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# Weekend

By Jean-Luc Godard

1

PROHIBITED TO CHILDREN UNDER 18

A FILM ADRIPT IN THE COSMOS

- It's for you.

- Who is it?

Your office. Call Mother afterwards,  
to check about the clinic.

I told you, I've done it.

She's misunderstood you, then.

When Roland drives your father  
home from the clinic,  
it would be nice if they both  
died in an accident.

A FILM FOUND IN A DUMP

Did he get his brakes repaired?

No, I managed to make him forget.

Seven people were killed  
at Evreux junction last Sunday.

That would be lovely.

Hey, are you nuts?

But what will you do?

I'm not driving back with them.

I'll say I have a cough.

What are you thinking?

Is Roland getting suspicious?

He gives me funny looks at times.

No, I let him screw me sometimes,  
so he thinks I love him.

Don't phone here again,  
it's dangerous.

The fuss was someone hitting a guy  
who'd broken his headlight.

I thought he was dead  
for a moment.

Yes, it would have been nice  
if it was her.

No, the money first.

I always say that  
because I love you.

I've got to be careful,  
after the sleeping pills and gas.

She's stupid, but she'll catch on  
sooner or later.

The main thing is for her dad

to pop off.  
When Corinne's got the money  
we'll take care of her.  
Sure I love you.  
You're my splendid bitch,  
you know that.  
Till Monday, then.  
When was it, then?  
Tuesday... Tuesday evening  
after the swimming pool.  
- You said it was two days ago.  
- I was wrong.  
I know it was Tuesday because  
I took the last pill on Wednesday.  
Anyway, I wasn't scared about it.  
Why should you be?  
It wasn't the first time.  
Well, it wasn't like a women's  
magazine romance.  
I don't know... his eyes were  
so hard... his mouth, his words...  
He started in the Mercedes.  
I told him I went for him.  
I wanted more than a quick screw.  
We ought to meet again somewhere.  
Cuddling in cars is dreary.  
I said to take me home  
and I'd call him in the afternoon.  
I wanted to screw,  
but I'd rather wait.  
What did he say?  
He talked about my body,  
and how I turned him on...  
and how it was vulgar and unkind.  
- Did you think of me, too?  
- Of course I did.  
But he did drive you home.

**ANALYSIS:**

But we stopped in rue Molitor...  
and kissed for a long time  
in the parking place.  
He had one hand between my legs.  
The other grasping my neck.

He stayed like that, without moving.  
And you?  
didn't move either. I was cold.  
He guessed I wanted another drink  
so we drove to St. Lazare.  
All the cafs were shut.  
He lives in rue Pasquier,  
near St. Lazare.  
I was tired and very cold.  
realize now I wasn't drunk at all.  
I wanted him to screw me then -  
anywhere, even in the lift.  
But I didn't say anything.  
His shoulder touched one of my breasts  
when he shut the lift door.  
- Why?  
- It just did.  
Monique came and opened the door.  
Surprising. I thought she'd gone  
to Spain with that designer. You know?  
No. I don't know.  
We saw them once  
in that line at the cinema.  
didn't know she was his wife.  
They've only been married  
two months.  
Well, what then?  
Well, she opened the door.  
Paul took off his coat and asked  
if there was a hot drink.  
Monique said there was only whiskey  
and some vile red wine.  
She started laughing.  
Paul began to look annoyed.  
I burst into laughter, too.  
He looked at us, then said  
he'd go and change his clothes.  
I went with Monique to her room.  
Not bad. There was a fire.  
I took off my raincoat.  
Monique looked at me.  
She asked why I seemed  
to be shivering...  
...if I was cold I could undress.

No need to feel embarrassed.  
Then she helped me.  
To do what?  
Take off my skirt and pullover.  
see.  
I was in my bra and panties.  
I went to the fire.  
My back was to her,  
but I knew she was watching me.  
I asked why she said nothing.  
She didn't reply, so I turned around.  
She was by the window,  
her back to me.  
She sensed my gaze. She took off  
her dressing gown. She was naked.  
She asked if I thought her bottom  
was too big. I said no.  
She turned around, parted her legs  
and asked me to describe them.  
I said she had white thighs...  
...and her bush  
was a black smudge above them.  
She called Paul.  
She came up behind me.  
Why?  
To unhook my bra.  
Then Paul came in.  
Wearing pajamas, the coat open.  
He had a bottle of whiskey.  
He made me drink.  
Then he told Monique to go on.  
What was she doing?  
Fondling my breasts.  
And then?  
Paul stripped off too,  
and flaunted his penis for me.  
He told Monique to take off  
my panties.  
He made me kneel and put my head  
between Monique's legs.  
Now my back was turned to Paul.  
I remember she was  
describing my buttocks...  
...and he gazed at them

