

A MOVEABLE FEAST

Adapted from Ernest Hemingway's  
book "A Moveable Feast"

Written by  
Benjamin J. Gohs

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benjamingohs@gmail.com

FADE IN:

EXT. HAVANA, CUBA - DAY

1960. Having won their final victory the year before, Castro's communist forces patrol war-torn Havana.

INT./EXT. FINCA VIGÍA - CUBA

Old Ernest Hemingway's home in the Havana neighborhood of San Francisco de Paula.

Old Hemingway's fourth wife MARY is on the phone. She looks worried. Over her shoulder sits OLD HEMINGWAY, 60ish, looking forlorn and sipping a whiskey and soda.

MARY

(into phone)

No. We most certainly did not "donate" it. Cuban government said it's seizing the house and everything in it. Yes, except for Papa and me. I don't know if it's legal. Yes. Today. Not waiting around to see. No. Our place in Ketchum. What do you think. He'll just have to adjust. We all will.

EXT. HAVANA AIRPORT - DAY

Communist forces patrol in jeeps. Men with guns everywhere.

Old Hemingway and Mary board a plane. He takes one last look at his beloved Cuba.

INT./EXT. PLANE - OVER CUBA - DAY

The view from the air shows the destruction and chaos in the wake of the Cuban Revolution.

Marry looks worried. Her husband just looks sad.

Marry pats his arm.

EXT. KETCHUM, IDAHO - AIRPORT - DAY

The Hemingways' plane touches down in this snowy rural land.

As they deplane, Mary looks around cheerfully.

Old Hemingway is not pleased with what he sees. His tropical paradise replaced with frozen wasteland.

INT./EXT. TAXI - KETCHUM - DAY

The Hemingways ride silently to their home at 400 East Canyon Boulevard in Ketchum.

EXT. HEMINGWAY KETCHUM HOUSE - DAY

They arrive at this beautiful three-story house that resembles an alpine ski lodge in some ways.

Mary smiles and points out some scenery. She is very glad to be "home."

MARY

Look at those mountains, Papa.

He scowls and pushes on past her, and up to the house.

Once inside, they stamp the snow off their feet and look around.

MARY (cont'd)

It'll get better. Just give it some time.

His expression disagrees.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

INT. HEMINGWAY KETCHUM HOUSE - DAY

Mary dusts shelves, sweeps floors, unpacks their suitcases and hangs clothes in closets, brings in two bags of groceries, cooks supper.

All the while, Old Hemingway sits staring out the big picture window, occasionally refilling his glass with whiskey.

END MONTAGE

LATER THAT EVENING.

Mary sits in a chair near her husband to catch her breath after all those chores.

MARY

Well, we're as moved in as we can be.  
Need some housewares and other odds  
and ends but this should do nicely.

Old Hemingway is deep in thought.

MARY (cont'd)

Need a hand?

He breaks from his trance.

OLD HEMINGWAY

Hmm?

MARY

I said do you need a hand?

He looks confused.

MARY (cont'd)

With the bear trap that's caught your  
attention.

He just stares at her. Through her.

MARY (cont'd)

I'm sad, too. But here we are.

He has nothing to say.

MARY (cont'd)

Well, come let's have supper. Or you  
can sit there collecting dust.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mary eats her soup and crackers but Old Hemingway just keeps  
stirring and staring.

MARY

Before it gets cold.

Mary keeps trying to be chipper despite the heavy funk. But  
it's beginning to take its toll.

MARY (cont'd)

I have a surprise for you. But not  
until you've eaten.

Old Hemingway pushes his dinner away.

She's had it and puts her spoon down hard on her plate with a CLANG.

MARY (cont'd)  
Come with me. Come on. Get up. Legs  
still work, don't they?

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mary leads her husband into a room.

INT. OLD HEMINGWAY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

There's a desk with a manual typewriter, paper, pencils, some framed photos of their time in Cuba, a vase of fresh flowers.

She jokes with him.

MARY  
I've done all the hard work. Now all  
you have to do is write another  
masterpiece.

She smiles at her joke but he's not amused.

She goes to the typewriter and taps a key.

MARY (cont'd)  
It's the only model they had. But  
they said if you don't like it they  
can order you any one you want.

Finally, with tears in his eyes, he speaks.

OLD HEMINGWAY  
Why am I still here?

Mary feels terrible for him and hugs him. They embrace as, outside the window, snow falls.

EXT. HEMINGWAY KETCHUM HOUSE - DAY

SPRINGTIME.

Icicles drip. There's just a tiny patch of snow in the yard.

Birds chirp happily. Blue skies and sunshine.

INT. HEMINGWAY KETCHUM HOUSE - HEMINGWAY'S OFFICE - DAY

The room is empty of people. The stack of unused typing paper still sits undisturbed next to the typewriter.

The basket for holding typed pages is empty.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Hemingway reads a copy of the *Idaho Statesmen* newspaper.

O.S. from the kitchen, the phone rings.

Mary Hemingway ANSWERS the phone O.S.

MARY (O.S.)  
Yes. Yes. Really. Really? Alright.  
One moment, please. (to Hemingway)  
Papa?

Hemingway puts down his newspaper and glances in the direction of her voice.

Mary enters the living room. She looks excited and a little bewildered.

MARY  
It's the Ritz Hotel.

Hemingway, too, is puzzled.

MARY (cont'd)  
In Paris.

Hemingway's eyes light up.

MARY (cont'd)  
They found two trunks of yours and  
don't know what to do with them.

Hemingway excitedly gets up.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Hemingway goes to the kitchen followed by Mary.

He picks up the phone.

OLD HEMINGWAY  
(into phone)  
Hello?

EXT. RITZ HOTEL - PARIS - DAY

A hotel employee takes the books, newspaper clippings, photographs, and other personal effects out of two old trunks and places them inside a big new Louis Vuitton steamer trunk.

EXT. HEMINGWAY KETCHUM HOUSE - DAY

O.S. Mary excitedly urges her husband to open the trunk.

MARY (O.S.)  
What do you think's in there?

OLD HEMINGWAY (O.S.)  
Another man's life.

INT. HEMINGWAY KETCHUM HOUSE - HEMINGWAY'S OFFICE - DAY

Old Hemingway grins like a kid on Christmas as he removes the old books and newspapers, an early stained and wrinkled draft of "The Sun Also Rises" that's been heavily edited in pencil and pen.

Mary looks on with pleasure. This is the happiest she's seen him in a very long time.

Sensing he may want to be alone to unpack these memories, Mary excuses herself.

MARY  
I'll put coffee on.

Old Hemingway barely hears her and answers absently.

OLD HEMINGWAY  
Yeah. OK.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Mary hums happily as she makes coffee. But something happens that causes her to stop and listen.

O.S. from her husband's office, the sound of TYPING.

Mary smiles big. Relief washes over her. She has to hold herself up on the sink.

The O.S. TYPING grows louder and louder, faster and faster.

INT. HEMINGWAY'S OFFICE - DAY

He types furiously.

His expression is one of determination. Of joy.

OLD HEMINGWAY (V.O.)  
If you were lucky enough to have  
lived in Paris as a young man, then  
wherever you go for the rest of your  
life, it stays with you. For Paris is  
a moveable feast.

OVER BLACK

SUPER: "A Moveable Feast"

EXT. YOUNG HEMINGWAY'S APARTMENT - PARIS - DAY

AUTUMN 1924. SUNRISE.

The apartments located at *113 rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs* in Paris, France, sit over a sawmill and Ezra Pound's studio, and just up the street from *La Closerie des Lilas*.

The leaves of the chestnut trees are orange and brown, and they drip from the night's rain.

INT. HEMINGWAY'S APARTMENT - DAY

The small, modest home is nicely furnished.

The Hemingways are no longer dirt poor, as when they first came to Paris a few years ago, but they are far from set.

INT. HEMINGWAY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

25-year-old ERNEST HEMINGWAY writes with pencil and paper at a desk by a window overlooking the city.

His breath steams in the cold room. He is tired and thin and, despite his youth, has already seen enough death and suffering to last a lifetime.

One-year-old Jack "Mr. Bumby" Hemingway plays quietly in the crib he shares with their big cat F. Puss. Asleep on the bed is Ernest's first wife HADLEY, 32.



EXT. HEMINGWAY'S APARTMENT - DAY

As the sun rises over this magical city, so starts the SCREAM of the buzzsaw and GRINDING as it rips through timber in the sawmill.

So, too, cars and machinery come alive, breaking the peace of dawn.

INT. HEMINGWAY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Golden sunshine splinters through a window where the heavy curtains meet.

Inside the apartment, the sawmill can be heard STARTING O.S. and Hemingway sighs at this annoyance.

Between the noise and the light hitting Mr. Bumby's face, he begins to stir and fuss.

HEMINGWAY  
(playful)  
Alright, Mr. Bumby. No need to be  
belligerent. The world needs lumber.

Hemingway finishes writing a sentence in the blue-backed notebook, and leaves the room.

INT. HEMINGWAY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Hemingway takes a baby bottle of milk from a pot warming on a little cookstove and puts the nipple assembly on.

INT. HEMINGWAY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

He returns with the bottle and tries to quietly close the door but between the sawmill and Mr. Bumby's crying, Hadley is awake and sitting up in bed.

HADLEY  
Tatie?

Hemingway checks the milk's warmth by putting a few drops on his own lips.

Not realizing his wife is watching, he savors the specks of nourishment.

HEMINGWAY  
I can't work with all this noise.

HADLEY  
(over the sawing)  
What noise!?

They laugh at her joke.

HEMINGWAY  
You should go back to sleep. If you  
can. Mr. Bumby's about due for a nap.

HADLEY  
What about breakfast?

HEMINGWAY  
Meeting a potential editor for lunch.

HADLEY  
You should eat.

He gives Mr. Bumby his bottle and props it on a blanket.

Puts his hand to the boy's cheek a moment.

Scratches F. Puss' head.

HEMINGWAY  
I'm fine.

Unconvinced but not about to press the matter, Hadley holds  
out her hands.

Hemingway scoops up the baby and brings him to the bed and  
mother's waiting arms.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)  
Who will keep F. Puss warm?

HADLEY  
Chased rats instead of  
sleeping all day, wouldn't  
have time to be cold.

HEMINGWAY  
Then who would guard Mr.  
Bumby while we're away?

Hemingway leans down to kiss Hadley's forehead, and reassure  
her.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)  
We'll have a good dinner. And with  
any luck, a nice bottle of Beaune.

She nods with a smile. Giddy as a happy child.

HADLEY  
And *madeleines* for dessert?

He smiles and kisses her hand.

EXT. HEMINGWAY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Carrying a leather messenger bag, Hemingway sets off down the rue Notre Dame des Champs.

EXT. STREETS OF PARIS - DAY

As the rich partying class is just getting into bed, those who really run the city appear.

A man on horseback trots solemnly by.

A boy sweeps a sidewalk.

A policeman tips his cap.

Trucks making deliveries putter down the narrow streets.

A goatherd walks along, his dog keeping the goats in line. A woman carrying a pot emerges from an apartment. The goatherd milks a big black goat into the pot and the woman pays him.

Hemingway passes bakeries steaming with the scents of fresh baked goods. He smells them with gusto, his eyes fluttering with delight.

This is all writer fuel and he drinks every drop with his eyes, with his nose.

EXT. LA CLOSERIE DES LILAS - DAY

A waiter is just opening the door and putting up the sign which reads "OUVERT" or "OPEN" when Hemingway arrives at the famed and historic café.

INT. LA CLOSERIE DES LILAS - DAY

Hemingway takes a seat inside.

HEMINGWAY  
*Café crème. S'il te plaît.*

CLOSERIE WAITER  
*Oui, monsieur.*

Hemingway sharpens two pencils and opens the blue-backed notebook and thinks a moment and begins to write.

