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2 Days in Paris

By Julie Delpy

That is we.
Therefore, he/it and I.
We are very exhausted
from the trip.
We have Palazzos,
Vaporetto and Espressos seen.
A trip in Italy,
how the title of a film
with happy endings.
We were the most time in Venice,
because that is the city,
into the lover drive.
And it is the city over water,
she/it will finish under water.
Green, ochers, pink, blue. Even this
Gray shines. That is Italy.
And the pasta of course.
Now, we are one right pair.
We are together two years.
That almost is a miracle already today.
Two years of luck with heights
and depths
and mostly somewhere between it.
We only must pick up Jean-Luc,
him/it we between airport and railway station
with my parents put.
The night train to Venice
my idea was.
On the way back, we want
for two days after Paris.
Ah, my God!
He/it kills him/it!
That is not the cook,
this me almost stabbed,
because I Parmesan over them/her/it
Seafood-pasta scattered?
That is he/it!
- It was not so badly.
I had 'ne food-poisoning
half of the trip!
Did you like then it something?
- The bathroom-view!
Could you call 'n taxi?
It already pours.

That was a drop.

- Immediately, it pours. Trust me.

I call one because you are out of sugar.

- I cannot become sick,

I immediately must work again.

No reception.

- Not however!

I get Sinusitis. The diarrhea
weaken the defense-strengths.

A stop is over there.

The bus goes directly... - No!

No buses or subways in Europe!

Terrorism and so... - You believe,
New York is surer?

Paris is harmless,

here, there is not any terrorism.

- Yes, because France

a secret-agreement with this
fundamentalist terrorists have.

You damned psychopath!

I try once to get a net.

Forgiveness, I heard you speaking.

You/they are Americans, or?

Yes, I am.

- We are

a group

international Code-Entschlsseler.

We shall ourselves at 10 o'clock with her/it
meet French group at the Louvre.

Do you know whether he/it is in the proximity here?

- Yes, he/it is quite near. - Oh, really?

So near, that no taxi goes you.

They quite are zickig here.

You/they must down-go only here,

to the left, then the first right...

- Right, left.

...then 10 minutes always straight ahead,

and you are there. - Certainly? - Yes, yes.

Have thank you!

Americans are so friendly, and

the French should be so impolite.

If a cliché admittedly is, but it is correct.

- We Americans must hold together.

Completely exactly. An enjoyment was for me.

Good luck.

- Reunions, thank you!

Crack the code!

No taxi far and wide.

- No problem. - What is free?

What did they want? - Knowledge, where the Louvre is and I told them hab's.

Do you know then where he/it is?

- No.

You said that they shall

since goes long, that is wide indefinitely!

Now, we get along taxi at the beginning of this-

Snake, the strongest things survive!

They now go directly into the suburbs.

That is your compatriots!

My compatriots!

They chose Bush!

They are Vinci-Tour on one there.

They are the embodiment of all,

what cultural and political

in this world incorrectly runs.

Maybe they see besides her/it

Mona Lisa still any riots,

this her/its/their political consciousness

rouse something.

You are so mean,

but you are right so! I love you.

You are so clever!

Sinusitis!

Ah, this goes automatically.

Matter it you something,

to put the radio more quietly? We are

- From Venice.

I hate Venice!

There, I was with my two wives.

That is the program about women, this

is beaten. Interest me.

Why? - I had two women and have

both beaten. - How dreadful!

Yes, yes. of course that was not right.

Paris. I was born became in the 13.

Arrondissement, grew in the 14. on

and lived after it

in the 9., 10., 11., 12., 19. and 20.

Until I moved to New York.
I am called Marion and am a photographer.
Ironically,
I see not much namely.
My retina already was
small holes full in my birth.
How can I describe what I see?
That is she/it, my world-view.
Everyone sees the world actually different.
However, I have reached one for her after it,
tell you I!
That is Jack. He/it is an inner-architect.
"Children are like rats,
they transfer illnesses."
He/it said this with our third Date.
I found this very sweetly.
Look once, the light!
Looks like 'ne postcard of Paris.
I am the photographer, but
he/it took all photos on the trip.
Every moment was digitized
and perpetuate, from each corner from.
What does lhr actually photograph friend?
- He/it photographs everything. Really everything.
Renewed assassination of the almost-food-chain
Burger King... - Be able to tell by the sound this of you!
Once again fires in 'nem almost-food!
Last week waren's two sport-businesses
and last month a supermarket.
That is a globalization-opponent.
He/it sets almost-food-restaurants on fire?
Something is alleged in their meat.
It is here right.
Brawls here?
- Exactly. Straight ahead, in the first floor.
Brawls here?
- Exactly. Straight ahead, in the first floor.
Elevator?
How?
- Elevator?
It is in the 2. Stick.
You probably create this, however.
Need long for her!
However, already by 9 arrived Lhr.

Yes, but jams were everywhere and
Strikes. Chaos always is in France.
What? The exploited suffering shall-
sisters not once can go on strike?
We are not in America here!
And once again this giant-suitcase!
You still break the back yourself!
But you never listen to me!
Yes, my mother is a proper nerve-
saw, but I turned into her/it through her/it/them,
this I today is.

Marion!

Mommy, Marion is once again blocked!
Mommy, is Marion feeble-minded?
As I was small,
if I was something particular.
But not in the positive sense.
I always too late came, because always I
in my own world stuck.
For hours, I could matters myself
on the street or in the yard look at.
I believe,
I could hear even voices.
But none, that told me, I shall
save the world. No, other voices.
We have two skipping little!
Simply loose! Simply loose!
Some parents
big worries would have made.
The doctor prescribed by barrels
new medications,
but my mother said "no."
She/it simply gave me a Polaroidkamera,
and, instead of to look at for hours things,
I photographed her/it/them.
Already as you small was,
you only did what you wanted.
And we had to turn it towards us.
That is real...
Ah, good day, Madame.
Good day!
Is it well?
- Yes.
Toot sorrow me that we us on

this go there only so shortly saw.

Yes, a very short idea.

We had to

an important freight delivers...

Jean-Luc.

Does this go? - Give me the small kitten!

Miez, miez, miez...

Did you have a good trip?

- Ah yes, very beautiful.

It was good?

- A wonderful trip.

Lhr then loses one to the meal, yes?

And late don't come.

You know that your father hates this.

Okay. Jean-Luc is well?

- Yes, he/it sleeps. - Reunions!

Your mother is really sweet. - I know.

- What do you have? - I don't know.

Do you have 'n problem, treasure?

- No, I need your help.

I need a strong man,

this me the suitcase carries.

I think that you are strong and independent?

- Yes, I also am!

I am a strong one and...

- Well well, I already do.

That therefore is your big investment?

An apartment directly over your parents?

Is practical, however. - Yes, particularly,
if one is alone gladly once.

No sarcasm in Paris!

- Okay, I am quiet two days.

Gefllt's you? Or not?

What is?

Gefllt's you not? - However,
it is real... It is whole...

What? - It is urig.

- It is not century-middle. - However,
but 15. Century.

It probably is pariserisch very much.

- Is that a compliment?

Clear.

It is somehow swampy here.

- Swampy?

Yes, like the water at the Lido.
- No, I... - What smells here so?
Ah, God!
- What is? - Treasure! Treasure!
Treasure, what this is to the devil?
- That is leaky.
Old houses always are leaky here.
There are not any plumbers in France!
Is that of black mold?
- What is this?
The deadliest fungus, if one
him/it inhales. - Then doesn't inhale.
That is not funny. Honestly not.
- Therefore good.
He/it already was there,
as I was here in January.
He/it is harmless. He/it is not
black but green. See.
He/it is like blue-mold-cheese.
Probably even good for you.
Okay, all out here, all out.
The bathroom is forbidden!
Is good. - A biological risk.
- Okay, we shit into the room-corner.
We shit outdoors.
- Yes, perfect!
Seriously, a Petrischale is this here
for Allergene. - We have allergies,
because we are too clean.
Hundred years ago, we were covered with
Parasites and didn't have any allergies.
Oh, really?
- Yes!
That is the reason,
why the French don't swim? - Yes.
You have my contact-lentils
really found not? - No.
In your bag? - No.
I am not fine. - Which is...
for my father?
- I am not fine!
I don't know,
whether it is migraine or 'ne flu.
Can I use the thermometer?

