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# Last Tango in Paris

By Bernardo Bertolucci

Fucking God!  
"Apartment For Rent"  
Id like a phone slug.  
- All out. Down, back and left.  
- Thanks.  
Momma, this is Jeanne.  
Theres an apartment in Passy  
I`mm going to see.  
Then I go meet Tom at the station.  
See you later.  
Kisses. So long.  
Im here for the apartment.  
I saw the sign.  
- Sign?  
- Yes.  
What sign?  
Always the same.  
Nobody tells me anything.  
- Id like to see it.  
- To rent it?  
I dont know yet.  
They rent, they leave,  
and Im the last to know.  
You think thats fair?  
If you want to go up alone,  
go on.  
Im afraid of the rats.  
The key is gone.  
Lots of strange things happen.  
They drink six bottles a day.  
Wait. There must be a duplicate.  
Here it is.  
Youre very young, right?  
Let me go, please.  
Shes crazy.  
Where are you?  
What a fright.  
Howd you get in?  
By the door.  
Oh, yes. I left it open.  
But I didnt hear you come in.  
- I was already here.  
- Excuse me?  
Then the key-

And I bribed the concierge.  
These old houses are fascinating.  
An armchair would look good here.  
The armchair has to go...  
in front of the window.  
You are American?  
You have an American accent.  
- Will you rent it?  
- And you?  
I dont know.  
What are you doing?  
Do I answer or not?  
Theres no one here.  
There is no one.  
I dont know.  
Then you decided to take it?  
I had decided, but-  
But now I dont know.  
Do you like it?  
Do you?  
I have to think about it.  
Think fast.  
You still here?  
Attention.  
Who do they take us for?  
This is cinema.  
Were making a movie.  
If I kiss you,  
that might be cinema.  
If I caress you,  
it might be cinema.  
What the devil do they want?  
I know them.  
Im shooting a film- "Portrait  
of a Girl-" for television.  
And the girl is you.  
But youre mad! You should have  
asked my permission.  
Yes, but it amuses me...  
to begin with the girl  
of the portrait who meets her fiance.  
This is my crew.  
And so you kiss me...  
knowing its a film.

Coward!  
See, it'll be most of all  
a love story.  
Tell me, Jeanne.  
What did you do  
while I was away?  
I thought of you day and night  
and I cried.  
Darling, I can't  
live without you.  
Magnificent! Stop! Perfect!  
I wanted to clean up...  
but the police didn't let me.  
They didn't believe in suicide.  
Too much blood all over.  
They had fun making me reenact.  
"She went there.  
She went here.  
She opened the curtain. `  
I did everything like her.  
The clients, awake all night.  
The hotel full of police.  
They playing around with the blood.  
All spies.  
If she was sad,  
if she was happy...  
If you fought,  
if you hit each other.  
And then when you were married...  
why you didn't have children.  
Pigs.  
They treated me like dirt.  
They said...  
"Nervous type, your boss.  
You know he was a boxer? `  
So?  
"But he didn't do well. "  
Then he was...  
an actor.  
And then a bongo player.  
Revolutionary in South America.  
Journalist in Japan.  
One day he debarks in Tahiti.  
Wanders around.

Learns French.  
Then he arrives in Paris.  
And here...  
meets a woman with money.  
Marries her and-  
"Now whats your boss do?"  
Hes kept.  
"Can I clean up now?"  
"Dont touch anything.  
You really think...  
she killed herself?`  
And then he pushed me  
in a corner trying to-  
Turn off the water.  
Maybe theyll do an autopsy.  
Why dont you  
turn off the water?  
Heres your razor.  
Its not mine.  
They dont need it anymore.  
The inquiry is over.  
Yes, she had some cuts here  
and on the neck.  
Excuse me.  
Where should I put it?  
- You could have rung.  
- It was open. Here?  
No, in front of the fireplace.  
And these chairs?  
Heres the table.  
Where do I put it?  
How do I know?  
Hell decide.  
Ill leave it here.  
- Heavy. Its really a double.  
- But it won`tt fit.  
Youll see.  
Your husband`lll find room.  
What a mess.  
Thank you.  
This armchair has to go  
in front of the window.  
Like that.  
I only came to return the key.

- To return it to you.  
- What do I care?  
Take off your coat.  
Come on. Give me a hand.  
Take these chairs...  
and put them here.  
Put them on the other side.  
Take it too.  
You didnt lose any time.  
Listen, sir...  
I have to go.  
Look, sir, Ive gotta go.  
The bed is too big  
for the room.  
I dont know what to call you.  
I dont have a name.  
- You want to know my name?  
- No, I dont!  
I dont wanna know your name.  
You dont have a name  
and I don`tt have a name either.  
No names here.  
Not one name.  
Youre crazy.  
Maybe I am, but I dont wanna know  
anything about you.  
I dont wanna know where you live  
or where you come from.  
I wanna know nothing!  
You understand?  
- You scare me.  
- Nothing.  
You and I are gonna meet here...  
without knowing anything  
that goes on outside here.  
But why?  
Because...  
we dont need names here.  
Dont you see?  
Were gonna forget...  
everything that we knew.  
Every- All the people...  
all that we do, all that we-  
Wherever we live.

