

AN AMERICAN KID IN PARIS

written by

Author  
M.MURESAN

Address Cluj-Napoca, Romania  
Phone+40745329093  
E-mail [martamuresan@yahoo.com](mailto:martamuresan@yahoo.com)

**EXT. PARIS. SORBONNE COURTYARD. DAY - 3 MAY 1968**

Around 4-5 hundred students gathered at the Sorbonne courtyard. In the crowd, Lee (17 years) is with a chubby, cute guy (CARLOS).

CARLOS

I am glad that you won a 3-month pre-university scholarship to the Écoles des Beaux-Arts de Paris. From what part of the US are you?

LEE

Jackson Hole. Wyoming..

CARLOS

You are a high-school cowboy  
(laughing)

LEE

And I am glad ...you are my colleague at the Art Faculty and my roommate. You are a foreigner too ...Mexico?

CARLOS

Yes. Mexico. We are lucky to be staying at L'hôtel de la Loire, close to Beaux-Arts and the Sorbonne.

LEE

I do not understand what is happening here.

CARLOS

The students in Nanterre, a university in the suburbs of Paris, we're demonstrating because of administrative problems ... The authorities closed the University and brought disciplinary charges against the student leaders.

Next to them, a tall blonde girl (24s) patted CARLOS on the back. CARLOS turned to her

CARLOS

Oh, Monique...Look...Lee from the States... Monique, a sociology student  
at Nanterre

MONIQUE

What a young guy (smiling at Lee)

CARLOS

She can explain ...what`s going on  
here

MONIQUE

We came to ask for the support of  
the Sorbonne students...  
to counter the offensive of the  
Nanterre authorities...

CARLOS

Does Dany le Rouge lead you?

MONIQUE

Yes. The founder of the "22 March"  
movement

CARLOS

They occupied Nanterre in March...  
demanding the release of those  
detained during a demonstration  
against the Vietnam War.

LEE

Is he here?

MONIQUE

Yes. That curly-haired, red boy  
in the middle of the crowd.

CARLOS

He is a 23-year-old charismatic  
guy. He was convincing in  
everything he said...where is Dany,  
there is action.

MONIQUE

Yes. He made it very clear ... the  
new generation wants: "We just  
don't like the society  
we are forced to live in." "We just  
don't want to live  
like that anymore."

Meanwhile, more and more policemen tried to block the road  
leading into the building.

LEE (V.O.)

It is not my business. Probably  
administrative matters..

LEE (POINTING TO THE POLICE)

CARLOS

Yes! They feared provocation from  
the extreme right

LEE

It will be a mass... I am going to  
the American Center on Boulevard  
Raspail

Lee was leaving through the crowd. The students were shouting  
at the Police.

STUDENTS

Sorbonne pour les étudiants, CRS  
est SS(Sorbonne for students,  
CRS is SS)

LEE

(appealing to one student)  
Who is CRS?

STUDENT

The Compagnies Républicaines de  
Sécurité (CRS), police unit  
specializing in riot

Lee managed to get out of the courtyard.

**EXT. BOULEVARD SAINT-MICHEL, NEAR SORBONNE- MAY 3, 68, DAY**

Police are beating the students, who want to go to the  
Sorbonne. People are running; some have fallen to the ground.  
Lee goes out onto the boulevard, stops in a daze, and runs  
away.

**INT. SORBONNE UNIVERSITY, GROUND FLOOR, NEAR THE MAIN  
AMPHITHEATER, DAY 3 MAY 1968**

Monique runs down a corridor with another girl.

GIRL

Ce qui se passe?(What's  
happening?)

MONIQUE

Le CRS nous avait promis que si nous quitions le bâtiment, il ne se passerait rien. Mais ils ont arrêté des gens. (The CRS promised that if we left the building, nothing would happen. But they arrested people.)

GIRL

Les étudiants ont refusé de quitter le bâtiment (Students refused to leave the building)

MONIQUE

Oui. Et maintenant... évacuez la Sorbonne. (Yes. And now... evacuate the Sorbonne.)

The girls stop at the toilets and go in. Police officers appear in the corridor, enter the rooms, and take out the students.

**INT. TOILET, SORBONNE, DAY - 3 MAY, 68**

MONIQUE stands terrified. It is heard the policemen's boots pounding on the cement in the corridor. MONIQUE climbs onto the toilet seat.

**INT. TOILET, SORBONNE, EVENING, CONTIUS**

MONIQUE is standing on her feet on the toilet seat. She is crying softly. Silence. MONIQUE knocks on the wall. A knock is heard from the other side. MONIQUE opens the door and comes out of the toilet into the corridor. The other girl from the toilet also comes out. She is shaking.

MONIQUE

Je crois qu'ils sont partis.  
(I think they left.)

GIRL

Comment sortons-nous d'ici ? La Sorbonne... entourée de policiers.  
(How do we get out of here? The Sorbonne ... surrounded by police.)

MONIQUE

Voici l'amphithéâtre principal, et plus loin les bureaux du personnel... à la fenêtre de la rue Ecole.

(MORE)

MONIQUE (CONT'D)  
 (Here is the main  
 amphitheater, and further  
 the staff offices... on  
 the window of Rue  
 Ecole's)

**EXT. RUE ECOLE`S THE CORNER OF THE BUILDING SORBONNE, GRAND  
 FLOOR WINDOW- NIGHT 3 MAY 68**

Nobody on the street. A girl jumps out of the ground-floor  
 window, then MONIQUE. When MONIQUE gets down, she shouts:

MONIQUE (CONT'D)  
 Oooooh!

GIRL  
 Qu'est-ce que tu as fait?  
 (What did you do?)

MONIQUE  
 Je crois que... je me suis foulé la  
 jambe. (I guess... I sprained my leg.)

**EXT. CAFÉ PLACE SORBONNE, MORNING, MAY 4, 1968**

At the Palace Sorbonne cafe, LEE, CARLOS, and MONIQUE are  
 drinking coffee.

LEE  
 (to Monique)  
 How are you?

MONIQUE  
 I am OK now, but my ankle is a bit  
 swollen. The window was higher than  
 I appreciated. I will be OK.

CARLOS  
 (laughing)  
 You are a strong girl.

LEE  
 What happened yesterday?

MONIQUE  
 600 students were arrested, and the  
 Sorbonne was closed.  
 But today, students and lecturers  
 are declaring a nationwide  
 university strike.

LEE

I do not understand what  
is happening here

MONIQUE

The university system is just like  
during Napoleon's time.  
Centralized and rigid ...little  
interaction between teachers and  
students

LEE

Is like a revolution is knocking at  
your door.

MONIQUE

We do not know if it will be a  
revolution.

We are the Baby Boomers,  
and we want social freedom and  
independence.

LEE

What is going on in France?

MONIQUE

France is still ruled by the strict  
conservatism of Gen. Charles de  
Gaulle.

CARLOS

The French president who banned the  
concerts of French rocker Johnny  
Hallyday?

MONIQUE

Yes. And he caused scenes of mass  
hysteria. Our "Daddy"

LEE

Is your dad?

MONIQUE

It's not my father, although the  
truth is not far off.

CARLOS

Why?

MONIQUE

Everything is patriarchal,  
even in the family. You can't talk  
at the table unless you're allowed  
to.

LEE  
And go out with friends?

MONIQUE  
Never with boys.

CARLOS  
Horrible

MONIQUE  
Everywhere, everything is  
forbidden. You have to obey orders  
in factories and schools;  
you're not asked for your opinion.

CARLOS  
Dictatorship

MONIQUE  
We're a closed Catholic state;  
they've even banned abortion.  
We're suffocated.

Quiet. They are drinking their coffee.

**EXT. SORBONNE PLACE 6 MAY 68, DAY**

The Sorbonne is occupied by the Police. Tens of thousands of students are coming in waves, heading towards the Sorbonne surrounded by police.

STUDENTS (SHOUTING)  
À bas la répression policière !  
Down with the police repression.

Among the students standing across from the police are Lee and CARLOS. MONIQUE appears with a group of teachers under the banner, "Pas de répression".  
("No Repression".)

CARLOS  
Look, Dany is coming. He's so  
cool... this guy.

Dany came accompanied by the other leaders, and, passing through the policemen, started to mock them.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
Dany must appear before the  
disciplinary committee.

The students accompanying Dany sing L'Internationale, with the right hand raised and the fist clenched in salutes, as they climb the stairs of the Sorbonne.

LEE

What a beautiful song.

CARLOS

It's a socialist song. The lyrics were written by a French... from the Paris Commune, and the melody was later also composed by a French

LEE

So Dany is a leftist

CARLOS

Yes. He is an anarchist.

