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Cinema Sex Politics: Bertolucci Makes 'The Dreamers'

By Unknown

The first time I saw a movie
at the Cinmathque Franaise...
I thought, "Only the French--
Only the French would house
a cinema inside a palace."
The movie was
Sam Fuller's Shock Corridor.
Its images were so powerful,
it was like being hypnotized.
I was 20 years old.
It was the late '60s...
and I'd come to Paris
for a year to study French.
But it was here
that I got my real education.
I became a member of what in those days
was kind of a free masonry.
A free masonry of cinephiles...
what we'd call "film buffs."
I was one of the insatiabables...
the ones you'd always find
sitting closest to the screen.
Why do we sit so close?
Maybe it was because we wanted
to receive the images first...
when they were still new,
still fresh...
before they cleared the hurdles
of the rows behind us...
before they'd been relayed back
from row to row, spectator to spectator...
until worn-out, secondhand,
the size of a postage stamp...
it returned to the
projectionist's cabin.
Doctor, I'm not nuts!
I'm here from the paper! I'm a plant!
Maybe, too, the screen
really was a screen.
It screened us...
from the world.
But there was one evening
in the spring of 1968...
when the world finally

burst through the screen.
The pawn of an obscure coalition...
of dubious interests...
the Minister Malraux
has driven...
Henri Langlois out
of the French Cinematheque.
...if offered us all
a free and fair conception...
of French film culture.
Now, for bureaucratic reasons,
culture's arch-enemies...
have seized this bastion
of liberty.
Resist them!
- Liberty isn't given!
- It's taken!
All those who love film...
- In France...
- And abroad.
...are with you.
And with Henry Langlois!
It was Henri Langlois,
who created the Cinmathque...
and it was because
he liked to show movies...
instead of letting them rot
in some underground vault...
to show any movies--
good, bad, old, new...
silents, Westerns, thrillers--
that all the New Wave filmmakers
came here to learn their craft.
This was where
modern cinema was born.
What lies behind it?
The police!
Langlois had been sacked
by the government...
and it seemed like every film buff
in Paris had turned out in protest.
It was our very own
cultural revolution.
Excuse me.

Can you remove this?

It's stuck to my lips.

Can you remove my cigarette?

It's stuck.

Yes, yes...

of course.

Sorry.

- What are you, English?

- No. I'm American.

You can put it out now.

- What's your name?

- Matthew.

You're here a lot, aren't you?

But you never talk to anyone.

We've been wondering

why you're always alone.

I don't really know anybody.

How come you're

chained to the gates?

I'm not chained to the gates.

- You're awfully clean.

- What?

For someone who likes

the cinema so much.

- Do you know Jacques?

- Jacques?

"If shit could shit,

it would smell just like Jacques."

My brother's

gone to talk to him.

When he gets back, you'll be able

to smell Jacques on him.

It's like being around pigs.

- You speak English really well.

- What?

- You speak English really well.

- My mother's English.

- Here's Theo. When I introduce you,

just give him a sniff.

- Come on.

Truffaut, Godard, Charbol, Rivette...

and Renoir, Jean Roach,

Rohmer are here.

Signoret, Jean Marais

and God knows who else.
Marcel Carne too.
Why is Came here?
What should we do?
Stay or leave?
I don't know.
Theo, this is Matthew.
- You were right. He's American.
- Hi.
I've seen you around. You've been coming
to all the Nicholas Rays.
Yeah. I really like his movies.
- What? They Live By Night?
- Mm-mm. More like...
Johnny Guitar
and Rebel Without a Cause.
- You know what Godard wrote about him?
- No. What?
"Nicholas Ray is cinema."
- What's up with you?
- Me?
Come on, stick with me!
Fascists!
- Bastards!
- Assholes!
And that was how I first met
Theo and Isabelle.
I could hear my heart pounding.
I don't know if it was because I'd
just been chased by the police...
or because I was already
in love with my new friends.
As we walked and talked
and talked and talked...
about politics, about movies...
and why the French could never come
close to producing a good rock band--
- I'm starving.
- I forgot the sandwiches.
I didn't want that night
ever to end.
- Merci.
- Didn't you bring anything?
No. I'm okay.

Please eat.

Don't mind me.

- No. I'm really not hungry.

- I've broken it now. Take it.

- You're very kind, but I don't--

- For goodness sake,

take it when you're offered it.

Thank you.

- Theo, don't you have something for Matthew?

- This is fine.

- I gave him a third of mine.

- Okay.

- Really, I didn't come here

to eat your sandwiches.

- He doesn't want it.

Yes, he does! He's just too polite

to say he does.

- Aren't you, Matthew?

- You're very kind.

- So where are you from exactly?

- San Diego.

What about you two?

Were you both born in Paris?

I entered this world on

the Champs Elysees, 1959.

The pavement of the Champs-Elysees.

And you know what my

very first words were?

No. What?