all the time...  
...then came closer  
and fingered them.  
The rest of the bottle  
was poured over my back.  
I felt the liquid run between  
my buttocks.  
Paul knelt and began to lick my ass.  
It wasn't unpleasant.  
It was quite wonderful.  
I felt Monique's bush against my neck...  
...her hair mingling with my hair.  
While her husband  
caressed my buttocks...  
...she put my hands  
on her buttocks...  
...and she fondled my breasts again.  
I felt her buttocks open to receive  
my fingers, then close upon them.  
And you?  
They wanted me to talk about it,  
so that my sensations would excite them.  
Only Gitanes?  
No American cigarettes?  
In my jacket.  
None left.  
- Take a Gitane.  
- I can't bear them.  
Is that all?  
After a while, Paul asked Monique  
to change places with me.  
She kissed my bush while I helped  
Paul screw her from behind.  
And that was all?  
Then we watched each  
other masturbate.

**Then Paul cried:**

To the kitchen, pussies!  
- What for?  
- I'm telling you.  
On the fridge there was  
a dish of milk for the cat.

**Monique said:**

bet me to sit in the dish?  
I bet you wouldn't dare, said Paul.  
She climbed on the sink,  
level with the fridge,  
and sat in the dish.  
Never taking her eyes off us,  
she ordered us to masturbate.  
Is that all?  
Paul told me to stop  
just as I was coming...  
...and to climb up  
on the sink, too...  
...and kneel in front of Monique.  
Then he took an egg from the fridge.  
I licked Monique's pussy,  
in the milk...  
...and he put an egg  
between my buttocks.  
When I came the egg broke  
and ran down my legs.  
- Is this true, or a nightmare?  
- I don't know.  
I adore you, Corinne.  
Come and work me up.

**SATURDAY:**

**10:**

Hurry up, or the highway  
will be jammed.  
I'll show you!  
Get a move on!  
Hey, mister!  
What make is this junker?  
- Get lost.  
know what it is.  
It's a crapped-out Facel.  
As crapped-out as your wife.  
A crapped-out Facel!  
They've damaged the Dauphine.  
SCENE OF PARISIAN LIFE  
What is it?  
It's fine.

Mom, they've damaged the Dauphine!

- Particulars must be exchanged.

- I'll kick your particulars!

Mom!

- Want some money? Shut up, then.

- Thanks.

Hey, 8805!

See what you've done to my car?

- Your car's all right.

The bumper's dented.

Bumpers are made to be bumped.

Just because your father-in-law  
owns the building...

Just because you've got a dress  
from Chez Dolores...

Give me your details.

Georges!

Give me the paint thing  
from the trunk.

Toffee-nosed little bitch!

- I've had enough.

- Stop it.

Stop it, that's enough!

Bastard! Shit-heap! Communist!

## **SATURDAY:**

**11:**

**1:**

**2:**

The Internationale

Unites the human race...

Go on, then, telephone to Oinville.

If you drove faster,

we wouldn't be late.

I'll drive the way I please.

We must pick up Father from the clinic.

Mother mustn't arrange it.

They're a real drag.

I know, but if Papa dictates

a new will into his tape recorder...

It wouldn't be valid.



Maybe not, but don't risk losing  
your winter holiday in Mexico.  
Or it'll take forever.  
Of course not.  
Don't worry, it'll work out.  
Then why have we put poison in his  
grub every Saturday for five years?  
Ring and say the highway's blocked  
and we'll be late.  
See what happened to that Triumph?  
If only it were Papa and Mama.  
You bourgeois turd!  
You stupid hick!  
Parisian bitch!

THE CLASS STRUGGLE

You killed the man I love!  
Why drive so fast?  
This isn't St. Tropez.  
You can't stand us having money  
when you don't, can you?  
You can't stand us screwing on  
the Riviera, screwing at ski-resorts!  
Can't stand us throwing cash around  
all year while you can't!  
And in spring we go to Greece,  
where dirty peasants like you...  
...are thrown into jail along  
with their shitty tractors.  
No need to insult my tractor, miss.  
I bet you don't even own it.  
It belongs to a crooked union  
or a crummy cooperative.  
Your foreign car!  
Stolen, I bet!  
The heir to the Robert factories  
gave it to me because I screwed him.  
You impotent bunch  
are incapable of screwing!  
The government screws you  
and your twat of a tractor!  
Without me and my tractor  
the French would starve.  
Paul is dead!  
He had the right of way.

Now he's dead.  
Don't you be so sure.  
He had the right.  
He was handsome, young, rich.  
He had the right over fat ones,  
poor ones, old ones...  
You shouldn't say that.  
You wretched great shit heap, you!  
You wretched little tart!  
Your cut-price tractor!  
It cost plenty for someone  
who toils with his hands.  
And my Triumph? A total loss.  
You don't give a damn, do you?  
And now he's dead.  
You think you can shrug it off,  
do you? Well, I say you won't!  
Witnesses!  
We had right of way, didn't we?  
Sorry, but we don't have the time.  
You can't just leave like that.  
We're all brothers, as Marx said.  
You bastards!  
Bastards!  
Jews! Dirty Jews!  
You're disgusting!