I don't take this into the mouth.

I don't take this into the mouth!

Ah, man! What is free with you?

- Why?

That is a French thermometer.

- Are you in 5?

Do you still put it into the rear end?

- Only so, one measures right.

How do you can merely?

- I used it no more months.

I first take a shower, yes?

- Well, but earns antibiotics previously!

I try to send the design,

but with the mail, it goes quite faster.

One forgets how slowly modems are.

In two days

if the civilization has us again.

What is?

- This blanket is totally silly.

She/it is beautiful!

- When did you buy them/her/it?

- '86. I don't know.

Move not!

- What? - Remain so!

Is 'ne spider there?

- I know:

Like a photo of Nan Goldin. Remain so!

- No photos, please! No!

Perfect tense.

Lay down!

Take part!

Do so as if you are on drugs.

Which?

- Heroin of course.

Perfect tense.

Look once.

That is beautiful. A beautiful photo.

You really have talent as a photographer.

You can me once!

If you know, why to each other people itself
feel pulled? - Ah, God!

I want to kiss you, and you hold me

'nen lecture! - I my this serious.

Okay, why? - People with
different Immunsystemen
feel to each other pulled,
so that the descendant, the baby,
through the combination
a stronger Immunsystem gets.
Stop to snore! That is important.
- Yes, this also says I.
It is interesting! - As if one with him/it
Television would go out! Do you not notice this?
No! Do you not like this?
- This forms immensely.
Really sexy.
That is absolute nonsense.
My parents were verknallt totally, as
she/it me testified, and my Immunsystem?
Completely in the bucket.
- I know. But maybe
if it was sooner
an intellectual attraction,
and therefore they have themselves
after your birth separated.
You are so sweet. And you think,
because your parents since 38 years
or what I know, is together,
are you superior genetic for me? - Why
do you do a match from all?
Look at me. I am hardly viable.
- I do a match from all?
See once, I am a photographer,
and you take photos of all.
Recently in Venice, as photos I
it has done from you under the bridge,
you took photos of me, as I
Photos of you did. - What does this shall?
Is a Schei-auf-Jack-Tag today?
I want to kiss you, and then, I hear,
that I am genetically inferior.
A Nachffer without own identity?
This never has said I.
- I know exactly, which you thought.
You would have to have flattered, however,
that I have on interest...
I love this dispute.

Do we continue a little?

I find fun in it. Really.

It is splendid.

What?

What do you have? - I smell something.

- You frighten me. - I smell something!

What is free? Maybe I have cancer,

you smell a tumor,

how these dogs?

- As a dog...

These dogs, who are trained...

- No, I am no Krebschnffelhund.

I sense that we completely

different Immunsysteme have,

and I find that we should ourselves

concern therefore. - Really?

Mine is quite different than yours,

and our child becomes very much, very strong.

Yes, immune against everything.

- Well, but in the meantime,

therefore, before we multiply,

would you please get a condom?

Where are those?

- Under the wash-basin.

When did you buy them/her/it? To the same

Time like the Nan-Goldin-Bettdecke?

No, in January.

In January? - Yes.

- Wanted you to deceive me in January?

Actually, I wanted

in January sleep with you,

but you canceled with because of an eyes-

infection. You wanted to come in January.

Yes, is correct. Chlamydien in the eye.

Very rare.

But so sexy.

What is?

What is free to the devil?

- Then what?

Is that condoms at all?

- Then what otherwise? - I don't know.

Mach's not broken!

If it didn't move so down! From above!

They are smaller than this in Italy,

if this still goes. - If they are not.

I geb's on.

- What then is? Mach's simply so.

However, it is quite easy.

- Be careful!

I didn't touch you!

Hardly. - Is that condoms in child-size?

Do the condoms do for children?

It sits. - Must therefore French

Men so romantic is!

That is the stupidest thing, to which I belonged, has.

- Okay, then once loose. - Well, great! Yes.

Okay. No, my leg is this.

Please!

I don't see you! I also could with

Sleep Gregory Peck or otherwise whom.

How beautifully for you.

- Okay, so much to the prelude.

My mother!

- Do I disturb? - It is only my mother!

Remain! We straighten ourselves about!

I only wanted to know,

whether has to wash her something.

Yes, I later bring it down.

- In order, I wait so long.

But below!

- Yes, of course. - Well, thank you.

Thanks. Reunions.

Your mother has keys?

- Clearly, I am 10 months away in the year.

Do you have to clean something?

She/it wanted to know.

No, I don't have. Ah, God.

- This does the machine.

I must take a shower, sorrow does me. This

if the circulation stops in my brain,

your mother and all this...

- What do you speak there? - I love you.

Ah, nice. Okay, bye!

Dad?

- Yes.

Ah, God! - I want myself exactly

do at the rabbit.

At the rabbit? Everything clear?

- I must cut it open.

Okay.

Everything clear?

Recently, I saw cabbage-titmouse.

But they were afraid of Jean-Luc.

Yes, clear.

He/it would have eaten her/it/them also in a flash.

Do you think? But however, he/it is so sweet!

He/it never would do this. - Do you spin?

He/it doesn't eat us, because we 20 times bigger than he/it is, and him/it feeds.

You always see so black.

However, he/it increased, this tomcat!

We had another couple of cans of geese-liver, that would have run out, and since...

You gave him/it goose-liver?

However, he/it eats only fodder!

I have for ten years for him/it only this given!

However, you know that fat harms animals!

He/it is gigantic!

He/it looks like dad! A fat-paunch!

What do you get into the fingers,

it turns into the fat-paunch. Tell him/it by the look of you once!

However, that is no more tomcat! Him/it is allowed to

I not once more into the airplane takes!

Therefore, he/it must remain thin,

Now, they do him/it into the cargo space,

and after, he/it needs medications,

and many animals die on the way.

- How can you say something similar?

For two weeks, I have cared

about him/it, I love this tomcat!

But your father hates him/it, he/it names him/it

"Frisst-scheit-schlft"...

He/it wanted to abandon him/it, and you say,

he/it is too thick... - Calm down!

...and that she/it him/it into a cage

close! - You frighten him/it.

You/they will kill him/it!

- What then is free here?

My mother always was good in crying

and always pulled her/its/their advantage from all.

My father will immediately rebuke me,

and I will never mention again,
that Jean-Luc gained 10 pounds.
Not once in vacation, we could drive
because of this luxury-doormat!
However, you find Paris madly in the summer,
if all the dirt-slingshots are away.
Something is same free here! See once, like
thickly he/it is! He/it was castrated,
exactly like I. Therefore, I am so thick!
Your mother has me neuter.

- Oh, yes?

You pig!

All okay one there below?

- Yes, why?

Only so.

- Do you come down?

So, there are meals in 30 minutes.

- I have 'n little fear, but good.

Well, then once loose.

Hello! - Hello, as it goes you? - Property.

Beautifully, to meet you finally.

Your other tomcat?

But he/it is not neuter, or?

Ah, no! Already offends.

- Does he/it understand this? - No!

Please!

Is that is! Caution!

Smell well.

- Yes, exquisite! - What is this?

He/it cooks very well.

- Rabbits! - What is rabbit?

Lapin.

- Hare little.

Ah, no!

What?

- Oliver. - Who is Oliver?

My hare, as I was eighth.

The neighbor-dog has him/it tattered.

Only the ears were remaining.

But I eat it.

You don't have to.

- However, I do. - Rabbits, no?

Very well, rabbits.

