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Modern Life

By Unknown

MODERN LIFE:

Sit properly, please.
Why do you lock your door?
So I won't be disturbed.
In this house, each respects the
others' liberty and tranquility.
I ask you again
not to lock your door.
I told you why,
I'd like you take note.
Then where can I lock myself?
In the toilet?
- You must lock your door?
- Yes.
What nonsense!
You're not mentally ill!
Come down off your high horse.
Nothing left!
Thanks, Pierre-Francois.
You took a nice helping.
Sorry. Want some?
Perhaps I didn't make enough.
But you're both no longer growing!
Did you read that article
I recommended?
Yes.
- So, what'd you think?
- Very interesting.
Can you tell me why?
They talk about the crisis,
yet between 1975 and 1995,
as French gross domestic product
increased by 70%
unemployment grew fivefold
and social outcasts tenfold.
Unemployment will never totally
vanish, it's become structural.
Thus new avenues must be explored.
For example?
One solution advocated
is job sharing
with a reduction of working hours.
Your opinion?

We need the unemployed to curb wages
and maintain the liberal order.

- Some day you may be one.

- I doubt it.

I don't have the profile.

You seem sure of yourself.

Marguerite, what do you think?

You read the article?

Article?

The one I asked you to read.

I read it.

- What did you think?

- Nothing.

I've no opinion

on the misery of the world.

Even if I were to think about it,

I'd feel powerless.

Gorged myself again. What misery,

to take consolation in potatoes!

Help me be less gluttonous.

Tyrannosaurus tries to keep face

with his veloute and silver ladle,

but it's penury!

If such is your will, oh Lord,

I accept it.

I accept my poor brother.

But if you wish

you may call him unto you,

or make him more amiable.

I accept my tyrant father.

I bow my head, I submit,

I turn the other cheek,

but it's hard.

I smile with indulgence,

understanding, goodness...

No, Lord. It's not true.

I find it hard, help me!

I'll be eternally in your debt.

Lord, have pity on me,

lead me not into temptation,

but deliver me from evil.

Keep wicked men away

from my plump body.

Amen.

Hello, Miss.

Hello.

Marguerite, you're up!

I can't Miss, I've a sprain.

Listen, if you don't want to,
have yourself excused from gym.

Such lethargy! At your age.

I was really impressed
by what you did.

By What?

Your routine on the beam.

Thanks.

- I guess you train?

- Yeah.

You could be in the next Olympics.

You kidding? I'm not up to it.

Really? I think you're excellent.

I love gym, but I don't

want to do high level stuff.

I'd rather focus on my studies.

Know what you want.

Like to come round for tea
tomorrow afternoon?

Tomorrow? I dunno...

Can you tell me right now?

- It's that important?

- Yeah, or I'd not invite you.

Around four?

I'll be expecting you.

Here, my address.

- I'll get the salt.

- But you haven't tasted!

- I think it needs salt.

- Sit down, I'll get it.

Where are you going? Sit down!

Tastes weird. What'd you put in it?

Tumeric and a drop of walnut oil.

Like it?

Strange.

Been using

the Dictaphone I gave you?

Sure.

Only problem is,

since, I've gone totally blank.

You found how best
to rid me of inspiration.
Come on!
It's only meant to fix
your train of thought.
It's like a notebook.
You always complain you forget.
Inspiration will return.
Georges, please.
Don't say things like that.
I liked the last song idea
you showed me.
You liked that?
Which idea?
Dunno...
I feel you're trying
to go deeper...
to really say what...
Forget your ambitions for me,
Georges.
I've written 3 songs in my life,
so what?
But you can't really judge.
Don't talk rot!
Stop trying to please me!
Hell, just be honest with me!
Bawled out, as usual!
Okay. Your songs are lousy!
And so are you! Happy?
You just don't get it.
I'd like to be able
to say things simply.
But that's hardest of all,
saying profound things, simply.
I understand.
I can't do it, so I'm stopping.
I'll go get a job.
Probably do you good.
- What does that mean?
- I just thought...
Well please
don't think for me, Georges!
And spare me your sweet resignation,
it annoys me!

A child, that's all I want.
I know.
Why don't we have children?
Not again...
If you were less hung up,
you'd be already pregnant.
Tell me you want a child
as much as me.
- I do.
- Don't believe you.
Take a seat.
Well, I'm listening.
I've come about the job
in sales inquiries.
Worked in this area before?
So what jobs have you done?
Well, I did...
a lot of small-time jobs
before working ten years
for an insurance company.
And why did you leave this company?
It closed, I was laid off.
So, what are your strong points
and weak points?
I've got my A-levels,
don't know if that counts...
Then, I studied a little art history
in university.
And after...
I'm a nice guy.
I mean,
I try not to prey upon others,
but only upon stupidity.
I don't hate people.
Or if I do, it doesn't last.
As for my weak points...
I think I lack ambition,
my wife always told me so.
Deep down I'm ambitious,
but not...
Are you mobile?
Mobile? Sure, in my own way.
Given your background,
why sales inquiries?

