira and Adam stand awkwardly, side by side, staring at the departure board.

IRA
Gate 52.

ADAM
Better go. Don't want to miss it.

Ira takes a step forward, turning so she is facing him.

IRA
Adam.

Adam looks at her, his expression unreadable.

She wraps her arms around him. What starts as something uncomfortable and somewhat forced becomes more emotional. They hold each other tighter.

Ira pulls herself gently out of the embrace.

IRA (cont'd)
Fly safe.

ADAM
I think I'm going to stay. At least for a bit.

IRA
Here?

ADAM
Yeah.

IRA
Why?

ADAM
Need to figure it out, don't I.

IRA
Figure what out?

ADAM
What I want.

Ira smiles, her eyes fill with tears.

She caresses the side of his face. Then turns, walking away towards her gate. She doesn't allow herself to look back.

Adam takes a deep breath, then turns himself, walking back towards security.

FADE TO BLACK