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# Low Cost

By Maurice Barthélémy

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In Leghorn or Poitiers?  
Leghorn, okay.  
Theoretically this afternoon.  
No, I found a low cost flight.  
What time's the hearing?  
Okay, Bernard.  
What?  
What?  
Gilles.  
I'll let you go. I'm at my seat.  
Later.  
That won't go.  
See me? I'm here.  
What?  
You're in my seat.  
Isn't it free seating?  
Maybe, but that's my seat. 11 D.  
In an Airbus A321, it's 1()B.  
But in a 737, it's 11D.  
Okay.  
Then I'll change seats.  
Right.  
It's just my feet.  
It's pretty cramped.  
Who put my bag here?  
I don't know.  
Ladies and gentlemen, we're unable  
to control our music programming.  
We apologize  
for the inconvenience.  
You Vezenuelian?  
Awesome! Vale.  
That's where it's happening.  
Hang on.  
Gwen?  
He's asleep. My pal's a Breton.  
We're doing an audio-visual documentary.  
We wanted to do it in Vezeneula.  
But we didn't get funding.  
We filled in the application,  
went to the post office and all that...  
What's it on?

Everything that's going on right now.  
Meaning what?  
Meaning, in general.  
I have lice.  
We work in an anti-non-violent approach,  
and we're against junk food, too.  
It's poison.  
As a Vezenuelian, you must know:  
Peaches, fruit in fact, frutos...  
There's fuzz on peaches,  
and pesticides stick to the fuzz.  
Pesticidas...  
If you eat peaches with the fuzz  
you can catch menopause.  
Your attention,, please.  
Due to a slight seback,  
takeoff is delayed by 15 minutes.  
Low costs are so punctual  
in their delays.  
Pierre.  
I'm Frank.  
A drink, ma'am?  
A glass of water.  
- 2 euros, please.  
- I don't get it.  
So a 10-hour delay is 10 euros?  
- Do you want your water?  
- Keep your water.  
How should I know!  
- I'm thirsty!  
- Not for 2 euros. Read!  
Everyone's thirsty.  
No one's serving drinks.  
A beverage, sir?  
We've been waiting 2 hours!  
A beverage?  
Sir?  
Hear that sicko on his phone?  
He's not very discreet.  
It's the sort of thing that...  
Lower your voice up there!  
Stop, stop!  
Are you nuts?  
He's talking so loud.

What are we, animals?  
- We're tourists, we pay...  
- The phone!  
I'm such an idiot!  
He's a midget.  
What of it?  
He's a midget. The guy up there...  
He's a midget.  
So what?  
I can't tell a midget  
to keep his voice down!  
Here. Relax.  
Think we'll take off soon?  
I'll go nuts.  
I read you, Toufik.  
So terrorists have already taken over.  
I'm joking. This used to be my line.  
Not easy all this, is it?  
I know the problem.  
I was an Air France pilot.  
On one of these, in fact.  
Relax.  
When they offered me pre-retirement,  
I said yes.  
Better for family life.  
I'm single now, but it's still better.  
I mean, now...  
I've got it easy, now.  
Real easy.  
I'll let you go.  
And as they say, Have a good flight.  
So you're Venezuelan. That's great.  
Funny, we meta really nice Mexican.  
His name is Jorge. Ring a bell?  
- No.  
- It must.  
Right, honey?  
You okay?  
Yeah.  
I'm bored shitless.  
I should go apologize.  
Your midget, again?  
You nuts? He might hear us!  
Don't be ridiculous.

Occupied!

You're going to ask when we take off.

Exactly. When do we take off?

I don't know.

Urgent business in Paris?

A meeting with the management  
about restructuring.

So if I'm not there...

- It's okay.

- I gotta be there or...

Say your flight was delayed in Djerba.

I'm not supposed to be in Djerba,  
but on assignment in the Paris suburbs.

Not exactly next door.

- It's so hot.

- What's your line?

A real bore. Industrial espionage.

Some water?

Yes, please.

It's so hot.

It's due to the heat.

Excuse me.

I've been watching you for two hours,  
and I wondered...

Do you play Crapette?

Crapette?

The card game?

Yeah, the card game.

- Sure.

- Thank you, Lord!

Face up or face down?

Be right back.

Damn, damn!

Your attention please.

Due to problems with the tour operator,

We are unable to take off

Lobud Jet Airlines regrets

the inconvenience but is not at fault.

The truth is, they're hiding the truth.

Think so?

What makes you think that?

Did De Gaulle Exist?

This is unheard of!

This is disgraceful!