The waiter brings his strong coffee and hot milk.  
 Hemingway nods in thanks and sips the beverage.  
 He writes, smiling because he knows it is good.  
 But he is soon interrupted.

OLD HEMINGWAY (V.O.)  
 The blue-backed notebooks, two  
 pencils and a pencil sharpener—a  
 pocketknife was too wasteful—the  
 marble-topped tables, the smell of  
 early morning, and luck were all you  
 needed. Some days it went so well  
 that you could make the country so  
 that you could walk into it through  
 the timbers and come out into the  
 clearing and work up onto the high  
 ground and see the hills beyond the  
 arm of the lake and the pine nettles  
 under your moccasins ... and then you  
 would hear someone say ...

STRUGGLING WRITER (O.S.)  
 Hi, Hem, what are you trying to do?  
 Write in a café?

OLD HEMINGWAY (V.O.)  
 Your luck had run out. The writing  
 dies hard when you are really going.

The young man has ordered a coffee at a table behind  
 Hemingway. He cheerses with his beverage and smiles  
 innocently.

OLD HEMINGWAY (V.O.) (cont'd)  
 This was the worst thing that could  
 happen. If you could keep your  
 temper, it would be better. But I was  
 not good at keeping mine then.

With his concentration, young Hemingway is broken and he's  
 immediately furious. He closes his notebook and turns to see  
 a tall fat young man in eyeglasses and a hopeful expression.

HEMINGWAY  
 Rotten son of a bitch. What're you  
 doing in here off your filthy beat?

STRUGGLING WRITER  
 Such a temper. Isn't that why you  
 eccentrics write in public?  
 (MORE)

STRUGGLING WRITER (cont'd)  
So people will see you. And then act  
insulted when they so much as say hi.

HEMINGWAY  
Why don't you go up to the *Petit  
Chaumiere* where you belong?

STRUGGLING WRITER  
(teasing)  
I thought I might do some writing.

Hemingway goes back to writing.

HEMINGWAY  
Plenty of other places around.

STRUGGLING WRITER  
So you won't have a drink with me?

Hemingway's pencil pauses.

He turns to insult the young man.

HEMINGWAY  
At home they'd serve you and then  
break the glass.

STRUGGLING WRITER  
Sounds like a charming place. Maybe  
someday I'll be so great that no  
one'll dare talk to me.

HEMINGWAY  
I need to write.

Hemingway starts to write again but is immediately  
interrupted.

STRUGGLING WRITER  
So do I. But we can't all be blessed  
with such a prodigious pen. Suppose  
you wanted to be a writer and felt it  
in every part of your body but it  
just wouldn't come.

Hemingway closes his notebook and packs up his things to  
leave. He stands up and gets in the young man's face.

HEMINGWAY  
You shouldn't write if you can't  
write. What do you have to cry about  
it to me for? Go home. Get a job.  
Hang yourself. Only don't talk about  
it.

As Hemingway leaves the café, the young man's words follow from O.S.

STRUGGLING WRITER (O.S.)  
Everybody said you were cruel and  
heartless and conceited. I've always  
defended you. But not anymore!

BEGIN MONTAGE:

To shake off the confrontation, Hemingway takes a long walk through the City of Paris.

On his way, he sees some of the city's oldest and most iconic sites.

- The lively *Place de la Contrescarpe*.
- The abominable *Café des Amateurs*.
- Narrow market street of the *Rue Mouffetard*.
- Beautiful gardens of the *Jardin du Luxembourg*, and both the Medici Fountain and *Luxembourg Museum* therein.
- *Fontaine de l'Observatoire*.
- *Rue de Vaugirard*.
- He walks the *rue des Saints Augustins* where he stops to marvel at the the River Seine and the fishermen there.

END MONTAGE

EXT. GERTRUDE STEIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Hemingway ambles up to 27 rue de Fleurus, where Gertrude Stein holds open court in her art-filled salon with her lover Alice Toklas.

A maidservant answers the door and lets Hemingway in.

INT. GERTRUDE STEIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

The apartment is big and open. A big welcoming fireplace crackles. The walls are covered with paintings. Bookshelves everywhere burst with works from all over the world.

GERTRUDE STEIN sits in a big chair and is flanked by Alice on a Queen Anne settee.

GERTRUDE STEIN  
 Won't you have a an eau de vie? The  
 raspberry is simply scrumptious.

Hemingway nods.

The maidservant brings their drinks while they chat.

Gertrude motions to Alice who gets some typed sheets of paper, a story Hemingway had given Gertrude to read for him. He puts them in his messenger bag while she renders her verdict.

GERTRUDE STEIN (cont'd)  
 It's good. That's not the question.  
 It's inaccrochable. Like a picture a  
 painter paints and then cannot hang  
 or sell it.

HEMINGWAY  
 What if it's not intended to be dirty  
 but uses words people would actually  
 use? How else am I to make the story  
 true?

GERTRUDE STEIN  
 You mustn't write anything  
 inaccrochable. There is no point in  
 it. It's wrong and it's silly. Now  
 tell me, how are we coming along with  
 the Transatlantic Review?

HEMINGWAY  
 Ford said we can publish it in  
 installments but that it may outlive  
 the life of the magazine.

Gertrude looks insulted.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)  
 I think it's very good.

GERTRUDE STEIN  
 It must be published. It simply must.

HEMINGWAY  
 I think Ford ... is concerned about  
 ... the amount of editing to be done.

GERTRUDE STEIN  
 Quibbling over edits? Every word is  
 there for a reason. *Mot juste,*  
 Hemingway. *Mot juste!* It's "The  
 Making of Americans."  
 (MORE)

GERTRUDE STEIN (cont'd)  
 Not the "Imbecile's Abridged Primer  
 to Americana." (she spits the next  
 words as if they were vinegar)  
 Revision. Vénère! Revision is for  
 rubes and charlatans.

HEMINGWAY  
 I see stretches of great brilliance.  
 But even the best writers benefit  
 from ... housekeeping. (off her angry  
 silence) I'll speak with him. We'll  
 get you published.

Gertrude's mood turns back to happy and she calls for  
 another round of eau de vie and shows Hemingway her newest  
 paintings and some books she recommends he reads.

Hemingway follows her around the studio like an eager  
 student, sucking up what knowledge she has to give.

OLD HEMINGWAY (V.O.)  
 It was when we had come back from  
 Canada and Miss Stein and I were  
 still good friends that she made the  
 remark about the "lost generation."  
 She had had some ignition trouble  
 with the old Model T Ford she then  
 drove and the young man who worked in  
 the garage and had served in the last  
 year of World War I and had not made  
 her vehicle a priority over other  
 vehicles in repairing Miss Stein's  
 Ford and the garage owner had  
 severely corrected the mechanic,  
 saying, "You are all a generation  
 perdue."

CLOSE ON Gertrude Stein admonishing Hemingway.

GERTRUDE STEIN  
 That's what you are. That's what you  
 all are, Hemingway. All of you young  
 people who served in the war. You are  
 a lost generation.

HEMINGWAY  
 That's quite an indictment.

GERTRUDE STEIN  
 You are. You have no respect for  
 anything. You drink yourselves to  
 death.



HEMINGWAY

Was the young mechanic drunk?

GERTRUDE STEIN

Of course not.

HEMINGWAY

Have you ever seen me drunk?

GERTRUDE STEIN

No. But your friends are drunk.

HEMINGWAY

I've been drunk. But I don't come here drunk.

GERTRUDE STEIN

Of course not. I didn't say that.

HEMINGWAY

The garage keeper was probably drunk by eleven o'clock in the morning. That's why he makes such lovely phrases.

GERTRUDE STEIN

Don't argue with me, Hemingway. It does no good at all. You're all a lost generation, exactly as the garage keeper said.

Hemingway acquiesces and thanks her for the drinks in an unheard conversation. He gets his coat and goes to the door and back out onto the street at 27 rue de Fleurus.

EXT. GERTRUDE STEIN'S APARTMENT — DAY

Hemingway walks the 27 rue de Fleurus, thinking over all Miss Stein had said.

OLD HEMINGWAY (V.O.)

Later, I thought about the young mechanic in the garage and if he had ever been hauled in one of those vehicles when they were converted to ambulances. I remembered how they used to burn out their brakes going down the mountain roads with a full load of wounded. I thought of egotism and mental laziness and wondered, 'Who is calling who a lost generation?'

(MORE)

OLD HEMINGWAY (V.O.) (cont'd)  
But then I thought that all generations were lost by something and I thought of what a warm and affectionate friend Miss Stein had been, and I thought, 'I will do my best to serve her and see she gets justice for the good work she had done as long as I can.' But the hell with her "lost-generation talk" and all the dirty, easy labels.

EXT. 12 RUE DE L'ODÉON - DAY

Hemingway walks up to the original Shakespeare and Company bookstore located at *12 Rue de l'Odéon*.

He hesitates a moment before going in.

INT. SHAKESPEARE & CO. - DAY

A bell jingles upon Hemingway's entrance.

He looks around the store brimming with books, and pictures of famous writers on the walls, a stove with a roaring fire.

HEMINGWAY  
Sylvia?

From a back room O.S. store owner and matron saint of struggling writers SYLVIA BEACH says hello.

SYLVIA BEACH (O.S.)  
*Bonjour.*

Sylvia emerges with a large stack of books.

She is boisterous, funny, and generous to a fault.

She chats with Hemingway while straightening up, making marks in a ledger, and putting the books on their proper shelves.

SYLVIA BEACH  
You're too thin, Hemingway. Are you eating enough?

Hemingway shyly ignores Sylvia's concern, opens his messenger bag and pulls out three books.

He hesitates to ask.

SYLVIA BEACH (cont'd)  
Did I sell you these?

Hemingway shakes his head "no."

SYLVIA BEACH	HEMINGWAY
If you need a loan—	I should have some money coming from my Atlantic articles soon.

SYLVIA BEACH  
Come have lunch with me.

HEMINGWAY  
I'm going home for lunch now.

SYLVIA BEACH  
We're having a dinner Saturday. Tell  
Hadley. Won't you?

Hemingway shamefully holds out the books.

Sylvia looks them over.

SYLVIA BEACH (cont'd)  
And how did you find "The Good  
Soldier?"

Hemingway shrugs.

SYLVIA BEACH (cont'd)  
Well. Fitting people with books is  
almost as difficult as fitting them  
with the right shoes.

Sylvia carefully inspects the novels.

SYLVIA BEACH (cont'd)  
You know, you can borrow anything you  
want. Pay the deposit anytime.

Hemingway is embarrassed by her generosity.

She gets some money from the cash register and places it  
lovingly into Hemingway's palm.

HEMINGWAY  
It's too much.

SYLVIA BEACH  
Get home, before it's too late for  
lunch. And don't work so hard you  
don't have time to eat right.  
(MORE)

SYLVIA BEACH (cont'd)  
Not good for a man of your size to go  
hungry.

Embarrassed, he nods.

HEMINGWAY  
Do I have any mail?

Sylvia doesn't appear as though he has but checks anyway.

SYLVIA BEACH  
Oh. Must've come while I was out.

Hemingway opens a thick envelope.

Inside is a letter and money.

HEMINGWAY  
Six hundred francs. He says there  
will be more.

SYLVIA BEACH  
I'm awfully glad you reminded me to  
look. Mr. Awfully Glad.

HEMINGWAY  
It's damn funny that Germany's the  
only place I can still sell anything.

Trying to lighten his mood, she teases him with a wink  
about Ford Maddox Ford, whom Hemingway hates.

SYLVIA BEACH  
Isn't it. But don't you worry ever.  
You can always sell some stories to  
Ford.

Hemingway offers a look of disgust.

HEMINGWAY  
Fraud Maddox Fraud. Thirty francs a  
page ... and a crust of bread.