Were going to forget that.  
Everything.  
But I cant.  
Can you?  
I dont know.  
Are you scared?  
Come.  
- I thought Id find you here.  
- I expected you later.  
I took the first train.  
Paul, how horrible!  
Papa is in bed with asthma.  
The doctors forbade him  
to come.  
Better.  
Im stronger.  
What are you looking for?  
Something that explains it.  
A letter, a clue-  
Theres nothing,  
absolutely nothing.  
Its impossible  
that my little Rose-  
Nothing for her mother.  
Not a word.  
Useless to look anymore.  
Not even for you,  
her husband.  
You need to rest.  
Maybe theres a vacant room.  
With a razor?  
What time did it happen?  
I dont know. At night.  
And then?  
And then-  
I already told you on the phone.  
When I found her...  
I called the ambulance.  
After your telephone call...  
we were awake  
all night long...  
talking about you and Rose.  
And Papa talked softly...  
as if it happened

in our house.  
- Where did it happen?  
- In a room.  
Did she suffer?  
Ask the doctors  
who did the autopsy.  
The autopsy?  
I already had some announcements.  
Ive had enough of deaths.  
I think of everything.  
I do.  
Ill prepare  
a lovely funeral chamber...  
with lots of flowers.  
The cards...  
the mourning clothes,  
the flowers.  
You have everything  
in that suitcase.  
You didnt forget anything.  
But I dont want  
any priests here.  
Understand?  
You need them.  
It must be a religious funeral.  
Rose wasnt a believer.  
Nobody believes  
in a fucking God here!  
Paul, dont shout.  
Don`tt shout like that!  
A priest doesnt want  
any suicides.  
Church doesnt want  
any suicides, do they?  
Theyll give her absolution.  
Absolution and a nice mass.  
Thats all I ask.  
Understand? Rose-  
Shes my baby girl.  
Why did she kill herself?  
Why?  
Why did she kill herself?  
Why?  
You dont know, do you?



You dont know.  
Lets just look at each other.  
Its beautiful  
without knowing anything.  
Maybe-  
Maybe we can come  
without touching.  
Come without touching?  
You concentrating?  
Did you come yet?  
- Its difficult.  
- I didn`tt either yet.  
Youre not trying hard enough.  
I shall have to invent  
a name for you.  
A name? Oh,Jesus.  
Christ.  
Oh, God, Ive been called  
by a million names all my life.  
I dont want a name. I`mm better off  
with a grunt or a groan for a name.  
You want to hear my name?  
So masculine.  
Listen to mine.  
I didnt get the last name.  
You shouldnt have  
done that to me.  
But its not a wig.  
It`ss mine.  
Im not beautiful?  
Tell me you dont  
like the way I look.  
But I do  
like the way you look.  
Listen.  
You seem changed,  
but youre the same.  
I can already see a shot.  
The camera is high.  
It slowly descends  
toward you.  
And as you advance,  
it moves in on you.  
Theres music too.

It gets closer  
and closer to you.  
Im in a hurry.  
Let`ss begin.  
But first well  
talk about it a little.  
Tonight we improvise.  
Follow me.  
He was my childhood friend.  
He would watch me for hours.  
Maybe he understood me.  
Dogs are better than people.  
May I present Olympia,  
my nurse.  
Mustapha knew how to tell  
the poor from the rich.  
If someone well-dressed  
came in, he didnt growl.  
But if it was a beggar,  
you should have seen him.  
The colonel had him recognize Arabs  
by their odor.  
- Olympia, open the door.  
- First, give me a kiss.  
Go and open it.  
Olympia is the personification  
of domestic virtue.  
Faithful, economic and racist.  
At Papas death, we moved  
to the old country house.  
My childhood was  
made up of smells.  
The mold on the walls,  
the closed rooms.  
Many children came to play.  
We ran from morning to night.  
Growing old is a crime.  
Thats me.  
And thats Mademoiselle Sauvage,  
the teacher.  
Severe and religious.  
She was too good  
and spoiled you.  
This is Christine.

The best friend.  
Shes married  
and has two children.  
Its like a village here.  
Everyone knows everyone.  
I couldnt live in Paris.  
Its more humane here.  
Its melancholy  
remembering the past.  
Why melancholy?  
Its marvelous.  
Its your childhood.  
It`ss everything I want.  
And what are you doing there?  
Who are all these zombies  
around us?  
The door!  
Im opening the door.  
Im opening the doors!  
- What are you doing?  
- Setting up the shot.  
There. I found it.  
Reverse gear.  
And what are you doing here?  
Beat it! Scram!  
Yes. Reverse gear!  
Understand? Like a car.  
Put it in reverse.  
Close your eyes.  
Back up. Close your eyes.  
Come forward, backing up.  
Keep going  
and find your childhood again.  
Its Papa.  
There. You take off  
and find your childhood again.  
In full dress uniform.  
Dont be afraid.  
Overcome the obstacles.  
Papa in Algiers.  
You are fifteen. Fourteen.  
Thirteen. Twelve.  
Eleven. Ten. Nine.  
My favorite street

at eight years old.

My notebook.

My French homework.

**Theme:**

**Exposition:**

is the home of the cows.

The cow is

all dressed in leather.

The cow has four sides:

front, back...

top and bottom. `

- Isn't that good?

- Really charming.

Source of my culture

was Larousse and I copied it.

"Menstruation. Feminine noun.

Physiological function

consisting in flow.

Penis. Masculine noun.

Organ of copulation, measuring

between five and 40 centimeters. `

This is a little Robert!

Look.

- Who is it?

- My first love.

- Who?

- It's my cousin Paul. The first love.

- But his eyes are closed.

- What?

His eyes are closed!

He played piano very well.

That's how I remember him-

sitting at the piano.

His fingers flew over the keys.

He practiced hour after hour.

At the bottom of the garden

there were two trees.

A plantain and a chestnut.

Sunday after mass...

everyone sat under his own tree.

It was marvelous.

We looked into each other's eyes.