You could look for work
in your skilled area.
You mean in insurance?
For instance.
Insurance wasn't for me,
I need a change.
I see.
And how do you envisage
your future career?
With you.
If we work together.
Otherwise, it's pretty vague.
I need to work, to pay my alimony.
You're hardly positive.
How do you expect me to be positive?
My wife left me,
my daughter won't see me,
I've no job,
no money,
my neighbours make noise...
I'm in an interview
being asked tiresome questions,
for a job, which in the end,
is pretty stupid.
And you want I be positive?
Well, I'm not!
Sorry, I'm not.
So why pretend?
I'm not in the least positive,
on the contrary!
I see. I thank you, Sir.
I feel your dossier is complete.
- My dossier?
- To better study your application.
Believe me, Sir,
I'm leaving your sinister office
three times happier than I entered.
At least I did you some good.
- Who is it?
- It's me.
- What were you watching?
- Nothing special.
I got Cable TV, 20 channels...
I thought you'd no money.

They say TV
is a window on the world.
I came by to see how you were.
Nice of you to think of me.
I've problems
with my upstairs neighbour.
Really?
What kind of problems?
Noise. I complained a few times.
Know what he replied?
He said I wasn't all there.
"I think you're not all there",
he said.
Jacques, we have to talk.
When can I see my daughter?
Jacques, please...
Don't take that tone.
For now she won't see you,
I don't know what to do.
So, you've turned her against me.
You're warped enough for that!
You know that's not true.
I know nothing at all,
especially not you.
I lived with a stranger,
a monster!
Why won't she see me?
Maybe she heard too much.
Of what, for example?
When you called me a washout?
And I said you were frigid?
That I'd always disgusted you?
And I called you a stuck-up bitch.
That's enough, okay?
I'm going,
we'll talk some other time.
You could've been a decent guy,
but you came unstuck along the way.
Frankly, I pity You
Hello.
Hello, everyone.
I'm Mrs Renard.
I'd like you all
to introduce yourselves

and to tell us the nature of
the noise to which you are victim.
Who'll go first?
I'd like to start.
I'm not used to public speaking,
so I'm a bit self-conscious.
Go ahead, Sir.
My name's Claude Ferrier,
I'm a retired rail-worker.
My case is very banal.
I live in a suburban house
and next door there's a guard-dog.
And this dog howls
for the slightest thing.
I tried talking to his master,
but no go.
For him, dogs bark and that's that.
Have you told him about
anti-barking collars?
No.
It's a totally humane
citronella-based device.
Sorry!
This is a "Listening Ear" meeting,
you must be mistaken.
Not at all.
Sorry I'm late.
We'd just begun.
We introduce ourselves and
the kind of noise we're victim of.
- Can I smoke?
- Smoking is not allowed.
We're here to combat such nuisances.
You may smoke afterward
Okay, let me introduce myself.
I'm Eva, and I've come
for a special reason.
We're listening.
I'm not a victim of noise,
like you said.
I'm here for something
much more serious.
I feel threatened.
That's not really within our scope.

I think it is.
I intend to fight back.
I don't understand.
Yes you do. I'll not be responsible
for the hatred and stupidity of men!
Your turn, Sir.
Go ahead.
On second thoughts...
I think I'll take a stroll.
A beer, please.
I didn't quite get your story.
Sorry? We've met?
I said,
I didn't quite get your story.
I was at the meeting too.
Are you sensitive to noise too?
Not at all.
It's mainly idle people
who become sensitive to noise,
especially the noise of those
who lead an active life.
You're unemployed?
You're on welfare?
Sorry?
I asked if you were unemployed.
No, not at all.
Same again, please.
So what do you do?
I do inquiries.
Was it a suicide attempt?
Sorry?
Nothing...
How much do I owe?
Here, my phone number.
What for?
You might need it.
Think so?
You seem the kind of person
who easily misses trains.
Good bye.
- You gotta learn to jump them.
- Sorry?
I said,
you gotta learn to jump them.

Problem? Can I help?
No, everything's fine.
There's been a misunderstanding.
Call me on 0142536003. Eva
Here in this pit of green, the
wisdom of the country is glaring.
Burlesque proverbs,
modern maxims
flash through my mind
like comets,
like openings of novels.
I watch women with strollers,
soft bellies blossoming.
The sun and the children are...
Sun and children make my brain
flaccid as an Eskimo...
The playing children
are like melting Eskimos...
No...
Total rubbish.
Glass of wine?
Please.
Thanks.
Why did you invite these people?
I met them out shopping
and on an impulse...
You always complain
we've no social life,
I thought, why not?
Just, I don't want to see them!
Why not?
I'm sure they've opinions
on everything,
and I've nothing to say.
I'll be bored.
Why is everything such a big deal?
I'm sure they "love"
all kinds of stuff...
I can just hear them speak.
You're getting
more and more neurotic.
If not wanting to eat
with near strangers
whom I don't like

is being neurotic,
then yes, I'm neurotic to the core!
Look at you!
I'm leaving,
I don't want to see it.
Wait! Claire!
Don't do this!
Why get so het up?
They'll be here any minute.
So? You deal with them.
Claire! How are you?
Fine.
Penelope. An English friend.
Where are you off to?
Just going to get bread.
Go on up,
Georges is expecting you.
- See you in a bit.
- Okay.
Where are you?
Please come home...
I want you to be here.
You never mentioned Penelope.
I didn't know she'd come.
Guess they couldn't shake her off!
But she's really nice.
So, how is it? Having fun?
Turning on the charm?
I told them you weren't too well,
now they're worried.
Why'd you say that? I'm fine!
I forbid you to talk about me!
Okay?
Four on the dot!
You're punctual.
Sorry, but I can't stay long.
Oh, really?
Here.
Thanks.
This Way?
Have a seat.
I'll put the kettle on.
- Big place.
- You think so?