**PHONY:**

**GRAPH:**

Your shortcuts always waste time  
and that means money.  
Don't bother me.  
When did civilization begin?  
You're worried about it?  
No, it's the landscape.  
Anyway, I don't understand.  
What?  
Didn't you hear what he said?  
We're all brothers, as Marx said.  
It wasn't Marx.  
Another communist said it.  
Jesus said it.  
Anyway, I agree with you.

I don't care, even if it's true.  
These aren't the Middle Ages.  
What's the time?

**SATURDAY:**

**3:**

**SATURDAY:**

**4:**

If I humped your wife and hurt her,  
would you call that a scratch?  
Run them down.  
Will it rain?  
Certainly it will.  
No, the sun's coming out.  
I say it'll rain.

**SATURDAY:**

**5:**

Can you give me a lift?  
- Get in.  
- Joseph!  
- To Mantes la Jolie?  
- It's the other way.  
- Then turn round.  
- You're crazy.  
Go on!  
I said turn round!  
Get in, Marie-Madeleine.  
Hurry up!  
Get a move on!  
Stop!  
Slowly!  
- Get out! Hurry up!  
- You're crazy!  
Get in, quick!  
Be careful!  
THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL  
Help!  
Silence! Even God has His police.  
Prove it!

Will you shut up?  
- Prove it.  
- Help!  
Shut up!  
Will you shut up?  
Prove it how?  
Well, we're married.  
We screw legally.  
I bet that's not true of you two.  
That's it in a nutshell!  
Tell me your name, Madame.  
Me? Corinne Durand.  
Durand's your husband's name.  
What's yours?  
My maiden name?  
Corinne Dupont.  
Dupont is your father's name.  
What's yours?  
don't know.  
You see, you don't even know  
who you are.  
Christianity is the refusal  
of self-knowledge,  
the death of language.  
Shut up, I said!  
Are you going to keep  
your traps shut?  
- And what is your name?  
- Joseph Balsamo.  
Never heard of him.  
- Help!  
- Will you shut up?  
Listen.  
I'm not surprised, the way you look:  
A Reader's Digest look.  
Quiet, please.  
You remind me of those who wouldn't  
move Andre Breton when he was dead.  
Anyway, I'll explain.  
Joseph Balsamo is the son of God  
and Alexandre Dumas.  
God's an old queer,  
as everyone knows.  
He screwed Dumas and I'm the result.

**Thus:**

Yes, I'm God, because I'm lazy.

That's not true, my love.

- Help!

- Will you...

Will you shut up?

You, too, Marie-Madeleine.

She's nice, but she's not too bright.

Laziness, God...

Look, shut up. Pack it in, will you?

That's enough.

She's nice.

She understands laziness.

She understands about God, too.

She obeys me.

What exactly are you up to?

I'm here to inform these Modern Times  
of the Grammatical Era's end...

...and the beginning of Flamboyance,  
especially in cinema.

I've had enough. I'm stopping.

I'll make you a proposition.

Take me to London

and I'll grant your wishes.

Oh, sure, you loser.

Really, just look and see  
what's under the dashboard.

Oh, shit, a miracle!

A rabbit.

Anything you wish,

if you'll take me to London.

A big Mercedes sports car?

Yes.

An Yves St. Laurent evening dress?

Yes.

A Miami Beach hotel?

Make me a blonde, a natural blonde.

A squadron of Mirage IVs,  
like the yids used to thrash the wogs.

- A weekend with James Bond.

- I'll go for that, too.

Is that all you want?

Yes.

You creeps, I'll give you nothing.  
Quick, a miracle, you swindler.  
What, for assholes like you?  
- That'll do! Get out!  
- Out!  
Get out!  
Out, you whore! I'll make you run!  
Bastard!  
Dirty Jew! I'll kill you!  
Silence!  
Silence!  
Vade retro. Go home.  
You see, the sun's come out.  
Keep right!  
Long live Anquetil!  
Long live Poulidor!  
My Herms handbag!  
FROM THE FRENCH REVOLUTION  
TO GAULLIST WEEKENDS  
Freedom is violence.  
Like crime.  
It seems to be the virtue of vice...  
Is the knife under the pillow?  
...fighting against slavery...  
...desperately.  
No, in the shed.  
Freedom will kill herself  
in the long struggle.  
Can the inconsistency of humanity  
be conceived?  
And the ax?  
Can one believe  
that man ordered society...  
...in order to be happy  
and reasonable?  
Weary of wisdom, more like...  
...nature's wisdom...  
In the shed, too.  
...he wishes to be unhappy  
and witless.  
I see nought but constitutions...  
...steeped in gold, pride and blood...  
...and nowhere do I see  
the sweet humanity...

