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# Do Not Disturb

By Yvan Attal

Go on.  
Go on, Ben.  
Please, baby, come inside me.  
Wait!  
Stay inside me, please.  
Who the fuck is that?  
Yes?  
Ben Azuelos?  
Yes.  
You 're under arrest  
for sodomy in 7997.  
don't fuckin' believe it!  
Shit, man!  
Don't fuckin' believe it!  
Fuck!  
Fuckin' crazy!  
Jeez...  
Where have you been?  
Where the hell have you been?  
What's that?  
- What is that?  
- This?  
The new me!  
The new you!  
You old bastard!  
Who's the father?!  
How dare you? What about you?  
I'm glad to see you.  
Que tal?  
Ola.  
Anna, Jeff. This is Jeff.  
Come on down, Anna.  
It's Jeff...  
The guy who wasn't at our wedding!  
Yes, Jeff who wasn't at the wedding!  
Right, Jeff.  
I'm so pleased to meet you.  
Crazy!  
You've got a car, a wife,  
fine art books on the coffee table.  
It's cool! Damn cool!  
It's cool to see you.  
- Love you.  
- Love you, too.

Dig you, man.  
Don't dig you yet.  
But I'm sure will soon.  
Listen, get your bag.  
We'll get you settled in.  
Sure?  
Hang on. brought you a...  
Hang on.  
A souvenir.  
A duck from Mexico.  
- Is he staying long?  
- don't know.  
A day or two.  
I'm sorry. couldn't have known.  
Expect you'd have told me if  
you knew a pal was coming at 2 AM.  
Especially one like him!  
God, I'm sorry.  
Why couldn't you have waited  
two minutes?  
We'll do it tomorrow.  
Really want a baby.  
Ben, it's the right time.  
Know. want a baby, too.  
Swear we'll do it tomorrow.  
I'll save my strength.  
I'll mobilize my little soldiers.  
Mobilize away!  
You naked in there?  
We're making your bed.  
This is fuckin' great!  
Wanna go climbing!  
We'll do that!  
Yeah!  
OK, I'm going to bed.  
I'll be right up.  
Buenas noche.  
Buenas n och es!  
Love you, honey.  
Now dig you!  
- See you tomorrow.  
- Thanks again.  
She's great.  
- Really great.

- know she is.  
- Was still in Mexico this morning.  
- Fuck!  
You're all wet, hon!  
First lived in  
San Cristobal DE was Casas  
in Chiapas.  
It's the southernmost state  
in Mexico.  
Set up an art project  
with some people there.  
We needed some financing,  
so came back to get investors  
and galleries on board.  
Long story short...  
was at the airport and thought:  
"Where do want to go?  
thought it was high time  
saw you again.  
Nice life you've got.  
It's easy to live the way do.  
But don't know if could live  
the way you do.  
Meaning?  
Don't know. All this!  
All what?  
Your life...  
It's easy as pie.  
At the supermarket,  
you pick up a girl.  
You kiss her.  
Next thing you know, you're married,  
with a house...  
and you turn the study  
into the baby's room.  
- No!  
- Just in case.  
To be honest, thought  
you'd done it long ago.  
We're working on it.  
I'm past the defense line.  
The goal mouth is clear.  
But only shoot penalties  
into an empty goal!

It's the biggest thing  
you could do with your life.  
Huge!  
Huge.  
I'm working tomorrow.  
Make yourself at home.  
I'm off to bed.  
OK, cool.  
Tell me...  
don't know if you have  
anything planned tomorrow...  
- We could...  
- Sure.  
It's weird to see you again.  
Good weird.  
Come here.  
Sweet dreams you have!  
Too you.  
- Hello, my love.  
- Hello, my love.  
- OK?  
- And you, darling?  
??? glad today's over at last.  
Me too. Listen...  
had a call from Jeff  
He was seeing  
that gallery owner girl.  
Guess what? He's at her place.  
Wow!  
You said it.  
She's having a party  
with the neighbors, roommates...  
Some artists or something.  
Jeff asked me to drop by.  
So thought...  
thought maybe I'd drop by.  
Let's have him over for dinner?  
Get to know each other?  
could do my homemade pasta.  
We 'll open a nice bottle of wine.  
Great, sweetie.  
I'll pick him up.  
I'll start dinner.  
Love you, honey.

