

Whispers of Paris

Script and Story by

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ACT 1, SCENE 1

Black Screen

OLDER MADELINE MONROE (70s), a renowned art estate specialist and gallery owner. Elegant, intelligent, and warm.

OLDER MADELINE (V.O.)
The day I lost everything was the
day I inherited a mystery...A week
later I discovered my fiance
William cheating. Then a letter
arrived from Paris.

FADE IN:

ACT 1, SCENE 2
MORNING- 1953

EXT: FIFTH AVENUE-

A New York City morning. Yellow taxis screech past. Newspaper vendors sell papers and sharply dressed business men run off to work.

MADELINE MONROE (30s), an expressive antique jewelry shop owner with a love for antiques, and a gift for uncovering stories behind forgotten heirlooms.

She walks down the sidewalk in a tailored coat and gloves. A vintage handbag, pearl necklace, and a gold antique brooch pinned on her jacket.

On her way down the street she passes a theatre displaying ROMAN HOLIDAY. Audrey Hepburn smiles and Madeline can't help but smile back.

WHISPERS OF PARIS - SCREEN TEXT

A few seconds later-

WRITTEN BY MICHELLE LYNN- SCREEN TEXT

A SILVER LIGHTS STUDIOS PRODUCTION and CREDITS ROLL until she enters the coffee shop.

She is walking past a stand full of roses. The florist says.

FLORIST
Fresh roses. Half off today!

MADELINE
Do they come without thorns?

FLORIST
Not today.

MADELINE
Then tomorrow I will stop by.

Then she smiles and continues walking to the corner coffee shop.

ACT 1, SCENE 3
CORNER COFFEE SHOP

INT: NYC

The café buzzes with conversations. Every seat is taken. The smell of baked goods fill the air. Perfectly synchronized waitresses weave between tables carrying fresh coffee and pastries.

Madeline steps inside, removing her gloves as she approaches the counter.

A BARISTA smiles.

BARISTA
The usual, Miss Madeline?

MADELINE
Please.

As the barista prepares her order, a familiar sound catches her attention. The voice of William Callahan, her fiancé. Madeline freezes, and then turns in the direction of the voice.

Across the cafe, WILLIAM CALLAHAN (40s), a polished Wall Street executive. He wears success as comfortably as a tailored suit.

Beside him sits CATHERINE WINTERS (20s), a beautiful fashion model. Elegant, and accustomed to attention.

They sit close together, unmistakably intimate.

WILLIAM
Just give me a little more time.

CATHERINE
And then?

William reaches for her hand.

WILLIAM
Then it's me and you in Paris.

Madeline's heart drops.

CATHERINE
What about your fiancée?

William barely hesitates.

WILLIAM
I'll handle Madeline.

Madeline's face becomes pale. As if sensing her presence, William glances up, and their eyes meet.

The sounds of the café fade and William remains in focus.

BARISTA
Order for Madeline!

The voice snaps her back to reality. Fighting tears, Madeline turns and rushes toward the door.

WILLIAM
Madeline....

William frozen in his chair. The bell above the door CHIMES.

MATCH CUT TO:

The bell above the door of Monroe's Antiques & Estate Jewelry CHIMES.

ACT 1, SCENE 4
JEWELRY STORE

INT: MONROE'S

The bell above the door of MONROE'S ANTIQUES & ESTATE JEWELRY CHIMES.

Glass display cases sparkle with vintage treasures.

Ruby Bennett (40s), a practical estate jewelry expert with a sharp wit and keen eye for detail, examines an antique diamond brooch beneath a magnifying glass.

The door opens.

Madeline steps inside, and Ruby knows that look

RUBY
Let me guess.

Madeline drops her purse onto the counter.

RUBY (CONT'D)
You caught him in the act.

MADELINE
Coffee shop.

Ruby winces.

RUBY
Of all places, your spot.

MADELINE
He was with the model.

RUBY
The young girl from the wall street
gala?

Madeline nods, and Ruby shakes her head.

RUBY (CONT'D)
I knew I didn't like her.

MADELINE
You never like anybody.

RUBY
Not true. I like diamonds. They are
real and reflect authenticity.

Madeline glances down at her engagement ring.

MADELINE
I should probably give this back.

Ruby looks up.

RUBY
Why?

MADELINE
Because it's his.

RUBY
The man's already depreciated in
value.

RUBY (CONT'D)
Besides, we can always add it to
the estate collection.

MADELINE
But Ruby...

RUBY

What?

MADELINE

It's got a story behind it now.

Madeline studies the ring.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

You know what bothers me the most?

RUBY

Besides William?

MADELINE

He promised to take her to Paris. A place we've been talking about visiting for years.

Ruby rolls her eyes.

RUBY

How cliché.

Madeline notices an unopened envelope sitting on the counter.

MADELINE

What's this?

RUBY

Mail. Came in this morning.

Madeline picks up the envelope.

RUBY (CONT'D)

Good news?

Madeline studies the return address-

PARIS, FRANCE.

MADELINE

That's strange.

RUBY

What is?

MADELINE

I don't know anyone in Paris.

ACT 1, SCENE 5
JEWELRY STORE

INT: MONROE'S

The bell above the door CHIMES. William, out of breath, rushes inside.

WILLIAM
Madeleine, please. Let me explain.

Ruby folds her arms.

RUBY
You already did.

William ignores her comment.

WILLIAM
Can I speak to Madeline?

Madeline says nothing and simply stares at him.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
It's not what you think. It's just part of a charity my company is sponsoring. A few models are helping.

Madeline lets out a frustrated exhale.

MADELINE
Charity?

William nods quickly.

WILLIAM
Yes.

MADELINE
You're treating me like charity...
Sitting in our favorite spot.
Taking her to Paris.

William's face falls.

MADELINE (CONT'D)
You already told me everything I need to know.

Silence floods in as William struggles for words. Ruby points toward the door.

RUBY
Exit's still in the same place.

William walks out the door.

ACT 1, SCENE 6
MONROE'S JEWELRY STORE

INT:

The bell above the door CHIMES.

An ELDERLY WOMAN (70s) enters carrying a small velvet box.
Ruby looks up.

RUBY
Afternoon.

The woman approaches the counter and opens the box. Inside rests an elegant pearl necklace and a vintage feathered hat. Madeline's eyes light up.

MADELINE
They're beautiful.

ELDERLY WOMAN
They belonged to my grandmother.

Madeline lifts the necklace.

MADELINE
Do you know anything about them?

ELDERLY WOMAN
She said she wore those pearls during the days of Lucky Luciano at the Silver Slipper Club.

Ruby raises an eyebrow.

RUBY
Oh boy.

ELDERLY WOMAN
She always said those pearls were shinier than any moonshine a gangster could drink.

Madeline forces a smile despite her betrayal. For the first time all day, she's distracted from William.

MADELINE
Let's take a look.

Madeline slowly turns the pearls in her hand. The afternoon light catches them.

CAMERA PUSHES IN.

Closer.
Closer.

The pearls fill the frame.

ACT 1, SCENE 7
PARIS TOWNHOUSE- BEDROOM-NIGHT

INT:

MATCH CUT TO:

The same pearls rest around the neck of GENEVIEVE LAURENT (20s).

Genevieve Laurent looks elegant and beautiful, dressed for high society. She adjusts her necklace. The young woman studies herself in the antique mirror. She is nervous, excited, and a folded note peeks from inside her evening glove.

A knock at the door, and the door opens. A maid enters carrying Genevieve's evening coat.

MAID
Your carriage is waiting,
Mademoiselle.

The maid helps her into her coat.

MAID (CONT'D)
You look beautiful this evening.

GENEVIEVE
Thank you.

She takes one last look in the mirror with a secret smile and then heads outside.

ACT 1, SCENE 8
STREET- NIGHT- 1895

EXT: PARIS

A carriage waits outside beneath Paris night lamps. Genevieve steps inside the carriage and The driver SNAPS the reins. The carriage rolls through the glowing streets of Paris. Gas lamps flicker, cafés bustle with laughter and music echoes throughout the streets.

Genevieve sits alone inside the carriage. The pearls shimmer against her skin. She reaches into her glove and unfolds a small note. A pressed rose petal slips free and lands softly in her lap. Genevieve smiles, and folds the note before we can read it.

Outside, the city begins to quiet. The grand boulevards give way to quieter streets. Moonlight shines across the Seine River, and the carriage slows to a stop

ACT 1, SCENE 9
RIVER WALKWAY- NIGHT-1895

EXT: SEINE

The driver opens the carriage door. Genevieve steps onto the cobblestone walkway. A soft breeze drifts across the river.

Waiting beneath a streetlamp stands a handsome YOUNG MAN (20s). An artist's portfolio tucked beneath his arm. The moment Genevieve sees him, her face lights up.

The young man smiles, and Genevieve takes a step toward him. Then another. They gaze into each other's eyes as the city disappears around them. Only the two of them remain.

MATCH CUT TO:

Dorothy in THE WIZARD OF OZ on the television screen.

ACT 1, SCENE 10
APARTMENT-MNIGHT- 1953

INT: MADELINE'S

Madeline sits alone on the sofa with a bowl of popcorn. The bright light of the television flickers across her face.

Madeline is eating her popcorn, sitting on the sofa, absorbed into the movie.

DOROTHY (ON TV)
There's no place like home.

OLDER MADELINE (V.O.)
I was starting to feel like Dorothy
From Oz... lost in a story that no
longer felt familiar.

Madeline reaches for the television dial to mute. The room falls silent.

Her gaze falls on an unopened envelope resting on the end table from PARIS, FRANCE.

Madeline picks it up. She studies it, and then turns it over in her hands. Curiosity finally wins. She carefully opens the seal. Inside is a letter. Her eyes move across the page, and then stop.

MADELINE
Genevieve Laurent?... Who the hell
is Genevieve Laurent?

She continues reading the letter. A small brass key slips from the envelope, followed by an old photograph. Madeline studies the photograph, the same woman from 1895 wearing the same pearls.

She turns over the photograph.

Written on the back: "FOR THOMAS."

Madeline freezes. Thomas was her father.

At the bottom of the letter:

For further information regarding the Estate of Genevieve Laurent, please contact:

Law Offices of Luc Moreau, Paris, France. Telephone +33....

She lowers the letter.

FADE OUT.

ACT 1, SCENE 11
ANTIQUES - MORNING

INT: MONROE'S

FADE IN:

Morning light scatters across a charming antique boutique that resembles a miniature museum. Glass display cases showcase vintage jewelry, pearl necklaces, Art Deco brooches, Victorian locket, jeweled hair combs, pocket watches, crystal perfume bottles, antique vanity pieces, feathered hats, and heirlooms from generations past. Every piece appears to hold a story.

The letter, the brass key, and the old photograph rest neatly across the glass counter. Madeline takes a closer look at the photograph. The bell above the door CHIMES. Ruby enters carrying two coffees.

RUBY
You look like you never went to bed.

MADELINE
I didn't. I stayed up all night watching movies. Look at this.

She slides the photograph across the counter. Ruby picks it up.

RUBY
Who's the movie star?

MADELINE
Your guess is as good as mine.

Ruby turns the photograph over. Her eyes stop on the handwriting that says "For Thomas.

RUBY
Did you ever hear your father
mention Genevieve Laurent?

MADELINE
Never.

Ruby studies the photograph again.

RUBY
Then why would she leave all of
this to you?

Madeline picks up the brass key.

MADELINE
That's exactly what I am trying to
figure out.

Madeline's eyes settle on the telephone number in the letter. She takes a deep breath, and picks up the receiver. Her finger dials the number.

The line rings three times before a refined French voice answers.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)
Law Offices of Luc Moreau. How may
I direct your call?

MADELINE
My name is Madeleine Monroe. I
received a letter regarding the
Estate of Genevieve Laurent.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)
One moment, Mademoiselle Monroe.
I'll connect you with Monsieur
Moreau.

A click and silence.

Then-

LUC MOREAU (50s), a distinguished Paris attorney with a refined, French accent. Reassuring presence, discreet, and deeply loyal to the Laurent family.

LUC MOREAU (V.O.)
Mademoiselle Monroe... thank you
for calling.

MADELINE
Mr. Moreau?

LUC MOREAU (V.O.)
Oui. My name is Luc Moreau. Please
accept my condolences for your
recent loss.

MADELINE
Thank you. But I believe you've
made a mistake. I don't know anyone
named Genevieve Laurent.

LUC MOREAU (V.O.)
No, Mademoiselle. I assure you...
there has been no mistake.
Madame Laurent was very specific
with her instructions.

MADELINE
Then who was Genevieve Laurent?

A brief silence.

LUC MOREAU (V.O.)
She is the reason I have been
expecting your call.

