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Rosie

By Patrice Toye

Name?

- Storme.

First names?

- Rosita, Cecilia, Maria.

Age?

- Thirteen.

Father's name?

- I don't know.

Mother's name?

- I have no mother.

Other relatives?

Michel, Irene.

Are you sorry you did it?

No.

Why?

Why did you do it?

Just because. For a lark.

Is that all?

I'm tired. Can I sleep now?

I'm not finished.

Answer the question.

I used to tell everything.

I'm not so dumb any more.

I'm not saying a thing.

No matter what.

- You could try telling the truth.

The truth?

You'd never believe it.

1st day in your room.

You'll get some food in an hour.

Then its your medical.

19 March 1980.

My very dearest Jimi,

I feel bad. I can't stop
thinking about you, about us.

You're my friend.

The only one I have.

Even now when you're so far away

I feel you are near me.

As though you were at my side.

Nobody will come

between us. Nobody.

No matter what happens.

I want to forget the past

as soon as possible.
Ill erase it from my mind.
Ill forget it.
I don't care, as long as
I have you.
One thing is certain,; Ill never
go back home again.
Write as soon as you can.
I miss you.
Yours forever...

ROSIE.

ROSIE, a devil in my head

Hello, Leo!

- Hello, Rosie!

Irene?

Irene?

Its me.

Let me in.

I'm safe here.

If I don't dare,

I'm a coward.

And if I don't cross it,

I'm worth nothing.

And if I give up,

I'm lost...

And if I fall...

I'm dead.

Fly! Take off! Soar!

Fly! Take off! Soar!

Fly! Take off! Soar!

Fly! Take off! Soar!

Fly! Take off! Soar!

Fly! Take off! Soar!

Fly! Take off! Soar!

Fly! Take off! Soar!

Fly! Take off! Soar!

What have you been up to?

I flew. Really flew, Mummy.

- Don't call me that.

He's back?

You chucked the jerk out.

You'd had enough ofhim

- Be quiet and eat.

Its true, isn't it, Mummy?

- I'm not your mummy.
I'm on night duty.
Don't wait up for me.
Okay, pumpkin.
- I'm going now.
You're always going.
Turn that off!
Turn it off!
Please, Irene.
Its cold.
Let me back in and we'll
settle it together.
Let me in, please.
Its cold.
This is embarrassing.
Let me in.
What's with you?
You think it's funny?
Get inside, little monster!
Get inside!
There's nothing to laugh at!
The tsarina trembled under
his gentle caresses...
Roaring like a tiger,
the knight took her.
He plunged his lance
into her sheath
and her whole body was
overwhelmed by a charge
that pierced her like
a lightening bolt...
She remembered the day
of their first encounter.
He stood there like a whinnying
horse, like a young god.
Dearest Sister...
Thank you for the 15,000 francs
you sent me by cheque.
I have to ask
one last favour.
I'm under threat of eviction
at the end of the month.
10,000 would help me
out of my difficulties.

Greetings to Rosie.
Many kisses, Michel.
My God!
All right, child? Don't move,
and don't panic.
Damn! All the blood.
Okay?
Hello, handsome.
How do you feel?
Blissful.
Seeing you makes me
feel blissful.
Are you okay, child?
Hey there... hello?
Stay still.
Don't move.
I'm all right.
I want to go home.
All that food.
- Shall I take you home?
I'm already late.
Mummy will kill me.
Should I call someone?
- Are you okay?
Dear Brother, I can't do
any more for you.
Your continual debts
are causing me problems.
Mummy?
Will you look at this? It hurts.
Okay, I'll be right with you.
I'm busy.
If it's really necessary,
you can stay with us for a bit.
You can sleep in Rosie's room.
I'm Stella. And you?
- Rosie.
You're new too?
I bashed my mum's
head in.
Why are you here?
None of your business.
Everyone here is either crazy
or has killed someone.