**EXT. BOULEVARD SAINT-MICHEL, 6 MAY 68, DAY**

The police are marching on the Boulevard. In front of the Joseph Gibert bookshop, protesters tried to confront them, shouting at the police. LEE is looking at a man who is resuscitating another who had fallen to the ground as police surrounded him. The police blocked the street. LEE, with the other students, is going to Boulevard Saint-Germain. The police are following them. Passers-by, taking refuge at the Cluny metro entrance, were caught between the police and the students. Clashes broke out. The students snatch up cubic stones from the pavement and use them as projectiles. Chopped down trees. The first barricades were erected. The police close the streets. Lee looks at a young man dressed in a jacket who is throwing a rock at the police officers lined up further away. LEE started to run with the other students. A young woman flees with ten others to an apartment, pursued by CRS. The police broke down the door, dragged a couple out, and beat them.

YOUNG WOMAN

(shouting)

Je suis enceinte.

I'm pregnant.

The police continue to beat her anyway.

A POLICEMAN

Salope, tu vas bientôt découvrir à quel point tu es enceinte.

(Bitch, you'll soon find out how pregnant you are.)

The police water cannon chase the rioting students. The police directed the stream of water on a young couple, who took shelter in a barred gate that wouldn't open. LEE reached the intersection with Rue Saint Jacques. The street at the beginning is almost deserted. Here, a girl picked up another girl with head injuries and a lot of bruises on her legs. Lee immediately jumped to the girls' aid.

LEE

Ce qui s'est passé?  
(What happened?)

GIRL WHO WAS HELPING

Elle a été tabassée par les policiers... elle travaille dans le quartier et se trouvait sur le chemin des policiers en rentrant chez elle.

(She was beaten up by the cops ...she works in the area, and she was in the way of the cops on her way home.)

The fallen girl was barefoot and barely standing.

LEE

SS arrive. On ne peut pas aller à la Sorbonne. Allons plutôt à Sommerand, à mon hôtel... Je demanderai au directeur de vous appeler un taxi.

(SS is coming. We can't go to the Sorbonne. Let's go to Sommerand at my hotel...I'll get the manager to call you a taxi.)

Lee took her in his arms, and they ran away with her.

**EXT.RUE GUY LUSSAC, PARIS, 10 MAY 1968, NIGHT, 11 P.M.**

Boys ripped up paving stones and formed a chain, handing stones from hand to hand. LEE is helping another young guy take off a tree grate.

LEE

I see you have a screwdriver

GUY

Yes. To remove the paving stones. I am Michel, a second-year medical student.

LEE

Lee, from the States, scholarship at Beaux-Arts. You came prepared

MICHEL

Yes. On 3 May, I went to fetch my car from the Boulevard Saint-Michel. A group of CRS beat me up and called me a 'dirty student'.

LEE

Sorry. Now I understand.

Then they help others to remove cobblestones and give them to the boys, forming a chain, handing stones. Many girls help. A hundred people help to carry things for the barricade, stones, and metal from the street. Some brought light cars from Deux Chevaux, which they overturned, and others brought advertising posters. Lee goes to the barricade they are building at the corner of Rue Gay Lussac and St Jacques. Even Henry Fonda in the Madigan movie commercial was placed atop the barricade. CARLOS is coming from rue St. Jacques. A tall boy with very rich, dark, curly hair was standing near the barricade. CARLOS salutes him

CARLOS

Salut Henri  
(Hi Henri)

HENRI

Je regarde la barricade... en deux parties : une rangée de pierres de trois mètres de haut, un espace d'environ vingt mètres, puis un amas de bois, de voitures, de poteaux métalliques et de poubelles, le tout sur neuf mètres de haut.

(I am looking at the barricade...

twofold: a row of three-meter-high stones, a space of about twenty meters, and then a pile of nine-meter-high wood, cars, metal poles, and rubbish bins)

CARLOS  
 C'est un véritable chef-d'œuvre.  
 J'ai entendu dire qu'il y aurait 60  
 barricades dans le quartier.  
 (Is quite a masterpiece. I  
 heard there will be 60  
 barricades in the  
 quarter.)

Lee arrives at CARLOS's place.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

(to Lee)  
 I see you're helping too. You're a  
 great group.

LEE  
 Yes, six students, ten workers,  
 some Italians, spectators, and four  
 artists.

HENRI  
 It's not just students; there are  
 young unemployed people with us.

Henri walks away from them.

CARLOS  
 (points at Henri)  
 I like this kid, Henri. Is the  
 leader of the Trotskyist group. I  
 fought next to him, shoulder to  
 shoulder in the street.

LEE  
 I remember. You told me about him.  
 He said: "The girls are pretty, but  
 the 'red'ones are always the  
 prettiest!"

CARLOS  
 (laughing)  
 Yes! He is funny, outspoken,  
 rebellious, but a warm rebel that  
 you instantly took to, even if you  
 didn't share his ideas.

At some buildings, there are messages (graffiti) written by  
 the students: "Creativity is not a culture of slime", "Under  
 the pavement is the beach", "Demand the Impossible". A radio  
 was heard:

## RADIO

Nous sommes Europe 1, avec Jacques Sauvageot UNEF et Alain Geismar SNES. (We are Europe 1, speaking Jacques Sauvageot UNEF and Alain Geismar SNES )

## JACQUES SAUVAGEOT

Vous devez occuper le Quartier latin à tout prix. (You must occupy the Latin Quarter at all costs.)

## CARLOS

Barricades are everywhere..  
Rue Goff Street, rue Royer-Collard,  
rue Saint-Jacques, rue des  
Irlandais, rue de l'Estrapade,  
the intersection of rue  
Claude Bernard, here, then rue  
Saint Jacques and rue des Fossés.

## LEE

A lot.

## CARLOS

All the streets are blocked with  
barricades. Is it the "night of the  
barricades"?

## LEE

I feel like I am in the  
"Miserable."

**EXT. DAY. SEQUENCE FROM THE MOVIE "MISERABLE."**

Barricade erecting

**BACK EXT. RUE GUY LUSSAC, CORNER WITH ST JACQUES, PARIS, 10 MAY 1968, NIGHT, 12 P.M.**

Residents are at their windows, offering food and milk to the students. The police stand at the end of the street, watching the protesters build their barricades. LEE could see the protesters standing in front of the barricades. They shout:

## STUDENTS

Liberté! Egalité! Sexualité.  
Popular university!

LEE

I don't understand.  
Why hadn't the police charged  
earlier? They wait for us to build  
the barricades.

CARLOS

You are a naive kid. There is an  
explanation. The authorities wanted  
the public to see the devastation  
we are causing.

LEE

How cunning they are

Meanwhile, Carlos was listening to the radio, holding it to  
his ear.

CARLOS

Europe 1... Europe 1 ...a student  
delegation went  
to talk to the rector, who tried to  
negotiate with the Minister of the  
Interior, Christian Fouchet

LEE

Negotiations. Good. At midnight...

CARLOS

Alain Touraine took the initiative  
to set up a delegation

LEE

Monique's professor of sociology?

CARLOS

Yes. He insisted on including Dany  
in the group.

A guy approached LEE

GUY

I'm a reporter at Radio Luxembourg.  
Can you help me get into the  
building? The residents let me put  
my equipment on the balcony and  
broadcast live using telephone  
wires.

LEE

Of course

Lee left with the guy carrying the equipment and entered the building. Some students sat in the middle of the street like they were having a picnic.

**EXT. RUE GUY LUSSAC, PARIS, 10 MAY 1968, NIGHT, 2.30 A.M.**

Smoke...The police attacked with tear gas, and the students counter-attacked with stones and Molotov cocktails. Lee exits the building and starts running. CARLOS calls out to him.

CARLOS  
Negotiations failed.

LEE  
I see. I am going home. It is not my business.

Students shouting:

STUDENTS  
"de l'eau! de l'eau! de l'eau! "  
"Water, water, with water!"

People are throwing buckets of water out of windows because it helps dissolve the gas. Tear gas canisters are exploding everywhere. LEE took a cubic stone with him and hid it under his coat. LEE runs. At the corner of Rue St Jacques and Rue des Ecoles, a barricade made of cars was burning. Further on, 3-4 policemen were beating up a stray demonstrator who wanted to get under a gate. A gas canister exploded next to him. Lee is screaming, and he is portaging his eyes.

LEE  
(shouting)  
Ooooh... my eyes. The gaze...  
damaged my eyes.

**EXT. RUE SOMMERAND, PARIS, 10 May 1968, Night, 4 A.M.-  
Continuous**

Clouds of tear gas smoke, people lying on the street, police with batons. In front of L'hôtel de la Loire, right under the lamppost, a pregnant woman is lying on her back, and a policeman is kicking her, then left her there. As the cop is walking away, a smaller guy appears and tries to pick the woman up. The policeman turned around and started beating him with his baton. Then, after the guy fell, the cop turned to leave. At the L'hôtel de la Loire, on the third floor, Lee is standing in the window, staring at the horror scene from the street. He waited until the cop moved away from the people lying on the ground and threw the cube rock at the cop, then quickly closed the window.

The stone hits the policeman in the back. He turns and approaches the building, throwing a gas grenade at the closing window.

**INT. L'HÔTEL DE LA LOIRE.- CONTINUOS**

LEE is in the corridor and shuts the door of a room, when a thud, the clattering of glass shards is heard, and then an explosion. The gas is coming out from under the door. A man has come running up the stairs.

