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The First Day of the Rest of Your Life

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THE FIRST DAY:

OF THE REST OF YOUR LIFE

- I'll go before Fleur wakes.

- This is pathetic.

He's my dog; I decide.

You live life until it's over.

We've been talking about this
for two hours!

He's nearly blind, he's deaf,
he doesn't drink, he doesn't eat.

He's dying.

You want to see him suffer?

He's my age.

You got him when I was born.

- You were jealous.

- As if I could be jealous of you!

True, 18 isn't old.

But one dog year
is like seven for us.

Mom, cut it out.

We're not kids anymore.

Seven times 18...

OK, I'm going.

Ulysse!

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24, 1988

IT'S A DOG'S LIFE

Mr. Duval?

There.

Goodbye, boy.

Ulysse...

you've left us too soon.

Our family will never
be the same again.

Here, Mom.

I found this thing in the van.

I don't want him to move out.

I'll never see you.

Of course we'll see each other.

He's not off to China.

Al?

You're not, right?

They're waiting for me.

We're off now.

See you.

This place is huge,
and you're moving
into some tiny room!
Coming to dinner?

Mom, please...

Don't move.

That won't make me stay.

In a photo it will. Forever.

Smile!

It's crazy.

In the ER the other day,
this guy turned up and said that,
without doing it on purpose,
he'd stuck something
in his anus.

He couldn't get it out again.

So my colleague gets a lamp
and examines him.

I ask what he can see,

and he says:

"Believe it or not,

"I can see Mont St. Michel
in the snow."

What?

The guy had a snow dome
up his ass!

- No!

- I swear.

I'm gonna get the guy's x-ray framed.

Like a holiday souvenir!

We'll be there at Xmas
at this rate!

Here. For you.

- What's this?

- It's new. A nicotine patch.

Stick it on your arm
to get your dose.

- Does it work?

- It worked on mice.

If mice can kick the smokes...

Patients are testing it now.

You need a guinea pig?

Try it.
It won't hurt you.
I'll put it on you.
Don't smoke while wearing it,
or you'll OD on nicotine.
I can't smoke?
Pretty restrictive.
Give me that.
- That's it.
- I gotta go.
- Thanks, man.
- Sure.
Mr. Duval...
Bye, Eric. Thanks.
Let's go down and see Grandpa
to thank him for the room.
What a drag.
We have to go now?
I want to get to bed.
You're right.
What a drag.
I'm going.
Do what you want.
The hourglass again...
A minute isn't so long.
Yeah, it's 60 seconds.
You need to look time in the face.
You'll see when you're my age.
So, Albert, are you pleased?
You like the room?
Yes. You really don't
want me to pay rent?
You must be joking.
Keep your money.
I bought your dad a house.
I can lend you a room.
You didn't buy it, Dad!
You loaned me money
that I pay back each month.
I should never have asked you,
and gone to the bank instead.
On a cab driver's pay,
you wouldn't have got much.
I don't care about the money.

I won't mention it again.
Thanks.
How about you two?
How are the studies going?
Good.
I'm in my third year,
working in the ER.
That's good.
A doctor's handy in a family.
And you, Raph?
I'm enrolled at college.
What in?
I forget now.
Very motivated.
Like father, like son.
I remember a note
a teacher put in your report card.
- "At rock bottom..."
- "And digging."
Still smoking?
I'm quitting.
You're quitting. Sure.
All hot air,
like when you promised
to help drain my cellar.
Dad, you mustn't smoke
with the patch.
This thing pisses me off!
It makes me dizzy.
I know what you need
to stop you smoking for good.
Cancer.
Mom, I said I won't be there.
Don't worry about me.
An omelet. Happy now?
No, and stop calling me, OK?
Fleur, we're eating.
Hands clean?
- Who set Albert's place?
- He's coming?
I have something to say.
Today, I lost a child.
You're all going to leave one day,
and I'll end up

alone in this house,
bored out of my mind.
So I've decided to study again
and enroll in college.
What in?
In college!
You've lost a child,
but your son's not dead.
Yeah, plus we're still here.
Yes, but you're different, you see?
Uh... No.
Can I have his room?
No way! I'm having it!
Stop right there.
I'm having it. For my office.
A taxi driver needs an office?
For my albums.
A wall of vinyl.
You're all monstrous!
Our family's breaking up.
Don't you care?
It's a breath of air.
Your son will be back!
He'll bring his laundry every Sunday.
And he'll soon miss your cooking.
His chair won't be empty for long.
I bet my dessert
he'll be back tonight.
Not so loud, please!
Can you turn the music down?
I've done it!
What is this?
I need some peace!
There.
Why did a man like you
take this job?
I don't understand.
Why?
I don't know myself.
I knew a fella in El Paso.
Stripped and jumped on a cactus.
"I asked him that, too. Why?"
"And?"
"He said it seemed to be