Yeah, I'd like to have
a big apartment, my own room.
Where one lives is not important.
You only say that
because you've a nice apartment.
You find it nice here?
It's old, it's got charm.
Old? Falling apart!
As for the charm,
it can only be the charm of damp.
No, you don't realise.
I've always had to live
in modern buildings...
Sorry, the kettle's boiled.
Remi? It's me.
I can't talk loud.
Tell you later.
Where'll we meet?
You finish when?
In 45 minutes.
It's now four fifteen...
Okay, see you then.
Me too.
Sorry, had a call to make.
That lady looks quite like you.
My mother.
In her prime.
She's beautiful.
You look alike.
Get on well with her?
Hard to say.
She left when we were kids.
She ditched my father, and us too.
Never saw her again.
Classy, eh?
I guess...
Thanks.
You were brought up by your dad?
Yeah, me and my brother.
Your dad, wasn't he unhappy?
One's never as happy or unhappy
as one thinks.
No news from her?
You don't want to find her?

No. I tell myself she's dead.
Sorry, I don't mean to pry.
Get on with your dad?
He's just my father,
not the kind of man I'd marry.
What's so funny?
The thought of getting married.
- You don't want to marry?
- No.
- I'll never marry.
- Why not?
Because men
make a doormat of you.
Do you get on well with people?
Yeah, usually. Why?
Just asking.
You don't?
I'm really shy.
People don't like me.
- Why do you say that?
- It's true.
You haven't noticed?
No one in our class
pals with me.
The girls don't tell me about
their boys and the boys ignore me.
Thankfully.
But do you go to them?
I told you, I'm really shy.
Well you weren't shy
when you asked me round for tea.
You're different,
I wanted to get to know you.
And the others?
I find them mediocre.
That's not nice.
Why judge people like that?
Think I'm going too far?
I think it's pretentious of you
to just write people off.
I'm too intransigent,
I'm my own worst enemy.
Maybe people don't warm to you
because they feel you judge them.

True.

I have a reproving air,
I don't attract like some do.
I guess I learned
not to depend on others.
Or I just resigned myself
to not being liked.

Hello.

Pierre-Francois,
Marguerite's brother.

I'm a class-mate of Marguerite's.

So, what are you up to?

Just chatting. Like a biscuit?

Love one.

Skipped lunch, I'm starving.

I'd a test in civil law today.

They didn't give us time to eat.

Six hours, non-stop. I'm exhausted.

Went well?

Extremely well.

I hope.

You can go totally astray,
but I felt I mastered my subject.

It was exhilarating,
the six hours simply flew by...

Swear you hadn't spoken
for a month!

I'll leave you.

A pleasure to meet you.

May see you soon.

So, is he gone?

Is that you?

Yeah.

- You're a believer?

- No!

Nice, your brother.

Seems you find most people nice.

- You mad at me?

- No.

- I gotta go.

- Sure.

- Thanks for the tea.

- Don't mention it.

I cannot but write to you

as speaking could never convey
my disappointment in the wake
of my over-eagerly awaited
meeting with you.
What a let down!
What disillusion
as you came crashing
off your pedestal!
Your indiscretion hurt me deeply.
To so casually
violate another's privacy!
Was it thoughtlessness,
or natural bent?
You went rummaging
to find that photo.
And your scornful curiosity
forced me to lie.
That is why I must end
our new-born friendship.
To have to deny my faith,
I cannot forgive.
Since, I feel sullied by falsehood.
Yes, I truly believe in God,
despite the incomprehension of those
devoid of spiritual ambition.
We're poles apart.
So be it.
Do not be angry with me.
In fact, you did me a favour.
My faith has emerged triumphant.
I have chosen.
When we meet at school
let us simply try to behave
like civilized people.
Going out for a bit!
Be right back.
Am I very late?
I'm not yet mad at you.
Wonderful view, eh?
Come here often?
Yes... I guess.
Thanks, I have my own.
We hardly know each other,
but you seem capable.

Usually, I'm not mistaken.
I'm very worried
about a close friend of mine,
a young lady...
She's disappeared.
I don't want to go to the police.
She's a friend.
It's a bit complicated,
so I thought...
You'd like me to find her?
No, not really.
Well yes, I suppose I would.
You're worried about her?
Sorry?
I said, you're worried about her?
Yes, I'm afraid for Ines.
A fear I can't shake off.
I guess I'm anxious by nature.
Ines, she's your friend?
Yes.
Ines Desormieres.
Why do you want to find her?
Maybe she wants to be alone.
How can I explain?
I'm not sure she's alright.
She took something from my home.
She stole something?
Not really.
This thing didn't belong to me.
But you'd like to get it back.
Preferably.
What is it?
It's best you don't know.
It's just that...
What?
Ines's brother holds me responsible
for her disappearance.
He too wants this thing?
Yes. So I'm scared.
You understand?
But what do you want from me?
I'd like you to go talk to
Alain Desormieres, Ines's brother.
Tell him I hired you to find Ines.

That way he'll know I'm sincere.
You really think he'll understand...
believe that...
Listen, Jacques...
Can I call you Jacques?
I came to you as a friend.
Will you do it?
Okay, as a friend.
But it's a pretty weird favour
you're asking of me...
I can pay you.
Don't think about it.
Just say yes.
What I really wanted
was to ask you to dinner.
Sorry, I have to go.
I forgot to bring a photo of Ines,
does it matter?
Bye!
Too much work,
otherwise I'd have come,
you know that.
I'm sure you'll do fine.
Oh yeah?
Don't worry,
I'll be thinking of you.
- When's your appointment?
- I told you 3 times,
eleven o'clock!
Whatsit you do before?
Don't know.
- Not seeing that asshole Leon?
- No!
I'd better go.
Kiss me.
- Call you at your sister's.
- I won't be there.
Then where?
I'm sleeping at Eliane's.
That old bat?
You'll stand her?
It's just one night.
Don't worry, I'll call you.
Goodbye, my love!

