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The Black Box

By Eric Assous

Mr. Seligman...
Spaghetti harvester...
That's a big job,
Spaghetti harvester.
Marble is lovely but it's cold...
RP-50... RP-50... RP-50...
Incorrigible, she used to say...
Spaghetti harvester,
that's a big job...
Texas doesn't exist...
Texas doesn't exist...
He took it from me...
Children are sacred,
you jerk, you jerk!
RP-50... RP-50...
Blue, blue...
Sylvain Ganem wants revenge.
Sylvain Ganem wants to kill me.
He was a tall, thin jerk,
I was afraid, and I wept...
RP-50... RP-50...
Spaghetti harvester...
that's what I want to do!
- No fractures...
- Thank you, we can take care of this.
There's a subdural hematoma...
Seligman. Arthur Seligman.
I knew his parents,
I'll take care of him.
I also knew his brother.
Spaghetti harvester
that's a big job...
RP-50...Incorrigible...
the old bitch...
He took it from me...
The boy?
Is he alright?
What boy?
Little boy on the bicycle.
Is he alright?
No boy, no bicycle, you were alone.
You missed a curve
and rolled your car.
Those who saw the wreck

say it's a miracle.
You were very lucky.
I'm Isabelle. If you
need anything don't hesitate.
Under your blouse...
Underwear? Or nothing at all?
And Betty? What would
she say about my underwear?
Betty? Who's that?
I don't know any Betty.
Betty.
Betty Moreno.
I realized I never loved
as much since Betty Moreno.
Without you it never would
have resurfaced. Thanks.
You're the one who spoke of her.
I talked?
What did I say?
Many things.
It was captivating.
Hello, I'm Arthur Seligman.
I'm leaving the hospital today.
I'm aware of this,
Mr. Seligman.
Did my brother visit during my...
Well, during my stay?
What's your brother's name?
- Yvan. Yvan Seligman.
- No.
Alright. Could you call me a taxi?
- For the station?
- Station? What station?
- Where are we?
- In Cherbourg, Mr. Seligman.
Cherbourg?
My accident was in Cherbourg?
The road, about 10 km away.
Shall I call you a taxi?
There are trains every hour.
Sure, alright.
I thought this was Paris.
What am I doing in Cherbourg?
Only you could know.

- It'll come back to you.

- When?

Depends on you.

There might be an
answer to that question.

- As well as many others.

- Other questions?

You talked a lot when you
came out of it. I was on watch.

- You didn't stop talking.

- Really? What did I say?

Like a torrent, an
unbelievable flow of words...

Incomprehensible phrases,
only you could decipher them.

And so?

It's a wondrous thing, like
direct access to your memory.

- Your black box, so to speak.

- My black box?

Your subconscious, if you prefer.

Your subconscious expressed itself.

That night you let it all out.

You've freed 35 years of morality,
the forbidden, taboos...

of memories. Betty is
just a drop in that ocean.

She leaves your black box
like all the rest of it.

For once my watch was rather quiet,
and I'm always taking notes.

You're saying you heard it all?

Wrote it all down?

I know it's not right, like peeping,
but it's also an opportunity.

In 14 years of analysis, I haven't
let go as much as you did in one night.

All your fears, loves, hates
and fantasies are in here.

Perhaps also the reason you
were in Cherbourg that night.

Use it wisely.

Hello, you've reached Yvan Seligman...

Yvan, it's Arthur. I had an accident.

In hospital a few days. I'm O.K.
It's nothing. Don't tell the parents.
Call me back.
Incorrigible...
It was all that
old bitch could say.
Dad, believe me,
I'm not incorrigible.
She lies and you believe her.
The big white marble staircase...
Marble is lovely, but it's cold.
Incorrigible...
Awful thing to say.
If that's how it is,
I'll give you a show...They'll see.
Sylvain Ganem wants revenge.
Sylvain Ganem wants to kill me.
Dad? It's Arthur.
Ahhh, how's my boy?
What are you up to?
It's been a while.
Just wanted to ask: do you
know the name Sylvain Ganem?
Sylvain Ganem? No, dunno,
what team does he play for?
Nothing. Nobody.
Do you remember my accident
in the stairs when I was little?
You bet I remember, your mother
and I thought you had died.
Something happened at school that year?
You're funny, you ask me that now?
In 2nd Grade. It happened in May,
and you went back in September.
I wasn't held back?
No, that's what your teacher wanted,
the old bitch. Said you were incorrigible.
You really hated her.
You're incorrigible!
In-cor-ri-gi-ble!
How did I fall in the stairs?
I have no clue.
We were at the table, heard a noise.
We didn't think you could still