Madeline exchanges a confused glance with Ruby.

MADELINE
I don't understand.

LUC MOREAU (V.O.)
I know. Unfortunately, this is not
a conversation we should have over
the telephone. Everything Madame
Laurent wished to share with you is
here... in Paris.

MADELINE
You expect me to fly to Paris?

LUC MOREAU (V.O.)
No, Mademoiselle. Madame Laurent
did... When you arrive, I believe
you'll understand why she chose
you.

Madeline looks at the photograph, and then the brass key. She
holds the letter

MADELINE
Thank you, Mr. Moreau.

LUC MOREAU (V.O.)
Safe travels, Mademoiselle.

The line goes dead. Madeline lowers the receiver.

RUBY
So...

Madeline looks down at the photograph one last time.

MADELINE
I guess... I'm going to Paris.

Ruby smiles.

RUBY
Look at that. You got your Paris
trip after all.

MADELINE
Not the way I planned.

RUBY
Who knows? This could be an
adventure of a lifetime.

MADELINE
With a plot twist... a mystery.

Madeline smiles and the camera focuses on the coffee cup.

ACT 1, SCENE 12
SHOP

INT: CORNER COFFEE

MATCH CUT TO:

A steaming cup of coffee slides across the café counter. The
BARISTA places the cup in front of Madeline.

BARISTA
The usual?

MADELINE

Oui.

The barista chuckles.

BARISTA

Well, look at that. Sounds like
someone's speaking French.

Madeline wraps both hands around the warm cup.

MADELINE

I'm heading to Paris.

BARISTA

Paris? Now that's a trip.

Madeline smiles. The bell above the door CHIMES and William enters.

He immediately spots Madeleine, and their eyes lock. He walks over

WILLIAM

Madeline... Could you give me just
a minute?

MADELINE

You have one minute.

William takes a breath.

WILLIAM

I've thought about yesterday all
night. I made a terrible
mistake...I didn't realize what I
had until I lost it. Everything
with Catherine was a mistake.

Madeline looks down at her coffee and then back at William.

MADELINE

It's too late, William.

WILLIAM

Please... Don't leave like this.

Madeline picks up her coffee.

MADELINE

You know... Paris finally worked
out. Just not the way I imagined.

William lowers his eyes.

WILLIAM
I wish it were with me.

Madeline gives him a soft smile.

MADELINE
So did I.

She sets the coffee cup back on the counter.

Madeline walks toward the door. The bell above the café CHIMES. William watches her disappear into the New York crowd.

MATCH CUT TO:

A Pan American World Airways jet taxis toward the runway.

ACT 2, SCENE 1
AIRCRAFT- DAY

INT: PAN AM

Madeline settles into her window seat. She opens her purse. Inside are the brass key, the faded photograph, and the letter from Paris.

She gently places her hand over them.

A FLIGHT ATTENDANT (20s), polished and poised in her Pan Am uniform, smiles as she speaks over the cabin speaker.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (V.O.)
Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. Welcome aboard Pan American Airways Flight 108 to Paris. We expect to arrive tomorrow morning. Please fasten your seatbelts as we prepare for takeoff. Thank you, and enjoy your flight.

Madeline looks out the window. The engines begin to roar. The aircraft slowly rolls onto the runway. She takes one last glance at the photograph, and then she looks out the window.

The plane accelerates, lifting into the clouds until nothing remains but endless white clouds. Madeline closes her eyes.

FADE TO WHITE.

ACT 2, SCENE 2
ANTIQUES & ESTATE JEWELRY- DAY- FLASHBACK

INT: MONROE'S

Sunlight filters through the front windows of a cozy, cluttered antique shop. An old brass cash register sits on the worn wooden counter with stacks of handwritten receipts piled beside it. Vintage jewelry boxes, pocket watches, crystal perfume bottles, porcelain figurines, feathered hats, antique vanity pieces, framed photographs, and dusty books fill every shelf. Every corner holds another forgotten treasure waiting to be discovered.

A much younger MADELINE (8) sits cross-legged on the hardwood floor, carefully arranging old costume jewelry into tiny piles.

THOMAS MONROE (40s), Madeline's father and antique shop owner stands behind the counter polishing an antique pocket watch.

Young Madeline looks up.

YOUNG MADELINE
Daddy... How do you know if
something's valuable?

Thomas smiles.

He walks over carrying an antique locket. He kneels beside her.

THOMAS
Most people think value is measured
in dollars.

He places the locket in her hand.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
But the most valuable things
usually carry the best stories.

Young Madeline studies the locket.

YOUNG MADELINE
Every piece?

Thomas nods.

THOMAS
Every piece. Some stories just take
a little longer to unlock.

Young Madeline smiles and Thomas smiles back.

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT 2, SCENE 3
AIRCRAFT- 1953-MORNING

INT: PAN AM

A soft ring echoes through the cabin. Madeline slowly opens her eyes.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Good morning, ladies and gentleman.
We are beginning our descent into
Paris shortly. Please return your
seats back to their upright
position and fasten your seatbelts.

Madeline blinks. She looks out the window. The clouds slowly begin to part. The Paris skyline comes into view. The Seine River winds gracefully through the city.

OLDER MADELINE
And there she was... Paris. I came
looking for answers. Paris, of
course, had other plans.

The aircraft continues its descent towards Paris.

CUT TO:

ACT 2, SCENE 4
AIRPORT- MORNING

EXT: PARIS

Passengers move swiftly from the terminal carrying luggage. Madeline steps through the airport doors, taking in Paris for the very first time. She stands outside to take it all in.

French conversations fill the air. Taxi horns echo in the distance. The aroma of fresh bread drifts from a nearby café. A city unlike anything she's ever known.

Waiting near the curb... JACQUES a distinguished DRIVER (60s), impeccably dressed in a tailored black suit and chauffeur's cap, stands beside a polished black Citroën.

In his hand is a white cardboard that reads "MADELEINE MONROE"

Madeline approaches.

MADELINE
I'm Madeline Monroe.

The driver offers a courteous smile.

JACQUES
Bienvenue à Paris, Mademoiselle
Monroe... I am Jacques.
Madame Laurent arranged this before
her passing.

Madeline looks surprised.

MADELINE
She arranged this?

JACQUES
Oui. Everything has been prepared.
Monsieur Moreau is expecting you.

Jacques reaches for her suitcase. Madeline hands it to him.
He opens the rear passenger door of the elegant black
Citroën. Madeline slides inside. Jacques closes the door
gently.

Moments later... The Citroën pulls away from the curb.

ACT 2, SCENE 5

EXT: PARIS STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The Citroen glides through the heart of Paris. Madeline
watches silently in amazement.

Elegant cafés spill onto the sidewalks. Flower vendors
arrange colorful bouquets. Street musicians perform along the
Seine. Artists paint beneath the glistening morning sun.

Historic architecture rises on every corner. Paris feels
timeless and Madeline can't help but smile.

INT: CAR

She presses her hand gently against the window, taking it all
in.

JACQUES
Your first visit to Paris,
Mademoiselle?

Madeline nods.

MADELINE
Yes... I just never imagined it would
happen like this.

Jacques smiles.

JACQUES
Paris has a way of introducing
herself when the time is right.

Madeline looks at him.

MADELINE
Did you know Genevieve Laurent?

Jacques keeps his eyes on the road.

JACQUES
For many years.
A remarkable woman.

The Citroën turns onto a quiet street lined with historic limestone buildings.

JACQUES (CONT'D)
We've arrived, Mademoiselle. The
Law Office of Luc Moreau.

EXT. LAW OFFICES OF LUC MOREAU - MORNING

A black Citroën pulls to the curb in front of an elegant limestone building.

Jacques steps out and opens Madeline's door. She looks up. Etched into the polished brass plaque:

LAW OFFICES OF LUC MOREAU

MATCH CUT TO:

ACT 2, SCENE 6
EXT: LAW OFFICES OF
HENRI MOREAU- DAY-PARIS -1895 FLASHBACK

Horse-drawn carriages line the cobblestone street. Ladies in elegant gowns pass beneath ornate storefronts.

Etched into the same brass plaque:

LAW OFFICES OF HENRI MOREAU

INT. LAW OFFICES OF HENRI MOREAU - DAY

HENRI MOREAU (60s), a respected Paris attorney with a compassionate but formal demeanor. He sits across from-

GENEVIEVE LAURENT (22), an elegant young Parisian struggling to hide her heartbreak.

A newborn baby rests in her arms. Legal documents lie open across the desk.

Henri gently removes his spectacles.

HENRI MOREAU
Mademoiselle Laurent... You
understand what this means. Today
you are the heir to one of Paris's
most respected families. By
tomorrow... You could have nothing.
No inheritance. No estate.
No place to call home.

Genevieve looks down at the sleeping baby. Tears begin to fill her eyes.

HENRI MOREAU (CONT'D)
If you choose to keep this child...
Everything changes.

She gently kisses the baby's forehead, unable to speak.

MATCH CUT TO:

ACT 2, SCENE 7
OFFICES OF LUC MOREAU- MORNING- 1953

INT: LAW

The office door opens and Luc Moreau appears in a formal suit waiting.

The office feels untouched by time. Floor-to-ceiling bookcases lined with leather-bound law books. Persian rugs, an antique globe, crystal paperweights, and tall windows overlook the rooftops of Paris.

Madeline admires every detail.

LUC MOREAU (50's), a distinguished Paris attorney with great loyalty to Ms. Laurent. Impeccable manners and a refined French accent, rises from behind his mahogany desk.

LUC MOREAU
Bienvenue, Mademoiselle
Monroe. Please... Have a seat.

Madeline sits. Luc notices the elegant pearl necklace around her neck.

LUC MOREAU (CONT'D)
May I say... your necklace is
exquisite.

Madeline smiles.

MADELINE
Thank you. Lipstick and pearls have
always been my signature.

LUC MOREAU
Madame Laurent would've approved.

Madeline's attention drifts toward a beautiful painting-
Monet's Water Lillies. She stands because she is drawn toward
it.

MADELINE
It's beautiful.

Luc joins her.

LUC MOREAU
A gift from Madame Laurent.
One of her many acts of generosity.
She believed beautiful things
should inspire others.

Madeline studies the painting.

MADELINE
She must've really loved art.

LUC MOREAU
It was her life's passion.

He returns to the desk, and she sits down. Luc opens an aged
leather estate file. He removes one elegant cream-colored
letter sealed with the Laurent family crest.

Beside it, there is an antique brass key. Madeline reaches
into her purse. She removes the key she received in New York,
and she places it beside the second.

MADELINE
Looks like they're sisters.

Luc smiles.

LUC MOREAU
The key you received in New York
opens Madame Laurent's apartment.
This key opens the Laurent Gallery.

Madeline studies both keys.

MADELINE

She left me an apartment and an art gallery?

LUC MOREAU

Not just any gallery, Madam. The oldest privately owned gallery in Paris.

Madeline laughs.

MADELINE

First day in Paris, and I've already inherited a new life.

Luc slides the sealed letter toward her. Written across the front:

For Madeline Monroe. Please open after you've entered my home.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

She definitely liked keeping people in suspense.

LUC MOREAU

That... She did.

Madeline carefully places the letter inside her handbag.

MADELINE

So... What's waiting for me at this old art gallery? A few dusty paintings... And maybe a ghost or two?

Luc smiles.

LUC MOREAU

Not ghosts, Mademoiselle. The gallery has remained under the care of one man. Karl Mercier. He has managed Madame Laurent's collection for many years now. He's expecting you tomorrow.

Madeline nods.

MADELINE

Then today belongs to unpacking and getting my french up to par. Oui?

LUC MOREAU

Oui. Madam, before you leave.

His expression grows more serious. He opens a drawer, and removes a newspaper clipping.

He slides it across the desk. The headline reads " ATTEMPTED BREAK-IN AT THE LAURENT GALLERY.'

Madeline's face is etched with concern.

MADELINE

Someone tried to break in?

LUC

Three times. The last attempt was only two weeks before Madame Laurent passed away.

MADELINE

Did they find what they were looking for?

Luc shakes his head.

LUC MOREAU

No. Because Karl was there. He's protected Madame Laurent's legacy for years. Soon... that will become yours.

Madeline looks at the newspaper, then the gallery key, and then the apartment key.

MADELINE

Quite a story I've inherited.

LUC MOREAU

Madame Laurent always said great stories were discovered one chapter at a time.

He stands, and Madeline follows. Luc walks her toward the door. He pauses.

LUC MOREAU (CONT'D)

Begin with the apartment. Let Madame Laurent introduce herself. Tomorrow... Karl will introduce you to her legacy.

Madeline nods.

MADELINE

Then tomorrow... I meet Karl.

Luc opens the door.