"New York Herald Tribune!"

New York Herald Tribune!

- New York Herald Tribune!

- New York Herald Tribune!

Will you come to Rome with me?

Here! Right here! Here!

No, there!

- Good night, Matthew!

- Night.

"Dear Mom...

"I've got some real news this time.

I just met

my first French friends."

- Hello.

- Matthew?

Who is this?

- Don't be suspicious. It's me.

- Theo?

- Don't tell me I woke you up.

- No, I--

- I've been up for ages.

- You don't sound as if
you've been up for ages.

I always sound like this
in the morning.

Sorry. I had to call you early
because I go to class at 9:00.

- Right.

- Listen, you want to have
dinner tomorrow night?

Um, you mean like a real dinner
in a nice restaurant?

No, not in a restaurant.

Here at home.

Yeah, I'd--

Sure, that'd be great.

Yes? Okay, why don't you--

Theo, please get off the phone.

It's 9:

Yes, yes. Why don't you meet us for
a drink first at Le Raspail, 6:00?

You know where it is?

- Boulevard Saint-Germain?

- Be there at 6:00.

Hey!

Third floor!

Third floor?

You know, there's room
in here for all of us.

- Theo and I are contagious!

- What?

- We're very contagious!

- Contagious?

You mustn't catch us.

- It's beautiful.

- You think so?

Good luck.

Evening, Maman.

What are you doing here?

- We're here for dinner.

- What?

With Matthew.

- Didn't Isabelle say?

- Which Matthew?

This Matthew.

He's our new friend.

Matthew, this is my mother.

- Hi.

- Very pleased to meet you, Matthew.

- Likewise.

- Oh, you're American, are you?

- Yeah. I'm from California.

- Oh.

Matthew lives in that nasty student
Hotel Malebranche...

- so we invited him to dinner.

- Oh.

What's wrong?

What can I say, Isabelle?

I'm cooking for two...

and now there are five of us.

Didn't Theo tell you?

No, he didn't.

And neither did you.

Have you got mashed potatoes
for brains or what?

You were supposed to tell her!

You're crazy!

Bitch, cow, slut--

Oh, for God's sake!

Put a sock in it, you two!

I must apologize for

my children's behavior, Matthew.

No. I'm the one

who should be apologizing.

Please don't put yourself out
on account of me.

That's very sweet of you,

seeing as you're completely blameless.

Let me look at you.

Okay. I want you to make

a good impression on Papa.

Papa, it's me.
We're eating in.
And the cinematheque?
Closed until further notice.
Papa, can't you see we have a guest?
- This is Matthew.
- Oh.
- Sir.
- Matthew.
Matthew's dining
with us tonight.
My young Matthew,
inspiration is like a baby.
It does not choose a nice,
seemly hour to enter the world.
It has no consideration
for the poor poets. I know.
But when it does come...
when it deigns to come,
then you know it's--
Young man, I was speaking to you.
I imagine you were listening.
I was.
I'm-- I'm sorry.
What?
Nothing.
I was just, um--
You seemed to be mesmerized
by this tin lighter.
I'd like to know why.
- Well?
- George, please.
- Matthew's our guest.
- No, no. I'm genuinely curious.
I'd like to know why.
I was just-- I was fidgeting
with Isabelle's lighter...
and... I wasn't
really realizing it...
then I noticed,
and I thought it was rude...
so I put it down on the table.
But I put it diagonally across
one of these squares.

Do you see?

Look.

That's when I noticed
that the lighter's length...
is exactly the same length
as the diagonal itself.

So I put it lengthwise,
along the outside edge.
- Look. It fits there too.
- Yeah.

But it fits there.
And it fits like this
and like this...
and this way too.
And I bet you if
I just split it in half...
you know, it's
got to fit somewhere.
I mean, it really
fits anywhere. Look.
See?

I was noticing that the more
you look at everything--
this table, the objects on it,
the refrigerator, this room...
your nose, the world
Suddenly...

you realize that there's some
sort of cosmic harmony...
of shapes and sizes.

I was just wondering why.
I don't know why that is.
I know that it is.

You have an interesting
friend here.

More interesting, I suspect,
than you know.

I mean, when we look around us,
what is it we see?

Complete chaos.

Yet viewed from above...

viewed, as it were,
by God...

everything suddenly

fits together.
My children believe that
their demonstrations and sit-ins...
and happenings...
what, they believe that these possess
the capacity...
not only to provoke society,
but also to transform it.
What is it you're saying?
If Langlois is dismissed,
we shouldn't do anything?
If immigrants are deported,
if students are beaten up,
we shouldn't do anything?
What I'm saying is that
a little lucidity would not go amiss.
So, uh,
everyone's wrong but you?
In France, in Italy,
Germany, America?
Listen to me, Theo.
Before you can change the world...
you must realize
you yourself are part of it.
You cannot stand outside
looking in.
You're the one
who stands outside.
You're the one who refused to sign
a petition against the Vietnam War.
Poets don't sign petitions.
They sign poems.
A petition is a poem.
Yes! And a poem is a petition.
Thank you, but I'm not gaga yet.
I don't need you to remind me
of my own work!
- Hmm?
- That's right.
A petition is a poem,
a poem is a petition.
- Yes.
- Those are the most famous lines you ever wrote.
And now look at you.