Having forgotten himself, he is embarrassed once again.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)  
Here I'm feeling sorry for myself.  
Goddamn self-serving phony. I'm the  
one who chose to quit journalism of  
my own accord and try to be the big  
writer. Please forgive me.

SYLVIA BEACH

Oh, stop. You can complain about anything you like, any time you like. (teasing again) Don't you know? All writers talk about is their troubles?

He can't help a silent snort of agreement that escapes him.

With his mood lightened, Sylvia takes a more serious tone.

SYLVIA BEACH (cont'd)

The key is not to focus on what you don't like about right now. The point is you can write them.

HEMINGWAY

I know I can write them. Nobody will buy them. There's no money coming in.

SYLVIA BEACH

Keep writing.

HEMINGWAY

And if it never comes to be?

SYLVIA BEACH

You'll never know what's meant to be if you give up now.

Sylvia hands him a copy of Turgenev's *"A Sportsman's Sketches"* and the Constance Garnett translation of *"War and Peace."*

SYLVIA BEACH (cont'd)

Read. Write. Eat.

With a smile and grateful nod, Hemingway puts the books in his messenger bag.

EXT. SHAKESPEARE & CO. - DAY

With the good pep talk and a bit of hope bolstering him, Hemingway steps out into the autumn sun of midday renewed.

Hemingway looks at his watch and picks up the pace.

EXT. EZRA POUND'S STUDIO - DAY

Hemingway and poet EZRA POUND, both shirtless and in sweatpants and boxing gloves, spar while WYNDHAM LEWIS looks on.

Because Hemingway is teaching Ezra, who has zero coordination, to box, he's only blocking Ezra's shots and not taking any of his own. This seems to be perturbing Wyndham.

HEMINGWAY

That's good. Keep your left up. And lead with your right.

Ezra makes a few half-hearted and clumsy punches at Hemingway.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)

Stand like. Yes. There you go.

Hemingway shows Ezra the proper boxer's stance.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)

There. Now fire off from the shoulder. Good. Much better.

Wyndham chimes in.

WYNDHAM

Hit 'em back already.

Hemingway looks Wyndham over then tries to concentrate on Ezra.

HEMINGWAY

Move around. There you go. Make yourself less of a target. There.

Ezra throws a punch and stumbles. Hemingway catches him. This riles Wyndham.

WYNDHAM

Stop coddling him, Ernie. For god's sake.

Hemingway looks hard at Wyndham and realizes this man wants to see him hurt Ezra.

EZRA

It's OK, Hem. Don't need to hold back.

Hemingway lies to end the session.

HEMINGWAY

I'm tired. And got to get back to work.

Wyndham is disgusted.

WYNDHAM

Seen more excitement between cats  
fucking.

HEMINGWAY

Then perhaps you should go find some  
cats. Or maybe you'd like a lesson.

Hemingway motions for Wyndham to take Ezra's gloves.

WYNDHAM

(insulted)

These hands are for painting.

Hemingway mimes a "that's what I thought."

Wyndham makes to leave.

WYNDHAM (cont'd)

I have business. Ezra. (emphasis  
because he knows Hemingway hates his  
own first name) Ernie.

EZRA

Send those pages when they're ready  
and I'll look them over.

When Wyndham has gone, Ezra brings a little crockery  
container wrapped in cloth out of a cubby. His tone is  
urgent and secretive.

EZRA (cont'd)

I need you to take this to Dunning.  
I've been told he's in a bad way.

Hemingway gives a curious look.

EZRA (cont'd)

Raw opium. At least that's what the  
Indian chief told me. I haven't tried  
it myself.

HEMINGWAY

Better you don't. Where'd you?

EZRA

Avenue de l'Opera near the boulevard  
des Italiens. Didn't come cheap,  
either. I'd take it myself but T.S.  
is in great distress over a financial  
matter and I promised I'd meet with  
him this afternoon.

Hemingway nods and showers off his upper body with a pitcher of water and dresses.

OLD HEMINGWAY (V.O.)

"Dunning" was Ralph Cheever Dunning, a poet who smoked opium and forgot to eat. When he was smoking too much, he could only drink milk, and he wrote in *terza riruce* which endeared him to Ezra who also found fine qualities in his poetry.

EXT. DUNNING'S APARTMENT BUILDING — DAY

Hemingway walks up with the messenger bag over his shoulder and the little crockery in his hand.

He looks up at the apartment building and goes inside.

INT. DUNNING'S APARTMENT BUILDING — STAIRS — DAY

Hemingway makes his way up the stairs.

Hemingway knocks on Dunning's door. A half-crazed maidservant answers and lets him in.

INT. DUNNING'S APARTMENT — DAY

An emaciated and junksick Dunning lies on a mattress on the floor. He is NOT well.

Empty milk bottles everywhere.

OLD HEMINGWAY (V.O.)

He looked like a skeleton as he lay on the mattress, and he would certainly have eventually died of malnutrition. Finally, after a night with Dunning waiting for death to come, the matter was put in the hands of a physician and Dunning was taken to a private clinic to be dis-intoxicated. Ezra guaranteed his bills and enlisted the aid of I do not know which lovers of poetry on Dunning's behalf.

DUNNING

Get out!

Dunning covers his face with his blankets.



HEMINGWAY

Ezra asked me.

Hemingway hands Dunning the jar.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)

He said you'd know what—

Dunning takes the jar, looks at it, and throws it at Hemingway, hitting him on the shoulder as he turns to avoid the blow. The jar goes rolling out of the room and down the stairs. It ROLLS and CLUNKS a long time O.S. while the men stand staring at one another.

DUNNING

Son of a bitch bastard.

HEMINGWAY

Look, I'm just—

Dunning responds by hurling a milk bottle, which misses Hemingway and smashes on the wall.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)

(chiding)

Sure you don't need it?

Dunning throws another milk bottle.

Hemingway dodges and heads for the door, where he is hit square in the back with yet another milk bottle.

Dunning jumps off his bed and slams the door behind Hemingway as Hemingway hurries down the stairs.

EXT. DUNNING'S APARTMENT BUILDING - STAIRS - DAY

At the bottom of the stairwell, Hemingway picks up the jar, which now has a little crack, and puts it in his pocket.

EXT. DUNNING'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Back out on the street, YOUNG Hemingway walks along in disbelief at the crazy scene as Old Hemingway reminisces about the incident in V.O.

OLD HEMINGWAY (V.O.)

The jar of alleged opium which had been cracked I stored wrapped in waxed paper and carefully tied in one of an old pair of riding boots.

(MORE)

OLD HEMINGWAY (V.O.) (cont'd)  
When Evan Shipman and I were removing my personal effects from that apartment some years later, the boots were still there but the jar was gone. I do not know why Dunning threw the milk bottles at me unless he remembered my lack of credulity the night of his first dying, or whether it was only an innate dislike of my personality. Perhaps Dunning took me for an agent of evil or of the police. I only know that Ezra tried to be kind to Dunning as he was kind to so many people, and I always hoped Dunning was as fine a poet as Ezra believed him to be. For a poet he threw a very accurate milk bottle.

EXT. PAULINE PFEIFFER'S APARTMENT - PARIS - DAY

Hemingway stops outside the apartment of his mistress and future second wife PAULINE PFEIFFER, 29, whom he met on a skiing holiday with Hadley.

Pauline is a worldly and sophisticated writer and editor for Vogue magazine.

He looks around guiltily and drops his cigarette to the ground and snubs it with the toe of his boot before going in.

INT./EXT. PAULINE PFEIFFER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Mannish Pauline, with her short black hair, answers the door with a lascivious gaze. Hemingway picks her up and kicks the door shut.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. TRAIN - LICHTENSTEIN - DAY

Passenger train pulls into snowy Bludenz.

Hemingway and Hadley get off the train with Mr. Bumby and F. Puss.

OLD HEMINGWAY (V.O.)  
We went to Schruns in the Vorarlberg  
in Austria.  
(MORE)

## OLD HEMINGWAY (V.O.) (cont'd)

The train went through Liechtenstein and stopped at Bludenz where there was a small branch line that ran along a pebbly trout river through a valley of farms and forest to Schruns, a sunny market town with sawmills, stores, and a good, year-round hotel called the Taube where we lived.

## INT./EXT. HOTEL TAUBE - DAY

Big comfortable rooms, big windows, big beds. A rustic, friendly, quintessentially alpine resort.

Hemingway's family settles into their room.

## EXT. HOTEL TAUBE - DAY

All geared up to go skiing, Hemingway and Hadley wave goodbye to Mr. Bumby, who is being pulled in a sleigh by his dark-haired au pair.

## EXT. SKI COUNTRY - SCHRUNS - DAY

Hemingway and Hadley, along with a few others led by ski instructor Walther Lent, hike up a mountain trail and then ski down it.

## BEGIN MONTAGE:

## INT./EXT. ALPINE CLUB HUT - MOUNTAIN VALLEY TOP - DAY

Big Alpine club hut for skiers and climbers to rest or party or sleep overnight.

Hemingway and Hadley trudge up to the hut. Inside, Hemingway builds a fire while Hadley unpacks their picnic lunch and a bottle of kirsch.

Hemingway and Hadley reading by a fireplace.

They bowl

Hemingway plays poker with several men, including the captain of the police

## OLD HEMINGWAY (V.O.)

There were no ski-lifts from Schruns but there were logging trails and cattle trails that led up different mountain valleys to the high mountain country. You climbed on foot, carrying your skis and higher up, where the snow was too deep, you climbed on sealskins attached to the bottoms of the skis. We had a store of books that Sylvia Beach had let us take for the winter, and we could bowl with the people of the town in the alley that gave on to the summer garden of the hotel. Once or twice a week there was a poker game in the dining-room of the hotel with all the windows shuttered and the door locked—because gambling was forbidden in Austria then and I played with Herr Nels, the hotel-keeper, Herr Lent of the Alpine Ski School, a banker of the town, the public prosecutor and the Captain of Gendarmerie—who would raise his finger to his ear when he would hear the pair of gendarmes stop outside the door when they made their rounds.

## INT./EXT. POKER GAME — NIGHT

Everyone is quiet while the gendarmes pass by and then they resume talking and betting.

## INT. HOTEL ROOM — SCHRUNS — DAY

Hemingway writes furiously.

## OLD HEMINGWAY (V.O.)

Schruns was a good place to work. I did the most difficult job of rewriting I have ever done there in the winter of 1925 and 1926, when I had to take the first draft of "The Sun Also Rises," which I had written in one sprint of six weeks ... and make it into a novel.

EXT. SKI MOUNTAIN — DAY

OLD HEMINGWAY (V.O.)

That was the year that so many people were killed in avalanches. The first big loss was over the mountains from our valley, in Lech in the Arlberg. A party of Germans wanted to come and ski with our friend Herr Lent on their Christmas vacation. Snow was late that year, and the hills and mountain slopes were still warm from the sun when a great snowfall came.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

EXT. SKI MOUNTAIN — NIGHT

A snowstorm rages.

EXT. SKI MOUNTAIN — DAY

German Skiers follow Herr Lent through an untouched snowy mountain area.

Herr Lent crosses the slope without trouble.

The Germans begin to cross and are swept away in an avalanche.

Rescuers dig the German skiers, both alive and dead, from the avalanche.

Rescuers dig a man's body out who has worn his neck down to the tendons and bone trying to escape the snow.

OLD HEMINGWAY (V.O.)

Conditions for skiing could not be more dangerous and Herr Lent had wired the Berliners not to come. But it was their vacation time, and they were ignorant and had no fear of avalanches. Finally, Herr Lent took them to the safest slope he could find. He crossed it himself and then they followed and the whole hillside came down in a rush, rising over them as a tidal wave. Of the thirteen dug out, nine were dead.

END MONTAGE

EXT. TRAIN — SCHRUNS — DAY

A large group of rich tourists get off the train, their servants carrying the luggage behind them.