Me too.  
Monica!  
Hello.  
You're Ben!  
I've heard so much about you.  
Welcome. Come on in.  
Hi, pal.  
Hey, mister!  
What're you doing?  
Want a hug  
- Come here.  
- Don't touch me.  
It looks so good.  
What is it?  
My specialty, Corsican quiche!  
- Shit!  
- What?  
Anna's making dinner to welcome you  
- Who's Anna?  
- My wife.  
Tell her to come.  
We're having a party.  
Friday night is Gomorrah Party.  
Common...  
I'll ask her.  
She can taste my quiche.  
I'll get you a corkscrew.  
Ben, Lilly. Lilly, Ben.  
Hi, Lilly.  
Making a salad?  
No, I'm making salad dressing.  
- Here.  
- Thanks.  
Whose place is this?  
My chick's.  
Who's your chick?  
Monica?  
OK, see.  
- They've hit it off.  
- So see.  
She's into guys at times.  
Up to her.  
- It works for her.  
- Cool.

What line are you in?  
Town planner. In transport.  
You?  
- Me?  
- What do you do in life?  
Live.  
What else can you do?  
And the dad?  
I'll make a call.  
- Hey...  
- When will you be here?  
There's a slight change in plans.  
Jeff got talked into having dinner  
with this girl...  
It's actually  
more of a pick-up plan...  
Hi.  
Ben .7  
was just saying hi to someone.  
It's a bummer...  
you're making dinner...  
I'm Franck.  
A pleasure.  
Ben .7  
Where was ?  
It's a pain,  
you're already making dinner  
and Jeff is staying here.  
He's staying there?  
get the impression.  
Too bad. It' doesn't matter.  
You can come if you want.  
They really insisted.  
Yeah, come.  
What?  
That was Franck...  
See ya.  
Who.7  
Get this!  
You won't believe it. This guy  
came in while we were talking...  
I'm in the bathroom. And this guy  
starts pissing in front of me  
like wasn't even there.

- No way!  
- This place is weird.  
It's called "Sodom and Gomorrah."  
And they mean it literally.  
Sodom and Gomorrah?  
Yeah, and you're welcome.  
Prefer my pasta!  
Why don't stay a while  
to be polite, then I'll come home.  
Perfect.  
We 'll relish your dinner  
and everything else we had planned.  
My little soldiers!  
I'll be waiting.  
The two of us  
will have a fabulous dinner.  
Can 'l' wait.  
Screw Jeff.  
Yeah, sore w Jeff Goodbye  
Bye.  
- Come here, you.  
- Get away!  
It counts steps!  
It's a fucking pedometer!  
It counts steps! don't believe it.  
One and two and three...  
No thanks.  
Or maybe.  
Nah. OK, yes.  
They touch, they intermingle,  
but you never really see  
who they are,  
or how many they are.  
As they touch, their bodies blend  
into a single entity.  
It's aesthetically stunning.  
Adore its spiritual side.  
What are you guys talking about?  
A film we saw at Hump.  
At what?  
Hump  
You don't know Hump?  
Never heard of it.  
It's a porn film festival.



They hold it in Seattle every year.  
It's an open festival  
with creative erotic films.  
Creative and alternative.  
Not just gonzo.  
There's a jury and a selection.  
You watch the films  
in a big theater.  
It's an exploration.  
It's sex pushed  
to the ultimate limit.  
Afterward s they destroy the films.  
So they don't haunt you.  
It's like an artistic happening.  
I'll make a film!  
You will, huh?  
Why not?  
Whatsit you do?  
I'm going to do...  
something rad.

**ASSHOLE:**

I'm going to make  
a beautiful, grandiose film.  
The deepest, most poetic film ever.  
You never saw me fuck.  
Never had the pleasure.  
I'm a real beauty.  
Yeah...  
A raw beauty!  
Beauty and the Beast.  
You're going to make a porn flick?  
No, an art flick.  
Erotic art.  
Fuck you.  
You're pissed off  
because you're fettered.  
What's that mean?  
You're settled.  
So you're pissed off.  
Doesn't stop me.  
- You're gonna do porn?  
- If feel like it.  
What kind of porn

do you have in mind?

What kind?

Yeah, what kind of porn?

Soft, hard, fetish, vintage,

glamor, Latino,

anal, a cum flick...

- Bi...

- Eco?

- Eco!

- Well?

First need a camera.

If you're acting, get a zoom lens.

A macro zoom lens.

Blah, blah.

You should check out their site.

They have the synopses

of their films.

- Like the one with E.T.

- E.T.?

He comes back to see Elliot.

There's still light

but it's not in his fingertip...

Listen to this!