Wheres your mummy?
Or don't you have a
mummy either?
Hello, mouse.
- Hello, you.
Don't you have to play?
Have you hurt yourself?
Did you have a row at home?
Why are you limping?
- Do you want to know?
They raped me.
- Liar.
There were 3 strong Moroccans.
- I don't believe you.
One even had a switch blade.
He put it to my throat.
A switch blade? Impossible.
They're illegal.
Rape too.
What's it like to be raped?
What did they do?
Two held me to the ground
and the third
...plunged his hot lance in me.
On the ground?
They can't do it in the air.
Horrible!
He stuck his willie in your thing?
- From behind.
It was as big as this.
It was enormous.
You'll get pregnant.
- That's not possible.
Did it hurt?
No, it was the nicest thing
I ever felt.
And then?
Then I must have fainted.
And they ran off...
...towards Falcon Square.
Isn't that where you live?
Get up, Rosie.
Michel's coming to stay with
us. He'll sleep in your room.

Where will I sleep?
With me.
Both of us in one bed?
If you keep still, don't
take up too much room...
...don't snore and keep
Your hands outside the covers.
And if you want to
sleep with a bloke?
I don't want any more blokes
in my bed.
I don't believe it. You
can't do without them.
Swear?
- I swear.
On what?
- On your sweet little soul.
Do I have that?
My sweet child.
My sweet little child.
You're all that I have.
Mummy!
- Sister.
Mummy!
- Sister. I'm your sister.
You're my mother.
- You're to call me sister.
Why can't I call you mummy?
Because.
Why not?
I wasn't even 14 when I had you.
Not much older than you are now.
That's why.
Why can't anyone know?
Its nobody's business.
Its a secret. Something
between you and me.
Our secret!
Mummy!
Looking for a girlfriend?
I'm free.
I'll be all yours.
God, nobody...
Do you want to do it with me?

Please?
Do you want to do it with me?
Please.
I want you.
You're my prince.
Do you want to do it with me?
What?
I want you.
What are you saying?
Do you want to marry me?
Jesus, girl.
How old are you?
Sixteen and a few months.
Tell me your name first.
- Rosie. And you?
Jimi... Do you want one?
Look, I have to go. Bye!
Will I see you again?
Lovely. Very lovely.
Thank you.
With whom do I have the honour...?
- Rosita, the lovely tsarina.
And you?
Michel. At your service.
A kiss, noble tsarina?
- As you wish.
But I don't understand you.
I speak Russian.
Russian? Russki?
No problem.
Doesnt your brother get a kiss?
Hello, Michel.
- Hello, Rosie.
Where's Irene?
- She's working.
Inhale and don't move.
Name?
- Bernard Vermarke.
Your personal details
have not changed?
4 Manchester Street
married.
Widower.
Children?

- No, thank goodness.

Which department?

- Chemistry.

Any particular complaints?

- No.

Results in one week.

Please send in the next one.

One day he showed up unexpectedly
at the palace courtyard.

The tsarina jumped up
and rushed downstairs.

And stroked blindly stroked
each others bodies.

Lingering on the warmest
curves. His hands

...tasted her full shoulders,
Her firm breasts, her slender waist.

Guess...

Who am I?

Who are you?

I am yours and you are mine.

Who am I?

Jimi!

What's it about?

Real heroes.

Real, manly heroes.

Beautiful girls in
gorgeous ball gowns.

Good people always
win and bad people die.

It always ends well
and everyone is happy.

And you, are you happy?

Not like in the book.

That's not possible. It's not real.

Sure it is.

It is possible.

- What do you have to do?

Follow the dictates
of your heart.

Do what you truly want to do.

Do what you want
most in the whole world.

You know what that is?

Look at the clouds
and close your eyes.
Make a wish.
I wish...
I wish... for my mummy
to be happy.
No... You have to wish
something for yourself.
Wishing for another
brings unhappiness.
Do you understand?
I'm happy if she's happy.
'Goldenboy' and 'Geraldo' are
in lead, but not by much.
We still have a lap to go
and it's anyone's guess.
How do I look?
Great... fantastic.
- You've put on some weight?
No, really. I'm serious.
I've got my papers.
- No problems then.
Take off your jacket.
That's Rosie, my little sister.
This is Bernard.
Hello, Rosie.
Hello.
That's my brother, Michel.
Hello.
Take a seat.
There?
Martini?
Mr. Bernard, what do you
do for a living?
I'm a chemist.
Do you earn a lot?
- Rosie, that's enough.
Do you mean am I rich?
- Yes.
Why do you want to know?
Because we're up to our
ears in the shit, sir.
And what's your line of work?
Things are quiet at the moment.

