



Scripts.com

Across the Road

By Valérie Guignabodet

FACING:

Morning, my love.
Damn that thing!
Already... It's early!
C'mon. Give me 5 minutes.
No!
I have to be on time this morning.
Right, I forgot.
The lady has a job.
Don't make fun. Be nice.
Soon I'll have to make a date
to see you.
So what?.
Dates can be very romantic.
Right. You busy Labor Day?.
You're too much...
I'm starving! Aren't you?.
Hi, Mehmet!
Hi, lovebirds!
How are things?.
Fine.
One mushroom
and two Napolitanas, right?.
Great!
Napolitana, OK?.
Oven hot!
On your tab?.
As usual.
Here.
See ya!
See ya!
You've got to quit working nights.
OK. Where'll we live?.
In a garret?.
I should've died in that car crash.
So you could marry a rich client.
Very funny.
If we get evicted,
you can move in with Hugo.
Maybe he already asked me.
Bastard!
I'll see we won't get evicted!
Hi, lady.

Mr. Dorset's contract.
Thank you.
Xerox it for his lawyer, OK?. Hurry!
Hello!
It's not an exclusive contract,
it's an advance.
On your next 3 books.
Scared I'll go elsewhere?.
Only I took the gamble of
publishing your first novel!
Sorry you did?.
In a year,
I made you credible and rich.
That was no risk,
I immortalized you!
Read this carefully.
We'll talk later!
Your next book almost done?.
I'll let you stew a while.
So you can learn to read.
Will that be all?.
OK... Bye!
Bye!
Henry... Sometimes I wonder
why you published me.
OK, bye.
I could renegotiate your deal.
No, it's OK.
As you wish.
What's the rent here?.
\$7000 a month, plus maintenance.
just to cover your rent?.
Suicide!
But your first book made money.
I spent it all
on 7 years back rent!
Divide my earnings by the time
it took to write:.
I'm a literary bum!
What do you think of it?.
I think...
It's expensive and flashy.
Just what you need.
You're right. It's awful.

You started writing?.
Not a line since "Dark Skies".
It's like something snapped.
Go figure it out.
Maybe you lack sleep.
It's all those night jobs
you take on.
I always have,
and nothing went wrong.
No, I'm blocked.
And till I know why...
How's Michelle?.
Don't know why
she hasn't left me...
Sorry, a van blocked me.
The janitor let you in?.
You like it?.
It has 3 parking spaces!
I'd say it's not bad...
Not bad at all.
I agree.
Should I pitch the view,
the location?. No...
What I'd like you to pitch me on...
is all about yourself...
Had a good day?.
We got a registered letter.
The concierge signed for it.
It's none of her damn business!
She'd love us to get evicted!
"To Mr and Mrs Dorset."
From our landlord's lawyer?.
Sure.
If he died, we'll get evicted.
We owe two months back rent!
Five neighbors want us out!
Who wants us as tenants?.
So we'll move, it's tiny, anyway.
Moving takes money.
So I'll quit writing.
You want me to get a normal job.
I want that?.
Yes.
Who got your first novel published?.

Me!
Who hasn't written a line
in 6 months?. You!
You only love me for my dog.
Right.
We'll split him for our vacations.
Sure.
Smile... We're in total agreement!
Mrs Dorset, it's nothing to do
with your neighbors.
The reason I asked you here is
because of an inheritance.
What inheritance?.
The estate Mr Guillemet left you.
Who?.
Jean-Eudes Guillemet.
Wait... Isn't he our landlord?.
Not at all.
Didn't you know him?.
No!
I guess he always did
love surprising people!
He left us his stamp collection?.
Among other things.
"I, Jean-Eudes Guillemet,
of 27 rue Gabrielle
in Montmartre, Paris
leave my house
and all my possessions
to Jean and Michelle Dorset,
of 26 rue Gabrielle.
I ask them to kindly
accept this donation
as a gift to youth and love."
Wait, 27 rue Guillemet...
That's the townhouse
across the street.
This is a gag.
Not at all.
Mr Guillemet drew up his will
in my presence, a month ago.
He was a 75, an invalided,
but perfectly sane.
This is great!

