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# A World Without Women

By Guillaume Brac

Well... uh...  
Want me to try?  
It must be one of them.  
Well...  
Let me try.  
You'll see, it's really beautiful.  
Bravo!  
I don't know why it didn't work.  
Well... welcome aboard.  
Go on in.  
It's beautiful.  
Nicer than Corsica, isn't it?  
It really is beautiful.  
It's delightful.  
Thanks.  
There are clean sheets and towels  
in the bedroom cupboard.  
OK.  
The TV works.  
Great.  
Juliette, look.  
Hey lucky, you've got  
a lovely single bed.  
You can have it.  
Take the bottom one.  
The top one's got slats missing.  
You might fall through!  
Just kidding.  
Is there internet?  
No, but if you need it  
I live nearby  
and I have it.  
Just drop in or give me a call.  
We don't want to bother you.  
It's no bother. I'd like it.  
Are you from Paris?  
Yes.  
Well, close... Asnieres.  
I know the Porte de Champerret well.  
The Rue Guillaume Tell,  
Boulevard Berthier...  
What a coincidence!  
I take the bus there every day.  
How funny.

Well...

A WORLD WITHOUT WOMEN

Good morning.

Are you OK?

Yeah, and you?

Hello, ladies.

Hello.

Are you rounding us up?

- Don't be scared.

- We're not scared.

I'll save you wasting your time.

We don't like men.

Are you dykes?

Yep, sorry.

Mum, that's disgusting!

- No way!

- She's her old mare!

Old mare? The old mare  
and the 3 virgins, then.

One of the 3 virgins  
likes to experiment.

Are you from round here?

No, we're not.

So you don't know the area?

Fancy coming for a drink tonight?

- In a local club.

- No, thanks.

No, no...

I'm here with my other half.

What other half?

My husband.

- You're married?

- Yes.

Where is he, then?

Over there, watching.

He's the jealous type, so...

He doesn't need to know.

I'm jealous.

Plenty more fish in the sea.

Yes, but I've got a looker.

He's over there.

- Him?

- Yes.

I'm disappointed.

Really.

- Hi.

- Hello.

I'm Sylvain.

Geoffrey.

Hello.

Do you know each other?

No, but they were offering  
to take us for a drink.

I said you wouldn't like that.

You being jealous and all.

No, that's no problem.

Are you really a couple?

No.

They're taking the piss, let's go.

Fuckers!

They're not even fuckable!

Hey, cut it out!

Well, goodbye.

They're really aggressive.

You ruined our chances there.

Hello, Sylvain.

- Sunning yourself?

- Yes.

How are you?

It's warm. What's new?

Nothing special.

How's Julien?

He's signed another  
short-term contract. His third.

- No?

- At 28 it's getting to be a joke.

Anyway,

it won't get him a girlfriend.

Have you got a euro?

For my scratch card.

Here.

Sorry.

We weren't too long, were we?

- Hello.

- You really are sweet.

My friend Marie.

Patricia, Juliette.

- Please to meet you.

- Hello.

We were having a chin wag in the sun.  
Well... I'll leave you to your friends.

- Bye.

- Bye.

Everyone knows everyone here.

Push in a straight line,  
with this on your stomach.

Like this.

Try it, you'll see.

Lift vertically, not as with a flag.

Like that.

Go on, push. Go on.

That way, that way...

Look ahead, keep up straight.

Keep walking.

- I trod on something.

- Let me see.

It was probably a crab.

- Caught much?

- Yes.

Ladies, you mustn't talk  
to men like him.

He's a psycho.

He's already raped loads of girls.

Give over!

Going to introduce me?

Gilles... Patricia... Juliette...

Gilles.

Are you sisters?

I wish.

I'm sure you don't look  
your age, anyway.

Thanks.

Friends of Sylvain's?

No. Well... yes.

We just met.

Are you here for a while?

Till the end of the week.

We're going that way,  
looking for shrimp.

OK, see you soon.

Enjoy the fishing.

Bye.