"Experimental pop art:  
artists eat food coloring  
to ejaculate colored cum  
onto a transparent screen."

What's she doing?

Is that a traffic cone?

Everything's been done.

Just tap "porno" in Google.

If we make a film,

it's got to be something unique.

Hear you.

Then I'll fuck you.

That's so old.

It's not like gay porn was rare.

She's right, we've seen tons.

Guys on top of guys, under guys,  
inside guys. A fucking bore.

That having been said...

No one has ever filmed  
non-gay man-on-man action.

Straight guys fucking.

Guys like you, fucking.  
She's right.  
I'll fuck you.  
- Are you nuts?  
- You chicken?  
What's an artist?  
Isn't it someone who pushes limits?  
You're the artist, I'll fuck you.  
Could you do it?  
Could you do it?  
If you could, it would be fabulous.  
But can you really do it?  
I'll swallow a pill and swear  
I'll tear you inside out!  
You've got something.  
That's what we'll do.  
- Ready?  
- What for?  
Us. Two straights. Four nuts.  
It transcends gay...  
It's beyond gay.  
It's what are you doing in my butt?  
Seriously, if you can express  
your long friendship like this...  
Friendship always contains love.  
- Love you Ben.  
- Love you Jeff.  
If were on the jury,  
I'd give you first prize.  
It would be magnificent!  
Magnificent.  
A work of art.  
Not only can't trust you,  
but your child can't either.  
Before he's even born,  
before he's here, you let him down.  
When he needs you most,  
when he needs your sperm  
and your genetic resources...  
You let him down.  
He's done everything possible  
to come to you...  
and you're with people  
who aren't even ovulating.

Ben,  
come home.  
If you are satisfied  
with your message, press 7  
if you would like to re-record it  
love you, but bet  
when you've sobered up  
tomorrow, you'll back out.  
Even in your wildest dreams,  
you'd never do it.  
OK, let's sign up now.  
I'll book us a hotel room right now.  
We'll do your film.  
I'll book it now.  
- What?  
- Nothing.  
- Sunday night?  
- I'll nail you.  
No way. I'll nail you.  
- I'll call 'em up.  
- We draw lots.  
- I'll call.  
- Let me hear.  
No problem.  
Want to quit?  
Don't want to quit!  
Information, how may help you?  
Hello, could you put me through to  
the Sofitel at Porte DE Champerret?  
I'll nail you!  
Please hold.  
Thank you.  
Can still hang up.  
I'm gonna crucify you!  
- Should I put you through?  
- Yes.  
All the way through!  
...23452.  
And the security code...  
Forget security!  
Single or queen -size?  
Queen-size is fine.  
Yes, just one night.  
Thanks a lot.

I'm the one paying.  
I'm the one fucking you.  
'Morning.  
Nice wake-up call.  
How about "Good morning"?  
No talking. I'm busy.  
Yeah, you look busy.  
Shut up!  
What the hell is this?  
Forget it.  
Sorry, but this is a bit weird.  
What happened last night?  
- Well?  
- Wait a minute.  
Can we rewind? You come in  
and straddle me brutally.  
You know was ovulating last night.  
thought we could try this morning.  
Sorry, fucked up.  
I'm sorry, OK?  
What did you do last night?  
Was with Jeff.  
He was wasted. thought  
should keep an eye on him.  
So...  
decided to sober up  
before coming home.  
It took you till 4 AM to sober up?  
Come on, Ben, don't bullshit me!  
Jeff's a big boy.  
You haven't seen him in ages.  
He managed fine without your help.  
It was a cool party.  
Yeah, mean,  
they won't become my best friends,  
but it was fun, you know.  
It was nice to see some new faces,  
to talk, to hang out.  
Enjoyed it, OK?  
Anna...  
We're gonna have kids. We shouldn't  
cut ourselves off from others.  
We should throw parties like that.  
"We" should throw parties?

You left me all alone last night.  
Invited you!  
You invited me? You invited me!  
Yes, invited you.  
Everyone invited you.  
" Don't know if you'll like it,  
they're weird..."  
Sounded like fun!  
That was before  
the mood changed, OK?  
Should've called back.  
You met a girl?  
What?  
Did you?  
What's this?  
OK, drop it.  
Sorry.  
Screwed up. apologize.  
Screwed up. apologize.  
Forgive me, my love.  
Love you, I'm sorry.  
My love, I'm sorry.  
Screwed up.  
It's my fault, screwed up.  
Croissants!  
Muchas gracias.  
Game!  
5-1.  
My serve.  
Time-out.  
Spoken to your coach?  
Can we start?  
I'm concentrating.  
Ready?  
Player 719 serve.  
Don't mess around!  
OK, no messing.  
Sure?  
You fuckin' jerk!  
Don't take it so seriously.  
You bitch!  
You're too serious!  
I'm serious!  
Bitch!