When we're broke,
we can grow vegetables here.
He knew how impatiently
his family and friends
awaited his death.
He got even with them
by leaving his estate
to a nice young couple
he didn't even know.
This morning we squabbled!
A huge bathroom!
Now you own a XIXth century
Paris townhouse,
of 4850 sq. feet,
located in the heart of Montmartre,
and all its contents,
of which this is a list.
He lived here?.
Yes. Why?.
I thought this house was empty...
Mr Guillemet paid the death duties,
but you can't sell the house
for 10 years.
You can move in
at the end of the month.
It's a gift?.
A gift.
Loo, Michelle. It's fabulous.
Mr Guillemet made
only two conditions:.
that his papers and mementos
remain in his office.
And you keep on
Miss Clemence Richbourg
for as long as she wants.
Who?.
Clemence Richbourg.
His housekeeper.
The estate will pay her salary.
What's that?.
That's my place.
Sorry. You expected company...
I watched you getting ready
to come over.

For you, sir?.

Please call me Jean.

Soon we'll be under one roof.

One weak coffee.

And tea with mild and half a lump
for Madame.

You'll need a TV
once we've left our old place!

What was that?.

A fuse, Madame.

The circuit breaker's down below.

Never mind.

We have to be off. Bye.

I'll see you out.

There's no need...

Yes, there is.

I do everything here.

We'll be back
at the end of the month.

You're right, it's awful.

A real downer!

I'm not kidding...

I think it's too...

Think what's happened to us!

You were leaving me
for a ritzy dump.

Very funny!

No more bohemian squalor.

You'll live in style!

And I can write in peace!

You'll give up hack jobs?.

I promise.

And do some serious writing?.

Yes.

Serious is a big word...

No more car smashes?.

Never again.

"A gift to youth and love!"

Precisely!

You about through?.

Excuse me!

That goes to the 3rd floor.

Dirty mutt!

Michelle?.

Jean!
You OK?.
I kept a spare.
Lucky bastards!
There's more over here.
This basement is huge!
It's unfair!
Come over any time.
Thanks.
It could use some paint.
What is it?. Seek, dog!
It stinks over there.
Here, boy!
I can't see.
Let's move the dresser.
What's the dragon lady like?.
What do you mean?.
Is she hot?.
You're sick!
At the count of 3! 1, 2, 3!
What the hell is this?.
Shit, talk about weird!
It's like a cathouse!
You mean an opium den.
Seems vaguely moorish...
Hot stuff!
You like that.
Yes, I do.
It's a bit creepy.
No, I love it.
Michelle, come look!
Looking for something, Madame?.
No, just tidying up a bit.
You know you have no right
to touch his things!
No harm in putting them
in the basement.
They stay under this roof!
Scram, Socrates!
Sorry, the dog did it.
A woman, at last!
The dragon lady....
I guessed.
Mr Guillemet hated dogs!

Don't! You'll cut yourself.
Sure she hates us.
She hoped to inherit,
like all old housekeepers.
She's not old. Not even 40.
Jean, we can't!
Let her hear. It'll do her good.
That's not it.
It's this setting...
We have to change things.
Why?. It's huge.
You can breathe,
not like our place.
That's just it.
It's not the space...
I want to move
the furniture round...
Don't you feel good here?.
Isn't the fourposter great?.
No!
It's fabulous.
Like being in fairy tale.
A fairy tale...
I'm the princess.
Take it off. You'll boil!
It's wonderful.
Feels like a country house.
So?. Not too much of a strain?.
Getting used to the fairy tale?.
She'll kill us
with all these croissants!
Morning, Clemence!
Thanks, Clemence.
For you, sir?.
I'll start with a few Danish,
thanks.
I was fine there, right?.
Aside from your get-up.
She didn't lie.
She really does do everything.
What?.
Not quite everything...
You could give up your job now.
We've got a house, but no money.

