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# Rock 'n Roll

By Guillaume Canet

Yeah, see if Guillaume's ready.  
Nastasia!  
Shit, gotta run. Be right back.  
- Gonna get your ass kicked.  
- What?  
Yes?  
I've been calling you.  
Sorry, battery issues.  
Change of schedule.  
Get Guillaume to makeup.  
Let me just grab a coffee.  
- Fast.  
- I'll be quick.  
Nastasia, Camille's on her way.  
I'll go get her.  
Can I steal this? Sorry, no time.  
Morning.  
Bitch!  
You okay?  
Fine. And you?  
I'm good.  
For instance, when...  
Hold on, Manu.  
Guillaume?  
Sorry. I wasn't sure you could hear me.  
No problem, good job.  
Fab isn't here?  
No, he's on a coffee break.  
We're ready for you in makeup.  
I'll just finish up here. Thanks.  
Sorry, Manu...  
Yeah, sorry...  
Like I said, it hurts when I press it.  
The thing is,  
I can feel a kind of cyst.  
Left. My left one.  
A urologist?  
That's a pain.  
It could be serious?  
Okay, I'll call you  
after I talk to your buddy.  
Thanks, guy. See you.  
- Where were you?  
- Out front.

No, whatshername just said...

Forget it.

Do me a favor.

I gotta get to makeup.

Call my buddy Manu, the doctor.

For the number of a urologist.

I gotta see him about my aching nut.

Make an appointment fast.

Call him from here, in the trailer.

Discreetly.

- Keep it zipped, right?

- No problem.

- Repeat.

- I call Manu.

I ask for the number of a urea...

Urea what you said?

- Urologist.

- That's right, urologist.

- And I make an appointment.

- Great.

Out the way.

You want the transmitter in a pocket  
or on your belt?

It's up to you.

Or on your ankle?

I'm not difficult.

Put it where you want.

Up your butt?

In your pocket.

Okay, Guillaume?

- And you?

- Great.

- You nailed it in rehearsal.

- Really?

- You'll be awesome.

- That's cool.

- I'm so psyched.

- Me too.

My oldest buddy.

I'll give him everything.

Unit, this is Fabrice.

Fabrice, Nico here.

Nico, great.

Tell Guillaume it's all good.

The doctor's gonna call him  
about his nut.  
Same prank at the start  
of every shoot, the idiot!  
Can you call Fabrice for me?  
- Sure.  
- Thanks.  
Open up.  
Doesn't work.  
I hit door, the trunk opens.  
Kidding me.  
When I hit trunk...  
I don't believe it.  
Turn it off!  
Hello!  
- Hey, Annabelle.  
- Analle.  
Yes, sorry.  
Hi, Guillaume.  
Keep your butt down.  
What are you doing?  
What's going on? Buttache?  
Mr. Cotillard!  
All ready, just like you asked.  
But we're out of fennel.  
No way.  
Just my luck right now.  
That's gross.  
Here he comes.  
It's your buddy.  
Sasha! C'mon, jump!  
See? Your buddy's here.  
Lucky we waited.  
- Hi, mom.  
- You see?  
If I don't wait by the elevator,  
I never see you.  
What's up?  
You live one floor above me  
and never come down.  
- You're kidding?  
- You'll see when you're old.  
We came for dinner two nights ago.  
Alright, forget it.

Sasha? Let's race them.  
Let's race!  
Marie-Antoinette, how are you?  
I'm fine.  
When I see my son, I'm fine.  
Shit!  
Go easy on your nut.  
On his what?  
What's wrong with him?  
You'll have to ask him.  
What's going on?  
Free Quebec forever!  
I'm doing the new Xavier Dolan.  
That's great!  
Good job, sweetheart!  
An amazing role.  
Marguerite Dubois, you know?  
- No.  
- An activist.  
Went to her grave  
fighting for a Free Quebec.  
She went where?  
Her grave. Her dying day!  
I'll have to work like crazy  
on the accent.  
I'm so excited.  
I'm pretty excited too.  
How about you test me?  
Sure.  
- A flirt?  
- Peewee tickler.  
Quebecan-French Dictionary.  
Motorbike?  
Bicycle on gas.  
- Costs a fortune?  
- Costs an arm.  
Funny, almost the same as us.  
Car in a bad state?  
Don't tell me.  
Stop that.  
Pisses me off.  
A fruit.  
A lemon!  
Yes, a lemon.

Crazy!  
What do they call a lemon?  
A lemon.  
Weird language.  
It's the language and accent  
of our forebears.  
Ow's she cuttin'?  
More lip 'n a rubber boat.  
Fun times ahead again.  
When I love you.  
I feel like I'm a king.  
Sweetheart, I love you too,  
but Demis Roussos, no way.  
Action!  
And cut!  
That's great!  
Let's call it a day, thanks!  
Just great!  
Thank you, everyone!  
Tomorrow, we shoot  
the scene in the bedroom.  
With Guillaume and Camille.  
See you tomorrow.  
Cool, right?  
It'll be great. I'm so thrilled.  
Me too!  
Great, Camille.  
- Good job, Camille!  
- Thanks.  
Guillaume, it was great.  
- She's something else.  
- You okay?  
Sure.  
She's...  
good.  
Want me to wait for you?  
Sure. You don't mind?  
- Bye, Evelyne.  
- Bye, Guillaume.  
- Which magazine?  
- Elle.  
Alright.  
Sorry, fast as I could.  
No, I'm sorry for keeping you back.

After a long day shooting.  
Thanks.  
You already knew each other?  
No, we'd never met.  
It's our first time.  
I mean I'd seen videos on the net.  
With Camille. And some photos.  
I showed them to Philippe  
and right away we thought  
it'd be a great idea.  
There you go,  
I'm delighted.  
Me too. Delighted.  
So I see.  
So, Camille, Guillaume,  
you play father and daughter.  
Did you work on that relationship?  
Actually, we only started shooting  
two days ago.  
It's strange  
because...  
It reminds me of my relationship  
with my father.  
Talking of filial relations,  
you've been nominated  
for the Cesar for Best Actor,  
alongside young actors  
like Gaspard Ulliel,  
Vincent Lacoste, Pierre Niney.  
They're all actors  
from the new generation,  
like you back in the day.  
Are you passing the torch?  
Passing the torch?  
I don't know, is there a difference  
between them and me?  
Sure. Right now,  
you're in another vibe.  
You're an established name,  
you've settled down.  
No?  
What she means is,  
you never had  
a sex-drugs-rock'n'roll image,

and even less so now.  
You're not rockin'.  
It's not at all pejorative.  
Sorry but...  
I don't really get  
how you picture me because  
the rock angle, way off.  
I'm pretty rock'n'roll.  
I've played electric guitar  
ever since I was a kid.  
I've always loved music.  
It's a part of me.  
Drugs? I think...  
I've tried it all.  
I guess it's true  
that I found through sport,  
particularly horse-riding,  
a drug that does more for me.  
That suits my mindset better.  
See what I mean?  
In some way,  
horses saved me from dope.  
But that's another story.  
In terms of  
sex...  
It's all good.  
What's wrong?  
You're married.  
No, I'm not married.  
I have a partner.  
You have a partner, kids...  
No, one kid.  
I have one kid and...  
Sorry, I don't see  
where you're taking this.  
Moving on...  
You play the role of a pastor...  
How did you prep that?  
Did you meet men of faith?  
Camille!  
- Why'd you come out with that?  
- What?  
About me being so drippy.  
I came off a real jerk.