LEE

Oh, Mr. Victor ... administrator.

VICTOR

I think they fired a tear gas grenade into the window. Good thing you weren't in the room; it was potentially lethal in such a small space. Later, we'll go in and flush it out with water.

They are running down the stairs. Near the exit, LEE stops.

LEE

I'm going to see that there are two people down in the street who have been beaten up.

VICTOR

Don't go outside, you'll suffocate from the gas, (handing him a handkerchief)

Lee is going out the door. He holds a handkerchief to his nose, starting to cough.

**EXT. RUE SOMMERAND, CONTINUOS**

The shorter man, an Asian nice guy with long hair, is kneeling and looking for something on the ground, then just gets up and walks over to the fallen woman. LEE is approaching the woman.

HOLD on the woman's face - Blood is running down the woman's face, and she is holding her belly with one hand and trying to squat down.

When LEE arrives, the short man is trying to pick up the woman.

LEE

Attendez, laissez-moi vous aider...  
 Lee (Wait, let me help... Lee)  
 (between coughs)

ASIATIC GUY

(holding glasses without  
 lenses)  
 Attendez, laissez-moi vous aider...  
 (Let's take her to the  
 hotel—I'm staying there.  
 I broke my glasses too.)

LEE

J'habite ici aussi  
 (I'm living here too)

They are struggling to lift the woman, and then they carry her to L'hôtel de la Loire. In the doorway is Mr. VICTOR.

PREGNANT WOMAN

J'ai des contractions. J'ai appelé  
 l'ambulance, mais la police a  
 refusé de les laisser passer. Ils  
 m'ont dit au téléphone de venir à  
 pied. Mon mari travaille de nuit.  
 Je suis seule.  
 (I have birth pains.  
 I called the ambulance, but the  
 cops wouldn't let them through, so  
 they told me on the phone to walk  
 to them. My husband works nights.  
 I'm alone.)

LEE

Et pourquoi t'ont-ils tabassé ?  
 (And why did they beat you  
 up?)

PREGNANT WOMAN

Parce que j'ai pris peur et j'ai  
 commencé à m'enfuir en les voyant.  
 Juste à côté de moi, une grenade  
 lacrymogène a explosé... et celui qui  
 était tombé derrière les grenades  
 les a ramassées. L'homme vient de  
 me frapper ; il devait avoir peur.  
 Je suis enceinte !  
 (Because I started to run  
 away when I saw them out  
 of fear. Next to me, a  
 tear gas grenade  
 exploded....

(MORE)

PREGNANT WOMAN (CONT'D)  
 and whoever fell behind  
 the grenades, picked them  
 up. The guy just hit me;  
 he must have been scared.  
 I am pregnant!)

ASIATIC GUY  
 (walking towards the  
 building)  
 Des idiots ! J'ai entendu dire  
 qu'ils ont aussi agressé des  
 professeurs qui ont tenté de  
 s'adresser aux étudiants... Je  
 m'appelle An, je suis étudiante en  
 lettres et littératures françaises.  
 Je viens du Sud-Vietnam.

ASIATIC GUY (CONT'D)  
 (Idiots! I heard they also  
 attacked faculty members  
 who tried to come to the  
 students...I'm An, a French  
 major at the Faculty of  
 Letters. I am from South  
 Vietnam.)

Helped by Mr. VICTOR, they disappear into the building.

**INT. PARIS, MAY, 1968- BUILDING, MORNING**

In a corridor, LEE (17 years), in his panties, goes to the bathroom. A girl appeared in front of him, oriental, with a red towel wrapped around her body, a yellow towel wrapped around her head like a turban, revealing her black, ebony hair. Lee stands paralyzed, his arm raised to flip the light switches that were placed on the walls a certain distance away. The girl turns on the light in the hallway and walks past him, touching him lightly.

VIETNAMESE GIRL  
 Excusez-moi.  
 (Excuse me.)  
 (barely audible)

Lee stands frozen, the silence filled by the faint CHANT of protesters rising outside, "Vous demandez l'impossible." (ask for the impossible).

LEE (V.O.)  
 What an exotic scent, a mixture of  
 orange and cinnamon. Wow

**EXT. PARIS, 13 MAY, 68**

A giant demonstration starts from Place de la République towards Denfert-Rochereau. Workers, students, and academics shout, "Joyeux anniversaire, mon Général !" "Dix ans ! Ça suffit !" "Gouvernement populaire " (Happy birthday, mon General!" "Ten years! Enough!" "Popular government.") There are banners: « Les travailleurs arracheront des mains fragiles des étudiants le drapeau de la lutte contre le régime antipopulaire », « Tout le pouvoir aux travailleurs », « Révolution socialiste » "Workers will take from the fragile hand of the students the flag of the struggle against the anti-popular regime", ("All power to the workers", "Socialist revolution".) They sing the Internationale. People hug each other, everybody is kissing everybody, and everybody is talking to everybody. LEE marches alongsidethe art student with CARLOS. Next to LEE, a company director is talking to students, a farmer who is explaining his difficulties to a worker. They arrive in front of the Palace of the Republic, some climbed the statue of the Republic, with flags and banners, and pigeons swarmed around the top of the statue.

LEE (VO)

(marching in the crowd)

"I have something to say, but I don't know what.

(laughing)

I read somewhere this slogan...  
That's how I felt.

LEE (CONT'D)

(toward CARLOS)

Is incredible. How many people are  
in the streets?

CARLOS

Around 1 million. I heard on the  
radio.

(pointing to the radio he  
was holding in his hand)

LEE

(exclaims)

Unbelievable

CARLOS

People hated the CRS...they throne  
tear gas into cafes and  
apartments from the Boulevard  
Saint-Michel to Montparnasse. The  
police repression produced a huge  
wave of sympathy for the students..

LEE

So... it seems that the whole of  
Paris is in the streets... All kinds  
of people...  
unbelievable...everybody is talking to everybody, and  
discussions are going on between all walks of  
life

CARLOS

You saw the banner "Talk to your  
neighbor. To talk to your neighbor  
is a novelty in France..

LEE

I had never experienced before...  
this extraordinary phenomenon of  
communication... this fraternal  
interaction... of everyone in  
solving the problems that concerned  
them all..

CARLOS

Yes. It seems to be camaraderie  
among workers and students,  
intellectuals, and farmers.

LEE

(exuberate)

It is an amazing brotherhood... no  
one minded if you patted them on  
the back. People hugged each other  
even though they didn't know each  
other.

CARLOS

Everybody is kissing everybody...  
it is contagious happiness.

Many students are waving red flags, some with a star in the  
middle, others with a hammer and sickle

LEE

Are the students communists?

CARLOS

Some, a few. Most adhere to the New  
Left, but many are apolitical.

LEE

(exclaims pointing at the  
statue)

CARLOS, this is like the Statue of Liberty in New York. I am  
fascinated.

I am free!"Run free, comrade, we've left the old world behind!"I read the slogan scrawled on the walls of the Sorbonne

CARLOS

(exuberant)

"Let's change life!" Rimbaud.  
And "Let's change the world!" Marx.  
We are on our own. As Dany is saying...

LEE

What?

CARLOS

"There are no marshals and leaders today. No one is responsible for you. You are responsible for yourself. Self-management.

Lee starts humming Bob Dylan's song

LEE

"How does it feel / How does it feel / To be on your own / With no direction home / Like a complete unknown / Like a rolling stone?"

**EXT. SORBONNE UNIVERSITY, PARIS, 14 MAY, 1968- DAY**

Thousands of students are going to the Sorbonne, some even climbing out of windows. A group of boys and girls are sitting on the stairs at the entrance to the Sorbonne's main building, a poster is plastered on the building that read Solidarity in all languages and a posters: "Pour la première fois depuis 1848, on assure ici" et "À bas l'érudition bourgeoise" ("For the first time since 1848, we're kicking ass here" and 'Down with bourgeois erudition"). On the columns of the facade, a portrait of Karl Marx. On the right were two young men with beards and long hair sitting on the stairs; on the wall was written: "L'interdiction est interdite" ("Prohibition is forbidden"). Then Lee almost tripped over two young people sitting on the stairs, hugging each other.

LEE

Excusez-moi (excuse me)

The guy looks up... it is CARLOS.

CARLOS

(nodding)

OK

LEE looks at the dark-haired, shoulder-length girl wearing a white trench coat slung over her knees, snuggling into Carlos' arms. Lee walked on and entered the courtyard.