...and equable moderation...  
...which ought to be the foundation  
of the social treaty.

**SUNDAY:**

i cry into the void  
STORY FOR MONDAY  
The social treaty.

**SUNDAY:**

i cry into the void  
STORY FOR MONDAY  
I cry into the void  
I call you in the midst of night  
Get a move on.  
Hello, can you hear me?  
Are you having good weather?  
Even here, in the rain  
I breathe your air again  
Here in the phone booth  
I'm cooped for all to see  
I imagine you in a bar  
Looking out across the sea  
Hello, can you hear me?  
How's Laurent, Jean-Luc and Joelle?  
Do they still fish off the islands  
At the spot we know so well?  
There go the pips again  
They tot up every word  
I'm doing all the talking  
Tell me what news you've heard  
Tell me with whom you're dancing  
What lies behind your words?  
Hello, can you hear me  
Reply. Are your Ups too slack?  
Can't you speak any louder?  
Will you be there if I call back?  
I must be ringing off now  
People are waiting outside  
Although I have been babbling  
I've hardly said a word  
Hello, can you hear me?  
They're getting impatient outside  
In this world of dog eats dog

Who cares for a love that's died?  
What are you doing?  
- Trying the gears.  
Is it a Porsche gearbox?  
Get out!  
Can you take us  
to the nearest garage?  
There's only room for your wife,  
not you, too.  
- I can sit in the back.  
- No, you'll clobber my hood.  
You'll break it.  
Clear off, or I'll smash your face.  
You're crazy!  
Go on, clear off!  
- He's nuts!  
- He's mad!  
Clear off!  
But you said I could go with you.  
If you like, but not him.  
Roland!  
Quick!  
- Let me go!  
- Wait.  
- Go round.  
- Let me...  
Hold him while I start up.  
Help!  
- Police!  
- Help!  
Do you know if there's a garage  
nearby?  
Is Oinville that way?  
All these jerks are dead.  
Here's someone.  
Hello.  
Do you come from around here?  
Are you local?  
- Are you deaf?  
- Are you blind?  
Robbed in Los Angeles,  
where one trades in dreams...  
...I concealed the theft, committed  
by an immigrant such as I...



...a reader of my poems...

...as I feared the deed might be  
observed by... animals, let us say.

- Thank you, Miss Bront.

- Not at all, love.

- Miss...

- Yes, what?

Excuse me, but...

Which way is Oinville?

Poetical information

or physical information?

- Which way to Oinville?

- That way or this way?

Physics does not yet exist, only  
individual physical sciences, maybe.

What a rotten film,

all we meet are crazy people.

It's your own fault.

Take it or leave it.

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Perhaps fate knows everything

and only appears to mishandle things.

Hesitatingly, it gives seven years  
of happiness, then takes back two.

- Thank you, Emily.

- Not at all, love.

Miss, please!

- What is this?

- A pebble.

LEWIS CARROLL'S WAY

Poor pebble.

Ignored by architecture, sculpture,  
mosaic and jewelry.

It dates from the beginning of the  
planet, perhaps from another star.

Warped by space, like the stigmata  
of its terrible fall.

It predates man. And man has not  
embodied it in his art or industry.

He did not manufacture it  
and thus decide its place.

The pebble perpetuates nothing more  
than its own memory.

Obviously, minerals are neither

independent nor sensitive.  
That's why it takes much to stir them.  
The heat of a blowtorch,  
for instance, or an electric arc...  
...earthquakes, volcanoes  
or eons of time.  
Which way is Oinville?  
And I ask you what this is.  
Grass.  
No. *Poa nморalis*.  
Where's Oinville?  
And what is that?  
Chestnut.  
No. *Castanea sativa*.  
The start of a new day,  
in the gray dawn...  
...vultures will take wing  
to far shores...  
...flying soundlessly  
in the name of order.  
- Thank you, miss.  
- Not at all, love.  
We've been in an accident,  
people are expecting us.  
And I beg you to help me  
solve this problem.  
What now?  
One. A kitten which likes fish  
is a good pupil.  
Two. No tailless kitten  
is ready to play with a gorilla.  
Three. Kittens with whiskers  
always love fish.  
Four. No kitten fond of study  
has green eyes.  
Five. No kitten with whiskers  
has a tail.  
- What is the answer?  
- No idea.  
And this one.  
One. No shark doubts  
that it is well-armed.  
Two. A fish that cannot dance  
the minuet is worthy of contempt.