LUC MOREAU

Bienvenue à votre nouvelle vie.

(Welcome to your new
life.)

Madeleine smiles.

She exits.

CUT TO:

ACT 2, SCENE 8

EXT: GENEVIEVE

LAURENT'S TOWNHOME- LATE AFTERNOON

A magnificent French-style building stands proudly along a quiet Paris boulevard. Ornate wrought-iron balconies. Fresh flower boxes with yellow tulips. Elegant limestone architecture glowing beneath the afternoon sun.

Jacques places Madeline's suitcase beside the entrance. He tips his hat.

JACQUES

Bienvenue chez vous, Mademoiselle.

(Welcome home, Miss.)

Madeline looks up at the building.

Then down at the apartment key resting in her hand. She takes a deep breath.

MADELINE

Okay, Genevieve...

Let's finally meet.

She walks toward the front door.

FADE OUT.

ACT 2, SCENE 9

INT: GENEVIEVE

LAURENT'S TOWNHOME- LATE AFTERNOON

The townhome door opens, and Madeleine steps inside. She stops taking in the breathtaking apartment before her.

Everything is perfectly arranged as though no one has touched a single thing. It looks less like a home and more like the pages of an architectural magazine, frozen in time.

Elegant black-and-white photographs of Parisian opera evenings, crystal chandeliers dangling from above, fresh lily arrangements, a grand piano and tall windows overlooking Paris.

Every room tells a story of GENEVIEVE.

MADELINE

This is magnificent.

She closes the door behind her, and removes the sealed letter from her handbag. She opens the seal.

GENEVIEVE (V.O.)

Dear Madeleine... Welcome.
I have been waiting for you far
longer than you know.
Make yourself at home.

Madeline lowers the letter.

MADELINE

No wonder this place feels alive.

She begins wandering through the apartment. Running her fingertips across polished antiques, old books, crystal dishes and family photographs. Her attention settles on an elegant vintage rotary telephone. Beside it, a handwritten note. She unfolds it.

GENEVIEVE (V.O.)

I had a feeling your first call
would be home. The line to New York
has already been arranged.

MADELINE

Spooky...

She picks up the receiver.

ACT 2, SCENE 10

LAURENT'S TOWNHOME- CONTINUOUS

INT: GENEVIEVE

OPERATOR (V.O.)

International Operator.
How may I assist you?

MADELINE

New York City, please.

A click. The line connects.

RUBY (V.O.)
Hello?

MADELINE
Ruby.

RUBY (V.O.)
Madeline! How's Paris?

Madeline looks around the apartment.

MADELINE
Paris is beautiful. Although I have
a strange feeling Genevieve is
still in the room.

RUBY (V.O.)
What? You didn't come all the way
to Paris to be haunted by a ghost.

MADELINE
It's not that. It's more that she
is showing me pieces of the life I
am walking into.

RUBY (V.O.)
Don't forget about your life in New
York.

MADELINE
Darling, Paris would have to work
awfully hard to get New York out of
me.

Ruby laughs.

RUBY
Only you could fly to Paris and
inherit half the city. What about
the mysterious lawyer?

MADELINE
That's exactly what I said. The
lawyer I am meeting tomorrow.
Apparently the gallery has been
under the care of a man named Karl
Mercier.

Ruby pauses.

RUBY (V.O.)
Now that sounds french. Ohh la la..
Is he handsome?

MADELINE
Ruby I haven't even met him yet.

RUBY (V.O.)
If he's French and handsome...
I expect a full report down to his
cologne.

MADELINE
Don't hold me to it. I still have
to get caught up first with this
mystery art gallery.

RUBY (V.O.)
Now that's a story I can't wait to
hear.

Madeline hangs up, and silence fills the apartment once
again. She notices a hallway leading toward the bedroom.
Curiously, she walks toward it.

ACT 2, SCENE 11
BEDROOM- CONTINUOUS

INT: GENEVIEVE'S

Late afternoon sunlight filters through lace curtains.

The room is elegant and is fit for a Queen. A gold antique
vanity sits beneath a large mirror. Vintage lipsticks,
perfume bottles, hairbrushes, pearl necklaces and jewelry
boxes. Everything is perfectly arranged.

Madeline notices the lipstick and pearls. She smiles.

MADELINE
Lipstick and pearls... We
definitely would've gotten along

Then she notices the jewelry box. Inside-

A beautiful black-and-white photograph. Genevieve in her
later years. She stands proudly beside a handsome French man
in his early thirties inside the Laurent Gallery.

They're smiling and behind them are magnificent paintings
that line the walls. Genevieve rests her hand gently on the
young man's arm. Madeline examines the photograph.

MADELINE (CONT'D)
So... You're Karl.

She carefully lifts the photograph. Beneath is a folded handwritten note, and she unfolds it.

GENEVIEVE (V.O.)
 Tomorrow visit the Laurent Gallery.
 Karl Mercier has faithfully cared
 for my life's work. He has been
 expecting you.

Madeline looks back at the photograph, and then around the bedroom. She places the photograph back inside the jewelry box. A quiet smile grows across her face. She closes the jewelry box, and then walks over to the window with the gallery key. She looks outside the window.

MADELINE
 Tomorrow... another door opens.

ACT 2, SCENE 12
 LAURENT'S TOWNHOME-MORNING

EXT: GENEVIEVE

Paris awakens beneath a golden morning sun. Fresh pastries fill café windows. Flower vendors arrange colorful bouquets along the sidewalks. The distant sound of a french band drifts through the streets.

The front door opens. Madeline Monroe, an elegant dressed New Yorker steps out in a fitted jacket, lipstick, and pearls. She locks the townhouse behind her and the gallery key rests safely inside her purse.

She pauses, taking in the beauty of Paris.

MADELINE
 Paris is Amazing.

Across the street a distinguished gentleman stands alone.

His back turned and is studying Genevieve Laurent's townhouse, not casually but with deep thought. He turns, and their eyes meet. He removes his leather gloves, and walks toward her.

THEODORE KENSINGTON (40s), a British Aristocrat Art Collector with razor-sharp wit, and effortless charm.

A THEODORE
 Good morning, Madam. You must be
 the glamorous American everyone's
 been whispering about.

Madeline raises an eyebrow.

MADELINE
Should I be concerned?

THEODORE
Only... If you intend on eating a
croissant without a cappuccino. Now
that would be considered a crime.

Madeline laughs.

MADELINE
I would never commit that crime.

THEODORE
Wonderful answer, Madam. Paris may
never let you go back to America.

He offers his hand.

THEODORE (CONT'D)
Theodore Kensington. Art collector.

She shakes it. His eyes notice her pearls.

MADELINE
Madeline Monroe. Antique collector.

THEODORE
Dashing style... beautiful pearls.

MADELINE
Lipstick and pearls. They're my
signature.

THEODORE
Then I'd say Paris approves of your
signature style.

Madeline glances toward Genevieve's townhouse. Then back at
Theodore.

MADELINE
Oui, and you approve of this
building?

THEODORE
Anything touched by Genevieve
Laurent, a woman with extraordinary
taste... art, architecture, and
people. One can't help but admire
what she left behind.

Madeline is unsure whether he's talking about the townhouse
or something more.

MADELINE
You knew her?

THEODORE
Enough to miss her.

A black Citroen stops to the curb, and Jacques steps out. He notices Theodore immediately. His normal expression tightens for a moment.

Jacques opens the passenger door.

JACQUES
Mademoiselle Monroe.
Karl will be expecting us.

Madeline nods and she turns back toward Theodore.

THEODORE
Before you disappear into the
Laurent Gallery. Allow me to make a
small request.

Madeline raises her eyebrows.

THEODORE (CONT'D)
Three evenings from now, join me
for dinner. There's a wonderful
restaurant overlooking the Seine
River. Excellent desserts.

MADELINE
Theodore, are you always this
direct?

THEODORE
Only when I see something I want.

Theodore tips his hat.

THEODORE (CONT'D)
Until then.

She climbs into the Citroën. As they pull away, Madeline watches Theodore through the rear window.

He's still standing, looking at the townhouse.

MADELINE
Friend of Genevieve's?

Jacques keeps his eyes on the road.

JACQUES
 Monsieur Kensington has admired the
 Laurent collection for many years.
 Some people collect paintings...
 others collect what they believe
 paintings may hide.

Madeline looks back one last time. Theodore is gone.

ACT 3, SCENE 1

EXT: LAURENT GALLERY

The Citroën stops in front of the magnificent Laurent Gallery. Jacques opens Madeleine's door, and she steps out, and looks up. The gallery is a landmark.

JACQUES
 Bonne chance, Mademoiselle.
 (good luck Miss)

Madeline climbs the front steps, and she reaches into her purse. She grabs the antique gallery key.

MADELINE
 All right... Let's see what you've
 got. She inserts the key.

She turns the key and the door isn't opening. She tries again, jiggling the key. She checks her watch and minutes pass.

She paces and grows more frustrated.

MADELINE (CONT'D)
 Seriously? My first day... And I'm
 locked out of my own gallery.

A calm voice behind her.

KARL (O.S.)
 Usually that's a sign we're closed.

Madeline spins around. Standing several feet away is..

KARL MERCIER (30s), A handsome French accomplished art curator with an old soul, dry wit, and quiet confidence.

He carries a leather portfolio under one arm. A cappuccino in the other. Completely unhurried. Madeline folds her arms and is already irritated.

MADELINE
 Is that right?

Karl notices the key, and then locks eyes with her.

KARL
You're Madeleine Monroe.

MADELINE
The one and only.

KARL
Luc said you'd be here this morning.

Madeline glances at her watch.

MADELINE
Apparently "this morning" means twenty minutes late in Paris.

Karl calmly checks his watch.

KARL
Twenty-two exactly.

MADELINE
You're actually counting?

Karl shrugs.

KARL
I don't like being accused unfairly.

Madeline exhales, letting go of frustration.

MADELINE
I've been standing out here trying this key every way imaginable.

Karl walks toward the door. He gently takes the key from her hand, and looks at it, and Then back at Madeleine.

KARL
Did you try asking nicely?

Madeline blinks.

MADELINE
The door?

Karl nods with a serious look. She rolls her eyes. Then laughs despite herself, and Karl unlocks the gallery. The door begins to open.

He hands the key back. Karl pushes open the massive oak doors. He gestures for Madeleine to enter.

KARL
Bienvenue, Mademoiselle Monroe.
Welcome to the Laurent Gallery.

Her eyes drift to the cappuccino still resting comfortably in Karl's hand.

She points at it.

MADELINE
Hold on... You made me wait twenty-
two minutes and you stopped for
coffee?

Karl looks down at the cup, completely unfazed.

KARL
I did.

A playful smile appears on her face.

MADELINE
And you didn't get me one?

KARL
I wasn't certain if you preferred
coffee...or tea.

MADELINE
Cafe au Lait... all the way.

Karl smiles.

KARL
Tomorrow, then.

MADELINE
I'll hold you to that.

Karl gestures toward the gallery.

KARL
After you.

Madeline finally steps inside. The heavy doors close behind them.

ACT 3, SCENE 2
GALLERY

INT: LAURENT

She takes only a few steps, and then stops.

Morning sunlight pours through towering skylights, bathing the gallery in amber. Persian rugs soften the marble floors. Masterpieces share the walls with antique maps, leather-bound history books, handwritten journals, and rare first editions displayed inside glass cabinets.

Madeline walks farther inside as her eyes settle on several glass display cases. They sparkle with Victorian locket, royal pearl necklaces, art Deco diamond brooches, and estate rings.

MADELINE
Estate jewelry...Now this feels
like home.

KARL
Luc told me about your Estate shop
in New York.

Madeline nods, still admiring the collection.

MADELINE
People think they're buying
beautiful things. They're really
taking home someone else's history.

Karl watches her for a moment.

KARL
Madame Laurent used to say
something very similar. She
believed every painting, every
chair, every book, every
necklace...had a life before it
belonged to us.

Madeline continues wandering.

Photographs of GENEVIEVE LAURENT appear throughout the gallery. Genevieve welcoming guests. Speaking at gallery openings. Restoring artwork with conservators. Laughing beside friends. Her presence lingers in every room.

MADELINE
This doesn't feel like an art
gallery. It feels like she never
really left.

KARL
That was always her hope. She
wanted people to feel invited...
not impressed.

Madeline nods.

She turns and her attention suddenly catches on one
extraordinary painting displayed beneath its own skylight.

She instinctively walks toward it. The vibrant colors, the
bold brushwork and the mysterious reflection of a woman
gazing back at herself. Madeline stops only a few feet away.

MADELINE
(softly)
It's beautiful.

Karl joins her. His smile slowly disappears.