OLD HEMINGWAY (V.O.)  
And then came the personal tragedy.

INT./EXT. SKI LODGE — NIGHT

The Hemingways and their local friends have joined a party of the rich inside a big fancy ski lodge.

The fireplace crackles, waiters serve drinks, and a RICH ASSHOLE holds court. On his arm is PAULINE PFEIFFER.

RICH ASSHOLE  
So I told him—Calvin, that's Coolidge, by the by—if you don't cut the tax rate, my father'll simply move operations elsewhere.

PARTY-GOER 1  
Applesauce! ("no way")

PARTY-GOER 2  
You did not give the president of the United States an ultimatum.

RICH ASSHOLE  
How much you pay in taxes last year?

All the rich folk burst out laughing in appreciation. Some raise their glasses in cheers.

PARTY-GOER 3  
Next time you see "Calvin" tell 'em I said "thank-you."

They all laugh again.

Pauline whispers in the RICH ASSHOLE's ear.

RICH ASSHOLE  
I hear we have a bit of a celebrity in our midst. Other than me of course.

The rich folks laugh.

RICH ASSHOLE (cont'd)  
Hemingway, is it?

Hemingway and Hadley listen to Herr Lent tell skiing stories when they are interrupted.

Hadley pokes her husband to turn his attention on the Rich Asshole.

HADLEY

Tatie.

Hemingway reluctantly smiles and waves.

RICH ASSHOLE

Perhaps you could grace us with a few words.

PAULINE PFEIFFER

Read to us, Ernie.

Hemingway blushes.

HEMINGWAY

I haven't anything prepared.

Pauline is obviously enamored of Hemingway. She steps forward giddily.

PAULINE PFEIFFER

Oh, please. Do read us something.

The faces of the rich seem so eager and kind, Hadley sees it as a big opportunity for her husband.

HADLEY

Do it, Tat. Read them some of your latest. It's sooo good.

HEMINGWAY

(to Hadley only)

Not a dancing bear.

Hemingway hesitates and gives Hadley a look of "are you sure?"

She squeezes his arm excitedly. Finally, Hemingway concedes.

INT./EXT. HOTEL TAUBE - NIGHT

Hemingway excitedly, drunkenly leafs through a stack of typed, pencil and pen scribble pages.

CLOSE ON: the manuscript for "The Sun Also Rises" in this infant form is titled "Fiesta."

HEMINGWAY  
(to himself)  
This is a new low, Ernest.

INT./EXT. SKI LODGE — NIGHT

Hemingway stands nervously in front of the fireplace. All the dozens of attendees watch him with great anticipation. Hemingway hems and haws, he tugs at his sleeves, clears his throat. He's sweating terribly. Finally, he reads from his manuscript—hands shaking, voice cracking.

HEMINGWAY  
"I can't stand it to think my life is  
going so fast and I'm not really  
living it."

Hemingway continues to read but he cannot be heard.

Some of his audience is engrossed. Others are bored. A few of them look embarrassed for the young writer.

The Rich Asshole looks smug, having gotten the normally confident Hemingway to perform and be a wreck while doing it.

Hadley is pleased.

Pauline is entranced.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

OLD HEMINGWAY (V.O.)  
During our last year in the  
mountains, when those new people came  
deep into our lives, nothing was ever  
the same again. The winter of the  
avalanches was like a happy and  
innocent winter in childhood compared  
to the next winter, a nightmare  
disguised as the greatest fun of all,  
and the murderous summer that was to  
follow.

INT./EXT. HOTEL TAUBE — LOUNGE — DAY

SPRING/SUMMER.

Pauline and Hadley happily chat over coffee in the lounge.



INT. HOTEL TAUBE — HEMINGWAY'S ROOM — DAY

While Pauline and Hadley become friends downstairs, Hemingway works like a madman reworking his novel "Fiesta" which would become "The Sun Also Rises."

INT. HOTEL TAUBE — DINING ROOM — NIGHT

Hemingway, Hadley, Mr. Bumby, and Pauline happily eat dinner.

EXT. SCHRUNS — COUNTRYSIDE — DAY

Hemingway, Hadley, and Pauline go for a hike in the beautiful sunny countryside.

When Hadley isn't looking, Hemingway and Pauline give each other amorous looks.

EXT. SCHRUNS — LAKE — DAY

Hemingway suns himself on the beach while Hadley and Pauline swim.

Pauline comes in from the water while Hadley plays with Mr. Bumby in the water.

Hemingway looks up to see Pauline standing over him, dripping. They gaze longingly at each other.

INT./EXT. HEMINGWAY'S ROOM — SCHRUNS — DAY

Hadley returns from a shopping trip in town with Mr. Bumby to find her husband and Pauline rushing to dress in the bedroom.

OLD HEMINGWAY (V.O.)

When you have two happy people who love each other, people are drawn to them. Those who attract people by their happiness and their performance are usually inexperienced. They do not know how NOT to be overrun nor how to get away.

(MORE)

OLD HEMINGWAY (V.O.) (cont'd)  
They do not always learn about the good, attractive, charming, rich who have no bad qualities and who give each day the quality of a festival ... but who, when they have passed and taken the nourishment they needed, leave everything dead.

EXT. TRAIN — SCHRUNS — DAY

Pauline boards a train in tears.

OLD HEMINGWAY (V.O.)  
It was necessary that I, too, leave Schruns and go to New York to meet with my publishers and when I got back to Paris I should have caught the first train to Austria and Hadley. But the girl I was in love with was in Paris then, and I did not take the first train, or the second or the third.

INT./EXT. TRAIN — SCHRUNS — DAY

Hemingway watches the platform approach as the train slows to a stop.

Hadley and Mr. Bumby are there waiting for him.

OLD HEMINGWAY (V.O.)  
When I saw my wife again standing by the tracks, I wished I had died before I ever loved anyone but her. I loved Hadley and I loved no one else and we had a lovely magic time while we were alone. And I thought we were invulnerable, and it wasn't until we were out of the mountains and back in Paris that the other thing started again.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. PAULINE PFEIFFER'S APARTMENT — DAY

Hemingway comes out onto the street. His hair is mussed. He has lipstick on his cheek. He has a moment of happiness but thinking of what he's doing to Hadley, his face darkens.

He lights a cigarette and walks up the street.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

Having left his mistress' apartment, Hemingway walks on in the rain.

He goes down the *Lycée Henri Quatre* and *St-Etienne-du-Mont* church, the *Place du Pantheon* and onto the *boulevard St-Michel* past the *Cluny* and *boulevard St-Germain* and eventually stops at *10 rue Delambre*, home of The Dingo Bar.

INT. DINGO BAR - DAY

The Dingo is located in the *Montparnasse* Quarter at *10 rue Delambre*. Hemingway shakes the rain off his coat and hat before hanging them up and ordering a *Café crème*.

He takes out his notebook and a pencil and begins writing.

Hemingway writes page after page. He stops occasionally to sharpen his two pencils with a little brass Faber sharpener.

He stops to sip his coffee. He lights a cigarette and takes a drag, blows the smoke while thoughtfully reading a paragraph he has written.

When he's finished writing, Hemingway orders potato salad and bread and a large mug of beer.

OLD HEMINGWAY (V.O.)

I was writing about up in Michigan. And since it was a wild, cold, blowing day in Paris, it was that sort of day in the story. I was writing it now and it was not writing itself and I did not look up nor know anything about the time nor think where I was. And then the story was finished, and I was very tired. I read the last paragraph and closed the notebook and put it in my inside pocket. After writing a story I was always empty and both sad and happy, as though I had made love, and I was sure this was a very good story although I would not know truly how good until I read it over the next day.

END MONTAGE

INT. DINGO BAR - DAY

Hemingway finishes the last bite of potato salad and bread.

Takes a big gulp of beer from his one-liter *distingué*.

EXT. DINGO BAR - DAY

Dapper young F. SCOTT FITZGERALD, 28, enters with star Princeton baseball pitcher DUNC CHAPLIN.

They make a friendly enough duo.

CLOSE ON: F. Scott Fitzgerald.

OLD HEMINGWAY (V.O.)  
Many years later, at the Ritz bar,  
long after the end of World War II,  
Georges, who is the bar chief now and  
was the *chasseur* when Scott lived in  
Paris, asked me, "Papa, who was this  
*Monsieur* Fitzgerald everyone asks me  
about? I remember all of the people  
of that time but now they ask only of  
him. Tell me: who was he?"

In an unheard conversation, Scott introduces he and his friend to Hemingway, and asks if they may sit with him and when the waiter appears they order drinks.

OLD HEMINGWAY (V.O.) (cont'd)  
His talent was as natural as the  
pattern that was made by the dust on  
the butterfly's wings. At one time,  
he understood it no more than the  
butterfly did. And he did not know  
when it was brushed or marred. Later,  
he became conscious of his damaged  
wings and of their construction and  
he learned to think and could not fly  
anymore because the love of flight  
was gone. And he could only remember  
when it had been effortless.

SCOTT  
I was just telling Dunc here Truly.  
what a marvelous writer you  
are. How odd that we should  
meet. Right here, right now.

DUNC

HEMINGWAY  
Odd indeed.

SCOTT

Your piece "Veteran at the Front," I think it was called?

HEMINGWAY

"A Veteran Visits the Old Front—Wishes He Had Stayed Away." Or something like that.

SCOTT

That's it. Dunc, you've just got to read this article. It's as fine a piece of prose as I've read.

Hemingway looks over at Dunc while Scott gushes on and on.

HEMINGWAY

Praise to the face is open disgrace.

SCOTT

Waiter. Champagne.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

The men drink champagne while Scott giddily goes on talking and talking and talking with no one else getting a word in.

EXT. DINGO BAR - NIGHT

The sun is setting.

INT. DINGO BAR - NIGHT

Scott is terribly drunk now and his color is bad.

END MONTAGE

SCOTT

You simply must come. Bring Hadley, of course. Zelda throws the most outrageous parties.

Hemingway backs away as Scott slops champagne in his direction. He seems to be embarrassed for Scott.

Dunc is unaffected by the behavior.

And then, Scott's face loses all life and he falls forward.

HEMINGWAY

Scott? Scott. (to Dunc) Come on. We need to get him to a first aid station.

DUNC

He's alright.

HEMINGWAY

Looks like he's dying.

DUNC

That's just the way it takes him.

Hemingway doesn't seem so sure.

EXT. DINGO BAR - NIGHT

Hemingway and Dunc load Scott into a taxi.

HEMINGWAY

Sure he doesn't need a doctor?

DUNC

Be alright by the time he gets home.

Hemingway doesn't look convinced but, since he hardly knows the man, he lets it go.

EXT. BAKERY - PARIS - NIGHT

LATER THAT NIGHT.

Hemingway buys a paper sack of fresh *madeleines* for Hadley.

EXT. HEMINGWAY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

After a long day of roaming the city, Hemingway is tired.

INT. HEMINGWAY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Hemingway is greeted by excited Hadley and little Mr. Bumby.

Hadley embraces him and notices the other woman's perfume but says nothing.

HADLEY

Tatie.

HEMINGWAY

How's Mr. Bumby?

HADLEY

Fussy. But sweet.

They kiss. He gives her the *madeleines* and takes off his coat and hat.

HEMINGWAY

Well, we've been invited to two dinners and party.

Hadley is excited by this news.

HADLEY

Oh, Tatie.

HEMINGWAY

Never guess who I met today.

INT./EXT. SCOTT & ZELDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER.

The Hemingways attend the raucous party at the lavishly decorated apartment located at 14 Rue de Tilsitt. 1920s jazz plays on a Victrola.

In the home there are many books, ornate lamps, a crystal chandelier, heavy gold curtains, and only the finest china.

A terribly drunken Zelda leans confidentially over to Hemingway and whispers in his ear.

Hemingway is speechless at such a bizarre statement but Zelda guffaws at her own wit and goes looking for a refill on her drink.