a good idea at the time."
"Oh, hell...
"if that's what's holding things up,
I'll drive it."
He gets onto a hearse,
and Steve McQueen comes to help.
"Never rode shotgun
on a hearse before."
What's going on?
Go to bed.
I stay or I scream.
OK, come here.
- Go on.
- Where was I?
They're about to bury the Indian.
OK, right.
"Nearly there."
"Fine, but let's not stay there."
- "Chris?"
- "Yes, Harry."
There was something else, right?
"You had it pegged."
"I knew it."
What was it?"
"Gold."
"Sacks of it."
"Sounds beautiful."
Good evening.
I wanted to apologize.
I was a bit upset.
It's silly wasting energy like that
when we plunder nature to make it.
Energy.
So you're Mr. Duval's grandson?
You know my granddad?
The old gentleman
on the fourth floor?
He's a dear.
I helped to clear his cellar
of the bad vibes attacking his wine.
But the cellar's flooded now,
so I can't help.
Weird tea.
The leaves are pre-masticated lightly

by Tibetan monks.

- Pre-masticated?

- Lightly.

The enzymes present in saliva
cause premature fermentation,
creating that slightly bitter taste.

I have to get back to it.

If I fail my exams, the year's wasted.

I guess I'll see you often then?

Yes.

There's a thread hanging
from your shirt.

Can I remove it?

I'm itching to do it.

Yes...

It's like a limpet.

- A what?

- A limpet.

A mollusk. You need dynamite
if you want to get one off a rock.

Forget the dynamite for now.

There.

Want it as a souvenir?

ANT1-SMOKING TES

WUTHERING HEIGHTS

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1993

BLOOD TIES:

Hi.

What's that getup?

Like that, you look as if
a tiger mauled you.

Mom, it's grunge.

OK, so tell us.

What's grunge?

You can't understand.

Dressing like a bum?

What is "grunge"?

I looked in a dictionary.

You read now?

Hold on.

It's a word for the fungus
between your toes.

- No way.

- Charming, huh?
Your father's staying
for dinner tonight.
Can you get some wine?
He's using our cellar
to store his bottles.
Couldn't he try opening one
for once?
He'll appreciate it.
He only bothers about me
when his cellar floods.
Even if I get a really pricey wine,
he'll find it...
"Average."
Dad, wait!
Drop me off. I'm late.
Have a good day, too.
Fleur, you forgot your scarf!
Didn't you forget anything today?
I don't know. What?
Forget it.
Have a good day.
Dad...
You know, kiddo,
I'm in no position
to nag you about smoking.
But as your father,
I have to say smoking is...
How can I put it?
It's bad.
Thanks, Dad.
I'll remember that.
You should come into class
to talk about the dangers of smoking.
You'd be pretty persuasive.
Is that all you want to say today?
Yes. Why?
No reason.
You'll see that an ox heart
has a strange resemblance to ours.
Put your gloves on, please.
I forgot mine.
Did you and Sacha...
Not until I turn 16, I've decided.

You'll do it with him?
And not your brother's pal?
Eric? No.
Forget it.
He treats me like a kid.
When are you 16?
Today.
Sorry. I forgot.
That's OK.
Everyone else forgot, too.
Happy birthday.
It's the big day?
I don't know.
We've been together two months.
It's hot.
I can't make him wait any longer.
Last weekend,
at his place,
we spent the afternoon making out.
And then...
I don't know why...
I started sucking him off.
Just to try it.
But as soon as
my tongue touched him, bam!
I'm sorry.
You OK?
Down the hall, on the left.
Good evening.
You must be Fleur, right?
When the cat's away,
the mice can play.
You're very quiet.
Are you all right?
You've lost your tongue.
OK, sweetheart?
Pals from college.
Olivia... Marco...
- Daphn...
- I keep forgetting.
My daughter, Fleur,
and her friend Clara.
Want some nuggets?
Come on,