We're made to wait for hours  
just to deplane and manage on our own!  
At midnight!  
Who the hell do you think you are?  
Calm down.  
Calm down!  
Your tour operator went bust.  
It's not our fault!  
But we paid! 90 euros. Per person!  
No, I paid 45 euros.  
What? How?  
I reserved 6 months ago,  
no luggage and I paid cash.  
Please.  
We're all in the same boat.  
If I could take off, I would.  
Then do it!  
I have flight clearance. We've refueled.  
But your tour operator...  
Don't ram it up our ass!  
That might sound crude,  
but we've had it up to here!  
What'd she say?  
I don't speak German.  
I get it.  
What?  
You're a psychopath.  
Why say that?  
You were all set  
to disembowel that loudmouth,  
and now you're depressive.  
Earlier it was an impulse.  
I can't control my impulses.  
I just can't stand shouting.  
For instance, if I were drowning,  
I wouldn't call the lifeguard,  
so as not to bother him.  
Asking and shouting are beyond me.  
One thing makes me really blow a fuse:  
If someone honks at me,  
or steps on my toes.  
I'm afraid of rats, too.  
And mice.  
Hang on.

Wait a second.  
Everyone's got to calm down.  
I'm an airline pilot.  
Not anymore,  
but I know what I'm talking about.  
Lay off the FA.  
What's the FA?  
FA, flight attendants. The crew.  
Stop jerking us around!  
Ladies and gentlemen,  
I have good news!  
As compensation,  
we're offering you mint tea.  
Enough of this shit!  
We've been in this snafu  
for 7 hours now!  
So tell the company,  
either they pay our way back,  
or we occupy the plane!  
Is that clear?  
What're you doing?  
Applauding, isn't it obvious?  
A sign of approval. Don't know it?  
We'll settle this when we arrive.  
Listen. The authorities  
are preventing us,  
both in terms of their offer  
and the dialog with the passengers,  
from returning home.  
So, we vote!  
Who is for requisitioning the plane?  
Who's against?  
Who's for and against?  
Requisitioning approved!  
There we are.  
See that?  
Of course you didn't see anything.  
In a flash,  
the plane came under their control.  
Nicely done.  
All together, now!  
We're the best!  
And we're not leaving the plane.  
We're good guys!

We're good and sane!  
We'll confiscate the plane!  
- You all right, Guy?  
- Jeez!  
You know what, Maude?  
I always wanted to be a leftist.  
I win!  
It's my lucky day!  
Not going to intervene?  
No, I'm still on vacation.  
They can beat each other to a pulp,  
it's not my problem.  
No way.  
Honestly?  
You bet.  
What's this about confiscation?  
What're you going to do now?  
Stay on the plane? Then what?  
You'll get off in the end.  
Not if we take off.  
You know how to fly a 737?  
I don't.  
He does.  
What?  
Sure, I know this plane.  
Especially this one...  
I've flown 35,000 hours on it.  
Up at dawn,  
with my little thermos of coffee.  
The smell of jet fuel in the morning.  
But you can't do that.  
If it were up to me,  
I'd take you home.  
That I can do.  
How long have we been stuck here?  
Captain.  
Come on.  
Damn you.  
Sure! He's a pilot.  
He takes the controls and we take off?  
Children, you're ridiculous.  
What'll happen now?  
In all likelihood,  
within 2 hours they'll slit our throats.

We know too much.  
Then they'll throw us to the rats.  
The rats?  
Yes,  
the rats.  
Like when Giscard died.  
Giscard's not dead.  
Sure.  
That's what they say.  
Captain.  
Check APU, check.  
Speed, check.  
Check... Check...  
You sickos are outta your minds!  
I'm saving my neck.  
Thank you.  
Thank you for coming.  
Where you going? You stay here.  
The captain may need you.  
I'm the captain.  
You used to be.  
After a retired pilot,  
care for an ex-stewardess?  
That depends. What for?  
I don't get it.  
That's not what I meant.  
Do as you like. I'm going.  
Word has it that...  
That was low.  
This is madness.  
Clearance for takeoff, Inch'Allah.  
All clear for takeoff.  
Copy Ronan, Via, Alpha, Bravo...  
Calling 02.  
Have a good flight.  
Good job.  
Now follow our new steward to your seat.  
We'll soon take off.  
Captain Jean-Claude Bordier speaking.  
Please fasten your seat belts.  
We're about to fly to Paris-Beauvais.  
Thank you for choosing me.  
I hope you enjoy the flight.  
Cabin crew, prepare for takeoff.