fall in stairs at that age. You were 7.
Your mother found you...
we were so frightened.
We brought you to the hospital,
they put on a cervical collar...
They say a child can't
conceive of suicide. That's untrue.
I wanted to die because
I didn't want to repeat a year.
I was only 7 years old.
Sir?
Oh, sorry, I was elsewhere.
Where?
My work. I needed to
get away, see people.
People?
You won't see many.
Sylvain Ganem wants revenge.
Sylvain Ganem wants to kill me!!!!
That's a big job.
RP-50.
I cried damn it.
Everyone saw.
Mom?
Mom?
It's me. It's Arthur.
How are you?
Arthur?
Your son Arthur. That's me.
Look, I brought chocolates.
The ones you like.
Good aren't they?
Any news from Yvan?
Yvan? No, no news.
When did you last see him?
Do you remember?
Try to remember, Mom.
I'm thirsty.
- With you. He was with you.
- You know a Sylvain Ganem?
With you. Yvan was with you.
I remember.
Delays...sure, but delays
that can be explained Mr. Amory.

This company is completely devoted to you sir.
Yes, yes, no, I understand your disappointment.
You're absolutely right. I live for your satisfaction, Mr. Amory.
Listen, not only we'll waive our fees, but I may have a nice surprise...
But of course Mr. Amory!
And how is your wife?
Very well, good day Mr. Amory!
Seligman. Goddamn it. 2 weeks trying to reach you! Playing dead?
Two lost contracts: two clients who won't return! Any explanations?
I had a car accident Mr. Colbert.
Accident? What accident?
Do I look like an idiot?
Do you have a doctor's certificate?
Work leave orders, even.
I wanted to ask, did you send me to Cherbourg?
No, why?
Didn't think so. I have small memory problems since the accident.

Something else:

Sylvain Ganem for a client?
Ganem? No. Meanwhile, you're putting me in a bind.
I won't pay you to do nothing.
See about that with accounting.
Monday if you're not back, you're out of this company. Clear?
Very clear...Mr. Colbert!
More, I want some more.
All gone. Box is empty.
- Open another box.
- There are no more boxes.
Where does spaghetti come from?
Well, from spaghetti fields.
Fields? That's not true.
Sure it is! Spaghetti grows in spaghetti fields. Doesn't it?

That's right! Men with big knives
harvest the spaghetti...
there's also macaroni, shells,
all the shapes. Didn't you know?
When I grow up, I'll be a spaghetti
harvester. That's a good job.
That's what I want to be.
That's a good job.
Fynoil buys out ACGroup.
Hello, you've reached Yvan...
Nothing. Haven't seen
your brother in 10 days.
Mind you, I don't watch for him.
He gets his mail, comes upstairs,
no hello or good evening, nothing.
Maybe he took a trip.
He would have told me,
or left a message.
Eww, well he didn't say anything.
No...no...
That's all we have for
recent unidentified bodies.
Which doesn't mean he's still alive.
Nor that something happened.
What can you do to find him?
Usual procedure. If he's not in
the system it could take a while.
- Did you get along with him?
- Yes, why?
Often killers are first to
signal a victim's disappearance.
I met a man in Montral.
I think I'm in love.
No, not think, I'm sure.
He's older than you, lives between
Paris-Montral. I think he loves me.
There.
I'm telling you because
I'm leaving you Arthur.
I know you'll be angry
at me, you'll suffer.
No.
No?
No, I'm okay.