And for me these trees  
were the jungle.  
- What are you doing?  
- Were shitting.  
Why? Cant you see?  
- In my jungle?  
- Lets run!  
Shoot! Shoot!  
Did you get everything?  
- Did you get it?  
- Everything.  
Olympia was sublime. She gave  
a precise idea of her racism.  
This really is a jungle.  
Tell me about your father.  
- Arent we finished?  
- Five minutes.  
But Im in a hurry  
for work.  
But the colonel?  
The colonel had green eyes  
and shiny boots.  
I loved him like a god.  
He was so handsome  
in his uniform.  
What a steaming pile  
of horseshit.  
What are you saying?  
I forbid you.  
All uniforms are bullshit.  
Everything outside this place  
is bullshit.  
Besides that, I dont want to hear  
about your stories about your past.  
He died in 58 in Algeria.  
Or 68 or `228 or `998.  
In 58,  
and I forbid you to joke.  
Why dont you stop talking about things  
that don`tt matter here?  
What the hells the difference?  
So what do I have to say  
and what do I have to do?  
Come on the good ship lollipop.

Why dont you go back to America?  
I dont know.  
Bad memories, I guess.  
Of what?  
My father was a drunk.  
Tough, whore-fucker,  
bar fighter...  
super masculine...  
and he was tough.  
My mother was very-  
very poetic.  
And also a drunk.  
All my memories  
when I was a kid...  
was of her being arrested nude.  
We lived in this small town.  
Farming community.  
We lived on a farm.  
And Id come home after school...  
and shed be gone...  
or in jail or something.  
And then-  
I used to have to milk a cow.  
Every morning and every night.  
I liked that.  
But I remember...  
one time I was all dressed up...  
to go out and take this girl  
to a basketball game.  
I started to go and my father said,  
"You have to milk the cow. "  
I asked him,  
"Would you please milk it for me?"  
He said, "No,  
get your ass out there. "  
So I went out  
and I was in a hurry.  
Didnt have time  
to change my shoes, and I had...  
cow shit all over my shoes.  
On the way to the basketball game,  
it smelled in the car.  
And...  
I dont know, I just-

I cant remember  
very many good things.  
Not one?  
Yeah. Some.  
There was a farmer.  
Very nice guy.  
Old guy, very poor  
and worked real hard.  
I used to...  
work in a ditch  
draining land for farming.  
And he wore overalls  
and he smoked a clay pipe.  
Half the time he wouldnt  
put tobacco in it.  
And I hated the work.  
It was hot and dirty and...  
broke my back.  
All day long Id watch his spit...  
which would run down the pipe stem  
and hang on the bowl of the pipe.  
I used to make bets with myself  
on when it was gonna fall off.  
And I always lost.  
I never saw it fall off.  
Id just look around and it`dd be gone  
and a new one would be there.  
Then we had a beautiful-  
Well, my mother  
taught me to love nature.  
And...  
I guess that was  
the most she could do.  
And in front of our house...  
we had this big field, meadow.  
It was a mustard field  
in the summer.  
We had a big,  
black dog named Dutchy.  
She used to hunt for rabbits  
in that field.  
But she couldnt see them.  
So shed have to leap up  
in this mustard field...

look around very quickly  
to see where the rabbits were.  
And it was...  
very beautiful.  
She never caught the rabbits.  
You have been had.  
Oh, really?  
I dont wanna know anything  
about your past, baby.  
Think I was  
telling you the truth?  
Maybe.  
Im Red Riding Hood  
and you`rre the wolf.  
Oh, what strong arms you have.  
The better to squeeze  
a fart out of you.  
What long nails you have.  
The better to scratch your ass with.  
What a lot of fur you have.  
The better  
to let your crabs hide in.  
What a long tongue you have.  
The better to stick in your rear,  
my dear.  
Whats this for?  
Thats your happiness  
and my "ha-penis. "  
Peanuts?  
Schlong.  
Prick. Joint.  
Its funny.  
Its like playing grown-ups  
when you`rre little.  
I feel like a child again here.  
- Did you have fun as a kid?  
- Its the most beautiful thing.  
Is it beautiful to be made  
into a tattletale...  
or forced to admire authority or  
sell yourself for a piece of candy?  
- I wasnt like that.  
- No?  
I was writing poems.



I was drawing castles,  
big castles with tower.

A lot of tower.

- You never thought about sex?

- No, no sex.

- No, no sex.

- Tower.

You were probably in love  
with your teacher then.

- My teacher was a woman.

- Then she was a lesbian.

- How did you know?

- Thats classical.

But anyway-

My first love

was my cousin Paul.

Im gonna get a hemorrhoid  
if you keep telling me names.

No names.

I dont mind if you tell the truth,  
but don`tt give me the names.

- I cant handle that.

- Sorry.

Go on and tell the truth.

- What else?

- I was 13.

He was dark, very thin.

I can see him. Big nose.

A big romance.

I fell in love with him  
when I heard him playing piano.

You mean, when he first  
got into your knickers.

He was a child prodigy.

He was playing with both hands.

Ill bet he was.

Probably getting his kicks.

- We were dying of heat.

- Oh, yeah.

Good excuse. What else?

In the afternoon,

when the grown-ups were napping-

- You started grabbing his joint.

- Youre crazy!

- Well, he touched you.  
- I never let him. Never.  
Liar, liar, pants on fire,  
nose as long as a telephone wire.  
You mean to tell me  
that he didnt touch you?  
Look me straight in the face  
and say "He didnt touch me once. "  
No, he touched me,  
but the way he did it.  
Aha! The way he did it.  
Okay, what did he do?  
Behind the house  
there were two trees:  
a plantain tree and a chestnut.  
I sat under the plantain tree  
and he sat under the chestnut.  
And one, two, three,  
we each began to masturbate.  
The first who came won.  
Why dont you listen to me?  
When did you first come?  
How old were you?  
The first time?  
I was very late for school.  
I began running downhill.  
Suddenly, I felt  
a strong sensation here.  
I came as I ran.  
Then I ran faster and faster,  
and the more I ran...  
the more I came.  
Two days later  
I tried running again...  
but no dice.  
Why dont you listen to me?  
You know, it seems to me  
Im talking to the wall.  
Your solitude weighs on me,  
you know?  
It isnt indulgent or generous.  
Youre an egoist!  
I can be by myself too,  
you know.