I want the natives

offend not. - Please!
A club?
- You don't have to! - I know.
Please, plates!
Please! Thanks.
- Looks like chickens.
Give me the smallest,
I am small scrap accustomed.
Here, Marion!
- One small piece of back.
The head!
Is good, the head! For the men.
The men eat the head.
Is that not the heart?
- No, the head is this.
He/it likes the head.
Carrots?
- Ah, carrots. Yes, gladly.
We also eat what the hare eats!
Is his/its toy in there also there?
Sauce? Cry black...
Wine... what?
White wine? Ah, Vin blanc.
Yes, white wine.
Anna, your plate, please!
- No, I don't want.
Oh, you spoilsport!
Well, dad, you have yourself completely
serves beautifully. Is that your diet?
Rabbit is quite lean.
Already, but sees once, however,
what do you pure-shovel for yourself there!
And you? You have already once
your fat rear end seen?
Are you sick? I am fat, because I
since 18 months no more smokes.
Jean-need, it is enough!
Stop to be annoying her/it/them, damns!
She/it annoys us! Therefore, however, she/it is
from New York come! - However, I eat!
It is not about you. - Stop,
Asshole! - Please some zivilisierter!
My friend comes from far.
Talk with him/it!

Well well, then, we now talk to Jack
over them/her/it... American literature.

Kerouac.

Yes, Kerouac likes very much I. "On the Road."

Faulkner.

- Is that a quiz?

A small welcome-quiz.

Faulkner, yes. "The sound and the Fury."

- What? - "Sound and mania."

Miller, Henry.

- Henry Miller.

Yes, yes! Expatriot,
his/its time advance.

- Ah, sex!

Yes, sex!

Sex is good!

Miller, "Sexus", "plexuses."

- Dad, doesn't start merely with it!

Already okay, no worry.

French write.

Say French authors.

French Schriftsteller, yes.

- Are the French now at it?

Rimbaud.

Rimbaud, very good.

Rambo?

So, one pronounces this in English!

Dad, you really exaggerate!

Ah, I pronounced him/it incorrectly!

- Ah, Rimbaud. They are stupid!

Please! Dad!

- Hochgeistiger humor.

Baudelaire.

Well, well, good.

- Verlaine.

Moliere.

Not bad!

You see!

- And...

August Renoir? Big author!

He/it is a painter!

Property!

- He/it wants to hoodwink me! - I know.

At least not according to 'n full-fools

like otherwise. - Thank you, dad. Very nice!
He/it admittedly is not pretty,
but formed at least. - Mommy!
What?
- Nothing.
I bin's. - That is rose.
- She/it has also a key?
Hello! What do this stink here?
We ran out of the scent-spray.
- Day, dad. Day, mommy.
However, you come early. - Have earlier
End done. Hello! - Good day.
Unbelievable!
- I am rose. - Jack, pleases me.
Also.
As on the photos!
- Nicely as always!
Is coffee still there?
- Yes, in the machine. In the kitchen.
However, you cope?
- As always. - She/it becomes ever worse.
The poor children, who take care of her/it/them!
- I hear everything!
If both goes her/it/them a little in Paris
stroll? - Do we look at Paris?
I would like to become for me
the catacombs look at.
The catacombs.
- And still what... Pere Lachaise.
The catacombs, Pere Lachaise...
'ne real mood-cannon, your friend!
In order to see Jim Morrisons grave.
Have I said something ill-mannered?
Did you take photos in Venice?
- Did we take photos in Venice?
Ah yes, many. - We have this.
- Which may you see? - Yes.
Mommy,
do you actually use the computer?
No. We asked rose, it us to
explains, but... - If no time had.
You didn't explain anything to them?
And found also nobody for it?
You come with gifts, and then

you drive again and leave her/it/them to me.
Me reicht's! - Really nice! I thought,
you take care of people with educational-problems.
I take care of children psychic as well
Problems, no disabled ones!
It is enough, you both Pissnelken!
Only because can send e-mails her/it/them,
you are not anything better still long.
That is the Markus-place.
Incredibly, like many photos one with him/it
Appliance can do. - Is just digital.
Bravo! Many beautiful photos.
- Ah, thank you.
I have the camera exactly for myself for
the work bought, but it is fun.
But why no balloons on the photos?
- Please? - Rose!
What? - Why do you say this?
- If 'n was joke. However, he/it doesn't understand anything.
Did you show her/it/them the photos?
- No. - I told her/it/them about it.
You are so stupid!
- Ah, yes! - What? - Property!
Not, dad, this leaves!
- Balloons, photo-balloons. - No, dad!
That cannot be true!
Dad, this please leaves!
Pretty little corner with balloons!
No!
Lhr is insufferably!
- Toot sorrow me. - Oh, yes?
Pretty little corner!
- Mommy!
Really, Anna!
- You probably spin! Lhr is so stupidly.
Okay, my sweeter things, however, you are not...
That should be a joke.
What do you pack then him/it in cotton wool so?
- That is a small bird on her/it...
A bird?
...Hotel-terrace.
Much fun! And go with dad in her/it
Gallery past. He/it has a Vernissage.
These homosexuals,

however, there is not this, therefore really...
Disgusting!
Not, Kiki?
You would not do something similar.
Nice snort.
- You liked it, as I...
I know, but I said...
- After two years, this eases.
This has said I,
because I wanted for you at the laundry.
But this
I now have no more necessary.
Now, it explains you.
- It doesn't explain me.
Explaining something would be,
if I had something to explain.
Excuse me, I speak four languages.
- Ah, yes!
Which was it, that you can well, still?
I don't know, whether your French
good is, it can also be bad.
How should I know this?
I am no fan of the death, but
this place is undeprimierend strangely.
I know. All Parisian here is dead.
- Is it therefore so quiet? - Yes, so beautiful.
I love you.
- Why do you speak this with "Rrr?"
It is French, that is, simple.
No "Rrr." That is no German.
Where is the "Steack fried?"
It sounds so ugly,
if you speak French.
Why are we at all here?
Jim Morrison, why?
You like the "Doors" not once.
- But it is a famous grave.
And I am a deep Val Kilmer-Fan.
You take a photo,
and then, we, okay, go?
Pardon! Ah, pardon!
Ah, no! - Now, the party starts!
- Now take the photo! What does she/it have?
Everything in order, Mademoiselle?

Come!

- Let's go. - I am a freethinker.

It was that.

- Supercool. - Yes, super-cool.

I glaub's not,

that the catacombs are closed!

One of my favorite-places in Paris.

I glaub's not that still we

no one, that I know, met.

What is with the collective dynamics

the little one-world-networks?

The book "Little one-world-network" has

It read Jack as we were in Venice.

Where we always went, he/it has

for proof of this theory been looked.

It completely simply is.

Our world is very small, and if you

on the other side of the planet travels,

if it is very likely,

that you meet somebody,

he/it in your street lives.

It is scientifically proved,

that that is no pure coincidence.

We are as total

connected together.

The illusion of the chaos, in him/it

we live, is sorted and connects.

But that is pure theory, and Jack has

But nothing!

Marion! I don't grasp it! I have

by you spoken and... - Really?

Exactly today! - Oh, yes?

- I don't grasp it! - What do you do so?

My book just came out.

- Oh, great! A novel?

No,

Short stories, but interrelated.

Cool. That is Jack. Manu.

Day. - Please me,

To meet you, Jack.

Do you speak French?

- No, no.

And, what are there new?

Do you remain in the USA now for always?