I never said drippy.  
She'll keep it off the record.  
Pisses me off  
if that's how you see me.  
'Cause I'm really not.  
You see me that way?  
It's not only me.  
What do you mean?  
With my girlfriends, talking about  
French actors we'd like to bang,  
you've dropped down the list.  
There's a list? What list?  
Forget it, I gotta go.  
I won't forget it.  
What list? There's a list?  
Who's on the list, for instance?  
I dunno...  
Gilles Lellouche!  
Too bad,  
talking about people you don't know.  
I can tell you...  
If you weren't in a rush,  
I'd show you, in my trailer.  
I'm in no rush.  
You wanna?  
Let's fuck in your trailer.  
I need to pick up my son's toys,  
it's creepy.  
I'd have got another answer  
from Gilles Lellouche.  
Come on!  
You're saying I have a partner,  
so I don't fuck anymore?  
I fuck her.  
I fuck her real good!  
Knock it off,  
judging people  
before you even know them.  
Guillaume, you don't get it.  
I'm not judging you.  
If you're happy with a partner,  
kid, house and horses,  
that's what counts. It's great.  
Just don't expect us

to fantasize about a guy  
who's home on time, like clockwork.  
It's not an issue.  
See you tomorrow.  
I don't go home on time,  
like clockwork.  
Lucien, jammies on, cocky.  
Dad's on his way.  
I want mommy!  
Evening.  
Hey, cocky!  
Tonight, I'm gonna fuck you  
like the slut you are.  
Come again?  
I said, tonight,  
I'm gonna fuck you like the slut you are.  
Whatever you after thinkin'?  
You clewed up, chucklehead?  
I was just rehearsing. It's...  
It's a line in my scene tomorrow.  
Another heap o' fiddle-faddle lined up.  
Goodnight, my love.  
Night, clever man.  
What?  
I got my two eyes in flapjacks.  
It's a noggin to scrape  
translating nighttimes.  
Don't understand a word.  
Guillaume canet drippy.  
The Boy Who'd Be A Star.  
Guillaume's daddy.  
Horses, when he was a kid,  
were an obsession.  
Trouble is, in age-group competitions,  
he was too emotional.  
One bar down,  
he'd burst into tears.  
I believe he wet the bed  
until an advanced age.  
Nobody ever told me.  
What can I say?  
His mother was all over him,  
doing everything.  
He was her little boy, her son.

It was all or nothing.  
Personally, I was disappointed.  
I'd had two girls, which was great.  
When a boy came along...  
So embarrassing!  
I was delighted,  
but he was a bit of a sissy.  
It doesn't really matter.  
I don't believe it!  
Morning.  
You've got an achey ball!  
What's that photo for?  
You just took a photo.  
You did.  
I'm sorry.  
Seriously, I know it's dumb.  
It's just I'm a fan of yours.  
No, I'm sorry.  
I was scared you'd post it online.  
Like the guy  
takes his kid to school, you see?  
No.  
Let's do one together.  
A selfie?  
Cool, thanks.  
There we have the epididymis.  
To tell the truth...  
I see nothing wrong.  
You're sure?  
'Cause it really hurts.  
Could it be from horse-riding?  
Horseriders don't all get ballache.  
Perhaps the pain you feel  
originates someplace else.  
- Won't hurt to check your prostate.  
- Not at 40, surely?  
Mr. Canet...  
It says here 42.  
At that age, anything's possible.  
Here, wipe yourself off.  
And for that...  
Only one way to be sure.  
Come on, legs up.  
- Right now?

- Don't worry.  
What happens in my office  
stays in my office.  
And you're not my first.  
My first Csar-winner, I mean.  
Makes a change from the red carpet!  
We're all equal before the prostate.  
Lovely little chestnut.  
Nice and supple.  
Nothing like your buddy Depardieu.  
Depardieu!  
I don't give a damn  
about Depardieu's prostate.  
What else could it be?  
I don't have a clue.  
All things considered,  
with your family history,  
it's worth doing a test.  
Aren't we doing one here?  
Sure.  
- Gg, your cancer sticks?  
- I'm Dd.  
- Sorry, Dd. Spot me a smoke?  
- Go for it.  
I got hammered last night.  
I feel like shit.  
And?  
We went back to his place.  
A great night.  
We were wasted, really wasted.  
- So?  
- We strip, we get it on.  
My body expresses itself,  
it was cool.  
The weird thing is  
he lives at his mom's.  
No way? Shit!  
- Buzz kill.  
- You got a photo?  
No photos, I lost my phone.  
I lost my phone once.  
Totally sucks.  
No contacts, no photos, nothing!  
Life just stops.

You wonder  
how we got by without them.  
Zip that up right now!  
Love a duck, chucklehead!  
I was scarified.  
Too much for cocky to call?  
What's wrong?  
You're always fair on the dot.  
I'm after worryin'.  
It's not even 8.  
I come home when I want.  
Let's not argufy.  
I'm made up to see you.  
I nearly bust a gasket.  
Lucien, come baz your stun fadder!  
Hey, Pa.  
Got more work to fit hands with?  
You're kidding. Him too?  
Steady, Eddie.  
You won't believe your eyes.  
Take a shuftly,  
I made our dreams come true.  
What now?  
After all this time,  
we're gonna start raising beans.  
I'm in clever cheer,  
I could start balling.  
Jesus!  
What?  
Look at the face on you.  
You think it's balderdash?  
I don't understand a word you say,  
or a thing you do.  
Why'd you do that?  
Quit talking like that.  
Why'd I do this?  
For us!  
Yer fulla shit and up a quart!  
Whoa, cut out the insults.  
It's you, cross-ackling me.  
I thought you'd be happy  
I made this for us  
instead of twiddling my thumbs.  
I'm sorry.