KARL
Madame Laurent called it the soul
of the gallery.

Madeline can't peel her eyes away from the painting.

MADELINE
Well... If I had to fall in love
with one on my first day I'd
probably choose this one.

KARL
Three weeks ago... someone came for
the painting.

MADELINE
Someone tried to steal it?

KARL
They never got that far.

Before Madeline can ask another question, the front doors
open.

CUT TO:

ACT 3, SCENE 3
GALLERY

INT: LAURENT

The front door opens, and Karl nods.

KARL
Inspector.

A sharply dressed man in his late forties walks toward them.
INSPECTOR LUCIEN DELACROIX (40s) enters.

A seasoned inspector with the French National Police's Art Crimes Division. Meticulous, perceptive, and quietly charismatic.

The Inspector returns the nod.

INSPECTOR DELACROIX
Monsieur Mercier.

He studies Madeline for a second before offering his hand.

INSPECTOR DELACROIX (CONT'D)
So... you're the American?

Madeline shakes his hand.

MADELINE
Is it the fact that I'm admiring
artwork I don't understand or my
accent?

A faint smile crosses Delacroix's face.

INSPECTOR DELACROIX
A little of both..

Delacroix walks toward Genevieve's antique writing desk. He places the leather case down, and opens it. Inside there are Black-and-white crime scene photographs, gallery sketches, and investigator's notes. He spreads everything across the desk.

Madeline joins him and examines the photographs.

One is the gallery, another is the Picasso Painting, and another close-up of the Picasso frame. She looks closer.

MADELINE
Wait... every painting has one of
these.

She leaves the desk, and walks through the gallery, and all the paintings have a small brass holder with A provenance card. She reaches the Picasso, and then notices the brass holder is empty.

She looks toward Karl.

MADELINE (CONT'D)
This one's missing.

Karl removes the provenance card beside another painting.

Hands it to her.

KARL

Every important painting carries a
provenance. Its artist. Its owners.
Where it's traveled. Its entire
history.

Madeline studies the card.

MADELINE

It's the painting's story.

KARL

Exactly.

Delacroix steps beside them.

INSPECTOR DELACROIX

Three weeks ago someone entered
this gallery. They ignored every
painting, every jewel, and every
antique. They stole only one thing.

Madeline looks back at the empty holder, and

MADELINE

The history.

Delacroix nods.

INSPECTOR DELACROIX

Exactly.

A brief moment of silence. Madeline looks at the empty space.

MADELINE

Why steal the history instead of a
masterpiece?

INSPECTOR DELACROIX

That's the same question I've been
asking for three weeks.

ACT 3, SCENE 4
GALLERY- SATURDAY MORNING

INT: LAURENT

MATCH CUT FROM: The empty provenance holder.

TO: Madeline unlocking another display.

Karl arrives carrying two cappuccinos. He offers her one.

KARL
I decided to take the risk.

MADELINE
I'm glad you did.

Madeline sips the coffee. She smiles and her eyes light up. She begins to get surge of energy. She starts to dance while she organizes the gallery. Karl observes her, and laughs softly. Madeline hears him, and looks at him.

MADELINE (CONT'D)
What?

KARL
Never knew French coffee could get
you dancing.

Madeline smiles and continues dancing while cleaning and organizing the gallery.

ACT 3, SCENE 5
GALLERY- SATURDAY AFTERNOON

INT LAURENT

They catalog estate jewelry. Madeline immediately notices a Victorian brooch has been catalogued in the wrong collection. She quietly switches it, and Karl notices.

KARL
In a second you catch a mistake
that could cost us a fortune.
Most people would never catch that.

MADELINE
It's in my blood. It's all I know.

KARL
An American who understands estate
jewelry. A rare gem.

They go back to working in the gallery.

ACT 3, SCENE 6
GALLERY-SATURDAY AFTERNOON

INT: LAURENT

The gallery doors open. Jacques enters carrying two elegant white pastry boxes tied with pale pink ribbon. The sweet aroma of warm pastries fills the room.

JACQUES
Fresh from Doux Baisers.
The sweetest treats from the finest
bakery in Paris.

Madeline smiles.

MADELINE
Doux Baisers?
What does that mean?

JACQUES
Sweet Kisses.

Madeline laughs.

MADELINE
Now that's a bakery with
confidence.

Jacques carefully opens the pastry box. Inside are beautiful
raspberry macarons, mini fruit tarts, and vanilla éclairs.
Delicate cream puffs dusted with powdered sugar.

Karl reaches for a macaron.

KARL
They're impossible to walk past.

JACQUES
Everyone in Paris eventually gives
in.

MADELINE
I have a feeling Paris is going to
ruin every dessert I eat back home.

JACQUES
That is usually how the love affair
begins.

The three share a moment as they gather around Genevieve's
antique desk. For the first time, the gallery feels less like
an inheritance, and more like a family.

MATCH CUT TO:

ACT 3, SCENE 7
GALLERY- SUNDAY AFTERNOON

INT: LAURENT

Classical music plays softly throughout the gallery. Madeline carefully places the final pearl necklace inside a velvet display. She notices it's slightly off center, and straightens it. Karl watches.

KARL
Madame Laurent used to do that.

Madeline looks over.

MADELINE
Do what?

KARL
She never left until everything was exactly where it belonged...
I think she'd approve.

Karl closes Genevieve's leather inventory ledger. He looks around the gallery and is satisfied.

KARL (CONT'D)
We've accomplished quite a bit these past few days.

Madeline nods.

MADELINE
It finally feels like hers again.

Karl locks the final display cabinet.

KARL
Any plans later?

MADELINE
Actually... I have a dinner date.

Karl glances up, trying to sound casual.

KARL
Do I know him?

MADELINE
A British gentleman. Theodore Kensington.

Karl closes the cabinet.

KARL
How did that happen?

MADELINE

We met outside Madame Laurent's townhouse. He invited me to dinner. He seemed very charming.

KARL

Of course. Theodore Kensington knows how to play Prince Charming.

Madeline notices his tone.

MADELINE

Maybe it was fate.

Karl walks toward the gallery windows overlooking Paris. He studies the city below.

KARL

The Kensington family has been collecting art for generations. Museums know them. Auction houses know them. Politicians know them. Some people say they own half of Europe's history.

Madeline smiles.

MADELINE

And the other half?

KARL

They're still trying.

She laughs. Then realizes he isn't entirely joking.

MADELINE

So you're telling me to cancel on Prince Charming?

KARL

Not at all. Just remember Theodore Kensington gets what he wants.

MADELINE

I'll keep that in mind.

She picks up her handbag, and heads for the door. Karl watches her leave.

CUT TO:

ACT 3, SCENE 8
LAURENT'S TOWNHOME- NIGHT

INT: GENEVIEVE

Madeline smooths the elegant evening gown. She applies her signature lipstick. She fastens pearl earrings. A touch of perfume. She looks at herself in the mirror.

The doorbell rings. She picks up her evening clutch, and heads to the door.

CUT TO:

ACT 3, SCENE 9
TOWNHOME-PARIS-NIGHT

EXT: LAURENT

The grand front doors of the Laurent townhouse open.

Madeline steps outside in an elegant ivory evening gown. A delicate strand of pearls rests around her neck. Theodore Kensington is a few feet in front of a gleaming black 1953 Rolls-Royce. He stands impeccably dressed in a tailored tuxedo. The chauffeur stands beside the open rear passenger door.

For a brief moment Theodore simply looks at her, almost forgetting to speak.

MADELINE
Something wrong?

THEODORE
Quite the opposite. You look absolutely beautiful.

MADELINE
Thank you. You look handsome yourself.

He offers his arm.

THEODORE
Shall we?

She slips her arm through his. Together they walk toward the Rolls-Royce. The chauffeur closes the door behind them.

ACT 3, SCENE 10
ROYCE-MOVING -NIGHT

INT: ROLLS-

The Rolls-Royce glides through Paris. Street cafés overflow with chatter, couples stroll beneath glowing street lamps, and a harmonica echoes through the evening air.

Madeline watches everything, trying to absorb every detail. She finally turns toward Theodore.

MADELINE
So... where are we going?

THEODORE
If I told you... it wouldn't be
much of a surprise.

MADELINE
Another surprise.

THEODORE
Paris keeps them coming.

More Paris landmarks pass outside the window. She smiles and looks out the window.

THEODORE (CONT'D)
Still collecting?

MADELINE
Old habit. Estate collections teach
you every object has a story. Paris
simply has better scenery.

THEODORE
That's one way of describing a city
that's survived centuries.

She continues to look out the window. He moves his hand to hold hers. The Rolls-Royce comes to a stop.

ACT 3, SCENE 11
RESTAURANT - NIGHT

EXT: PARIS

The Rolls-Royce stops in front of one of Paris's most elegant historic buildings. Street lamps spill through towering windows. A uniformed doorman opens the entrance. The chauffeur steps down from the driver's seat and opens Madeline's door. She steps onto the cobblestone street and looks up.

MADELINE
This is the restaurant?

THEODORE
We're almost there.

He offers his arm, and she slips hers through it. Together they walk toward the grand entrance.

INT: RESTAURANT LOBBY-CONTINUOUS

Crystal chandeliers shimmer overhead. Marble floors reflect opulence, and guests dressed in evening attire enjoy cocktails.

Madeline looks around and is impressed. Theodore gently guides her toward an antique brass elevator tucked near the back of the lobby. The doors slide open.

INT: ELEVATOR-CONTINUOUS

The elevator begins its slow ascent. As it rises, Paris gradually reveals itself through the glass. More rooftops, more lights, and more of the city unfolds.

Madeline watches in quiet amazement. Neither of them says a word. The anticipation says enough, and the elevator comes to a stop, the doors open.

ACT 3, SCENE 12
ROOFTOP TERRACE

EXT: RESTAURANT

A soft breeze greets them. They step onto a beautiful rooftop garden glowing beneath lantern lights. Rose bushes, green plants and pink daisies are scattered all around. A string quartet plays softly in the distance. The Eiffel Tower sparkles against the night sky. Paris stretches endlessly beneath the stars.

Madeline walks toward the edge, almost forgetting she is on a date.

MADELINE
It's beautiful.

Theodore isn't looking at Paris. Instead, he's watching her.

THEODORE
I had a feeling you'd like it.

She turns toward him.

MADELINE
I don't think I'll ever forget it.

She looks back across the skyline. The breeze catches her hair, a long peaceful silence.

The Maître d' approaches.

MAITRE D'

Good evening. Your table is ready.

Theodore offers his arm once again. She smiles and accepts. Together they walk toward a candlelit table overlooking the city.

ACT 4, SCENE 1
RESTAURANT

INT: ROOFTOP

Montage of Dinner.

- A) Their wine is poured.
- B) Dinner arrives.
- C) They talk and laugh together.
- D) They simply admire the skyline.
- E) The dinner plates are cleared.

ACT 4, SCENE 2
RESTAURANT- CONTINUOUS

INT: ROOFTOP

A waiter wheels an elegant silver dessert trolley beside their table. Crystal bowls filled with fresh strawberries, fresh whipped cream, chocolate cake, fruit tarts, raspberry macarons, crème brûlée.

The candlelight illuminates the dessert tray. Madeline's eyes grow bigger. Theodore notices immediately.

THEODORE

I believe we've discovered your weakness.

She laughs.

MADELINE

One of them.

WAITER

Mademoiselle?

MADELINE

Strawberries and cream.

The waiter nods.

WAITER
Excellent choice.

He turns toward Theodore.

THEODORE
The same.

The waiter prepares both desserts. Madeline looks at Theodore with a playful smile.

MADELINE
You're trusting my dessert
recommendation?

THEODORE
I have a feeling your judgment is
quite reliable.

MADELINE
That's a rather dangerous
assumption for a first date.

THEODORE
Sometimes the finest discoveries
begin with someone else's
recommendation.

Seconds later the waiter places two elegant bowls of strawberries and cream before them.

THEODORE (CONT'D)
Your favorite?

MADELINE
Always. There's something timeless
about strawberries and cream.
Simple. Romantic. The perfect
pairing.

Theodore looks at the dessert, and then back at her.

THEODORE
A perfect pairing... For a perfect
woman.

CUT TO:

ACT 4, SCENE 3
STREET-MORNING

EXT: PARIS

A quiet Paris morning. Madeline exits a neighborhood café, coffee in hand. She walks toward the gallery, still smiling as Theodore is on her mind. As she turns the corner she begins to slow down.

A police sedan is parked outside the gallery. Inspector Delacroix steps out through the front doors. He hands a folder to a uniformed officer. The officer nods and walks away.

Delacroix looks up and notices Madeline. He offers a small nod, and neither of them speak. She returns the gesture. Then he walks past her. As he reaches his car he stops in his tracks and then looks back toward the gallery. Then he drives away.