See if I'm serious!  
Get off me!  
You'll do the shopping, right?  
Are we done after this?  
Want to visit some galleries,  
maybe get laid.  
Isn't that already done?  
What?  
I'm trying to remember...  
Don't pretend  
you can't remember last night.  
Sorry, got you  
into some twisted shit.  
Look, it was a weird night.  
It happens. Not your fault.  
It fuckin' is.  
Turn up at your place,  
we get wasted,  
talk about gay sex,  
leave your wife at home.  
Don't worry about her.  
You didn't make me stay.  
Could've gone home.  
Had a great time.  
You don't have to apologize.  
We go back along way, even if  
our lives are very different.  
And in the life you have now, I'm  
not sure it was very appropriate.  
I'm not judging you-  
Look, Mr. Jacques Kerouac,  
with your crappy bandana,  
I'm not that much of a homebody.  
Everything's black or white to you.  
Just think  
it's a great art project.  
Think it's great, too.  
But in your situation...  
My situation?  
Are you trying 10...?  
- Won't force you.  
- know.  
I'm just saying  
last night, we were drunk,

so you can back out.  
Forget your preconceived ideas  
about me, OK?  
Each man for himself.  
I'll do it if like.  
My marriage won't stop me  
doing anything.  
Anna and are very close.  
You wouldn't know.  
But we have an open relationship,  
we're free to do as we like.  
I'm just saying...  
Don't decide for me.  
I'm not.  
I'm talking to you as a friend.  
There's no problem, that's all.  
You know, you can...  
You're not bound by it.  
We're very different now.  
Look, shut up for a minute.  
I'll end up thinking  
you're narrow-minded or retarded.  
Stop trying to find excuses for me.  
You know what?  
It's like you're trying to blame me  
for what you can't face up to.  
Be honest...  
Shoot.  
Do you think you can screw me  
for this film tomorrow?  
You bet.  
You could or you would?  
Would.  
You won't say to me:  
"We should go our own separate ways,  
'cause an artist's life..."  
Not that again.  
It was 15 years ago!  
You didn't need me in Peru  
to write poems on coca leaves.  
Could you still leave a pal  
high and dry  
or do you have a code of ethics now?  
I will do it.



You will?  
So will .  
- Yeah?  
- Yeah, you bet.  
We shouldn't do it as a challenge  
or 'cause we feel obliged to.  
We'll do it for art's sake!  
It may be crazy,  
but it's a great idea!  
Right! We're pushing back  
the limits of art!  
- Will you tell your wife?  
- Sure.  
How do you think she'll react?  
Can't know what she'll say,  
but I'll explain it to her.  
If it's a problem, won't do it.  
But think she'll be OK with it,  
'cause she trusts me.  
That's marriage.  
You don't believe me?  
You're the one freaking out.  
You don't have to do it.  
Tell Anna and let me know.  
If she's OK, I'm OK.  
Leave Anna out of this.  
I'll deal with her.  
So are we on?  
We're on.  
OK, we're on.  
- Seriously?  
- Do look like I'm joking?  
We're on.  
- Tomorrow night?  
- Tomorrow night, yeah.  
You can still back out.  
I'm not backing out.  
I'm gonna bareback you!  
I'll be there.  
Me too.  
Sorry about last night.  
It's my fault.  
Agree, it was stupid.  
Sometimes you're stupid,

then get stupid too.  
Was stupid this morning  
whereas you're more stupid  
in the evening!  
Love you.  
Me too.  
Need to tell you something.  
Let the cat out of the bag...  
Or the duck.  
Or the duck, right  
Talking of Jeff...  
want everything.  
Me too.  
He's lost, you know.  
I watched him last night...  
It's touching how he wants  
his life to have meaning.  
The good news is, he met people  
over there. They hit it off.  
They take part in an art festival.  
They've asked him to join them.  
And he's totally into it!  
I'm not sure...  
He asked me to help him.  
Yeah, sure.  
What festival is it?  
It sounds kinda weird.  
It's a festival,  
an anal... annual festival.  
They do art films that are...  
a bit...  
A bit what?  
Dunno. They make films,  
then destroy them!  
Hump?  
What?  
- The festival?  
- You know Hump?  
It's a porn film festival.  
Is it?  
Yes, it is.  
Maybe. Don't jump down my throat  
It's mainly artsy.  
Yeah, it promotes porn's artistic