we'll eat in my room.
That's my daughter, Fleur.
It's funny,
your mom being a student.
What in?
Visual arts.
You think it's funny?
I call it pathetic.
The worst is,
she has classes with Raph.
His mom in his class?
I bet he's mad.
Raph? He doesn't care.
He can copy her notes
when he skips a class.
We have to get going, girl.
Sacha's playing with his band.
He told me to stop by.
- You're going?
- Yeah.
You saw his pants?
Lizard skin. So sexy...
Does it hurt the first time?
No idea.
Hey, girls,
don't you have a class now?
Mom, you could knock first.
Clara's mom always knocks.
Clara's mom is wonderful, I know.
She doesn't play at being 20.
Don't get me angry.
What's up?
It's your period?
Yes, it's my period!
Your mother's a woman!
Can't wait for her menopause.
What's that smell?
What's this?
- Mom, please...
- Where's it from?
It's mine.
It's my fault.
Your wonderful mother
lets you smoke drugs, too.

Mom, it's not drugs.
Tell Dad that.
- My joint!
- Confiscated.
Wicked...
The problem is,
the band's no good.
They'll like that.
Wait till I get a record deal.
Sure your folks won't turn up?
Don't worry.
You like The Doors?
Yeah. My dad, too.
No kidding?
Mine only listens to crap.
The pants are a tribute
to the Lizard King?
It's leafy-tailed gecko skin.
The Indians call it taha-fisaka.
That means "demon."
Classy, huh?
Jim Morrison...
He understood life.
That's why he OD'd on LSD.
I often pray at his grave
with the guys.
Can I come?
No.
Visiting Jim's grave is private.
It's introspective.
- What do you do?
- Smoke weed, drink beer...
piss on other graves.
Really introspective.
Hold on. You know
he died on July 3, '71?
I was born on April 3, '72.
Nine months later to the day!
Maybe I'm Jim's reincarnation.
Just a second.
You were born in '72?
Twenty-one in high school?
My brother had done
four years of medicine by 21.

Screw that.
Come to my room.
Hi, it's Sacha.
Leave a message. I'll call you.
Hi, Sacha, it's Fleur.
I wanted to tell you,
I forgot my scarf at your place.
My mother knitted it for me.
If I don't get it back,
she'll kill me.
Can you call me?
No one touches the phone!
I'm expecting a vital call!
Hi, it's Sacha.
Leave a message. I'll call you.
Hi, Sacha.
It's Fleur again.
I don't want to hassle you
about my scarf, but...
Give me a break, OK?
"My mum knitted it."How old are you?
Forget me, OK? Bye.
I'm Richard Gear.
Meet Sandrine Crowfoot.
We run a fan club
devoted to Richard Gere.
And Cindy Crawford.
We're eating.
Where's Raph?
- The food will attract him.
- As usual.
Fleur, my dear,
when will you stop growing?
Certainly not today.
Hands clean?
You may not know this,
but your cellar's
temperature is ideal.
Fifteen degrees.
- Mine was only 13.
- Meaning?
My bottles will age faster here.
If I move to the cellar,
will I age faster, too?

That wouldn't be very feng-shui.
And you'd get bored.
I'd get some peace.
I'll be keeping the key.
- To my cellar?
- It's wiser.
I don't want your sons
guzzling my vintage wines.
This place is mine, too,
in a way.
By my reckoning,
I still own half the house.
You see, kids, Grandpa saved us
from the trailer park.
Hi.
A present for you.
Over there.
I'm not doing laundry now.
There's a Laundromat
on your street.
I know, but it's not the same.
It smells different.
We finished moving Grandpa's cellar.
Didn't you say you'd help?
I got held up.
By the snow.
By the snow? Sure.
I had to do it all on my own.
Enough.
Lafitte-Rothschild '87.
Spoiling your old dad?
- Average.
- There we go.
- I like it.
- What do you know?
It has...
a whiff of primary-school
pencil shavings.
- It interests you?
- Yeah. Why?
You'd teach me?
I'm not a very good teacher.
I tried with your dad,
but, at 18,

he still thought ros
was a blend of red and white.
That's a mean thing to say.
You never tried
to teach me about wine.
You never gave me a chance.
When Mom died, you sold the estate
without asking me to take over.
I wasn't worth passing it on to.
I wasn't worth a thing.
- Not true.
- It's not true?
Dad, I'm your only son.
You don't have
one photo of me at home!
People have photos
of their kids. You don't!
Raph, every Saturday,
go down to your dad's cellar
and pick one of my bottles.
Come to lunch,
and we'll open it.
If you miss a Saturday,
we stop right there. Got that?
Can I have some?
You're too young, dear.
Stop it! Stop saying
I'm too young!
Know how old I am? 16!
Today!
Weird, it's my birthday today.
You piss me off!
I can't think for everyone!
- You can.
- I'm not your secretary!
You all leave the table shouting here?
Open up, Fleur.
Go away.
Leave me alone.
Fleur, please.
There's a party at Eric's.
Want to come?
I asked Dad.
You can stay until midnight.