You little slut...  
Positive VSI, suck it in, honey.  
Suck it in.  
This is madness.  
It feels so good.  
You little slut!  
This feels good.  
You little slut.  
Missed you.  
Shit, the mike!  
Avocado-curry burrito?  
Gladly.  
A refreshment?  
Champagne.  
Sparkling wine.  
No thanks.  
Nothing. I'm a little...  
This is the life!  
Learning your book by heart?  
I'm learning Arabic.  
It's a fabulous language.  
It's full of useful phrases.  
Like, if I told you...  
Isn't that nice?  
It means, "How much is a liter of oil?"  
It can come in handy.  
What'll you do now?  
Like you, go home to Paris,  
look for a job.  
Are there many jobless spies?  
Who told you I was a spy?  
You did.  
Oh, right.  
It's industrial espionage.  
I see.  
Not very glamorous.  
I steal household appliance patents.  
Far from James Bond.  
Aren't spies supposed to be low key?  
Did you invent a waffle iron  
that doesn't drip?  
No need to be low key with you.  
You okay?  
I teach high school geography

in SablA-sur-Sarthe.  
I feel sort of out of place.  
Relax. Just hold the chart  
and jot down a few things. It'll be fine.  
SablA-sur-Sarthe.  
Can I ask you a favor?  
If you don't mind?  
Your attention,, please.  
In an emergency,  
there is a life vest under your seat.  
Emergency exits are located forward,  
in the center and aft.  
Floor-level lighting will guide you  
towards these exits.  
Seatbelts are buckled,  
adjusted and unbuckled like this.  
In the event of cabin decompression,  
an oxygen mask will automatically  
appear in front of you.  
Pull the mask towards you,  
, place it over your face  
and breathe normally.  
Necessary remove the life vest  
from under your seat and slip it on.  
Buckle the strap and adjust it  
Inflate the vest once outside the aircraft  
by pulling on the red cord  
The whistle attached to the vest  
can be used as a distress signal.  
In the event of an emergency landing,  
move to toward the exits.  
The crew is now pointing to.  
Move toward the exit  
without rushing  
and slide down the emergency slide.  
Thank you for your attention.  
Maybe the guy's a phony.  
Maybe he's never flown.  
Too late now! Gotta deal with it.  
You're the boss now, chief.  
Say that again?  
What?  
"The boss now, chief." I like that.  
Excuse me.

Excuse me.  
Mind if we switch seats?  
Why?  
Mine's broken,  
so I'd rather you have it.  
But you told the young man  
But when it's broken, I prefer 11E.  
But it's my seat.  
I'm going to take a micro nap.  
If I sleep more than 4 minutes, wake me.  
My travel poncho.  
No more than 4 minutes.  
To prevent jet-lag,  
you have to microsleep.  
Essential for me.  
There's only a one-hour difference  
with France.  
I can't hear you. I'm wearing earplugs.  
What's your name?  
Nuance.  
That's not a name.  
You're right.  
Any other ideas?  
I don't know.  
I like Marie-Pierre.  
Marie-Pierre's not bad.  
Yes, Marie-Pierre's nice, like you.  
- What's yours?  
- Dagobert.  
I should have known.  
Hear that?  
What?  
That sound, from headphones.  
Hear it?  
It doesn't bother me.  
It bothers me. Drives me nuts.  
Up there. Be right back.  
Could you...  
What?  
Could you turn that off?  
We hear it back there.  
Sorry. I'll turn it off, then.  
Thanks.  
There. Thanks a lot.

What about him?

He's a midget. You understand?

I can't say anything.

What an idiot I am!

Lucky he had his headphones on.

Aren't you overdoing it a little?

- Occupied!

- Sorry.

I've been having weird dreams.

Hi.

Where are you going?

- To the toilet.

- Sit down.

What d'you expect me to do with that?

- Thanks.

- Don't mention it.

Excuse me.

- What?

- Wake up.

Are you nuts? I was sleeping.

Yeah, but you...

You jerk! For chrissakes.

You outta your mind?

She has lice!

You okay?

An air pocket.

An air current that makes planes suddenly lose altitude.

- Are you all right?

- Not at all.

So, it's northwest, 347.

Northwest...

- Can I help you?

- Wait a sec.

The weather's bad.

They're routing us to fox-kilo-fox, i.e. Figari-South Corsica.

I know, thanks.

But there's no shame in it.

If you need anything...

Sure, no problem. I'll let you know.

Follow your steward.

Come on, you rascal.

Check.