No notion. But now, I am straight
with Jack together and everything runs well.
What is?
If you come this evening
to the party of Vanessa?
Yes, in any case.
- I also. - We go to the party.
This evening, yes. - Unbelievable,
you have yourself no little changes!
As the time has stood still.
Oh, stops! - You simply don't want
become older! - Stop, such a nonsense!
I am totally ready after so many
Hours in the train. - You look great!
Oh, stops!
- I schwr's!
We must loosely, my father expects us.
- Jean-need, father Jean-need...
Greet him/it from me.
- Until afterward.
Beautifully, to have met you.
- Yes, that was beautiful, Homie.
"That was beautiful, Homie?"
- That is funny!
Let taken taxi 'n from us.
- You want a taxi? Okay.
What runs there? The fellow has you
looked at thick lamb-club like 'ne.
As he/it has knives and fork and...
- I am one! - I know, but my.
From where do you know him/it?
- We have known ourselves for a long time
and had something together once.
I believe that I blew one for him/it.
Nothing further. - Somebody one blows
is nothing further?
Toot sorrow me! Nothing further compared
with that, what happens in the world otherwise.
George Bush,
the war in the Iraq, the bird-flu...
A Blowjob. is on the other hand..
If one considers... - Be correct, is correct.
Beautiful transition.
- A rather unimportant event,

do you not find?
- No, actually not,
if one this in one
bigger political context sees.
After all, chance has a Blowjob America
on a healthy democracy destroyed!
Must we go this evening there?
You don't want? Oh... However, I would become
like to see my friends. - Already good.
You are
with all your Exfreunden made friends?
With some, therefore...
with most. This type is genuinely in one
wonderful author and poets.
A French poet...
You are with no one
your Exfreundinnen made friends?
No!
Really? - No.
- This knew not at all.
As it from was, it was over.
- Then...
...you never would become again me
it wants to see if we separate?
No. I would not avoid you, but
I also would not take the trouble therefore.
I therefore am outside our relationship
no nice person for you.
Yes, so approximately.
- That is interesting.
I would like to be friendly with you.
- When? - If we separate.
No, if we separate.
Then, I also would like you.
Then, you simply are riper than I,
what I know...
So, we make this for France.
Exfreunde remain themselves near.
France influences your behavior
very much. How does the government stand by it?
She/it lets me pay taxes amply.
- Can we hold at a pharmacy?
My head kills me.
I don't have any more migraine-pills.

However, there are Codein without recipe here?

- No! - No? Why not?

We are in France here.

There are opiates not without recipe.

We are not in Afghanistan.

There is not any taxi. Let us go.

Maybe we find heroin over-the-counter.

It was the bridge! - The "last tango"

I as often as no one have seen. Hold!

It was the bridge! - The "last tango"

I as often as no one have seen. Hold!

Where? - There.

You play Brando in the entrance-scene.

Brando doesn't play I!

- Be careful. - Play him/it you!

No, you see much more similarly for him/it.

Fingers at the ears and then back,

you have pains, okay?

You are total besides yourself.

Fingers at the ears! Okay, enough.

Do you know something?

- What?

To constantly photograph

make one to the observer.

It brings one automatically

from the moment out.

On our trip to Venice

I wanted to experience the moment with Jack,
but...

instead of to kiss me,

Jack took 48 photos in the gondola.

Instead of little hands stationary

over the Markus-place, to run,

Jack took 72 photos of the Markus-place.

And so on...

Which looks more like Godard?

Godard... or Godard?

Black.

How look I?

- The question is...

How do I look?

Wonderful! You look really good.

- Not to fat or to...

No, you look thickly, but good.

You look good.
Really, without glasses...
I have completely forgotten, how well...
Yes, I found the contact-lentils.
- You put in effort right. - How?
Im contrast to Venice.
Do you make this for Manu?
On the way, we go with my father
in the gallery past, in agreement?
I think that this could fallen for you.
- Do you read the Bible?
I have a Bible?
I knew this not at all.
Does this belong into the Bible?
Ah, that is... Ah, yes.
No, but...
That is funny! You found it!
This just has sought I recently.
That is... What is his name still?
- I don't know. With the many...
My friend's friend,
as I was small.
Jean-Philippe... Jean-Louis!
Jean-Francois!
That is ten years ago!
That is no Exfreund or so,
only a friend.
That was at the 14. July. We were
both gotten drunk, all were drunk.
Look once, wie's there looks! There
approximately 20 people, all with balloons, were.
You don't find this something beside it,
the same photo?
What?
- What? That is the same photo precisely!
Like what?
Like what?
- Yes. - That of me! - If it is not!
It is quite different.
Blue, red and white balloons are there.
That is...
- The 14. July!
That is something similar like the heads
your Exfreunde at the wall to pegs,

only that instead photos you
from truancy with balloons at it does?
Do you have even more from it? A catalog
full of men with balloons at the tail?
Does tails with balloons rain immediately?
- No, pure coincidence is this!
Oh, comes! However, that is not anything! - No,
I feel only completely particularly.
You are something particular for me.
And your photo also. Not like this here.
There, I was drunk,
and all others also.
You are sour. - Yes.
- You are something particular.
Yes, as a disabled one. He/it is well
Reason, that I am together with you.
All okay one, sweet?
Are you Americans? - He/it yes, I am
Frenchwoman, we live in New York.
Cool! I love New York.
I was there last year.
I love Downtown, Soho... Cool, man.
Are you married?
- No.
Do you have children?
- No.
No? How old are you then?
Now, where we know ourselves,
if I can address you informally.
I am 35.
Attendants not too long. Does he/it not want?
I don't want.
- No, no, doesn't believe this I.
All women want children.
The nature wants it so.
If he/it doesn't want,
I like to make one for you,
if you want.
I do beautiful children.
If you want a Brad Pitt
or a George Clooney,
if you know to whom you must turn.
He/it says how beautifully his/its children are.
Very funny.

I only say this...
honestly, you don't look bad.
Blond like the Tusse of the fellow
into "ominous affair." Douglas.
He/it says that I look like...
Catherine Zeta-Jones? - Yes, exactly.
Great! A blind cab driver. - I am
but blond and sees hardly similar for her/it/them.
Lhr has the same face, the eyes,
they glisten. If I look at you so...
how twin-sisters,
only, that you are a little more beautiful.
Sisinsky. Sisinsky.
Jack. Please me.
Ah, fickende angels!
De Gaulle fickt the rear end...
a French from the middle class.
'68, the barricades!
That is Anna.
Micha was together with Anna.
You/they divided...
my mother a while.
You/they had both sex with her.
Lovers, lovers...
- Lovers,
the lover.
Girls... - Girls, that each other
touches, that is... - Chickens.
Clearly, one needs chickens.
Yes, chickens, sex...
Jean-need!
- Jean-need! - No, no, no.
I... - French!
- I get migraine from it.
Maigren? Of what does he/it speak?
- He/it gets headaches
from red wine.
- Speak geflligst French!
Do you spin? However, you frighten him/it!
He/it doesn't tolerate any red wine!
She/it is beautiful, dad. Quite wonderful.
- Do you like her/it? - Yes, very much.
A man, who gets a baby.
- As in the Schwarzenegger-Film!

A hermaphrodite.

Dad,

show him/it my favorite-pictures once!

I leave Jack with you,

take care a little of him/it!

But however, we understand each other not at all!

Pigs. - Ah. Pigs

with a type Salami. - Yes.

Yes. What is, sweet?

- Your father is... - Cunnilingus.

Cunnilingus in French.

Excuse me, treasure.

- Ah, no! - Excuse me.

Where do you go?

- How does it go? - Property. And you? - It goes.

Reunions, Jack!

- Reunions. - Until soon.

Where do you want to? - I am ready here.

Do we find ourselves with Vanessa?

I wanted to tell you that I it
finds incorrectly which Marion did.

All the photo of you
with the balloons, to show.

That is not in order.

This testifies respect to zero
before your intimacy as pair.

Intimacy? - Your...

- Oh, private life. Yes, I know.

I... I am displaces!

- No. - No!

This picture there...

Whether therefore one in the expression of the force...

...everything, which happens there,
if one can say, the force...

Mach's good.

What do you do here? - I needed air,
it is so stifling indoors there.

Yes, it is hot. Want you to go?

- Yes, you are ready?

You have yourself from my father

give a farewell? - Yes, yes. - All okay one?

I find that it is not correct,
that you showed all this photo.

This testifies respect to zero

before our private life.

Ah, the photo of you!

But that is so funny!

Oh, comes!

- That is completely inappropriate.

My father found this hilarious!

No miracle

with the pictures in his/its gallery,

but me may not be laughed at.

Come!

- In New York, I never drive subway.

Of the moment, no occasion consists
for a terror-attack.