What's wrong?
No trouble, OK?
We get my scarf and leave.
Don't worry.
This him?
Stop it!
What the hell...
What's up?
You must be Sacha.
I'll cut you in two.
Please...
Listen up.
You made my little sister
shed blood and tears.
From today on,
don't even think of her again,
or you'll think of me, too.
And if you do,
I'll waste you.
Got that?
You big midget.
- Got any Abba?
- No.
- And Ba... Barananama.
- No.
- Got any Eagles?
- Piss off.
Deneb Alpha what?
Deneb Alpha Centauri.
A star 1,600 light years from Earth.
Are you cold?
I don't believe it.
He's picking up Fleur!
Let her live a bit.
Shit, Dad's an hour late!
Chill out!
If they watch,
they'll see you and me...
in this yard.
You go. I'll only get mad.
You're a pain!
Where were you?
You forgot her?
You said midnight.

It's after 1:

I'm not a kid!

- Lay off.

- Shut up!

That's enough. Calm down.

Don't talk to me like that!

I will if I want.

I'm your father.

Don't shove me, you jerk!

God damn loser!

You see, Dad,

that's grunge.

Friday, December 3, '93...

the first day

of the rest of my life.

LIFE IS A SEXUALLY

TRANSMITTED DISEASE!

SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1996

Raph isn't here right now.

It's Mom. Today's

your brother's wedding.

Be on time.

Thank you, dear.

I didn't get a bottle today.

I didn't have time.

Come in. I've made tripe.

My own private reserve.

I'm listening.

Purplish hue...

Orangey reflections...

First whiff...

Preserved fruit.

With airing, the notes become...

- What's the word?

- More vegetal.

That's it.

Typical of St. Emilion?

At the second taste,

we find ripe fruit,

comfortable...

welcoming...

Spicy notes, too:

pepper, paprika and damp earth.

I drank this wine
every day for a year.
Your dad didn't tell you?
I was in the Resistance.
I didn't do much,
but the Gestapo arrested me all the same.
I escaped.
I fled to the Bordeaux area,
where a family of winegrowers
ran the risk of hiding me.
I stayed there
until France was liberated,
safe in their cellar.
Where they stocked this?
Chateau Sainte-Claudine.
Named after their daughter.
Your grandmother.
I never dared open one of these before.
Even the best scents
can make you suffer.
Is remembering her that painful?
You know...
everything reminds me of her.
These trinkets,
the furniture she hunted down...
That armchair was her favourite.
I can still see her sit down in it...
cross her legs...
and smile at me.
This apartment is a bit like...
a time machine?
A bit.
Fleur, come and see.
Come on, dear.
This is impossible.
I ask you to help,
and you mess me up!
You've put Aunt Anna
next to Cousin Jean.
So?
They haven't spoken for 25 years!
This will be a chance to.
It won't.
They can't be together.

You Shook Me All Night Long
by AC/DC.
Angus Young is the greatest.
He goes wild on the solos.
Angus Young...
The guy knows three chords.
He got famous with a duck-walk
stolen from Chuck Berry.
Hendrix's Voodoo Child then.
Better, but still not
the greatest rock solo.
Who then?
Pink Floyd? Van Halen?
- Come on.
- I don't know.
Led Zep? Black Sabbath?
Not Bon Jovi, surely.
Lynyrd Skynyrd, Free Bird.
Alan Collins, on his Explorer.
A solo that really rocks.
Five minutes of madness.
Just pray your fingers don't melt.
That's the third Angus Young wannabe
I've seen tonight.
Angus Young...
He knows three chords.
He got famous with a duck-walk
stolen from Chuck Berry.
You play guitar?
I mean, for real.
No, that's my air-guitar case.
Just kidding.
I teach guitar.
Do you play, too?
A little.
Would you teach me?
Trying to pick me up?
I'm not trying anything.
Pity.
Hold on. Let me guess.
I bet your style is...
romantic.
Still in love with a childhood sweetheart
you last saw 15 years ago.