I know it was your dream.  
Your dream too, it was so,  
lamplighting liar!  
I thought it was only a pipe dream.  
I'm surprised, that's all.  
I'm sorry, sweetheart.  
If you don't mind,  
let's keep it to ourselves.  
Our little secret,  
just the three of us.  
How come?  
How come?  
Because people are idiots.  
They poke fun,  
and imagewise, I'd feel ashamed.  
You're ashamed of vegetables, by and by?  
Blow my buttons!  
I'm after thinking  
I don't know you, Guigui.  
You can talk, Cline Dion.  
I'm sick of these Oscar roles.  
Busting my balls!  
Raise our beans!  
I'm after looking a dick!  
- One of Nono's robots.  
- You stole my gag.  
Laugh. I'm taking you all down.  
- 200!  
- It's not you, it's Gilles.  
And Gilles says, Check.  
I check too.  
You, Guillaume?  
Here I go, with 200 in your face!  
Suck it up, guys!  
One drink and he's Bruce Banner.  
I'm going all in.  
It's good to see you guys  
and kick back.  
It doesn't happen often,  
it's great to see you.  
And it's good to have a drink.  
I needed it.  
It's your annual party.  
A second New Year's!

I'm just saying  
I'm glad to see you guys. It's cool.  
Just can't ever open up with you.  
I'm glad to see you, that's all.  
We're glad to see you, too.  
We'd be gladder to play poker.  
All in. Card!  
Watch out, tank's nearly empty.  
Knock it off.  
I'm not gonna ride two scooters.  
If you'd lost,  
you'd have given me yours, right?  
I wouldn't have bet my scooter.  
Tell me something...  
You never play  
and you jizz over a pair of 10s?  
- You're cracked.  
- What? Poker's cool when it rocks.  
That's a dumb thing to say.  
Poker's cool when you win.  
Fixed it.  
Made us laugh though.  
You moron.  
Kind of creepy vibe though.  
You noticed?  
No, how come? It was cool.  
Like you can't see the forest  
for the laughs.  
You sense it's bugging them.  
They're deep in denial, all of them.  
I don't follow you.  
Health issues.  
We laugh it off.  
Laurent's back trouble and eyesight.  
But we're all at the same stage.  
Time's ticking.  
- You're shitting me.  
- It fucking flies by.  
Are you serious?  
Sure I am.  
Not so long ago,  
you said your nuts were killing you.  
Talking of which,  
you ever find out what it was?

You bet I did.  
When I met Fanny, ten fucks a day,  
it kinda tingles after that.  
So that was it?  
Gotta go, I can't keep her waiting.  
Stop by.  
What? Right now?  
Not now. One day, sometime.  
Yeah, okay.  
- You okay, Guillaume?  
- Yeah.  
Sure?  
Yes, just great.  
- Be careful.  
- What?  
Be careful, riding home.  
Sure.  
My love, can I talk to you a second?  
Don't you think  
we're kind of ticking over?  
I mean, it's kind of calm.  
What's that mean?  
I don't know, our life, our routine.  
All that.  
Sometimes it feels like...  
It's not what I imagined as a teen.  
I wanted to travel, hit the road,  
making music with my buddies.  
I kinda think...  
If I don't do it now, I never will.  
Don't think,  
you got a voice like an arse.  
If you could string two notes together,  
you'd put bacon on the table with it.  
Quit gettin yer mind in a muddle, cocky.  
It's yer mid-life crisis, s'all.  
What's up?  
Ya gommel, I feel it.  
I feel the character entering into me.  
I feel it there.  
Du lard thunder 'n' Jesus!  
I's not just the woman,  
I's the actress!  
You're wrong to begin.



What you don't plan to end.  
Don't light the flame.  
If love's only a game.  
People say today.  
People say others play that way  
I'm not the others, oh no no.  
Before becoming attached.  
Before the first clash  
I have to confess  
I'll hold fast to your heart.  
Across oceans vast  
I'll be there when you dance.  
With a never-ending cast  
I'll invent a language.  
To sing your praises  
I'll pack our bags.  
For infinite voyages.  
The magical aura.  
Of holy men in Africa  
I'll invoke without remorse.  
If you'll love me more  
I'll crown myself queen.  
So you'll be my king  
I'll be all that you need.  
Your every thing  
I'll play every role.  
To give you pleasure  
I'll be meek, I'll be bold.  
To satisfy your desire  
I'll dazzle, I'll rebel  
I'll cast a new spell  
I'll turn into 24-carat ore.  
If you'll love me more.  
If you'll love me more.  
- Like this?  
- Yes.  
I don't really see your problem.  
You come to talk to your daughter  
in her bedroom.  
How'd you envision it?  
I don't know, just not like that.  
It feels flat.  
Meaning?  
I don't know. Cutesy, naive.

See?  
Daddy coming  
to tuck his daughter in.  
It needs...  
I don't know, it's wishy-washy.  
It's weird me playing her dad, so if...  
Guillaume, not that again.  
In the film, you had a kid at 20.  
It's not weird.  
Seriously, buddy. It's just great.  
If it's a problem, tell me earlier.  
I have no plan B.  
Seriously, you've nailed the role.  
- Right, Camille?  
- Totally.  
We shoot? Or one last rehearsal?  
Let's do it.  
- Camera.  
- Let's go!  
Silence on set!  
Camera rolling.  
Speed.  
Slate.  
Scene 12, take 1.  
Action!  
I admire you, Dad.  
Seriously, I admire you.  
Your dedication.  
Your passion for helping those kids.  
And me?  
What about me?  
My mom walks out when I'm 12  
and my dad looks after other folks' kids.  
For sure. I understand.  
But you're special,  
you're my li'l darlin'.  
You're mah life,  
the blood that flows in mah veins.  
The apple of mah eye!  
Cut!  
Why'd you cut? It was awesome!  
Are you serious?  
What?  
You're doing a funny accent.

Not funny, an accent.  
Why?  
It feels much better for the character.  
It's awesome, the sense  
he comes from another place.  
A sense of mystery,  
where's he from?  
With that accent, Marseille.  
Not necessarily.  
Not far though. Toulon, maybe.  
The point is, he's from Paris.  
So far, he's from Paris.  
Why'd he go full Manon des Sources?  
C'mon, Philippe, it's easy to dub over.  
We're wasting time. Trust me.  
Let's go again.  
Try things.  
It's called filmmaking.  
Try stuff.  
I don't get it.  
We're here to try to...  
I don't get it. Honestly.  
Let's go again.  
I suggest ideas,  
interesting suggestions, right?  
Super interesting, sure.  
Let's go.  
- Next take.  
- Silence on set!  
No accent?  
How about a Paris accent?  
Camera!  
Rolling!  
Thanks a lot.  
Dude, tonight I'll be at the Montana  
in feel-no-pain mode.  
Gilles Lellouche: Take your hard hat.  
It's been closed 6 months for renovation.  
Forget the Palace,  
that's shut too.  
The Roller Derby  
closed in the 80s. LMFAO.  
Try Bains Douches, take your trunks.  
It's a swimming pool now!