I came to tell you the same thing.
You met someone?
I had met myself...
I couldn't say that.
She wouldn't have understood.
Texas doesn't exist...
Sylvain Ganem...
My identity is there on those walls,
and I don't understand.
Chemistry can explore mental states
that traditional medicine cannot.
We know very little
about brain function.
We can't reduce "drugs" to the
moral debates on television.
It's simplistic and slows progress.
Anyway, I don't like the term "drug."
It's pejorative, inappropriate.
I'm talking about "psychoactives".
What am I risking?
Medically, frankly not much.
As long as you're accompanied.
Guidance is crucial in an experience.
And you can count on me.
You can rediscover the state
of mind during your delirium.
You'll return to your black box.
Your brain is like a transistor:
On one frequency while delirious,
and then switching over.
- That's why you can't read yourself,
Understand? - Yes.
Have a seat.
Relax.
- There's another aspect I must discuss.
- What's that?
Everything on this table is rare product.
What is rare is expensive.
Are you sure that...
Relax! Don't let the official
propaganda put you to sleep.
- C'mon, go for it!
- If I pass out?
I'm right beside you.

Give it a minute. Calm down. Listen!
How long does it last?
Time and space don't exist.
All is the present. Breathe.
- Nothing's happening.
- It'll come.
Go, now read your black box.
- Why is it fleeing?
- It didn't move.
Clovis!
Yeahhh!
- Breathe.
- I can't.
Sylvain Ganem wants revenge.
Sylvain Ganem wants to kill you.
He's Sylvain Ganem!
Call the police!
RP-50 RP-50
Fynoil buys out ACGroup.
Sylvain Ganem wants revenge.
Sylvain Ganem wants to kill you.
I'm going to puke!
So? See more clearly?
Did you find answers?
Leave me alone.
It's better that way.
Same freak-out after your accident?
Not at all! I was floating!
I was an angel, white light around me.
Silence... I was at peace.
Ah! Should have said so!
You said "delirium".
We'll try something else.
Stop Clovis. Stop or I'll kill you.
There are 3 distinct people
inside each of us:
The one we want to be,
The one we think we are,
and the one we truly are.
The first two are very familiar,
but the third totally unknown.
That's the one in your black box.
My brother has disappeared.
I'm afraid something happened.

- It's all in the black box.

- You think maybe...

All of it.

I live up there.

Well...

- I have a train to catch.

- Not me.

Nobody's home.

- Right this minute?

- Right this minute.

And in general.

I see.

But I don't know,

you need to catch your train?

There's always a train.

I think so.

Mr. Walcott?

Arthur Seligman, I have an appointment.

I was sent by Isabelle.

Remove your jacket, please.

Take a seat.

- Relax.

- Not sure if I explained on the phone...

Look at me.

You see only me.

Think of nothing.

Close your eyes.

Empty your thoughts.

Think of nothing.

You're getting weaker. Much weaker.

Eyelids are heavy. Very heavy.

You hear only my voice.

Only the sound of my voice.

Yvan's in danger. I see him.

I press the ground floor button.

No... I rip off her panties.

and flip her over.

That's what excites her.

The slut, she loves it.

Meanwhile Yvan's in that creep's

blue house, I'm in the elevator.

In the desert,

in uniform and all.

Anyone can see us.

Yvan! Run! That's it!
Excuse me madam,
is Mr. Walcott here?
Madam, please?
Mommy?
So?
What did I say?
You mentioned a flight attendant
with whom you had carnal relations...
Incongruous ones. Meanwhile your brother
was in a basement, in the blue house,
then again the woman who you were
ripping the panties from, you see?
Yes, the flight attendant, yes.
- But mostly that man attacking
your brother with a knife. - Who?
Which man? Which man?
You didn't answer that question.
Don't worry, it's not premonition,
I don't believe in them.
- A memory perhaps.
- Obsession, probably.
And Sylvain Ganem?
Nothing. I think
you were resisting.
It's rare to achieve
concrete results in just one session.
You'll have to return.
- Nothing else?
- Yes.
You called me "Mommy".
I cried, damn it,
everyone saw it.
He was skinny but tall,
I was afraid.
RP-50 RP-50 that's the secret.
Fynoil buys out ACGroup.
Sylvain Ganem wants revenge.
Sylvain Ganem wants to kill me.
Texas doesn't exist.
I am A.S.
I am Arthur Seligman.
- Mr. Seligman?
- Yes.