They need people...
- I'm not looking.
Work is important,
just to stay sane.
I'm in business.
Dinner must be ready.
I'll see to it.
Mr Bernard, are you a good man?
Meaning?
Are you a good man?
A decent chap?
That's someone who doesn't drink,
doesn't chase other women.
He doesn't hit his wife,
not every day. Do you drink a lot?
Do you hit your wife?
- No.
Do you like it?
I haven't eaten so well in years.
I've had to cook for myself
since my wife died and...
...you should taste it.
This is delicious.
Really. Delicious.
Here.
Its Saturday evening.
Go out and have some fun.
You could go to the theme park...
Go with that boy.
Go on...
Go ahead...
And stay out for several hours.
And stay out for several hours.
Come on, Bernard...
No really, I trip
over my own feet.
I'm too clumsy.
Michel... dance with me.
Go on... I'd love to
if I was any good at it.
Mummy, are you asleep already?
Are you dreaming...
...or are you in love?
Me too.

I have a boyfriend. Jimi.
A boyfriend? What's that?
A boyfriend is someone you
can trust and who trusts you.
You do things together.
Have things in common.
I can't explain it, but
it's a fantastic feeling.
One's coming... five,
four, three... Go!
Idiot... You could have been killed.
Your turn.
- What do I have to do?
You're my robot.
You have to do whatever I say.
See that man?
Go give him a punch on the nose.
No, that's too cruel.
An order is an order.
- Something else. Okay? For...
Go annoy him then.
Get some money from him.
That's easy.
Hello, sir.
- Hello, child.
Can I have some money for the bus?
- For cigarettes?
No, my child.
Go along home.
But then I'll have to hitch home.
And if I'm kidnapped,
you'll never forgive yourself.
How much is it? 25 Francs?
- Miser. Give me 200.
Are you mad! Not a cent.
Now be off with you.
Give me something or I'll tell
those people you're a dirty old man.
Keep your hands to yourself.
Dirty paedophile.
Hey... Hey...
Do you have everything you want?
I'd love to have some
shoes with high heels.

Do you like them?
They're yours.
Run...
Rosie.
Just look at yourself.
- Nice, huh?
What's that?
- Lacquer. It smells nice too.
Take that stuff out of
your hair and wash your face.
Where did you get the boots?
- They were a gift.
From who?
- A friend. His name is Jimi.
Don't you like them?
- You look like a whore.
So what?
Upstairs... now... Understand?
And invite that friend to dinner...
I want a look at him.
The next race. Number 7.
'Goldenboy' bearing number 7
is at the front.
'Goldenboy' is overtaken
on the outside.
It must have happened fast, because
number 8 is still leading and will win.
Where are you?
Come on, Jimi. Come.
Come to dinner, Rosie.
We've waited long enough.
Hurry, Jimi. Please.
He'll be along later.
- He's not coming now.
He will come. He'll come.
Nice manners, making us wait
for dinner. He's not serious.
Patience, he'll come.
Yes... He let you down.
Something could have
happened, couldn't it?
Is he handsome?
- Yes.
How old is he?

You won't say?
Then he's too old.
Take it easy.
She's in love.
What do you know about him?
Does he live nearby?
Who are his parents?
What does he do?
You won't see him again.
He's got another.
That's not true. He loves me.
We're going to get married.
Congratulations. When?
- Soon. Because we have to.
Are you okay, little one?
I'll tell you something.
When I was your age I was
head over heels in love too.
I would have done anything for
him. He was my hero, my prince.
If he had asked me to go away
with him, I would have.
Really. And in the end...
We didn't understand why
we could live in the same house
but not sleep in the same bed.
But we did it anyway,
secretly and it all came out.
He was sent away.
And I waited for him at the window.
For months.
And then you came along.
Rosie, that prince on a white
horse. He doesn't exist.
Clear off. I don't want to see
you any more. Find someone else.
What did I do?
- You deceived me.
I'd never do that.
- You don't love me.
But of course I do.
Where were you yesterday?
You don't take us serious, do you?
Very serious.

Really? Very serious?

Close your eyes.

I have a surprise.

What a chic car! It's yours?

- What do you think?

Can you drive?

