These too.
Do you have some change?
Not much.
- Bye.
- Bye.
Forgive the mistakes.
I had 15 minutes to write this.
Would you note
that if I commit suicide today
it is not for economic reasons,
for I have waited until
I exhausted all
my financial means,
even refusing jobs,
but for political reasons.
Because I have decided
to send the feminists,
who have always ruined my life,
to their maker.
For 7 years
life has brought me no joy,
and being totally blase,
I have decided to put an end
to those viragos.
I tried in my youth to enter
the forces as an officer cadet,
which would have allowed me
possibly to get into the arsenal
and precede Lortie in a raid.
They refused me because...
antisocial.
I therefore had to wait until this day
to execute my plans.
In the meantime, I continued
my studies in a haphazard way
for they never really
interested me,
knowing in advance my fate.
Which did not prevent me
from obtaining very good marks
despite my policy
of not handing in work
and the lack of studying
before exams.
Even though the media will label me a "mad killer", I consider myself a rational individual who has been pushed to take extreme measures only by the arrival of the grim reaper. For why persevere to exist just to please the government? Being a backwards-looking thinker by nature, except for when it comes to science, I have always been enraged by feminists. They cling to women's benefits, like cheap insurance, maternity leave, preventative leave, while seizing for themselves those of men. Thus it is an obvious truth that if the olympic games removed the men-women distinction, there would be women only in the graceful events. So the feminists are not fighting to remove that barrier. They are so opportunistic that they never fail to profit from the knowledge accumulated by men through the ages. They always try to misrepresent them every time they can. Thus, the other day, I heard they were honouring the Canadian men and women who fought at the frontlines during the world wars. How can that be when women were not authorized to go to the frontlines?
Will we hear of Caesar's female legions and female galley slaves who of course took up though they never existed? Real casus belli. Sorry for this too brief letter.
- Val?
- Hmm?

An adiabatic transformation. Is it isentropic when it's reversible or irreversible? Reversible.
I can't even remember the basic concepts. In one ear out the other. Just think of an elastic. The entropy remains constant, therefore it's reversible, like a rubber band. That's nice. You want the job, you'll get it.
Ah, I haven't been able to read Sylvain and I can't finish my structure lab.
Hey, j-f. It's a bit early for a striptease, isn't it? Re you finished?
- No.
You still comin' to the party? I don't know. I'll be studying in the "caf". Let me know how it went, ok?
Ok.
Thanks. Good luck!
Mom, sorry, it was inevitable. Hey, buddy!
Hey.
Fuck!
My assignment. Shit!
Valerie Dompierre?
L'tervie room
valerie Dompierre.
Maurice Martineau.
Hi.
So you're here for the mechanical engineering internship?
Yes.
That's unusual.
What do you mean?
You in mechanical engineering?
Women usually go for civil engineering. It's easier.
It's a real passion for me.
It's always been my dream to work in aeronautics.
I meant, uh, easier for raising a family.
We're looking for candidates who won't quit...
- and?
- and what?
And what you say?
Nothing.
What could I say?
I don't know, Val.
That... that your career comes first.
That you don't want kids.
Anything.
So, did you get the job or not?
It's not even a job.
It's an internship.
Job, internship.
It's the same thing.
Anyway, yeah, I got it.
You got a job!
Do you realize what this means?
You don't seem very happy.
No, I am happy.
But what?
But I know that if I told him that I wanted kids,
I wouldn't have gotten it.
It's like he was telling me
my education was just for fun.
He was so condescending.
Hey, cheer up.
You shouldn't let
that guy get to you.
You know, you work super hard.
Your grades are amazing.
Screw that guy!
Yeah, screw him.
Right.
- Hi, girls.
- Hi.
Can you help me?
I can't do this.
Can you lend me
your notes, please?
Yeah, sure.
- Thank you.
- Class is in 15 minutes.
See you there.
Is it gonna be long?
No.
Go ahead.
Next.
Can I help you?
We could define entropy
as a measurement of
the disorder in a system.
Any system that is subject
to pressure
from its external environment
will undergo a conversion
that results in imbalance
and a transfer of energy.
For example,
water in a pot on the stove
starts to move
and change into steam.
If we put a lid on the pot,
the steam lifts the lid,
which falls back down
only to be lifted
again and again
until there is no more heat 
or no more water.