**CONTINUU - EXT. COURTYARD**

In the courtyard, there is a sea of young people. Between the pillars, a big banner: "Pour un mouvement révolutionnaire" ("For a revolutionary movement"). On the pillars are portraits of Marx, Mao, Lenin, Che Guevara, and Trotsky, but there were also posters, one of which Lee liked: "Avec les étudiants, le soleil s'est levé sur la Sorbonne. ("With the students, the sun rose at the Sorbonne.") The courtyard is filled with stalls of communist pamphlets, literature, posters, and magazines, along with the ever-present red flag, propaganda from various factions of the left. Many students gather under the statue of Louis Pasteur, on which they perched a red and a black flag. On the steps, a jazz quartet plays while a debate continues downstairs. A window is covered with two flags, one red, one black, folded into a triangle and joined in the middle, and next to a poster: "Le socialisme sans liberté, c'est une caserne" ("Socialism without freedom is barracks"). A bespectacled student sits on Victor Hugo's statue's knee, and Lee admires how perfectly the guy imitates the statue, without realizing that he is resting his beard on the thumb of his left hand, just as if he were a copy of the statue. A flag is raised on the dome of the Sorbonne chapel. The steps of the chapel are filled with students reading newspapers. Beautiful and elegant girls frantically reading the newspapers. LEE is walking to the girls. One is in a white trench coat, and underneath a black dress, black shoes, and a white handbag; she looked like she had come to a feast.

LEE

Vous n'avez pas vu Monique ?  
( Haven't seen Monique?)

GIRL

Non ! Je l'ai déjà vue. Elle participe à un débat... Il y a des réunions publiques en permanence... maintenant que le CSR a quitté l'université. Laissez-moi lire !  
(No! I've seen her before. She's at some debate...All kinds of public meetings are going on all the time...now that the CSR left the University. Let me read now!)

LEE steps back but pauses for a moment on the steps and contemplates the courtyard. Several people gathered in one place around a piano, with a guy playing, groups of students are chatting intensely all around, and the whole courtyard is like a big bee's nest, buzzing with activity.

LEE(VO)

I am overwhelmed by the sense of  
freedom

LEE enters the main building. On the main stairs, young people are going up and down, one stopped to light a cigarette. A child of about 6, who is sitting on the bottom step, flipping through a book, looks up at Lee, who, in shock, is running over him. The child, a bit annoyed with Lee for not paying attention, smiles at a woman sitting next to him, who looks at him kindly. At the foot of the stairs, on the floor, is black writing: "Descendez et promenez-vous."  
("Come down and walk.")

**INT. SORBONNE UNIVERSITY MAIN BUILDING**

On the walls were carved « Ne traîne pas avec Dieu, le monde s'écroule derrière toi. » "Don't hang around God, the world is falling apart behind you" and « Plus je révolutionne, plus j'ai envie d'aimer. » "The more revolution I make, the more love I want to make. « La révolution est la transition active d'un rêve à la réalité. » "Revolution is the active transition from a dream to reality. « Toucher libre. » "Unfettered "« Le pouvoir de l'imagination. » "Power of imagination."

LEE(VO)

(looking at the walls)

"Le pouvoir de l'imagination"  
("Power of imagination")...Sartre...  
the philosopher of freedom"... the  
French existentialist philosopher...  
supports the students and greeted  
the student barricade by saying: «  
La violence est la seule chose qui  
reste aux élèves qui ne se sont pas  
encore intégrés au système de leurs  
parents. »  
("Violence is the only thing left  
for students who haven't yet  
fit into their parents' system )

In the hallway, there are many students. Every lecture hall is filled with hundreds of young people. Lee is looking through the open doors...people are spilling out of their chairs onto the steps and down the corridors. Lee is staying in the doorway of the main auditorium on the first floor.

Speakers come one after the other, amid applause but also boeing. Everyone is talking and applauding everything

A SPEAKER

« À bas l'autorité universitaire!»  
 ("Down with university authority",)  
 « À bas le droit et la société  
 capitaliste ! »("Down with the law  
 and capitalist society")

ANOTHER SPEAKER

« À bas les mandarins  
 universitaires ! », « À bas la  
 bourgeoisie ! »« Vive l'anarchie!»  
 "Down with university mandarins",  
 "Down with everything bourgeois"  
 "Long live anarchy!"  
 "Métro, boulot, dodo: non merci!"  
 "Metro, work, and sleep: no thanks"

Then another guy is going to speak.

GUY

Nous sommes une "université  
 populaire"... L'assemblée générale  
 a décidé de boycotter les examens  
 de fin d'année jusqu'à la démission  
 du ministre de l'Intérieur,  
 Christian Fouchet, et du préfet de  
 police, Maurice.

( We are a "Popular  
 University"...the general  
 assembly decided to  
 boycott the end-of-year  
 exams until the  
 resignation of the  
 Minister of the Interior,  
 Christian Fouchet, and  
 the Prefect of Police  
 Maurice)

An approaches Lee in the doorway.

AN

Hi. So... Sorbonne became a cultural  
 center of the student movement.  
 You see, ... around 2000 people,  
 students and professors gather for  
 open, often dissonant discussions.

LEE

Nice

AN

I don't know if you understand... the French... they wanted a change in everyday life... individual freedom...sexual freedom, modern education...a better world... not materially but spiritually. In other words... people should no longer live in ignorance...

LEE

If you say...

AN

All sorts of committees were organized, including the Occupation Committee of the Sorbonne Free People's University. As part of this... I've put you on the supply committee with me. OKAY?

LEE

(curiously)

OK! But what should we do?

AN

Supply the Sorbonne with food

LEE

(in fear)

You and me?

AN

No, there are others as well.

**EXT.FACULTY BRASSERIE. 15 MAY, 1968, MORNING**

At a table on the sidewalk are Lee and An drinking coffee.

AN

We have to work today.The wave of sympathy is great...people came and brought us food andmoney...we must buy more food

LEE

Of course...but it's still too early

AN

Yes. We have time to enjoy our coffee. Do you know that according to the heads of the action committees, about 25,000 people came to take part in debates and discussions on the university's major issues?

LEE

Ah, it's amazing. But I don't understand... on the walls of the Sorbonne are displayed three M's: Marx, Mao, and Marcuse. I am more familiar with the philosophy of Marcuse, a professor at San Diego. But... I saw many students with Mao's little red book

AN

I don't like Mao... the best obstacle to Chinese communism is the Vietnamese... we had suffered a thousand years of Chinese oppression. But yes... Mao's Cultural Revolution and his faux Confucianism wisdoms in particular fascinated the young. They believed that Mao had created a better, fairer world, a classless society... I am reading Marx...

LEE

I don't believe in a classless society... But you told me that you have relatives in the South Vietnamese government. Why are you reading Marx?

AN

In academic circles, Marxism has become a subject of study, more from a philosophical perspective and from the point of view of what can be separated from the Soviet Union. Many people reinterpret Marx's ideas... They are influenced by ideas that Marx put down on paper when he was 20 years old. And you know Marcuse...

LEE

Yes. I saw that one of your slogans is his words: "Be realistic, demand the impossible!"

AN

Besides, I don't know why you're surprised that I read Marx... Marcuse was influenced by Marx and Hegel. Marcuse is the Guru of the New Left.

LEE

According to Marcuse, man is only as good as his money, which means that money is the main driving force....and he also says that my freedom can infringe on yours, and then there must be a mutual limitation of freedom and happiness to coexist.

AN

Interesting ideas about freedom... Marx has another theory. "Freedom is infinite... human freedom is temporary and precedes reality." But what do you think about freedom?

LEE

I believe that only hippies are truly free. They do what they want without restraint. A hip commune is a form of passive protest against the hypocrisy of society. But they're not totally free because they're on drugs, either

AN

Yes. You're not free; you're dependent on Marijuana

LEE

(pathetically)

To me, freedom means the Rockies, running on a horse, herding herds of cattle, seeing bison, elk. The wilderness is my freedom.

**FLASHBACK- GRAND TETON NATIONAL PARK, WYOMING, SUMMER, DAY**  
Wyoming's Teton Range, a ranch at the foot of the mountains, Lee dressed as a cowboy, riding on

**INT. PARIS, RUE DU SOMMERARD, HOTEL L'HÔTEL DE LA LOIRE, 16**

**MAY 68, EVENING**

LEE stays in the doorway of An's room. A Vietnamese girl (16 years) in a white Ao Dai, sitting on the bed.

AN

My sister. Hanh. Lee from the States..

The girl is smiling. LEE freezes a moment, then offers a nervous smile and blushes.

LEE (V.O.)

What an idiot...I blushed. She saw me in my underwear.

HANH

Bonjour.

AN

Speaks French better than English

LEE

Uh... hello. I mean-bonjour... my French is terrible. Hanah?

AN

No, no.(laughing) Hanh means beautiful...She is here for medical treatment...it`s over now. I called you to meet her because I want to ask you to take care of her.

LEE

You're welcome. Sure.

AN

I'm busy with the supply committee for the Sorbonne occupied by students.

LEE

I don't have any business, I mean, I would have with you, on the supply committee

AN

OK.You're not a Sorbonne student; you can miss it... Please take care of her... she's walking harder, she still has to take care.

HOLD on LEE and HANH, their first look charged with something unspoken.

**INT. RUE DU SOMMERARD, HOTEL L'HÔTEL DE LA LOIRE, LEE'S ROOM, DAY, 17 MAY**

Lee is getting dressed when it is hearing a soft knock on the door, and he barely manages to pull his pants on when the door slowly opens. An's sister is standing in the doorway, awkward.

HANH

Do I disturb "vous" ( formal in French)? If I'm bothering "vous" when you get dressed, I'll come later.