I hope I'll never be like him.

Theo.

We should say good night, darling.

We got a long day
ahead of us tomorrow.

George.

Yes, sorry. You were saying?

We should go to bed.

You had something
to tell the children, didn't you?

Yes, of course.

I'm sorry.

The cheques
are on the mantelpiece.

Don't cash them
until you need them, all right?

Good night, everybody.

Good night, Papa. Have a safe journey.

Good night, dear.

Theo.

A very good night to you, Matthew.

It was a pleasure meeting you, sir.

A pleasure.

- Very nice meeting you, Matthew.

- You too.

- Thank you so much for dinner.

- It's my pleasure.

Why don't you invite Matthew
to spend the night?

I'm not sure I like the sound
of Hotel Malebranche.

Good night.

Why haven't you dazzled us with these
philosophical speculations of yours?

- I didn't know I was being philosophical.

- Papa was awfully impressed.

- Papa's full of shit.

- I think you're lucky.

I-- I wish my parents
were that nice.

Other people's parents
are always nicer than our own.

And yet for some reason,
our own grandparents...

are always nicer
than other people's.
You know, that's true.
That's-- That's absolutely true.
I never thought about it before,
but it's-- it's true.
Matthew, you sweet--
This...
is double the length of--
Well, I'm for bed.
Are you staying?
- Are you okay?
- Yeah, I'm okay.
Good night, Matthew.
Everybody's got a father.
Yes.
But the fact that
God doesn't exist...
doesn't mean
he can take his place.
Okay?
That's fine.
- Good night.
- Good night.
- See you in the morning.
- See you.
Thank--
Thank you.
No!
Good morning.
What was that all about?
I was removing the sleep
from your eyes.
Theo lets me do his
every morning.
That's the strangest thing
to want to do.
Didn't you enjoy it?
- Was I supposed to?
- Naturally.
Up, up, up, up, up!
What are you waiting for?
Isabelle,
I'm not dressed.

- What are you doing?
- What are you doing?
I've been memorizing this room.
In the future, in my memory...
I shall live a great deal in this room.
Queen Christina...
where Greta Garbo
bids farewell to the room...
where she spent the night
with John Gilbert.
Bravo!
Alors.
We have a private wing to ourselves.
The bathroom's
at the end of the corridor.
If you aren't there in one minute,
we're coming back to get you!
Come in.
Good morning.
Good morning.
Are you going to church?
Oh, sorry. You want to use
my toothbrush?
- Uh, no.
- Sure?
I'll use my finger.
- Sleep well?
- Yeah.
- I mean, fine.
- Good.
- You know, Matthew?
- Hmm.
You really do have the most
beautiful pair of lips.
Can I touch them?
- You-- You wanna touch my lips?
- Uh-huh.
Okay.
So red... and ripe
and luscious.
So sullen, brutal.
Let's see what you
look like with lipstick.
- I really should be going.

- You'd make such a pretty girl.

Ignore her, Matthew.

She sucks in all the air around her.

No, I-- I really have to, um,
be getting back to my hotel.

No. Why? You have been
invited to stay.

- Really?

- Sure.

You know our parents have left.

They're going to be
in Trouves for a month.

We thought you might like
to move your things here.

- R-Really?

- Sure.

But you just met me two days ago.

You barely even know me.

This way we get to know you. You
don't have to stay in a hotel, do you?

- No.

- Then we'll go and pick up what you need...
with my Mobilette, okay?

- Come on.

- But... what about you?

It was my idea.

Whoa! You're scaring me right now!

Jesus.

I'm going to check out
the Cinmathque, just in case.

- Okay.

- Don't take too long.

Don't worry, I won't.

I don't have much stuff.

With us, you're not
going to need much.

Okay.

Oh, just don't forget
your toothbrush!

Okay.

"Dear Mom, I guess you're surprised
to be hearing from me...

"so soon after my last letter.

"But I've just moved out of my hotel

and into an apartment...

"belonging to a famous

French author...

"whose children are the same age as me

and have the same interests.

"I know how pleased you'll be to hear I'm

getting in with the right kind of people.

Say hello to Father.

I hope he's not still mad at me."

Listen to this, Matthew

"The difference between

Keaton and Chaplin...

"is the difference

between prose and poetry...

"between the aristocrat

and the tramp...

"between eccentricity

and mysticism...

between man as a machine

and man as animal."

Not bad, huh?

That's good. Except for me,

there's no comparison.

Why? 'Cause Chaplin's

incomparable?

No. Because Keaton

is incomparable.