All are happy.

- They don't look happy.

Ahem?

- They don't look happy.

Is good.

I already do this.

Didn't work.

Jack, my friend.

Vanessa, my friend. - Please me.

Are you the new friend? - What is your name?

- Sandra. - The new friend?

Not quite again, but already okay.

Something worn out.

And Marion?

Everything clear? - Yes, yes. I eat Hot-Dog-
Ball little, I have a beer... - Property!

Would you like to still eat something?

- Already okay, I am 35. - Well good.

She/it still gives me the breast.

But sag's not further!

Little one elves, that helped me,
if I had a problem.

That found, for what I have looked.

- Such a nonsense! - I schw'r's!

You noticed it once incidentally that
the Muschi with most women...

They have this dreadful cut,
this subway-ticket.

Subway-ticks? - Yes, she/it is...

Metro-Ticket name this we here.

A narrow rectangle.

- Ah, the runway!
I hate this. I find's dreadful.
I call "Hitler's handlebar mustache" this.
- Wow! You really hate it!
You look there, and the thing is...
Dreadful!
Then, my tail startles
immediately back.
Is that the wrong expression?
- No, why?
I pubertiere exactly.
- This probably should be called...
If he/it is afraid or becomes cold...
Yes, if he/it is afraid. But cold?
Americans
probably have not the problem.
Lhr never has fear,
to step on hostile area.
I am Mathieu incidentally. Please me.
- Jack. Completely on my part.
Everything clearly, sweet? - Yes, the type
speak of fascist vaginas.
How does it go? - And you?
I already saw you of wide.
You prepare 'ne exhibition? Photos?
- Somewhat more conceptual. - Ah, yes.
In the type of Bill Viola,
but with much more sex.
You will definitely like it.
He/it does an exhibition, he/it is
really an interesting artist.
An Exfreund?
- No! - Are you sure?
That would be a record.
- No. - Ah, Manu!
You don't have to talk to him/it.
- However, I want that I like Manu.
I always thought, a small lie,
this no effects
on igendwas or anybody has,
be no correct lie.
A small diagram of the brain
if the pros and cons must
appraise the possible consequences,

particularly, if it could be,
that the lie is discovered.
You are there yes, man!
- How does it go? - How are you?
What is free?
- Not much. How does it go? - Property.
She/it told you,
that we were together, or? - Yes.
That is approximately 15 years ago,
therefore no more reason for the excitement.
She/it was 19.
- Ah, still a child.
She/it had her/its/their first orgasm with me
through intercourse.
That was impolite. I know,
when I am impolite. Toot sorrow me.
Ah, no, no.
You paved the way for others us.
I drink to it.
- Clearly, we drink to it!
Furthermore, it was not once
'ne big romance.
Sooner like... Brother and sister.
- Brother and sister, whom sex has?
No big matter.
I now must this... Hire gets.
- I love the bloke. If it gets!
What is? - A Blowjob?
You had sex with the type!
With whom?
- Manu. - No. Well...
Yes... so approximately.
- Approximately? Only in the base?
I don't know, why therefore one
have to lie. - I didn't lie.
However! Furthermore, he/it told me,
that you the first orgasm with him/it
through intercourse had.
Does this seem to you familiar? - No.
Has maybe... - Does something ring there?
- He/it should feel good.
Be correct. You said exactly this to me.
- Do I have this?
But it was correct with you.

- Is that amnesia? I versteh's not.
No, you fools. Be not so!
Be not jealous!
However, you knew that I
no virgin more was, I was 33!
Therefore, it doesn't go. It is about lying.
You clearly are no more virgin...
I get 'nen Dip for myself.
I am a child-psychologist.
I work with problem-children
from the 16. Arrondissement,
Neuilly sur Seine, children of empires
with many problems.
- Yes, something similar occurs.
This sounds really fascinating.
One day, as I with a child
in my office worked,
if I had to on the toilet.
As I returned,
my chair was quite wet.
This small one... Rat
had peed after it.
I was so... so furious!
The only one, of what I could think,
it was that I wanted to sever this.
Only simply sever.
The job quits, or what?
- No, the small penis cuts off!
Oh so, his/its small penis.
- Yes.
I like him/it totally gladly.
Mussels are in the salad. Oh, exactly!
I hab's so full. We only argue.
Do you go into the temple sometimes?
- No, I am not really Jewish.
My mother was educated Catholic.
I admittedly have a Jewish name,
but I am strictly speaking
gentile. - But your father.
And consequently also you. You are one
happy, hairy, Jewish man!
You think that Hitler would have spared you,
because your mother is gentile?
This would not have altered anything. These types

would have put you into a camp.
Be correct. You are right.
I never liked camps.
Incidentally, I remain a few days
with you. Marion invited me.
We have sleep only a quite small one-
do carpentry. - I bring goose-liver.
I feel like your brother,
and what mine is is also yours, man.
Is this called that mine is also yours?
If you give it to me, it takes me.
- Real? Does this refer to everything?
I explain something to you once.
I am American, yes?
And in America, mine is mine.
My religion is "private-property":
Entered not, my stuff doesn't touch!
Or I kill you!
That is good.
I like the man. We find ourselves
in August. I love your humor!
You told this paranoid person,
he/it can live in August with us?
No, that he/it can live there,
if we are away. - Speech with him/it,
he/it, our apartment, thinks
if the Promised land is!
I have a little with your bloke
talked, super-nice. - Yes, he/it is.
Don't jam, not according to 'n Ami, not
arrogantly, quite different than expected.
He/it is admittedly tattooed everywhere,
but you seem this to like.
That is normal, he/it was in the clink.
Stock exchange-histories or so? ENRON-Affre?
- No, he/it sat eight years.
Murder. Willful killing. Was there
such a type, that with him/it and his/its
Friend lived, and he/it was only 19...
He/it can curb his/its fury only heavily.
He/it invited me to you
in August,
but I was not sure whether I can.
- How stupid!

I get to still drink something for me.

- Yes, only does.

I want the most unromantic day of this

Keep awake Parisian history in me.

The whole ones of some strange project
and everything could not do I here.

I had to... no notion.

Everywhere only perverts,
those I one should blow...

- That is disgusting, or?

You had to blow no one one,
to manage therefore?

In the art, one doesn't have to this?

- No, that not, but one must...

One must leak.

- Yes, exactly. One must leak.

She/it looks totally empty anyway.

- Totally empty.

Ah, shit,

I lost my contact-lentil!

She/it is there.

Do you have her/it/them?

- Yes. - Super.

I do her/it/them again purely.

- Yes.

All okay one? - Yes, already goes.

- Don't fall!

Marion?

Marion!

Is good. Ah, darling.

- What is free?

I don't thrive.

What is free?

- The mussels.

I thought of it that I allergic
is. However, we had mussels?

No, last month

on Long Iceland, we had mussels.

Maybe I tolerate

French mussels not.

Call somebody "911!"

- I am allergic against mussels!

Call somebody "I is allergic!

Attendants! - What is?

- I don't have any pulse. - However.
I don't have any pulse. - However.
- I die! - No.
I die!
- No, no!
Them/you were only dizzy.
- My pulse! - Breathe deeply through.
It felt as I have
something in the neck. Here, something hairy.
That is an allergic reaction.
Give me a shot, fast!
You/they ate simply too much.
Drink something. - I am afraid.
Go at the fresh air.
Jack!
I am alive! - Yes, I know.
Otherwise, you would have spoken not so much.
Yes.
Do you have something for the sinuses?
Antihistamine?
No, but she don't lack anything.
- Yes, I know.
That certainly is an Arab.
The last one cleared off at a traffic light.
Recently, I had a few Germans.
Never again!
They had sausages in the luggage,
this stinks still today! - You have yourself
well entertains with my sister?
You talked almost only to her.
Why, however, I have with Matthew
and Manu and Sandra spoken...
Very nice.
Really, or do you mean this ironically?
- No, they were very nice.
One never knows with you.
Hey, where does lhr come friend?
He/it doesn't speak any French.
He/it is American.
- Americans?
You/they don't speak any English?
- No.
You/they probably cannot many languages?
- What? However, French is enough, or?