Scott, who's chatting up some young American couples, grabs a bottle of champagne from a waiter and makes his way over to Hemingway and Hadley.

Hadley, who's seen Zelda's big secret whispered to her husband, sees the concerned look on his husband's face. She leans in to him.

HADLEY

What is it Tatie?

HEMINGWAY

I'll tell you later. Or maybe I'd better not. I think it was a secret.

END MUSIC CUE

Other 1920s jazz plays softly in the bg.

Scott barges into the conversation just as Zelda flits off to flirt with a handsome Italian gent.

SCOTT  
(about Hemingway)  
I hope he's not being modest again.

Hadley sees her husband's discomfort at more impending compliments and intercepts Scott.

HADLEY	SCOTT
What a lovely home you—	Isn't it smashing though. I was just telling a friend we're about sick of the place already and looking to move south a bit.

HEMINGWAY  
Better fishing anyway.

HADLEY  
Plan to stay in France long? You and Zelda.

HEMINGWAY  
(to Hadley)  
I'm going to find a bottle of whiskey.

HADLEY  
Go easy, Tatie. You've work in the morning.

SCOTT  
Speaking of which, I was just telling a friend about the dreadful time we had coming home in our *Renault* this past spring.

HADLEY  
Oh?

She grabs her husband's arm to keep him from slipping away.

SCOTT  
We were forced to leave it in Lyon. Zelda desperately wants it back.

Zelda shouts from across the crowded room.



ZELDA  
Point having a car ya can't drive the  
damn thing!?

SCOTT  
Quite.

HEMINGWAY  
Quite.

HADLEY  
What's the trouble?

SCOTT  
I've been planning to drive the  
contraption back but as it's nearly  
300 miles, it's more of a two-man  
job. As it were.

Hadley, ever the people pleaser, tugs Ernest's arm, all but  
volunteering him.

SCOTT (cont'd)  
I don't suppose you'd be up to the  
challenge, old chap?

Hemingway looks at Scott then Hadley and back at Scott.

SCOTT (cont'd)  
Perhaps next week I was—

Zelda shouts from across the room again, cutting Scott off.

ZELDA  
What's wrong with tomorrow!?

The Hemingways look at one another and shrug.

SCOTT  
Tomorrow it is.

Scott toasts with his bottle of champagne. Hadley and Ernest  
join him.

SCOTT (cont'd)  
To friends.

HADLEY  
To friends.

HEMINGWAY  
To friends.

EXT. HEMINGWAY'S APARTMENT - DAY

SUNRISE at 113 rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs.

INT. HEMINGWAY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Hemingway packs his messenger bag with books, an apple, pencils, and a pad of paper while Mr. Bumby plays with F. Puss in the crib.

Hadley brings coffee and croissants to the table.

HEMINGWAY

Are you sure this is a good idea?

HADLEY

Oh, Tatie. A bit of adventure is always a good idea. And you could use a break. Working all the time.

HEMINGWAY

Hardly know the man. And I work all the time because it's the only way it'll get done.

HADLEY

What better way to get to know him. As a wise man once said, "The way to make people trustworthy is to trust them."

They have a friendly good morning kiss.

HEMINGWAY

Using my own words against me is dirty tricks.

HADLEY

Don't worry about us. Mr. Bumby will keep me company. And when you return, we'll go to the horse races.

HEMINGWAY

You wanna know the secret Zelda told me?

Hadley's dying to hear.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)

She said, and no joke either, "Al Jolson's greater than Jesus." That's what she said to me.

Hadley covers her mouth to laugh at such absurdity but regains her composure a moment.

And then they both laugh uproariously.

HADLEY

Oh, you're going to have stories to tell when this is through. And I want to hear them all.

Hemingway looks concerned.

EXT. PARIS-GARE-DE-LYON TRAIN STATION - DAY

LATER THAT MORNING.

Hemingway walks the platform, looking for the train to Lyon, France.

INT. TRAIN TO LYON - PARIS STATION - DAY

Hemingway passes through every car on the train in his search for Scott.

Stumped, he goes back to the other end, where he finds a train attendant.

In an unheard conversation, Hemingway asks if the attendant had seen anyone looking like Scott. The attendant has not.

EXT. TRAIN TO LYON - PARIS STATION - DAY

Hemingway looks all over the platform for Scott without luck.

Nonetheless, Hemingway buys a ticket from the conductor.

INT. TRAIN TO LYON - PARIS STATION - DAY

Hemingway sits brooding in a window seat.

EXT. TRAIN TO LYON - LEAVING PARIS - DAY

Hemingway stands up and makes to leave, looks as if he's considering whether to stay or go. He decides to sit back down as the train starts to leave the station.

From high above the station, historical sites across Paris can be seen including the *Sainte-Chapelle*, *Palais Garnier*, the *Seine River*, and the *Eiffel Tower*.

EXT. TRAIN TO LYON - COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

In a window, Hemingway watches the beautiful scenery go by.

INT. TRAIN TO LYON - COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Hemingway orders a drink.

His mood gradually lightens.

OLD HEMINGWAY (V.O.)

I asked the conductor for the name of the best hotel in Lyon. There was nothing to do but wire Scott from *Dijonne*, giving him the address of the hotel where I would wait for him. He would not get it before he left. But his wife, it would be presumed, would wire it on to him. I had never heard, then, of a grown man missing a train. But, on this trip, I was to learn many new things.

EXT. TRAIN TO LYON - LYON STATION - DAY

SIX HOURS LATER.

The train pulls into the station in Lyon.

INT. TRAIN TO LYON - LYON STATION - DAY

Hemingway takes his messenger bag and exits the train.

EXT. TRAIN TO LYON - LYON STATION - DAY

Hemingway finds a phone and calls the Fitzgerald home.

HEMINGWAY

(into phone)

Has Scott left? I see. No. No. I'll wait for him. If he phones. Yes. Tell him—yes, that's right. Alright. Thank-you. Yes. Goodbye.

EXT. STREETS OF LYON - DAY

Hemingway walks the streets of Lyon.

EXT. NEWSAGENT - LYON - DAY

Hemingway buys a couple of the city's newspapers.

He asks the French newsagent about the city.

HEMINGWAY  
And where might a foreigner find a  
modest café?

NEWSAGENT  
*Café? Tout droit.*

The newsagent points down the street.

HEMINGWAY  
This way?

NEWSAGENT  
*Oui.*

HEMINGWAY  
*Merci.*

NEWSAGENT  
*De rien.*

EXT. CAFE - LYON - DAY

Hemingway spots a café and takes a seat.

He reads his newspapers. The waiter arrives.

HEMINGWAY  
*Café crème.*

WAITER  
*Très bien.*

EXT. CAFE - LYON - DAY

LATER. EVENING TIME.

Hemingway watches the people come and go along the sidewalk outside the café. His newspapers are wrinkled and folded under his empty coffee cup and saucer.

An older Algerian man, the FIRE-EATER, clad in traditional *karakou* jacket and *saroual* pants entertains a crowd on the street by putting a flaming stick in his mouth.

For his finale, he blows a big gout of fire into the darkening sky.

Hemingway watches with concern as the crowd laughs and shrieks in delight and even claps ... but none throw the performer so much as a *centime* for his performance.

When the show is over, Hemingway motions the man to him. The Fire-Eater is sweaty and tired and has no teeth.

HEMINGWAY

*Rejoins moi pour boire un verre?*

FIRE-EATER

*Oui. Oui. Américain?*

HEMINGWAY

Am I so obvious?

FIRE-EATER

You all speak with the front of your mouth. Like donkeys.

HEMINGWAY

Are you calling me an ass?

The men laugh.

Hemingway orders them brandies and they chat over their drinks.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)

And wherefrom do you hail?

FIRE-EATER

I left my beloved Algiers when I heard Lyon was filled with painters and poets.

HEMINGWAY

This is my first trip. How have you found it?

FIRE-EATER

All I have encountered are syphilitic whores and aggressive lice. And the people here are so stingy. I have been eating fire all day but haven't enough money to eat anything else.

HEMINGWAY

Have another drink.

FIRE-EATER

You are too kind. Leave this place  
before the French rubs off on you.

HEMINGWAY

Let me take you to dinner. Do you  
know a cheap place?

FIRE-EATER

If you like Algerian, I know an  
excellent place.

EXT. ALGERIAN RESTAURANT - LYON - NIGHT

Hemingway and the Fire-Eater enter the restaurant.

INT. ALGERIAN RESTAURANT - LYON - NIGHT

Hemingway and the Fire-Eater dine on mutton and *el jari* soup  
and flatbread.

FIRE-EATER

You know what I do.

HEMINGWAY

I'm a writer. Well, trying.

FIRE-EATER

I know many stories. More horrible  
and incredible than anything that has  
ever been written. I could tell you  
these stories. And you could write  
them? And if they sell you will give  
me whatever you think is fair.

HEMINGWAY

Quite a partnership.

FIRE-EATER

Come with me to North Africa. To see  
the blue sultan. You will hear  
stories as no man has ever told.

Hemingway leans forward, almost leering in his interest.

FIRE-EATER (cont'd)

Battles, executions, tortures,  
violations, fearful customs,  
unbelievable practices, debaucheries.  
Anything you need. Some stories  
you'll wish you had not heard.

Hemingway seems impressed.

They finish their meal and the waiter brings the check.

Hemingway pays and makes to leave.

FIRE-EATER (cont'd)  
We will meet again. I am certain.

HEMINGWAY  
I'm heading back to Paris tomorrow.

FIRE-EATER  
Working my way to Marseilles. Au  
*revoir*.

INT./EXT. HOTEL LOBBY - LYON - NIGHT

Hemingway stands at the front desk in the lobby of the big luxury hotel.

HEMINGWAY  
Has a Mr. Fitzgerald left any  
messages for me?

HOTEL CLERK  
No, *monsieur*.

HEMINGWAY  
No messages from anyone?

The Hotel Clerk shakes his head "no" while giving Hemingway his key.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

INT. HEMINGWAY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Hemingway sets his messenger bag on the big bed.

He opens the windows in his fancy room.

He takes a bath.

Clad in pajamas, he sits up in bed reading Turgenev's "A Sportsman's Sketches" book lent to him by Sylvia Beach.

END MONTAGE



EXT. HEMINGWAY'S HOTEL - LYON - DAY

SUNRISE.

EXT. TAXICAB - STREET - LYON - DAY

The beautiful city of Lyon bustles with activity as Scott Fitzgerald gets out of a taxicab and walks up to Hemingway's hotel entrance.

INT. HEMINGWAY'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The bed is a mess.

The Turgenev book sits on a bedside table.

The phone RINGS.

INT. HEMINGWAY'S HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - DAY

Hemingway is in the middle of shaving when the phone RINGS O.S. once, twice.

He puts down his razor and wipes shaving soap from his hand.

INT. HEMINGWAY'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Hemingway picks up the phone.

HEMINGWAY  
(into phone)  
Ask him to come up, please.

Hemingway hangs up the phone and goes back to the bathroom.

INT. HEMINGWAY'S HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - DAY

Hemingway finishes shaving.

INT. HEMINGWAY'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

He finishes dressing and looks at his watch. Still no Scott.

Hemingway looks a little concerned.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Hemingway comes down the stairs to find Scott waiting at the front desk.

Scott is pale and sweaty but wears a cheerful expression.

Scott makes excuses for missing the train, and Hemingway seems skeptical, but decides to let the matter go.

SCOTT

I'm terribly sorry for the mix-up. If I had only known what hotel you were going to it would've been simple.

Hemingway fights the urge to call bullshit, having told Zelda several times where he was going to be staying in Lyon.

Hemingway motions that it's nothing to worry about.

HEMINGWAY

What train did you come down on?

SCOTT

One not long after the one you took. Very comfortable. We might just as well come down together.