We cant sleep with this music.  
I came to this hotel  
for one night...  
and stayed for five years.  
When we had the hotel  
people came here to sleep.  
Now they do anything.  
They hide out, take drugs,  
play music.  
Remove that hand.  
Youre not alone.  
I`mm here.  
Youre crazy!  
Im beginning to understand.  
You want me to stop the music?  
Okay.  
Ill make him shut up.  
What are you doing, Paul?  
Whats the matter, Mother?  
Are you upset? Don`tt be upset.  
Nothing really  
to be upset about.  
It takes so little to make them afraid.  
You wanna know what theyre afraid of?  
Theyre afraid of the dark.  
Imagine that.  
I want you to meet my friend.  
Turn on the light.  
You ought to meet  
a few clients of the hotel.  
Folks, Id like you  
to say hello to Mom.  
Mom, this is Mr. Juicehead Junkie.  
And Mr. Saxophone...  
hes our connection, Mom.  
Gives us some hard stuff.  
And right here is the beautiful  
Miss Blow Job of 1933.  
Shes still making a few points  
when she takes her teeth out.  
- Light, Paul.  
- Dont you want to say hello?  
This is Mom.  
You afraid of the dark, Mom?

Shes afraid of the dark.  
Oh, well, poor thing.  
All right, sweetheart.  
Ill take care of you. Don`tt worry.  
I`lll give you a little light.  
Dont you worry about a thing.  
Lets go back to bed.  
- Good night, Madam.  
- Good night.  
Good night, Marcel.  
Good night, Paul.  
Who is it?  
You like?  
He was Rosas lover.  
What am I doing  
in this apartment with you?  
Love?  
Well...  
lets say we`rre just taking...  
a flying fuck  
at a rolling doughnut.  
So you think Im a "wore. "  
I think youre a what?  
A what? A "wore"?  
- A "wore. "  
- You mean "whore," right?  
Yes. A whore.  
No, youre just a dear  
old-fashioned girl trying to get along.  
Why were you  
going through my pockets?  
To find out who you are.  
- Yes.  
- Well, if you look real close...  
youll see me  
hiding behind my zipper.  
Well, we know that he buys clothes  
in some big store.  
Thats not much...  
but its a beginning.  
Thats not a beginning.  
That`ss a finish.  
Well, okay.  
Lets forget it.

How old are you?

I'll be 93 this weekend.

Oh!

You don't look it.

Thank you.

- Have you been in college?

- Oh, yeah.

Yeah, I went to...

the University of Congo.

- Studied whale fucking.

- Wow.

Barbers don't usually

go to university.

Are you telling me

that I look like a barber?

No, but that's a razor's barber.

That's a barber's razor.

Barbers razors.

Yes.

Or a madman's.

So you want to cut me up?

No.

That would be like

writing my name on your face.

Like they do to slaves?

Slaves are branded on the ass,

and I want you free.

Free?

I'm not free.

You want to know why you don't

want to know anything about me?

- Because you hate women.

- Oh, really?

What have they ever done to you?

Well...

either they always pretend

to know who I am...

or they pretend that I don't know

who they are, and that's very boring.

I'm not afraid to say who I am.

I'm 20 years old-

No! I-

Jesus Christ.

Where's your brain?

Shut up.  
Get it?  
I know its tough,  
but you`re gonna have to bear it.  
You know, these sinks  
are really beautiful.  
Theyre very rare.  
You don`tt find them anymore.  
I think its these sinks  
that let you stay together.  
Hmm? Dont you think?  
Whats that?  
What`ss all this?  
Mad? Mad? Huh?  
Mad? Mad?  
I think Im happy with you.  
Encore! Do it again!  
Again!  
I am coming.  
I am ready.  
Are we going together?  
He is a jerk.  
He didnt even say bye!  
What are you doing here?  
Im coming. I`mm flying.  
Stay there!  
Why didnt you talk  
on the phone?  
Whats the matter?  
Find another girl for your film.  
But why?  
You take advantage of me.  
You make me do things  
Ive never done.  
Youre stealing my time.  
You make me do  
whatever you want.  
The film is over.  
Im tired of having  
my mind raped!  
Come in.  
You wanted to talk to me?  
Do.  
But... "I didnt come here

to cry with you. "  
It bothers you  
if I keep working?  
It distracts me  
after what happened.  
Identical.  
- Rose wanted them identical.  
- Our bathrobes.  
You cant tell me anything  
I don`tt already know.  
Same color, same design.  
Yes, yes.  
You are precise.  
Im wondering why...  
you save  
these newspaper clippings.  
Is it a job or a hobby?  
I dont like the word "hobby. "  
Its a job  
to roll out the salary.  
Then its serious.  
Its a job that makes you read.  
Very instructive.  
Be sincere.  
Didnt you know  
we had identical bathrobes?  
We have lots of things  
in common.  
I know everything.  
Rose often told me about you.  
I dont think there are  
many such marriages.  
Its strange.  
Im thirsty.  
- A sip of bourbon?  
- Wait.  
Heres the "bourbon. "  
Another present from Rose?  
I dont like it,  
but Rose always wanted it around.  
Ive often wondered...  
if by these details...  
by certain unimportant things...  
one can explain...

understand together.  
Together?  
For almost a year Rose and I,  
without passion...  
but regularly-  
I thought I knew her  
as one can know-  
Ones mistress.  
For example,  
a while ago something happened...  
I couldnt explain.  
Look there on the wall.  
She climbed up on the wall...  
and tried to tear off the paper  
with her hands.  
I stopped her.  
She was ruining her nails.  
She did it with a strange...  
violence.  
I had never seen her like that.  
Our room is painted white.  
She wanted it different  
from the others...  
so it would seem like...  
a normal house.  
She wanted to change in here too...  
and shed begun with the walls.  
A fever blister.  
Shit.  
You were lucky enough to-  
to be-  
You must have been a good man...  
Not as much as you.  
You have all your hair.  
I have to cut it often  
and wash it.  
I wash my hair often.  
Do you have massages?  
Youre in good shape.  
What do you do for the belly?  
Thats my problem.  
Here.  
- I have a secret.  
- What?