Hey.  
How you doing?  
Good, and you?  
Come have a drink.  
Can't. I'm with friends.  
I think it's a good idea  
for us to talk five minutes.  
Five minutes.  
Know what?  
You're funnier than I imagined.  
I know we said no looking back,  
but you've been a shit  
since we started shooting.  
- You need a drink in you.  
- Yeah.  
You've not been easy either.  
Buy you another  
to make up for it?  
It'll take more.  
This rockin' enough for you?  
I'm not rockin' here?  
Yes, punish me! Punish me!  
Harder, dammit!  
Gilles! Oh yes!  
Fuck, Gilles!  
Do it!  
Guillaume.  
We're ready for you on set.  
I'll be right there.  
- Hey, Guiton!  
- Alright, Max?  
- What you doing here?  
- I needed a drink.  
Lemonade shandy!  
Come for a real drink.  
I'm with Yarol and some chicks.  
Move it.  
Goodnight.  
How do you know Max?  
Max? I don't know him.  
- No?  
- Mathilde knows him.  
Right. How do you know Max?  
We partied together two weeks ago.

An after.  
An after? Was it a good after?  
I like a good after.  
Do you have a beau?  
No man, no attachments. Just sex.  
I've had it with guys.  
I have fun now.  
You sound experienced for your age.  
You wanna talk age?  
Evening.  
Good evening.  
Sorry to interrupt, Mr. Canet.  
Let me introduce myself. I'm Kev Adams.  
I've seen your work, Kev.  
That's so cool, I'm touched.  
Just to say, I loved you  
in the firefighter movie.  
You killed it.  
- Gendarme.  
- Sorry, the gendarme movie.  
A super film.  
I appreciate you going to see it.  
No, I didn't go see it.  
I saw the trailer  
and it was the business.  
Anyways,  
I've been a fan of yours like forever.  
When I tell my mom I met you,  
she'll freak out.  
- Right?  
- She adores you.  
In fact, she was an extra  
on one of your movies.  
The one where you hit on your wife.  
Love Me If You Bare?  
- If You Dare.  
- Love Me If You Dare Bare.  
She was a huge fan,  
and she played one of your classmates.  
- Alright. How old's your mother?  
- 43.  
Right, sure.  
A wonderful experience.  
Mr. Canet, sorry, I have to go.

It was an absolute pleasure to meet you.

- Thank you, Kev.

- If our paths don't cross...

Sorry for borrowing him a few seconds.

Enjoy a long and excellent

end to your career.

Come on,

he didn't have to.

It was nice of him.

Little jerk.

Check this one out.

She has a booty on her!

Me and babes right now...

I'm quite the player! Madness!

You in your glory days.

Yarol, look.

Nono?

Got a pick-me-up for me?

What?

Easy. Sensitive metabolism.

I know.

How about that! It's Amy Winehouse!

You brought Kurt Cobain?

Buy you a drink

to accept your apology?

Malibu and pineapple!

What's with your mug?

It's my mug that's off now?

What about my mug?

What's wrong with my mug?

You got a problem with it?

Don't like the look of it?

Lameass glasses!

Drinks on me!

So? How you doing?

Good. You're sure you're okay?

I came with buddies,

don't know where they are.

Maybe you should go home?

Go home?

I'm pumped. I did coke.

Fuck, it's hot!

I'm gonna dance. Don't go anywhere.

I won't.

- Evening.  
- Evening, gents.  
What happened?  
He overdid it.  
- You're a paramedic?  
- Yes, sir.  
I need help.  
You drank a lot?  
I'm cold.  
I'm cold inside.  
Okay.  
Did you fall? Bump yourself?  
No. I'm just cold.  
It's not so serious then.  
Okay? Let's recline a little,  
stretch your legs out.  
I'm scared I'll vomit.  
No, you won't vomit.  
You won't be so cold now.  
Mr. Canet, you'll be alright.  
I'm having palpitations.  
That's normal.  
It's a minor panic attack.  
Just relax, you'll be fine.  
There's a slight facial paralysis.  
I already got that  
before the shoot of Little White Lies.  
I was told to stay off alcohol.  
It's not good for you.  
That's all you consumed?  
A little cocaine.  
I see. Large quantities?  
A minuscule line. Fishing line!  
Minuscule? It was pretty hefty.  
That's not good for you either.  
Be cool. Stop filming.  
Please!  
Come on, be cool. Stop filming!  
Stop filming!  
Unbelievable! Please!  
My man Guiton!  
How you feeling, Guigui?  
Good siesta?  
Sit down here.

Your new look...  
Perfect, buddy.  
You puked on your duds.  
I did?  
It was like dressing up a doll.  
Real fun.  
You put these threads on me?  
Fuck, don't remember a thing.  
Shot of vodka, Guigui?  
A quick shot!  
Just a little one.  
Please, stop filming!  
Hold on, isn't that my phone?  
It is.  
I dunno.  
That's my son.  
Hurry it up, will you?  
Nearly done.  
Gross!  
Thanks.  
Cute kid.  
Thanks.  
Fuck!  
Nico Stables.  
Where are you?  
What about the horses?  
Gimme all you got!  
1, 2, 3, 4!  
Move your asses, you dorks!  
Smash the place up!  
Incoming!  
Is he dead?  
Holy shit!  
Pelt of a tripe!  
What?  
You're after laughin'?  
Come on,  
getting wasted for once...  
Two million views!  
We're not talking a glass of berry ocky!  
Maybe you got more genius ideas,  
but hold onto yer hat,  
You don't wanna be at it, yer big lob.  
Love a duck! I got my stun trip.



That's nothing, it's just a tattoo.  
Look, a barcode.  
To denounce consumer society.  
Trying to turn me into a product.  
Marion, you must understand.  
My ballache has gone.  
You see what that means?  
Life was busting my balls.  
I have a good time  
and the ballache goes.  
My body got that I got it.  
My ball got it. I listened to it.  
He tells me  
he can't make his movie without me,  
and bails on me  
over a photo on Instagram?  
A photo on Instagram  
or a video on YouTube, could be either.  
- Know what? Screw him!  
- Pardon me?  
I'm sick of this perfect image  
people have of me.  
I'm not like that.  
I never was like that.  
A few parts playing total jerks  
and I'm the world's ideal son-in-law.  
I wanna be rock'n'roll,  
I want angry roles.  
Something physical, you know...  
Nobody sees you the way you think.  
Get it into your head.  
This crap online days before the Csars,  
is that good for your image?  
Look,  
last year you spent more time  
riding horses  
than shooting movies.  
I've quit riding. It sucks imagewise.  
40th Csar Awards.  
The winner of the Csar for Best Actor...  
Imagine they both win!  
They're a shoo-in.  
Pierre Niney for Yves Saint-Laurent.  
In the duel of Saint-Laurents, Niney wins