Commissioner Koskas.

You never told me you had an accident in Cherbourg.

I didn't?

- A serious accident.

- No, since I'm still here.

- No after effects?

- No.

Why were you in that area?

It was...umm...for my work.

Work? But you're on leave.

Yes but after, I left after.

- Is it important?

- Everything is important.

- Any news?

- About your brother, no.

We questioned a Prof. Toller about your case.

Your trauma can cause changes in personality.

- Maybe even serious ones.

- Serious? But no...

I don't see the connection with my brother's disappearance.

- You know this woman?

Yes, she was my nurse in Cherbourg.

Miss Isabelle...Kruger.

Yes, Isabelle.

It happened a few days ago at her place.

You returned to Cherbourg?

You didn't hear the question?

Yes or no?

Yes.

- You had nothing against her?

- Of course not.

The motive isn't theft or rape. She had sex before dying, but consensual.

Apparently.

We took DNA samples and we're awaiting results.

May I have a glass of water please?

- Yvan, he came to visit.

- He was here?

Yes, he brought me flowers.

- Sure it was Yvan?

- He brought me flowers.

- Seems he's returned.

- Seems? You didn't see him?

No, I'd have told you.

But he's back, the place was cleaned.

- But he's not here now.

- No, but he's here.

He's been here, you can see.

- Then who took his mail?

- I don't know, I didn't see him.

- He doesn't lend the place to anyone?

- Oh, how would I know?

- Do you watch out or not?

- For those who talk to me...

Your brother never does.

What are you doing?

Get in.

You were following me?

I can't go without you.

It's impossible. I tried but I can't.

I miss you too much.

Right now you're unhappy.

You're afraid...in pain...I feel it.

Police.

- Come in.

- No, you're coming with us.

- You have a lawyer?

- No.

- If you don't want us to assign one,
you should plan ahead. - Plan?

- Because it looks very bad for you.

- Bad? Explain.

- You should explain.

- Then ask me!

What time is it?

What day are we?

What color is

Henry IV's white horse?

We ask simple questions

yet you don't answer.

Is Walcott a name you recognize?

- What?

- Didn't hear me?
- Yes.
- Yes, I heard, or yes, I know him?
- You visited Dr. Walcott?
- Yes.
- Something happened to him?
- He told us about you.
You frightened him. You told him
a man tried to kill your brother.
This man, it might be you.
That's not all, we got DNA tests back.
- Two individuals were at Miss Kruger's.
- Two?
One is known to us, the other...
The other is you.
- I never denied being there!
- Because you're clever.
She took care of me at the hospital.
You have two DNAs, where's the other?
You questioned the other?
We're looking.
You haven't found him?
I'll find the other one for you.
You didn't say to wait,
but you didn't say to leave.
I only hope you're not
disappointed when you return.
Look at me. Try to answer.
Keep you eyes open.
You know where you are?
- In prison.
- Prison? Why?
I killed some people.
People? Do you remember your name?
Good.
Why am I tied up?
So you won't hurt yourself.
You were very agitated before waking up.
Agitated?
Delirious, thrashing around,
you might have hurt yourself.
I don't remember.
You're not in prison,
this is a hospital. I'm Dr. Granger.

This is Dr. Brenner, the psychiatrist.
I'm with the crazies?
There are no crazies here, it's a
neurosurgery unit. We treat all pathology.
Including mental ones.
You had an accident last night,
a serious one.
I had to do delicate surgery,
but it went well.
Scans showed a hematoma, we'll do
MRIs but you should be fine.
Do you understand all this?
- I'm in pain.
- We'll increase the morphine.
MRI of Arthur S. age 35,
admitted Oct. 29 at 2:30 A.M....
presenting with light symptoms
of ... Forward.
Stop. Post-traumatic lesions absent.
Forward.
Stop. Ventricular system normal
size and morphology. Forward.
Absence of lesions...
Everything looks good.
Conclusion, no visible anomalies.
Hello, I'm his mother.
My darling!
You scared us, you know?
I'll get you a chair.
Here, have a seat.
Hand me your cane.
- My cane?
- I have it.
We brought you chocolates.
Is he allowed chocolates?
No, sorry.
- How are you feeling?
- Fine. I feel fine.
Am I alive?
Tell me.
- And Yvan?
- Yvan?
Yvan is dead.
I killed him?