Three. Without three rows of teeth,  
a fish is not assuredly well-armed.  
Four. All fish except sharks  
are kind to children.  
Five. No corpulent fish  
can dance the minuet.  
Six. A fish with three rows of teeth  
is unworthy of contempt.

What's the answer?

- No idea.

Miss Emily,  
cease punishing petty crime  
and big crime will die.  
Ponder that black night,  
in this vale of tears and horror...  
...but exterminate  
the big thieves today...  
...for it is from them that  
the chill and the night come...  
...from them stems  
this world of horror.

Enough!

Be he black or white, I demand  
the death of the crocodile, murderer.  
This isn't a novel, it's a film.  
A film is life.

Cover the flowers in flame, stroke  
their hair, teach them to read...  
It's rotten of us, isn't it?

We have no right to burn  
even a philosopher.

Can't you see they're only  
imaginary characters?

- Why is she crying, then?

- No idea.

We're little more than that ourselves.

I said to myself:

What's the good of talking to them?

If they buy knowledge,  
it's only to resell it.

They want knowledge  
to sell at a profit.

They want nothing which would  
stand in the way of their victory.

They don't want to be oppressed,  
they want to oppress.  
They don't want progress,  
they want to be first.  
They'll submit to anyone  
who promises they can make the laws.  
I wondered what I could say of them.  
I decided it was that.

**A TUESDAY:**

IN THE 100 YEARS WAR

- We know nothing.

- Yes.

We're totally ignorant of ourselves.

We're totally ignorant

of what this worm is.

We're both enigmas.

Anyone who denies it  
is the most ignorant of all.

Anyone who denies it  
is the most ignorant of all.

Look, trousers by Eddy!

- How many days has it been now?

- Today's Thursday.

Your old man must have died by now.

Monday at the latest.

Your mother will be furious with us.

It's too bad, not fair.

I bet the old bitch has altered his will.

She won't share now.

A little torture will change her mind.

I remember a few tricks from  
when I was a lieutenant in Algeria.

Isn't that a truck coming?

Quick, off with those trousers  
and lie down in the road!

Raise your knees!

Open them wide, you fool!

Are you going towards Oinville?

Well?

He needs help with his concert.

His helper's run off with some chick.

**MUSICAL ACTION:**

There's two sorts of music:  
Music you listen to and music you don't.  
Mozart you listen to.  
Just imagine all the royalties...  
...the poor man would get nowadays.  
Music you don't listen to is what's  
called modern serious music.  
No one goes to the concerts.  
Real modern music, paradoxically...  
...is based on Mozart's harmonies.  
You hear bits of Mozart...  
...in Dario Moreno, the Beatles,  
the Rolling Stones or whatever.  
Fundamentally Mozart's harmonies.  
Modern serious music  
looked for others,  
resulting in what is probably  
the biggest disaster in the history of art.  
I'll continue the sonata,  
as all this bores you.  
No, it's best to start again.  
Not bad.  
Extraordinary grace, isn't it?  
Just think, when the poor man died...  
...he was dumped into  
a pauper's grave, like a dog.  
How sad, when you think  
of such melodic tenderness.  
Do remember that all Vienna  
attended his funeral, happily.  
A snowstorm drove them off, though.  
They were a pack of dogs. Unfeeling.  
Forgive me.  
Where had I got to, my dear?  
No, not there. You ought to know.  
That's it.  
Not bad.  
Don't think I play well, I'm no good.  
If you could have heard Schnabel.  
He was my master. He's dead now.  
He was a pianist, I'm just crap.  
You must excuse me  
playing like a pig.  
If only you'd heard him...

...his extraordinary tone.  
He rarely tackled Mozart,  
because he used to say:  
Mozart's too easy for beginners  
and children, too hard for virtuosi.  
Shit! It's this damn cigar  
that's making me play wrong notes.  
Now...

A WEEK OF 4 THURSDAYS

Straight ahead.

Good-bye. Thanks.

Your turn.

A FRIDAY FAR FROM

What's this lot doing?

They're the Italian actors  
in the coproduction.

A FRIDAY FAR FROM ROBINSON

AND MANTES LA JOLIE

I've had it.

Come on.

Are you coming?

I've had enough.

Are you in a film or in reality?

- In a film.

- In a film? You lie too much.

Bastard!

We'll find the way in the end.

I've had enough,

I'm going to sleep or I'll die.

Die, then!

- Got a light?

- No.

- There's a chick over there.

- What of it?

Is she your chick?

No! Ouch!

Help!

Help!

Are you going towards Oinville?

Would you rather be screwed

by Mao or Johnson?

Johnson, of course.

Drive on, Jean. He's a Fascist.

Bloody hell!

To Oinville?

- Who struck first: Israel or Egypt?

- The bloody Egyptians!

Pathetic ignoramus.

Let's go.

Your turn.

1, 2, 3, 4,

5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.