Madeline watches the car disappear down the narrow Paris street, unsettled. She steps inside the gallery.

ACT 4, SCENE 4
GALLERY- MORNING

INT: LAURENT

The front door opens and the bell chimes. Madeleine steps inside carrying a cup of coffee from the neighborhood café.

She stops and notices that one of the gallery's largest paintings leans against an easel. Karl stands beside it, studying the exposed wall. His expression is serious. Madeline walks toward him.

MADELINE

Karl... What's going on? I just saw
Inspector Delacroix leaving.

Karl nods.

KARL

He came by to follow up on the
burglary.

MADELINE

Again?

KARL

That's what I thought. After he
left, I started rehanging the
painting. The frame wouldn't sit
against the wall, so I took it
down.

He steps aside, and behind the painting is a concealed compartment. Madeline moves towards the hidden compartment.

MADELINE

Has that always been there?

Karl shakes his head.

KARL

I've managed this gallery for eighteen years. If there were a hidden compartment, I would've discovered it by now.

He carefully reaches inside, and removes a folded sheet of aged paper. He hands it to Madeline, and she unfolds it.

Across the top of the paper-
WHISPERS OF PARIS

Beneath the title-

A beautifully detailed sketch of an unknown masterpiece. A few notes written in a French script surround the drawing. In the lower corner an embossed family seal with two intertwined initials, and a single rose. Madeline examines it.

MADELINE

What does it mean?

Karl leans closer.

KARL

Genevieve wore that emblem. Every day. It was engraved on a pendant she never removed.

Madeline turns the page over. A handwritten message "Only she who carries the Laurent name will understand what has been hidden."

Silence for a few seconds.

MADELINE

The Laurent name... I don't understand.

Karl notices another line near the bottom, almost hidden. He squints.

KARL

There's something else...
(reading)
"Seek the jeweler who remembers."

Madeline looks up.

MADELINE
The jeweler?

KARL
Pierre Fournier. He restored
Genevieve's jewelry for years. If
he's still alive he may recognize
this emblem.

Madeline carefully folds the page, then takes one last look
at the hidden compartment.

CUT TO:

ACT 4, SCENE 5
GALLERY -MOMENTS LATER

INT: LAURENT

The gallery settles into silence. Karl rests the painting
against the easel, and he glances back toward the document.
The aged document remains on the display table. Madeline is
looking it over.

The gallery bell chimes, and Madeline and Karl look up.
Theodore Kensington steps inside carrying a small white
pastry box tied with a pale pink ribbon.

THEODORE
Good morning. I hope I'm not
interrupting.

Madeline starts to blush.

MADELINE
Theodore... This is a surprise.

He holds the pastry box.

THEODORE
I stopped by the cafe. I noticed
fresh strawberries and cream cake.
"I thought of you...since you
mentioned it was your favorite." I
couldn't pass by without bringing
you a slice.

MADELINE
You remembered.

THEODORE
I remember everything in the
presence of magnificent company.

For the first time all morning the tension eases. Then Theodore notices The painting leaning against the easel, the exposed wall and the old document spread across the table.

His expression becomes more serious.

THEODORE (CONT'D)
Is everything all right?

Madeline looks at Karl, and Karl gives an encouraging nod. She folds the top of the page over, leaving only the embossed family emblem exposed.

She slides the document slightly toward Theodore.

MADELINE
We found this hidden behind one of the paintings. Karl believes it may lead us to someone named Pierre Fournier.

Theodore studies the document carefully. The name catches his attention.

THEODORE
Pierre Fournier...

Karl looks up.

KARL
You've heard of him?

THEODORE
Only through my grandfather. He had an antique pocket watch restored by a master jeweler named Pierre Fournier. If it's the same man... His workshop is just off Rue de Rivoli.

KARL
Then I believe you found your next clue.

Madeline folds the page again. This time protecting everything except the emblem inside. She keeps it in her hands, and accepts the pastry box with a smile.

MADELINE
Cake is always better when you have something worth celebrating. Let's save it for later.

Theodore smiles.

THEODORE

Then let's give ourselves something
to celebrate.

Madeleine looks to Karl.

MADELINE

We'll be back.

KARL

Be careful.

Madeline puts the document into her purse. Theodore opens the gallery door. Together they step out into the Paris morning. The gallery bell softly rings behind them.

ACT 4, SCENE 6
RIVOLI- MORNING

EXT: RUE DE

Morning sunlight spills across the famous Rue de Rivoli. Shopkeepers sweep their storefronts and put up sale signs. Flower vendors arrange fresh florals. Tourists and locals are sitting at a nearby café. The distant sound of the accordion drifts through the streets.

Madeline and Theodore stroll side by side along the street.

Neither speaks. For the first time since leaving the Laurent Gallery, they simply enjoy Paris.

Madeline pauses briefly beside a flower stand, admiring a bouquet of pink roses. Theodore watches her smile. She continues walking, an elderly gentleman tips his hat as they pass. Madeline's attention is drawn toward an elegant shoe boutique. Displayed in the center of the window, a pair of beautiful ivory satin heels stands out.

She walks toward the glass. Theodore looks at the shoes, and then looks at Madeline.

THEODORE

Those shoes are fit for a queen.

MADELINE

Cinderella certainly had the best
slippers.

Theodore chuckles.

THEODORE

Perhaps... But I think she'd have
traded them for these.

Madeline smiles as she admires the display, and suddenly her eyes see a reflection, and then her smile disappears.

MADELINE
Don't look behind you.

Theodore remains perfectly still.

THEODORE
Why?

MADELINE
I think someone's watching us.

Without turning, Theodore looks at the reflection.

THEODORE
Keep walking.

Madeline nods. Together they continue down Rue de Rivoli.

CUT TO:

ACT 4, SCENE 7
RIVOLI- CONTINUOUS

EXT: RUE DE

A lone man stands beneath the arcade, dressed in a dark charcoal overcoat, black fedora, black leather gloves, and he blends in with the crowd. His face remains mostly hidden beneath the brim of his hat.

He watches Madeline and Theodore disappear farther down the boulevard.

Then he steps away from the stone column where he'd been standing. He follows, keeping his distance as pedestrians pass between them. For a moment they vanish from one another's sight. Then the mysterious man catches sight of them again.

Ahead Madeline and Theodore slow near the corner.

CUT TO:

Across the street an elegant sign hangs above an old storefront.

FOURNIER JOAILLIER - ESTABLISHED 1891

The mysterious man stops. He doesn't cross the street. He simply watches.

His gloved hand slips inside his coat, and he removes a small leather notebook. He writes a single line. He tears out the page, and folds it neatly.

A DELIVERYMAN pushes a wooden cart along the arcade stacked with boxes wrapped in brown paper.

As he passes, the mysterious man discreetly slips the folded note into his hand. The deliveryman never stops and never looks at him. He simply continues down Rue de Rivoli, pushing the cart into the morning crowd.

The mysterious man turns his attention back toward Fournier's shop, watching and waiting. Madeline and Theodore disappear inside.

CUT TO:

ACT 4, SCENE 8
JEWELRY WORKSHOP STORE -MORNING

INT: FOURNIER

Madeline and Theodore stand before an antique wooden counter, taking in the curious little workshop.

Pocket watches hang from brass hooks. Velvet trays display antique rings, brooches and locket. Clocks of every shape and size tick from the walls.

Behind the counter sits PIERRE FOURNIER, (70's), an eccentric antique jeweler who looks like Santa Claus with round spectacles.

Pierre peers through a jeweler's magnifying lens, completely immersed in repairing an antique pocket watch.

Without looking up.

PIERRE
I'll be with you in a moment.

Madeline and Theodore exchange an amused glance. Pierre holds the watch to his ear. He looks disappointed.

PIERRE (CONT'D)
Two seconds slow.

Madeline glances around at the dozens of clocks surrounding him.

MADELINE
With all these clocks, I'm surprised you noticed.

Pierre finally looks up.

PIERRE
Mademoiselle, at my age, two
seconds are valuable.

Pierre makes one final adjustment, listens and is satisfied.
He places the watch on the counter.

PIERRE (CONT'D)
There. Now...what have you broken?

MADELINE
Nothing yet. But the morning is
young.

PIERRE
Broken things keep me in business.

He gestures around the shop.

PIERRE (CONT'D)
Watches. Necklaces. Engagement
rings. Broken hearts, unfortunately,
are beyond my expertise.

Madeline looks at Theodore.

MADELINE
Probably for the best. Broken
hearts sound terribly expensive.

Theodore laughs, and Pierre smiles.

PIERRE
I like you already.

MADELINE
Tres Magnifique. French approval is
everything.

PIERRE
Now, how can I help you today?

MADELINE
We're looking for Pierre Fournier.

Pierre glances around his own shop.

PIERRE
Terrible fellow.
Surrounded by clocks and never has
enough time.

MADELINE
Sounds exhausting.

Pierre extends his hand.

PIERRE
Pierre Fournier.

Madeline shakes it.

MADELINE
Madeleine Monroe.

She gestures toward Theodore.

MADELINE (CONT'D)
Theodore Kensington.

A slight pause after his name.

PIERRE
Kensington.

THEODORE
My grandfather spoke highly of your
work.

PIERRE
Then your grandfather had excellent
taste.

Madeline gives Theodore a playful glance.

MADELINE
Apparently it runs in the family.

Theodore smiles, and Madeleine reaches into her handbag.

MADELINE (CONT'D)
Actually, Monsieur Fournier...
This is why we're here.

She removes Genevieve's folded document and places it on the counter. She unfolds it enough to reveal the embossed emblem: two intertwined initials surrounded by a rose.

Pierre freezes, and humor leaves his face.

PIERRE
Where did you find this?

MADELINE
Hidden behind a painting at the
Laurent Gallery.

Pierre removes his spectacles.

PIERRE
The Laurent Gallery?

MADELINE
There was a burglary about three
weeks ago. Karl found a hidden
compartment behind one of the
paintings.

Pierre looks down at the document.

PIERRE
And this was inside?

MADELINE
Along with a great deal of
mystery... I inherited.

Pierre looks up.

PIERRE
Inherited?

MADELINE
Genevieve Laurent left me the
gallery, the apartment, and a few
letters.

Pierre goes still. He studies Madeleine, then unfolds the
remainder of the document. His eyes travel across the sketch.

CUT TO:

ACT 4, SCENE 9
FOURNIER JEWELRY WORKSHOP STORE -MORNING

INT:

The handwritten notes. Then-

WHISPERS OF PARIS

Pierre stops.

PIERRE
Mon Deu...
(My God)

Madeline leans closer.

MADELINE

What is it?

Pierre looks at her.

PIERRE

Madeline, for fifty years,
collectors and thieves have
searched for it.

Theodore steps closer.

THEODORE

For one painting?

Pierre turns toward him.

PIERRE

Not just any painting, Monsieur
Kensington.

He smooths the document against the counter.

PIERRE (CONT'D)

Whispers of Paris is a legend.
If it still exists... It may be one
of the most valuable missing works
in Europe.

Madeline looks at the sketch.

MADELINE

How valuable?

A hint of Pierre's humor returns.

PIERRE

Enough to make polished men forget
their manners. And then break the
rules.

Madeline raises an eyebrow.

MADELINE

Paris must have some terribly rude
collectors.

PIERRE

More than I can count.

Theodore keeps his attention on the document.

THEODORE

And no one's ever found it?

PIERRE
Never. Some believe it was
destroyed. Others believe Genevieve
knew where it was hidden.

Madeline looks at the document, and something clicks.

MADELINE
The burglary... they weren't
looking for art. They were looking
for a way to find this.

She touches the sketch, and Pierre nods.

PIERRE
Exactly.

MADELINE
So someone still believes it
exists.

PIERRE
Someone always has.

Pierre turns toward an old wooden cabinet. He unlocks a small
drawer and removes an aged velvet box. He returns to the
counter, sets it before Madeline, and opens it.

Inside rests an antique gold pendant necklace with its
delicate chain curled against the velvet. Engraved into the
pendant— The same rose and intertwined initials from
Genevieve's document. Madeline stares.

MADELINE
That's the emblem.

PIERRE
Genevieve's.

Madeline looks up.

MADELINE
Did you really know her?

PIERRE
Very well.

Pierre carefully lifts the necklace.

PIERRE (CONT'D)
She left this with me many years
ago. One instruction.

MADELINE

Which was?

Pierre meets her eyes.

PIERRE

Return it only to a Laurent.

Madeline gives a small shrug.

MADELINE

Well... That eliminates me.
I'm a Monroe.

Pierre doesn't respond for a second.

PIERRE

Your father. What was his name?