Didn't you therefore want to take us?
Because we speak another language?
Whom do you take at all then?
You/they don't like any Germans...
Arabs? They don't like you either.
Whom do you like then? One should Romanians
sends home and Jews into the KZ.
I never have said this. And the camps
they invented so that we pay.
Are you totally stupid?
You should hear yourself once!
Does it still go, Blondi?
Do you address now me informally, or what?
I give you Blondi!
It is all okay one, darling.
The type is an abgefucktes psycho-
pathisches Nazi-racist-asshole!
And that is okay, because here this
France is. We are in France.
Welcomes in France!
Welcomes in France!
This is enough!
- Fascist!
We get out here!
You pay before you get out,
otherwise, we go directly to the police!
Of course, we, idiot, pay! We have
Coal, however, we are Americans!
Finally hold the muzzle!
- I step into them/her/it for you...
I step into them/her/it for you...
- You step for me where?
And you just the muzzle back there!
- We are there, you hold here.
I look for a place to holding.
Then, I hold, and we talk
from man to woman. - Okay.
We speak of your wife?
- No, from man to woman!
I thought that you wanted with me
talk about your wife.
Your wife has an Arab namely.
- What?
Thank you,

that was a very instructive trip.

I thank you you.

Good night.

- Clear off! - Thank you.

Slut! Part yourself from the Amis ficken!

- What then was free with him/it?

The type was a racist.

If we come back to America,

you go into one...

Anger-overcoming-clinic.

However, I was not at all angry.

Is it approximately okay to be a racist?

At least, rose still is alive.

Here, it smells of lamb.

The whole city smells of lamb.

What is this? Was that your mother?

- Our laundry.

How sweet!

I always tell her/it/them that she/it shouldn't this,
but she/it cannot leave do it.

She/it irons jeans?

Who then does something similar?

That is her/its/their favorite-activity.

It is beautiful.

If you know...

- I thought that she/it is a hippie.

But then, the habits have
her/its/their mother pushed through.

Exactly this my I.

- What?

Above, I try to lie. - I

knows. - Why do you fight against it?

Because you always want upward.

- So, I simply like it.

Yes, you like this, but I also am
still there. However, I am no Dildo!

Not?

- I my it serious.

All talk about it,

that women are made to objects,

that she/it only one piece of meat,

only birthing-machines are...

But we is men the meat-pieces!

The female orgasm

so much meaning is attributed!
It is Lmmer about the woman!
One should be received compromises by it.
You poor things! It must be dreadful,
to be a man
and, to be abused so!
You should turn to Amnesty.
I don't have any more desire. - No!
How should I have now sex with you?
- Please, I... - I don't want.
Okay, then, we do it from the back.
- No! - Okay!
I want on you on it and you...
Okay, listens.
That was traumatic.
I feel rejected.
If you know as that is for a woman,
if she/it is rejected with the sex?
I will never again eat, I have
now certainly anorexia! - No, no.
Leave me alone!
- We don't have yet the whole trip.
Well, and because of whom this probably was?
I was on the toilet! You wanted me
climb when shiting?
Say the no more! I can
the word "shits" no more hears.
I am tired. Do we argue tomorrow?
Thanks. I sleep with the tomcat,
he/it is much more erotic anyway.
Jean-need, here water is everywhere!
What? - O God!
I don't know, they yell rum!
What do you do?
The carpet!
- Jean-need, the fire brigade calls!
What happened?
- A water-tube-break is in the bath.
I stop the stream.
You/they are on the way.
I should turn off the main-cock.
Where is the main-cock? - What do I know?
Ask Madame Schindling,
she/it must know it.

- Yes? - Already go!

Below, they have a water-tube-break.

They already are on the way!

Who?

- The fire brigade.

Ah God! - Have 'nen tomcats I!

- I help you.

Mommy, should I help you?

- Dung! - Okay.

Ah, good day. - Toot sorrow for us,
we are firefighters, no plumbers.

Dung!

- Toot sorrow me, my mother...

Do you live above? - Yes,

but actually I live in New York.

They have super-fire engines there.

- Yes.

You have beautiful sweaters there!

Can one buy them/her/it?

They belong to the uniform.

- But one gets her/it/them over the internet.

Oh yes?

- Yes.

That is good wool.

- Yes, you feel once.

She/it is from the finest things.

- No, no... - Well loose!

Ah yes! - Not bad, which?

- That is good quality.

That is Scottish wool.

What do they still do then here?

Flirt not and rather helps me.

Yes, we must loosely. Thanks.

Very pleases.

- Yes.

Next time, we call a plumber,
not the fire brigade. Thanks.

A beautiful day still.

- Thank you, likewise. - Reunions.

Ah! Hello, boys.

Jack, very pleases. - Hello.

- Good day. How does it go?

Can I touch also once?

- What? - Muscles.

Ah, English. - What does he/it say?
- Already well, already good. - Okay.
Ah!
A beautiful day still.
- Ah, yes. - Okay.
Okay.
He/it probably is not quite dense!
- Beautiful!
Managed, finally. I am sopping wet.
- This believes I.
We come! - Bring your Ami.
We show him/it correct meal once!
I go to fast still take a shower.
Do you come along on the market?
I have a terrible tomcat...
Go with your father alone once.
He/it wants that you come along.
- However, he/it speaks only French.
I would like that you divide this with me.
Please! - Well good.
Thanks.
- Okay.
We go to the brunch, okay, after it?
- I am bad.
Be called..."Chaute."
Chaud!
- Ah yes, it is hot.
Muggy!
"Chochotte"... gay!
- How did he/it like Paris yesterday?
Do you like Paris?
- Ah yes. Very beautiful.
And he/it likes Jim Morrison?
Do you like Jim Morrison?
- Actually not.
Why was he/it at his/its grave then?
- Because that is something for tourists.
That is for tourists. - Does he/it know it?
- No, I didn't tell it to him/it.
I wanted to tell you incidentally,
that you the next time,
if you are in dream-vacation,
have to leave your tomcat elsewhere.
- Why?

Was he/it not good? - Every morning
by five, he/it scratches at the bathroom-door
and wants to drink at the faucet.
- He/it likes just flowing water.
I said you,
you should leave open the cock in the evening.
This tomcat is very good.
- He/it is worse than a child.
Want you to do children?
- Don't annoy me with it, I have for you...
See once, as that parked!
- He/it does it once again!
He/it scars the cars on the footpath.
- Is that of the tickets here?
Is it legal to scar cars?
He/it only scars her/it/them,
if they stand on the footpath.
Ah, it tells you by the look of this! Ah, la-la!
- Yes, he/it will also scar him/it.
Now, however, something does!
- What do you mean? I cannot do anything.
What... - Dad, stops.
Do it at least at night.
Jack doesn't thrive on that occasion,
he/it doesn't like this.
Could we go somewhat faster?
- Car angry! - Car badly, yes.
Yes. He/it doesn't like cars.
- Looks completely so.
Air pollution.
- What? Yes. You/they should be a candidate.
Cornflowers. - Cornflowers, yes.
I later get her/it/them, because...
Today, I don't pay in natural produce.
My daughter participates.
"No sleep." No sleep.
Was at 'ner party...
No panties? - Party... - No panties?
- No sleep... No sleep.
No panties? - No, "sleep" is called sleeps,
not "panties." - Ah, okay.
Ah, la-la... - Ah, Jack!
- Ah God! - Pig!
Ah God!