SablA-sur-Sarthe...  
CompiAgne.  
Can I help?  
No, I'm fine. Why?  
- Because. Actually...  
- Because why?  
Because why?  
Because I'm little?  
No, not at all.  
Funny, I hadn't even noticed.  
That's not it at all.  
I just like to help out.  
That's how I am. It's my nature.  
Altruistic.  
My parents were altruistic very young  
and I turned out that way.  
I'll go sit down.  
The little man!  
Man, oh man...  
Man... so much turbulence!  
Without warning!  
You okay, sir?  
Gotta sleep.  
Sorry,  
you went "SablA-sur-Sarthe, humpf."  
Like that.  
I didn't go "SablA-sur-Sarthe, humpf."  
I went "SablA-sur-Sarthe."  
You just did it again.  
- I did not.  
- Yes, you did!  
Ladies and gentlemen,  
Captain Bordier speaking.  
Please fasten your seatbelts.  
The Weather is forcing us  
to land in Figari-South Corsica.  
Your hand, it'll comfort me.  
This is great.  
Ladies and gentlemen, Captain Bordier  
speaking. Welcome to France.  
Boss!  
We've arrived.  
- Not taking off your mask?  
- Sure.

- He's crying.  
- I am not.  
You are.  
You sure are.  
It happens  
when I think I'm going to die.  
That's not bosslike, boss.  
Did I sleep long?  
Yes. I tried to wake you.  
Why didn't you wake me?  
This is ridiculous.  
I told you to wake me in 4 minutes.  
It's been 45 minutes. Explain that.  
This is ridiculous.  
We've arrived.  
It was no use getting paranoid.  
We've landed,  
but we haven't arrived.  
The sun makes me sneeze.  
Thanks. That cooled me off.  
They have camels in Corsica?  
Holy shit.  
Those Corsicans are such jokers.

**I'm warning you:**

I'm out of burritos.  
I plugged in the Figari-South Corsica  
coordinates.  
Way, way south.  
What's going on?  
I don't know.  
I don't get it.  
That's a shame.  
Where are we?  
I don't know.  
I don't get it.  
That's a shame.  
I don't get it.  
Anyway,  
by my estimate...  
I don't know where we are.  
What's your name?  
Jean-Claude.  
Why not take off again?

Well, it's because...  
there are these sorts of... camels...  
tanks, blocking the way,  
and the runway.  
Camels or tanks?  
Both.  
With another copilot,  
we wouldn't be here.  
Hang on a second.  
To err is human. He's human.  
He's an error.  
Hang on. We need to find a solution.  
The point isn't how we got here.  
Even if we know who had  
the dumb idea to steal a plane.  
Hang on a second!  
You all agreed.  
Are you kidding?  
You all applauded me.  
That doesn't mean we agreed.  
Excuse me.  
There's a crowd out there.  
A big one?  
Yes.  
Dangerous?  
Yes.  
Pull the shades down.  
Show them you've got balls!  
Just relax.  
Dangerous, how? What'd they do?  
Foreign equals savage? How trite!  
Nice going.  
Violence ain't always  
where you think it is.  
You're creating the danger.  
They can sense we're afraid.  
- What awful grammar!  
- You said it!  
Let's go talk to them.  
Human is our native tongue.  
Are you sure you?  
Gwen, come on.  
- She's American.  
- I think so.

Shut the door!  
- What's your name?  
- Move back!  
- What's your name?  
- Jean-Claude.  
Shut the door, Jean-Claude.  
Give him a hand!  
Shut the door!  
Help me!  
- Jean-Claude!  
- Help me!  
They shot at us!  
Starboard, everyone!  
MY leg[  
Those motherfucking faggot  
sons of inbred bitches!  
- You okay?  
- Get a doctor!  
See if there is one.  
Can't you go?  
Your shirt! I'll do a tourniquet.  
It's a Lacoste. Duty-free.  
- It's a fake!  
- It is not.  
The Lacoste logo isn't a frog.  
Gimme that rag!  
Move back.  
Give her some air.  
Let me through!  
- Take it easy.  
- Mind if I handle this?  
Miss?  
Can you hear me?  
Yes, she needs a doctor.  
You're not one?  
Sort of. A podiatrist.  
- Then beat it.  
- I'll try to help.  
Careful, she has lice.  
Lice?  
We've got a problem.  
That's no problem, that's a corpse.  
- You okay?  
- I'm all right.

I'm allergic to dead bodies.  
Don't tell his girlfriend or the others.  
They'll panic.  
Not necessarily.  
Sorry, but there's...  
Yes, they will.  
- I'm gonna scream.  
- Don't.  
I'm not okay.  
- You'll be okay.  
- I won't be okay at all.  
All these corpse allergies!  
So he's dead?  
Let's say he's not completely alive.  
What did you want?  
It was to...  
Spit it out. Calm down.  
- I can't remember.  
- You can!  
Is it the girl?  
She's fine. I hate being like this!  
- Is she in a lot of pain?  
- Yes, but it's okay.  
This drives me nuts!  
Now I know!  
Armed men on board.  
I'd go, but my cholesterol's high.  
I would, too,  
but you're in front of me.  
Sorry.  
"True courage is being brave  
precisely when you feel it the least."  
Jules Renard.  
How much is a liter of oil?  
They'll kill me.  
I'm a lousy bargainer.  
You're the boss, chief.  
That helps.  
I'll negotiate for water  
and for them to clear the runway.  
From history's heights  
Where the sun of your bravery  
Laid siege to death  
Here lies the clarity