Keaton? You think Keaton's

greater than Chaplin?

- Absolutely I do.

- Oh, you're not serious.

- Of course I am.

- You're crazy.

Come on. In the first place, you can't

deny that Keaton's funnier than Chaplin.

- Yes, I can.

- You don't think that Keaton

is funnier than Chaplin?

- I don't think anyone's funnier than Chaplin.

- Keaton is!

Even when he's not doing anything,

he's funny And he looks like Godard.

Keaton is a real filmmaker.

Chaplin, all he cares about

is his own performance...
- his own ego.
- That's bullshit.
- It's not bullshit.
- Yes, it is. Sometimes I think,
You Americans understand fuck-all
about your own culture.
- No wonder you never got
the point of Jerry Lewis.
- Don't even get me started!
Listen, when Chaplin wanted
to have a beautiful shot, he knew how.
Better than Keaton,
better than anybody.
You remember the last shot
of City Lights?
He looks at the flower girl,
she looks at him...
and don't forget,
she'd been blind...
so she was seeing him
for the very first time.
It's as if, through her eyes,
we also see him for the very first time.
Charlie Chaplin, Charlot,
the most famous man in the world...
and it's as if we've never
really seen him before.
Isa, if you play that fucking record again,
I'll break it in two, okay?
But you like Janis Joplin.
Stop it!
I said stop it, Isabelle!
Stop!
- Tell me, what film?
- Wha-What?
Name a film--
Let go!
Name a film where someone
tap dancing drives someone else crazy!
- Oh, I know this!
- Come on! Quick! Quick!
Top Hat! Top Hat!
Fred Astaire's dancing over

Ginger Rogers's room.
And she's mad because he wakes her up.
I'm right.
He's good.
You know what I'm thinking?
What?
"Bande part"
You're right.
Why are you two
looking at me like that?
Well, you see,
my little Matthew...
there's something Theo and I have
been meaning to do for a long time...
but we've been waiting
for the right person to do it with.
- And I think you're finally it!
- To do what?
Try to beat the record
of Bande part.
- What record?
- You've seen Bande part, haven't you?
- Yeah.
- Remember the scene where
the three race through the Louvre?
- Uh, vaguely Remind me.
- They try to beat the world record...
- of 9 minutes and 45 seconds.
- Oh, yeah! Of course.
We're going to beat
their record.
Uh, oh.
- What?
- What's the matter?
- Nothing, really, I'm--
- Not afraid, are you?
- No. I'm not afraid.
- What, then?
It's easy for you two. I'm an American,
what you French call an alien.
- So?
- So if I get caught, I get deported.
Well, don't worry, little man,
we're not going to get caught.

- Yeah you don't know that.
- They weren't caught in "Bande part".
- And if we beat their record--
- It's a movie!
- Go get Papa's stopwatch.
- It's a great idea, but--
Matthew, this is a test.
Are you going to pass it
or fail it?
Be careful. A lot depends
on how you answer.
He! Non! Arretez!
Nine minutes and 28 seconds.
We beat the record
by 17 seconds!
Matthew!
My little Matthew!
You were wonderful!
- We accept him. One of us!
- One of us!
We accept him, one of us!
We accept him, one of us!
We accept her,
we accept her.
Gooble, gobble.
Gooble, gobble.
- We accept him, one of us!
- One of us!
Hey!
Theo. Isabelle.
Theo.
Hey!
- We accept you, one of us!
- One of us! One of us!-
One of us! One of us!
That's Mama.
I'm too wet to answer.
Isa's smart, but she doesn't
know how to deal with parents.
- What do you mean?
- I mean, it's not enough to ignore them.
They should all be arrested...
put on trial,
confess their crimes...

sent to the country
for self-criticism...
and reeducation!
- They're already in the country.
- They are at the seaside.
That's different.
Allo. Allo?
Too bad.
My parents never go anywhere.
At least you have
the house to yourselves.
Where are you going?
Uh, I gotta get
out of these clothes.
It'll be cold in your room.
Come into mine.
Okay.
You can wear this.
Thanks.
I'm going to get a Coca.
You want one?
Okay.
- Matthew!
- Yeah!
- Just open the door. My hands are full.
- Just a second.
- Why didn't you open the door?
- I was--
I was dressing.
What film?
In what film does a chorus line
dance like this...
with a singer in a fur coat?
- I've seen this film?
- We saw it together.
- We did? Give me a clue.
- Certainly not.
- Come on. Be a sport. Director's name.
- No.
Number of words in the title.
- I said no. Non!
- Isabelle!
- The first letter of the first word.
- God! You're pathetic

Isn't he pathetic, Matthew?

Don't you think he's pathetic?

- Matthew, I bet you know.

- Don't you dare help him.

Did the Sphinx

give Oedipus a clue?

Fuck you.

Give up?

Yeah.

- Blonde Venus. Marlene Dietrich. 1932.