Sarah Chevalier.

No, I've blanked her out.

You see, I knew it.

You might even be the kind
to fall in love with a girl
and not dare talk to her.

I'm talking to you.

Baby Stardust.

You're on in five.

- Baby Stardust?

- What?

When am I on?

What's your name?

Magic Fingers.

Just after her.

Let's go.

See you later.

I'm on next.

Great. Are you ready?

Show me how you hold your air guitar.

Your hand further out.

It's not a Fender Stratocaster.

You can hold it askew like this, too.

Frank Zappa style.

And use your face, as well.

When Hendrix hit high notes

in a solo,

he'd pull a face like this.

Like this.

That's it.

Like this, too...

There, that's it.

As if his fingers

were in a river of piranhas.

It's like you had that guitar

in your hands.

I could feel the strings vibrating.

It was fantastic!

By the way, remember to put

your mom's leopard-skin coat back.

She'll have kittens.

What's up with you?

It's that girl.

She didn't say goodbye.

It's not looking good.
You know, when I met your mom,
it didn't look good either.
But now...
What's that?
Her number.
It's not looking so bad then.
FOR GUITAR LESSONS...
Shit!
Stop the car!
Shit!
Come on,
we'll never find it now.
Hi, I'm not here,
but you can leave a message.
Hello, Moira, it's...
It's Raphaël Duval.
We met six or seven years ago
at a guitar competition.
Well, a guitar competition
without guitars and...
I just found your number.
And...
Listen...
if you want, you can call me
on 0143549217.
Raphaël Duval.
Magic Fingers.
I do.
Already?
Trust you!
Did he say "I do"?
Yes, he did.
A second ago.
Mr. Mayor, excuse me.
I hate to have to ask you this,
but could we backtrack a bit?
Back to where my brother
has to say "I do"?
That suits me.
I can do it better.
Exceptionally, we'll redo the vows.
Raph, did you see Grandpa today?
We had lunch,

like every Saturday.
- He said he'd be here?
- Yeah.
Where the hell is he?
Want me to go and see?
I do.
I declare you bound
by the bonds of matrimony.
Dad? It's me.
Come over, please.
What is this?
You didn't cancel?
Honey, it's already
complicated enough...
Robert, we can't just cancel.
I'm very sorry
about your father, but...
- I'm sure he'd have...
- Don't think for him!
You feel like partying?
It's their wedding.
They decide.
Honey, your father's dead.
It's terrible.
But what can we do?
It's your son's wedding.
Think of him.
Wrecking my wedding?
- Shit, Grandpa's dead!
- Calm down!
Fine, we'll all cry tomorrow.
Even so, Albert, I find you selfish.
Don't tell me what I'm like.
You've never looked at me!
All these years,
and you never noticed me.
No encouragement, nothing.
I see you now.
And I don't recognize you.
Like your dad,
you can't recognize your own son!
My father felt I wasn't worthy of him.
It's different.
No.

I'll never be worthy of you.
Know why?
Because I was dumb
and rated you too highly.
Want to wreck everything?
Let's do it!
You have a new message.

Today at 4:

Hello. You left me
a message earlier.
I'm afraid you have the wrong number.
There's no Moira here.
SOCIAL SECURITY CARD
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1998
IF THE EARTH TURNS

YOU TURN WITH I:

Sorry to disturb you.
I'd like to talk to Antoine, please.
Antoine? He's in bed.

It's 4:

Why do you want my son?
Who are you?
I'm the mother of Fleur,
one of your son's friends and...
What now?
I woke you
and you're not pleased,
but you can still be polite!
Seen the time?
- Come to bed.
- Let's call the police.
Sure. And why not the FBI, too?
To say what?
Your 20-year-old daughter isn't home?
She's overage.
Let her live her life.
Two days without a word.
I'm frantic.
She's pulled this trick before.
Living here, she respects us.
She comes home or she calls!

She was still a baby only yesterday.

Some of us are trying to sleep.

Come to bed now.

Just a second.

Friday, December 2, 1988.

I got this diary

for my birthday today.

I mentioned it to Mum

after reading Anne Frank's.

She was my age.

I hope my life won't be as tragic.

Saturday, February 4, 1989.

What a rotten party.

No one asked me to dance.

I feel short and ugly.

The others call me "microbe."

My parents call me "little flea."

Which one's smaller?

Sunday, August 19, 1990.

Mathieu kissed me at last!