LEE

(nervously)  
Come inside and don't tell me 'vous'.

HANH

(shyly, leaning on his cane towards the chair in the room) Sometimes... thinking in Saigonese. Chez nous, il n'y a ni « je » ni « tu », on parle uniquement à la troisième personne. (With us it's not I or You, we only speak in the third person.)

Lee remains stunned, stopping to pull his shirt on.

LEE

What?

HANH

(smiling)  
Yes... Cela fait partie de la culture vietnamienne traditionnelle. Avec les Américains, c'est juste vous !  
(laughing)(that's part of traditional Vietnamese culture. With Americans, it's just you!)

LEE

De quoi riez-vous ?  
C'est plus intime de dire VOUS—  
Les Américains sont directs et affirmés, et expriment leurs opinions et leurs sentiments ouvertement et honnêtement.  
(What are you laughing at? It's  
(MORE)

LEE (CONT'D)

more intimate to say YOU- Americans  
are direct and assertive, and  
express opinions and feelings  
openly and honestly.)

HANH

(seriously)

Je ne ris pas, je me souviens juste  
de mes compatriotes qui essayaient  
de vendre quelque chose aux  
Américains, précisément avec l'aide  
envoyée par les Américains, et qui  
criaient : « Vous, vous, vous ! » -  
c'est comme ça qu'ils pensaient  
pouvoir attirer leur attention.  
I'm not laughing, I just remembered  
my countrymen trying to sell  
something to the Americans, exactly  
from the aid sent by the Americans,  
and shouting: You, you, you! -  
that's how they thought they could  
get their attention.

Lee stars laughing.

HANH (CONT'D)

J'aime la politesse de mon langage.  
En anglais, on dit simplement « oui  
» ou « ok », ce qui est assez simple  
et ne véhicule pas de nuance de  
respect. Nous communiquons davantage  
par des signaux non verbaux,  
comme les gestes, le contact visuel  
et le langage corporel, que les  
Américains, qui parlent sans cesse.  
Nous nous comprenons d'un simple  
regard. (I like the politeness of  
my language. In English we just say  
"yes" or "ok", which are pretty  
simple and don't carry  
an underlying tone of respect. And  
we have more nonverbal cues  
such as gestures, eye contact, and  
body language, than Americans, who  
talk and talk. We understand each  
other by looks.)

LEE

Quel monde étrange vous venez ! Au  
fait, avez-vous mangé quelque  
chose ?

(What a strange world you  
come from! By the way,  
have you eaten anything?)

HANH

Bien sûr! J'ai pris le petit-déjeuner avec An.

(Sure! I had breakfast with An)

LEE

Pho?

HANH

Les Saïgonnais ne mangent pas de pho le matin. Saïgonese don't eat Pho in the morning.)

LEE

Comment cela ? L'oncle de ma mère était officier de liaison au Vietnam et nous racontait que, le matin, des femmes descendaient la rue en chantant, portant sur leurs  
(How so? My mother's brother was an advisory officer in Vietnam... told us that in the morning, women would come singing down the street carrying different noodle soups on their shoulders)

HANH

Oui, c'est vrai, surtout pour ceux qui ont émigré du Nord vers nous. Les Saïgonnais mangent du CÚ TÂM.  
(Yes, it's true, especially for those who emigrated from the North to us. Saïgonese eat COM TAM.)

LEE

(curiously)

Qu'est-ce que c'est ?  
What's that?

HANH

Riz à la viande, généralement des côtelettes de porc.  
Meat rice, usually pork chops.

LEE

(wondering)

Le matin ? Comment peux-tu manger ça le matin ? Parfois, je ne mange rien du tout ou juste un café.

(MORE)

LEE (CONT'D)

As-tu mangé quelque chose de  
similaire aujourd'hui ?

(Morning? How can you eat  
something like that in  
the morning? I sometimes  
don't eat anything or  
just have coffee. Did you  
eat something like that  
today?)

HANH

(laughing)

Ici, non. Café et croissants.  
(Here we don't. Coffee  
with croissants.)

LEE

Intéressant ! Chez moi, je mange  
généralement du bacon et des œufs  
au petit-déjeuner.

(Interesting! I usually  
have bacon with eggs for  
breakfast at home.)

**EXT. CHAMPS-ELYSEES, PARIS, EVENING, 17 MAY, 1968**

Lights flood the street, fairy-lit Paris. LEE and HANH walk  
hand in hand. Hanh dressed in white pants, a light blue  
blouse with big white daisies, white jacket; people walked  
around in gray and black clothes. Lee is in jeans and a polo  
shirt. LEE, taller than Hanh, tenderly strokes her head. HANH  
quickly removes his hand and whispers to him.

HANH

Au Vietnam, sachez que toucher  
quelqu'un sur la tête est considéré  
comme une insulte. Je vous l'ai  
déjà dit. Ne vous offusquez pas.

(If you touch someone on  
the head in Vietnam, know  
that you are offending  
them. I told you to  
know. Don't get upset.)

LEE stops and, with all his strength, he clutches Hanh to his  
chest.

LEE

Je vous caresse pour que vous ne  
soyez pas contrarié(e)

(I've been petting you so  
you won't be upset)

Next to them, at a bistro, LEE gets a bag of French fries. They both start eating from the bag; Hanh's face is shining with joy, and Lee is laughing.

LEE (V.O.)

I never met such a being....  
 enjoying the simple things, the  
 scent of a flower, the blue of the  
 sky, the taste of potato chips, the  
 lights flooding Paris, and the fact  
 that she is alive.

Hanh is staring at the shop's window. She'd sit for minutes leaning on her cane and marveling. She enters a store. Lee remains in the doorway. Through the window, Hanh is seen buying souvenirs. One moment, she raises her left arm and begins to shake her hand just like you'd screw in a light bulb. In front of her, the shop assistant is shocked.

LEE

(from the doorway)  
 Que faites-vous ?(What are you  
 doing?)

HANH

Eh bien, je ne veux pas prendre le  
 parfum. Ça veut dire NON à Saigon.  
 (Well, I don't want to  
 take the perfume. That  
 means NO in Saigon.)

LEE

(laughing)  
 Vous savez bien que nous ne sommes  
 pas à Saïgon.  
 Mais excusez-moi, je ne peux  
 m'empêcher de rire et  
 de penser que vous venez d'un pays  
 étrange.  
 ( You know we're not in  
 Saigon. But excuse me, I  
 can't help but laugh and  
 think you come from a  
 strange country.)

HANH

(walking out of the store)  
 Je n'ai jamais quitté le Vietnam.  
 Ne vous fâchez pas.  
 Je n'arrive toujours pas à m'y  
 faire.

(MORE)

HANH (CONT'D)  
 ( I've never been away  
 from Vietnam. Don't get  
 upset. I still haven't  
 adjusted.)

Hanh`s eyes filled with tears. When to get to Lee, he  
 grabbed her shoulders and hugged her.

LEE  
 Ce n'est rien. On s'y habitue. (It's  
 no matter. You get used to it).

Lee kissed her on the head. Hanh unfolded from his arms and  
 looked up, looking at Lee. She is smiling, beaming with joy,  
 like a child who has received her dream toy.

HOLD on to Hanh`s and Lee`s face.

**EXT. ECOLE DES BEAUX ARTS, PARIS, 18 MAY, DAY**

At the gate hung a banner that read: « La grève se  
 poursuit» (The strike continues). There are 3 red flags raised  
 on the building. Lee and Carlos are standing in front of the  
 faculty building. Carlos takes 50 posters from a student.

LEE  
 Show me what it looks like.

CARLOS unfolds poster after poster and shows them to Lee.  
 HOLD on the posters

LEE (CONT'D)  
 (reading)  
 USINES, UNIVERSITIES, UNION,  
 that's all... written on quality,  
 lithographed paper, in purple,  
 lithographic ink, very suggestive  
 of the aims of the student  
 movement.

LEE looks at the other poster. A woman throws a stone from a  
 barricade.

LEE (CONT'D)  
 (reading)  
 "La Beauté est dans la rue" (Beauty  
 is in the street).

Lee takes in his hand another poster. A fist is raised from a  
 brick with the caption.

LEE (CONT'D)

(reading)

"La Lutte Continue" (The Struggle Continues). That will mean the same thing for centuries: the struggle of the citizens against the state and traditionalism.

Lee takes another poster, a French policeman, wearing a helmet and black shield, raises a baton to attack.

LEE (CONT'D)

Is untitled. Is scary. Needs no explanation.

CARLOS

Law and order, as De Gaulle said.

Another poster Lee is looking at is a bandaged face, like the one in the film Fantomas.

LEE

(reading)

'Une Jeunesse Que L'Avenir Inquiète Trop Souvent ... "  
(A Youth Too Often Troubled by the Future), almost like a mentally ill person, with spiraling eyes, looking agonized. This is us...It`s a new symbolism.