aspect rather than its mundane one!  
Right.  
They're skin flicks.  
- Whatsit you do?  
- Lend a hand.  
I'll make coffee and sandwiches...  
I'll help him.  
He's motivated for once.  
They're doing it tomorrow.  
want to help a pal. It'd be cool.  
Can't help out a pal?  
Sure you can.  
How do you know Hump?  
Oh, right!  
Well played, girls!  
Team spirit!  
No problem.  
Can handle it.  
You can even call your girlfriends.  
Yeah, you too.  
What the fuck's that for?  
Depends...  
Opinions differ.  
You scared?  
Don't freak out. It doesn't bite!  
You could've said  
it was a costume ball.  
Common, relax.  
How'll you cope with a real one?  
A hot one moving up and down  
behind you!  
Well, thought  
we could do something more natural.  
That's not  
what we had planned, sweetie.  
Sorry.  
Suggest that for tonight,  
we use my tool.  
If all parties aren't satisfied,  
we can try  
to introduce the...  
No reason  
for one cock to drive away another.  
OK, no problemo.

Could stay and watch and jerk off.  
You want a hetero trip?  
Two girls for you,  
and you control the joystick?  
Can't we play with you a bit?  
Feel threatened?  
Don't be.  
Don't want  
to get between the two of you.  
I'm very disappointed.  
You're not the only one.  
Guess I'm just too...  
conventional for you.  
Muchachas!  
Adios, amigo.  
We're finishing up dinner.  
Let's go out for a drink.  
It's cool. A drink is cool.  
- We don't have to...  
- Give me the phone.  
Give me the phone!  
Hi, Jeff. And you?  
Why don't we grab a drink together?  
We can't leave you alone.  
It's no trouble. Where are you?  
Great, know a bar there.  
What?  
I'm just looking at you.  
We'll never find a parking space.  
Let me out. You're a pain.  
You're abandoning me?  
I'm not abandoning you.  
- See you in a sec.  
- OK. See you.  
Did you have a nice evening?  
Yes, very nice.  
How about you?  
Don't know... strange.  
Whatsit you have?  
The same as you.  
Was the poet,  
he was the illustrator.  
And he dumped me  
for an unpaid apprenticeship.

That idiot!  
He had talent.  
But he didn't believe in himself.  
So he blew off the trip  
we'd been planning for ages.  
We named ourselves  
after the famous road adventurers...  
Kerouac... Easy Rider.  
Went alone,  
but it amounted to nothing.  
Never graduated.  
And hold your husband responsible.  
- That idiot.  
- What's he doing anyway?  
- A valet parking apprenticeship.  
- Unpaid!  
Unpaid.  
You're a cool chick.  
Thank you for the compliment.  
That's not what meant.  
What meant was that  
I'm a big fat stubborn moron.  
That's what meant.  
Know. know look kind of...  
- But at the same time...  
- Yes?  
He was right.  
You can't judge a guy  
by his pleated pants,  
his pedometer and his wife.  
A pedometer is very sexy.  
You dig that kind of stuff?  
We'll use it tomorrow.  
- Really?  
- Yeah. We have it all planned out.  
Yeah, he told me.  
wanted to ask you... I'm curious.  
Hump!  
want to hear all about it.  
You know Hump?  
I'm blown away by your open mind.  
Shit!  
Do really look that uptight?  
- He told you about our project?

- Of course.  
Kind of weird, huh?  
But since you're cool with it...  
Well?  
Only guys like you and Ben  
could go through with it.  
It's just one night.  
It won't change your relationship.  
Our relationship?  
The film is  
of you and Ben sleeping together?  
Totally wild, huh?  
Hump, hump, hump!  
Anna, what's wrong?  
What's going on?  
What did you do?  
You said you'd tell her.  
She said she knew...  
Shut up, both of you!  
- You told her?  
- Didn't you tell her?  
- "You told her?  
- was going to.  
Wanted to tell you earlier.  
This wasn't the plan.  
Everything got off to a bad start.  
You freaked out at the word "porn."  
freaked out?  
Don't believe it!  
My guy is going to make  
a skin flick tomorrow  
with his pal!  
Please, calm down.  
What's going on in your head?  
Calm down. Take a deep breath.  
Can we get my car?  
We talk here and now.  
Why are you doing this?  
Don't know.  
Ever since art school,  
we said we'd do something together.  
"Something"?  
Anna, please!  
- Listen!