I'm the one that killed him.
No! Try to remember.
It was late, I was expecting you.
I didn't worry, the weather was fine.
I listened to radio. Telephone rang.
I was to go immediately to the hospital.
I asked if it was serious,
they said to come quickly.
I wasn't sure if Yvan was injured
and you... Or the contrary.
His memory will return progressively.
Don't worry, he'll be fine.
One doesn't always come away
intact from such an ordeal.
It was a relatively short coma,
but it's still a coma.
Between 9 and 11 on the Glasgow scale.
What scale?
A medical evaluation of
a coma, it's our jargon, sorry.
Will he have after effects?
On the motor side, nothing.
His MRI is satisfactory...
He had much delirium
during the recovery phase.
He got a violent blow to the head,
to the orbito-frontal lobe...
It's the seat of inhibitions.
It can cause changes in temperament,
he may be more...forthright.
Without inhibitions.
Be prepared for this.
Because right now,
he doesn't seem O.K.
He's still recovering,
give it some time.
I'll keep him under observation,
come get him next week.
Are you sure you're not
hiding something Doctor?
What could I be hiding?
Easy, we're in no hurry.
Doctor said to take it slow.
The man saved your life,

so don't exert yourself.

I'm sparing myself, damn it.

Let's go.

What are you looking at?

Nothing Mom, just drive!

I warned your boss, Mr. Colbert.

He was very worried.

- Worried how?

- About your accident.

- He's a nice man.

- Colbert nice? He's an asshole.

- He's why you have a job.

- Don't worry about me Mom. Drive!

- Oh, dear.

- What?

With the rent so high,
they could put in an elevator.

- What floor is it?

- 4th.

Oh right, 4th floor.

Mr. Seligman, nice to see you!

How are you?

Recognize me? I'm your
downstairs neighbor.

It's Mr. Koskas the policeman.

- Oh sure, policeman.

- Arthur, say hello!

Your mother told me what happened,
if there's anything I can do...

Not right now; my head's fucked up,
but I'll come to see you later.

Get well soon! Good evening ma'am.

Don't talk to him like that,
a policeman can be helpful.

Then he doesn't want me arrested?

I cleaned up. It was a mess,
the fridge smelled awful.

I bought some groceries too.

Thanks.

Sit down. You must rest,
the doctor insisted.

After these operations you need rest.

I changed the sheets,
you can even go lie down.

O.K., I'll drive Dad home,
grab some things and be right back.
Back? You're staying?
Darling, in your condition,
you can't stay alone.
What about Dad?
Dad does fine, he only
needs help to go out.
Don't stay, I can manage,
and Dad needs you more.
Miss?
Hello, excuse me, is Arthur there?
Uh, yes. Who are you?
He's very tired.
Oh Isabelle...
Alice.
Alice?
What's with you?
What happened?
Arthur had a bad accident,
he's still a bit...
What?
It's nothing, I'm living proof.
Alright Mom, you want someone
to take care of me, so here...
Alice will take care of me.
Never seen you like that, you were
unbridled. I don't recognize you.
- It's still me.
- Mind you, I'm not complaining.
Before you were...
... more closed up...
More modest, I guess.
Before I was stupid.
Now it's now.
I know I love you,
I want to live with you.
Don't want to lose you,
don't want you to go away.
I thought you had died.
I want you to move in.
Tomorrow we'll get your things.
Tomorrow could be tough,
I have a Paris to Sao Paulo.

