

JANE NARDAL  
Socialists.

PAULETTE NARDAL  
Perhaps we would be Socialists if  
they weren't atheists. I'm too old  
to stop praying.

JANE NARDAL  
In any case, their cause can be  
quite reasonable. Curious about  
this new Senghor.  
(beat)  
You have to go.

Paulette nods.  
Jane kisses her sister's cheeks happily.

JANE NARDAL  
I'm so looking forward to this. I  
want to reach everybody.

CUT TO:

12. NEWSREEL - AMSTERDAM OLYMPICS - (5 AUGUST 1928)

MONTAGE STYLE - birds released to open the games.

A fire is lit.

Women throw discus.

And BOUGHÈRA EL OUAFI, from Algeria, runs the men's marathon  
for France.

And wins, no other runner catching up to him. For a full 26  
seconds.

CUT TO:

13. INT. (DAY) - JOSEPH LAGROSILLIÈRE'S OFFICE - (TUESDAY, 10  
NOVEMBER 1928)

A dimly lit office. PAULETTE sits at her desk with a small  
BOOK open and a BIBLE next to it. L'ACTION FRANÇAISE sits at  
the corner of the desk.

Joseph Lagrosillière (LAGROS) (56), plump, with round  
glasses, stands with ACHILLE RENÉ-BOISNEUF (55) and his son,  
ROLAND RENÉ-BOISNEUF. Achille is moustachioed, thin.

As Lagros shows Achille out, Roland holds up a hand to Paulette to say goodbye.

She nods, and as he leaves, Lagros walks over to her.

LAGROS

Paulette.

PAULETTE

Lagros.

He walks over to her.

LAGROS

You know yesterday I joined the neo-socialist parliamentary group.

PAULETTE

Yes, congratulations. And that was René-Boisneuf and his son, of Guadeloupe.

LAGROS

Yes. We're looking at the issues that affect the economy of Martinique. Can you look into customs duties?

(He breaks off, noting her book)

Daudet? Why are you reading that Rabelasian dog?

PAULETTE NARDAL

Well, his writing is rather magnificent.

LAGROS

And the Bible? You need that for translation? Oh my god. And *L'Action Française*? What has become of my office?!

PAULETTE NARDAL

There's a note in the paper on his book, and it in turn refers to the Luke passage on the pilgrims of Emmaus. Do you know it?

Lagros shakes his head no.

PAULETTE NARDAL (CONT'D)  
I didn't either. My religion is  
apparently not poussée.

LAGROS  
Your religion is pushed far enough,  
as far as I'm concerned.

PAULETTE NARDAL  
Heathen.

LAGROS  
Don't I pay you to work?

PAULETTE NARDAL  
Know thy enemy.  
(beat)  
But it's a beautiful passage, now  
that I've read it. It's about  
faith.

LAGROS  
Enough!

PAULETTE NARDAL  
No, the kind that can work beyond  
religion, really. It's right after  
the crucifixion.

(beat)  
Some men have heard Jesus left his  
tomb, but they can't believe it  
even when they start walking with  
Jesus himself, all the way until  
they close their eyes in prayer  
with him before dinner. When they  
open their eyes, he is gone, and  
they know the story is true.

(She looks up at him.)  
They see the value of this man  
they'd met on their walk only in  
his body's absence.

LAGROS  
Something like what would happen if  
El Ouafi were walking next to some  
French Olympic fans.

PAULETTE NARDAL

(smiles)

Sure. The colonies are only useful when they produce, and the colonized are only visible when they don't.

LAGROS

The papers could have published less about his being Algerian...

PAULETTE NARDAL

But would we rather he be seen only as French? He brought home our Gold.

LAGROS

It's the "our" part that has everyone confused. In any case, enough of the Bible and marathon runners. What of Daudet?

PAULETTE NARDAL

Ah, well, my favorite bit is the end.

She opens the little book.

PAULETTE NARDAL (CONT'D)

"These points of synthesis then burst forth suddenly, like lightning in the hot night."

LAGROS

I hope never again to see a burst of light at night, nor can I imagine does Daudet.

PAULETTE NARDAL

Mm. I wasn't in Paris for the bombs, but I like this. Synthesis. Our highest faculty.

LAGROS

It causes wars.

PAULETTE NARDAL

No, solves them.

(beat)

Perhaps though the mind is always  
at war.

Lagros leans over the desk towards Paulette.

LAGROS

Paulette, everyone will forget El  
Ouafi. Everyone will forget you,  
and even me. There's not a lot of  
honor in this life.

Paulette just looks at him, silently taking this as a dare.

CUT TO:

14. INT. — BAL NEGRE (33 RUE BLOMET) — NIGHT

A white suited FRENCH WAITER opens the glass door of Le Bal  
Blomet.

The BEGUINE MUSIC of SIDNEY BECHET's clarinet and saxophone,  
and the rest of the ALL BLACK BAND strengthens as we walk in.

Jane leads, with Maurice and Louis-Thomas Achille.  
Paulette, René, Alice, and Andrée follow them through the  
crowd.

A Caribbean dancer in a smart black tux, tails flying and top  
hat somehow affixed to his head, dances the beguine with his  
cane.

The group sits at a couple of tables from the dance floor.  
Jane remains standing, swaying a little with the music.

The audience is mostly black, but we see the white friends  
from the Surrealist exhibition there.

ROBERT DESNOS with André Breton, Man Ray, Kiki de  
Montparnasse.

Elsewhere in the crowd is HENRY MILLER, ERNEST HEMINGWAY, and  
FRANCIS SCOTT FITZGERALD.

A WAITER comes by with RUM PUNCH for the table.

ANDRÉE NARDAL

I'm home.

PAULETTE NARDAL