The deep transparency  
Of your beloved presence  
Commandante Che Guevara...  
Mind if I Sit?  
No.  
Thanks.  
You okay?  
I'm hungry.  
It's not at all sure  
that he'll be back.  
Think so?  
There's even  
very little chance.  
I know what you're thinking.  
Really?  
Because I'm a stewardess?  
Not at all!  
Yes, that's it.  
If I'd been a rabbi...  
That was very funny.  
Being funny is pointless.  
Girls like you are rare.  
Meaning?  
Usually discussions with stewardess  
don't reach great heights.  
If you'll forgive the pun.  
But conversations with pilots,  
those are...  
That's a good one!  
Excellent  
- Very funny.  
- What's your name again?  
Jean-Claude.  
I can't see myself with a Jean-Claude.  
See you later.  
So long.  
How to Die in Style  
It all started with an argument.  
One weekend.  
We said some terrible things.  
You know what it was about?  
The cable modem had been out  
for 3 months.  
I see.

So no TV, no Internet, no telephone.

So they all left.

No TV, no Internet, no phone.

What d'you expect?

She asked for a divorce.

She got custody of the kids  
and moved away.

Then

Internet worked again like magic.

But I really don't need it anymore,  
since I see my kids in a square  
in Sabla...

sur-Sarthe.

Overall, it went pretty well.

They're cooperative.

They gave me water.

But they want two little things.

Not my fan!

They said everything.

The ring Mom gave me on her deathbed.

Sorry.

It's for both of us.

Never mind.

What?

No way.

"Everything"

Don't even think about it.

That's low.

The second thing is,  
and they're adamant...

They want us to hand over  
the women...

Hang on!

It's horrible. Sure.

No one can say it isn't.

Why? Because it's horrible.

But saying it won't get us very far.

We hand over the women.

Hang on!

I can hand myself over.

No, that's horrible!

It's horrible, and yet...

Are you out of your mind?

How vile,

monstrous,  
and low  
to think for a minute  
of sacrificing any one of us!  
So let me finish my sentence.  
They want the women  
and the men!  
I warned you, I'm no bargainer.  
No Tonton Macoute's  
gonna bumfuck me.  
Sorry to be crude,  
but they think we're ninnies.  
Stop! Now you all shut up  
and listen to me.  
My name's Alain  
and I'm policeman.  
Up to now I was on vacation.  
But vacation's over  
and I'm back on duty.  
So get ready for a fight.  
Those redskins are in for it!  
Kill the bastards!  
Aren't you non-violent?  
Sure, but to be non-violent,  
you gotta know violence.  
That cop's gotta make up his mind!  
Arise you children of our motherland  
Oh now is here our glorious day!  
Over us the bloodstained banner  
Of tyranny holds sway!  
Excuse me.  
Help me!  
Why didn't you help before?  
Sorry, it was a personal initiative.  
I wasn't in the mood.  
Thanks.  
Now what, boss?  
Yeah, what do we do?  
What do we do?  
I suggest we vote, but...  
To decide on the next fuck-up?  
You call saving my life a fuck-up?  
Thanks a lot.  
I didn't mean that.

I have an idea.  
How do you say hostage?  
- You want help?  
- No, you translate.  
Give us food and drink  
and clear the runway,  
or we kill your leader.  
- What?  
- Not kill, really.  
You sure of yourself, because...  
All right, all right.  
We cut off his leg.  
- Why his leg?  
- It's psychological.  
Okay, his foot. Translate that.  
Bull feces.  
I got that.  
- That's risky.  
- It could destabilize him.  
He does look very destabilized.  
I'd like my little fan back, too.  
I won't cut his leg off!  
Just his foot, okay?  
If it's just his foot, okay.  
It won't hurt as much.  
Was that irony?  
Now what do we do, boss?  
Well, what?  
Nothing.  
I don't know.  
I don't know about you,  
but that music drives me nuts.  
Want me to check your hair?  
I've got it.  
We cut his foot off.  
Is he dead at least?  
No, he's napping.  
He had a late night.  
It's your idea, so you do the honors.  
We'll leave you. Bye.  
The foot's on the end, right?  
Yes, on the end.  
Who does your company's  
musical programming? Hitler?