Maybe my tongue went the wrong way.

I'll ask Clara.

Friday, December 3, 1993.

The first day of the rest of my life.

I picked the wrong guy.

I wish it had been Eric

and not that clown Sacha.

I think I've always loved Eric.

Friday, March 25, 1994.

Eric's avoiding me.

He won't talk to me.

It's over. I can tell.

He's met someone else.

I'll never fall in love again.

Never again!

Sunday, April 5, 1994.

Kurt Cobain has died.

The gun in his mouth,

his finger on the trigger...

"I don't have a gun," he sang.

Like hell.

Thursday, January 30, 1995.

Last night,

I slept with a total stranger.

We didn't speak
or even swap phone numbers.
Is that how to avoid suffering?
Sleep with a stranger
and never see him again?
Friday, February 23, 1996.
Clara came to the clinic with me.
It went so fast.
I only had time to ask myself...
Where do they put the fetus?
In the trash?
Sunday, April 27, 1997.
It's a year since Al came
to the house.
Ever since his apocalyptic wedding.
I miss him.
Maybe he's right.
Families are machines
that eradicate feelings.
Shit!
Tuesday, February 10, 1998.
Mom keeps pissing me off.
I want to get out of here.
I'm stifling!
She's such a pain.
Isn't she getting enough or what?
How long is it
since Dad last touched her?
Why are you in my room?
Where were you?
Call if you don't come home!
Don't ever touch my things.
And don't come in here again!
I told you to turn left.
Honey... Do you still desire me?
Of course. Why?
We never make love.
We do.
Don't we?
My body disgusts you?
Of course not.
What a crazy idea.
Stop this. What's wrong?
What's wrong is I'm old and ugly.

Plus you don't want me anymore.
Frustrated, that's it.
I feel frustrated.
I'll get out here.
I'll take a taxi.
You're in a taxi.
Don't go!
Your first time?
My fourth.
Respect...
The first two times,
I was too dangerous to drive.
But it wasn't my fault last time.
This tiny little squirrel
hopped onto the road.
So I braked hard.
Wouldn't you?
A tiny little squirrel, really tiny.
Tiny, was it?
The examiner said braking so hard
could cause a pile up.
I should have run the squirrel down.
He failed me.
That's sick. Right?
Yeah, it's sick.
Smoke this.
It eases the stress.
I seem stressed?
Smoke it.
Wicked, huh?
Dead wicked.
Can I ask you something?
Be honest. We won't meet again,
so we can afford to be.
What do you think of me, physically?
Straight up?
Straight up, given your age,
I think you're...
really hot.
But how old do you think I am?
Fifty-five?
Fifty-four?
Fifty-three?
Asshole.

What?
Marie-Jeanne Duval?
Very good.
Head back to the start.
Perfect driving, no mistakes.
Congratulations.
Thank you.
Are you crazy?
Didn't you see it?
Don't worry.
I'm sure he'll be all right.
It's not your fault.
Rocky has always been
a bit loopy.
I'd taught him to use the crossing,
but he's so young.
Only 10, almost a baby.
Actually, it's different for dogs.
The years aren't the same.
You multiply by seven.
- So Rocky was...
- Is...
Is...
Rocky is...
Ten times seven. Seventy.
Seventy. He's no spring chicken.
I'm 70!
Sorry, I can't stay.
Here, this is my number.
Tell me what happens...
about the dog.
Goodbye.
You certainly don't look your age.
What keeps you looking so young?
Love.
Just kidding.
Plastic surgery, the works.
Here, here, here...
When my husband
first saw my new breasts,
he literally pounced on them!
Good, aren't they?
Men want us to be 20.
I told you already.

Prune, we're not arguing again.

What are you doing?

I'll see you later.

Mom...

Stop it, please.

Come on, tell me.

Can these still turn a man on?

Operate, please!

Get dressed.

Why? You see breasts every day.

Last time I saw yours,

I was nursing.

It's a happy memory.

What's wrong?

I'm getting old.

So am I.

Everyone gets old.

It's a mess since you and Dad fought.

Fleur thinks I'm frustrated.

She's not wrong.

Your father never touches me.

And since Raph moved back in,

he's become a baby.

We'll have to bottle-feed him

and change his diapers soon.

I wish things were different.

Like before.

When your father was passionate

and only I counted for you.

It's funny.

It's always the same thing.

People come here thinking

I've invented a time machine.

But nothing can ever be like before.

Can't you do my wrinkles?