after nominations  
for Best Newcomer in 2012  
and 2013 for Comme des Frres  
by Hugo Glin.  
Jeez! Thank you so much.  
A quick word for the nominees.  
My six co-nominees. I have to say,  
many of your films  
inspired me as a kid.  
Movies you directed or starred in.  
At the theatre or on TV, whatever.  
Evening.  
- All okay, he didn't wake up?  
- All good.  
That's great.  
Goodnight and thank you.  
Goodnight.  
May I?  
Sorry, cocky.  
- There.  
- And the ring.  
That's mine.  
- Forgive me. Enjoy your evening.  
- See you.  
Come and lend me a hand.  
There we go.  
Tell you what...  
If I got me a nomination,  
maybe I wouldn't even go.  
Firstly, I don't have a tux.  
And secondly,  
those things are totally rigged.  
Are you done?  
Your shitty mic's wired up?  
No chance you'll be nominated.  
"If I got me a nomination!"  
Moron!  
- You got that thing?  
- Yes, I put it by your mark.  
Thanks.  
Put what?  
Butt out.  
Pissed off?  
- About what?

- Last night.  
I guess you're disappointed,  
but Pierre totally deserves it.  
So good, wasn't he?  
It was like watching Yves Saint-Laurent.  
He was Yves!  
It was creepy even.  
You knew Saint-Laurent?  
Not especially.  
Shut the fuck up then!  
Sorry, we need to shoot this,  
we're so behind.  
What the hell!  
We're here, waiting on you.  
Do your job.  
Guillaume, the guy's mind is made up.  
He won't compromise.  
I read the script.  
If script's the right word.  
Let's bring Romeo on set.  
Complete silence, please.  
Camera.  
Camera rolling.  
- Speed.  
- Slate.  
Scene 76, take 1.  
And action!  
Manon,  
guess where Pops is taking you.  
He's taking you to the park.  
It's not Pops, it's Jean-Jacques.  
How's my darling daughter?  
What the heck's he doing?  
Yes, little baby!  
Jean-Jacques's taking you to the park.  
Or, at least, he's gonna try.  
Dad, I made you guys a picnic.  
Stick your picnic  
where the sun don't shine, bitch.  
Your lameass sandwiches.  
Here! You bitch!  
You stupid asshole!  
Cut! Guillaume, what the fuck!  
Why'd you cut?

Fuck it!  
Why'd you cut?  
You saw that in her eyes?  
It was real!  
Real fucking cinema!  
Don't try to understand.  
Try to feel it in your gut!  
That's it right there!  
Film is in the moment!  
Not on a piece of paper!  
She was petrified!  
I'm petrified, you jerk!  
Who asked you  
to play him drunk? Who?  
You wanna fuck up my film?  
- I'm not fucking it up!  
- What then?  
I'm giving your dumbass movie meaning.  
Three weeks!  
Three weeks shooting shit!  
Nobody tells you that.  
Your arthouse piece of shit!  
You promised  
she wouldn't call me Pops!  
I don't want her calling me Pops!  
I'm 40 years old, dammit!  
This isn't a role for me!  
You scumbags don't understand shit!  
If they'd listened to me,  
the Csar was mine!  
That's it!  
No more getting shafted by idiots!  
- Okay, Camille?  
- No, not okay.  
Look after Camille, please.  
Call Alain. We need a meeting.  
You need a meeting?  
- Guillaume, knock it off!  
- Cut that out!  
LES PRODUCTIONS DU TRSOR  
Attal Bros.  
This is Guillaume Canet.  
It's a mess. We're doing our best.  
I'm with Yvan here.

We called him in. What can I say?  
Seriously, the little shit!  
I never saw anything like it.  
The guy just flipped out.  
Tell him to flip out  
all alone someplace,  
not toss wine in her face!  
I know.  
What do I tell Camille?  
Should I call her?  
Don't call her,  
get him under control.  
Seriously,  
he can't pull that shit, Alain.  
You get me?  
That's the poster?  
Sure I do.  
Put yourself in my shoes.  
Awesome!  
That one's cool.  
The others are shit.  
I'll take care of it.  
You'd better.  
You bet I'd better.  
I'll do everything I can.  
He's a train wreck.  
- He's your buddy, isn't he?  
- Sure he is. It's not easy!  
- What's up?  
- Sit down.  
A problem?  
You're shitting me.  
If you're alluding to Philippe,  
hear me out.  
If I'm "alluding"?  
You sabotage a shoot  
with a crew of 75 people.  
Directed and produced  
by buddies you've known 20 years!  
And you breeze in  
asking if there's a problem?  
Clearly, this conversation  
won't be constructive.  
- I'll go see Alain.

- Sit!  
I wouldn't go see Alain.  
Camille's agent is begging us  
to replace you.  
- Replace me?  
- Yes siree!  
She's lost her mind!  
She knows we go way back,  
we came up together?  
He told her to fuck off? Right?  
He said we couldn't.  
We did the math with the line producer.  
We'd have to reshoot 27 scenes.  
- Costs 400 grand!  
- You're kidding?  
You checked if you could replace me?  
- C'mon, think about it!  
- Great.  
Cool.  
Guillaume, what's gotten into you?  
I don't know.  
It feels like I messed up,  
made all the wrong choices.  
Pisses me off, I wanna rock.  
You wanna what?  
Nothing.  
You're tired.  
Overthinking it.  
The Csars blew you off, so what?  
It's no reason to go off the edge.  
Get a grip, get your shit together.  
I'll square it all with them.  
Okay?  
Pull yourself together.  
Remember we paid you an advance  
on a new film? One year ago.  
We haven't seen a line.  
Where's it at?  
You pitched it to Marion?  
Of course.  
Actually, I was thinking...  
I wonder if it's not more powerful  
to make a movie that's all about me.  
All about you? That's a lame idea.