I'm getting more than you
out of it.
You stop working,
and I'll find a job.
You promised!
I just want you to write!
But, Michelle...
What?. Trust in yourself!
I believe in you, I love you.
I'm not unhappy.
I enjoy the flower shop.
I love you, you're so gentle.
When shall we have a baby?.
You're right.
There's room for a dozen here.
Soon!
I love you!
So run off!
It's worth 3 to 4 million dollars,
a pittance!
But I'll still verify
my book sales. You bet!
We're now home-owners, still...
What's this?.
Sorry.
The dinner?.
That was Michelle's idea.
She wants us to make up.
Anyway, I want to meet you wife.
I hear she has the dough.
Only kidding, Henry!
See you Tuesday.
"Russian Success Story"
"You won't answer the phone,
so I'm writing."

Signed:

Hugo will enjoy this.
Why did you get it out?.
It's too dressy.
That's all I needed.
Jean?. Help me?.
Jean...
Stop it!

Sorry, I just wanted to...
What is it?.
Nothing.
You OK?.
You really want me to wear it?.
Let me see.
Yes.
It's much too dressy.
It's perfect.
Hurry. They'll be here soon.
So you're Jean's publisher?.
I have that honor.
I'm his friend and lawyer.
At last!
Good evening.
Victoria, the love of my life.
Of his apartment, at least.
You rented it!
Michelle, dear!
How are your flowers?.
Like us all. They bloom,
wilt, and get thrown out!
Ghislaine de Villard?.
I'm one of your humble novelists.

This is my muse:

Michelle...
Madame de Villard.
Hello.
I've heard so much about you.
His mother was impoverished
Russian nobility.
Left her husband,
followed her French lover to Paris,
got dumped,
whored around to survive,
died of siphylis.
Aged 7, Guillemet
was a penniless orphan,
itching to get even with life.
he was a millionaire. Not bad, huh?.
He was lucky to be born
inthat era.
Today he'd be dealing drugs

in grade school.
Or selling dogs to labs.
Beat it, Socrates!
Now we're vulgar upstarts!
Don't worry. Happens all the time!
Clemence!
He had all the women of his era.
And loved them in very odd ways.
He had quantity and quality!
You jealous?.
Jean brought it up.
It turns him on!
I'm only turned on
by my wonderful wife!
And you're the only one
who gets her!
Jean has a fascinating
subject there.
I'm glad we signed him up.
I can see that!
The things one does to
entertain one's publisher!
Like kill an old fart,
forge his will!
Sorry, Madame.
I'll get something.
I'm fine, Clemence.
Very poor taste, Jean.
We're vulgar upstarts!
Good evening.
Thanks.
Bye!
It was a wonderful evening!
Too bad.
Your dress was so becoming.
You had a coat.
Right.
Drive safely!
What's got into you?.
What?.
Why write about Guillemet?.
He's a banal news item.
Come with me.
Jean...

Tell me something...
I almost ended up
in one of these.
Don't be sordid.
Almost reassures me.
What does?.
I know why she hates us,
and he left us the house.
He spent years peeping at my ass
with this camera!
I thought you were jealous.
Jealous of a dead man?.
"A gift to youth and love"
He was honest.
You got him hot for 3 years,
now he's repaying you.
His will is for the happiness
you gave him.
Sure...
I understand him.
It's kind of...
Stop, it's creepy.
No, look!
It's sultry... really sexy...
I'm sexier seen through a lens?.
Of course not.
How can you say that!
We forgot something
across the street...
Couldn't you go and...?.
What's got into you?.
Come on...
I'm not asking you to....
Just this once...
So I can see...
That's how she hooked him!
Give me that camera!
Get out of my office!
You know nothing!
you never will!
What does that mean?.
There's nothing in those papers!
He was so much more.
He knew everything!