Hemingway gives Scott a "no shit" look.

HEMINGWAY

Had your breakfast?

SCOTT

I've been hunting all over town for you.

HEMINGWAY

Didn't they tell you at home where I was staying?

SCOTT

Zelda wasn't feeling well. As I said. I probably shouldn't've come. The whole trip has been a disaster so far.

HEMINGWAY

Well, we're here now. Let's get some breakfast and find the car and roll.

INT. HOTEL - DINING ROOM - DAY

Though they are served a big American breakfast of ham and eggs, toast, coffee, Hemingway is the only one to clear his plate.

Scott looks even sicker than before. His eyes bloodshot, his countenance a bit nervous.

Hemingway wipes his mouth and checks his watch.

HEMINGWAY  
Already we're running late.

SCOTT  
Are we on such a tight schedule?

Hemingway holds back his frustration but enough slips through for Scott to notice.

SCOTT (cont'd)  
Of course. You should be writing.  
Taken you away from Hadley and the  
little one. I shouldn't've burdened—

The waiter appears with the check.

SCOTT (cont'd)  
(to waiter)  
Can you pack us a lunch?

WAITER 2  
*Oui, monsieur.*

Scott's train of thought quickly changes from contrition to other things.

SCOTT  
This is chicken country, Hem. They  
have the best chicken of anywhere.  
(to waiter) Can you make us chicken?

The waiter nods.

HEMINGWAY  
I'm sure we could pick up something  
at a *charcuterie* to make sandwiches  
along the way.

SCOTT  
Nonsense. You must try the chicken.  
And a bottle of *Mâconnais*.

HEMINGWAY  
At five times the price of anywhere  
else.

Scott comes very close to snapping at his friend.

SCOTT  
Don't be silly.

When the waiter leaves, Hemingway leans in confidentially to Scott.

HEMINGWAY  
Do you need a drink?

Scott becomes a little defensive.

SCOTT  
I don't imbibe this early.

Hemingway backs off with a little mime of "mea culpa."

Scott softens.

SCOTT (cont'd)  
But, if you feel it would. Help steel  
you for the long drive. I'm happy to  
keep you company. In the bar.

INT. HOTEL BAR - DAY

In the grand bar, Hemingway and Scott finish their whiskey and Perrier.

Scott looks better already.

The waiter enters with their picnic lunch and, with Scott making no attempt to pitch in, Hemingway pays for the drinks.

EXT. HOTEL - LYON - DAY

The men flag a taxicab.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

EXT. TAXICAB - STREETS OF LYON - DAY

Hemingway and Scott ride the taxi through the streets of Lyon.

Sites in the city of Lyon include:

*Musée des Beaux-Arts*

*Basilique Notre Dame de Fourvière*

*Cathédrale St-Jean-Baptiste*

*Place des Terreaux*

*Opéra de Lyon*

*Palais de Justice*

END MONTAGE

EXT. AUTO GARAGE - LYON - DAY

The taxicab lets Scott and Hemingway off outside the *un mécanicien automobile* where the Fitzgeralds' Renault car was taken for repairs.

SCOTT

Hem, would you mind terribly getting the car? I'm not feeling to. That is.

Hemingway is about to be annoyed but sees Scott really is looking poorly again and he softens.

HEMINGWAY

Sure.

Scott gives Hemingway some Franc notes to pay the bill.

INT. AUTO GARAGE - LYON - DAY

Inside the motor mechanic's shop, the attendant chides the Fitzgeralds to Hemingway for their neglectful ways.

The soft top to the open car has been cut away at the corner posts, leaving jagged spires at each corner.

MECHANIC

The car needs new pistons. And tell them to keep up the oil and water. Replace the rings and it will last a long time.

HEMINGWAY

What happened to the top?

MECHANIC

*Madame* Zelda wished to ride with the sun on her face and ordered *monsieur* Fitzgerald to cut it away.

Hemingway is pained by the mechanic's tales.

The mechanic shows where the paint has burned off the engine from overheating.

MECHANIC (cont'd)

Please, *monsieur*, tell them one has an obligation to a vehicle.

HEMINGWAY

Of course.

Hemingway pays the mechanic.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)

What's the weather outlook?

MECHANIC

Have you no rubbers?

HEMINGWAY

I didn't know about the top.

MECHANIC

How far will *monsieur* travel?

HEMINGWAY

Paris.

The Mechanic is delighted by this, "tsking" as he hands back the change and receipt.

MECHANIC

Pray to god it does not rain.

Hemingway looks concerned as he nods a thank-you.

EXT. AUTO GARAGE - LYON - DAY

Hemingway pulls out of the garage and is about to get out to let Scott drive when Scott gets in and slumps in the passenger seat.

SCOTT

I guess you're driving the first leg.

HEMINGWAY

I guess so.

INT./EXT. SCOTT'S CAR - LYON - DAY

They drive through the busy streets of Lyon.

INT./EXT. SCOTT'S CAR - FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

The *Renault* drives through the lovely autumn countryside.

EXT. GAS STATION - FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Hemingway fills the gas tank while Scott stretches his legs and smokes a cigarette.

SCOTT

Need to find a phone. I must phone  
Zelda. She can't be without me long.

Sensing Scott's mounting distress, Hemingway tries to soothe his new friend's nerves.

HEMINGWAY

There should be a town not too far.  
Don't worry.

SCOTT

We're never apart.

HEMINGWAY

I'm sure she's fine.

Scott gives Hemingway a cold look.

SCOTT

I'm not worried about her. *Per se*.

Hemingway looks a little confused but doesn't want to pry.

INT./EXT. SCOTT'S CAR - FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Back on the road, Hemingway still at the wheel. They're quiet for a while and then Scott speaks.

SCOTT

You need to write a novel.

HEMINGWAY

I can't even sell my short stories.  
And barely enough articles to make a  
living.

SCOTT

You've mastered the short form. It's time to go long.

HEMINGWAY

How can I write a novel when I'm fighting for every paragraph.

SCOTT

Let me speak with Max.

HEMINGWAY

Max?

SCOTT

Perkins. My editor. I'll need something to show him. He's no rube. It'll have to be something great.

HEMINGWAY

Like your book?

SCOTT

I don't know if it's great or not. Some people like it.

HEMINGWAY

I'm sorry I haven't read it.

Scott waves him away.

SCOTT

I can loan you my copy. (dismissive)  
If you like.

HEMINGWAY

I should probably see for myself what all the fuss is ... before deciding I hate it.

Scott almost looks offended but he laughs.

They both laugh.

INT./EXT. SCOTT'S CAR - FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

NOON.

With the car parked under a great oak tree, the men eat their chicken and bread.

Hemingway uncorks the *Mâconnais* wine and wipes his mouth and takes a great slug and holds it out for Scott to take.



Scott hesitates and laughs giddily.

SCOTT  
Without a glass?

HEMINGWAY  
You could drink it from your shoe.

Scott laughs nervously, takes a sip, and holds the bottle up in triumph.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)  
You don't get out of the city much.

SCOTT  
Something I plan to remedy. If this is country life. I like it.

HEMINGWAY  
(sarcastic)  
Yes, this is exactly like country life.

INT./EXT. SCOTT'S CAR - FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Back on the road.

They drive for a while. The scenery includes cows and horses, a roadside stand selling apples and pumpkins.

A few raindrops spatter the windshield. Scott and Hemingway look at each other with a bit of concern.

SCOTT  
Not to worry. Papers forecasted clear skies through the rest of the week.

HEMINGWAY  
That why you didn't bring any rubbers?

Scott nods.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)  
You always put your trust in the news? The French news, no less.

SCOTT  
Pretty cynical for a journalist.

HEMINGWAY  
There's nothing cynical about pragmatism.

EXT. STORM CLOUDS - FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

INT./EXT. SCOTT'S CAR - FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

A light sprinkling of rain pelts them as they drive.

As they go on, it rains harder.

HEMINGWAY

I think we should stop a while.

SCOTT

Agreed.

INT./EXT. ABANDONED BARN - FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Scott and Hemingway stand leaning against the car and smoking cigarettes while the rain pours down.

INT./EXT. SCOTT'S CAR - FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

They press on as the rain lets up.

Driving over hills and through rural farm country and finally up to a small town.

INT./EXT. SCOTT'S CAR - RURAL TOWN - DAY

They park at a string of shops.

INT./EXT. LITTLE FRENCH MARKET - RURAL TOWN - DAY

Hemingway buys several more bottles of *Mâconnais* wine while Scott phones Zelda.

Hemingway pays for the wine and overhears a little of Scott's half of the conversation.

SCOTT (O.S.)

(into phone)

Yes. I'm not sure. Tomorrow sometime.

Yes. No. Of course not. I. Well. Yes

but. But. You were the one that

wanted the damn thing brought to

Paris. No. I'm sorry. Of course I do.

With who? Yes. Because, he's a cad.

Zelda, please. Hello? Zelda?

Sound of the phone being HUNG UP O.S. and Hemingway winces in sympathy of Scott.

Scott joins Hemingway at the counter.

HEMINGWAY  
Everything alright?

SCOTT  
Why wouldn't it be?

Hemingway lets it go and thanks the store clerk and makes for the door with Scott in tow.

EXT. LITTLE FRENCH MARKET - RURAL TOWN - DAY

On their way to the car, Hemingway, who's been driving all day, goes to the passenger side.

SCOTT  
Actually, you ... you wouldn't feel  
like driving much more, would you,  
old sport?

Hemingway pauses a moment before answering.

Scott does not look well. Hemingway lies to preserve his friend's pride.

HEMINGWAY  
I rather prefer it. I just hadn't  
wanted to deprive you of your turn.

SCOTT  
It's just that I'm not feeling so  
well. I think it's to do with all  
this weather we're having. No one  
told me it rained so much in the  
country.

HEMINGWAY  
The untold perils.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

INT./EXT. SCOTT'S CAR - FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

They leave the town and drive many more miles.

It rains.

It stops raining.

It rains very hard.

They take cover under a bridge.

They drive on.

It rains.

It stops raining.

It rains harder.

They are both soaked through in a complete downpour.

Scott's shivering so hard his teeth are clacking.

SCOTT

Sh-sh-should we stop again?

Hemingway is soaked and tired and absolutely miserable.

HEMINGWAY

I'm not stopping until I find a four-star hotel. Or a madhouse.

Scott nods in enthusiastic agreement and Hemingway quips:

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)

Always trust the news!

Scott, who is not amused, goes into a coughing fit.

END MONTAGE

INT./EXT. SCOTT'S CAR - FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

LATER.

The rain is now a mere sprinkle.

Scott looks worse than before.

HEMINGWAY

Here. This'll perk you up.

Hemingway uncorks a bottle of wine and guzzles some before passing the bottle to Scott, who takes little baby sips.

SCOTT

You know, I've had two acquaintances die of congestion of the lungs this season alone. At least two. Probably three. Yes. Definitely three.

HEMINGWAY

You mean pneumonia?

SCOTT

No, congestion of the lungs.

HEMINGWAY

That's the old-fashioned term for it.

Scott looks worried.

SCOTT

You don't know what you're talking about. Congestion of the lungs is a European ailment. European diseases wouldn't appear in your father's American medical books.

HEMINGWAY

He studied in Europe as well as America.

SCOTT

No, no, no. Congestion of the lungs was only discovered a few years ago. It's not possible for your father to have studied it. And less likely for you to have read about it.

HEMINGWAY

If you say so.

SCOTT

I do say so. Even if he studied medicine in America, the ailments differ by region.

HEMINGWAY

Do they.

SCOTT

New York doctors face a whole different gamut of diseases from Midwestern doctors.

HEMINGWAY

Gamut? I didn't know you were so knowledgeable about the study of medicine.

SCOTT

Now you do.

HEMINGWAY

Now that you mention it, I do remember reading the authoritative article on congestion of the lungs in the Journal of the American Medical Association.