Thinking of leaving?  
The suitcase.  
America.  
Why did she betray you with me?  
You dont think Rose  
killed herself?  
Its difficult for me, too,  
to believe it.  
Heres my secret.  
Thirty times every morning.  
Really, Marcello...  
I wonder what she ever saw in you.  
Are you here?  
Nobody here?  
Hi, monster.  
Something wrong?  
- Theres some butter in the kitchen.  
- So you`rre here.  
- Why didnt you answer?  
- Go get the butter.  
I have a cab downstairs waiting.  
Go get the butter.  
It makes me crazy...  
that youre so damn sure  
that I`dd come back here.  
What do you think?  
That an American  
on the floor in an empty house...  
eating cheese and drinking water  
is interesting?  
Whats under here?  
An empty space.  
Can you hear it?  
- Its hollow.  
- Yeah. That`ss a hiding place.  
- Dont open it.  
- Why not?  
I dont know.  
Don`tt open it.  
What about that?  
Can I open that?  
Wait a minute.  
Maybe theres jewels in it.  
Maybe theres gold.

- You afraid?  
- No.  
No?  
Youre always afraid.  
No, but maybe there is  
some family secrets inside.  
Family secrets?  
Ill tell you about  
family secrets.  
What are you doing here?  
Im gonna tell you about the family.  
A holy institution...  
meant to breed virtue  
in savages.  
I want you to  
repeat it after me.  
Repeat it. Say it.  
A holy family...  
Go on, say it.  
Go on. Holy family.  
Church of good citizens.  
Church...  
Of good citizens.  
Say it. Say it.  
The children are tortured  
until they tell their first lie.  
The children...  
are tortured...  
Where the world is broken  
by repression.  
Where freedom...  
is assassinated-  
Where freedom is assassinated  
by egotism.  
Family.  
You...  
You...  
fucking-  
You fucking...  
family.  
You fucking family.  
Oh, God.  
Jesus.  
Shit!

Hey, you.  
Yes, you.  
Ive got a surprise for you.  
- What?  
- Ive got a surprise for you.  
Thats good.  
I like surprises.  
What is it?  
Music.  
But I dont know how to work it.  
Did you enjoy that?  
Know why I sent everyone away?  
Because you want to be  
alone with me.  
And why?  
Because you have something  
important to tell me.  
Its something very important.  
Happy or sad?  
Its a secret.  
Then its happy.  
What kind of secret?  
A secret between a man...  
and a woman.  
Dirt or love?  
Love.  
And its not everything.  
A love secret that isnt everything?  
What is it?  
That in a week  
Im marrying you.  
What?  
Im marrying you!  
- Im marrying you!  
- Marrying me?  
- Lets get married?  
- Yes. Let`ss get married!  
- Shall we marry or not?  
- Yes, lets get married.  
Yes or no?  
Send everything to the country.  
What do you think, Jeanne?  
Olympia will be happy.  
I went with Tom.

Hes preparing a family museum.  
Papas boots, no.  
Ill keep them.  
They give me strange shivers.  
These military things  
never get old.  
How heavy it was  
when Papa taught me to shoot.  
Ill keep that.  
Its a good idea  
to have a weapon in the house.  
- But if you dont know how to use it?  
- It`ss enough to have it.  
It frightens.  
You saved everything of Papas.  
This was his orderly.  
A fine example of a Berber.  
A strong race,  
but as servants- disastrous.  
Send everything to the country.  
Enough accumulating.  
Dont worry.  
Soon you`lll have lots of space.  
Whats that mean?  
Nothing.  
Madame, the colonels lady,  
announces...  
What?  
that in these solemn days...  
What solemn days?  
Im getting married in a week.  
What did you say?  
To Tom! In a week!  
- What?  
- Tom!  
- In one week!  
- What are you doing in a week?  
Rolling.  
Five... two.  
Come forward.  
Start shooting.  
Yes, yes, we are coming.  
Wait. Push your arm.  
How do you see marriage?

- The marriage?  
- Yes.  
I see it everywhere.  
Always.  
Everywhere?  
On walls, on housefronts.  
Yes, on posters.  
What do the posters say?  
They talk about cars...  
canned meat, cigarettes.  
No, the subject is  
the young couple...  
before marriage,  
without children.  
Then, after the marriage,  
with the children.  
Marriage, in short.  
The ideal, successful marriage...  
isnt anymore the old style,  
in church...  
with a depressed  
and a complaining wife.  
Today, the advertising marriage  
is smiling.  
Smiling?  
In the posters.  
But why not take  
the poster marriage seriously?  
Marriage.  
The pop marriage.  
Pop.  
Theres the formula.  
For pop youth, pop marriage.  
And if it doesnt work?  
Fix it like a car.  
The couple are two workmen  
in overalls...  
repairing a motor.  
And in case of adultery,  
what happens?  
Instead of two workmen,  
there are three or four.  
And love?  
Is love pop too?