Madeline is caught off guard.

MADELINE

Thomas Monroe.

Pierre goes still, and Madeleine catches it immediately.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

You know that name?

PIERRE

Thomas Monroe wasn't born a Monroe.

Madeline stares at him.

MADELINE

What do you mean?

PIERRE

He was adopted. Before he became a
Monroe, he was born a Laurent.

MADELINE

A Laurent?

Pierre nods. Her eyes move from the document back to
Genevieve's necklace.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Then who was Genevieve to him?

PIERRE

That I can't answer for you.

MADELINE

Why?

THEODORE

Madeline, somethings are meant to stay closed... until the right time.

MADELINE

And the necklace?

PIERRE

It's yours.

Pierre places the necklace into her palm. Madeline stares at the pendant with wonder. Theodore steps closer.

THEODORE

May I?

She hands him the necklace, and Theodore moves behind her. Madeline sweeps her hair over one shoulder. He brings the chain around her neck. His fingers find the clasp and it closes.

MATCH CUT TO:

ACT 4, SCENE 10
NIGHT 1895

INT: LAURENT GALLERY-

The same necklace clasp closes around Genevieve Laurent's neck. She looks at herself in an ornate gilded mirror. The gold pendant rests against her gown. Genevieve turns and moves in the Laurent Gallery, almost unrecognizable in its former glory.

Roses overflow from crystal vases. Oil lamps cast light on the polished marble floor. Magnificent paintings line the walls. At the far end of the gallery, one enormous canvas stands beneath a dark velvet covering.

Genevieve approaches. Her footsteps echo through the empty gallery. She stops before it. She looks over her shoulder checking to see if anyone is watching. Genevieve reaches for the velvet, and pulls it aside. A glimpse of-

WHISPERS OF PARIS

A mysterious woman in an elegant dark gown stands among cascading roses, gazing toward the Eiffel Tower beneath a luminous Paris night. Moonlight washes across the city.

The Seine glitters below, and in the woman's hand- A SINGLE GOLDEN ROSE.

Genevieve stares at the painting. Her fingers instinctively touch the matching rose pendant at her neck. Then..

CREAK. A floorboard. Genevieve freezes.

The velvet slips from her fingers, partially covering the painting again.

Silence.

Then a FOOTSTEP somewhere in the darkness. Genevieve turns.

GENEVIEVE
Who's there?

Another FOOTSTEP comes closer.

Across the marble floor, an elongated shadow of A man appears. Genevieve looks toward the painting, and then the shadow. Her expression changes, and she knows why he's here. Genevieve quickly pulls the velvet cloth completely over the painting. Her hand holds the pendant.

The shadow gets bigger as it approaches her. Genevieve reaches for the nearest gas lamp.

DARKNESS

CUT TO:

ACT 4, SCENE 11
WORKSHOP-MORNING -1953

INT: FOURNIER JEWELRY

The gold pendant against Madeline's neck. Theodore's fingers leave the clasp. Madeleine turns toward him. The pendant catches the morning light, and she touches it.

MADELINE
How does it look?

Theodore meets her eyes.

THEODORE
Beautiful as the lady wearing it.

CUT TO BLACK.

ACT 4, SCENE 12
GALLERY- EVENING- 1953

EXT: LAURENT

Paris evening. Karl turns the key, and the gallery doors lock behind them. Madeline steps onto the quiet sidewalk, touching the antique pendant now resting around her neck. For the first time all day she is relaxed and happy. Karl notices.

KARL

You haven't been in Paris a mere week, and you've already managed to solve more mysteries than most Parisians do in a lifetime.

MADELINE

I skipped sightseeing.

KARL

I noticed.

A comfortable silence settles between them as they begin walking beneath the glowing street lamps. Paris hums quietly around them. A violinist plays somewhere down the boulevard. A couple shares dessert outside a café. Fresh flowers spill from a market stand.

Karl looks toward Madeline.

KARL (CONT'D)

Tomorrow... No mysteries.
No hidden compartments.
No detectives.

MADELINE

That's an ambitious itinerary.

KARL

You're in Paris. Not every day has to end like Sherlock Holmes.

Madeline looks around for the first time. She notices the cafés. The flowers. The laughter drifting through the streets.

MADELINE

I suppose you're right. Paris doesn't have to be a puzzle.

KARL

Exactly. Tomorrow...
Let's make it a city to enjoy...
Not a city to investigate.

MADELINE
What would you recommend?

KARL
Coffee by the Seine.
A walk through the gardens.
Perhaps buying shoes you don't
actually need.

Madeline grins.

MADELINE
Now that... Sounds wonderfully
French.

They continue walking. Across the street-

A man in a dark overcoat stands beneath a lamppost. He is watching. She blinks, and in that split second, a delivery cart rolls between them. When it passes, the man is gone. Madeleine stops walking, and Karl notices immediately.

KARL
What is it?

Madeline continues scanning the street.

MADELINE
I thought someone was watching us.

Karl then looks in every direction. His expression subtly changes to protective. He looks back at Madeline.

KARL
Come on. I'll walk you home.

Madeline nods. The two disappear into the Paris evening. Across the boulevard the same man quietly watches them leave near a newspaper stand.

FADE OUT.

ACT 5, SCENE 1
SIDEWALK CAFE- MORNING- ONE WEEK LATER

EXT: PARIS

SUPER: ONE WEEK LATER

A beautiful Paris morning. Cars move slowly along the boulevard. Flower vendors arrange fresh roses. Waiters weave between crowded café tables beneath striped awnings.

Madeline and Karl sit at a small sidewalk cafe table. Two nearly empty coffee cups, and the remains of croissants on their plates. A newspaper folded between them. Madeleine leans back in her chair, watching the beauty of a Paris morning.

MADELINE

You were right.

Karl looks up from his coffee.

KARL

I'd like that in writing.

Madeline smiles.

MADELINE

Paris is more beautiful when you're not investigating it.

KARL

Finally, an American that listens.

Madeline takes another sip.

MADELINE

It takes us a while to give in to the French.

Karl smiles, and a comfortable silence. Madeline's eyes wander across the boulevard. Then she freezes as she spots at another cafe table across the street, MARCEL DUVAL, (40S), a sharply dressed, high-priced criminal operative in Paris's underground art world.

She sees him with his newspaper open, coffee untouched, and his attention to spying. Madeline looks back at Karl.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Our friend is back.

Karl doesn't turn.

KARL

He doesn't give up.

Madeline glances toward Marcel again.

MADELINE

He's not going to until he gets what he wants.

KARL

His methods...well they are
reckless.

He signals her to leave. Madeline reaches for her handbag.

MADELINE

Then we should leave before the
coffee spills.

She leaves money beneath her saucer. They rise. Across the
street Marcel immediately folds his newspaper, and stands. He
is tracking their next move.

As Madeline passes the CAFÉ MANAGER, she stops.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Monsieur... I believe that
gentleman forgot to pay his bill.

The manager looks at Marcel as he is already walking away
from his table.

CAFÉ MANAGER

Monsieur!

Marcel keeps moving.

CAFÉ MANAGER (CONT'D)

Monsieur!

The manager hurries after him. Marcel turns, and then finds
himself blocked. He looks back toward Madeline. She's already
halfway down the boulevard with Karl. Madeline glances over
her shoulder. Their eyes meet. Madeline gives Marcel a sweet
smile. She's onto him. Then turns the corner. Karl looks at
her.

KARL

He paid his bill.

Madeline slips on her sunglasses.

MADELINE

I'm sure they'll sort it out.

Karl laughs.

CUT TO:

ACT 5, SCENE 2
MARKET - AFTERNOON

EXT: PARIS- OUTSIDE

The outside market is alive with fresh flowers, fruit, bread, and jewelry. Vendors hustling business from beneath colorful awnings. Madeline and Karl stroll through the crowd.

Madeline stops at a small JEWELRY STAND. She lifts a sparkling pair of earrings. Karl considers them.

KARL
Those would look fabulous on you.

Madeline holds them beside her face in a small tabletop mirror.

She considers them, and then puts them down.

MADELINE
Tempting, but I don't cheat on my pearls.

She lightly touches them.

MADELINE (CONT'D)
They're my signature.

KARL
Loyalty. Even in jewelry.

MADELINE
Through thick and thin. Especially in jewelry.

Then, in the little mirror's reflection, Marcel appears amongst the crowd. Her eyes sharpen, and Karl catches the change.

KARL
That look... He's at it again?

Madeline sets down the earrings.

MADELINE
Apparently, Parisian men don't take rejection well.

They start moving and picking up the pace. Marcel follows. Ahead, a DELIVERYMAN pushes a large wooden cart through the narrow market lane. Madeleine sees it approaching. Beside them a narrow opening between two flower stands.

Madeline looks at Karl, and he understands. They quicken their pace, and then slip between the stands.

Marcel follows and just as the DELIVERY CART crosses behind them. Marcel tries to squeeze around it.

DELIVERYMAN

Monsieur!

Marcel sidesteps and his foot catches a basket beside a bakery stand, and he crashes into a display of baguettes. Bread scatters across the pavement.

The BAKER spins around.

BAKER

Monsieur!

Marcel scrambles up.

MARCEL

It was the cart!

The baker launches into furious French, waving a baguette at him. By the time Marcel looks beyond him, Madeleine and Karl already have vanished down the next street.

Karl looks back.

KARL

I almost feel sorry for him.

Madeline looks at the baguettes scattered across the pavement.

MADELINE

Don't. That's what happens when you make your living with dirty dough.

She looks back one final time.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Eventually it ends up on the pavement.

Karl looks at her. They disappear quickly into the corner.

ACT 5, SCENE 3
PENTHOUSE-PRIVATE ART SALON-NIGHT

INT: DE ROCHEFORT

Paris glitters beyond towering windows. The Eiffel Tower is sparkling in the distance.

Inside the Penthouse lies extraordinary wealth. Museum-worthy paintings hang beneath individual lights.

Marble sculptures stand beneath an enormous crystal chandelier. A grand piano overlooks the skyline. Standing before a nineteenth-century masterpiece is-

VICTOR DE ROCHEFORT (50s), an extravagantly wealthy European art collector. Elegant, commanding, and dangerously accustomed to getting whatever money can buy.

Nearby, Inspector Delacroix sits comfortably in a velvet chair, no uniform, but street clothes. A drink of bourbon in one hand.

A BUTLER enters.

BUTLER
Monsieur Rochefort. Marcel Duvall
is here.

Victor doesn't turn.

VICTOR
Send him in.

The doors open, and Marcel enters.

His once-immaculate suit bears evidence of a difficult afternoon. Victor catches his reflection in the glass protecting the painting.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Difficult week?

Marcel removes his hat.

MARCEL
That American girl has had me
running circles around Paris for
seven days.

Victor turns.

VICTOR
Has she?

Marcel approaches an enormous mahogany table. He removes an envelope from inside his coat. Several black-and-white surveillance photographs spill across the polished surface including Madeline, Karl, The Laurent Gallery and Pierre Fournier's shop.

MARCEL
They know they're being watched.

INSPECTOR DELACROIX
Karl caught on first.

MARCEL
Not anymore.

Marcel slides another photograph toward Victor of Madeleine looking almost directly toward the camera. Victor studies it.

VICTOR
Clever girl.

Marcel places another photograph down. Madeleine walking beside Theodore Kensington. Victor's expression changes.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Kensington.

MARCEL
He's been spending considerable time with her.

Victor picks up the photograph.

VICTOR
Of course he has.

Delacroix looks toward him.

INSPECTOR DELACROIX
You know him?

Victor keeps his eyes on Theodore.

VICTOR
I know his family.
The Kensingtons have been searching for The Whispers of Paris almost as long as the Rocheforts have.

Marcel studies the photograph.

MARCEL
You think he's after it?

Victor places Theodore's photograph beside Madeline's.

VICTOR
I think Theodore Kensington knows considerably more than he'd like Madeline Monroe to believe.

Marcel removes one final photograph. Madeline leaving Pierre Fournier's shop, and Genevieve's pendant around her neck. Victor immediately notices it.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Fournier gave her the necklace.

MARCEL
Yes.

VICTOR
And the painting?

MARCEL
Nothing.

VICTOR
Oh, Marcel.
We're closer than you think.

Victor crosses the enormous salon, past paintings worth a fortune. He barely notices them, and then stops before an ordinary paneled wall and presses a concealed mechanism.

CLICK- The wall slides open, revealing a massive steel door. Victor enters a combination. THUD- the vault unlocks.

ACT 5, SCENE 4
VAULT AREA- CONTINUOUS

INT: DE ROCHEFORT- PRIVATE

Victor enters, and Marcel and Delacroix follow. There are no windows, and the room is made of steel. Priceless paintings sit protected behind glass. Rare sculptures occupy illuminated alcoves. A private collection the world will never see. Victor walks through millions in art without slowing. At the far end sits an empty, secured compartment. Victor stops before it.