- Get in, we'll go for a spin.

Where are we going?

Trust me. I'm your friend.

You have to trust me.

You do trust me?

- Of course.

Prove it.

- I trust you.

Blindly?

you cover

my eyes and tell me what to do.

Far out. Far out. Okay.

We'll do it.

Ready?

- Wait.

Now!

- It's exciting.

Okay. Straight ahead.

Go a bit right.

- Right?

Okay?

- Fine.

Can I go a bit faster?

Cool. There's a cyclist,
but it's okay.

I'll flatten him.

- Perfect.

I'm going to speed up...

- Okay. Go right... right!

Faster... faster!

- Shit, a crossing!

A crossing!

- Where?

Its now or never!

- Where?

In front of us.

- Where's the crossing?

Go right! Right! Stop!

Go right, Jimi. Go right!
Stop, Jimi, I've had enough.
Its enough.
I don't feel a thing.
We're not dead. We're alive.
That's enough. I warn you.
Fantastic.
Frightening.
- Madness. Pure madness.
I hope this will never end.
Is there anything for me?
Can I have my book?
- But it's so exciting.
Give it to me.
Roaring like a tiger
the knight took her.
He plunged his lance
into her sheath.
My love, my tsarina...
and her whole body was
overwhelmed by a charge...
Do you read this trash?
Yes.
You should be ashamed.
I think it's lovely, romantic.
- Romantic?
Its not for little girls.
Damn it!
- Bastard!
I want my room back, now. I'd rather
have a cockroach in it than Michel.
That's enough.
I mean it. He can drop dead.
I don't care a damn.
I won't lie any more and I won't
spit at the neighbour any more.
We're family.
We help each other.
Anything I can do?
Let her sleep.
- I'll put her in the living room.
I won't wake herup.
Be careful...
- Come along...

Gently... Gently!

Careful, careful.

- Yes, yes.

Come on...

- Yes.

I know what you're up to.

- You don't know a thing.

You can't stay here.

- You think I like being here?

I'll be off as soon as I can.

What's that?

- It's my mother.

Pretty child.

- She's beautiful.

I wish I looked like her,

but I'm small and ugly.

Can I see it?

A young mummy.

Where is she now?

- Dead. After a long illness.

How terrible.

- I never knew her.

She died when I was born.

Whats wrong with

you all of a sudden?

Rosie, come down.

What's wrong?

- You and me. You promised me.

You're not going to ruin this.

Understand? I like Bernard.

So why not tell him I'm your

daughter? Why do I have to lie?

I won't lie any more.

Are you coming down?

No, I'm not. I won't do

anything you say any more.

Are you ashamed?

Are you ashamed of me?

You wouldn't care

if I wasn't here any more.

You don't love me.

What's that?

He was crying.

I couldn't just leave him there.

He's a sweetie.
He's a filthy baby.
- He smells a bit, that's all.
He's ugly.
Look at his eyes.
And he's got a dent in his head.
So? I think he's a real sweetie.
They shit, they cry and they shit.
Babies are nothing but trouble.
- Don't take any notice of him.
What are you going to do with him?
Take him back.
Idiot. I'm keeping him.
He's mine.
My little baby.
My little angel.
Do what you want with him.
But I'm not going to feed him.
Look at him.
He's smiling at you, Papa.
Papa!
We have to give him a name.
Jimi Junior.
Or Kojak.
- Kojak? That old fart?
Elvis? I think Elvis
is a lovely name.
We christen you 'Elvis'.
Elvis.
Look, he has your eyes.
Make him stop crying.
- You do it.
It's giving me a headache.
Here, take him.
- But he's your baby.
Maybe he had a shit.
It stinks.
Maybe he's hungry.
He could be.
Give him a beer.
It'll shut him up.
Yes, why not.
- Yes, why not?
I'll go buy some food.