I can't do it!  
I can't do it.  
His skin is all icky and limp.  
It wobbles. I can't.  
What's all the blood?  
I cut my finger on the machete. Sorry.  
- What now, boss?  
- I have an idea.  
I don't cut feet, I cut toenails!  
Then cut his toenails,  
only a bit higher up.  
Let's try something else.  
I have to cut off your foot.  
I admit I don't really feel like it.  
So, tell me if you mind.  
Could you cut off your foot, please?  
Sorry about the music.  
- He's dead.  
- What?  
You killed him?  
He deceased himself.  
How'd he do that?  
He rushed at my knife  
and stuck it in his gut.  
I've never killed anyone before.  
"It's not evil but good  
that produces guilt." Lacan.  
He was our only hostage.  
I'm no boss, I'm a piece of shit.  
Now, now.  
Don't get all worked up about it.  
I'd like to apologize,  
because we're all going to die.  
We're all gonna croak.  
Would you make love with me?  
Does anyone have any anti-depressants?  
Reading a catalogue?  
You travel with the JC Penny catalogue?  
It's heavy!  
It relaxes me when I'm stressed.  
And it's Sears.  
It's not Penny's, it's Sears.  
I see.  
Here, look. Be careful.

Page 147.

See that girl?

What age do you give her? 40?

When I was little,

she advertised bed sheets.

You recreate an ideal world

that doesn't scare you,

that you can control.

You like fakes.

That's why you're a waffle spy.

What's going on? You nuts?

I didn't ask you!

Without you,

I'd be sitting quietly in my corner,

like I always have.

All this is your fault!

What? My fault?

Are you joking?

Is it my fault you're in waffles?

Or so neurotic

you can't talk to midgets?

Or wear serial killer glasses?

Or that you're ugly?

Ugly? Me?

I'm ugly? Ugly yourself!

Me, ugly? Say what you like,

but I'm not ugly!

You are ugly! You think it's enough

to be beautiful to be beautiful?

I know what I mean.

As for me, I might be ugly,

but I'd rather be ugly

than a sorry stewardess.

- Alone and jobless.

- Who says I'm alone?

It's obvious you're alone!

I can tell.

I can spot single girls

and nosejobs anywhere.

You're alone

and that makes you ugly!

You stupid moron!

Stupid like this catalogue!

How's life?

Is this yours?  
Yes.  
Better and better.  
Here.  
What's that?  
The rebel leader's foot.  
I'm an army surgeon.  
Why not say so  
when the girl needed one?  
She has lice!  
We can take off soon.  
The boss is back,  
so they're in for it!  
Here's what we do.  
See the tank truck over there?  
It's their gas revisions.  
Provisions.  
- You can say both.  
- Either.  
We move forward, throw one,  
it explodes, and we take off.  
And their leader?  
What leader?  
The dead guy whose foot we cut off,  
who was to be returned alive.  
Oh, yeah.  
The leader, I know.  
Same plan, but on top of it,  
we throw out the leader.  
Brilliant.  
You sulking?  
Absolutely not.  
Sorry for what I said earlier.  
That's easy.  
But I think I hit the nail on the head.  
Sorry to interrupt a moving scene  
that could make a stone weep.  
Your plan is excellent.  
- What's your name again?  
- Dagobert.  
- I'm not joking.  
- Me neither.  
- Sorry.  
- What'd you say?

I can't remember, Dagobert.  
You said his plan is excellent.  
Are you all right?  
No. I took pills,  
thinking our time was up. I'm done for.  
- What'd you take?  
- Vitamin C.  
Come on.  
You all with me on this?  
You'd better believe it.  
We'll take 'em apart.  
Could you hold this?  
Jean-Claude?  
Come over here.  
- Mind if I call you Jean-Claude?  
- It's my name.  
It's a nice name.  
Like a compound name.  
Like Jean-Pierre,  
but it's Claude instead of Pierre.  
You'd be more useful sitting there  
with the others.  
What d'you mean?  
We can't mess up now.  
Can I say goodbye?  
I know.  
How's it going?  
Careful, we have a nasty crosswind  
at 310, 8 knots.  
Cabin crew, arm the slides.  
Ladies and gentlemen,  
I'm the real captain on board.  
We're taking off  
for an eventless flight.  
We're about to go.  
We start moving, I open the door,  
you toss a flare,  
throw out the body and we take off.  
- Yes, boss.  
- I like that.  
They're clearing the runway. Ready?  
Don't worry, it's like teargas.  
Let's go. Ready?  
What a jerk! I don't believe it.