Hi, okay?
Fine... I sent you a letter.
A letter? Why?
You'll know when you read it.
Good bye.
So we see
that man is a religious animal,
an animal who believes.
And of course
you all dived headlong
for the most uninteresting question

of all:

"Does God exist?"
We couldn't care less!
What counts is the problem
behind this question:
Is the life of a believer
different from that of an atheist?
And is it better
than that of an atheist?
Nietzsche thinks not. For him such
a life is a travesty of free will.
Christianity requires man
to hate his fellow men.
It instills in him
a feeling of wrong doing,
of sin.
Nietzsche wants to be rid
of this sin
and to do so
he must get rid of God himself.
Such is Christian morality,
resentment which crushes
the individual,
which reduces him
to unhappiness and despair,
to delirium.
Yet Nietzsche is awaiting someone,
the coming of a new man
who will be neither Christian
nor nihilist,
a man of superior freedom.
Open up! Or I'll bawl my head off!

You gonna open!
Or I'll set fire
to the fucking place!
Asshole!
I know I'm not different.
Yet why do I feel so different?
Lord,
are you telling me that salvation
cannot come from another?
That no one can fill my expectations
except you?
I should have forgiven Sandra.
As you forgave
those who offended you.
I am not good.
I am violent.
I revolt,
and each day I must start over.
Good day, Sir.
Don't you recognise me?
I'm the owner of this apartment.
Sorry. I've been away.
Not according to the caretaker.
How much do I owe? Three months?
You paid the deposit,
two months up front
and then nothing.
You think that's nice?
! You
- When?
- Right now.
Here's 10,000.
Thank you.
We'll fix up later.
Thank you.
Next time, try not to forget!
Goodbye, Sir.
Good day, Sir.
- I'm here to see Mr Desormieres
- Your name?
Mr Caluet.
Mr Caluet to see you, Sir.
Very well.
Mr Desormieres is expecting you.

Suite 126.
First floor,
the lift is just to your left.
I've come to see Mr Desormieres.
Have a seat.
Well?
As I told you on the phone
Eva's hired me to find your sister.
Which agency do you work for?
None, I'm out on my own.
Ex-cop?
No, before I worked in...
doesn't matter.
What's your angle with Eva?
I gather you've slept with her.
Sorry?
So you haven't slept with her yet.
That'll be her way of thanking you.
It's her only mode of expression.
She paid me rather well.
So much the better.
I can't tell you much
about my sister.
I hardly know her,
nor what she does.
You reckon she's in danger?
Most likely.
Doesn't seem to worry you.
That's not the issue.
She must be found.
Why do you hold Eva responsible
for Ines's disappearance?
Don't let Eva manipulate you.
She's fun, but quite dangerous.
Eva says Ines took something.
Do you know what?
NO. do you?
No, Eva wouldn't tell me.
She should have,
I hardly think it matters.
If you know anything, tell me.
It'll speed things along.
Your way of speaking offends me.
You don't seem very bright,

Mr Calumet.

Caluet.

How come you hardly know
your sister?

We've a big difference in age.

I hardly lived with her.

Think she's run away?

She'd do anything
for attention.

But I've not the time,
nor the inclination.

Excuse me.

No, no way.

Much too late.

First, you'll get the contract.

No later than 3 weeks...

No, 3 weeks!

The work of a young artist I handle.

Like it?

I hate it.

He's Czech,

depressive but rather sweet.

I'll put it on voice-mail.

Where were we?

We were talking about Ines.

Her life doesn't interest me,
just to know where she is, in case.

When did you last see her?

Here, about a month ago.

She wanted I find her work,
but I sent her packing.

She's one of those people
who'll be still drifting at 90.

So listen here, Mr...

Caluet.

I'd like to help,
but I've nothing more to add.

Now, if you will,
I've work to do.

If you have a lead
call me before Eva.

Got a photo of Ines?

- Can I keep it?

- It's the only one I have.

In fact, I'd rather keep it!
Good bye.
I'll be at the cafe at 11.
Love you, despite you.
Let's walk, shall we?
Why "Despite you"?
It's just a line from a song.
It was in my head, when I wrote.
I saw Ines's brother yesterday.
You already saw Alain?
You know him well?
Ines introduced me, to lots
of people, she was very proud...
to know a girl like me.
He's a queer fish.
He told me to be wary of you.
He says you're taking me for a ride.
He would.
I guess he also told you
I was a whore, he likes to hurt.
Anyway, he got the message.
So, my job is done.
Looking for something?
Ines often came here.
I never wanted to go in.
What for?
To see that guy.
What's this?
Found it on my door last night.
"Bury yourself
in the searching unknown."
"And then whirl within."
It's Ines's writing.
What's she like, Ines?
Like a stone
forever rolling downhill.
Many around her try to help her up,
but she always slips back.
Jacques, I have to go.
You didn't answer me earlier.
So can I ask you to dinner?
Okay.
When?
I'll call you.

Sorry...

Get my letter?

Yes.

I'd like to talk.

Not me.

Nothing to say?

You're sick in the head!

Go to school?

What're you writing, your journal?

Strange, 80% of young girls
keep a journal.