What's going on, Jean?.
Nothing, darling. Don't worry.
Go to your room.
Take a few days off. You need it.
Yes, sir.
She scares me.
She's just upset.
Forget it. Come on.
Clemence?.
Clemence?.
What are you doing?.
I know this handwriting.
It's lousy
to dig into a dead man's life.
The cops stopped by.
They got an anonymous letter.
What's all this?.
It's true.
They seem to suspect Clemence.
They're right. She killed
the old guy for4 his house.
No, he died of a heart-attack.
But this anonymous letter...
Stop it!
You'll bring us bad luck.
I thought you wanted me to write.
I don't know how to put it:
this may unblock me.
Michelle...
There we go...
If you seek, you find.
Clemence wanted
to become a lab assistant.
He never let her
finish her studies.
She worked 15 years for him.
Quite a chore.
But don't let it worry you.
The shock of his death
will go away...
in time...
You knew him well?.
I was his mistress for 20 years.
Not his only mistress!

You're right,
it looks nicer this way.
You came often?.
A long time ago...
After his stroke,
he holed up in here, saw no one.
He'd been the greatest,
he was too proud to take the pity,
the scorn that they'd heap on him.
He was hated.
Even by women?.
Especially women.
He made them fall in love with him,
then dumped them.
He picked them
rich and influential.
Except for Edwige.
Edwige?.
His wife.
Why did you send that letter
to the police?.
Guillemet called me
a month before he died.
I was stunned.
He hadn't called me in 15 years.
Since his stroke.
He said he was scared
he'd be murdered.
He asked me to tell the police
if he died. So I did.
That's all.
He said by who?. Or why?.
No. He was a mystery man.
Did someone want to kill him?.
Before his stroke,
at least fifty women would have
loved to polish him off.
And after it?.
Seeing a man who exploited you
become a cripple is
vengeance enough, I'd say.
Did you love him?.
At first, I suppose to...
And later?.

I'm like Guillemet.
He said love doesn't exist.
We love being loved,
but we don't love!
We don't make sacrifices,
we want all for nothing.
What crap!
The old guy was right.
Love doesn't exist!
Are we just monkeys mating?.
We've been together long.
How long?.
Really.
of a couple.

I'll go further:

you won't outlast the year.
Jean, speak up!
Socrates?.
Shit!
Shit!
Still working?.
Yes.
Lucky my Mac's on battery.
The power keeps cutting out.
Love doesn't exist.
Just a working hypothesis.
I'll put the lights back on.
Michelle!
Michelle!
Michelle!
Socrates!
He's dead.
What?.
He's dead.
I can handle the cremation.
No way.
We'll deal with it.
What was it?.
A medication.
I'd say, from the medicine cabinet.
But not from the kitchen.
What exactly is it?.
It's for allergies.

A high dosage
could cause cardiac arrest.
For a 50 lb dog,
that's all you'd need.
It's me.
Where is she?.
In her room, I guess.
She killed the old guy,
then the dog.
We're next.
Here.
What's that?.
The inspector's number.
Call him.
But Jean...
If there's an inquiry,
anything could happen.
We could lose the house.
I know.
If we fire Clemence,
we lose it too.
So we're stuck?.
We can leave.
We can drop the whole thing.
We can't give in to her!
She's sick! It's so unfair!
Then we're really stuck.
Jean, we've got to do something!
We have to get rid of her,
before she gets rid of us.
Have a nice meal.
Drink it!
Take anything you want,
and leave.
I want nothing, sir.
Take nothing, but get out!
I should call the police.
Meaning what?.
You know!
You also know
you can't get rid of me.
Scram!
We're sick of you!
Beat it! Stay upstairs!

I said scram!
She's in the kitchen. I heard her.
I know. She came down.
I've had it! I really have!
We can't throw her out,
you know it.
What is it?.
Some kind of gun.
May come in handy.
Are you going to shoot her?.
Stop that!
Michelle!
We're together.
She can't do a thing to us.
We'll find a solution,
I swear it.
Calm down.
Calm down.
It's the cold.
It's like this all winter.
Thanks, I quit coffee.
Bad for the heart.
Leave of your own volition.
It's simpler.
I didn't kill your dog, sir.
You think I killed Mr Guillemet
so I'd inherit.
I knew I wouldn't.
I was there
when he made his will.
Ask the notary.
I'll do that.
Jean....
You ask the wrong questions,
search the wrong places.
Then tell me where to look.
It's save time.
He'd ask me to wheel him there,
in his cashmere robe.
Know what this room was for?.
I have some idea.
Ever wonder when he had it
done up this way?.
No.