No.  
Love is not pop.  
If it is not pop,  
what is it?  
The workmen  
go to a secret place.  
They take off their overalls,  
becoming men and women again...  
and make love.  
Youre superb!  
Its the dress  
that makes the bride.  
Youre better  
than Rita Hayworth...  
than Joan Crawford...  
Kim Novak...  
Lauren Bacall...  
Ava Gardner  
when she loved Mickey Rooney!  
What are you doing?  
Stop!  
Why dont you film with the rain?  
You are crazy!  
- Wheres Jeanne?  
- She ran out.  
Whered she go in this rain?  
Pardon me!  
Forgive me!  
I wanted to leave you.  
I could not.  
I wanted to leave you,  
and I couldnt.  
I cant.  
I cant leave you.  
Understand?  
Do you still want me?  
Bang.  
Oh, there once was a man  
And he had an old sow  
You know, youre wet.  
A rat.  
Its only a rat.  
Theres more rats in Paris  
than people.

- I want to go!  
- Wait. Wait.  
Dont you want a bite first?  
You don`tt want to run and eat.  
This is the end!  
No, this is the end.  
But I like to start with the head.  
Thats the best part.  
Are you sure you wont have any?  
Okay.  
- Whats the matter? You don`tt dig rat?  
- I want to go!  
I cant make love in this bed anymore.  
I can`tt.  
Its disgusting. Nauseating.  
Well, well fuck on the radiator  
or standing on the mantle.  
I gotta get some mayonnaise for this.  
It really is good with mayonnaise.  
And Ill save the asshole for you.  
A rats asshole in mayonnaise!  
I want to get out of here.  
I want to go away.  
I cant take it anymore here.  
Im going away.  
Im never coming back.  
Never.  
Quo vadis, baby?  
I forgot to tell you something.  
I fell in love with somebody.  
Oh, isnt that wonderful?  
Oh, gosh.  
Youre gonna have to  
get out of these wet duds.  
And Im going to  
make love with him.  
Well...  
first you have to  
take a hot bath.  
Cause if you don`tt,  
you`rre gonna get pneumonia. Right?  
Then you know what happens?  
You get pneumonia, and then  
you know what happens? You die.

You know what happens then,  
when you die?  
I get to fuck the dead rat.  
- Give me the soap.  
- Im in love.  
Youre in love?  
How delightful.  
Im in love! I`mm in love!  
You understand?  
Im in love! I`mm in love!  
You know, youre old.  
- And youre getting fat.  
- Fat, is it? How unkind.  
Half of your hair is out.  
The other half is almost white.  
In ten years youre gonna be  
playing soccer with your tits.  
You know what Ill be doing?  
You will be in a wheelchair.  
Well, maybe.  
But Ill be smirking and giggling  
all the way to eternity.  
How poetic.  
But, please, before you go  
wash my feet.  
Okay.  
Noblesse oblige.  
You know, he and I, we make love.  
Oh, really?  
Thats wonderful.  
Is he a good fucker?  
Magnificent.  
You know, youre a jerk.  
Cause the best fucking you`rre gonna get  
is right here in this apartment.  
Stand up.  
Hes full of mysteries.  
Give me the soap.  
Listen, you dumb dodo...  
all the mysteries that youre ever  
gonna know in life are right here.  
Hes like everybody,  
but at the same time he`ss different.  
You mean, like everybody.



Yeah, but even he frightens me.  
What is he, your local pimp?  
He could be.  
He looks it.  
- You know why Im in love with him?  
- I can'tt wait.  
Because he knows how to make me  
fall in love with him.  
Oh. You want this man that you love  
to protect you and take care of you.  
Yeah.  
You want this golden,  
shining, powerful warrior...  
to build a fortress  
that you can hide in...  
so you dont ever  
have to be afraid...  
or feel lonely or feel empty.  
- Thats what you want?  
- Yes.  
Well, youll never find him.  
But Ive found this man.  
Then it wont be long until he'lll  
want you to build a fortress for him...  
out of your tits and your cunt  
and your hair and your smile...  
and the way you smell.  
Someplace where he can feel  
comfortable enough and secure enough...  
so that he can worship  
in front of the altar of his own prick.  
But Ive found this man.  
No. Youre alone.  
Youre all alone...  
and you wont be able to be free  
of that feeling of being alone...  
until you look death  
right in the face.  
That sounds like bullshit,  
some romantic crap...  
until you go  
right up into the ass of death.  
Right up in his ass.  
Till you find the womb of fear.

And then maybe...  
maybe then  
you'll be able to find him.  
But I've found this man.  
He's you.  
You are that man.  
Give me the scissors.  
- What?  
- Give me the fingernail scissors.  
No. I want you to cut  
the fingernails on your right hand.  
These two.  
That's it.  
Put your fingers up my ass.  
What?  
Put your fingers up my ass.  
Are you deaf?  
Go on.  
I'm gonna get a pig...  
and I'm gonna have the pig  
fuck you.  
I want the pig  
to vomit in your face...  
and I want you  
to swallow the vomit.  
- You gonna do that for me?  
- Yeah.  
I want the pig to die  
while you're fucking him.  
Then you have to go behind it  
and smell the dying farts of the pig.  
- Are you gonna do all that for me?  
- Yes, and more than that!  
And worse.  
Worse than before.  
You look ridiculous  
in that makeup.  
Like the caricature  
of a whore.  
A little touch of mommy  
in the night.  
Fake Ophelia  
drowned in the bathtub.  
I wish you could see yourself.