All about your chick, that's a film.  
It's her life people dream about.  
Hollywood, the Oscars, life in L.A.  
Not you, too!  
Marion doesn't live in L.A.  
People think so.  
And we'd be stupid  
to tell them any different, right?  
Some kind of docudrama, that's the idea.  
Fly-on-the-wall, daily life,  
seeing her prepare her roles.  
That's what people wanna see.  
They want in on your lives.  
You made that movie,  
My Wife Is An Actress.  
Gimme a break!  
My Wife is fiction.  
She falls in love with her co-star.  
I play a sports journalist.  
Gimme a break!  
Maybe you're right.  
No kidding.  
In any case,  
she flies to Montreal tomorrow for prep.  
I'll talk to her.  
That's right, do that.  
Talk to her.  
Go now.  
- Thanks.  
- You're welcome.  
Maybe change...  
What's this stun idea?  
Another film  
with the arse gone outta it!  
I hope you didn't agree to it, ducky.  
No, I said we'd talk it over.  
No sum of blather  
makes an oonshick idea right.  
What am I after telling ya?  
A good role needs an accent  
or a disability.  
Anything else, cocky,  
I'm stayin' in bed.  
It's no hobble,

I won't play me in a lardy-arse doc.  
Jump on that blower, tell him it's off  
and he can go swing a hook.  
We're all talked out.  
Clear?  
Hardly crystal clear.  
I think I get what you mean but...  
What about the vegetable patch  
when you're in Montreal?  
The damn farm?  
I'm not looking after it.  
Hey, Guillaume, what's up?  
Hey, Laeticia.  
Sorry, I spoke with Johnny  
who told me to stop by,  
late even.  
You know he loves company,  
so he can stay up late.  
Since his hip operation,  
he needs rest.  
Laeticia, who you talking to?  
Guillaume.  
Guillaume who?  
Guillaume Canet, darling.  
For real? What's he doing here?  
You told him to stop by.  
For real?  
He did, honestly.  
Hey, Guillaume. How you doing?  
Good, Johnny. Thanks.  
Be right there.  
Rock 'n' Roll!  
He keeps pulling that stunt.  
So annoying.  
He could hurt himself.  
Okay, Jerome?  
Great, fine.  
Sorry, I thought you meant tonight.  
I was gonna turn in, but no sweat.  
A drink?  
I'm good, thanks.  
For real?  
Nothing?  
Come in my office.



Why didn't you tell the bitch  
to go fuck herself?  
What's not rockin' mean?  
For you?  
You're not a musician.  
No, not really.  
I just wanna rock a bit.  
- It's an image issue...  
- Want one?  
No, thanks.  
You're so boring.  
I'm trying to quit,  
like the majority.  
To keep Laeticia happy mostly.  
When you've smoked filterless Gitanes  
for over 50 years,  
it's not easy.  
Listen up, Jerome.  
The Americans have an expression,  
in English...  
Which means Rock 'n' Roll is dead.  
But it's not true.  
Rock 'n' Roll isn't dead  
for the rockers that aren't dead.  
Understand?  
You know what?  
There aren't many of us left.  
It's difficult to rock nowadays.  
It's not exactly in.  
Nowadays, it's sports and organic.  
It's corny to smash up a hotel room.  
Believe me, it's no use to you.  
Anyway, it's too late for you.  
What do you mean, too late?  
We're too old to go tearing it up.  
We've outgrown it.  
Well, I am still in my 40s.  
Sure, like me,  
give or take a decade.  
What I'm trying to say is,  
it's no good to you.  
You're fine as you are.  
Why go changing?  
Weird, baby, ever since I quit,

I can't stand other people smoking.  
Even weirder, 2 months after you quit,  
you reek of tobacco.  
Chilly, isn't it?  
Gonna light my fire.  
C'mon, baby, light my fire!  
Over here.  
Pick me up in an hour.  
I'll be on the street corner.  
Let's go drinking.  
Sweetheart?  
Are you sneaking a smoke?  
Nah, just saying goodbye to Jerome.  
The gates of the penitentiary.  
Soon will close on me.  
That's where my life will end.  
Like other guys I've known.  
It's him. That's his car.  
Hi, Guillaume.  
He blew me off,  
he's headed straight to makeup.  
Morning!  
Yup, I'm still here.  
Deal with it.  
You and your agent.  
You find it funny?  
Sure, it's funny.  
Be grateful I'm laughing.  
Laugh. You make me laugh too.  
Take a look at yourself.  
You're rockin'?  
You know what rockin' is?  
You know who I was with last night?  
All your bullshit,  
I'm not rockin', I'm nobody's fantasy?  
You've lost it. I never said that.  
You never said that? Bullshit!  
No, I never said that.  
I don't spout shit  
about people being rockin'.  
Anyway, nobody says that anymore.  
I was talking about generations, ages.  
Some roles  
aren't for you now, so what?

There are others, more mature ones,  
and that's good too.  
What's wrong with that?  
There are roles he can't play, right?  
A crock of shit.  
A whole crock of shitty shit!  
A total crock of shit!  
Keep.  
That, trash!  
That too.  
Don't ever let me see that again.  
Same for that.  
Keep.  
That's a goodie. Perfect!  
What's going on now?  
You asked to read for Ben Foster?  
You don't do it, I do it for you.  
- What?  
- The character's 21 years old.  
Precisely. Your job  
is getting me in when it's not a fit.  
Or what? I play family guys  
until I lose my marbles?  
He's in Paris.  
Do your fucking job!  
Get with the program!  
That's enough, Guillaume.  
I don't like how you talk to me  
or what you're becoming.  
The gloves are off.  
I'm becoming what you made of me.  
It's all your fault too.  
I'm quitting here to open my own agency  
if you're interested.  
I have a couple clients  
making the break with me.  
How old are you?  
You got the stuff?  
Yeah, there was no organic. Here.  
It's not organic but...  
with a name like Natural Skin,  
I thought...  
Seen the Virgin Mary?  
Go, I'm late.

- Hi, I'm here for the audition?

- Name?

Thanks for coming.

- We'll be in touch.

- See you soon.

Hey!

Hey to you, too.

What brings you here?

Not the audition?

Sure.

You know I absolutely adore you,  
but truly, it's not a role for you.

When I mentioned you to Ben,  
he thought

I was messing with him.

Why are you doing this?

People know you. It's not cool.

I mean, for you.

You don't need this, honestly.

Can I say hi, at least?

Only because it's you.

- That's sweet.

- Not long.

Keep it short.

Now this here

is excellent for mass.

The aim is

to keep your anabolism constant.

You need amino acids

buzzing 24/7 around your system.

Now, let's find something

to get you good and ripped.

Scared me.

Mr. Canet, I'm ready for you.

I wonder what I'm doing here, in fact.

We'll talk it over.

It's perfectly natural.

Please, come through.

Morning, everybody!

Hi.

You come out of the church  
and get into the Citroen there.

- And you drive away.

- Okay.