Look straight ahead.  
It's not easy.  
We didn't keep you waiting, did we?  
No, no worries.  
I had trouble waking up  
this morning.  
What about you?  
Watch the doors.  
There we go.  
The colour suits you.  
- I like it.  
- Really soft, isn't it?  
What do you think?  
Perfect.  
- Really?  
- Yes. Right?  
Very handsome.  
I agree with the lady.  
Does it make me look fat?  
- Not at all.  
- A bit, here.  
No, you look handsome.  
Hang on. Just let me...  
- Yeah, that's perfect.  
- You think so?  
You'll get lucky!  
- Not like a pizza delivery boy?  
- Not at all.  
You look like a... tennis player.  
- Do you like this colour?  
- Yeah.  
- Green.  
- And what about blue?  
- Let me see!  
- Yeah, blue too.  
That looks nice.  
Even classier.  
Polo shirts suit me.  
They really do.  
No kidding.  
Well... Since your friends are so nice,  
if I may say so, and you are too,  
gentle and kind,  
I'll do you the blue, the green

and the red - which looks so good -  
for the price of two.

- Really?

Thanks.

You're very nice.

Do a boardwalk in that polo shirt.

Swagger a bit.

- Boardwalk?

- Yes, along the boardwalk.

Cool!

He's had an idea.

No.

An apple?

An apple hit him on the head?

Newton!

Right!

Nice one, because...

My go.

Shit!

OK, got it.

OK, start the clock.

Hang on...

Cowboys.

Yep, and Indians.

John Wayne.

No.

You're cheating, stop talking.

The country.

- America.

- Right.

Where are we now?

- Stop talking.

- In Ault.

- In a house.

- Yes. The colours?

- White.

- Yes!

White...

- A president...

- Yes.

Carla Bruni.

Marilyn Monroe...

Churchill...

Kennedy?

- Yes, Marilyn Monroe!

- No.

Clinton. It's Clinton.

Well done.

Why?

Yes, it's Clinton...

Never mind.

Sylvain, your glass is empty.

No, thanks, I've had too much.

I have a few health problems.

Really?

You have lovely eyes.

It's true, you really look at people.

That's rare.

Come on, join me.

I don't want to drink alone.

No, no...

Don't you think you've had enough?

Now wait a fucking minute!

What's with you?

Don't talk to me like that.

I'm on holiday,

I'm allowed some fun.

Don't bore me

with your holier-than-thou attitude.

You can go away

on your own next year.

Where are you going?

I don't know.

It's getting late.

No, but...

No, wait.

We bicker all the time,

it's not serious.

We're used to it.

Don't you want to turn in?

No, I'm not at all tired.

Let's go dancing.

I'm not a very good dancer.

Me neither.

Who cares?

We can just have a laugh.

Just for fun.

Is there a nightclub?



There is, but it's closed.

When is it open?

Friday and Saturday.

- Shall we go on Friday?

- My turn.

OK, we'll go on Friday.

Sit down.

Go and sit down.

Come on!

You can cheat like your mum.

A woman.

- Sophia Loren?

- No.

- Bill Clinton?

- No, no...

A woman?

Monica thingy.

A seal?

- A chicken?

- No, it's not a chicken.

- A turkey?

- Almost.

A hen?

A cock? A rabbit?

No, it's not an animal.

A female turkey?

I don't get it.

- The Virgin Mary!

- No.

What... me?

That's disgusting.

Was that me laughing?

Nice!

Do I sound like a turkey?

Thanks!

It's quite a good likeness, really.

Goodnight, Sylvain.

We can't go in?

It's a pity.

I wanted to show you inside.

There are big rooms

with wooden beams, long corridors...

They had to board it up

because of a squatter.

- Really?

- Yes.

I bet that was nice.

A bit like having  
a manor to yourself.

Not so nice living alone in there.

True.

A bit scary

Hang on...

There are nettles.

Be careful.

Whoops!

This place is great.

Imagine all the kids  
that have snogged in here.

Isn't it hard living here,  
all year round?

No, it's OK.

I've got friends.

What about you?

- Do you live alone?

- Yes.

- That's weird.

- Why?

I don't know, I was just thinking...