- Shit.

I knew that.

- Forfeit.

- If you insist.

I dare you to do now...

in front of us...

what I've watched you do...

in front of her.

Who?

I don't know

what you're talking about.

Oh, yes, you do, my pet.

- Forfeit.

What a bitch you are.

A bitch and a sadist.

Are you going to pay

the forfeit or not?

Very well.

Mm-mm-mm. I want you to do it

the way you did it...

when you thought

no one was watching.

Let's have a drink.

I'll meet you downstairs.

- Matthew.

- Yes?

Yes.

Why don't you admit

you were thrilled?

Come on.

You can tell me.

What?

Weren't you just

a tiny bit excited?

- What is it exactly
you're trying to get me to say?

- Nothing, I asked you a question.
Well, I suppose you know
who you sound like.

- Who?

- Isabelle.

Why not?

She's my twin sister.

- You two are twins?

- Yes.

She'd be me if she were a man.

- That's crap. You're not identical.

- Yes, we are.

We're Siamese twins,
joined here.

You're a strange one, Theo.

Half an hour ago, I saw you look at her
as though you wanted to strangle her.
I did.

I don't understand you.

- Don't you have any brothers or sisters?

- I have two older sisters.

Didn't you ever
want to strangle them?

Of course I did! But I never masturbated
in front of them, and I never--

They never forced me to do
anything I never wanted to do.

You think Isabelle
forced me, do you?

Deep down I knew things
couldn't go on as before.

Now the stakes had been raised.

But for a while, at least, there
did seem to be a kind of truce
between Theo and Isabelle.

And then one evening--

Theo!

- What film?

- What film?

Name a film where a cross
marks the spot of a murder,
or pay the forfeit.

- You too, Matthew.

- Me?

What-- What have I done?

Name a film

or pay the forfeit.

- Uh, um--

- Time's up.

- Time's up? You didn't
even give me a chance.

- The film?

Scarface.

Howard Hawks, 1932.

And the forfeit?

Well, now...

as you know, Isabelle,

I'm not a sadist.

I just want to see everyone happy,
no one left out.

So I'd like you...

and Matthew...

to make love in front of me.

But not in here.

I don't fancy sleeping in someone
else's revolting sweat.

- No offense, Matthew.

- Where?

In the spare room...

in front of the Delacroix.

Maybe one reproduction
will inspire another.

- Um, um--

- I won't do it.

- Won't do it?

- You wouldn't.

Matthew isn't my type.

Okay.

I gotta go to the bathroom.

Matthew! Matthew.

Matthew.

Matthew.

Yes?

This is silly.

Come out of there.

Okay.

Okay. All right.
Look. Wait. Look.
You're hurting me!
I'm not violent. I'm--
I'm against violence.
- I'm not gonna resist. Look.
- So shut up. Okay?
- Okay.
- Now, Matthew, you aren't
being very gallant.
Is the prospect of making love to me
so hateful?
I've seen you.
I saw you in bed together.
Oh. Our guest
has been spying on us.
Hmm. Now, that wasn't
a friendly thing to do, Matthew.
Especially when we've
been so hospitable.
Okay, okay. Look--
- Shh, shh.
- I'm not resisting! I'm not resisting!
Oh, how sweet
of you, Matthew...
to keep my image
next to your heart.
I didn't mean--
Good.
Oh, Matthew. Oh, come on.
Oh, wake up. Oh.
Come on, wake up.
Isabelle?
No. I'm Theo.
Where is Isabelle?
You have to help me.
Sorry.
Oh, that was the best one.
What about yesterday?
- Where?
- In Papa's study.
You thought that was better?
Mm-hmm. Please, please,
please, please.

- What?
- Stay inside.
Matthew.
My love.
My first love.
My great love.
My great lover.
My Valentino.
You know, I thought
you had many lovers.
When I first saw you
at the Cinmathque-
you and Theo--
you looked so cool.
So sophisticated.
- Like a movie star.
- I was.
I was acting, Matthew.
How did you and--
How did you and Theo...
come together
the way that you are?
Theo and me?
It was love at first sight.
But he's never been inside you?
He's always inside me.
What would you do--
What would you do
if your parents found out?
It must never happen.
Yeah, I know.
But, uh, what if it did?
It must never, never happen.
I understand that.
But let's say that it did.
What would you--
What would you do?
I would kill myself.
Where are you going?
Kitchen. I have to get
something to eat.
Good luck.
Theo?
- Theo?

- Hmm?
- Want some honey?
- No, thank you.
- Oh, it's good.
- No.
- It's really good. Try some.
- No.
- Just try a little bit.
- No. Thank you.

I want you to know
that I'm grateful.

Grateful?

Remember what you told me in that cafe
about you and Isabelle?

- Hmm.
- You were right.

I mean, for me,
you two are--
you're like two halves
of the same person.

Now you've made me feel
like I'm a part of you.
Both of you.