I'll be back in 3 days.
Can I see you to the airport?
What about work?
Hours are 9 to 6 for employees,

it's now 12:

You came for lunch or
you take me for a fool?
You're no fool, Mr. Colbert,
and I'm not hungry right now.
- What's that rebellious tone?
Is this a new thing? - Yes.
You had to be at Wiesman's last week,
and at McHearn's the week before.
That leaves you 8 days
to do a month's work.
That's it, I came to say not to
count on me for 2 or 3 weeks.
- I'm convalescing. - What's this?
That's not in my vocabulary.
- Now you know a new word.
- Have you lost your mind?
All your crooked scams,
what are they good for?
That's my business.
Afflicting workers, then firing them
like dogs when they aren't needed.
almost 400 at Wiesman's.
That's not your business,
not your responsibility.
Another word you need to learn:
Ethics. E-thics.
You bend over so much, you need
a cervical collar to straighten up.
You don't respect the workers,
you humiliate them.
Taking advantage of your small power.
Terrorizing people who
don't have a choice.

So to summarize:

You're a big jerk, fuck you,
your contracts, and your company.
So? How did it go?

He was very understanding.
If basements get you hot,
we'll have to rent a cellar.
Take care.
You're allowed to phone, you know?
- I love you.
- I love you.
Good.
How are you feeling, Mr. Seligman?
Very well.
Going home went smoothly?
No problems?
No problems.
Why should I have problems?
Why do you want to see me?
A simple check-up.
A precoma always destructures identity.
It can rebuild, but there can be issues.
Meaning what?
Meaning, you might have had
an uncommunicative phase...
Hallucinations, feelings of
persecution, it happens.
I'm talking, not paranoid,
not acting strangely...
I have all my reason.
Reason makes us believe what's
most convenient, Mr. Seligman.
But the subconscious
is brutal with reality.
I wanted to make sure you didn't
have problems in your surroundings.
I'm very well in my surroundings,
very well indeed.
Well good then.
I was worried about you, your
recovery was very agitated, painful.
You spoke a great deal.
I recorded you.
It's all here.
Take it. It's yours.
Everything you said in those hours,
direct access to your subconscious.
A kind of black box.

Take it.

It's very interesting, you'll see.

- Faster! Faster!

- You don't have to pedal!

Faster, we're late!

Faster, we're late!

Mom!

Mom!

Yvan didn't die because of me.

- Nobody ever said that!

- I did, for the last 30 years!

I was wrong, that's

not what happened!

There was a car! A car

caused the accident.

There were no reports of a car...

- You never mentioned a car.

- I was in shock!

- You weren't injured, you we're lucky.

- Stop with the luck!

Luck would have been

not having an accident.

But you were unharmed.

Unharmed...

I thought it was all forgotten,

but it's still in there.

I swallowed all the guilt

and it festered inside me.

Arthur!

It wasn't me, there was a car!

the papers must have printed

something about the accident..

Nothing at all.

There was an investigation,

what were the findings?

I don't know, your mother called me.

I got to the hospital 2 hours later.

How 2 hours later?

You were in the U.S.

and returned in 2 hours?

From Texas?

- You were in Texas, no?

- Well yes.

We got a postcard from Dad.

You weren't in Texas.

- But I was.

- You just don't remember the details...

You father spent a month there,
they were looking for oil.

We never found any.

- Texas doesn't exist.

- Why do you say that?

- Dad, what's the capital of Texas?

- Arthur!

Wichita?

No, it's Austin.

Why all these questions?

Are you paranoid my boy?

Texas doesn't exist.

You never went to Texas.

Not for a month, not 3 days.

You left, sure, but not as far.

And not alone.

You got there 2 hours later.

You lied to me,

and you're still lying.

You left with another woman.

That was your Texas.

Lost your head over a woman.

This is Soraya. She works with me.

That's none of your business,

you were too young to understand.

Am I old enough now?

I lost my head.

She was 20.

Then...when Yvan died,

I came back.

And I forgave. So stop torturing us.

- Hello ma'am.

- What a little sweetheart!

Can I have a kiss?

Texas doesn't exist.

He wants me to fall. To die.

RP-50 RP-50

Mr. Seligman.