CARLOS

Yes. Posters had to be understood by passers-by on the street ...especially by workers. A group of Marxist artists and Fine Arts students, who occupied the Beaux-Arts and called themselves the Atelier Populaire (Popular Workshop), designed and printed most of the posters... we must take the posters to the Rue du Dragon, the street that houses art galleries. The street is not far from here

LEE

Ok. Let's go.

They started on the street and walked down Napoleon Street. The street is full of students, workers, immigrants, building barricades, fighting the police. CARLOS and LEE cross barricades. A group of students surrounded them.

STUDENT

Où comptez-vous aller avec les  
affiches ?

(Where are you going with  
the posters?)

CARLOS

Elles seraient exposées dans une  
galerie réceptive et  
potentiellement vendues ; l'argent  
récolté permettrait d'acheter  
davantage de papier et d'encre pour  
créer d'autres affiches.

(At a sympathetic gallery  
to be displayed and  
potentially to be bought, and with  
this money, more paper and ink  
would be purchased to create more  
posters.)

STUDENT

Donnez-nous les affiches. Nous les  
distribuerons également à d'autres  
personnes, afin qu'elles soient  
diffusées dans d'autres endroits de  
la ville.

(Give us the posters. We  
will distribute them to  
others as well, to be  
passed in other places in  
the city.)

They took the posters from CARLOS, and in an instant, they  
pasted them on the walls.

CARLOS

(laughing)

Now we can return to the École des  
Beaux-Arts empty-handed.

**EXT. BASTILLE, PARIS, 22 MAY, DAY**

A crowd of young people, boys, girls, and foreigners are  
gathered in front of the Bastille. Among them, LEE with  
CARLOS and MONIQUE. The crowd shouts.

CROWD

« Nous sommes tous des Juifs  
allemands. » ("We are all German  
Jews").

MONIQUE holds a transistor to her ears.

MONIQUE

Radio Europe 1 says that here are  
around 50.000 of peoples.  
What solidarity with Dany... because  
of his expulsion from France

CARLOS

Is out of the ordinary for a  
Frenchman to shout that he is  
German and Jewish. I am  
enthusiastic about this solidarity.  
There could be a world where people  
didn't resent each other because  
they are of a different color or  
language.

MONIQUE

Workers had occupied around 50  
factories across France.  
Students from Nantes were at the  
Renault factory to support the  
strike...10,000 police were called  
...but at night 1000 students  
succeed to contact the workers.  
They talked about revolt, student-  
worker relations, the need to unite  
the struggle...

CARLOS

The snowball effect had kicked in.  
Now ten million are on strike.  
The largest strike in Europe.

LEE

Unfortunately, the railways had  
gone on strike too...the metro  
stopped running. Hospitals are also  
on strike...garbage is filling the  
streets

MONIQUE

This is it... not only are workers on  
strike. Employees of stores and  
galleries...at TV...Strikes are not  
led by the trade union movement.  
Are spontaneous.

**EXT.THEATER ODEON PARIS, EVENING, MAY 24, CONTINUOUS**

Hold on the theater façade on which it is written: "Odeon Est Ouvert" (Odeon is now open), below it: "Entrée libre », puis « Quand l'Assemblée nationale devient un théâtre bourgeois, tous les théâtres bourgeois devraient se transformer en assemblées nationales ». ("Free entry" then "When the National Assembly becomes a bourgeois theater, all bourgeois theaters should be turned into national assemblies").

**INT.ODEON THEATER ENTRANCE HALL, EVENING**

In the hall are several students, and at the entrance is staying LEE with HANH. An is heading towards them. MONIQUE goes down the stairs.

AN

The movie MONIQUE invited you to, isn't in the main hall, it's upstairs... In the main hall, it continues the debates about the creation of a new society in front of thousands of people... everyone could display their theory 24 hours a day. Odeon... the second bastion of the protesters after the Sorbonne.

MONIQUE approaches them.

MONIQUE

Hi. We will watch Philippe Garrel's film "Marie pour mémoire".

AN

Philippe is 19 years.  
I saw him at the barricades.

MONIQUE

Yes. It looks like the Cannes Film Festival is going to be interrupted. The film is among the films selected to be screened for the 7th International Critics' Week, a parallel non-competitive section of the Cannes Film Festival.

LEE

MONIQUE, please take Hanh upstairs. it's getting harder. I have something to talk to An. I'll catch up with you.

MONIQUE

Ok. We are going.

MONIQUE takes HANH's arm and heads towards the stairs.

AN

What do you want to tell me?

LEE

Last night... I overheard two policemen talking under the window. They spoke out of their fear of being forced to use ammunition against the protesters, because they had relatives among the protesters. We need to move HANH somewhere else. It's too dangerous for her to stay with us.

AN

I have the same thought. I already spoken to a colleague, who is sleeping at the Sorbonne, to give me the key to his HLM, moderate-cost housing apartment in the 15th arrondissement of Paris. It is a quiet neighborhood.

LEE

Good idea.

AN

Lee, please go with HANH and stay there with her. HANH has a plane ticket for June 5th. She needs to be safe by then. I'm not going back to Vietnam; I have to finish my second year. You have nothing to do with this revolution. I do. They're my colleagues.

LEE

Ok.

AN

But... Please stay away from her! You understand? My family is traditional. Please! Be careful!

AN holds LEE`s hand, looks deep into his eyes

LEE  
 (softly, a little upset)  
 Don't worry. I grew up in a  
 traditional family.

**INT. ODEON THEATRE PARIS, SMALL HALL, EVENING**

The small hall is packed. Among the spectators are Lee, Hanh,  
 and Monique. The movie is playing on the screen.

HOLD the screen. On the screen, Mary, pregnant, cries out in  
 desperation:

MARY  
 Mon bébé !  
 (My baby!)

HOLD on, HANH and Lee. HANH slips her little hand into  
 LEE's. LEE hugs her, holding her shoulder, and she didn't  
 fight back.

**INT. SMALL APARTMENT, 15TH ARRONDISSEMENT, PARIS, 26 MAY 68,  
 MORNING**

A room, door open, LEE is sleeping on a bed. HANH can be  
 heard singing in the kitchen in Vietnamese. HANH comes into  
 the room and pulls the blanket off him, then runs away  
 quickly, laughing. LEE gets up, angry, and runs after her.  
 She stops and lets herself be caught, and he hugs her.

HANH  
 (laughing)  
 Attention, car les Vietnamizes  
 descendent d'un dragon et d'un  
 oiseau magique, alors ils  
 pourraient prendre leur envol.  
 (Be careful because the Vietnamese  
 are descended from a dragon and a  
 fairy bird, so I might fly  
 away.)

LEE  
 (laughing)  
 Vous ne pouvez pas.  
 (You can't.)

HANH  
 Mon frère m'a confié à vous. Alors  
 soyez prudent.  
 (My brother entrusted me )  
 (to your care. So be  
 careful.)

LEE

Les manifestations ont pris de  
l'ampleur près de la Sorbonne.  
Restez prudents. (Because the  
demonstrations escalated near the  
Sorbonne. Here is the save.)

A knock on the door. LEE opens the door, and a young woman enters, with a deep wound on her face and numerous bruises on her bare arms, dressed in a short-sleeved blouse and a miniskirt.

YOUNG WOMAN

Hi. I am your neighbor.

LEE

Hi. Are you speaking in English?

YOUNG WOMAN

Yes. I heard you are American...but  
I don't know if the girl is  
understanding me

LEE

She understands ...only she speaks  
better in French

YOUNG WOMAN

Ok. Can you give me some salt?...  
Everything is closed.

LEE

Of course. Sit down for a moment.

HANH

Maintenant, je cherche du sel.  
(Now I'm looking for  
salt.)

HANH starts rummaging in the closet.

LEE

What happened to you?

Lee points to the woman's face.

YOUNG WOMAN

CSR. At night on 24, the demonstration escalated.  
I was at Boulevard Saint Michel. I  
am a nurse. I was caring for the  
wounded.

HANH

(giving her salt in a  
small box)

Bon

(Nice)

YOUNG WOMAN

(taking the box)

Merci! The police took me too... to  
the Beaujon hospital, into "a kind  
of concentration camp." When I got  
out of the police van, it rained  
blows. I was hit in the face, cut  
on my face by the nails of a young  
CRS...hit me in the solar plexus,  
in the kidneys...

HANH

Terrible

YOUNG WOMAN

We went into an enclosure  
surrounded by barbed wire. From time  
to time, CRS vans brought in men  
and women who had been beaten or  
suffered from tear gas poisoning.  
Some had serious head injuries and  
broken arms. Chinese, Vietnamese,  
and blacks were given particularly  
brutal treatment.

LEE

(amazed)

Horrible.

YOUNG WOMAN

I was locked in a ward. Through the  
window, I could see into the  
courtyard. A half-naked young man  
passed by, his legs lacerated by  
bat blows. He was bleeding and had  
to urinate constantly. From a young  
woman who was with him, I learned  
that the CRS had beaten him  
unconscious and then laid him on  
the ground and beaten his genitals  
until his skin was hanging in rags.

LEE

Animals!

YOUNG WOMAN

Also, young girls were brought in.  
Among them was a 16-year-old  
(MORE)

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)

girl...