Let's get something
straight, okay?

You're a nice boy
and I like you a lot...
but no...

it wasn't always meant
to be the three of us.
I told you something else,
remember?

That Isa and I
are Siamese twins.

Yeah.

I wasn't joking.

What's this?

That, my dear brother,
is a cheese fondue...
accompanied by a compote
of broccoli and prunes.

- And this?
- That's ratatouille.

And you expect me

to eat this muck?

- You expected me to cook it.

- I prefer to starve.

You will. There's

nothing else in the house.

Matthew,

can I serve you?

The fondue or the ratatouille?

Which is which?

This is fondue,

and this is ratatouille.

No. This is the fondue,

and this is the ratatouille.

- The... ratatouille.

- Ratatouille.

Uh, that-that's fine.

Mm-hmm. Okay.

Just eat it as if you were

in some exotic country...

you've never visited before

and this is the national dish.

It looks like

he's vomiting in reverse.

It's horrible, isn't it?

I'm sorry, Isabelle.

I know you tried.

Thank you, Matthew. I'm glad

somebody appreciates my efforts.

- You say there's no food in the house?

- Nothing you'd want to eat.

- And we cashed all the cheques?

- Yes.

- So what do we do now?

- I'm going to call Papa.

The phone is dead!

What's all this?

It's lunch.

So, Isabelle,

a filet mignon.

- No.

- No?

Oh, Matthew, would you

like a rump steak?

Stop it. It's disgusting.

Oh, look. What about
this banana?

One banana for three of us?

- Uh, yes.

- I'm starving.

Let me see it.

- Why?

- Just let me see it.

- What are you doing?

- Just watch.

Et voil.

Oh, Matthew, you never
cease to surprise.

- Hey Theo.

- Salut.

- Okay?

- Fine.

- Where were you the other night?

- I couldn't make it. Sorry.

What's up? We hardly
see you now.

- We can't count on you.

- Stop pissing me off!

You're not with us anymore.

I am, but it's complicated.

Why?

Because! Get off my back.

I can't explain now.

Loser!

Theo, wait for me.

A little souvenir from Nepal.

Thanks, that's sweet.

- Call me.

- Okay, with pleasure.

See you.

We hardly left the apartment anymore.

- We didn't know or care

if it was day or night.

- Come on. Come on.

- What?

- It felt as if we were drifting out to sea...

leaving the world

far behind us.

- Too strong for you?

- That was really good.

- Good? Again?

- Yeah.

No.

Clapton's God, Matthew.

I don't believe in God.

But if I did...

he would be a black,
left-handed guitarist.

This is not Chaplin and Keaton.

This is Clapton and Hendrix.

Matthew, Clapton reinvented
the electric guitar.

Matthew, believe me.

- Clapton plugs in a guitar--

- Okay, Jimi Hendrix--

He plugs in an electric guitar,
and he plays it like an acoustic guitar.

Hendrix plugs in an electric guitar,
he plays with his teeth.

There are soldiers in
the Vietnam War right now.

Who are they
listening to? Clapton?

No. They're listening to Hendrix,
the guy who tells the truth.

It's fucked up! It's all fucked up!

You're talking
about soldiers in Vietnam?

- Yes.

- Okay, what are they doing in Vietnam?

- They're at war.

- What are they doing? Please tell me.

- They're fighting.

- They're killing farmers!

They're dying too.

They're killing children,
they're burning fields!

They wanna be there. They wanna die,
and they wanna kill people.

Shouldn't you be--

Shouldn't you be in Vietnam?

- Right now, shouldn't you be in Vietnam?

- I don't believe in violence.

- Where are you, Matthew?
Shouldn't you be there right now?

- I'm lucky.
I'm in a university. I have friends
who aren't in university.
And they're expendable.
They're expendable.
I'm am fucking lucky.
Youngsters that don't want the war.
Do you think you can
say it to the government?
"No. I'm against violence.
I don't agree with your war."
- Maybe in France.
- Okay, anybody--
In America, you have to go.
If you don't go, you go to jail.
Okay, I prefer to go in jail.
I prefer to go in jail.
- Instead of killing people,
Matthew, I prefer to go in jail.
- You don't understand.
I read it in "Cahiers du Cinma".
"A filmmaker
is like a Peeping Tom."
A voyeur.
It's as if the camera is a--
The keyhole
to your parents' bedroom.
And you spy on them,
and you're disgusted.
You feel guilty...
but you can't--
you can't look away.
It makes films like crimes...
and directors like criminals.
It should be illegal.
There goes my chance
to be a filmmaker.
- Why?
- My parents always left
the bedroom door open.
You'll have to direct theater,
not cinema.