VICTOR
For more than fifty years, men have
searched for the painting, Whispers
of Paris.

He studies the empty compartment.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Not to exhibit it.
Not to auction it. To possess it.

Victor turns and looks Marcel dead in the eye.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Stop following her.

Marcel is caught off guard.

MARCEL
Monsieur?

VICTOR
Madeline knows you're there. Stop
following her. Let her think you've
given up.1qwes

Inspector Delacroix understands.

INSPECTOR DELACROIX
Give her room to continue
searching.

VICTOR
Exactly.

Victor looks at Madeline's photograph.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Genevieve left her the gallery.
The document. The pendant.
Madeleine Monroe isn't our
obstacle.

Victor looks toward the empty compartment.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
She's our map.

MARCEL
And when she finds it?

Victor turns toward him.

VICTOR
She won't be finding it for
herself.

Silence.

Then Victor looks again at Theodore's photograph.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
And Kensington... Keep him close.

MARCEL
You don't trust him?

VICTOR
 I don't trust his bloodline.
 His family has waited generations
 for another chance.

Victor closes the enormous steel door. It SLAMS shut.

CUT TO:

ACT 5, SCENE 5
 PARIS TOWNHOME- LIVING ROOM

INT: GENEVIEVE

A lively French love song spins from the record player. The once mysterious townhome feels different now. It feels like it's rightfully hers. It feels alive with possibility, and love. A little more Madeline.

Madeline moves through the elegant living room in a silk robe, getting ready for the evening. An elegant dress hangs nearby. Her heels wait beneath it. She stops before an antique mirror, and applies her signature lipstick. She Adjusts her pearls. Genevieve's pendant rests among them. Madeline studies herself.

The TELEPHONE RINGS.

Madeline turns, and heads to the telephone table and answers it.

MADELINE
 Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT: MONROE'S ANTIQUES & ESTATE JEWELRY- NEW YORK- DAY

Ruby sits behind the counter, phone tucked against her ear.

RUBY
 So how are things in Paris?

MADELINE
 Ruby it's better than how it is in
 the movies.

RUBY
 It's that good?

Madeline looks around Genevieve's beautiful townhome.

MADELINE
 Better than good.

RUBY

When are you coming home?

MADELINE

I don't really know.
There's still so much to sort out
with the estate. The gallery... And
What my ownership actually means.

RUBY

In other words, you're staying.

MADELINE

In other words, I haven't figured
anything out.

She checks herself in the mirror again. Ruby catches
something in her voice.

RUBY

And Theodore?

MADELINE

What about Theodore?

RUBY

Is he a good French kisser?

MADELINE

He's British.

RUBY

He's kissing you in France. It
counts.

Madeline reaches for her perfume.

MADELINE

Like a good movie... I can't give
away the ending.

RUBY

That means yes.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

She freezes and looks at the clock. Then down at her robe.

MADELINE

Oh, shoot. He's early.

She grabs her lipstick.

MADELINE (CONT'D)
Ruby, I've got to go.

RUBY
Wait. One more thing.

Madeline stops. She hears something in Ruby's voice.

RUBY (CONT'D)
William's been stopping by the
store.

MADELINE
William?

RUBY
And he says he's coming to Paris.
He wants to talk to you.

Another KNOCK.

Madeline looks toward the front door.

RUBY (CONT'D)
Madeline?

MADELINE
I'll call you tomorrow.

She hangs up. The French record continues playing. Madeline stands there for a moment.

Another KNOCK. Madeline looks down at her robe. Then toward the door.

MADELINE (CONT'D)
Perfect.

She straightens her pearls and crosses the living room. Her hand reaches the doorknob.

ACT 5, SCENE 6
PARIS TOWNHOME- LIVING ROOM- CONTINUOUS

INT: GENEVIEVE

Madeline opens the door. THEODORE KENSINGTON stands on the other side, impeccably dressed for the evening.

In one hand a chilled bottle of Champagne. He takes one look at Madeline. Silk robe. Loose blonde hair. Lipstick and pearls.

THEODORE
Am I early?

Madeline glances toward the clock.

MADELINE
You're on time. I'm...

THEODORE
Just fabulous.

He raises the bottle.

THEODORE (CONT'D)
Housewarming present.

Madeline looks at the champagne, and then around Genevieve's grand townhome.

MADELINE
I've been here a week.

THEODORE
Then I'm fashionably late.

MADELINE
Come in.

Theodore enters, and Madeline closes the door behind him.

THEODORE
Besides, a place like this deserves champagne.

MADELINE
So does its temporary tenant.

Theodore looks at her.

THEODORE
Temporary?

Madeline catches the weight behind the question and she brushes it off.

MADELINE
I haven't even finished my lipstick.

She heads toward the living room, and Theodore follows. The French record continues playing as Theodore removes his coat. He sets down his gloves alongside his elegant Silver cigarette case. Madeline retrieves two champagne glasses. Theodore works the cork.

POP!

Madeline jumps slightly, and Theodore grins.

MADELINE (CONT'D)
And the fireworks begin.

THEODORE
I'd like to think that. It's Pops
Champagne. The British way with a
French twist.

Madeline laughs, and he pours, and hands her a glass.

THEODORE (CONT'D)
To Paris.

Madeline raises her glass.

MADELINE
Paris has enough admirers.

THEODORE
Then to unexpected inheritances?

MADELINE
Getting warmer.

THEODORE
To staying longer than you planned.

Their glasses haven't touched yet.

MADELINE
That's specific.

THEODORE
I'm not looking for an answer. Just
don't assume Paris has to be
temporary.

Their glasses CLINK. Madeleine takes a sip.

Madeline looks around the room, Genevieve's home, and then
back at Theodore.

MADELINE
Apparently everyone has plans for
my future except me.

Theodore steps a little closer.

THEODORE
Then perhaps it's time you made
some.

Their eyes meet. Theodore leans towards her and Madeline doesn't move away. They share a soft kiss, just long enough to know something between has changed.

MADELINE

Perhaps it's time I put on a dress.

Theodore lets his eyes drift briefly over the robe.

THEODORE

I wasn't going to complain.

Madeline raises an eyebrow.

MADELINE

Behave yourself.

She turns and disappears toward the bedroom. Theodore watches her go. Alone now, he reaches into his coat and removes a polished Silver Cigarette Case. He opens it and lights a cigarette, taking a slow drag. He sets the cigarette case next to his champagne.

CUT TO:

ACT 5, SCENE 7

INT: GENEVIEVE'S

PARIS TOWNHOME- KITCHEN- MORNING

SUPER: TWO DAYS LATER

Morning sunlight pours through the windows. Madeline, barefoot in a silk robe, stands at the counter making coffee.

Theodore, his shirt partially buttoned from the night before, leans comfortably beside her. The ease between them says everything.

Theodore reaches over and steals a sip from Madeleine's coffee. Madeleine turns, looks at the cup, then him.

MADELINE

You know, in New York that could ruin a perfectly good romance.

THEODORE

Over coffee?

Madeline gracefully takes the cup from his hand.

MADELINE

Good coffee is terribly difficult to replace.

Theodore smiles.

THEODORE

And me?

Madeline takes a sip, considering him over the rim.

MADELINE

The jury's still out.

Theodore laughs and leans in for a soft kiss.

THEODORE

Good morning.

MADELINE

It's improving.

She opens an antique cabinet beside the coffee service.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Now let's find you a cup before you
become a repeat offender.

She moves a coffee tin and notices the worn leather edge of something wedged behind it. Madeline pauses.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Well... That's an odd place for a
book.

She pulls it from the cabinet. An aged, leather-bound ART
LEDGER.

A thin layer of dust covers it, and Theodore looks over.

THEODORE

What did you find?

Madeline brushes the dust from the cover.

MADELINE

Apparently Genevieve liked a little
mystery with her morning coffee.

She opens it. The pages are yellow and worn, filled with handwritten entries. Each page lists dates, paintings, and collectors. Madeline flips through them, then stops on the name KENSINGTON. She looks at Theodore and then back to the ledger. Another entry.

And beneath it, WHISPERS OF PARIS

Her smile disappears.

THEODORE
What is it?

MADELINE
Kensington.

Theodore goes still. Madeleine turns the ledger toward him.

MADELINE (CONT'D)
Your family.

ACT 5, SCENE 8
PARIS TOWNHOME- KITCHEN- MORNING- CONTINUOUS

INT: GENEVIEVE'S

His expression gives him away, and Madeleine sees it.

MADELINE
You knew.

THEODORE
Madeline...

MADELINE
Your family was looking for the
Whispers of Paris this whole time.

THEODORE
Yes.

MADELINE
For how long?

THEODORE
Generations.

Madeline closes the ledger.

MADELINE
And you never thought to mention
that?

THEODORE
I was going to tell you.

MADELINE
When we found it?

THEODORE
No.

MADELINE
Then when?

THEODORE

At dinner.

MADELINE

You didn't.

Theodore steps closer.

THEODORE

My great-grandfather spent years
searching for that painting. He
believed Genevieve knew what
happened to it.

MADELINE

And do you believe?

THEODORE

The same thing.

Madeline takes a step back.

MADELINE

So that's why you came to the
gallery.

Theodore hesitates. Then he chooses the truth.

THEODORE

At first.

Madeline stares at him.

MADELINE

At first?

THEODORE

I knew you had inherited Genevieve
Laurent's estate.

MADELINE

And you knew there might be a
hundred-million-dollar painting
attached to it.

THEODORE

Yes.

Madeline looks away, hurt with betrayal.

THEODORE (CONT'D)
But what happened between us had
nothing to do with that.

Madeline turns back.

MADELINE
How am I supposed to know that?...
You knew about my family before I
did. You knew about the painting.
And you let me believe you just
happened to randomly walk into my
life.

THEODORE
I came because of the painting.

He steps closer.

THEODORE (CONT'D)
I stayed because of you.

Madeline looks at him and wants to believe him.

MADELINE
That's a beautiful line.
I just don't know if I believe it
anymore.

THEODORE
What happened between us was real.

MADELINE
Maybe... But right now, I don't
know which parts were.

Theodore reaches toward her and Madeleine steps back.

MADELINE (CONT'D)
I need some space.

Theodore lowers his hand.

THEODORE
All right. I'll give you space.

He buttons the rest of his shirt, and retrieves his jacket.
Madeline doesn't stop him at the doorway. Theodore turns.

THEODORE (CONT'D)
For whatever it's worth...

THEODORE (CONT'D)

The painting brought me to you.
It isn't why I fell in love with
you.

Madeline is caught completely off guard. Theodore doesn't wait for an answer and he leaves. The front door closes. Madeleine stands alone. Then her eyes return to the ledger. She opens it, and finds the entry again.

WHISPERS OF PARIS

This time, she reads further. Her finger follows a faded handwritten notation beneath the title:

NOT SOLD. NOT STOLEN. REMOVED FOR SAFEKEEPING.

MADELINE

Oh my God.

ACT 6, SCENE 1
GALLERY DAY

INT: LAURENT

The gallery door swings open. Madeline hurries inside, Genevieve's leather-bound ledger in her hands. She heads to Karl's desk, opens the ledger, and turns directly to the lost masterpiece.

NOT SOLD. NOT STOLEN. REMOVED FOR SAFEKEEPING.

Karl looks back at the words.

KARL

We've been wrong all along.

Madeline places the photographic image of WHISPERS OF PARIS beside the ledger. The mysterious woman, the roses, The Eiffel Tower rising beyond her.

MADELINE

She's telling us where to look by
the painting.

Karl observes Madeline.

QUICK MONTAGE

1) Madeline's fingers trace the ROSES. Then move to the mysterious woman, and Stops at the Eiffel Tower.

2) Madeline and Karl exchange a look.

3) Karl grabs his coat.

- 4) Madeline snatches her handbag.
- 5) The gallery door swings shut behind them.

EXT: STREETS OF PARIS

- 6) Madeline and Karl hurry through the streets of Paris.
- 7) Marcel Duvall follows them.

END of MONTAGE.

ACT 6, SCENE 2
DAY

EXT: TOWER DISTRICT

The Eiffel Tower rises above Paris. Madeline and Karl weave through pedestrians. Madeline looks from the image to the tower, to the surrounding streets.

KARL

Do you think we're close?

Madeline is thinking as she is searching.

MADELINE

Yes, over there.

She points to a secluded ROSE GARDEN in the near distance. They head over there. As they approach, at the center stands an elegant stone STATUE of a WOMAN. The closer they get, the more striking the resemblance of the woman in THE WHISPER OF PARIS. Same Posture, same profile, roses carved out at the feet, and the face the same.