Wait until the door opens.  
I freaked out.  
Quit laughing, I can't concentrate.  
I love it when you're angry.  
What's going on?  
They're coming! Plan B!  
- We have a Plan B?  
- The second flare.  
Let me. Gimme that.  
She hit the tank truck.  
Bull's eye!  
We handle the body,  
you take the door.  
Fuck!  
What'd you do?  
Why close it so quick?  
I'm a policeman,  
not a body-thrower for Boeing!  
They're catching up!  
They're catching up!  
- Turn down the music.  
- I can't.  
Do something!  
No way. The hand's full of fingers.  
Move back!  
Would you quit laughing!  
Let me laugh! You're so castrating!  
Me, castrating? Not at all.  
Here they come!  
That must hurt.  
What?  
Their leader is stuck in the engine.  
There's trouble with the left engine.  
It'll pass. Gun the engines!  
You bet!  
What's that?  
The leader just came out of the engine.  
We'll hit their trucks. Go!  
Anything wrong?  
I'm all right.  
It's goat's milk.

**I've got a cure:**  
In 5 hands.

Feel better?  
I got used to the idea of dying.  
Why not make love to my husband  
and I watch?  
"Studies on Hysteria."  
You read it?  
No, not that one.  
What have you read by Freud?  
The study on the behavior  
of disturbed children.  
That was a good one.  
Hear that?  
Now what?  
Yes, that's odd.  
I'll go see.  
It's the midget. He's crying.  
What'd you do to him?  
Nothing! He was already crying.  
What's wrong?  
How should I know?  
Why didn't you ask?  
What am I supposed to say?  
I don't know. Ask, "What's wrong?"  
"Why are you crying?"  
Maybe he's in pain.  
He's your pal, not mine.  
It's your relationship.  
He's not my pal. I don't even know him!  
My pal!  
Are you okay?  
Can I do anything?  
No, I'm all right.  
Are you in pain?  
No, not at all.  
What is it, then?  
Nothing, it's silly.  
Who cares if it's silly!  
At this point...  
It's just that, when I fell earlier,  
I lost my pet.  
He ran away.  
I'm afraid something's happened to him.  
It's all right, we'll find him.  
What kind of pet? A cat?

No, a rat.  
A rat?  
A rat from Honduras.  
It's a little bigger.  
Bigger than a rat?  
That's right. His name's CompiAgne.  
Like your home town?  
No, why?  
No reason.  
Could you help me find him?  
Even if there's little hope.  
But don't mention it to the others.  
Rats have a bad image.  
Some people don't like them.  
There are idiots everywhere.  
Yes.  
Sure, right. We'll do that.  
We'll find CompiAgne.  
He must be somewhere.  
Thanks.  
That's kind.  
Really kind.  
Great.  
I'll look that way.  
And I'll look this way.  
Hang on.  
I thought you had a rat phobia.  
I do, but he's a midget!  
He's not well, it's obvious.  
Everyone pretends not to notice,  
as if he were normal.  
But he's 30 inches tall.  
No bigger than a radiator! It's horrible.  
Are you listening?  
I came to thank you.  
I'm a monster.  
I'm a monster.  
Maybe he has big radiators.  
What?  
Smell that?  
I Wonder Where it's Coming from.  
Something must be stuck in the engine.  
Then it's a piece of rebel.  
A piece of rebel.

What?  
It's a piece of rebel.  
What a lousy hand.  
Sure you're all right?  
Yes, maybe.  
What is this?  
What?  
It stinks!  
Can't you smell anything?  
It's not me, I swear.  
That's awful.  
Smells like rotting flesh.  
Some animal must be stuck.  
Oh, my God!  
CompiAgne!  
His rat.  
Must be stuck in an air duct.  
He's fatally... dead.  
What?  
Do something!  
It stinks like a dead rat.  
Shit.  
Can you do anything about the smell?  
It's bad.  
There's a way,  
but it'll give them a jolt.  
Ladies and gentlemen,  
due to the foul odor aboard,  
I have to act accordingly.  
Sorry for the inconvenience.  
What'd you do?  
The mask suits you.  
I know, I have a face for masks.  
I am your father, Luke.  
My name's not Luke.  
And you can't be my father.  
It's a joke.  
I don't do jokes.  
Oh.  
- How about tennis?  
- What?  
Never mind.  
Why should we go to Paris?  
I'm from Perpignan.