Oh, maybe.
My parents only fucked
once in their life.
That's why we're twins. They
didn't want to make it twice.
Don't be alarmed, Matthew.
It's good news.
It only happens once a month.
Oh.
I love you, Isabelle.
I love you too, Matthew.
Yeah, but I really love you.
I really, really love you too.
We both do. Don't we, Theo?
Oh, yeah.
That's not what I wanted you to say.
What do you want us to say?
I wanted you to say
you love me.
We just did, Matthew.
No, you said you love me too.
I don't want you
to say you love me too.
I want you to say
that you... love me.
Oh, we love you,
we love you, we love you.
That's not right, either.
You have to say it first.
My God, Matthew.
You already said it first.
Why is that? Why am I always
the first to say it?
Oh, poor Matthew. Oh!
We do love you very much.
I don't want to be loved very much.
I want to be loved.
You know what
someone once said?
"There's no such thing as love.
There are only proofs of love."
Are you ready to give us
proof of your love?
You want proof of my love?

Okay.

Get out of the bath.

Shaving cream.

- Razor.

- Thanks.

- What are you doing?

- What do you think I'm doing?

- You're not serious.

- Yes, I am.

It's nothing

you need to worry about.

- It's an operation I've performed before.

- Relax. It grows back.

- You're both fucking crazy!

- What's the matter?

This is what you call proof of love?

Turning me into a freak?

- One of us, one of us, one of us, one of us.

- It's just a game.

It's just a game!

A game, Isabelle?

A game? Think about it.

Think about it. Is this something

you do to each other?

You want to shave my pubic hair?

You want me to be a little boy for you?

A little prepubescent Theo at six,

who you can play games with?

- You can touch peepee.

- Matthew, just--

I'll show you mine. You show me yours.

Come on! Come on!

Just calm down.

We hear you.

Theo, think about it.

Think.

You sleep in the same bed

together, every night.

You bathe together. You pee

in the john together.

You play these little games.

I wish you could step

out of yourselves and just look.

- Why? Why are you so cruel?

- Because I love you.
You have a strange way
of showing it.
No, I love-- I really
love you. Both of you.
And I admire you.
And I look at you,
and I listen to you and I think...
you're never gonna grow.
You won't grow
like this. You won't.
Not as long as you keep clinging
to each other the way that you do.
Isabelle, have you ever
been out on a date?

- A date?

- Yeah, a date.

- What kind of date?

- You ever been out with a boy?

- I've been out with Theo.

- Not Theo.

Have you ever been
out with a boy...
that you met at school
that you liked?
I was never taken to school prom,
if that's what you mean.
I'm afraid we don't have
proms in France.

You have dates
in France, Isabelle.

Come on. Have you ever
been out with a boy?
Why do you keep asking me that?
You know I haven't.
Would you like to?

- Is this an invitation?

- It's an invitation.

Would you like to go
out on a date with me?

Just the two of us.

Don't look at Theo.

Isabelle, you don't
need his permission.

Oh, no, no, no. We can't sit in the front.
We have to sit in the back.
The front is for people
who don't have dates.
Ooh. Sorry. Excuse me.
- Chocolats glacs, cacahutes, bonbons.
- So we sit in the back.
Ladies and gentlemen...
the motion picture
you are about to see...
is a story of music.
I play the role
of Tom Miller, an agent--
a small-time theatrical agent
who had been a--
Well, you'll see.
This motion picture was photographed
in the grandeur of CinemaScope, and--
Pardon me.
Sorry I can't stay,
but I have a train on tap.
All the best, Jerri.
Can't stand to hear me
sing again, huh?
You know it isn't that.
When I looked at the TV screen...
I remembered the battle
of the Cinmathque.
Except this time the demonstrators
weren't film buffs.
They weren't even
just students any longer.
It was hard to figure out
what was happening...
but it looked like shops had closed
their doors, factories had gone on strike.
And it was beginning
to spread all over Paris.
We're willing to consider...
all legitimate demands.
Theo and I never watch
television. We're purists.
The purest of the pure.
- Well, let's go.

- Yeah, but--

Jesus.

- What's wrong?

- They're not mine.

No, no, no. Your room.

- No.

- I don't know how long I've
been here, but in all that time...

I haven't--

I haven't seen your room.

- You do have a room, right?

- Yeah, yeah. Of course I have.

Don't think I've always
lived in Theo's pigsty.

- How come you never go in there?

How come we never--

- No, no, no.

No, no one's making
love on my bed.

Oh, please? Come on. -- No, no

It's your room. It's part of you. -- No, no

- I want to see it just tonight.

Non, non, et non.

I discovered a side of Isabelle
I'd never seen before...

a secret side

she hadn't wanted me to see.

I suddenly thought of my sisters'
bedrooms in San Diego.

I thought of our house,
and our neighbors' houses...

all alike,

and their green lawns...

and their sprinklers

and their station wagons

parked outside the garage door.

What sculpture?

I always wanted to make love
to the Venus de Milo.

I can't stop you.

I've got no arms.

I can't stop you!

What's wrong?

What's wrong?

Don't. Don't.

Don't.

Don't listen to it.