After his stroke.
After?. He still saw women?.
Only on my day off,
I never met them.
I suppose
he couldn't do them much harm.
You're wrong.
He wasn't totally paralyzed.
Just had a hard time
getting around.
Really!
How do you know he had...
I know it, that's all.
You know a lot of things.
More than you think.
What do you know about Edwige?.
His wife?.
She killed herself
a year after their marriage.
Because he left her?.
The wrong question again.
What's the right one?.
Who did he see on Mondays,
on my day off?.
Who?.
It's such a lovely bouquet,
and you scorn love!
Isn't that cynical?.
Sure...
More like disillusioned, unhappy...
I'm glad you and Jean are arojnd.
It's reassuring.
Right?.
Add this.
It looks highly carnivorous.
It'll cost a fortune.
I don't give a damn.
Can we lunch some day?.
No.
No?.
No!
You sure?.
Of course.
I knew it!

I don't take a lunch break.
Come for dinner. Jean will love it.
So will I...
Unfortunately.
You know, Michelle...
I wish Jean wasn't my best friend.
Taking them, or should I deliver?.
No, you take them.
Aren't they for your new brunette?.
I changed my mind.

Hi!

Hi!

How much do I owe you?.

\$120.

Need a receipt?.

No, thanks.

Thanks!

You should straighten out
your friend Hugo.

I don't trust him,
but I trust you.

Or I used to.

Why didn't you say
you knew Guillemet?.

I didn't know him.

I completely forgot that.

When we lived across the way,
he sent a note inviting me to tea.

I refused:

Not on Mondays.

I refused because

I didn't want to go!

It's written there.

I never met him!

Why didn't you tell me?.

I told you. I forgot.

I thought he was just
being a good neighbor.

I never dreamt...

Does it matter?.

You're right. I'm sorry.

It doesn't matter.

He even kept that. How sick!

Where do we stand with her?.
He knew she wouldn't inherit.
The notary confirmed it to me.
All the more reason.
He left her to us
with the furniture. She was angry!
She got even with him,
now with us.
I don't think she killed him.
Why?.
Because....
I think she loved him.
Don't move.
What's that?.
We don't need that.
Give it to me.
Give it to me.
She scares me. She really does!
She's dangerous.
Michelle, you heard me.
I don't think
Clemence killed Guillemet.
Then who did?.
Let's throw her out the window.
You crazy?.
What's happening to us?.
Clemence!
Clemence!
Clemence!
You'll leave this house, Michelle!
You always wanted that!
You've gone too far.
We'll never leave! Never!
Not Jean! You're leaving!
You're insane!
I know more than you think.
You're pretty, desirable...
That's how you hold on to him, too.
Jean needs me. I inspire him.
Soon, he'll do without you.
So leave before it's too late.
Leave!
Never!
He was deeply worried

about his health.
He saw a cardiologist
a month before his death.
His heart was in fine shape.
You have any leads?.
None.
You lived across the street,
until you inherited.
Yes. What's it to you?.
You never told us.
No. You never asked me.
Mr Dorset,
why did you inherit this house?.
A gift to youth and love.
You kidding me?.
Yes... No. Read the will!
Any more questions?.
No.
But we're reopening the inquiry.
sorry we woke you up.
"1 white evening gown: \$2000"
Jean?.
This place is becoming nice.
It took ages
to get the plumbing fixed.
How could you buy
such an expensive dress?.
What does that mean?.
You urged me to buy it.
Really?. With what money?.
The money my dad left me.
You know that.
And this?.
What are you driving at?.
What did he want in exchange?.
A fling in his harem room?.
Such love!
Such trust!
Answer me!
Clemence put you up to this?.
What did he want from you?.
Look at yourself! What is this?.
You're revolting!
Clemence?.