Madeline studies the statue.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

That's her.

KARL

The woman in the painting.

Madeline circles the statue, searching for clues. At the base of the statue there is a description- G. LAURENT-1895.

Madeline freezes.

MADELINE

Genevieve.

Below it nearly erased by time- BENEATH THE ROSES, PARIS
KEEPS BLUSHING.

KARL

Does that mean anything to you?

MADELINE

Not a thing. Then we...

Theodore approaches from the side frame.

THEODORE (O.S.)

It does to me.

Madeline turns, and Theodore is several feet away.

MADELINE

You're following us?

THEODORE

I saw you leave the gallery.

MADELINE

That's not a no.

Theodore approaches closer. He reads the statue's writing.

THEODORE

My great-grandfather wrote those exact words.

Madeline's demeanor changes to curiosity.

MADELINE

Where?

Theodore looks from the roses to the Eiffel Tower. Something clicks.

THEODORE

I know where she hid it.

ACT 6, SCENE 3
STREETS-DAY

EXT: PARIS

Theodore leads Madeline and Karl quickly through Paris streets. Madeline walks beside him, still distant. Karl follows close behind, and they turn a corner, and disappear into the afternoon crowd.

Several yards back MARCEL emerges, and his eyes lock onto them. He follows as he keeps his distance.

Madeline, Theodore, and Karl cross a busy street, and Marcel is still trailing them. The three have no clue he is there.

CUT TO:

ACT 6, SCENE 4
COURTYARD-DAY

EXT: OLD PARIS

Theodore leads Madeline and Karl through an iron gate into a secluded nineteenth-century courtyard. Beautiful stone walls, ivy filled walls, and roses. Beyond it, the Eiffel Tower rises into view. The resemblance to WHISPERS OF PARIS is unmistakably- the roses, the stone walls, the view of the Eiffel Tower.

MADELINE

This is where she painted it.

Theodore looks around.

THEODORE

This courtyard belonged to my great-grandfather.

Madeline turns to him.

THEODORE (CONT'D)

His letters mentioned a woman who came here in 1895. He never wrote her name.

Madeline looks again at the photo image.

MADELINE

Genevieve.

Theodore nods. His eyes move toward an old building at the rear of a courtyard.

THEODORE

I think he helped her hide it.

Karl spots an old wooden door beneath an archway.

KARL

Over there.

They approach. Beside the door a rustic tarnished plaque. Madeline brushes away decades of dirt. The word LAURENT emerges. Madeline looks at Theodore to open the door. Theodore pushes the old handle. Nothing. He tries again, harder. The ancient door CREAKS open.

A dim interior beyond. Thin rays of daylight slip through the cracks in the old shutters. Theodore and Madeline peer inside and then step through, Karl right behind.

CUT TO:

ACT 6, SCENE 5
STORAGE ROOM- CONTINUOUS

INT: HIDDEN

Dust floats through thin shafts of daylight. Old frames lean against stone walls. Stacked crates and covered Canvases. Madeline's eyes adjust to the dim room. She moves deeper inside, and then stops at the far end, caught in a narrow beam of light-

ONE LARGE CANVAS covered by an aged cloth.

Karl and Theodore fall silent behind her. Madeleine approaches. She reaches for the fabric, and pulls it away.

WHISPERS OF PARIS- The Original

The mysterious woman gazes toward the Eiffel Tower beneath a Paris night sky. Roses surround her, and Madeleine stares at it.

KARL
All these years...

THEODORE
She never lost it.

Madeline steps closer.

MADELINE
She protected it.

Then footsteps and a loud CLAP. Victor Rochefort stands in the doorway with Marcel beside him.

Victor smiles.

VICTOR
Congratulations. You found it for me.

CUT TO:

ACT 6, SCENE 6
ROOM- CONTINUOUS

INT: HIDDEN STORAGE

Theodore immediately steps between Victor and Madeline.
Victor notices.

VICTOR
A Kensington. How appropriate.

THEODORE
Victor Rochefort. Don't. It's not
yours.

Victor looks past him toward the masterpiece.

VICTOR
Your family spent generations
searching for that painting.
And now you're going to stand
between me and it?

Theodore glances at WHISPERS OF PARIS, and then at Madeline

THEODORE
My family spent generations looking
for the wrong thing.

Victor's face becomes expressionless and he reaches inside
his coat and pulls a PISTOL.

VICTOR
Move.

THEODORE
Or What?

VICTOR
A bloody legacy.

Marcel moves toward the canvas, and Theodore blocks him.
Marcel SHOVES Theodore, and then Theodore swings with a
violent punch that sends Marcel CRASHING into a stack of
picture frames.

Victor raises the pistol and aims directly at Theodore.
Madeline yells.

MADELINE
Theodore!

Victor FIRES. A loud BANG!

Theodore dodges to the side. The bullet HITS the stone wall.
Before Victor can fire again, Theodore LUNGES.

They fall to the floor. The pistol FLIES from Victor's hand across the room. Karl KICKS it away. Victor and Theodore continue to fight

Marcel starts to rise, and Madeleine grabs a heavy wooden frame and SLAMS it against the floor right in front of him.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Stay down.

Marcel stops, and Victor throws Theodore off and lunges toward the pistol as Theodore stops him, and SLAMS him against the wall.

Then the sound of POLICE WHISTLES AND SHOUTS come right from outside. Victor looks toward the doorway.

Two FRENCH POLICE OFFICERS rush inside with guns drawn.

FRENCH POLICE OFFICER

Police! Don't move!

Victor realizes it's over.

MOMENTS LATER

Victor and Marcel are led away. Madeleine turns toward Theodore with blood at his lip and his shirt torn.

MADELINE

You could've been killed.

THEODORE

I told you. I stayed because of you.

Madeline looks at him and this time she believes him. Madeline turns toward the painting. Something catches her eye behind the frame, the edge of an old envelope. She carefully pulls it free. Sealed, and she turns it over.

Written across the front:

MADELINE MONROE.

Madeline freezes

MADELINE

Oh my god... This was meant for me.

MATCH CUT TO:

ACT 6, SCENE 7
LATER

INT: LAURENT GALLERY-

The same envelope rests in Madeline's hands. The painting of Whispers of Paris stands nearby. Theodore and Karl give her space. Madeline breaks the seal of the envelope. Madeline begins to silently read as the voiceover comes on.

GENEVIEVE (V.O.)
My dearest Madeline... if this
letter has found you, then so has
the truth behind the secret I spent
a lifetime protecting... Your
father was my son.

Madeline freezes.

GENEVIEVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And you, Madeline Monroe, are my
granddaughter. I loved you from
afar, though all I ever wanted was
the chance to know you.

Madeline looks toward the painting, WHISPERS OF PARIS.

GENEVIEVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The gallery was never simply an
inheritance. It was my way of
bringing you back home.

Madeline lowers the letter, and a tear slips down her cheek. Theodore approaches and gets closer. He takes her hand and she doesn't pull away.

FADE TO BLACK.

ACT 6, SCENE 8
GALLERY-MORNING

INT: LAURENT

FADE IN:

Morning sunlight washes across the gallery. WHISPERS OF PARIS hangs in the center of the gallery.

Madeline stands before it, Genevieve's letter folded carefully in her hand. The gallery doors open. Madeleine turns.

WILLIAM CALLAHAN stands in the doorway, suitcase in hand. He appears worn down. For a few seconds nothing is said.

WILLIAM
Surprise.

MADELINE

You certainly know how to make an entrance.

William steps inside, and his eyes move around the gallery. and then back to her.

WILLIAM

I came all the way to Paris thinking I could convince you to come home... When are you coming back?

Madeline looks around the gallery, the painting, and then down at the pendant necklace.

MADELINE

I'm not.

William is somewhat shocked.

WILLIAM

Is there someone else?

MADELINE

There's someone I didn't expect... But I'm not staying because of him.

William looks at her.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

I came to Paris to settle an estate.

Her eyes drift toward the painting.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Instead, I found where I came from.

WILLIAM

So Paris is home now?

Madeline smiles.

MADELINE

It always has been.

William knows there's nothing left to convince her of. He steps closer.

WILLIAM

I wish things had worked out differently...I'm really sorry.

Madeline softens.

MADELINE
Don't be. Everything happens for a
reason.

WILLIAM
Goodbye, Madeline.

MADELINE
Goodbye, William.

William turns and exits. The gallery doors close. Madeline
looks toward the painting, WHISPERS OF PARIS.

For the first time, the gallery and Paris feel like home.

CUT TO:

ACT 6, SCENE 9
CAFE- AFTERNOON

EXT: PARIS

A charming sidewalk café beneath a striped awning. Madeline
sits at a small table. She is wearing a pink dress with
pearls, and sunglasses. There is a coffee in front of her
with a journal and a pen. She is writing and notices a shadow
fall across the table. She looks up and it's Theodore. In his
hands a small white pastry box tied with ribbon.

Madeline lowers her sunglasses.

MADELINE
Should I be worried?

THEODORE
Probably.

He sits and places the box before her.

MADELINE
Another Kensington secret?

THEODORE
My last one.

Madeline unties the ribbon. Inside a delicate French pastry
topped with fresh STRAWBERRIES AND CREAM. Madeline looks at
him.

MADELINE
You remembered.

THEODORE
I remember everything about you.

Madeline is pleasantly surprised. She takes a bite, and Theodore waits.

MADELINE
All right... You may stay.

A WAITER sets a coffee before him and moves on.

THEODORE
Are you going back to New York?

Madeline looks at her journal, and then at him

MADELINE
Well... I have a gallery to run.

She closes her journal and a playful smile appears.

MADELINE (CONT'D)
And the jury finally reached a verdict.

Theodore raises an eyebrow.

THEODORE
Should I be nervous?

MADELINE
Terribly.

She lets him wait.

MADELINE (CONT'D)
Apparently, a certain British man with a questionable past and a rather good sense of humor deserves another chance.

THEODORE
Remarkably intelligent jury.

Madeline takes another bite.

MADELINE
They were persuaded by the strawberries and cream.

Theodore laughs. He reaches across the table and takes her hand.

THEODORE
And if I promise no more secrets?

MADELINE
Then I might even let you have
dessert.

Theodore glances at the pastry.

THEODORE
Can I?

Madeline slides the box slightly farther away.

MADELINE
Don't push your luck.

He lifts her hand and kisses it. Madeline's expression softens. Their eyes meet. Theodore leans across the table, and KISSES her. She returns the kiss before they slowly separate.

THEODORE
I've been wanting to do that.

Madeline tries to hide her smile.

MADELINE
I had a suspicion.

Madeline takes a strawberry, and then finally slides the dessert toward him.

MADELINE (CONT'D)
One bite.

Theodore smiles as the Paris street scene fills the frame.

DISSOLVE TO:1993

ACT 6, SCENE 10
GALLERY- PARIS- 1993- EVENING

INT: LAURENT

SUPER: 1993

The gallery is alive. Elegant guests move among the paintings with Champagne glasses. In the center of the gallery is the painting-

WHISPERS OF PARIS

A WOMAN'S HAND touches the edge of the frame.

Pearls around her wrist. A wedding ring catches the light.

The camera reveals

OLDER MADELINE MONROE KENSINGTON (70S), timeless in beauty and style, elegant and graceful. Her signature lipstick and pearls complete her look.

Madeline gazes at the painting with a smile.

OLDER MADELINE (V.O.)
When I first came to Paris, I
thought I was inheriting a gallery.

A MAN'S HAND slips into hers. Madeline smiles before she even turns.

Beside her is OLDER THEODORE KENSINGTON (70S), still handsome.

He looks at the painting, and then at his wife.

THEODORE
Still staring at that painting?

Madeline looks at him.

MADELINE
It caused less trouble than you
did.

THEODORE
And yet you kept us both.

Madeline glances at their intertwined hands. Then at her wedding ring.

MADELINE
The jury made its decision.

He kisses her forehead. Madeline rests her head against him.

Together, they stare at the WHISPERS OF PARIS.

OLDER MADELINE (V.O.)
Genevieve wasn't leaving me clues
to find a painting. She was leaving
them so I could find my way home.

The camera slowly pulls away from them, past WHISPERS OF PARIS, and past the paintings lining the gallery walls.

Through the gallery window and out over Paris landscape. The Eiffel Tower glows beneath a blush-pink evening sky.

OLDER MADELINE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Some stories are written.
Some are painted. And the ones
worth remembering...are whispered.

The Paris skyline fills the screen.

FADE TO BLACK.

SCREEN TEXT : WHISPERS OF PARIS.

SCREEN TEXT: THE END.

ROLL CREDITS.