- A small milk-pig.
Ah God, like terrible.
- The French Babe did this.
Oh, that is sad!
What is this for a tongue?
- Calf-tongue. - What? - Tongue.
Calf-tongue.
- Yes, I already see. - O God!
Okay, hm...
Lamb. Milk-lamb?
- What? - Milk-lamb!
Baby-lamb. - Sweetly, as he/it
the skinned animal-babies imitates!
We take this and then a lamb-club.
It goes me not particularly.
- Really? - Yes.
I would go gladly home.
- You are bad? Okay.
I looked until four "M",
and all the people and skinned animals
make me quite crazy.
I am sick...
He/it doesn't feel good that he/it must
lay down. - Did he/it guzzle?
Toot sorrow me. But I like it
very well here, really!
Pay attention to you.
You certainly do better soon.
You have the keys, or? - Yes.
Good-by. Is he/it sick?
- He/it is caught cold. Nothing bad.
Well, then, we now go
to the Biogemsestand.
Does nothing say your mother about it, yes?

Mathieu:

I am your salami for ever and ever.
Good day, Madame!
- Ah, I believed you on the market.
The others still are there.
I wanted to take a shower.
I washed shirts lhre.
However, this doesn't disturb you? - Thank you.
You really do something very nice.

Jean-need... very badly with me...
Badly with me because of... Jim Morrison.
He/it doesn't like the "Doors?"
- Because of me
with Jim, ugh...
Yes.
You/they?
Yes.
- You/they and Jim... Ah!
A quite small affair.
Many people
was very happy with her/its/their body.
No Aids, no death...
Sex, fun, everyone with everyone.
The mother is also 'ne slut!
Ah, understands.
No, really,
that is a beautiful history.
And know, after it the movement
for abortion, for women?
Ah, the women-movement, yes.
Yes, "the 343 sluts",
I was one of them. Did you know this?
Ah, you... - I was a slut!
- Ah, understands. - You could...
me please the tomcat gives?
- Ah, Jean-Luc...
Jean-Luc? - I believe that he/it is...
- He/it is there. - Okay. Good-by.
Reunions!
- Good-by. Thanks.
Do you create the door?
Unbelievable.
What kind of beautiful flowers, Mademoiselle.
Stop to excavate, dad!
Excavate?
- You turn on everything, which moves!
Is beautiful for what moves, however.
How loved lhr it very much,
if I licked you the Muschi. Mathieu
I am your salami for ever and ever.
What want you to hear? - What do you have?
- Brel, Ferre, Trenet,
Barbara...

What do you want. - I play for you
something before. - In agreement.
Today, is day of the music.
The people play everywhere,
they do music everywhere.
It is one particular day.
We should walk, not?
Grizzly?
You have your camera on that occasion.
- Maybe I take a few photos.
...and pie-lifters.
A Rasensprenger,
the Vinaigrette does.
A beautiful Belfter...
eats the smells.
Sheets, that heat,
a waffle-pistol,
an airplane for two,
then, we are happy!
What do you take? - I don't have any hunger.
- Want you to eat nothing at all?
What do you take? - I don't have any hunger.
- Want you to eat nothing at all?
Certainly?
Hello.
- Hello.
You still work
for your technocrat-newspaper?
What?
- Nothing. I only said hello.
Do you know these types?
- Only fleeting. How does it, Edouard, go?
At least, you are your friends
loyal remained. - Want you to go?
Did you choose? - I would have gladly
a peel of rubbed glasses. - Please?
Ah, a beer.
- A beer.
For me an omelet, please.
- An omelet, immediately comes.
Thanks.
Was it beautiful on the Philippines?
I am Jack.
- Gael.

Edouard. - Very pleases.

If you see, so we make this for America.

A moment.

- Okay.

You left me before the trip,
so that you are free. - Let's go.

The emigrants never recover
from these countries.

How at that time the colonial-men:
The life is so beautiful, the women
so softly, so young.

Ready? - You can speak?

Are eggs adequate for you approximately meanwhile?

Interesting.

- You never have wounded the separation.

I didn't wound something else.

But this doesn't belong here.

Should I go?

- Toot sorrow, darling, me.

Why you simply don't tell me,
about what it goes? No? This is fun.

You were not at all so desolate,
as I thought.

You simply were not my type, point.

- Want you to know on what he/it stands?

Hold the mouth!

- No, already good.

Everything in order.

I am not his/its type!

The man was in Thailand for a NGO
and slept twelve-year as well.

A thirty year old is there of course
less sexy, not true?

However, that is fantasies!

- Oh, and still something:

He/it said that we were not allowed to
judge by western standards.

All different one is there.

Women, girls, children prostitute
itself, part of her/its/their culture is this.

One could not feel guilty,
if one fickt she/it.

Outside, you help the third world,
but actually fickst you she/it.

You only want to take revenge.
I wanted a Tussi, that the tab
be able to hold. - Oh so.
With 12, one holds the tab, clear.
But I not!
Edouard, you know that he/it has your big one(s)
Dear gefickt, as you waited in the vacation.
Ah... ah, no!
Ah, he/it never has told this to you?
However, this does me sorrow, really.
Finally hold the tab, you slut!
What proceeds here? - Already okay.
- What do you do? - I am okay!
I am okay!
- She/it is sick.
Already good. I am quite quiet.
All okay one, darling.
I am completely quiet.
Everything under control!
This is enough!
Well hears you once!
- Out!
We didn't break anything.
- Vanish! - Thanks.
This tosses a great light
on France! - Vanish!
Lot!
- Tourists!
What? - What then was free with you?
- Does sorrow, okay, do me?
You wander!
- Don't say this. - The insane gaze!
What are you? Mike Tyson?
- No, I am not.
I was together with the fellow once,
and he/it did something dreadful!
No, listens. It was terrible.
That was not normal.
When? When?
- Seven years ago.
Seven years ago?
And you still are sour?
He/it did something repulsive.
He/it is a bourgeois

and did something, that...
There, we have it! - He/it lied
and terrible things... - It doesn't matter to me!
So'n post-colonial shit...
- That doesn't matter to me!
This doesn't justify your behavior!
You don't have yourself under control.
This must be treated.
But I had myself under control.
I only was...
I was... Okay, I was furious.
But I will never become more furious.
I lost the mastery,
because he/it had sex with children.
However, you choose also types!
- That they simply out-toss us!
They should not have done this? One
Luck, that no one shot us.
Therefore honest.
- Here, one is not shot.
That is also such a fallacy,
but no matter! Therefore...
That therefore was another ex?
- Yes.
Simply another couple of exes.
No big matter, stimmt's?
Why does it should?
- Is an affair a big matter?
Is an affair a big matter?
- Yes, of course. - Okay. - What?
Is the affair with this bloke one?
- With whom? - With Mathieu?
What?
I left my cell phone in Paris.
I got it,
as we brought here the cat.
It gave my mother to my sister,
and she/it had an affair with him/it.
He/it has the news
my sister written. - Ah.
Okay, not bad.
Versuch's now once
with a little more feeling.
Paint seriously, you must me

hold for the biggest idiot.
I should believe that we victims
is a type of French farce?
And your poor small sister
you do to the scapegoat.
She/it has already enough problems.
She/it works roughly on it, dozens children
to serial killers, to do.
Okay, you are right. I had something
with Mathieu, two years ago,
but it was not anything of seriousness, and it was,
before I met you.
Do you know what I believe slowly?
The little one-world-theory
refer to your sexual-life.
And it was not two years ago!
I don't know what he/it writes there,
but it was in January
and it spoiled.
Monsieur, what does "Muschi mean leaks?"
- No!
Verpiss you! - You see: Spoiled!
He/it also found this.
He/it wrote me on and on,
also as it already...
Nothing was there,
and actually it is funny.
Some are really funny.
I translate for you what he/it writes.
That is no serious sex-news.
- You therefore lied.
I don't lie! I wanted
your feelings don't hurt.
Okay, I lied.
But that was the single lie.
I didn't do anything bad.
I didn't deceive you!
How can I trust you? From where
do I know what is "bad" for you?
In France apparently is
a little anal-sex now and then
just like fishing rods or Scrabble play.
Okay, I am sorry. Trust me,
this doesn't mean me anything.