Tell me why you find it weird.

I don't know.

You're pretty,  
men must find you attractive...

Men like sleeping with me,  
but for some reason it never lasts.

Maybe I'm not reassuring enough.

Well... Not the kind of girl  
you want to settle down with.

It's my fault too.

I soon get bored of people.

I'm too demanding, I guess.

Then there's Juliette.

I've never really felt alone.

It's weird when you think about it.

You dedicate 20 years to your kids,  
you sacrifice everything,

knowing that one day they'll leave.

What's worse, nine times out of ten,

they say you ruined their life  
and they hate you.

Whenever I see my parents  
my stomach knots.

But despite that,  
we keep on having kids.

Would you like to have kids one day?

I'm not sure. Yes.

You've got time.

You'd be a good dad.

A good husband too.

Really?

I think you could make  
a woman happy.

Do you?

- Yes.

- You think so?

- Want an ice-cream?

- Yes, please.

Thanks.

What?

Nothing, I'm just looking at you.

You're pretty.

Here...

Are you a libertine  
or a sentimentalist?

So... You meet your single neighbour  
at midnight in the stairwell.

Mum, you're such a pain!

Can't you see I'm reading?

This one is beautiful.

A royal coin.

This is a louis.

- And this?

- I found that in Ault.

Good evening.

Good evening.

I'll have a whisky, please.

Can I smoke?

Of course.

It's fine in here.

Have you got a light?

Thanks.

She's a sweetheart though.

Never been any trouble.  
I had her young.  
Now she's off to study  
in the USA for a year.  
It's great. You're lucky.  
With my second child  
it's a bit complicated.  
The eldest has just had a baby.  
- So you're a grandmother?  
- Yes.  
Bravo!  
- Want to see a photo?  
- Oh yes!  
She's cute.  
He's a boy.  
You can never tell at that age.  
A nice photo.  
Did you take it?  
No, a photographer did.  
Oh, right.  
Can I have a seat?  
Sorry, I didn't have time to change.  
Next time you turn up like that,  
I'm making you strip.  
Instead of talking rubbish,  
show her your coin.  
Careful, it's my grandson's.  
Really? Oh, right.  
It's from the year 80 BC.  
Constantinus.  
It's pretty.  
It has a nice side, unlike him!  
Is that Adam and Eve?  
- Can I get you a drink?  
- Yeah.  
- The same.  
- No, I've got work tomorrow.  
I'm not lazy like him,  
I get up at 5 a.m.  
Easy! I'll pay for it.  
I don't care if you're paying.  
Tell him to get lost, Francine.  
Or I'll knock his head off!  
I feel like I've got a bodyguard.

All that's missing  
is the flashing light.  
Do you want a nightcap?  
I've got some good whisky.  
It's no mansion, but it's cosy.  
That's sweet but it's late.  
You're on holiday!  
True, but my daughter's home alone.  
Your daughter's a big girl.  
I bet you like summer.  
Lots of fresh meat around.  
I'm not like that. I'm like  
everyone else, looking for love.  
Really?  
You're a romantic?  
Yeah.  
- Why are you laughing?  
- No reason.  
It's been hard since I got here.  
I didn't know anyone at first.  
All my colleagues  
are married with kids.  
It's dead here in winter.  
I could shoot myself  
on Saturday nights.  
All the girls get married at 20.  
So it'd be nice if I slept with you,  
because you're in a pickle?  
No, not at all.  
I just want to kiss you  
because you're beautiful.  
Just a kiss.  
Wait...  
Stop it.  
Stop it!  
Shit!  
I've decided not to sleep  
with anyone any more.  
That's sad.  
It's not sad.  
Shit!  
I've had too much to drink.  
I'm babbling.  
Forget it, I'm going in.

Wait a minute.

What?

Let's get together tomorrow.

We'll see.

- Off you go now, ciao!

- Wait...

Go!

Some women like flashy men  
and others prefer them discreet.

What about you, Marie,  
would you have fancied me?

Sure.

You're cute, not bad at all.

I'm not too shy?

No.

Just discreet.

- What?

- You're discreet.