If I give you a partial plate,

can you find the driver's name?

Well, it's 2 A.M.

- You are a policeman?

- Yes, but it's 2 A.M.

You have this in your computers.

Sure, I suppose.

- What's going on?

- Go back to bed.

- What's your name again?

- Koskas. Marc. Yes.

Mr. Koskas, no guesswork,

I need certainties.

You have this kind of info?

Yes or no?

- Yes.

- Very good.

It gets complicated, since the car
in question is no longer on the road.

- For many years now.

- How many? - 30 years.

Well that's...I don't want to lose hope,
but partial number, no car model...
and it's also 2 A.M.

It was high off the ground like a 4X4.

- 30 years ago? A Jeep perhaps?

- Yes. possibly.

To investigate this, I'll need
a warrant signed by a judge.

Or you can file a complaint, but...

Don't try and confuse me with
judicial jargon, I'm asking a favor.

Just a name. Period.

- O.K.?

- No, not O.K.

Such a search can be traced and
I risk administrative sanctions.

Fine.

He wants me to fall...

Fynoil buys out ACGroup by March 24th...

Fynoil buying ACGroup? Nonsense.

A fly can bite an elephant, not eat it.

- Impossible, my friend.

- Why impossible?

- Do you know what ACGroup is?

- No.

- And Fynoil?

- Neither, never of them.

I'll explain:

powerful oil company,
tentacles in all sectors: agribusiness,
computers, subsidiaries like TRC, Comeco...

- Comeco?

- Yes, you know them?

- Yes.

- And so?

So nothing.

Yes Jeanne...See you buddy.

Come in.

Yes...I'll call you back.

It was tough what you asked me,
this was before our computers.

I had to use older archives,
they asked a bunch of questions...

Alright...we're screwed?

Range Rover licence 445 RP-50 enough?

That's the owner's name.

Brigitte Marchand?

- It wasn't a woman.

- Anyway, she's been dead 10 years.

But more importantly: The car was
reported stolen the night before.

- No, you can't come through here.

- I have to see the psychologist.

Move it, sir.

What's going on? She's isn't here?

The one treating me, forgot her name...

- Dr. Brenner?

- Brenner, yes.

- There are cops in her office.

- She was assaulted.

- By whom?

- Don't know, they're investigating.

Is she hurt?

I heard she'll pull through,
but I don't have details.

- What's wrong?

- I don't know.

I feel...can't really explain...

- Relax, calm down.

- Someone broke into my home.
Everything I said disappeared,
but it's all right here.

- What's there?

- Everything is! Me!

You know about the accident
with my brother when I was a child?
You parents told me...
For 30 years I was told I was lucky,
but that's not true!
That it was nobody's fault,
not true either!
I feel guilty. Guilty to be alive!
The lucky one!
Not a great place to be in,
rather uncomfortable.
I see his feet and his legs,
but can't picture the face. Nothing.

- Whose face?

- The guy! RP-50, who knocked us over...
I can't see his face.
What would that change?
Everything! I'd be freed!
I need to see his face and I will!
Sorry.
There might be a solution:
Did you return where it happened?

- No.

- I'm no shrink, no guarantees, but...
It could trigger a memory.
Lights might go off, recreating
the scene, standing in the same place...
Memory feeds from the 5 senses,
maybe a scent, textures of objects.
One shouldn't press
too close to the truth.
Our wings get burned.
Forgetting is a vital need.
It's a nightmare to never forget, no?
We must crush annoying memories.
You couldn't do that.
But then neither could I.
He was just a child.
You only had to hold out your hand.

Just hold out your hand.
I think about it every day.
For 30 years. It's hell.
I can't take it.
It's here inside me as well.
I played it back
hundreds of times.
You ruined my life.
I often wished to kill you.
There's no hatred inside me.
Nor inside you.
We met in a moment,
in the wrong place.
Let it go.
Please.
You and I have
something in common.
Guilt.
It keeps us from living,
it strangles us.
The prison in here is the worst.
There's only one way out.
I wrote a letter before coming.
It will save your problems
with the law.
No!
No!
No!