Your turn.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10...

- To Oinville?

- Yes, jump on.

- Shit!

- Careful! Out of the way.

Just one mouthful.

A little bit more.

That piece exactly corresponds  
to the fraction of the USA Budget  
given to the Congo.

Roland, help me.

Sir, I'm hungry.

Kiss me.

Kiss me!

Pack it up!

I'm applying the law that the big  
oil companies apply to Algeria.

What law?

The law of a kiss  
and a kick in the ass.

WORLD 3

No need to be nasty.

My black brother

will tell you my thoughts.

The optimism reigning today in Africa  
is not inspired by natural forces  
benefiting Africans.

Nor because the old oppressor  
is behaving less inhumanely  
and more benevolently.

The optimism is the direct result  
of revolutionary action,  
political and or military,  
by the African masses.

Recently, a large section of humanity

was shaken to the core  
by the outbreak of an ideology,  
Nazism, bringing a resurgence  
of torture and genocide  
from the distant past.  
The countries most immediately  
threatened by Nazism  
formed an alliance and pledged  
to liberate occupied territory  
and to break the back of Nazism:  
to destroy the evil at its very source  
and liquidate all such regimes.  
Africans must remember  
that they also suffered  
a form of Nazism,  
exploitation, physical  
and spiritual liquidation  
deliberately executed.  
They must see its French, English,  
South African manifestations...  
...and be just as ready to confront it  
throughout all of Africa.  
We Africans declare  
that for over a century,  
two hundred million Africans' lives  
have been held cheap,  
denied, perpetually haunted by death.  
We must not trust in the goodwill  
of the imperialists.  
We must arm ourselves  
with resolution and militancy.  
Material development of material  
resources will not liberate Africa.  
It is the African's hand and brain  
which will set in motion  
the dialectic  
of the continent's liberation.  
Given those conditions, we may  
allow ourselves to be optimistic.  
My Arab brother  
will speak for me.  
Now that our hour of liberation  
is at hand, you scrape the barrel  
hoping to find non-violent, pacific men,



men hardened by suffering,  
yet willing to pardon the outrage.  
That is not what I seek.  
I say a black's freedom  
is as valuable as a white's freedom.  
I say that to gain his freedom,  
a black has the right  
to do everything that other men  
have done to win their freedom.  
I say that you and I  
won't win our freedom  
by non-violence, patience and love.  
We won't win it  
until we make everyone realize  
that it is our right  
to follow the example  
of all who, to win their freedom,  
sacrificed their lives  
and took the life of others  
and that we are ready  
to follow their example.  
We blacks are at war  
with America and its friends.  
But we can't actually fight them  
because we haven't enough arms  
or the knowledge to use them.  
Furthermore, we are fewer in number.  
We have chosen guerrilla  
warfare perforce.  
It is an advantageous tactic  
and easy to conduct.  
We work at strategic points:  
factories, farms, homes of whites.  
It is easy for us to sabotage and  
destroy, often without firing a shot.  
We can destroy telephone lines,  
railways, airfields,  
electric and electronic installations.  
Western communities  
depend on electronic systems.  
They're paralyzed without them.  
Town by town we will bring  
the West to its knees,  
ruin it economically.

We will also undertake  
bloody acts of sabotage.  
It is not by accident that Viet-Cong  
guerrilla warfare impresses us.  
Our black brothers fighting  
in Vietnam for white America  
are gaining priceless lessons  
in modern guerrilla techniques.  
They'll be useful  
when they come back to our midst.  
Not only as fearless soldiers,  
but as guerrilla teachers.  
Of course, weapons are essential  
for bloody acts of sabotage.  
But all blacks have at home  
a rifle or a revolver at least,  
and Molotov cocktails  
are easy to make.  
Anyway, we have the means  
of acquiring weapons.  
I'll say that,  
but I'll give no details.  
THE WES Civilization means belonging  
to a class society,  
a reality of contradictions.  
The development of production  
is linked to the exploitation  
of man by man.  
Slavery, serfdom, wage-earning:  
these are the forms of servitude  
characterizing civilization's epochs.  
Engels observed the steps  
leading to a class society  
and inter-class relations  
as beginning with the Greeks  
and ending in industrial capitalism.  
When the three elements,  
private property,  
monogamy and the state  
were combined in one society,  
it passed from barbarism to civilization  
and from a classless society  
to a class society

**To be precise:**

whom Engels drew upon,  
said man moved from advanced  
savagery to primitive barbarism  
when dan developed into tribe.  
Mankind advances  
from primitive barbarism  
when individual tribes  
form a confederation of tribes.  
It achieves the highest stage  
of barbarism  
moving from tribal federation  
to military democracy.  
In its heroic age  
on the threshold of civilization,  
of a class society,  
mankind finds itseif organized  
in a military democracy.  
As with Greece of the heroes,  
Rome of the Kings  
was a military democracy which  
had developed from the gentes,  
phratries and tribes.  
Even though the patrician nobility  
had gained some ground,  
even if the administrators  
were slowly gaining privileges,  
the fundamental constitutional  
character was unchanged.  
The Greeks passed from tribe,  
to confederation,  
to military democracy.  
To understand this evolution,  
one must understand its origin.  
The gens.  
Engels, after Morgan,  
assumed the American gens  
to be the original form  
and the Greco-Roman form  
to be a derivation.  
He assumed that the Iroquois gens,  
and particularly the Seneca gens,  
to be the classic form  
of this primitive gens.