Well, I'm from Belfort, so...  
Why go to Perpignan?  
Hey, comrades! I'm from Bethune.  
Perpignan's no good.  
Let's go to Lille!  
Talk about the sticks!  
I'm from Martinique, so Perpignan  
or Lille's the same to me.  
Let's compromise: Guadeloupe!  
Cut it out!  
Now you all shut the fuck up!  
We're going to Paris,  
not your dipshit boondocks!  
Dipshit boondocks?  
Calm down!  
Belfort!  
Belfort, Perpignan...  
I'm from Sabla-sur-Sarthe.  
I'm from Leghorn!  
You're lovely when you fight.  
Open up! You can't go in!  
It's dangerous.  
Ladies and gentlemen,  
someone has entered  
the cockpit, but don't worry.  
We're on autopilot.  
I bet it feels strange.  
You're wondering  
who is speaking.  
You don't see?  
I can see you!  
I'm the little jerk whose seat you take  
without saying thank you.  
The one you keep from listening  
to a Bulgarian Vocal Choir.  
The one who never makes a fuss,  
who's made indecent propositions.  
But that's over now.  
My name's Dimitri,  
and you won't forget me.  
I'll break the door down!  
We're gonna die.  
When I first saw you,  
I didn't think you capable of all this.

And now?

I think you can do even more.

I've gotta find a solution.

I'll break down the door.

He knows what he's doing.

He's doing nothing.

He knows that.

Mommy!

I can't, I can't!

Those red eyes,

that big tail...

Mommy, help me!

We're way too low.

Return to your seats!

Fasten your seatbelts.

Fasten your seatbelts!

I can't. I'm gonna die.

Know what you're doing?

Sure! I have a red belt in yoga.

Beat it!

It wasn't me.

- What?

- The autopilot is down.

- And?

- There's no "and."

Move!

Jean-Claude?

No. I'm too old and I'm useless.

The autopilot is jammed,

we'll crash.

Shoulda thought of that earlier.

I'm your man.

On 3, we pull. On 3...

It's jammed!

Goddamn low cost!!

Okay, flap 15.

Flap 15, check.

Landing gear down, check.

Flap 30, check.

Landing... check! Careful!

No woman could move me like you do.

- Dagobert.

- Nuance.

- Let's not stand on ceremony.

- It's far too soon.  
You know, Nuance...  
If I had a wife,  
I'd want one like you.  
You know, Jean-Claude,  
If I had a dad, he'd be like you.  
Excellent! Very funny!  
- No hard feelings  
- On the contrary.  
- Honestly?  
- The pleasure's mine.  
Mine, too.  
Second Captain  
Jean-Claude Bordier speaking.  
Captain Ben Tira and co-pilot  
Maurice Blin, of SablA-sur-Sarthe  
are pleased to announce our arrival  
at Paris-Beauvais airport.  
There we are.  
Finally arrived.  
I don't think so.  
What do you mean?  
We've landed,  
but we haven't arrived.  
Here.  
- Thanks.  
- You're welcome.  
The struggle goes on.  
We're off to South America.  
I'll never forget,  
you showed me the way.  
Don't mention it.  
Good luck, Gaetane.  
That's Gaetane. Her, I'm leaving.  
It was too passionate between us.  
What'll you do there?  
Fair development and ultra-violence.  
Wanna team up?  
What's your line?  
Fair trade,  
and so lucrative!  
Tempting... Anyone else interested?  
You might need a pilot.  
Paris!

Great.

Great.

Well, I'm home.

What?

I always wondered why people  
wear blankets at the end of movies.

After a shock, the body's fragile.

What we call in our jargon...

A chill.

Right.

It suits you.

Thanks. You, too.

I was thinking...

Why don't we work together?

I'd rather die than work in waffles.

Rather than spy, I learn to fly.

And you, rather than fly low cost,  
fly with me.

Is that a declaration?

Not at all.

Yes, it is.

Not at all. It's a job offer.

Okay.

Welcome aboard

Lobud Jet Airlines.

We offer the comfort  
of our own airline.

Reclining seats,  
luggage holds,  
drink holders.

A food service  
will be offered.

With Lobud Jet,  
leaving is a pleasure.

It's stifling in here.

I'm next to a jerk.

A champion jerk!

It's not by chance  
that the KGB head  
was Lionel Ritchie.

Sears is a family.

Whereas JC Penny...

The girls are stuck-up.

"I'm a JC Penny model."

See what I mean?  
I see.  
You read  
Consumer Reports?  
I get it every month.  
It's interesting.  
I'm afraid of lice.  
Mom washed my head  
with vinegar  
when I got them.  
They're little and ugly.  
I dreamt of pinching a louse  
and pulling off its head.  
He's really cute.  
Grey, with a big hairy tail...  
When he looks at you.  
So cute.  
A rat!  
We'll exchange numbers.  
- I have no phone.  
- I'll give you mine.  
That's okay.  
You know what?  
You're the dumbest man  
after the Pope.  
Anyone see Gwen?  
The tall guy...  
Did someone die?  
This is Captain Bordier.  
We've just landed  
at JFK Int'I.  
We hope to see you  
soon on Air France.  
See you soon...  
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