She was devastated. She told me that they dragged her into a police van, where four policemen raped her.

LEE

Terrible. We were in great danger. Thank God, here is safe.

**INT. SMALL APARTMENT, 15TH ARRONDISSEMENT, PARIS, 29 MAY 68, EVENING**

LEE and HANH, lying on the couch by the small lamp ... HANH curls up in his arms. They are reading the same book

HANH

(with French accent)

The cat... is... on the... teebl.  
(frowns, embarrassed)

LEE smiling, amused.

LEE

Table. Not "teebl." Try again.

HANH narrows her eyes playfully.

HANH

The cat... is on the... tay-bull.

LEE laughs, applauds softly.

LEE

Parfait. Le professeur Higgins serait fier. (Perfect. Professor Higgins would be proud.)

Hanh hides a smile behind the book, her eyes lingering on him. Lee kisses her forehead. In the background, chants rise again - "le pouvoir de l'imagination!" (POWER TO IMAGINATION!) "Adieu, De Gaulle".

LEE (V.O.)

Time stood still, we are just Hanh and me ... it is a fulfillment I never felt before. Tomorrow is gone. There is only the moment worth living for. She is like a ray of sunshine, an innocent little girl.

HANH gets up and turns on the radio.

HANH

Écoutons de la musique.(Let's  
listen to some music.)

RADIO

Le président De Gaulle a disparu,  
le président De Gaulle a disparu,  
partiquelque part, mais personne ne  
savait où.(President De Gaulle  
disappeared, President De Gaulle  
disappeared, gone somewhere but  
nobody knew where.)

LEE

(shouting)  
Victoryyyy!

HANH

Est-ce bon ou mauvais ? (is it good  
or bad)

LEE

(surprised)  
I don`t know.

**INT.SORBONNE, THE ENTRANCE AT THE FIRST FLOOR IN THE LARGE  
AUDITORIUM, DAY, 1 JUNE, 68**

At the entrance is LEE with MONIQUE, with a newspaper in her  
hand.

LEE

What happened with De Gaulle? Where  
did he disappear?

MONIQUE

He went to the French army  
headquarters in Germany to make  
sure he had enough loyal military  
units mobilized to support him.

LEE

Fear...

MONIQUE

Earlier, he raised the threat of  
civil war. But his warning was  
ignored. He returned on May 30 to  
dissolve the National Assembly  
and announce new elections.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

He called for law and order and  
suggested he would use military  
force to restore order  
Is the beginning of the end...

LEE

And what about the workers?

MONIQUE

To our disappointment, the unions  
negotiated on their behalf the end  
of the crisis ... The Grenelle  
agreements were signed...  
Guaranteed minimum wage  
interprofessionnel growth, ...  
increased by 35%, which brought it  
to 500 francs per month

LEE

Unions are with the government...

MONIQUE

The unions used our movement to  
achieve their goals...  
became a significant political  
force. But some workers continued  
to strike.

LEE

What newspaper did you bring?

MONIQUE

Paris Match. I think Dany is back.  
Look at this picture.

MONIQUE shows him a picture in the newspaper.

HOLD ON TO THE PICTURE

LEE

(looking at the picture)  
This with dyed black hair  
surrounded by students?  
I don't believe...

Several students pushed them into the auditorium. The hall  
was packed.

MONIQUE

We'd better concentrate on what the  
speakers are talking.

At the desk a student announces:

STUDENT

Et maintenant, un camarade espagnol  
va prendre la parole.  
(And now a Spanish comrade will  
speak)

LEE

(to Monique)

I am going. I want to buy something  
for Hanh. Tomorrow is her birthday.

MONIQUE

OK!

LEE wanted to leave when the guy with black hair, speaking at  
the microphone, took off his sunglasses.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

Dany. Is Dany.

LEE

You are right. Is Dany. He  
returned.

MONIQUE

His speech is broadcast live on the  
radio. He illegally crossed the  
border. I am afraid not to arrest  
him.

DANY

J'ai promis de revenir... Mon  
expulsion n'a pas résolu les  
problèmes de la France. (I promised  
to return... My expulsion did not  
solve France's problems.) Nous  
avons proclamé les droits du  
présent contre le passé, partie les  
voix de l'instant face aux gardiens  
de musée. (We proclaimed the rights  
of the present against the past,  
voicing the voices of the moment  
against the museum guards).

Among the students at the door, CARLOS made his way to Lee  
and MONIQUE.

CARLOS

(enthusiastic)

Extraordinary.

Thousands of students carrying  
posters depicting Dany... arrived  
at the Sorbonne. The radio  
announced 30,000...

Students with posters with Dany`s picture (Giclee print), and the text « Nous sommes tous des Juifs allemands » ("We are all German Jews."), began to enter the main entrance.

STUDENTS

Dany...Dany...

Dany stopped speaking. Tears stream down his cheeks.

DANY

(impressed)

Merci.

LEE

He is still a child like me.

MONIQUE

A smart child who allowed himself to dream... dared to light a spark at the right moment... to transmit his overflowing energy to others... by conveying the belief that we can do anything because we will succeed in our dreams.

The students surrounded Dany to protect him from the police.

**INT. SMALL APARTMENT, 15TH ARRONDISSEMENT, PARIS, 2 JUNE 68, EVENING**

In the room, on the table, a cake and glasses of champagne. LEE and HANH dance to the song "Nights in White Satin. Hanh dressed in a white Ao Dai, a silk tunic molded to her body, her black hair flowing over her shoulders.

LEE

Joyeux anniversaire!  
(Happy birthday)

HANH

Je ne fêterai pas mon anniversaire. Tout le monde célèbre son anniversaire le même jour. Tet Nguyen Dan, Nouvel an lunaire (I'm not celebrating my birthday... everyone celebrates their birthday on the same day. Tet Nguyen Dan, Lunar New Year)

LEE puts his fingers gently on HANH's lips.

LEE

Ss, ss.

They are dancing slowly, embracing, as if they are floating. HANH lets herself fall completely into his arms. When the song spoke for him: "Yes, I love you, I love you, oh how I love you," LEE leaned over to Hanh and whispered in her ear:

LEE (CONT'D)

I love you with all my heart.

LEE took her little face in his hands. She waits with closed eyes, and he kisses her long. When the last chords of the song fade, they are right next to the small couch. LEE slowly, as if holding a porcelain doll, lays Hanh on the bed, holding her in his arms. Lee buries his face in her long, silky hair, whispering

LEE (CONT'D)

I love you; I love you  
(caressing her all over)

LEE is trying to undo the tunic, but HANH doesn't help. Lee managed to undo the staples on the blouse and was able to reach in and excitedly reveal her small, firm breasts. Hanh starts shaking all over, gently takes his hand, and with tears in her eyes whispers:

HANH

Laissez-moi partir, laissez-moi  
partir. Je ne peux pas ! Je ne veux  
pas !

(Let me go, let me go. I  
can't! I don't want to!)

**INT. SMALL APARTMENT, 15TH ARRONDISSEMENT, PARIS, 5 JUNE 68,  
DAY**

LEE is staying in HANH's bedroom doorway.

LEE

Puis-je vous aider à faire vos  
valises ?

(Can I help you pack?)

HANH shuts the door in his face. LEE is staying stunned. Hanh can be heard crying from the room. Suddenly, HANH is beside him. She puts down her suitcase, wraps her arms around his neck, stands on tiptoe, and whispers:

HANH  
 Anh Yêu Em MÙ QUÁNG  
 (Vietnamese)  
 (I love you blindly)

She kisses him passionately... LEE grabs her from the waist and lifts her into the air. He is kissing her hair and her hands.

HANH (CONT'D)  
 (trembling voice)  
 Pardonnez-moi, j'avais peur. Je  
 n'ai pas pu le faire.  
 (Forgive me, I was afraid. I  
 couldn't.)

They stayed like that, hugging each other.

HOLD ON TO HANH and LEE

**EXT. PARIS 15 JUNE, 1968**

Thousands of students, between 5 and 7 thousand very young people, between 16 and 18 years old, all very sad and serious, join a silent funeral march through Paris. Leading the procession are paintings of young high school students created by Beaux-Arts students, carried by workers from the Renault factory in Flins, who also had a contingent immediately following the boy's family. Extraordinary silence. All the high schoolers have a rose in their hands. They are softly whistling 'The Internationale'. Among them are LEE and MONIQUE.

MONIQUE  
 This is the May generation...  
 I see that you also came to the  
 funeral.

LEE  
 I am especially interested in high  
 school students. I am a high school  
 student.

MONIQUE  
 High school students flocked, along  
 with university students, to all  
 the major strikes and  
 demonstrations, and the CSR  
 attacked them no less brutally.

LEE  
 I heard about Gilles Tautin, a  
 young high school student who  
 (MORE)

LEE (CONT'D)  
 drowned in the Seine,  
 trying to flee the police, who  
 tried to break the strike  
 at the Renault factory in Flins.

MONIQUE  
 Unrest in France is not over.

A young lady was walking next to LEE. LEE accidentally bumped into her with his elbow.