Youd really laugh.  
Youre your mother`ss masterpiece.  
Oh, Christ.  
Theres too many fucking flowers  
in this place. I can`tt breathe.  
You know, in the top of the closet,  
cardboard box...  
I found all your-  
I found all your little goodies.  
Pens, key chains...  
foreign money, French ticklers...  
the whole shot.  
Even a clergymans collar.  
I didnt know you collected all  
those little knickknacks left behind.  
Even if a husband lives...  
hes never gonna be able to discover  
his wife`ss real nature.  
I might be able  
to comprehend the universe...  
but...  
Ill never discover  
the truth about you. Never.  
I mean, who the hell were you?  
Remember that day...  
the first day I was there?  
I knew I couldnt get into  
your pants unless I said-  
What did I say?  
Oh, yes.  
"May I have my bill, please?  
I have to leave. "  
Remember?  
Last night I...  
I ripped off the lights  
on your mother...  
and the whole joint  
went bananas.  
All your guests,  
as you used to call them-  
Well, I guess that includes me,  
doesnt it?  
Huh?  
It does include me,

doesnt it?  
For five years I was more  
a guest in this fucking flophouse...  
than a husband.  
With privileges, of course.  
Then, to help me understand...  
you let me inherit Marcel...  
the husbands double  
whose room was the double of ours.  
And you know what?  
I didnt even have the guts  
to ask him...  
if the same numbers you and I did  
were the same numbers you did with him.  
Our marriage was nothing more  
than a foxhole for you...  
and all it took for you to get out was  
a 35-cent razor and a tub full of water.  
You cheap, goddamn fucking,  
godforsaken whore.  
I hope you rot in hell.  
Youre worse than the dirtiest street  
pig anyone could find, and you know why?  
You know why?  
Because you lied.  
You lied to me,  
and I trusted you.  
You knew you were lying.  
Tell me you didnt lie.  
Havent you got anything  
to say about that?  
You can think up something,  
cant you? Huh?  
Go on, tell me something.  
Go on, smile, you cunt.  
Go on.  
Tell me something sweet.  
Smile at me and say  
that I just misunderstood.  
Go on, tell me...  
you pig fucker.  
You goddamn fucking,  
pig-fucking liar.  
Im sorry. I-

I just cant-  
I can'tt stand it...  
to see these goddamn things  
on your face.  
You never wore makeup,  
all this fucking shit.  
Im gonna take this off your mouth.  
Lipstick.  
Oh, God.  
Im sorry.  
I dont know why you did it.  
Id do it too,  
if I knew how.  
I just dont know-  
I just have to find a way-  
Is somebody there?  
What?  
There is some noise there.  
All right, Im- I`mm coming.  
I have to go.  
I have to go, sweetheart.  
Somebodys calling me.  
Then is there somebody?  
Yeah. Im coming.  
Hurry up!  
Wake up!  
Open up!

**- But its 4:**

- I need the usual room. Number 4.  
Half an hour will do.  
Yes, yes. Half an hour.  
- Were full.  
- No, indeed.  
When youre full you put out a sign.  
I know.  
Im tired of arguing.  
Call the owner.  
Move it! The owners  
always been helpful to me.  
Were old friends, Rose and me.  
Open, please.  
Knock it off  
if you dont want me to tell her.

Come in. All set.  
Happy? He left me.  
Sorry.  
Hurry, please.  
He cant be too far.  
Talk him into coming back.  
Tell him this cant be done.  
Please dont say you found me.  
Did you see how ugly she is?  
Once my wife  
was enough for me, but now...  
shes got a disease  
that gives her snake skin.  
- Put yourself in my place.  
- Come. Come with me.  
Let me go.  
Please let me go.  
Youre crazy! Let me go!  
Get up, you faggot!  
Get the fuck out of here!  
Faggot!  
Dont you remember the gentlemen in 4?  
He`ss been living here for a few days.  
I dont know anyone.  
They come in, go out.  
The man in 4. The lady in 1.  
What do I know?  
Whered they take the furniture?  
It`ss empty.  
Where do you send his mail?  
Give me the address.  
I dont have it.  
I dont know anyone.  
- Not even his name?  
- Nothing.  
Miss!  
I found an apartment for us.  
Yes, in Passy.  
Come quick.  
Come right away.  
You understood where it is?  
Ill wait for you.  
Come.  
Come in.

You like our apartment?  
Its full of light.  
Theres one room too small  
for a big bed.  
Maybe for a baby.  
Fidel.  
Nice name for a kid.  
Fidel. Like Castro.  
But I want a daughter too.  
Rose.  
Like Rose Luxembourg. Shes not  
as well known, but she`ss not bad.  
I wanted to film you  
every day.  
In the morning when you wake up,  
then when you fall asleep.  
When you smile the first time.  
And I didnt film anything.  
Today we finish shooting.  
The film is finished.  
I dont like things that finish.  
One must begin something else  
right away.  
But its huge!  
Who are you?  
- You could get lost in here.  
- Oh, stop it.  
Howd you find it?  
By chance.  
- Well change everything.  
- Everything.  
Well change chance to fate.  
Come forward. Take off!  
Youre in heaven!  
Now dive!  
Make three turns!  
Descend!  
Whats happening to me?  
An air pocket.  
Whats happening to you?  
Enough of these turbulent zones.  
We cant joke like this,  
like children.  
- Were adults.

- Adults? That`ss terrible.

Yes, its terrible.

- Then how must we act?

- I dont know.

Invent gestures, words.

For example...

One thing I do know.

Adults are serious, logical...

circumspect, hairy...

They face all problems.

Here, this apartment is not for us.

Absolutely not.

- Where are you going?

- To look for another.

Another like what?

One you can live in.

But you can live here.

I find this sad.

It smells.

- Come with me?

- No, no.

I have to close the windows, give  
back the keys, leave it all in order.

Okay. Okay.

Bye.

Its me again.

Its over. It`ss over.

Its over,

then it begins again.

What begins again?

