## 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.