Don't listen to it.

Don't cry.

- Don't.

- Please. Leave me alone.

Leave me alone.

Please. Please.

Please!

- Go away!

- Isabelle! Isabelle!

- Theo! Open up! Theo!

- Isabelle!

- Theo!

- You're gonna hurt yourself!

You're gonna hurt yourself!

- Who are you?

- What? What are you talking about?

- What are you doing in my room!

- What do you mean, what--

Get out! Get out!

Theo! Theo! Theo!

Theo! Theo!

Theo!

Theo!

A revolution isn't a gala dinner.

It cannot be created like a book,
a drawing or a tapestry

It cannot unfold with such elegance,
tranquillity and delicacy...

or with such sweetness,
affability, courtesy...

restraint and generosity.

A revolution is an uprising...

a violent act...

by which one class
overthrows another.

Chateau Lafite, 1955.

Chateau Chasse Spleen, 1959.

Grand vin, 1937.

Happy Birthday, Papa!

Uh, good.

- Listen, Matthew.

- Yes?

- You're a big movie buff, right?

- Oui.

Then why don't you think of Mao
as a great director...

making a movie with

a cast of millions.

All those millions

of Red Guards...

marching together

into the future...

with the Little Red Book

in their hands.

Books, not guns.

Culture, not violence.

Can't you see what a beautiful,
epic movie that would make?

I guess, but...

it's easy to say,

"Books, not guns."

But it's not true.

It's not books.

It's "book." A book.

Just one book.

- Shut up. You sound just like my father.

- No, no.

No, listen to me.

The Red Guards...

that you admire...

they all carry the same book...

they all sing the same songs...

they all parrot

the same slogans.

So in this big,

epic movie...

everybody...

is an extra.

That's scary to me.

That gives me the creeps.

I'm sorry to say it,

but for me there is...

a distinct contradiction.

Why?

Because... if you really

believed what you were saying...
you'd be out there.

- Where?

- Out there, on the street.

- I don't know what you mean.

- Yes, you do. There's something
going on out there.

Something that feels like
it could be really important.

Something that feels like
things could change.

Even I get that.

But you're not out there.

You're inside, with me,
drinking expensive wine,
talking about film.

- Talking about Maoism. Why?

- Okay That's enough.

- No, tell me why. Ask yourself why.

- That's enough.

Because I don't think
you really believe it.

I think you buy the lamp, and you put
up the posters, but I don't--

I don't think you

- You speak... too much.

- Okay.

Theo! Just listen to me.

Listen.

I think--

I think you prefer--

I think you prefer

when-- when--

when the word "together"
means not "a million," but just two.

- Oh-oh-oh, boys, boys!

- Or three?

- Isa. Come and join us.

- No, thank you, my sweet.

It smells like a whorehouse.

Thanks a lot.

I've got a surprise for you.

In the salon.

- It's beautiful.

- Hey, come on! Get in!
We used to do this
when we were little.
More wine.
Thank you.
Isabelle.
Oh! God,
your breath is foul!
Yeah. Oh, I'm sorry.
You're drunk!
Yes, I'm drunk.
And you're beautiful.
And tomorrow morning,
I'll be sober...
but you'll still be beautiful.

- Eh, bien.
- Go to sleep, Matthew.
Yes.
Idiot...
you can hardly keep
your eyes open.
Night-night.
Theo? Theo?
Wake up.
What is it?
I want you to listen.

- Why?
- Because.
- Theo--
- Mm?
I love you.
You know that?
I love you too.
You love me too?
That's funny.
Are you listening?
It's forever, right?

- What's forever?
- The two of us.
- Right?
- Yes.
Why did Matthew say that?
What did Matthew say?
That we're monsters,

freaks.

I just want you to tell me
that it's forever.

It's forever.

- Isa!

- You don't understand.

We'll talk about it
in the morning.

I promise.

Good. We must
leave now, darling.

- Already?

- What would you like?

To have dinner with them?

Let's leave on tiptoe.

Isa? What's happening?

- The street came flying into the room!

- What?

The street came flying
into the room!

- What's that smell?

- It's tear gas.

- Hit the streets!

- Go! Go on!

Hit the streets!

Matthew!

Isabelle!

Isabelle!

- Hi!

- Hi!

Dans la rue! Dans la rue!

Dans la rue! Dans la rue!

This is just the start.

The fight goes on!

- Theo, this is wrong. This is wrong.

- No, this is wonderful!

This is violence!

This is violence.

It's not violence. It's wonderful.

Come with me!

This is fucking fascism
in a fucking bottle!

I'm no fascist!

The cops are fascists!

- Yeah, and then police hit people!

- Shut up!

You can't understand.

Leave me be!

Listen to me for a second, okay?

This is what they do.

This is not what we do.

We use this.

- We do this. We use this. We use this!

- Stop it!

Isabelle. Come on.

Isa--

Encore les poulets!