

**MIDNIGHT IN PARIS. SCENE 2.-
GIL MEETS S. FITZGERALD, ZELDA AND HEMINGWAY**

FILM	"Midnight in Paris"	
MOVIE SCENE	SCENE 2. Gil meets Scott Fitzgerald, Zelda, and E. Hemingway.	
SCENE LENGTH	00:08:33	
SCRIPT SUMMARY	X X	
VIEW the SCENE	http://eslmoviescenes.blogspot.com/2012_01_01_archive.html	
LANGUAGE	English	
LEVEL	Advanced.	

SUMMARY

Hollywood screen-writer Gil comes to Paris with his fiancé Inez in hopes of finishing his book while they are there. He is also nostalgically stuck in 1920s Paris and romantically longs to wander the streets in the rain and write in a one-room apartment in the Latin Quarter. WASP Inez is having none of that and instead strikes up an affair with her old flame. Gil, intent to enjoy Paris on his own terms, discovers that if he waits on a certain street corner, at midnight a cab will appear and he can enter that cab to be transported to 1920s Paris where he hangs with such illustrious influences as Gertrude Stein, Earnest Hemingway, F. Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald, and Salvador Dali.

SCRIPT

PIANO MAN: ♪ Romantic sponges, they say do it , Oysters down in Oyster Bay do it,Let's do it - Let's fall in love ♪

ZELDA: You look lost!

GIL: Oh, yeah! You're an American?

ZELDA: If you count Alabama as America, which I do. I miss the bathtub gin. What do you do?

GIL: Me? I'm a writer.

ZELDA: Who do you write?

GIL: Oh, right now I'm working on a novel.

ZELDA: Oh, yes? I'm Zelda, by the way. Oh, Scott! Scott!

SCOTT FITZGERALD: - Yes, what it is, sweetheart?

ZELDA: - Here's a writer, from, um... where?

GIL: California.

-SCOTT FITZGERALD: Scott Fitzgerald, and who are you, old sport?

GIL: Gil...the... You have the same names as...

FITZGERALD: As what?

GIL: Scott Fitzgerald and...

FITZGERALD: Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald. The Fitzgeralds. Isn't she beautiful?

GIL: Yes. Yes! Yeah, that's... that's a coincidence...like....uh...

ZELDA: You have a glazed look in your eye. Stunned. Stupefied. Anesthetized. Lobotomized.



GIL: I...I...keep looking at the man playing piano, and I believe it or not, recognize his face from some old sheet music.

ZELDA: I know I can be one of the great writers of musical lyrics - not that I can write melodies, and I try, and then I hear the songs he writes, and then I realize: I'll never write a great lyric, and my talent really lies in drinking.

FITZGERALD: Sure does.

GIL: Yeah, but, he didn't write the music, did he? That's not possible...

FITZGERALD: So...um... - What kind of books do you write?

GIL: - I...I...I'm working on a...um... Where am I?

FITZGERALD: Oh, I'm sorry. Don't you know the host? Some friends have gotten together a little party for Jean Cocteau.

GIL: Hey, lady. What... Are you kidding me?

ZELDA: I know what you're thinking. This is boring. I agree! I'm ready to move on. Let's do Bricktop's!

FITZGERALD: Bricktop's?

ZELDA: I'm bored! He's bored! We're all bored.

FITZGERALD: We. Are. All. Bored. Let's do Bricktop's. Why don't you tell Cole and Linda to come with, and...um...uh...Gil? You coming?

----- (Cut to a night bar)

[Cole Porter's "You've Got That Thing"] ♪ You got that thing - You got that thing ♪ ♪ The thing that makes birds forget to sing ♪ ♪ Yes, you've got that thing, that certain thing ♪ ♪ You've got that charm, that subtle charm ♪ ♪ that makes young farmers desert the farm ♪ [Joséphine Baker's "La Conga Blicoti"] ♪ ♪

..... (They move to a new place)

FITZGERALD: This is one of the finest establishments in Paris. They do a diamond whiskey sour.

"Bon soir, tous le monde!" (Good evening, everyone!)

ZELDA: Un peu tir de bourbon, s'il vous plaît. (A small shot of bourbon, please.)

FITZGERALD: Greetings and salutations. You'll forgive me. I've been mixing grain and grapa. Now, this a writer. uh...Gil. Yes?

GIL: - Gil...Gil Pender.

FITZGERALD: Gil Pender.

HEMINGWAY: Hemingway.