It can't go on like this...
Look after him.
Don't let anything happen to him.
I'll be back.
Sit...
Don't move.
Elvis?
Jimi?
Elvis?
Don't be afraid.
Its me. Your mummy.
Your mummy is back.
Yes, I'm here.
Some father.
You were going to look after her.
And you forgot all about her.
- I fell asleep.
So I see.
Where are you going?
- I'm leaving, for good.
Mummy.
Mummy.
Mum-my, Mummy.
Mummy,
Mummy...
I'm your mummy.
mummy.
Mummy!
Call me Mummy.
That's okay.
Rosie? Rosie? Where are you?
- Jimi? Jimi.
There you are.
I'm glad I have you.
You're a friend, a true friend.
You'll never leave me.
She'll come back, Irene.
They'll be worried by now.
- Who?
Hermummy. Herreal mummy.
Regrets?
You think God will punish you?
God understands everything.
Its a young chap.

Like me. Maybe he looks like me.
Do you want to be a god?
- Yes. With you as my goddess.
You have to learn to wash
yourself properly first.
We're gods!
Gods!
You have to eat.
Look...
Delicious...
You have to eat.
I don't want you to get ill.
Come on, Rosie.
Wait, we have to do something.
He's not eating.
We have to do something.
Dammit, Rosie. I've been
on this shit road all day.
Yes?
- Hello, ma'am.
What is it?
We're lost and I think she's ill.
No wonder. It's too cold out
for such a little one.
Could you have a look at her?
She hasn't eaten or anything.
Here, give her to me.
Is it your little sister?
- No, my daughter.
What's her name?
- Elvis.
Elvis? That's an odd name.
Come on in then.
Will you take good care of her?
- Yes...
Hey... Come back!
Don't be angry.
Don't be angry.
I'm not angry.
Hold me tight.
Never leave again...
Promise you'll never leave again.
Never run away again.
Promise you'll never do it again.

Come, let's go in.
You go to sleep now, okay?
Will you stay when I'm asleep?
- Yes, my sweetie.
My lovely child.
You're all that I have.
- Do you mean that?
Mummy?
Mummy.
I'm your mummy.
She's sleeping?
I'm worried about her.
I'm her mother.
But that's not all...
I know.
You're not leaving now?
You can, if you want.
No, I love you.
I love you so much.
The rest doesn't matter.
I want to take care of you.
Of you and of Rosie.
Rosie, wake up.
Good morning. It's been six weeks
now, are you doing all right?
Yes, ma'am.
What you did was very bad.
Do you understand that now?
Yes, ma'am.
Are you sorry you did it?
Yes, ma'am. I am now.
Then I've got some good news for
you. We're very pleased with you.
You've behaved very well.
You've made some friends.
You can go home
for a weekend soon.
As a trial.
Are you pleased?
You can't stay, Michel.
Rosie needs her room.
You have to eat...
...or do you want to stay
as skinny as a rail?

Give me one more week.
What's next, Rosie?
Will you see that boy again?
Answer my question.
Yes.
Are you doing it with him?
- He's my friend.
I forbid you to see him again.
I want your word.
Do you hear?
- I don't listen to you.
Did you sleep with him?
He kissed me. That's all.
You're like your mother.
Just like her.
I'm going out.
- Really? I'll have to lock you up then.
Hit me. Go ahead.
I'll go out anyway...
You're going nowhere.
Nowhere.
Bastard, open the door.
I hate you, Michel.
Mummy, Mummy.
- You locked her in?
It just was a game, Irene.
- A game?
This is just a game too.
There.
And this.
- Are you finished?
I can break what I want.
Understand?
Everything here is mine.
You have nothing here.
This is mine. And this as well.
And I'll break it all,
For nothing here is yours.
Everything is mine.
Get out. I've had enough.
You're ruining my whole life.
And my daughter's too.
I've had enough. Go! Leave!
Fine. I'm out of here.

- Good.
Please, Michel.
Get out of here...
I want you to leave.
Its not working out.
Go away.
Give me a 1000 Francs.
I don't have it.
- 500, then.
Michel, I don't have it.
Here.
You can go to hell.
Mummy...
Okay, Mummy?
- Yes...
I'll be okay.
I'll tell you yourfuture.
Everything will be fine.
And there'll be some nice things.
We're going to be happy,
very happy.
Look, this line tells if you're
going to be happy ornot.
And this means there's going
to be a man in your life.
My dearest Jimi...
I think of you always.
Especially at night if I can't sleep.
What are you doing?
Where are you?
I get frightened sometimes.
Then I think you deceive me.
Don't leave me for another...
Forgive me for my doubts
but this is my 10th letter
and I haven't had one from you.
Forgive me, please.
I know you love me...
I hope you do.
Your despairing Rosie.
That's where my boyfriend lived.
It was our secret place.
Jimi and I lived there.
It was our villa.

