

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