I wonder why.

- So not to talk.

- You're wrong.

It's good for you.

No wonder you look so sad.

Don't like talking,
so you like being alone?

Yes, very much so.

How old are you? 18?

- I'm 25.

- 25!

You don't look it.

Like a drink?

No thanks.

Come on, what'll you have?

Can't you leave me alone?

I only want to buy you a drink.

Go fuck yourself.

Sorry? Didn't catch that.

You're much prettier when you laugh.

I'm not laughing, leave me be.

What a toffee-nose!

I offer her a drink and she acts
like I'm gonna rape her!

Yeah, off you go. Beat it!

- Understand what I was saying?

- No.

I'm learning sign language.

I see Georges
has let you down again.

So is your relationship with Georges
still "fusional"?

Meaning?

I think that was the word you used.
I doubt it.
But the key question is:
"Is there still love?"
Elaine, please!
I wonder if Georges
doesn't cramp you.
He's never let you meet real people.
No one's good enough for him.
Face up to reality!
Are you happy?
But Claire, happiness matters!
Elaine! That's enough!
I'm going to buy a paper.
Georges and I
have been trying for a baby.
My husband.
- He's impotent?
- No!
He knows we slept together?
Listen...
Forgotten again?
I'm amnesiac regarding certain
events in my life. Totally blank.
Worrying, you should see someone.
Doesn't bother me.
Being faithful is pointless...
in the long term.
To recover your desire for Georges
you have to sleep with other men.
I'd get you pregnant straight off.
Claire,
when you're old,
stooped and quavering
you'll regret these chances missed.
How did that song go?
"She dreams of divans
in bachelor flats.
"Oh why did I put on such airs?"
"Those zip-fasteners
she so proudly pulled up..."
Thanks.
Thank you.
Like her breasts.

Other than that, what's new?
Since I kicked drugs, I've replaced
one dependency with another.
So what've you found?
Sex.
Now I'm a sex maniac.
Think I'm kidding?
"I aroused her as best I could
"in an atmosphere
of sultry ambiguity.
"I squinted
with a cruel and cunning air,
"caressing her,
till she yearned for more,
"turned on to see her
half-dressed in my living room
"the big, white, firm breasts
that I'd bared from her bra,"
her jeans around her ankles,
"while she moaned to the thrusting
of my fingers inside her.
"I tried to stay calm to think
of this whip I'd never used,"
"and I felt somewhat ridiculous."
Not bad.
You have a style.
- Like it?
- Yeah.
Invented or autobiographical?
Who cares?
Listen, Leon...
I'd better go,
I've an early appointment tomorrow.
Sleep here, if you like.
Gotta call my wife!
Sorry, Mister,
but it's hard enough as it is...
I'm in the middle of splitting up.
Like a drink?
- Thanks, what is it?
- Whisky.
Hold on a sec.
The question is,
are you strong?

Women want men to be strong, see?
Who's leaving, you or her?
I am, but only because
she wanted to leave me,
so I made the first move,
out of strategy.
Can I give you some advice?
Sorry, I gotta talk here.
Listen, you're totally at sea!
Fuck your strategy!
You know all they want
is to reduce us to a pile of shit!
Forget it! Get the hell out
while you're still standing!
So in a way
I wanted to return to my father.
Daddy of mine, where are you?
Only, dad's six feet under.
Desormieres...
- We'd an appointment?
- No, but we gotta talk.
I don't much like such behaviour.
I guess not.
You like good manners,
tact, discretion.
But that needs the odd shake up.
So in order to see you quickly
I thought I'd just drop in.
Just as well,
I'm much too busy right now.
So I'd ask you to come to the point.
Busy men leave me cold.
You may have noticed
I'm no ordinary detective?
I've noticed you don't seem
very competent.
When we last met
I felt you weren't coming clean.
So this time I expect
a little more sincerity from you.
Wait...
I noted this down just for you.
"Weak people cannot be sincere"...

Are you by any chance weak?

I believe you are drunk.
Okay, I do have a problem
with drink.
- Want I tell you about it?
- No.
I stopped in the hope
of winning back my wife.
It didn't work.
But right now, I'm sound as a bell.
By what right
do you come driveling
in here, Mr...
Caluet... Just can't
remember my name, can you?
In fact, my entire person
seems alien to your memory!
Why is that?
I'm not in the mood
for stupid questions.
I'd ask you to leave
before things turn bad.
Oh yeah?
So why'd you send me
the beautiful Eva
knowing I'd fall under her spell?
Is it a set-up?
You moron, I sent you no one!
Then why am I standing here
wanting to smash your face in?
You're mad!
Eva told me you took care of Ines
due to your age difference.
Whose version is true?
That's quite enough,
get out of here!
I don't like you Mr Desormieres.
You're afraid I'll find your sister?
Rolf! Come here!
No need to see me out!
Your husband isn't with you?
He's too busy to take time off.
It's important that he be with you.
Last time he was absent too.
I know.

"Important" is too weak a word.
It is essential
he be by your side.
It takes two to have a child.
Have you discussed it further?
- He agrees.
- To what?
To in vitro fertilization
with the sperm of an unknown...
Impossible!
Without proof of his sterility
we cannot take such a step.
He still won't do a sperm test?
I think he thinks he's sterile.
- You think, or you're sure?
- Sure...
Yet he still refuses to test?
No, but he does nothing about it.
Without a sperm test,
we'll get nowhere, you understand?
Of course.
Maybe he isn't sterile at all!
Think you can persuade him to test?
I hope so.
Once more, I find
your husband's absence deplorable.
Next time, he must be here.
Otherwise, I'm powerless.
Does your husband want a child
as much as you?
Yes, I think so.
Up until now he didn't,
which is why...
we left it so late to have one.
We wanted to enjoy life
as much as possible...
To live life to the full.
And the years slipped by,
until now.
He says having a child
won't solve my problems.
But I don't want a child
to solve my problems.
I mean, what problems?