A fine villa.
This is the living room.
Good grief...
And your boyfriend?
I'd like to meet him.
He doesn't come here any more.
Its over between us.
Rosie, would you be
upset if I married Irene?
I love her. We'd be a family.
What do you think?
You should have a daddy.
- A daddy?
I've never had a daddy.
The last 400 metres; a major surprise,
because 'Goldenboy' is at front.
Started as an outsider, 12 to 1.
That's logical after losing so often.
It may be too early,
but number 10 is waiting.
If 'Goldenboy' doesn't run faster...
That doesn't happen 'Goldenboy'...
...alone in the lead and what
a lead. A winner, 12 to 1.
At last it's bingo for those
who bet on 'Goldenboy' so often.
I don't want it.
I'm leaving, Irene.
I wont bother you again.
Go on, go to your room.
Leave us be, please.
Can't I talk to my sister?
Sure. Keep it short.
Whats your problem?
- Michel, calm down.
You'd better leave.
- Or you'll throw me out?
You'll throw me out?
You'll throw me out... you?
Michel, stop!
- Its better for everyone!
Help me, Jimi.
Please, help me.
Okay?

You have to choose, Irene.
Do you still love him? Yes.
So, help him.
- He's my brother.
He's more than that, Irene.
Much more.
I don't think you need me any more.
Bernard, don't go.
Come back, Bernard!
Tell me what to do.
Do something.
You have to.
The decision is up to you.
I'll do it.
I have to help Mummy.
Its up to me.
I know what to do.
Michel...
Are you asleep?
21, 22...
23...
Nine more steps and
the house will vanish.
25... Gone!
27... Destroyed by the fire.
28... Vanished.
29... Never existed.
30, 31...
32, 33...
34, 35...
36, 37...
38, 39...
I know you're there, Rosie.
Come down from there. Come.
Come down from those pipes.
Come down, I said.
- Never in my life!
Okay. As you wish.
You'll come down eventually.
How long still?
As long as I have to.
Rosie, that's dangerous.
Come down.
I'm going to jump.

I'll fall down and die.
Okay, I'll come and get you.
Don't move.
Wait.
Rosie, stay where you are.
Its dangerous.
Don't touch me.
- Come on down. Now.
Come on.
Don't touch me.
- Wait.
No!
- Give me your hand.
I'm going to fall!
- No, you won't fall.
I'm going to fall!
Michel? Did you break anything?
Michel?
Jimi, help me. What am I to do.
Help me, please.
Nothing. Absolutely nothing.
Leave him be.
He deserved it.
Let him die.
Just leave him be.
Okay?
Shall I go home with you?
Later.
Let's wait a while.
Sleep for a bit.
You can close your eyes.
I stay here...
Sleep...
Is it a love letter?
To Jimi?
Is he handsome?
- Really handsome.
Do you have a photo ofhim?
- Do you want to see it?
Handsome, isn't he?
But he plays...
He plays with 'The Police'.
Idiot, he's the guitarist
for'The Police'.

You're strange.
Hug me, please.
Hug me tight.
My baby.
What's wrong?
Nothing. I just wanted to take a walk
with you. The two of us in the sun.
Its going to be a nice day.
Nice weather.
Bye. See you later.
- Bye.
The good ones win,
the bad die...
...the good ones win,
the bad die...
...the good ones win,
the bad die...
...the good ones win, the bad...
...die.
Help me.
Help me, please.
I'm your father.
Worthless.
But I'm your father.
Yes, good.
But die soon now...
...and hurry up.
Rosie!
Michel?
Michel, what happened?
Michel?
Fly. Take off. Soar.
Fly. Take off. Soar.
Fly. Take off. Soar.
Fly. Take off. Soar.
Go away. What are you doing here?
There's nothing to see.
Why didn't you leave him there?
He was fine there.
I did it for you, Mummy.
You're not glad?
He's here. Jimi's here.
He came to get me.
Rosie, until Sunday before 8.

I knew you'd come.
You're my friend.
The only one I have.
You'll never let me down.