What'll it be?  
You'll come out crawling?  
Sobbing?  
Knock it off.  
Just so I know  
what to expect 'cause...  
- What's up?  
- Stphanie tweaked your makeup?  
No, why?  
No, it's great.  
Really great.  
You look good.  
You look rested and...  
I do? Thanks, I appreciate it.  
I'm sleeping a lot better now.  
Without Lucien around,  
I get insane nights.  
I wanted to say sorry.  
Recently, I've been on edge.  
It's okay now, it'll be cool.  
- Yeah?  
- Yeah.  
Ready?  
Positions, please.  
Stphanie!  
- You changed Guillaume's makeup?  
- No.  
He was glowing.  
I can give him lines under his eyes.  
No, definitely not.  
Let's go. Camera!  
Inside.  
Action, Guillaume!  
What's he doing?  
Cut!  
A bit less jaunty.  
Less happy.  
Let's go, Guillaume.  
Even the makeup artist  
didn't pick up on it.  
Of course.  
I guaranteed it.  
We've made considerable progress.  
Everybody spotted something had changed,

but nobody could say what.  
They just all agreed  
I looked refreshed, rested.  
It's fantastic.  
And you're not shooting again  
until Tuesday, you said?  
That's right.  
With Marion in Montreal till Wednesday,  
I thought now's the time.  
You are so right.  
Recline.  
- Yes?  
- Surprise!  
You're back already?  
I'll tell you all about it.  
I left my keys. Open up.  
Yeah, sure. I'll open up.  
Shit!  
Hey!  
Holy shit!  
- What's wrong?  
- Nothing.  
I was stung by a wasp.  
Oh my gosh!  
On both lips?  
Yeah, when I was drinking.  
It was in a Coke can.  
Madness!  
You look like La Pitcholita.  
That blonde!  
He said the swelling won't last.  
Who said?  
The medic. Who came on set.  
Cool, you're talking normally.  
What happened to the accent?  
Dolan doesn't want an accent.  
All that for nothing.  
A real bummer.  
You learned Canadian, at least.  
It's cool to have you guys home.  
Can I borrow your night cream?  
Thanks.  
Whistling's not easy with this.  
It stung your eyes too?

Excuse me?  
The wasp.  
Did it sting your eyes too?  
You didn't?  
No way, you wouldn't do that.  
Tell me you didn't.  
Why'd you do it?  
Look what you've done!  
You know there's a term  
for what you did?  
It's abuse of weakness.  
Yes, exactly.  
You abused his mental fragility  
for profit.  
- Mental fragility?  
- Shut up!  
I'm warning you,  
this doesn't stop here.  
You'll be hearing  
from my lawyers very soon.  
- What time's your train?  
- 8 a.m.  
- Drive you to the station?  
- No, I booked a cab.  
People'll only laugh at your face,  
so best not.  
Lucien's pretty traumatized already.  
Can you just try to understand?  
I feel better, seriously.  
Sure, I've been in a strange place.  
I saw the passing of time on my face,  
and I freaked out.  
Trust me.  
Okay, this time was a screw-up.  
When the swelling goes,  
you won't be disappointed.  
It's insane. After the first injection,  
I looked 10 years younger. Startling.  
Your stupidity is startling.  
I'm warning you,  
we'll be gone four days.  
While we're away,  
if you see that wackjob asshole surgeon,  
I'm warning you...

I promise, I'll go for good.  
- Got that?  
- You can't...  
Have you got that?  
I came to apologize.  
No harm done, don't worry.  
That's Marion.  
She gets carried away.  
Afterwards, she regrets it.  
You know.  
Absolutely.  
Her reaction is perfectly understandable.  
Plastic surgery is a leap of faith.  
It's tempting, enticing,  
but it also frightens people.  
Exactly. It's the fear of the unknown.  
She'll come around.  
I wouldn't go that far.  
She will, you'll see.  
Everybody will.  
It's the nature of things.  
Talking of nature,  
isn't it weird,  
to have swelling here still?  
I'm shooting Tuesday.  
Honestly?  
Your lips aren't swollen.  
The rest is flat.  
Really?  
Your lips are superb.  
Intrepid, full of zest.  
They are lips ready to devour life.  
The rest, though, is drab.  
I mean...  
Not drab, just there.  
Featureless.  
There  
but not there.  
Apologizing almost for being there.  
Right.  
I guess...  
Irrefutably.  
May I?  
I see what you mean.



Here.  
Here.  
Thanks.  
Hi there!  
Hey!  
Morning, how's it going?  
I feel like I'm a king.  
A knight in shining...  
Come in!  
Armor...  
The only man on earth.  
Hey, Philon!  
- Holy fuck!  
- What?  
Fuck, Guillaume!  
C'mon, don't be so melodramatic.  
Fuck it!  
Philippe, wait!  
I haven't been to makeup yet.  
You owe us 400 grand!  
Yvan, chill.  
That's anger talking.  
Shut the fuck up!  
Holy fuck!  
I can't look at you.  
I can't bear to look at you.  
What came over you?  
What the hell's gotten into you?  
The film's dead in the water.  
Stone dead!  
The whole of Paris is laughing at us.  
Financiers are calling up.  
You're gonna pay back 400 grand!  
I don't have that kinda money.  
I don't give a fuck! Find it!  
Open up! What's going on?  
What's with locking me in? Open up.  
He wants to kill you.  
What are you doing in there?  
What's with locking me in?  
- Open the door!  
- Insane, right?  
- You're cracked!  
- Insane!

I don't believe it.  
What's gotten into you?  
Stop...  
Open the damn door, Yvan!  
Get out of the office.  
Can't we talk?  
It's for your sake.  
Your mug's freaking me out!  
Calm down, he's going.  
What have you done?  
Too bad! I had great news for you.  
- Fuck that!  
- Fuck it? Fine.  
After 20 years' friendship,  
give me 5 minutes.  
He's leaving.  
In the name of our friendship,  
5 tiny minutes.  
I don't wanna hear it!  
Get out and pay up!  
- Lino!  
- Don't Lino me!  
Don't Lino me!  
- He's leaving.  
- Open up!  
Give me 5 minutes!  
I have the solution.  
Stop this!  
I have a solution. 5 minutes.  
Okay?  
So...  
The film about Marion.  
C'mon, Alain, look at me.  
Can't! Say your piece fast.  
I can't look at you.  
I'll tell you straight.  
I won't beat about the bush.  
She's not in.  
Marion. She won't do it.  
Can't take the pressure,  
can't laugh at herself.  
You get the picture.  
However...  
Watch where you pop that boner,

Lino buddy boy.  
She had a great idea.  
Marion.  
The idea is to make the film about me.  
I'll make you a new face!  
Mine!  
Mine too!  
Take all your crap!  
- Forget it, Alain!  
- I'll mangle his mug!  
- Get your ass outta here!  
- Take your shit!  
Here! These are yours too!  
Take your shit and don't come back!  
We don't want anything of yours!  
- You've lost your minds!  
- 400 grand!  
Don't show your face again! Beat it!  
You little fucker! Go to hell!  
Fuck you!  
Attal brothers, blow me!  
Douchebags!  
You're out of your minds!  
Cocksuckers!  
Let's not make a song-and-dance about it.  
Daddy's got a new look, simple as that.  
That's life.  
If I want to stay at the top,  
it's part of the deal.  
All the greats have been there.  
All the of them.  
You saw that in Hollywood.  
Down the line, you'll be tempted.  
Gaetan, my surgeon, said so.  
It's inevitable, old girl.  
You know what I mean.  
Figure of speech.  
There we go.  
I suggest  
we turn this page together.  
In a spirit  
of serenity and acceptance.  
Okay, great!  
Sweetheart,