My only problem is, I'm childless.
Will I have a child?
That depends on you
and your husband.
Can't you say something else?
I'd like to go home hopeful.
There's no reason to despair.
Hello, Georges?
Are you there?
You're not there?
Why aren't you there?
I'm in the street...
You can't call me.
Can we talk?
- What for?
- I'd like to talk.
I'm sorry about the letter.
I over-reacted, I regret it.
Okay.
I guess you won't change
your opinion of me.
I blew it.
I'd forgotten the whole thing.
Gotta go... Bye.
What's the matter?
I'm not hungry,
yet you oblige me to come eat.
Then don't,
but being at the table is important.
I know teenagers tend
to withdraw into their shell,
to break the bonds of family.
I fight it, for your own good.
Why these sighs of exasperation?
Tell us?
No.
I'm asking you to speak your mind.
If I do, you'll get annoyed.
No, I promise I won't.
I think you could say things
more simply.
Meaning?
You like to lay down the law
and have everyone under your thumb.

You bring me to table
to show who's boss
just to have the pleasure
of humiliating me.
Who are you to judge your father so?
Of all the nerve!
You lock yourself in your room,
don't speak to your brother and I
you slouch to the table
like a martyr,
do nothing in school, eat all day,
and you dare talk to me so?
Sit down!
You seem uptight.
Like a little massage?
No thanks.
Stop it!
Still want a child?
- You're bleeding.
- Yeah, hands off!
- I didn't mean to hit you.
- Sure!
You should've stopped.
I mean, Claire,
it's not like we were strangers.
Will you stop insisting
that we slept together!
I told you, I don't remember.
Then admit it hurts.
Maybe, but so be it.
Just tell yourself I'm sick.
You always were hung up.
I'm no monster!
Then control your sexual urges.
Seems you're sick too.
Sorry, I got carried away.
Usually, I keep check.
Or I try.
I found you...
beautiful, vulnerable.
I took advantage.
Okay?
And now you're mad at me!
- Forget it.

- You did try to break my face...
Want to go for a drink?
Come and dance!
You're beautiful!
Hot in here.
Fancy some fresh air?
Okay.
- You're squashing me.
- What's up?
Nothing, I just couldn't breathe.
So, we drive or what?
My Place?
Got something to drink there?
I've suddenly sobered up.
Need to be drunk to sleep with me?
You scared?
Don't worry!
I'll make my special cocktail.
Jacques?
It's Eva. Did I wake you?
Kind of...
Can I see you?
What's Up?
Can we meet in the bar in my street?
I live at 158 rue Leibniz.
You don't get it, do you?
My clients can't wait.
In two days,
you're on your own.
But what can I do?
Two days! Goodbye, Miss.
Mrs Renard?
Dance with me.
What do you do, Herminio?
Show host...
on a Latin American radio station.
Amazing, no?
Not bad.
Can I ask you a stupid question?
Go ahead.
What was your first
impression of me?
My first impression?
I like dancing with you.

And then...
it gets a bit more complex
than I thought.
It's exciting...
but I'm afraid you might be
a bit of a ball-breaker.
Why do you say that?
Let me look at you.
I like your face,
with its superior air...
Rage and disgust within, no?
- Make fun of me, I'm leaving.
- No...
Relax,
stop trying to control everything.
Let me love you, protect you.
Someone's there!
- You sure?
- Yes! Anyone else here?
It's my son. He woke up.
He's usually asleep at this hour.
How old is he?
Fourteen... I'm furious.
Was he watching us?
I don't know, I saw a shadow.
Don't scold him.
Where is he?
In his room.
- Introduce me, I'll feel better.
- No...
Go on! I want to meet him.
Pedro! Come here!
This is Claire.
Hello.
Go back to bed.
Sweet dreams.
You too.
Hold on, I'll see.
- You Jacques?
- Yes.
It's for you.
Can you come up?
I can't come down, I'll explain.
Sorry, but the lift's out of order.

Be right up.
That you, Jacques?
I'm so glad you've come.
What was that counseling dame
doing here?
Who?
Mrs Renard. I saw her leave.
Don't know.
Sure it was her?
Of course! You didn't see her?
No.
Come listen to something.
That's why I couldn't go out.
This friend came by and passed out.
She's better now, she's sleeping.
We're going to kill Ines.
And then we'll kill you,
filthy whore!
Wherever you go, wherever you are,
we'll find you.
This is the devil speaking.
Tell your friend Jacques
to mind his liver...
Hope I'm not pregnant!
Back to the fray, see you!
Who was that?
I don't know her very well.
A bit crazy, no?
What does she do?
In your opinion?
- You too?
- What do you think?
I think I'm gonna drop this.
Give you your money back,
what's left of it.
- Scared, eh?
- Yes.
I can't trust you, you lie,
I don't know who you are
nor why you got me into this.
Keep the money,
it doesn't matter.
I saw Alain again
and he booted me out.

