

## For Lovers Only.

*Restaurant. Waiter pours them each a glass of wine.*

**YVES & SOFIA:** Thank you.

**SOFIA:** How long are you in town for?

**YVES:** A couple of days. Are you ok?

**SOFIA:** Mm-hmm.

**YVES:** It was inevitable, wasn't it?

**SOFIA:** I guess the earth's round, right?

**YVES:** That's funny. Yeah eventually you run away long enough you're gonna...

**SOFIA:** ...bump into each other again.

**YVES:** I think if it weren't for gravity I would have fallen off the face of the earth.

**SOFIA:** I didn't think you were going to call. I'm glad you did. It's crazy, I have so many questions I want to ask you and I don't know if I can.

**YVES:** I know.

**SOFIA:** I don't know if I want to know any of the answers to any of them, you know?

**YVES:** That is some seriously bad territory.

**SOFIA:** Did you ever think this would happen? How many times have you been in Paris? (insert another city here if you wish)

**YVES:** I've been here...I'm counting cause I come here like six times a year. And I don't know my times tables, so I'm figuring like thirty-five times maybe?

**SOFIA:** Six times eight is forty-eight.

**YVES:** Forty-eight times. You're nervous. You only bite your nails when you're nervous. The Tabasco never worked.

**SOFIA:** I started liking Tabasco after that.

**YVES:** You still writing?

**SOFIA:** Yeah. Other peoples' words. I just try to make them sound pretty. Are you still taking photos of beautiful girls?

**YVES:** No.....no. Not anymore.

**SOFIA:** Oh please don't tell me that that gets old.

**YVES:** No, I got old.

**SOFIA:** You're not old.

**YVES:** I'm losing my eyesight, that's what they told me.

**SOFIA:** What are you talking about?

**YVES:** I'm not seeing what they want me to see. The editors, the magazines...

**SOFIA:** What are you seeing?

**YVES:** You. Pieces of you. In everything. You're in everything. Fucking everything. Pieces of you. Your eyes, your nose, your mouth. And now, I just shoot things.

**SOFIA:** What are you talking about, things? What is that?

**YVES:** Bridges, sky, walls. Things. I shoot things. Things that don't have eyeballs, things that don't have blood. Things that don't have a heartbeat. Things. I've been rendered to shooting things. So. I'm a wreck. This is what you get. You ok?

**SOFIA:** Yeah. What are we doing?

**YVES:** We're talking. Just talking.

**SOFIA:** Ok.

**YVES:** When are you leaving?

**SOFIA:** Tomorrow.