



Scripts.com

# 1992

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Hi, Dad!

Not dressed yet?

Martin, wait!

- Here!

- The usual?

Yes, plus jam and butter.

We're all out.

Yeah, I promise.

I'll go to the store after class.

Hey you! Let's go!

You as well. Come on!

You three,

didn't you hear the bell?

- How much?

- 100 francs.

He's completely stunned.

Can't say a thing.

When did it happen?

Couple of hours ago.

The gym teacher found him.

We gave him a pill for the pain.

I fell over.

Don't believe you.

Wait, I'll help.

You OK?

Yeah.

Got in a fight?

Come on then.

Taking you home.

Do you live far?

No, five minutes away, that way.

What do you do

besides being a monitor?

I just do this for cash.

But really I want to teach history,

if I pass the exam,

I'll go to the teacher training college.

- And if you fail?

- I won't.

- What class are you in?

- Lower sixth form.

- Diploma looming ahead.

- Right.  
- Here's your bag.  
- Shh, my dad's asleep.  
You shoot movies?  
- Pretty much yeah.  
- Can I?  
You hold it like binoculars?  
Am I recording now?  
No, stop, I don't like it.  
I've got to get back to the school.  
Stay safe, have a rest.  
See you tomorrow.  
You didn't buy a thing.  
Can you tell me why?  
I forgot.  
You forgot?  
When I get home in the morning,  
I'm starving.  
- Can I count on you or not?  
- Yes, Dad.  
Watching TV all evening, are you?  
- Not got any homework?  
- But, Dad, please!  
"Dad, please!"  
Arsehole.  
What are you up to there?  
Oh, shit.  
That's good.  
- Two seconds!  
- Come out, now!  
Wait a minute, I'm on the phone.  
- Get to class.  
- It's been 15 minutes.  
I don't give a shit  
if it's been 15 minutes.  
- Hurry up.  
- Get off my tits!  
Can't I phone in peace?  
- Thanks.  
- Good luck.

**Cyril Collard:**

**Stephan Zweig:**

**Yukio Mishima:**

Hello.

Feeling better?

Fine, yeah.

Not too much pain?

A bit.

- That's not on the curriculum.

- No. They're for me.

Right. Bye, then.

Bye.

Hello.

- Have a good day.

- Thanks, bye.

Listen, it was part of my job  
to get you home.

I'm not at work now.

My day is done. Get it?

How much do you earn for this?

3,500 francs, part-time.

Why?

I've got 150 francs that you can have.

Excuse me?

Out you go! Go on, scram!

Get out!

Your place

is next on the right, isn't it?

Why did you change your mind?

What do you want?

To play the woman?

I sometimes do it like that  
with my girl.

Stop, I don't want this.

Blow me then.

Come on.

Sorry, I didn't think it was like that.

How did you think it was?

Not like that.

Sure this is what you want?

Put cream on those.

The bruise marks won't go away  
by themselves.

Put your legs up.

Relax.

- Relax.  
- Hang on a second.  
Arch your back a bit.  
Arch it.  
- Like that?  
- Yeah.  
Slowly now.  
- Wait.  
- Calm down.  
Turn around.  
Come here, you!  
- Did you turn off the music?  
- Yeah.  
You turn off your host's music?  
Yeah, I'm like that.  
Tomorrow, you don't know me.  
Why all the hate?  
It's not worth it.  
Shurik'n'll tell you  
Men are all the same.  
You hear me?  
Walk right past me tomorrow.  
Why don't you just act  
like kids your age?  
How do kids my age act?  
They don't spend their days  
filming people.  
They don't follow guys down hallways.  
- They go clubbing, have fun.  
- I can't. It hurts my ears.  
You don't party, don't smoke.  
You're boring.  
That's right.  
When does your dad get in?

**7:**

We've got two hours left.  
Stop!  
The Beautiful Ship.  
"I shall name for you,  
indolent sorceress,."  
"The marks of beauty  
adorning your youth."  
"I shall describe your beauty,

childhood blended with maturity."

Thank you, Aurlien. Now, Florine.

"You sweep by in flowing skirts,"

"like a trim ship putting out to sea  
under full sail"

"and rolling lazily

to a slow, easy rhythm."

Come in.

Sorry, the principal wants to see  
Martin Bouvard.

Martin.

Take your stuff.

- Goodbye.

- Goodbye.

- Hi, Dad.

- Martin, come here for a bit.

What the hell's this?

Can you explain?

Are you on drugs?

Martin I asked you a question,  
are you on drugs?

No, it's not mine.

You're losing it. Look.

An empty fridge.

I've asked you four times.

What's going on in this house?

What's up with you, Martin?

Stop.

Where are mine? At the back?

- Want more?

- All right then!

It's good spending time together.

We just cross paths all the time.

Thanks.

Here you go.

And now you've seen what it's like.

You can come work with me

on school holidays.

Make some pocket money.

And it's cool, no worries,

nothing much goes on at night.

You know I was once your age, too.

We've all messed up in our own way.

But with everything on TV, watch out.

Promise me you'll be careful.

Martin?

I promise.

Oh, no.

Act as if I wasn't filming you.

If you film me, I want to get paid.

I'm warning you, I'm serious.

I'll pay you if I ever use it  
for something.

Come on, put that away.