- Go away.  
- Wait.  
- Go away!  
I'm sorry.  
Good evening, ma'am.  
Ticket control.  
Your ticket, please.  
Don't know where ...  
Do you have a piece of ID?  
A piece of ID?  
My name, my sex,  
my distinguishing marks.  
You think that sums up  
my true identity?  
You don't care.  
No-one cares.  
No-one ever knows anyone.  
Listen here, Mrs...  
That's right, "Mrs."!  
Mrs. Ben Azuelos!  
From the "Ben and Jeff comedy act.  
They horse around and wrestle  
like they were 14 years old.  
Know how this will end.  
Their totally wild" thing.  
Thought knew the man  
was living with.  
And suddenly...  
his best friend opens my eyes.  
They never admitted it,  
but it's coming out now.  
It's not just about fucking.  
It's much deeper,  
much sicker than that.  
Mrs. Azuelos...  
Mrs. Azuelos...  
Good evening.  
Can tell you something  
I've never told anyone?  
Was 18 when came to Paris.  
Had no friends,  
so rented lots of films.  
The guy at the video shop suggested  
some documentary on architecture.

It looked interesting enough.  
Got home and watched the film.  
Almost died of boredom. Awful.  
The next day went back  
to return the film.  
He looked at me.  
Don't know why,  
said it was fabulous.  
There was something about him.  
Then discover it's part one  
of a ten-part series!  
So the guy gives me part two,  
and go home and watch it.  
It's even worse.  
So decide to tell him the truth.  
Go back to the video shop.  
take one look at him  
and say liked it even better.  
And so on.  
Every day, rented  
another part of his collection.  
And every day, said loved it.  
When was finished, felt sad.  
Maybe was afraid we'd have  
nothing else to talk about.  
Couldn't get him off my mind.  
His nut-hugger jean shorts,  
his hairy white legs,  
his protruding eyes...  
even imagined myself kissing him  
And you know what?  
It didn't feel all that strange.  
Started imagining his balls  
wondered if they were hairy.  
Was so flipped out  
never set foot back in the shop.  
I'm telling you,  
it was a weird feeling.  
Sometimes think should've tried.  
Should've tried it with a dude.  
It pisses me off  
that I'm not more open.  
Between the way see myself and  
what am, there's a fucking abyss.



Didn't do anything with him.  
- Know.  
- Just want to make it clear.  
Was talking about myself.  
Know you're not gay.  
Know you know.  
Wish were more of a fag.  
It'd make tomorrow easier.  
Tomorrow!  
Do you think sleeping with someone  
breaks something?  
Mean,  
how many ex-lovers  
are you still friends with?  
It's far worse...  
never stay more than five minutes  
after ejaculating.  
You don't plan on coming in me?  
So you agree I'm fucking you?  
We said we'd draw lots.  
Bring the condoms.  
In the plural?  
Don't know why told you  
that story. It's so weird.  
'Cause even if think  
know what am,  
still felt something for that guy.  
Don't think  
ever felt anything like that.  
Me either, personally.  
But do like George Michael.  
Does that mean anything?  
Hey guys, what about Dalida?  
More words, always words  
The same words  
Nothing but words...  
You OK?  
It was along night.  
Don't know why I'm doing this,  
but feel committed.  
The only explanation have  
is that my personality  
has several facets.  
Multiple aspects.

When we met, one of these facets  
fell head over heels for you.  
It was exciting.  
Wanted to spend my life with you,  
buy a house, have kids.  
But then...  
this facet  
grew bigger  
It grew until it took over.  
It turned into a monster  
that devoured all other aspects  
of my personality.  
Overall, I'm happy-  
But must not be that happy  
because want to do this thing.  
Then you have to do it.  
Are you serious?  
Yes.  
You talk about the different facets  
of your personality.  
Do you think I'm just an image stuck  
in the kitchen. Your little wife?  
No.  
My world isn't confined to you.  
You're not enough for me either.  
Of course...  
mean, can imagine.  
What do you mean?  
You remember when  
went to Benedicte's party,  
the one with her friends?  
About a year ago?  
Drank too much.  
And let myself go with some guy  
in the bathroom.  
We hadn't even spoken much  
to each other. It was something...  
It was animal like.  
He instantly turned me on.  
The more he touched me,  
the more wanted.  
It's like he opened a door.  
A door to a part of myself...  
that didn't know.