I didn't do anything bad.
Please, we are in Paris.
- No, not in Paris.
In the hell!
Say it!
- Does something say? - Say: I am a whore.
I am a whore. - I am a whore.
- I am a whore.
No, I am a whore. Say it!
- No, I am a whore. - Oh so!
You want the friendly one
John-Wayne-Typ, stimmt's, remain?
John Wayne... - You always are the good,
and I am the angry Native American!
Yes! I am this!
And do you know something? Not your tail
is to big for French condoms.
Your ego is too big
for French condoms. And...
for Italian also!
Not bad!
Why said this I?
I am so stupid!
The next song is for you.
It is called "Who is with you!"
Good day.
- Good day. - Okay...
I would like a double cheeseburger,
a deep chip and a Pepsi.
Monsieur, I don't speak any English.
- No English? - No.
Okay, one... hem... one... Moo!
Okay? Double... two...
do you know?
And a deep chip and... Pepsi.
However, Pepsi immediately is called everywhere, or?
We have four menus:
Vegetables, salad, Burger and Doppel-Burger.
Simply select one.
- Yes, this here. This!
This? - I don't want the paper,
but the meal on the paper.
This there?
- The meal on the paper, yes.

Thanks.

- This does 5,30 Euro.

Yes! Here, European money!

- Thanks.

Was she/it/they sour because of the franc?

This certainly annoyed you, however, or?

Madly, thank you! I hate Paris.

- Thanks. Good-by.

Hello, Mathieu. Marion is here.

Hello! - Hello!

- Can I join you?

Okay.

This almost-food-chain leaves the animals
with alive body skin.

Everything is towards-manipulated.

And moths are in the roll.

Moths are in the roll?

- Yes. - Understand.

Is not so easy here, what? With her/it

Language? - The language, the meal...

No, no problem, everything clear!

- You seem something harnessed.

Since just, I know that my friend

a slut is. - How do you mean this?

She/it has sex with many men,
again and again!

Over long time away.

Probably for money.

She/it doesn't get enough.

Yes.

- One strong piece, what? - Yes.

Strangely, that you now called.

I got it exactly from the studio
and will now accomplish it.

Voila!

And... what is this?

I think who is this? - You!

Not badly, or?

That is really beautiful.

Your style developed very much!

Yes. Yes, this is correct.

Thanks.

- No, I thank you you.

You really are this. Unbelievable.

Maybe I have pushed her/it/them to it
with all my accusations...
Someday, this leads that...
Maybe I can myself for her/it/them
absolutely don't open,
because I am afraid to hear, what she/it
would say about her/its/their past.
So or so, there is not any exchange,
no honesty.
Sound stupidly, but I still have
never, it admitted that I masturbate.
Do you understand?
I understand you.
But the love is the only one,
what is still left for us.
The world goes the brook down,
and we only have ourselves.
Yes.
I am a fairy, do you know?
- Ah, yes. Now... I...
No, no. A real fairy.
- Ah... a real one? - Yes.
You must come back to her.
She/it is no slut.
You must take care more of her/it/them.
For her/it/them provides, you concerns.
If you look back someday,
of what will you think then? Whether you this
or that job got? No.
You will think of the people,
this you loved, and above all...
at them/her/it a woman, whom you loved.

And even better:

and your hand holds.
Ah.
I am immediately again there.
- Okay.
You must run.
- Run to her back?
No, runs, if the alarm starts.
We fight for a better world.
My number is here. I am Lukas.
- Jack.

The toilet is full smoke.
The door is locked.
I will explain your friend of all.
What will you tell then to him/it?
That that was a joke,
that I am totally stupid
and I you doesn't love. So!
Nobody wants me.
I endure the no more!
However, this is not allowed to...
Well loosely, comes out there!
What do you do then?
Does nothing broken or dirty do, yes?
I call your sister.
I landed in the Iraq!
Ah, forgiveness!
- From the way, you bottle!
Theft! My bag! That is he/it!
- What is free?
My bag! Thief!
- No, I am American. - However!
No, I speak English!
- No! No!
Ah, the type... He/it is long there!
- Americans, bah! Dirt-Arabs!
My bag!
Police! Police!
- No, no!
My bag!
Thanks. No, an error is this!
No, lets go! The double!
I am an inner-architect, damns!
Marion!
Marion, now comes out there, yes?
Mathieu doesn't want to touch me.
All men are disgust by me!
What does she/it say there? - I wanted her/it/them
kisses, but she/it howls the whole time.
Impossible. - Of course, because she/it
her/its/their friend loves. You don't understand anything!
Marion, what got only into you,
with this fool, to want to sleep?
I leave you alone.
Forgiveness, we were mistaken.

Toot sorrow for us.

Lhr boys was great. Thanks.

Are you sure that it was not he/it?

- Yes, Madame.

I don't know what you say,
but you have a great voice.

A tea? - Really toot sorrow me,
this with your soap-holder. - Me also.

What do you have done?

I dropped him/it, from mistakes.

- Did he/it shatter?

The arms. You appear here...

- I know that I am terrible.

The classic stopgap.

We participate madly in ourselves

Eiferschteleien, we everything have on that occasion.

We are crappy bourgeois,
mommy would say.

If I keep it in mind,
that people die through bombs...

Don't start again with it!

Recently, I have an article
read that... - Over what?

We need four times more toilet-paper than
Men, because we always wipe ourselves off.

Now, I must keep every time it in mind,
if I go to pee. - At what?

At everything, which we destroy.

My sister, I love you.

Although you are annoying totally.

Is that your Schmusetier?

- But no, you. I my however you!

Thank you, my sister!

- You are really dumb!

I now go.

- Do you go to your type? - Doesn't know.

Hello.

Hey!

I don't know you.

What do you speak there? Are you drunk?

I was in an almost-food-restaurant
and have held little hands with a fairy,
this then a bomb put.

With a fairy? - No, but it was,

as the heaven has sent him/it.
Maybe a schizophrenic Veganer.
He/it hated fast food.
There, I have something
completely fundamental understood.
I don't know you.
- You don't know me? - No!
The result of our four-hour one(s)

Discussion:

to accept the partner so,
as he/it is,
with all mistakes and weaknesses.
Marion!
- You shaved one "M?"
Jack confessed me his/its fear,
rejected, to become,
if he/it revealed me his/its heart.
Jack noticed after two years with me,
that he/it didn't know me,
and I him/it also not.
In order to truly love us,
we everything had to know of each other.
Even if that is not easy.
Therefore, I told him/it the truth,
that I never had deceived him/it.
I also told him/it,
that I was with Mathieu.
He/it didn't become angry,
because nothing had happened of course.
I confessed Jack that it heavy for
me is to for always be established me.
The idea, with this man
to spend the rest of my life,
To solve problems
and not with the first difficulty
to give up, falls very heavily for me.
I told him/it that I can't the rest
spend my life with a man.
It was lied, but I said it.
He/it asked me, whether I a squirrel
be that collects men like nuts,
for cold winters.
I found this merrily.

Then, he/it said something, that hurt me.
The sound changed drastically.
Then, I misunderstood him/it.
I thought that he/it loved me no more
and wanted to separate.
It always fascinates me, like people
love one only like madly,
and then nothing more. Nothing.
This does so sore.
If I have the feeling, somebody wants
left me, I first finish it,
still before I listened to everything.
It is so.
One more, one few.
Another wasted romance.
I really loved him/it.
If I keep it in mind that it is past
and I him/it never again will see...
Maybe we meet ourselves once,
with new friend or new friend,
do so,
as we never have been together.
We then become
more rarely think together,
until we us completely forgotten...
or almost.
It always is the same: Separation,
Breakdown, gets drunk,
meet a fellow, herumficken,
in order to forget him/it only maintaining.
Then,
after a few months of total emptiness,
if one looks again for true love.
One seeks desperately everywhere,
and after two years of loneliness
if one meets a new love
and swear that he/it is the right.
Until he/it then is also again away.
And then, a moment is in the life there,
from him/it one none
further separation come to terms with.
And even, if one this human being
if one can live no more without him/it.
And even if he/it one

every day awakens,
because he/it sneezes one into the face,
well, then, one loves his/its sneezing
more than the kisses an each other.

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