Mom!

Raph, you can't go on like this.

It's like having a ghost around.

Can't you haunt another home?

You don't scare us anymore.

Sent your applications?

Tomorrow.

Ever heard of procrastination?

- Procra-what?

- Procrastination.

A pathological need

to put things off until the next day.

You have to stop.

One day, you'll have

so much to do,

the rest of your life

won't be enough.

There you go.

I just got eaten by a wolf.

Thanks a lot, Mom.

Come here.

I have a favour to ask of you.

Good evening.

Good evening.

Isn't this a bit illegal?

Let's not quibble

over a 70-year-old dog.

It's kind, but I'd rather not.

I'm not cut out to drive.

A glass of champagne.

Coming?

When Monica Lewinsky gets out

her dirty laundry, a blue dress,

the White House turns pale.

A stain has been found

on Monica's dress,

a stain made

by President Clinton's sperm,

says the former White House trainee

on a tape recorded by a friend.

"I'll never wash this dress,"

Monica Lewinsky said.

The item was delivered

to Kenneth Starr on Friday.

It is now in the hands

of the FBI's forensic teams.

Hillary Clinton has made no comment.

I was worried.

I almost called the police.

Where were you?

I needed some air.

They're for you.

They're beautiful.

Have you eaten?
I stuffed myself with these.
They're not bad.
Pumpkin seeds.
Prune brought them.
You don't eat them raw;
you roast them.
I hope they don't sprout in my gut.
If they do,
they'll grow out of my ass.
Sorry for earlier.
That's all right.
How did the test go?
No squirrels this time?
No squirrels.
What's this?
You read it?
- Listen...
- I'll never forgive you!
- I was worried...
- No respect. I hate you!
Watch your tone with your mom!
Get off my back.
I'm gone.
And I'll never be back.
She's starting to piss me off.
Where are you going?
Where are you going?
Come back!
Mom!
Help me!
Call an ambulance!
Mom!
I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU AGAIN.

PHILIPPE:

TOMORROW, I QUI

OUR FATHER:

FRIDAY, MAY 26, 2000
Dad, can you drop me off?
Morning!
Aren't you running late?
That's OK.

There are classes all day.
I can't give you a ride to college.
I'm seeing the doctor in 20 minutes.
What's wrong?
Backache.
You were in shape earlier.
His back has
When are you going to retire?
Give up the taxi.
Haven't you worked enough?
Enjoy life now.
Soon. I'll stop soon.
Come in.
Have a seat.
Mr. Duval. Robert Duval.
Just like Robert Duvall the actor?
Yes.
Colonel Kilgore in Apocalypse Now!
Yes, but I'm Duval with one "L."
"If I say it's safe to surf this beach,
"then it's safe to surf this beach!
"Either you surf or you fight."
"Smell that? You smell that?
"Nothing in the world smells like that.
"I love the smell of napalm
in the morning."
And Tom Hagen in The Godfather...
Sorry, I'm a fan of Robert Duvall,
like you are.
But to get back
to what brings me here...
My doctor, Dr. Lehman,
advised me to come to see you.
He told me...
well, not to wait,
that it was urgent.
That's not good.
Is it, doctor?
A specialist like you, urgently.
That's never good.
We'll see, Mr. Duval.
We'll see.
Hello. 23 Rue de l'Oratoire, please.
I'm on my way.

Wherever you want.
Are you kidding?
After the night we had?
Is it your first?
Yes, it's my first.
Do you have children?
I have three.
They're grown up now.
Look, he's driving!
That's great.
- Faster now.
- See that?
Thank you.
Goodbye.
Hello.
Rue Evariste Galois, please.
Know who he was?
Who was who?
Evariste Galois.
Know who he was?
A mathematician.
He invented an arithmetic function.
Exactly.
He died aged 20 in a duel.
The night before,
he stayed up writing theories
that still stand in mathematics.
He should have slept instead.
Maybe he'd have won his duel then.
He'd have had a lifetime
for his dumb theories.
Maybe.
You know the way?
Don't worry.
Don't you ever go wrong?
Take the wrong route, say?
All of a sudden,
you're totally lost.
Alone by the road.
Hoping a taxi will pass by?
We don't get along.
Not anymore.
In fact,
we never got along.