I dont understand anything anymore.

Theres nothing to understand.

We left the apartment...

and now we begin again

with love and all the rest of it.

- The rest?

- Yeah, listen.

Im 45. I`mm a widower.

Ive got a little hotel.

Its kind of a dump,

but it`ss not completely a flophouse.

I used to live on my luck.

I got married.

My wife killed herself and-



But what the hell.  
Im no prize.  
I picked up a nail in Cuba  
in 1948.  
Now I got a prostate  
like an Idaho potato.  
But Im still a good stick man,  
even if I can`tt have any kids.  
Lets see.  
I don`tt have any stomping grounds.  
I dont have any friends.  
I suppose  
if I hadnt met you...  
I d probably settle for  
a hard chair and a hemorrhoid.  
Anyway, to make a long, dull story  
even duller...  
I come from a time when a guy like me  
would drop into a joint like this...  
and pick up  
a young chick like you...  
and call her a bimbo.  
Im awfully sorry to intrude...  
but I was so struck  
with your beauty...  
that I thought perhaps I could  
offer you a glass of champagne.  
Is this seat taken?  
May I?  
If youd like to.  
You know,  
the tango is a rite.  
You understand "rite"?  
You must watch the legs  
of the dancers.  
You havent drunk your champagne.  
And then I ordered you a Scotch,  
and you havent drunk your Scotch.  
Now, come on.  
Just a sip for Daddy.  
Now, if you love me  
youll drink all of it.  
Okay. I love you.  
Bravo.

Tell me about your wife.  
Lets talk about us.  
Okay.  
But this place is so pitiful.  
Yes, but Im here, aren'tt I?  
Mr. mitre dhtel.  
Thats rather nasty.  
Anyway, you dummy, I love you...  
and I want to live with you.  
In your flophouse?  
In my flophouse?  
What the hell does that mean?  
What the hell difference does it make if  
I have a flophouse, a hotel or a castle?  
I love you.  
What the fuck difference does it make?  
The jury has just chosen...  
the following ten best couples.  
Three, seven...  
eight, nine...  
eleven, twelve...  
thirteen, fourteen, fifteen...  
and nineteen.  
Then, ladies and gentlemen...  
all best wishes  
for the last tango.  
Give me some more whiskey.  
I thought you werent drinking.  
But Im thirsty now,  
and I want some more drink.  
All right.  
I think thats a good idea-  
Wait a minute.  
Because youre really beautiful-  
Wait a minute.  
Im sorry.  
Im terribly sorry.  
I didn'tt mean to spill my drink.  
Lets have a toast...  
to our life in the hotel.  
No! Fuck all that.  
Come on.  
No. Hey, listen.  
Lets drink a toast

to our life in the country.  
Youre a nature lover?  
You didn`tt tell me that.  
Im Nature Boy.  
Cant you see me with the cows  
and the chicken shit all over me?  
Oh, yeah.  
To the house of the cows.  
I will be your cow too.  
And listen,  
I get to milk you twice a day.  
- How about that?  
- I hate the country.  
- What do you mean?  
- I hate it.  
I prefer to go to the hotel.  
Come on.  
Lets go to your hotel.  
Listen, lets dance.  
How about that? Let`ss dance.  
Dont you want to dance?  
Out! What are you doing?  
Its love! Always-  
But its a contest!  
Where`ss the love fit in?  
Go to the movies to see love!  
Oh, by God...  
this is the end  
of our love affair, darling.  
Kiss this!  
Farewell forever.  
Farewell, you sweet peach blossom.  
Oh, my mothers eyes!  
Good-bye!  
I am lost forever!  
Oh, my hemorrhoid.  
Beauty of mine, sit before me.  
Let me peruse you  
and remember you always like this.  
"If music be the food of love,  
play on. "  
Whats the matter with you?  
Its finished.  
Whats the matter with you?

Its finished.  
Whats finished?  
Were never going to  
see each other again. Never.  
Thats ridiculous.  
Its not a joke.  
Ooh, you dirty rat.  
Its finished.  
Look, when somethings finished,  
it begins again. Don`tt you see?  
Im getting married.  
Im going away.  
Its finished.  
Well... Jesus.  
Listen, thats not a subway strap.  
That`ss me cock.  
Its finished!  
Oh,Jesus.  
Wait a minute!  
You dumb bimbo.  
Shit.  
Wait a minute, goddamn it.  
Come here!  
Im gonna get you!  
Bimbo!  
Stop. Stop!  
Hold it.  
Enough!  
- Listen-  
- Enough! Its over!  
Go away! Go away!  
Give me a break.  
Ill call the police!  
I smell the hen house.  
Shit, Im not in your way.  
I mean, after you, mademoiselle.  
So long, sister.  
Besides,  
youre a crummy-looking broad.  
I dont give a damn  
if I never see you again.  
Jesus.  
Its over. It`ss over!  
Fuck the police.

Police!  
I wanna talk to you about it,  
for Christs sake.  
Youre crazy!  
Help!  
Help me, please!  
Help me, please!  
Please help!  
Oh,Jesus.  
This is getting ridiculous.  
Help!  
This is the title shot, baby.  
Were going all the way.  
Oh, Christ.  
Its a little old...  
but full of memories.  
How do you like your hero?  
Over easy  
or sunny side up?  
You ran through Africa and Asia...  
and Indonesia...  
and now Ive found you.  
And I love you.  
I want to know your name.  
Our children-  
Our children-  
Our children...  
will remember.  
I dont know who he is.  
He followed me on the street.  
He tried to rape me.  
Hes a madman.  
I dont know his name.  
I dont know who he is.  
He wanted to rape me.  
I dont know.  
I dont know him.  
I dont know who he is.  
Hes a madman.  
I dont know his name.