surely you see that it's a shock?  
It's natural for me  
to need time to get used to it.  
Time's what I don't have.  
It's running out.  
Gotta find myself again.  
Find yourself, period.  
Don't play on words.  
I won't waste my breath explaining.  
You're just not ready.  
Lulu, honey!  
I'll pick you up  
from school tomorrow at 5!  
Not outside school  
with a face like that!  
You never let me play Demis Roussos.  
Gilles Lellouche:  
You losing the plot or what?! Call me!  
Here we have the kitchen.  
The living room.  
The perfect bachelor pad.  
Beauty and the Beast.  
Steamed or roasted in foil.  
- How does that work?  
- Wrap the fish in aluminum foil.  
Add spices if you want.  
What are you doing?  
Keep working, scumbag!  
83!  
Breathe, bitch! Or die!  
85!  
87!  
212, 213...  
214, 215,  
- 216...  
- Breathe!  
99! Keep going!  
Work that butt, bitch! More!  
Chest out, you whore!  
Doing fag weights! Move it!  
More! Push it!  
If you quit, I'll fuck you up!  
Needs the straw.  
Gilou!

Hey.  
Hey, buddy.  
I can't stay long.  
No problem. It's great to see you.  
- Service, please!  
- Don't yell.  
You're in a hurry.  
There you are, young fella!  
Alright...  
Champ?  
Coffee, maybe.  
So, one coffee.  
And I'll have another  
excellent fresh orange juice.  
You do a special menu  
for Valentine's Day?  
- Yes, we have our duet menu.  
- Okay.  
Want a bite?  
No, thanks.  
- That's it then.  
- Got it.  
I'm not allowed. My diet!  
Shoot! How's it hanging?  
All good, y'know.  
Why'd you do it?  
Why'd I do what?  
Nothing.  
No, I'm good. Great.  
Excuse me?  
Can we get a photo with you, please?  
- With who?  
- Both of you.  
Yeah, sure!  
C'mon.  
With you too?  
- I'll take it, that's easier.  
- No chance!  
It'll save time.  
We never get to talk anymore.  
C'mon, girls!  
Closer!  
Smile!  
What's that about?

Here, go on.

- What's up?

- Nothing.

- They're cool.

- Yeah, great!

Thank you.

Really cool.

I'm more popular with kids now.

Down to me being more like them,  
following their lead fashionwise...

All that means...

They accept me much more easily.

- Yeah?

- I feel it.

They like you anyway.

It's us. Can I come up maybe?

Yes.

Mommy!

Mommy? Are you in or not?

Are you in, mommy, or not?

What have you been doing?

It's super late, you're soaking wet...

The storm took us by surprise,  
we were having such fun.

Come on, Lucien.

Go put your pajamas on.

- A kiss!

- There.

- Go on.

- Just there.

See you, big man.

See you tomorrow.

See you tomorrow.

You won't come in?

No, I'll be going.

Are you sure?

To warm up.

I'll fix you a hot lick.

Hot milk!

No, it's sweet of you.

But if you...

You remember my blue sweatshirt?

That was too big for me?

Maybe I can...

- Change out of this.

- Sure.

Come in, don't stand outside.

You're limping?

It's the woman who stutters.

I thought maybe she could limp too.

No way!

Thanks.

In the second semester,  
we'll organize a yoga workshop  
every Thursday afternoon

**at 4:**

You can put your name down.

Okay, so do you have any questions  
about the upcoming semester?

I have a question.

I'm Mr. Vitti, Enzo's daddy.

One time, I wasn't allowed in  
because I didn't have a parent badge.

I never received one.

I don't know.

- We'll fix that.

- Come to see me.

I have a question on that issue.

Mr. Canet.

Seriously, it's me.

For the badge, do you need  
a more recent photo?

At least that lightened the mood.

For anybody who...

That was good. She's great.

Actually, I wanted a word...

I really need to work.

I can't sit around doing nothing.

I've been offered a fun part.

A fun part,

not amazing,

but I'm not swamped with offers.

It could be cool.

It's in Miami, in the Everglades.

A series for American TV.

The character's French,

from Louisiana, with a Cajun accent.

So it'll be fun working on the accent.

Most likely.

I haven't read every episode.

But if I've got it right,  
it's a bit like Lassie, the dog,  
but with a crocodile.

Same producer, actually.

So we'd need to organize  
you sending over Lucien  
from time to time at vacations.

I'll have a great pad on Palm Beach.

If you feel like it,  
come over anytime.

If you'd like that.

Maybe.

How long will you be gone?

Three years.

Three years?

You're going away for three years?

I know, but honestly  
the offer's too good to refuse.

It's a recurring role.

Pretty physical.

And the mentality here,

I can't take any more.

I thought, for Lucien,  
it'd be great for his English.

Cool, right?

Super cool.

No, seriously, it's great.

And we'll organize all that...

Goodnight.

Evening!

Marion! Are you okay?

Are you okay?

It didn't hurt.

- You're okay?

- Didn't hurt.

Are you sure?

- Want me to walk with you?

- No.

I'm down in the dumps.

What's up? What's going on?

Marion, I can't understand a word.



What's wrong?  
Can you come over, please?  
Right now?  
Calm down, I'm on my way.  
What's wrong?  
What's wrong?  
Three years waiting for it to happen.  
I turned down stacks of films to do it.  
I worked like crazy for the role.  
Dozens of trips to London.  
Yeah, I remember.  
The director called?  
No.  
The producer called Laurent.  
To say what?  
That they'd changed their minds.  
They wanted another actress.  
La Seydoux.  
Because I'm too old for the part now.  
I dreamed of playing  
a woman with a stutter!  
You'll wake him up.  
No, he's at my mom's.  
What'll I do now?  
Without work, what'll I do?  
You missed out on one film,  
but there'll be other roles.  
Loads of old women!  
Just kidding.  
I'm just kidding!  
It's not funny.  
And it's so hard all alone with Lucien.  
I can't cope.  
He won't listen to me anymore.  
I feel so lonely!  
You're not on your own.  
I'm here.  
No, you're not. You're going away.  
I'm going away, but I'll be back.  
Besides, you feel nothing for me now.  
I haven't changed.  
Inside, I haven't changed.  
You see how I felt?  
Yes.

When do you leave?  
In one week.  
One year later.  
When I love you.  
I feel like I'm yours.  
Like a river is the delta's.  
As your prisoner I surrender.  
When I love you.  
Every movement brings me to.  
Your lips or your embrace.  
To the love we share.  
When I love you.  
It could be midnight or midday.  
In heaven or in hell.  
Anywhere, just together.  
When I love you.  
I don't know anymore if I.  
Am a beggar or messiah.  
But our dreams live forever.