Told you he was a bastard.
Does he know what his sister
took from you?
Sure.
But that has nothing to do with it.
Nothing to do with it?
I'm getting into deep waters
I don't want to know, see?
I was totally lost
the day I called you.
I needed help.
You seemed so solid...
so reassuring.
Only to please you.
It worked.
I fell for you.
If I'm not telling you,
it's to protect you.
Yet I wanted you to protect me.
Claire, still in there?
Don't feel well?
I'm okay.
I prepared you a new cocktail.
It's called "Lost Cause".
What do you think?
Great. I'll be right out.
What's the matter?
You know...
we can just talk normally.
Come on!
Don't want to taste my "Lost Cause"?
I like you...
I even like your accent.
I'm trying to be with you
but my mind's elsewhere,
thinking of all kinds of things.
Know what I was thinking earlier?
About how we could organize
the world for the better.
As if all that
was for me to resolve!
I'd better go.
Seen my coat?
I think it's in the hall.

That "Lost Cause" finished me.
Me too... And I'm used to it!
I forgot to ask you
if I could sleep here.
- You were sleeping...
- Yeah, in my first cycle...
I was making love to a giantess.
- Who is it?
- Ines.
Not the same person
as the other photo.
Yet it's her.
No, I'm sure of it!
Want to see another one?
It's my little boy.
How old is he?
He's cute, no?
I adore him.
Where is he?
I think of him all the time.
He's my little lover boy.
Where is he?
With a nanny.
You lost custody?
Temporarily.
But I'll be getting him back soon.
He's all I have in the world.
Well, I gotta go.
What's Up?
Hello, Georges?
Where are you?
Elaine is furious!
I'll explain.
- You slept at your sister's?
- No, in a hotel.
Why?
If you want to spy on me,
come with me!
So, coming home?
I'm just leaving to catch my train!
Come on in.
Sit down.
Thanks.
I overcame my shyness

to come see you.
I've nothing much to say.
Doesn't matter.
You're really nervous.
You're making me dizzy.
Pig-tails are ugly.
You mean, I'm ugly.
Please, no photos.
What're you doing?
Why this photo?
Just a little project of mine
on vampires.
Totally silly!
Relax, it stays right here.
Wanna see?
You're funny.
You seem diabolical.
Diabolical?
Then why'd you come?
Because I'm always bumping into you.
Isn't that normal,
between neighbours?
It's my first visit
to one of these rooms.
I've seen students come and go.
They move
once they find a soul-mate.
Not me! Couples, what a drag!
Nothing nobler than love
that surmounts the everyday.
I loved you madly.
I didn't look at other boys
so not to be unfaithful.
I wrote you a letter.
Did you get it?
I slid it under your door.
So it was you
who wrote that crazy letter!
I didn't know, it wasn't signed.
I thought if you loved me
you'd have known.
Such a wildly passionate letter!
I know girls are crazy
but I just couldn't figure

who could love me that much.
You hurt me deeply.
And you love me still?
No. I was mistaken.
- I've something to reveal to you.
- Thought so.
God put you upon my path.
Great! Let's talk about God!
Why me? Why do I always
attract zealots of your ilk?
My ilk?
Wackos... crazies!
Because you call them unto you.
You're like a man lost at sea
hanging onto a life-raft
waving madly.
I don't believe in God.
I don't think we'd get along.
It doesn't matter,
you can call Him what you like.
I just want to take your hand.
Give it here.
- Why?
- Give me your hand.
I can't help you, I can't save you.
I can only say
your life is chaos and desolation
like for us all.
One day perhaps, you'll see
that to deliver yourself
from torment and be reborn
you must vanish
and raise your soul up to God.
I'll pray for you.
We're not here. Leave a message.
I'll call you back, bye!
It's me...
I wanted to hug you tight.
Who's speaking?
Jacques?
Yes... Who is it?
I'm downstairs, can I come up?
Who are you?
A friend of Ines's. I'm coming up.

No! I don't want to see you!
I'll call the police!
But you've been a bad boy, Jacques.
Why did you sleep with Eva?
It bothers me, Jacques.
Are you there?
It's me, Jacques.
Mister!
You live here?
- Where are you coming from?
- Sorry?
What're you doing here?
Just visiting a friend.
Miss Eva?
No... sorry.
Gertrude, it's me. You okay?
Sure. What's up?
You sound strange.
- The little one okay?
- Yes...
Can I come over?
I'm a bit worried.
Why? What's up?
I'm scared for you...
Let me come over.
Been drinking again?
No, not yet.
I just wanted to be near you.
Not possible. My folks are here.
Okay, I'll call back later.
Excuse me, could you go round
one more time?
Thank you.
Could you stop here?
I'd like to get out.
I'd an appointment... Didn't show.
Can I make a call?
There, on the right.
Can I call outside Paris from here?
- Of course.
- Thank you.
It's me...
So? What time do you get in?
I don't know.

Where are you? At the station?
No...
I'm still in Paris.
What the hell are you doing?
Having a drink in a fancy hotel.
Want to join me?
I'm in no mood for jokes,
I just want you home.
Saw the doctor?
You haven't even told me.
Don't fancy joining me
for a night of love?
No, just come home.
Go take your train.
If you hurry,
you might catch the last one.
He who lives without folly
is not as wise as he thinks.
I intend to finish my drink.
See you later, my love.
Marguerite, nothing to say to me?
Yes, I'm sure I have.
Then, go ahead. I'm listening.
I'm listening.
I've been called by God.
Sorry?
Can you repeat that?
I didn't quite hear.
What's up?
Why do you talk to me like that?
What's Up?
That's for you to tell us my dear.
Why do you no longer go to school?
Your principal called, you've been
seen wandering the streets.
Everyone's worried
about the strange state you're in.
I'd like to know what it is,
this strange state...
Explain yourself!
I'll not let you away with this.
Away with what?
How can you judge me?
I refuse your laws, your injustice!