How do you find me physically?

Be honest.

Don't make it up.

You're not bad.

You could do something  
with your messy hair.

Your polo shirt's nice,  
but you could make more of an effort.

Yeah?

The rest is OK, but as Patrick says,  
it's the heart that counts.

Look at me.

I'm a bit on the heavy side,  
but when I met him I was the same.

So, you know...

How did you meet Patrick?

Haven't I ever told you?

- No.

- I was at the farm campsite,  
with my family.

He was with his friends.

Did they chat you up?

Not at all.

Not me, anyway.

How did he go about it?

Walks along the beach.

Then one day he took my hand.  
And then was that.  
Did he talk to you?  
Not a lot.  
He said a few things.  
Such as?  
"Meet me tonight." "I like you."  
Little things like that.  
It's hard to concentrate  
at the beach.  
Is that for your studies?  
No, it's for me.  
But I can't read without a pencil  
for underlining.  
Yes. That's funny.  
I do that too.  
It reassures me.  
Otherwise I think I'll forget.  
Just like me.  
Shall we go for a swim?  
No, I don't fancy it today.  
You can't stay all alone.  
Come on.  
It feels so nice.  
- Aren't you coming in?  
- No.  
- Don't you swim?  
- Well...  
What's the matter?  
Are you sulking?  
Because of Patricia?  
Don't worry, nothing will happen.  
Women like her  
aren't interested in guys like us.  
She's just having  
a little fun on holiday.  
I'd choose Juliette, if I could.  
She's pretty.  
You've noticed, right?  
She's so graceful, don't you think?  
But anyway...  
Are you crazy?  
Stop that!  
Calm down, guys.

You're fucking crazy!

Go see a shrink!

- Calm down.

- All right!

Psycho!

- Calm down.

- Loser!

- You're the loser!

- What?

Loser!

Juliette, don't get involved.

Has she lost it or what?

Calm down, it's nothing.

It's my fault.

I'm going to go.

Hang on, don't go!

Stay, wait!

- It's for the best.

- This is stupid.

We're not teenagers. I'm too old  
for snogging at a nightclub.

Fine. OK!

Come on, mate.

Go, for all I care!

I'm going to dance.

- Sorry!

- No worries. Go have some fun.

Yes?

Hello, Sylvain, I was going to call.

At 11 tomorrow morning.

Ten past... I have to check.

OK, I'll leave the keys  
in the letter box.

Thanks for everything, Sylvain.

Have a nice evening.

Bye.

That was Sylvain about the keys.

I know, I heard.

Sylvain?

Is anyone there?

I did knock, but you didn't hear.

Want to use the internet?

Yes. Can I?

Sure.



Do you want a drink?  
Yeah, a glass of water, please.  
Here you go.  
Thanks.  
I'll leave you to it.  
OK.  
Sylvain?  
I've finished.  
Already?  
Yes, thanks.  
I wanted to say goodbye.  
- That's sweet.  
- No, it's normal.  
Have you got an email?  
If I want to write...  
Yes, it's sylvain80@hotmail.fr.  
I'll jot it down for you.  
Here.  
I'll write to you,  
so you'll have my address.  
OK.  
Do you like strawberries?  
Yes.  
Help yourself.  
- You're adding sugar?  
- Yes, why?  
Is that weird?  
No, but they're already so sweet.  
But it looks good.  
What?  
It's funny, they crackle.  
They crackle?  
I've never noticed the noise before.  
Don't be angry with my mum.  
She doesn't realise.  
I don't know why she always falls  
for that type. It never works.  
There are lots of women like that.  
Scared by men who like them.  
They prefer guys who don't care.  
You've got cream there.  
Sorry. Thanks.  
- Has it all gone?  
- Yes.

Sorry.

I don't know what's wrong.

I'd better go.

Are you OK?

Are you sure?

Sorry.

I'm sorry.

I don't know why I did that.

It's OK.

I don't want to go home.

Can I stay here?

- Are you sure?

- Yes.

Aren't you getting in?

- Shall I keep my trousers on?

- No.

Will you hold me?

Yes.