At the microscopic level, 
this transfer of energy 
results in increasing 
molecular agitation, 
which we call entropy.
Sorry.
Order cannot be restored until 
maximum entropy is achieved.
Did I miss anything?
No, we just started.
Do you have my notes?
Thanks.
Re you finished?
- Almost.
Quiet in the back, please.
On a more metaphysical level, 
the universal law 
of entropy also tells us 
that any isolated system, 
left on its own, 
is inevitably destined 
to irreversible degradation, 
to the point of self-destruction.
- Everybody stop.
Uh, young man, please come back 
when the class is over.
Split up.
Girls on the left, 
guys on the right.
I said split up!
Guys right, girls left!
Ok, guys out.
Girls, stay here.
I said move!
Go on! Go on!
Outside, outside!
Out! Out!
Hey, hey!
Some guy just took 
all the girls hostage!
You have to call the police!
Some guy just took all the girls
hostage on the second floor!
Call the police, hurry!
- Are you kidding?
Hurry up!
Go, go!
It's gonna be ok.
Sorry!
Put pressure on it.
I'll be right back.
Thank you.
An ambulance is on the way.
Fuck.
I'll be right back.
Hey, J-F!
Want a beer?
Oh, honey!
What a nice surprise!
Hi, mom.
You ok?
- Yeah.
It's good to see you.
I'm really happy that you came.
You should visit more often.
Your aunt Simone
was asking about you.
How's she doing?
Fine.
So, it looks like
Claude and Martin
are coming for dinner
on the 24th.
You have plans for Christmas?
Nothing yet.
Exams were postponed
until mid-January.
Your father is still having
his New Year's Eve party.
Your brothers will be there.
Are you going?
I don't know.
What are you gonna do?
The usual.
You can come if you like.
It was good.
I should get back.
You're not staying for supper?
- No, I can't.
- You're not sleeping here?
I have to study.
If you need anything,
you know I'm here.
Thanks.
I worry about you.
You always worry.
Split up.
Girls on the left,
guys on the right.
I said split up!
Guys right, girls left!
Ok, guys out.
Girls, stay here.
I said move!
Go on! Go on!
We'll settle this outside.
Out! Out!
Do you know why you're here?
No.
You're gonna be engineers.
You're a bunch of feminists.
I hate feminists.
It's not true. We're not feminists.
We've never fought-
I can't move.
I can't move.
I'll get help.
No!
We have to play dead.
He's coming back!
Close your eyes.
I'm so sorry, Val.
I should have stayed.
It's not your fault, Jeff.
It's not your fault.
It's not your fault, Jeff.
Are you feeling sick?
My tummy hurts.
Having nightmares again?
Hey, dad?
Yeah, how are you?
Uh, as usual.
Eric is doing great.
Yeah well, he just got
a big promotion, so...
yeah, he's very happy.
I'm doing great, yeah.
And mom, how is she?
No. No, just to see
how you were doing.
Uh...
not until september at least.
No, no. Dad?
Dad, I cannot hear you.
Dad, it's breaking up.
No. Ok, I'll call you
this weekend anyway.
Ok, love you.
Bye!
As I write this letter,
I know it will never be read.
We don't know each other
but we are closely connected.
I'm writing you because today,
for the second time in my life,
I am afraid.
The first time was when
I faced your son.
Your son opened my eyes
to how much hatred
can be in this world.
And it scarred me for life.
He's dead, I'm alive.
He's free, I'm not.
Everyone tells me
how strong I am.
I've had enough of being strong.
Sometimes I want to shout
from the roof tops
how I've been hurt
and not just physically.
I want to curl up in a ball
and hide.
Everyday I think of Stephanie
who died in my arms.
I think of all my friends
who died and were hurt that day.
I think of all women of all ages
who were hurt in their soul.
All this thinking,
it weighs on me
and I'm tired of carrying
that weight.
Love has brought me a gift:
A child grows inside me.
I want with all my heart
for this child to be happy,
but I'm afraid.
And I'm tired of being afraid.
I have to learn to have faith again,
and give life another chance...
so I can stand on my own.
And I will stand on my own.
If I have a boy,
I'll teach him how to love.
If I have a girl,
I'll tell her the world is hers.