GIL: Hemingway?

HEMINGWAY: You liked my book?

GIL: Liked? I loved! All your work.

HEMINGWAY: Yes, it was a good book, because it was an honest book, and that's what war does to men. And there's nothing fine and noble about dying in the mud, unless you die gracefully, and then it's not only noble, but brave.

ZELDA: Did you read my story? What'd you think?

HEMINGWAY: There was some fine writing in it, but it was unfulfilled.

ZELDA: I might've known you'd hate it.

FITZGERALD: But darling, you're too sensitive.

ZELDA: You liked my story, but he hates me!

FITZGERALD: Please, old sport, you make matters extremely difficult.

ZELDA: I'm jumpy. Suddenly I don't like the atmosphere here any more. (To Belmonte, the bullfighter)

Ah! Where're you going?

BELMONTE: Para reunirse con mis amigos en Saint-Germain.

ZELDA: He's going to Saint-Germain. I'm going with him.

FITZGERALD: Zelda, sweetheart...

ZELDA: If you're going to stay here and drink with him, I'm going with the toreador.

FITZGERALD: Would you bring her back at a reasonable time?

HEMINGWAY: - She'll drive you crazy, this woman.

FITZGERALD: She's exciting, and she has talent.

HEMINGWAY: This month it's writing. Last month it was something else. You're a writer. You need time to write. Not all this fooling around. She's wasting you because she's really a competitor. Don't you agree?

GIL: Me?

HEMINGWAY: Speak up, for Christ's sake! I'm asking if you think my friend is making a tragic mistake.

GIL: Actually, I don't know the Fitzgeralds that well.

HEMINGWAY: You're a writer. You make observations. You were with them all night!

FITZGERALD: Could we not discuss my personal life in public?

HEMINGWAY: She's jealous of his gift, and it's a fine gift. It's rare. You like his work? You can speak for it.

FITZGERALD: Stop it! Stop it.

HEMINGWAY: You like Mark Twain?

FITZGERALD: I'm going to find Zelda. I don't like the thought of her with that Spaniard.

GIL: May I? Yeah, I'm actually a huge Mark Twain fan. I think you can even make the case that all modern American literature comes from Huckleberry Finn.

HEMINGWAY: You box?

GIL: No. Not really. No.

HEMINGWAY: What're you writing?

GIL: A novel.

HEMINGWAY: About what?

GIL: It's about a man who works in a nostalgia shop.

HEMINGWAY: What the hell is a nostalgia shop?

GIL: A place where they sell old things. Memorabilia. and... Does that sound terrible?

HEMINGWAY: No subject is terrible if the story is true. If the prose is clean and honest, and if it affirms grace and courage under pressure.

GIL: No good. Can I ask you the biggest favor in the world?

HEMINGWAY: What is it?

GIL: Would you read it?

HEMINGWAY: Your novel?

GIL: Yeah, it's like 400 pages long, and I'm just looking for, you know, an opinion.

HEMINGWAY: My opinion is I hate it.

GIL: I mean, you haven't even read it.

HEMINGWAY: If it's bad, I'll hate it because I hate bad writing, and if it's good, I'll be envious and hate it all the more. You don't want the opinion of another writer.

GIL: Yeah. You know, it's just... You know what it is? I'm having a hard time, you know, trusting somebody to evaluate it.

HEMINGWAY: Writers are competitive.

GIL: I'm not gonna be competitive with you.

HEMINGWAY: You're too self-effacing. It's not manly. If you're a writer, declare yourself the best writer! But you're not, as long as I'm around. Unless you want to put the gloves on and settle it?

GIL: No, I don't.

HEMINGWAY: Hey, I'm not gonna read your novel, but I'll tell you what I'll do.

GIL: Yes?

HEMINGWAY: I'll bring it to Gertrude Stein's. She's the only one I trust with my writing.

GIL: You'll show my novel to Gertrude Stein?

HEMINGWAY: Give it to me.

GIL: I'll bring it to you.

HEMINGWAY: And she gets back from Spain tomorrow.

GIL: Great. I'm gonna go get it. I'm gonna... I can't tell you how excited I am! This is gonna be such a lift! My heart is just racing right now! I'm gonna get it, and I'll be back. ([He exits the bar, and talks to himself](#)) Whoa, whoa, Gil! Take it easy! Step it back, baby. You had a big night. Fitzgerald. Hemingway! Papa! You gotta... OK, we never said where we were gonna meet.