By the 19th century, the Iroquois had evolved a tribal confederation. Thus the Iroquois clarified the early history of the West. However, according to Morgan and Engels, it was not the Iroquois who represented the most advanced organization of American Indians. The great pre-Columbian civilizations, Inca, Maya, Aztec, had ended their independent history, had paralleled the Greeks at the end of their heroic age and were about to change into class societies.

Shit, stop!

Hurry up.

- Oinville! Now for a bath!

- Me first!

It wasn't our fault we weren't here when your father died.

- What exactly did she say?

- She won't split it fifty-fifty now.

All that for nothing.

- What's this book?

- It was loaned to me.

The hippopotamus lived on land, but he went to the Lord of Animals and asked to be allowed to live in water.

She's not getting away with it.

The Lord refused

and the hippopotamus asked why.

Because you are a monstrous creature,' the Lord replied.

- I'll sort her out.

- You'll eat all the fish.

I swear I won't eat one fish, the hippopotamus replied.

Who'd believe that of such a monster? replied the Lord.

It just won't do, Roland.

The hippopotamus thought it over,

**then said:**

I'll offer a deal.  
Let me live in the water.  
Whenever I shit,  
I'll fan it out with my tail  
to show there are no fish bones.  
The Lord considered  
the deal fair enough  
and the hippopotamus was  
granted his days in the water.

**LIFE:**

Corinne, Roland, hurry up!  
The hippopotamus  
is quite different by day  
Night cloaks its ugliness,  
its bulging eyes,  
enormous mouth, misshapen body,  
tiny legs and ridiculous tail.  
Maybe it's the acme of beauty  
to a hippopotamus.

SCENE OF PROVINCIAL LIFE

The hippopotamus is not only  
the ugliest creature in history,  
but also a paragon of stupidity.  
I would not have expounded  
so long on the subject  
if not for the fact that his  
acceptance of collective life  
constitutes  
his most abject characteristic.  
- Roland, we must do something.  
- We must, we must, we must!  
- Where are you going?  
- To get a rabbit from Mr Flaubert.  
- Sixty-forty.  
- Out of the question.  
- Seventy-thirty.  
- Out of the question.  
- Eighty-twenty.  
- Out of the question.  
Be reasonable! Ninety-ten.  
Impossible!  
We'd only get four million.

Right, that's it!  
Hurry up!  
- What shall we do?  
- There's the Doctor Petiot method.  
No, the neighbors  
would see the smoke.  
The Doctor Tar  
and Professor Feather method.  
Put her in the trunk of the car.  
We 7/ find an accident  
on the way back.  
And make it look like  
the car was involved.  
And set fire to the bunch.  
Brilliant.  
- The perfect crime.  
- Happy ever after.  
With all the millions.  
- I love you.  
- I love you, too.  
I've doused it in gas.  
set fire to it.  
Wait for me, you bastard!  
Same to you!  
Is this the road to Versailles?  
What's going on?  
Quiet!  
Get up!  
Yves, the car! Claude, the food!  
Shut it, grandpa!  
Lie down over there.  
Get down.  
The fat guy lie down,  
the young girl, too!  
The pretty one and you two, over there!  
Lie down, grandpa!  
- Shut up!  
- Quiet!  
There's nothing you can do.  
Shut up!  
- Stay there.  
- You've got a nerve!  
Everybody be quiet!  
Miss...

Hurry up, Yves!

- She's setting light to it!

- Lie down.

Lie down!

- My car!

- Lie down!

Lie down!

Grandpa, lie down!

- What do you want?

- It's burning!

Get moving!

What's the hurry?

Get moving, I said!

Hurry up!

- Pretty little spot.

- Quiet!

- We've got money, I tell you.

- Quiet.

Listen, will you?

Are you crazy? I've got fifty million  
in the bank, I tell you!

Come with us

and we'll give you half.

Found it, then?

Thanks.

- Louis!

- What are you doing here, Gerald?

Shut up!

Valrie!

- Who's that?

- A friend.

We fought in Ethiopia together.

- What have we?

- Two middle-aged, one girl.

Let me see.

Try that one.

That's for Ernest.

Have the others sit down.