And came a different way.  
It was powerful.  
It did me good. It was fantastic.  
Afterward s,  
knew what was coming home to.  
Knew what I wanted.  
Everything was clear to me.  
It's as if  
As if was.  
yours.  
was with you, was your wife  
And yet,  
could turn on the whole world.  
It made me...  
It blew my mind.  
It's as if you came with me too  
It felt good.  
It was soothing.  
And it was simple.  
It only happened once.  
Never told you because...  
maybe my vision of you  
was too rigid.  
Now see what you mean  
about me not being enough.  
Listen...  
don't ask me to try to understand  
what you're doing, because can't.  
It was only once?  
Shut up and listen to me.  
It's not the same.  
You have to do this.  
We can't live together  
if we keep things locked inside.  
They have to come out.  
Or go in.  
Do what you want.  
But you need to know  
if this is essential for you.  
You need to know now,  
before we have a child.  
Good evening.  
- Who is it?  
- It's me.

- Me who?  
- Come on, open up.  
Hey pal, come in.  
Got us the wedding suite.  
It's very beige.  
Every modern comfort.  
Here's the gear.  
Listen...  
know it's not exactly  
what we had in mind but...  
it'll give it a certain mood.  
A grassroots feel, an artsy touch.  
It's a film about two pals.  
So think it'll do the job.  
It has a few special effects  
and we can retouch it.  
OK, cool.  
The thing that makes  
this whole story  
original and interesting is that  
it's about two straight friends  
getting off together.  
But how will people know  
we're really straight  
if we don't tell them?  
You mean like an introduction?  
Bingo.  
To be honest, think it shows  
on my mug that I'm straight.  
No?  
That's good.  
Can you just...  
That's perfect.  
Cool.  
OK then  
It's rolling.  
Hi, I'm Ben.  
I'm Jean-Francois.  
Everyone calls me Jeff.  
- We're making...  
- A film.  
A film.  
No. Cut.  
Seattle. Gotta do it in English.

You think so?  
With the hat and in English.  
This is stupid.  
We're French, we do it in French.  
We'll subtitle the beginning.  
Especially since the other part  
will be more visual.  
- ??? Ben.  
- ??? Jeff  
- Go on.  
- No, you start  
So, we're making a film.  
But first,  
we wanted to introduce ourselves.  
We 're old friends,

**we've known ear:**

We were at art school together  
and when we finished,  
we said we'd do something together.  
But we took very different paths.  
Jeff has become a sort  
of adventurer who travels the world.  
I'm married, have a wife, a house.  
All that jazz.  
He turned up two days ago.  
And here we are.  
- And so  
- And so  
we heard about your festival  
at a party.  
And we thought  
it would be kind of original to see  
two straight guys in action  
in front of the camera.  
We were totally trashed  
when we got the idea,  
but then it turned in to  
a hetero macho trip.  
I'm the dude, I'll nail you.  
- No, I'll nail you.  
- I'll nail you.  
But we managed to get past' that  
and here we are.

We can 'l' say we 're exactly relaxed.  
We 're actually pretty scared.  
But we said to ourselves:  
Isn't an artist's real role  
to push limits to the extreme?  
You bet.  
So here we are  
and guess you're going to see...  
What you're going to see.  
I think it's in the can.  
I'm good if you are.  
- We can always change it later.  
- Yeah.  
But it's good for now. It's good.  
I've got this funny feeling  
in my gut.  
You bet.  
Let's stop yacking  
and just get to it.  
You know what?  
I'll put the camera right here,  
next to the bed.  
I'll count to five and we kiss.  
This is it.  
What about our tongues?  
Maybe it would be more...  
More what?  
Don't know, more...  
Whose tongue, yours or mine?  
How about both?  
We've got to stop thinking  
or we'll go nuts.  
We can draw lots?  
We're not going to draw lots  
over a French kiss!  
- Our tongues will improvise.  
- Instinctively.  
Instinctively.  
Instinctively!  
Hang on.  
Wait.  
Gotta piss.  
Hurry UP-  
Ready?

Ready?

Ready!

- Five.

- Four.

- Three.

- Two.

One.

That wasn't so bad.

- It wasn't so horrible.

- It wasn't so horrible.

It was awful.

Awful.

This'll be tough.

Agree.

We'll do it "Pretty Woman" style.

Agree, no kissing.

Kissing is too intimate,  
we just need to...

- Charge in.

- Charge in.

No big deal.

No big deal!

Pure muscle. Check it out.