Scott seems impressed and a little comforted by Hemingway's dubious assertion.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)

Have a little more of the wine. It's good medicine. Especially in this weather.

Scott takes a few more tiny sips.

SCOTT

Do you think we'll make a big town before, you know ... the fever and the delirium set in?

Hemingway looks at Scott to see if he is serious. He is.

HEMINGWAY

Half-hour, hour tops. If we press on.

After a long moment.

SCOTT

Are you afraid to die?

HEMINGWAY

More at sometimes than others.

Scott looks very afraid. He nods in agreement.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)

Drink. Drink.

EXT. COUNTRY TOWN - NIGHT

Almost everything in town is closed.

INT./EXT. SCOTT'S CAR - TOWN - NIGHT

They pull into town and drive up to the hotel.

HEMINGWAY

We made it. With wine to spare.

Scott, who looks awful, is sipping the wine compulsively.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)  
That's probably enough a that.

Hemingway takes the wine bottle rather forcibly from Scott, who seems almost in a daze.

INT./EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

They enter the hotel lobby and head for the front desk.

INT. HOTEL - THEIR ROOM - NIGHT

Hemingway is first through the door and carrying his messenger bag and a bottle of the *Mâconnais* wine.

Scott limps in and flops on the bed where he proceeds to moan and make noises as if he were dying.

HEMINGWAY  
Get out of those wet clothes. I'll  
see if the pharmacy's open.

Scott begins peeling off his clothes and throwing them onto the floor.

Hemingway is about to leave when Scott stops him.

SCOTT  
Wait.

Hemingway waits in the door a long moment.

SCOTT (cont'd)  
Promise me you'll look after Zelda.

Hemingway looks nonplused at Scott, who is now sitting on the bed and naked to the waist.

SCOTT (cont'd)  
She drinks too much. Passes out  
around bad men. And, please, see to  
it Scottie has an English governess.

Finally, with tired nods, Hemingway reluctantly agrees to Scott's last will and testament.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Standing outside the room, with his back to the door, Hemingway takes a moment. Dealing with Scott has been exhausting.

A hotel porter goes by and Hemingway flags him down.

HOTEL PORTER  
*Monsieur?*

HEMINGWAY  
We've just come in from the road and  
our clothes are soaked.

HOTEL PORTER  
I will send someone.

HEMINGWAY  
Is there a pharmacy open? My  
companion seems to have taken ill.

HOTEL PORTER  
Everything is closed at this hour.  
I'm sorry.

HEMINGWAY  
The kitchen?

HOTEL PORTER  
Ah, food and drink I can do for you.

HEMINGWAY  
Send up a menu, *s'il te plaît*.

HOTEL PORTER  
*Oui.*

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

It rains very hard.

INT. HOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT

Scott and Hemingway rest in their pajamas.

Scott sits up in bed, looking forlorn at the rain against  
the window.

Hemingway sits reading a newspaper at a little table.

SCOTT  
I'm not going to make it. I'll never  
see Zelda again.

Annoyed, Hemingway puts down his newspaper

Scott hyperventilates. He's terrified.



SCOTT (cont'd)  
Please! Help me!

Now with a look of concern, Hemingway goes to Scott's side and takes his wrist and looks at his own watch.

HEMINGWAY  
Seventy-two. That's very good.

Hemingway puts his ear to Scott's chest.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)  
Breathe in deep.

Scott does as he's told.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)  
Again.

Scott takes a big breath and lets it out.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)  
Strong lungs. Excellent.

Hemingway holds his hand to Scott's forehead.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)  
You're fine. I promise.

SCOTT  
Dying is fine?

HEMINGWAY  
Your pulse is perfectly normal. And you're cool to the touch.

SCOTT  
(snottily)  
To the touch.

A KNOCK O.S. at the door interrupts them.

Hemingway answers the door.

It's a woman from housekeeping with a laundry cart. He lets her in, pointing to the bathroom.

The housekeeper nods with a smile and goes into the bathroom and comes out with their things. Once she's gone, he tries to reason with Scott.

HEMINGWAY  
The best thing you can do to keep from catching cold is stay in bed.  
(MORE)

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)  
I'll order us a lemonade and whiskey.  
Take an aspirin with yours. You'll  
feel fine. And won't even get a cold  
in your head.

SCOTT  
(bitterly)  
Those old wives' remedies.

Hemingway is beginning to lose his patience.

HEMINGWAY  
You haven't any temperature. How in  
the hell can you have congestion of  
the lungs without a temperature?

SCOTT  
(angry, childish)  
Don't swear at me!

HEMINGWAY  
I'm just—you're perfectly well.

SCOTT  
(snottily)  
If you're a real friend, get me a  
thermometer.

HEMINGWAY  
I'm in my pajamas.

SCOTT  
Send for one.

Scott closes his eyes and lies perfectly still, breathing  
slowly in and out as if on his deathbed.

Hemingway watches this with frustration and curiosity and  
then picks up the phone.

HEMINGWAY  
(into phone)  
*Oui. Pourriez-vous envoyer un serveur  
s'il vous plaît. Je vous remercie.*

Without opening his eyes or moving, Scott pathetically and  
weakly pleads with Hemingway.

SCOTT  
Did you tell them how grave the  
situation is?

## HEMINGWAY

I'm sure they're notifying management  
as we speak.

Hemingway sits at the table and watches Scott sleep a moment  
and then goes back to reading his newspaper.

BEGIN V.O.

KNOCK O.S. at the door.

Scott does not stir from his repose.

Hemingway answers the door.

In an unheard conversation, Hemingway asks the waiter to buy  
a thermometer.

He presses a franc note in the waiter's hand.

## OLD HEMINGWAY (V.O.)

With his waxy color and his perfect  
features, Scott looked like a little  
dead crusader. You could not be angry  
with Scott any more than you could be  
angry with a person who was crazy.  
But I was angry with myself for  
getting involved with the whole  
silliness. I was getting tired of the  
literary life ... if this was the  
literary life I was leading. I missed  
writing and felt the death loneliness  
that comes at the end of every day  
that is wasted in your life.

## INT. HOTEL - HALLWAYS - NIGHT

The waiter, pushing a cart, marches down one hallway and  
then another, up the elevator and to Scott and Hemingway's  
hotel room door, where he knocks.

Hemingway answers the door to find the waiter has brought  
him an enormous bathtub thermometer made of wood and  
attached to it enough metal to sink it in a bath.

With a look of resignation, Hemingway accepts the  
monstrosity, as well as their drinks, and a tube of aspirin,  
and closes the door.

INT. HOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT

When Hemingway turns from the door, Scott—looking like a carving on a sarcophagus—speaks without moving or opening his eyes.

SCOTT  
(weak, pathetic)  
Did ... you get ... the thermometer?

Hemingway goes to Scott and puts his hand to the dying man's forehead.

SCOTT (cont'd)  
Stop touching me.

HEMINGWAY  
Let's try this first. Here. Sit up.

Hemingway holds the aspirin and a double whiskey mixed with lemonade out for Scott to take.

Scott sniffs the drink and cringes.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)  
They were out of champagne.

Scott gives Hemingway a dirty look.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)  
Lemonade and whiskey. Good medicine.  
(lamenting) Tried to order a bottle  
but they only sell it by the drink.

Scott takes two aspirin tablets and washes them down with the whiskey, wincing at its harshness.

Hemingway sits at the table and sips his drink while looking over the newspaper.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)  
You'll feel better soon.

Hemingway reads his newspaper and sips his whiskey for a long moment. Scott glares at him the whole time.

Finally, at length, Scott speaks.

SCOTT  
You're a cold one, aren't you.

Hemingway looks over at Scott.

SCOTT (cont'd)  
You can sit there reading that dirty  
French rag of a paper and it doesn't  
mean a thing to you that I'm dying.

HEMINGWAY  
Want me to call a doctor?

SCOTT  
(angry)  
No. I don't want a dirty French  
provincial doctor. I want my  
temperature taken. Take an express  
train for Paris. And to go to the  
American hospital.

HEMINGWAY  
What about your car?

Scott looks away.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)  
There are no express trains from  
here. And our clothes won't be dry  
until morning. Why don't you have  
some dinner in bed?

SCOTT  
(whining)  
I want my temperature taken.

Hemingway downs his drink and brings the big thermometer  
over to Scott.

HEMINGWAY  
You're lucky this isn't a rectal  
thermometer.

Scott doesn't appreciate Hemingway's humor.

Hemingway shakes the thermometer.

SCOTT  
Where does this kind go?

Unsure what to say, Hemingway makes something up.

HEMINGWAY  
This model? It goes under the arm.

SCOTT  
Your sure.

HEMINGWAY

These were the kind we used on the front.

SCOTT

I forgot. You drove ambulance.

HEMINGWAY

Among other things. Which makes me practically a doctor.

Hemingway demonstrates by putting the big thermometer under his arm.

SCOTT

Don't upset the temperature.

Hemingway mimes a "mea culpa" and shakes the thermometer.

Scott unbuttons his pajama shirt and puts the thermometer in his armpit while Hemingway feels his patient's forehead and checks his patient's pulse again.

HEMINGWAY

Seventy-two. Still very good.

SCOTT

How long?

HEMINGWAY

Four minutes ought to do it.

SCOTT

I thought they only kept them in for one minute.

HEMINGWAY

Who's the doctor here? (beat) This is a big one. You multiply by the square of the size of the thermometer. And it's centigrade.

FOUR MINUTES LATER.

Hemingway smokes a cigarette by the window.

SCOTT

Time.

Hemingway, lost in thought, doesn't hear Scott the first time.

SCOTT (cont'd)

It's past four minutes.

Hemingway snubs his cigarette wearily in an ashtray and takes the thermometer out of Scott's armpit. He goes to the table and looks at the mercury meter under the lamp.

SCOTT (cont'd)  
(sickly, weak)  
Well? What is it?

HEMINGWAY  
Thirty-seven and six-tenths.

SCOTT  
(fearful)  
What's normal?

HEMINGWAY  
That's normal.

SCOTT  
Are you sure?

Hemingway sighs. It's been a very long day.

SCOTT (cont'd)  
Try it on yourself. I have to be sure.

Hemingway shakes the thermometer and opens his pajamas and puts it in his armpit.

FOUR MINUTES LATER.

SCOTT (cont'd)  
Well?

It's not the same but Hemingway lies.

HEMINGWAY  
Exactly the same.

SCOTT  
How do you feel?

Hemingway musters up some enthusiasm.

HEMINGWAY  
Splendid.

Scott seems dubious.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)  
Want me to make another test?

SCOTT

No. We can be happy it cleared up so quickly. I've always had great recuperative powers.

HEMINGWAY

You're fine. But I think it would be just as well if you stayed in bed and had a light supper. And then we can start early in the morning.

Having made his miraculous recovery, Scott gets out of bed and goes to the bathroom.

SCOTT

Ring the waiter. Have them press my clothes. They needn't be bone dry.

Hemingway watches this in awe and with a bit of soreness after all the brouhaha.

SCOTT (cont'd)

I have to call Zelda. Let her know I've pulled through. She'll be worried sick.

HEMINGWAY

Why would she think you aren't alright?

SCOTT

This is the first night I've ever slept away from her since we were married. I have to talk to her.

Hemingway knows this isn't true and isn't sure if Scott understands what a bizarre statement he's made.

HEMINGWAY

Never once?

SCOTT

You can see how difficult this might be for her. Being alone, I mean.

HEMINGWAY

Is she?

Hemingway has overstepped but Scott lets it go.

Scott feigns ignorance.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)

Alone, I mean.



Scott gives Hemingway a sour look.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)  
You'd better call her then. I'll ring  
for the waiter.

Before Hemingway can ring the front desk, Scott emerges in his dressing gown and leaves the room without a word.

