

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

As French music plays in the background, two guys and two girls, all of them in their mid-twenties, stroll to a shaded area of the cemetery beneath a large tree.

The girls are Agathe and Marine. The guys are Benjamin and Nico.

One of the guys carries a classic-looking picnic basket. Another carries a bag that contains a picnic basket.

They set up their picnic station, laying down the red-and-white checkered picnic blanket, setting the picnic basket in the middle.

The picnic basket contains whole wheat baguettes, bottles of wine, a bottle of mineral water, Jarlsberg cheese, a pint of fresh figs, plastic cups, two Opinel knives, a corkscrew.

Nico passes out cups to everyone.

AGATHE

It doesn't feel like it's been a year.

MARINE

Right.

NICO

Family reunion picnic.

Benjamin takes out a bottle of wine, examines the date.

BENJAMIN

2012.

(examines the date)

A little ironic, don't you think?

NICO

Huh?

BENJAMIN

The date. 2012.

NICO

Oh. It's not like I had to pay for it.

AGATHE

He never paid for anything when we were dating.

MARINE  
(eyeing Nico with a smirk)  
Well, he is French. It is in his  
nature.

BENJAMIN  
So, he was born that way.

AGATHE  
He's just cheap. Don't make  
excuses for him.

BENJAMIN  
(to Agathe)  
He paid for your ring.

AGATHE  
No. He didn't.

BENJAMIN  
Oh man. Ha ha ha.

MARINE  
He is French. It is the way he is.

NICO waves for someone to pass him the wine. He fills his  
cup. Takes a big drink.

BENJAMIN  
He is consistent, no?

NICO  
This is what love does to you.  
This is what love did to me.

AGATHE  
Oh my. Is that what it's called.

BENJAMIN  
His definition of love.

AGATHE  
Love is a commitment, not a  
feeling.

NICO  
And drinking helps me feel that way  
... committed.

BENJAMIN  
To a mental institution.

Marine acts like she is in a straight jacket. Benjamin laughs. Agathe, taking this conversation seriously, looks at them both with frustration, then back at Nico.

NICO

When I drink, I have a feeling. I feel that I can love.

AGATHE

Love is more than a feeling.

NICO

Love cannot be defined. To do so reduces it to something that can be understood. If one understands love, then it ceases to remain a mystery.

MARINE

He's smart when he's drunk.

NICO

(overlapping)

Love remains love because it is a mystery.

BENJAMIN

He just sounds that way because you're drunk, too.

MARINE

Ha ha ha.

NICO

It's like art. If you can define it, you reduce it's meaning because, then, you break it down to a craft. What makes art good is when it cannot be defined. Same with love.

BENJAMIN

Brrrrr.

AGATHE

That's what I keep saying. Love is a commitment.

NICO

(to Agathe)

I am committed to you.

BENJAMIN  
When he's drunk.

AGATHE  
Exactly.

MARINE  
Let's talk about something  
different. It's not like we see  
each other often anymore.

BENJAMIN  
(to Marine)  
You would like to see me more  
often? I always knew you had  
feelings for me. Take my hand.

AGATHE  
Only if there's money in it.

BENJAMIN  
Ha ha ha. You have to take my hand  
to find out.

MARINE  
(raises cup)  
Here's to us and the once a year  
picnic gathering.

BENJAMIN  
Here, here.

MARINE  
(overlapping)  
Cheers.

NICO  
(overlapping)  
says some French expression

AGATHE  
(eyes bottle of wine)  
2012. Did you buy it on purpose.

NICO  
Yes.

AGATHE  
(sarcastic)  
Awww. How thoughtful.  
(looks around)  
Sometimes, I think about what  
happened.

BENJAMIN

Why? There is nothing to be done.

AGATHE

I don't know.

NICO

Yeah, to be honest, I think about it, too.

AGATHE

I wonder what happened to the driver. Was he even charged?

BENJAMIN

The judge found him not guilty. They said it was an accident.

AGATHE

Ughh. This is not justice.

MARINE

He had a good lawyer.

NICO

Hopefully, he has the guilt to deal with.

AGATHE

Not if there's no punishment for what he did.

BENJAMIN

You want him in jail? That would make you feel better?

AGATHE

Yes.

NICO

Me, too.

MARINE

You don't trust the system.

AGATHE

No. I call it the shitstem because the people in control are full of shit.

BENJAMIN and MARINE laugh.

NICO

Neither do I. I was in Iceland last month. You know what they did?

AGATHE

(overlapping)

How was it? Did you visit the volcanoes?

MARINE

(overlapping)

Volcanoes?

AGATHE

(overlapping)

I want to go to Iceland.

BENJAMIN

Then go.

NICO

(overlapping)

Instead of bailing out the bankers, they put them in jail. The government took control fo the banks.

AGATHE

(to Nico)

Why didn't you invite me to go with you?

NICO

I wanted to go alone.

AGATHE

You hate to be alone.

MARINE

I was in Italy last week. The south.

BENJAMIN

I was some place you've never been.

MARINE

Oh yeah? Where?

BENJAMIN

Outer space.

MARINE  
 (laughing)  
 Yeah, right.

BENJAMIN  
 I was. I snuck on board the space  
 shuttle. It's not like they're  
 going to see me.

AGATHE  
 Don't they have heat sensors?

NICO  
 Did you really go?

BENJAMIN  
 I did. It was beautiful. The  
 earth. Space. Stars. I  
 understood my place in the  
 universe.

NICO  
 We don't have a place in the  
 universe.

AGATHE  
 Of course we do. We see life for  
 what it really is, more so than we  
 did before.

MARINE  
 I agree.

AGATHE  
 I realized something last week.  
 (beat)  
 I can hear better. Sounds that  
 I've never heard before.  
 (beat)  
 Sometimes, I can hear the equator.

The camera pans out, revealing that the four friends are  
 having a picnic in a cemetery. The camera pans left,  
 revealing a mid-fifties gentleman and his wife leaving  
 flowers at a series of four tombstones.

He lays flowers at the tombstones and they blow away, toward  
 the group of four having the picnic. As the flowers blow  
 toward the picnic cloth and provisions, we see that the four  
 picnic people are not there. The picnic provisions remain,  
 and the flowers land at the basket.