I refuse your condemnations,
your sermons!
I'm not of your world! I don't
love you, as you never loved me!
Down with tyranny, with fascism!
Return home, this instant!
I'm scared...
Let go!
Won't you come home?
I won't hurt you.
I've never hit you, Marguerite.
I don't want to be afraid of you.
Is that Andy Hellman
who just came in?
Yes, Madam.
Mr Hellman would like
to buy you a drink.
But it's Mr Hellman...
Who gives a damn!
Must be really in love
to suffer together like that!
Hey. got a light?
Me too, I wanna run!
Wait for me!
Look at him go!
- Got a light, guys?
- No, sorry.
Sure, you're sportsmen! Me too!
That's the man's.
Oh, silly me.
I'd like to invite you for a drink.
It was you I wanted
to invite earlier, but I messed up.
Well...
I'm not sure.
Excuse me.
I didn't quite understand earlier.
Sorry?
Why not join me for a drink?
Isn't the evening tiresome enough
as it is?
Always so mysterious?
Excuse me?
Forget it, we don't have to talk.

Sorry, but I've nothing to say.
Fine, I don't like people
who make conversation.
Why'd you ask me over?
Don't like being alone?
Doesn't bother me.
It's more you who seem alone, no?
No, not really.
I'm waiting for someone.
Think they'll come?
Being famous like you,
isn't it easier to meet people?
Yes, in general it's easier.
But meeting people like you,
that's difficult.
- What do you mean, like me?
- I don't know...
Melancholic, evasive...
A little mad at everyone?
What's your name?
Claire.
So tell me the truth, Claire,
what're you doing in this bar?
I've a train to catch.
A train to catch?
So, you're a traveler?
No, I live in the provinces.
What're you doing here?
I came to see someone.
Your meeting?
I've no meeting.
I just said that to be left alone.
I wanted to go unnoticed.
I hope I'm not bothering you?
No, not at all.
I'm happy to meet you.
I like you as a singer.
In one song you say
we all speak of the same things:
love lost, love sought,
failures, betrayals...
It's a bit simplistic.
No, not simplistic, true.
So Claire, what do you do in life?

Nothing much, but...
I'm busy.
I used to live in Paris,
I worked as a music teacher
in a local conservatory...
Then I met my husband
and we moved to the provinces.
In the end, living here or elsewhere
is much the same.
Sometimes I'd rather live
in the back of beyonds
in total obscurity...
I'd an important appointment today
and I'm only crying now...
I'm sorry.
Like another drink?
No, I've already had too much.
I don't feel very well.
Damn! I've got to phone!
What am I?
A mouse on the town?
He thinks it's a sure thing,
and maybe he's right.
God, he's sinister...
and so old!
I'm no spring chicken either.
I thought you'd disappeared.
- Shall we go elsewhere?
- Okay.
You alright?
I think I'm dying.
What's happening?
Reception? Mr Hellman is unwell,
he's passed out.
I don't know... But hurry!
Sit down.
I want to retire from the world.
I have no place here.
What do you mean?
I want to enter a convent.
Where are you going?
To school.
Don't worry, I'll get my exams.
Since when do you wear make-up?

Go wash your face.
It's Eva and Elliot!
I called, but you're never in.
I didn't leave messages
so not to scare you.
Well, here we are!
- What's going on?
- Ines has reappeared.
Oh yeah?
So do you want your money back?
Did you say something?
Tell me something...
You're not by any chance a bit...
I kind of lip-read,
I don't hear very well.
Right, now I understand.
I said,
do you want your money back?
My money?
No, I'd forgotten all about it.
But it's only fair, after all...
Well you did get roughed up
by Alain's bodyguard.
Do you believe in guardian angels?
I didn't either.
But I do now.
We're protected
by all-powerful angels.
Mine is called Seriah
and you're his spokesman to me.
Why're you looking at me like that?
Excuse me, I gotta make a call.
Gertrude, it's me.
Can I speak to her?
Okay, pet. I'll be right over.
My daughter!
Needs my help to revise her maths.
Right now!
You're good at maths?
My dad was useless.
It makes me so happy!
When were you born?
- Want I study your case?
- No...

Tell me your birthday,
I'll work out your guardian angel.
But I don't believe in angels, Eva.
It's our duty to collaborate
with the angels, see?
They come to us by night,
so you must sleep well.
- Do you sleep well?
- Like atop.
That's real important,
as they intervene at night
to give you their love and wisdom.
They free your soul,
your spiritual soul, of course.
I'll call you when I find
your guardian angel.
You'll see, it'll all come clear.
More or less.
You've already had a sign...
Meeting your daughter.
You'll tell me about it?
You've a hole there!
We've come to see Mr Andy Hellman.
Take a seat, I'll call the nurse.
Reception here, some people
to see Mr Hellman.
You've come to see Mr Hellman?
He has to rest, he's very weak.
What's the matter?
He's had a cardiac arrest.
We have to keep him for observation.
Can we see him?
He doesn't want to see anyone
right now.
Excuse me...
I'd like to know how Mr Hellman is.
Who are you?
Sorry, I have to go.
- And you?
- We're from the record company.
I'm Claire.
- Processed by C.M.C.
- Paris