Know how Prune and I met?
I was making too much noise.
It disturbed her.
That hasn't changed.
That, plus my dumb job...
Know what a patient wanted?
A mad old bat...
She wanted her bulldog's nose done.
"A little snub nose
like Nicole Kidman's."
Dumb bitch.
Dad, I feel I've screwed up for years.
So why don't you stop screwing up?
Gentlemen...
Loupiac-Goudillet '98.
Thank you, young man.
It's perfect.
Actually, Chteau Yquem '79.
- Be careful.
- You only live once.
At 15, I was in love with Delphine,
a girl at school.
One day, God knows why,
I sent her some hairs.
Hairs?
Yes, hairs.
Pubic hairs?
Pubic hairs. By mail.
I couldn't manage a love letter.
So you sent pubes. Logical.
I don't know why I did it.
I think it turned me on
to think she touched them...
or that when she opened the envelope,
a hair had fallen on her bed.
But that's not all.
Delphine was totally traumatized
by the letter.
She threw it away, disgusted,
saying that if it happened again,
she'd tell her father,
who was a cop.
So what I did...
was create a false lead.

After our gym class,
while the guys were in the showers,
I got some pubes
from Mathias Moreau's briefs.
The class whipping boy.
And I sent them to Delphine.
Mathias Moreau was expelled.
How did they know it was him?
He was a redhead.
A real redhead.
The only one in the school.
You realize you probably
screwed up his education?
He probably
ended up a delinquent.
Or a junkie.
A transsexual.
A communist.
A carnie.
Mathias Moreau?
Yes.
Robert Duval.
Remember me?
Chateaubriand High.
Robert Duval.
Bobby!
Robert Duval?
He's gonna belt him.
- I don't remember.
- We were in the same class.
The year of the pubic-hair thing.
The pubic hair...
Robert Duval.
Yes, I remember you now.
Bobby.
How about that.
What brings you here?
I need to talk to you.
Just a second...
If we were classmates,
you know my wife.
Delphine!
Delphine?
I recognized Delphine right way.

I mean, we were all
in love with her.
And Mathias Moreau got her!
I don't believe it.
She thought he did it out of love,
and she fell for him.
- Seriously?
- Yes.
Thirty-five years they've been married,
with four kids.
Do the kids know
how their parents met?
Wait for me!
Where are you going?
Dad!
What the hell's he doing?
Shit! My Berlutis!
I found a bottle
from the year I was born.
That's kind of old.
It might be vinegar now.
Aren't we witty!
This one's a goody.
- Not bad.
- Let me see.
Haut Brion 1945.
"Not bad"?
One of the world's top-10 wines,
and you down it in one,
eating pt.
Bravo. Very classy!
Very original.
Dad, this is for you.
- Thank you.
- It's not much, but...
It's pretty.
What is it?
A tiny little anorak.
No! It's to put behind your back
when you drive.
I heard it works really well.
Cut it out.
It's a great idea.
I want one.

All US taxi drivers have one.
If the taxi drivers have adopted it...
Thank you, kiddo.
By the way,
I'm getting an apartment.
You'll be alone here at last.
Alone here...
We'll see.
Can this wait until tomorrow?
I'd offer you a share,
but Eric's squatting my couch for now.
How's Homo erectus?
I haven't seen him in ages.
Not so good.
Caroline threw him out.
He wanted a kid;
she got a lover.
When do we get grandkids?
Isn't it about time?
Didn't anyone tell you?
- What?
- We're skipping a generation.
Don't joke about that.
A family's important, you know.
Watching you three grow
is the best thing I've ever seen.
Having kids...
is a wonderful experience.
I've drunk too much.
What are you doing?
Trying out Fleur's present.
Can't it wait?
Come inside now.
When I was a kid,
my pals and I used to play...
in the woods
near my grandparents'.
There was a ditch.
A huge one.
We wanted to jump over it.
"You're not up to it,"
we'd say, taunting each other.
But no one ever dared
to jump over the death ditch.

That's what we called it.
When you're a kid,
you say things like "the death leap,
"the death gully,
the death dive..."
Why are you telling me this, honey?
Because I went back
to the death ditch today...
to try to cross it.
You know what?
When I got there,
it was the same ditch.
Exactly the same one,
still as deep, still as impressive.
I still couldn't jump.
I wasn't up to it.
I quit smoking today.
Yeah, sure.
No, for good.
I love you.
I have to tell you something.
Mom?
All right.
Hi, Eric and Fleur.
Leave us a message.
Sweetheart, it's Mom.
Call me back, please.
Mom?
ROBERT JEAN DUVAL

DATE OF DEATH:

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