It's well hidden.

No big deal!

That's it, let's go.

No big deal. Socks?

Socks, OK.

We've taken a huge fuckin' step.

Hang on,

can make a weird suggestion?

- Weird?

- mean...

What if we just hugged each other  
bare-chested?

You mean like if we

ran into each other at the pool.

- That's it.

- In our bathing suits.

Yeah, like we were greeting  
each other.

Jeff! Shit, man,

haven't seen you in ages.

- How's it going, dude?

- How are you?  
- Great. And you?  
- You're lookin' good.  
I'm so happy to see you.  
- You look great.  
- You too! Shit, this is wild.  
There's one subject we've avoided.  
Don't know.  
Don't know what to do.  
Maybe we should go easy  
on the vodka.  
- Viagra?  
- Viagra.  
On a Sunday night...  
Without a prescription.  
Don't get something.  
There's something don't get.  
What's that?  
Don't turn you on?  
Maybe if saw your thing.  
You want to see my thing?  
- You'll take off running.  
- I'll take my chances.  
- You want to see my thing?  
- Yeah.  
What about you?  
You want to see mine?  
Why not?  
Forget the blow jobs.  
There's Plan B.  
One of us goes in the bathroom.  
He... comes back hard.  
We could try that.  
I'm not sure I'll stay hard  
when come back.  
Hang on, when you think about it...  
We want to make a film...  
that's a bit...  
A fuckin' work of art!  
Art is so...  
Art's a big fuckin' deal!  
We want to have an experience,  
not get it over with.  
Not with our eyes closed.



Right.  
Something we didn't think  
we could do, and we did it.  
Like bungee jumping.  
You jump, you go for it.  
Think they have VOD?  
What turns you on?  
What do you mean?  
What gets you hard?  
What are your fantasies?  
Something you've never done before.  
Dunno, lots of things.  
All kinds of ideas.  
Such as?  
Dunno, a blindfold over my eyes...  
Not knowing who I'm with, see?  
What about bondage?  
Maybe. It depends who with.  
Like to be hit.  
A good spanking gets me...  
- Idiot!  
- I'm being serious.  
Hit me.  
Hit you?  
Slap my ass.  
Go on. There's just the two of us.  
Are you shitting me?  
No, hit me.  
Go on, harder.  
Yes.  
- Stop it!  
- More.  
- Stop it!  
- Go on.  
There, take that!  
Stop it! What're you doing?  
- I'm hard!  
- Stop it Jeff!  
Are you crazy? Get off.  
I'm gonna do it.  
What're you playing at?  
- I'm hard.  
- Get off!  
I'm gonna do it, swear!

- Get off me, Jeff!  
- Go on, move!  
Fight back!  
Stop it, you fuckin' idiot!  
Insult me, you bitch!  
Get off me, dammit!  
- Take your shorts off.  
- My hands are tied!  
Don't believe it!  
You fell for it!  
You fuckin' hurt me.  
Where? Let me see.  
Want a massage?  
Get outta my way!  
We said we were making  
a film together. Together!  
By consent! Mutual consent!  
Not a rape!  
A rape...  
OK, it wasn't the best way  
to go about it.  
We'll find a way.  
Hello, I'd like to order some food.  
Two cheeseburgers,  
2 fries, and 2 Cokes.  
Diet Coke for me.  
No, a Diet Coke.  
One Diet Coke and 1 regular.  
One regular and 1 Diet Coke, yes.  
That's it.  
Thank you.  
- Five.  
- Four.  
- Three.  
- Two.  
One.  
Think I'm in deep shit with Anna.  
I'm in deep fuckin' shit.  
Feel pathetic.  
I'm lucky she puts up with me.  
She loves you.  
She supports you.  
She understands you, accepts you.  
But think she might make

your life hell now.  
I'm hot  
I'm very hot.  
Hot in what way?  
I'm sweating  
and my heart is pounding.  
Want your pedometer?  
Better get going.  
Better go home.  
Put things right with Anna and fast.  
You bet.  
Know what mean?  
Know exactly what you mean.  
I've always known,  
sometimes even before you.  
Come here.  
Come on.  
Love you, man.  
Love you, too.  
I'll pick you up tomorrow.  
Don't make promises  
you can't keep.  
Sweet dreams you have.  
Too you.  
??? Ben  
I'm Jean -Francois.  
Everyone calls me Jeff  
- We're making...  
- A film.  
A film.  
No. Cut.  
Seattle. Gotta do it in English.  
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