You can screw her

before eating her, if you like.

SEINE-ET-OISE LIBERATION FROM Battleship Potemkin  
calling The Searchers.

Over.

Do you read me?

This is The Searchers,  
I hear you, Battleship Potemkin.  
This is The Searchers.  
Battleship Potemkin. Over.  
It was under  
the Trocadero Bridge in 1964.  
It was terribly cold, you remember?  
The famous winter of 1964.  
Alphonsine's hands were so cold.  
She'd grabbed my prick to warm them  
and she was wanking me.  
It was so cold,  
everything was frozen.

**Alphonsine said:**

What a huge prick you've got!  
You fool, I'm shitting, I said.

**TOTEM AND TABOO:**

The sweater.  
Okay!  
The skirt.  
Hurry up!  
On your knees.  
The bra.  
The panties.  
It's ready.  
Lie down.  
Go on.  
The fish.  
AUGUST LIGH They're going.  
Go in 30 seconds.  
Ernest?  
- Quick!  
- Come on.  
- Why disembowel him?  
- It's best that way!  
It's horrible.  
The horror of the bourgeoisie  
can only be overcome with more horror.  
SEPTEMBER MASSACRE  
Hurry up!  
My money!  
- All right, Miss Gide?



- Fine.

A touch of black would be nice, too.

A little orange.

Johnny Guitar calling Gsta Berling.

Johnny Guitar calling Gsta Berling.

Come in, Gsta Berling.

This is Gsta Berling.

I hear you, Johnny Guitar. Over.

OCTOBER LANGUAGE

I intend

to declaim

in an unemotional voice

the following solemn, cold lines.

Listen carefully to them,

prepared for the painful effect

they must have

on your troubled imaginations.

Do not believe that I am

on the point of death,

for age is not yet branded

on my brow.

Spurn any comparison

with the dying swan

when its spirit flees

and see me only as a monster

whose face is happily unseen,

though it is less horrible

than its soul.

However, I am not a criminal.

Enough said.

Ancient ocean! At first sight of you

a deep sigh of sadness

like your sweet zephyrs

ruffles the troubled soul,

leaving indelible traces.

Your admirers remember,

sometimes unwittingly,

man's rude awakening to the pain

which has never since left him.

Greetings, ancient ocean!

I suppose man believes in his beauty

only because he is vain

and he suspects

that he isn't really beautiful.

Otherwise, why should he be  
so contemptuous of a face like his?  
Greetings, ancient ocean!  
Ocean, often I have asked myself  
which is the easier to divine:  
the depth of the ocean  
or the depth of the human heart.  
I may say that despite  
the depth of the ocean,  
it cannot be compared  
in this respect with the depth  
of the human heart.  
Psychology has much to learn.  
Greetings, ancient ocean!  
Ancient ocean!  
From your dark, mysterious depths  
you pulse your waves  
with all the coolness  
of your eternal power  
Your moral grandeur,  
a reflection of infinity,  
is as immense as philosophy's  
reflections, like love of women,  
like the divine beauty of a bird.  
Tell me, ancient ocean,  
will you be my brother?  
Ignorant of your secret destiny,  
everything about you interests me.  
Are you the abode  
of the Prince of Darkness?  
Tell me, ocean. You must tell me,  
for I shall rejoice to know  
that hell is so close to men.  
So once more I wish to greet you,  
and bid my farewell.  
Ancient ocean, I lack the power  
to continue, it is the moment  
to return to the brutal land of men.  
Let us make a supreme effort  
and, conscious of our duty,  
fulfill our destiny on this earth.  
Greetings, ancient ocean.  
All right?  
Yes!

- Please...
- Shut up!
- Let me stay with you.
- Too late.

Isabelle!

Don't wait for me.

Good-bye, Valrie.

Good-bye, Isabelle.

How happy I'd be if you knew

You, who I'm leaving tonight

That though it seems

everything's through

To others it seems it's all right

A smile, though the heart may be torn

Pretend that it's not past mending

Write the last word, so forlorn

Just a novel with an unhappy ending

JUMP CU When your foot slips on a frog,

you have a feeling of disgust.

But if you even lightly graze

a human body, your fingers fragment

like scales of mica

beneath hammer-blows.

Really?

And just as a shark's heart beats

for an hour after death,

so our guts throb

long after making love.

Why? I don't understand.

Because of man's immense horror

of his fellows.

Perhaps I may be wrong in this,

but perhaps I am right.

There must be a malady more terrible

than the swelling of eyes after

contemplating man's odd nature,

but I still seek it.

Well, Ernest?

- Not bad.

- Yes.

A mixture of pig and the leftovers

of the English tourists.

- Those from the Rolls?

- Yes.

There must be  
a bit of your husband, too.  
I'll have a bit more later, Ernest.

**THE END:**