Left confused and running low on patience, Hemingway dials the front desk.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)  
*Oui. S'il vous plaît envoyez deux  
autres whisky sour? Merci.*

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Scott comes down the stairs and goes to the phone near the front desk.

INT. HOTEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The waiter appears outside their room with two more glasses of whiskey and to more glasses of lemonade.

INT. HOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT

KNOCK O.S. at the door.

Hemingway answers the door and lets the waiter in.

He tips the waiter, waits for him to leave, and goes back to reading his newspaper and sipping his drink.

Scott returns, looking glum.

SCOTT  
She was out.

HEMINGWAY  
At this hour?

Scott looks morose and, sitting across the table from Hemingway, he sulks. Hemingway pushes Scott's drink to him.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)  
Take heart.

Scott downs his drink.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)

Supper?

SCOTT

Hmm. Thought you said "suffer."

They're quiet a moment.

HEMINGWAY

I'm hungry.

SCOTT

She sees other men.

Hemingway, paralyzed with embarrassment, doesn't know what to say. He tries to look surprised.

SCOTT (cont'd)

She was upset with me in *Saint-Raphaël* for spending all my time working. I didn't want to neglect her. I had to finish *Gatsby*. There was no other choice. And not just for the money. I don't blame the French naval officer. Or her. She was lonely. I understand that. But it still hurts.

HEMINGWAY

Are you sure they—

SCOTT

A man knows. Even if they didn't consummate, which they did, they spent every day together while I was working.

HEMINGWAY

Can you forgive her?

SCOTT

Already have. If that were the only time? Wouldn't be so bothered.

HEMINGWAY

These things happen. Talk to her.

SCOTT

She calls me a "fairy" because I'm not as hot to trot as she is.

Hemingway looks sad for his friend.

HEMINGWAY

Give her what she needs. Even if you don't feel like it. Then she'll have no reason to stray.

SCOTT

I can't satisfy her. It's a "matter of measurements," she said. I'll never be able to satisfy a woman with the way I'm built. In bed she laughs at me. I don't know what to do.

Hemingway looks around with an expression of desperation.

HEMINGWAY

Come into the office.

SCOTT

What?

Hemingway motions for Scott to follow.

They go in and, after a long moment, emerge from the bathroom.

HEMINGWAY

You're perfectly fine. You're OK. Really.

SCOTT

Truly?

HEMINGWAY

You look at yourself from above and you're ... foreshortened.

Scott doesn't seem to believe his friend.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)

Go over to the *Louvre* and look at the statues. Then go home and look at yourself in the mirror in profile.

SCOTT

Those statues may not be accurate.

HEMINGWAY

They're pretty good. Most people would settle for that.

SCOTT

Truly? Then why would she—

HEMINGWAY

To put you out of business. That's the oldest way in the world of shutting a man down.

Scott still isn't sure.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)  
Could've seen a doctor, you know.

SCOTT  
All money does is echo your desire. I  
knew you'd tell me true.

HEMINGWAY  
Do you believe me?

SCOTT  
I don't know.

Hemingway's a little exasperated.

HEMINGWAY  
I don't know her very well. But what  
I've seen? Zelda wants to destroy  
you. It's that simple.

SCOTT  
(very defensive)  
You don't know anything about her.

HEMINGWAY  
Alright. OK. I've tried to give you  
an honest answer.

A KNOCK O.S. at the door interrupts them.

Hemingway sighs with relief. Saved by the knock.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)  
Let's ask the waiter.

Scott is not amused.

INT. HOTEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The waiter brings their dry clothes to the door.

INT. HOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT

Hemingway answers the door and tips the waiter and takes  
their clothing.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Hemingway dresses in the bathroom.

O.S. the phone RINGS.

Scott can be heard to ANSWER it O.S.

SCOTT (O.S.)  
(into phone)  
Hello? I'll be right down.

INT. HOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT

Hemingway emerges from the bathroom to find Scott knotting his tie.

SCOTT  
Zelda.

HEMINGWAY  
I heard.

SCOTT  
I may be a while.

INT. HOTEL - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

In the hour Scott chats with Zelda, Hemingway orders snails and wine, eats both his and Scott's entrees, orders a newspaper and coffee.

Finally, Scott appears. Regards his empty plate.

HEMINGWAY  
I was hungry.

Hemingway orders them *Poularde de Bresse* and a bottle of white wine.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)  
How was your call?

Scott pours a tall glass of wine and guzzles it down.

SCOTT  
The book isn't selling.

Hemingway is surprised.

HEMINGWAY  
These things come and go. Give it time. It's only just come out.

SCOTT  
Zelda's going to leave me. Hasn't said it. But I know—

Scott passes out with his head on his arms on the table. He does it so politely that nothing on the table is upset and he appears as though he is just resting his head.

HEMINGWAY

Hey. Scott. You're embarrassing yourself.

A red-faced Hemingway looks around.

The dining room is mercifully empty.

He alerts the waiter, who brings a wheelchair.

WAITER 3

Shall I call for the doctor?

HEMINGWAY

No. Some men just shouldn't drink.

INT. HOTEL - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Hemingway and the waiter ride with Scott still passed out.

INT. HOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT

The waiter helps Hemingway put Scott on the bed.

Hemingway strips Scott to his underwear and strips the blanket and sheet up on the free side to cover Scott.

INT. HOTEL - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Hemingway eats his chicken supper.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

SUNRISE.

A hotel porter brings a basket of morning newspapers up the walk to the hotel entrance.

Geese land in a nearby pond.

Everything drips from the night's heavy rain but the skies are clear.

INT. HOTEL - ROOM - DAY

Hemingway and Scott are asleep in their separate beds.

The phone RINGS.

Scott wakes and groggily answers.

SCOTT  
(into phone)  
Yes? Thank you.

Scott hangs up the phone.

SCOTT (cont'd)  
Hem. Hem.

Unhappy to have been roused, Hemingway grunts.

SCOTT (cont'd)  
Your wake-up call.

Without opening his eyes, Hemingway quips.

HEMINGWAY  
Literal or metaphoric?

Scott laughs weakly.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)  
How you feeling?

SCOTT  
Seem to have survived the night.

HEMINGWAY  
No fever?

SCOTT  
Why would I have a fever?

Hemingway is perplexed but doesn't let Scott see.

SCOTT (cont'd)  
Did we have dinner?

Hemingway can't believe what he's heard and gets up on his elbows to look at Scott.

SCOTT (cont'd)  
What? After we arrived I called Zelda  
and went to bed.

Hemingway gives Scott an incredulous look.

HEMINGWAY

No. You didn't eat any supper.

SCOTT

Explains why I'm so hungry.

Realizing Scott should not drink, Hemingway invents a ruse to keep him off the sauce for this last day of their trip.

HEMINGWAY

Can you help me with something today?

SCOTT

Of course.

HEMINGWAY

I shouldn't drink too much. If at all. Need to get back on my regular schedule of not drinking in the daytime before I write.

Scott hesitates a moment then offers:

SCOTT

I can curtail my imbibing as well. If you think it'll help. I know how easy it is to tempt overindulgence. With Zelda.

HEMINGWAY

Thank you.

INT./EXT. SCOTT'S CAR - CÔTE D'OR - DAY

Hemingway drives them through the hills and fields and vineyards of Côte d'Or on their way to Paris.

SCOTT

See. Not a cloud in the sky.

HEMINGWAY

Always trust the news.

SCOTT

That's what I keep telling, Hem. You really should be a better listener.

Hemingway smiles, laughs a little to himself.

The car speeds across the French countryside in the beautiful fall morning.



EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF PARIS - DAY

Homes and fields and shops on the outer edge of Paris.

INT./EXT. SCOTT'S CAR - OUTSKIRTS OF PARIS - DAY

SCOTT

I can't write in Paris. It's no good.  
I'm thinking of taking Zelda to the  
Riviera. In the summer. You and  
Hadley should come.

HEMINGWAY

I don't know.

SCOTT

There are plenty of nice affordable  
lodgings.

Hemingway doesn't know what to say.

SCOTT (cont'd)

We'll write every day and swim and  
lie on the beach and be brown and  
only have a single aperitif before  
lunch and one before dinner. Zelda  
could be happy there. She loves to  
swim. Have you seen her dive?  
Magnificent. She won't mind me  
working if there's company. I just  
need to get back to discipline.

HEMINGWAY

Whatever you do, don't stop writing.  
They can't defeat you unless you give  
up.

SCOTT

I need to write some stories that  
will sell. Then Zelda will see.

HEMINGWAY

Don't we all.

EXT. SCOTT'S CAR - OUTSKIRTS OF PARIS - DAY

Hemingway and Fitzgerald drive into the outskirts of Paris.

EXT. SCOTT'S CAR - CITY OF PARIS - DAY

They drive the more familiar central Paris streets.

EXT. SCOTT'S HOME - PARIS - DAY

Hemingway hails a cab. The taxi pulls up as Scott runs out of his apartment with a worn copy of "The Great Gatsby."

SCOTT  
Read it. If you get a chance. You  
don't have to.

HEMINGWAY  
I will. I promise.

SCOTT  
Really like to hear what you think.  
Truly.

Hemingway gives a goodbye salute with the book and gets into the taxi.

SCOTT (cont'd)  
Don't be put off by the cover. They  
wouldn't let me change it.

EXT. HEMINGWAY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Hemingway gets out of the taxi at his home apartment building at 113 *rue notre-dame-des-champs*.

The wind kicks up, blowing the trees around. A few leaves fall. The rows of chimneys smoke.

Sensing this is a momentous time in his life, he stops and looks around, taking it all in.

INT. HEMINGWAY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Hemingway is greeted at the door with hugs and kisses by Hadley and Mr. Bumby.

INT. HEMINGWAY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

LATER THAT NIGHT.

After getting settled in, Hemingway sits drinking coffee with Hadley while Mr. Bumby plays in his crib.

HADLEY  
Well, how was it?

HEMINGWAY  
I learned a great many things.

HADLEY

Oh?

HEMINGWAY

Most important being: don't ever take  
a trip with someone you do not love.

Hemingway removes the offensive book jacket and reads from  
"The Great Gatsby" written by his friend F. Scott  
Fitzgerald.

Hemingway's finger follows a particular passage at the very  
beginning of the book.

CLOSE ON BOOK:

"In my younger and more vulnerable years, my father gave me  
some advice that I've been turning over in my mind ever  
since. 'Whenever you feel like criticizing any one,' he told  
me, 'just remember that all the people in this world haven't  
had the advantages that you've had.'"

HADLEY

How is it, Tatie?

HEMINGWAY

I think it might be great.

INT. HEMINGWAY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

LATER THAT NIGHT.

Hemingway sits up in bed with Hadley asleep next to him. He  
reads "The Great Gatsby" book.

OLD HEMINGWAY (V.O.)

When I had finished the book, I knew  
that, no matter what Scott did or how  
he behaved, I must know it was like a  
sickness. And be of any help I could  
to him. And try to be a good friend.  
If he could write a book as fine as  
"The Great Gatsby", I was sure that  
he could write an even better one.

EXT. HEMINGWAY KETCHUM HOUSE - DAY

BACK TO MODERN DAY 1960.

INT. HEMINGWAY KETCHUM HOUSE - HEMINGWAY'S OFFICE - DAY

Old Hemingway clacks away on his manual typewriter.

The pile of unused typing paper is very low and on the desk is a pile of typewritten pages titled "The Paris Sketches."

Old Hemingway pauses a moment. Lights a cigarette. A thought hits him and he resumes typing.

OLD HEMINGWAY (V.O.)

There is never any ending to Paris. The memory of each person who has lived in it differs from that of any other. We always returned to it no matter who we were or how it was changed or with what difficulties, or ease, it could be reached. Paris was always worth it. And you received return for whatever you brought to it. But this is how Paris was in the early days, when we were very poor and very happy.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END