LEE  
 Pardon.

YOUNG LADY  
 It doesn't matter. You're a  
 foreigner?... judging by your  
 American accent.

LEE  
 Yes. I am an American high school  
 student. I was in an internship  
 here.

YOUNG LADY  
 I am a chemistry teacher, a member  
 of the High School Student Action  
 Committees.

MONIQUE  
 Wau. You joined the student  
 movement to reorganize education.

YOUNG LADY  
 Yes. This May showed me how I  
 should live. As a teacher, it led  
 me to have a different relationship  
 with the children, and I saw that  
 the way the school worked was not  
 right at all. The 'traditional'  
 classes were abolished as pupils  
 were grouped based on knowledge,  
 not exams or grades.

LEE  
 What great ideas.

YOUNG LADY  
 Education must support the full  
 development of individuals. School  
 should not exist in isolation, but  
 be an interaction between groups  
 that help each other to progress.

A pupil to MONIQUE's right, who was listening quietly, at one point began to engage them in conversation.

PUPIL

I am a pupil in Nantes. The central axis of our demands is dignity. To be recognized as young adults and not as children in shorts. But internationalism is also one of the characteristics of our movement... "We give nothing for borders" is our slogan.

MONIQUE

Excelent

PUPIL

We also fight for other freedoms, for women's emancipation, gay rights, freedom of expression."

YOUNG LADY

And for democratic education.

PUPIL

Of course. Our main focus.

LEE

I am deeply impressed by your organizational spirit ...this action committee

MONIQUE

Yes. We organized the revolt directly in action committees and street battles. The leadership is collective, which allowed the democratic debates at the Sorbonne and Odeon.

YUONG LADY

Most of the student masses rejected the parties. This kind of leadership is a valorization of democratic participation.

MONIQUE

True. Dany told us:" We never had the intention of creating

MONIQUE (CONT'D)  
 a new party, but rather an  
 objective situation that would make  
 self-expression is possible at all  
 levels."

Finally, they arrive at the cemetery. A young factory worker  
 said a few words:

YOUNG WORKER  
 Vous êtes tombés, nous continuerons  
 le combat.(You have fallen, we will  
 continue the fight.)

MONIQUE  
 (toward Lee)  
 I feel like our revolution is  
 coming to an end. The government  
 has banned all street  
 demonstrations.Campuses and high  
 schools are saturated with police.

Young people dispersed as they had come, spontaneously,  
 without a word of order, in the same instant discipline.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)  
 And De Gaulle called this  
 generation`s movement "La  
 chienlit", a very ugly  
 word...referring to those animals  
 that defecate in the nest...denotes  
 his contempt and arrogance.

**INT. WIMPY`S RESTAURANT, AT THE CORNER OF BOULEVARD SAINT-  
 MICHEL AND RUE SOUFFLOT, PARIS, 5th ARR., 28 JUNE, 1968**

At a table with red checkered napkins on, on red chairs sit  
 LEE, AN, MONIQUE, and CARLOS. They are eating hamburgers with  
 ketchup and mustard and fries. There are many people in the  
 restaurant dressed in bright colors.

MONIQUE  
 Our parents wore gray suits, but we  
 preferred purple pants and orange  
 sweaters.

CARLOS  
 (laughing)  
 It took France six weeks to go from  
 gray trousers to purple trousers,  
 (MORE)

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
 from the social and sexual  
 repression to social and sexual  
 freedom.

LEE  
 Seeing the bright colors around, it  
 makes me feel like singing "San  
 Francisco."

LEE begins humming the song "San Francisco".

LEE (CONT'D)  
 If you go to San Francisco, Make  
 sure you wear some flowers in your  
 hair; If you go to San Francisco,  
 You'll meet some kind people  
 there...

MONIQUE  
 You can put it on the jukebox.

LEE gets up and goes to the jukebox, puts the money in, and  
 searches for the song. After a while, "San Francisco" is  
 heard. LEE goes back to his seat.

CARLOS  
 Bravo...

LEE  
 Lunched at the Summer of Love  
 festival in San Francisco in June  
 1967

AN  
 We know. Scott McKenzie.

LEE  
 But I don't know if you know that  
 the people with "flowers in their  
 hair" at the festival were called  
 "hippies" for the first time by the  
 local newspaper columnist?

MONIQUE  
 Interesting. Are you flying home  
 tomorrow?

LEE  
 Yeh. I invite you to say goodbye.  
 Finally, I obtained the document  
 certifying my attendance at the  
 Fine Arts course. I heard... An and  
 Carlos, you can finish the  
 university year.

AN

Hopefully. Our demand for the exams  
was accepted.

CARLOS

Unfortunately, the protest  
collapsed, everyone went back to  
work, and the Gaullists returned  
triumphantly to power.

MONIQUE

Yes... They are about to win the  
election.

LEE

I don`t understand. The government  
it was about to fall.

MONIQUE

Right. But at the election there  
were only two serious parties...  
Goulist and Communist.  
The French love the left but not  
the communists. And it was a  
revolution...not only protest

CARLOS

A failed revolution

MONIQUE

(angry)

This changed the world... They said  
we changed nothing, that we are  
just teenagers who wanted to  
replace an old system with a  
utopia, and that we had no plan for  
the future but only idealism.  
Sociologist Gustave Le Bon's words,  
"the only important changes, from  
which civilizations are born, occur  
at the level of opinions,  
conceptions, and beliefs."

AN

Right, but what is changing?  
the pavement is still torn up in  
front of the restaurant...

MONIQUE

(shaking)

Don't remind me of that. When the  
pavement was torn off, I took  
shelter in the CSR Wimby.

**FLASHBACK- EXT. BOULEVARD SAINT-MICHEL, PARIS, 6 MAY, 1968**

Tear gas on the street. Students running clashed with the police. Molotovs ignite. Riot police with truncheons beat the unfortunates still in the streets. MONIQUE runs through the crowd, exhilarated. Firelight flickering across her face. Monique reaches the corner of the street with Rue SOUFFLOT. She rips open the Wimpy's restaurant door and enters. Through the restaurant window, Monique is seen trembling.

**BACK TO THE PRESENT**

CARLOS

You were seriously affected. And  
 ...Yes. Many things change.  
 I feel that freedom and art have  
 won the first battle against French  
 conservatism.

MONIQUE

Right... and the workers in France  
 gained better conditions...and the  
 most important event... a large  
 mass of the population became  
 politically active for the first  
 time. The French woke up

CARLOS

And look around... our  
 interpersonal relationships change.  
 We are freer...popular mobilization  
 can transform societies...we can  
 change lives through collective  
 political action

LEE

What a great truth... Thank you  
 all. You protected me...you  
 considered me a true "comrade."

MONIQUE

We tried... not to feel like an  
 outsider... Do you know how  
 Americans are seen by the French?  
 As a people without culture, with  
 deep pockets full of dollars, and  
 using unorthodox methods in  
 business.

CARLOS

You see... the Baby Boomers, we,  
 brought a new breath of  
 Internationalism to this  
 nationalist country

LEE

The spirit of rebellion is an important lesson for me. I realized that in the process of organizing students, huge friendships are formed... solidarity and a general agreement on changing life...

CARLOS

(laughing)

You mean that you became rebellious, radical, anti-imperialist? You want to save the world...

LEE

I don't know... personal freedom, social justice and autonomy... the youth have always brought the new breath, change

MONIQUE

And that's the way it should be, that's what youth is for

CARLOS

And don't forget. Be realistic - ask for the impossible!

LEE

Certainly. I am heartbroken to part from my friends. But ...I miss breathing in the fresh mountain air of home, the warmth of the log houses, I miss the wilderness, the freedom!

CARLOS

(laughing)

You remain a cowboy...

They are all laughing.

AN

By the way, I almost forgot. Hanh called me... from the French embassy

LEE's is frozen; he breaks his hand

LEE

And...

AN

She told me to give you her address  
so you can write to her if you  
want.

AN hands a piece of paper to LEE. Lee looks at the paper  
tensely.

AN (CONT'D)

And she told me something else...  
let me tell you Anh Yêu Em MÙ QUÁNG  
(I love you blindly)

LEE, with his mouth open...a wide smile lights up his face

**FLASHBACK - INT. SMALL APARTMENT, 15TH ARRONDISSEMENT,  
PARIS, JUNE 68, DAY**

LEE is staying still in the apartment, in front of the  
bedroom. Suddenly, HANH is beside him. She puts down her  
suitcase, wraps her arms around his neck, stands on tiptoe,  
and whispers:

HANH

Anh Yêu Em MÙ QUÁNG  
(Vietnamese)  
(I love you blindly)

She kisses him passionately... LEE grabs her from the waist  
and lifts her into the air. He is kissing her hair and her  
hands.

HANH (CONT'D)

(trembling voice)  
Pardonnez-moi, j'avais peur. Je  
n'ai pas pu le faire.  
Forgive me, I was afraid. I  
couldn't.

They stayed like that, hugging each other. In the background,  
you can hear the song "Night in white satin."

FADE OUT