Keep going.
Not my kind of movie.
Maybe it is. You don't know it yet.
Wait!
You can have these bills back.
He bought you dresses
for you to take off!
You're disgusting.

Take it:

It doesn't!
I say it does.
You wanted to discuss Edwige?.
I looked all over:
no trace of her.
As you say.
Clemence said she killed herself
a year after their marriage. True?.
That's right.
Because he left her?.
Absolutely. She was poor.
She had no money or power.
He left her for a rich,
influential woman?.
Yes, me.
Then he left me
for an even richer one.
Then he left her... and so on.
He intrigued everyone.
As for you....
He does much more,
he inspires you.
Much more?.
That's dangerous.
Jean?.
Yes!
You should drop it.
No, I want to understand.
What?.
I do'nt know. I have to find out.
Here.
What is it?.
A photograph of Edwige.
The only one.

To youth and love.
You have a cook and eat pizzas?.
I offered to make pasta,
but you declined.
If you want pasta,
I'll take you to Rome.
On your tab as usual?.
No, this is on me!
Keep the change.
You're impossible.
Why?. I'm taking care of you.
Jean?.
She's buried him in the garden!
Very funny.
Fix me a drink?.
Jean?.
Jean, what are you up to?.
I looked everywhere.
Close the door.
Lock it!
I picked up some pizzas.
Get undressed!
Hugo's waiting.
I said get undressed!
Take your jumper off.
You're weird.
Keep going...
I said, keep going.
You can do better, Michelle!
Bitch!
You do that very well.
Come closer.
Jean... The game's over!
Don't worry, we're alone here.
Michelle!
Jean!
Jean!
Michelle!
Michelle!
Jean?.
Leave me alone...
Come along.
What time is it?.
Late.

Don't worry.
I didn't take advantage of you.
Not yet.
I've got some good wine
and crayfish.
Interested?.
Why don't you tell me
what happened?.
Nothing happened.
Don't worry, we're alone here.
There's nothing else.
You sure?.
Yes. I watched the whole tape.
Michelle....
I never slept with Guillemet.
Just wondering.
You do'nt have to believe me.
But Jean...
After all we've been through...
Leave him. Before it gets...
I love him!
Look what your little darling did!
Thinks he's a 75-year old lecher!
For that, you didn't have to...
Get rid of Guillemet?. That it?.
Michelle...
I don't care, whatever you did...
Hello.
I'm Michelle Dorset.
In Henri de Villard in?.
Mr de Villard is out.
Any message?.
Could his assistant help you?.
No, that's fine. I'll call him.
Mrs Dorset?.
My husband is out,
but I can see you. Come in.
My husband's always out
when I'm here.
He hates dealing
with his major stockholder.
You wanted to see him?.
I...
I wanted to discuss Jean's book.

His new novel.
Yes!
He sent in a typescript
this morning.
This morning?.
The last chapter isn't written.
Your husband wanted us
to have it.
He wants it in "a safe place".
And wants Henri's opinion.
They all do.
They don't realize
how busy we are here.
We can't read the same things
over and over!
Of course.
I'll give it to our panel.
No...
Jean changed his mind.
He wants you to have it
when it's done.
No point in submitting it twice.
You look tired.
And worried.
No, I'm fine.
I hear your husband
had a car crash last year.
A serious one.
I thought he'd be a good driver.
His car skidded off the road.
That can happen to anyone.
Your husband loves you.
You're very lucky.
My best to Jean.
And your lovely house.
Jean!
Jean!
Jean!
Jean!
Jean...
I'm so happy to see you again,
Mrs Dorset.
Don't worry, we're alone here.
Have you thought over my offer?.

Don't worry, we're alone here.
This house is my finest possession.
It has become my body and soul.
I do'nt believe it.
I told you it was time to leave.
Your husband's a good lover.
You stole Guillemet.
You stole everything!
Now I hold trumps.
The tables have turned!
They'll find your body,
and realize
your suicide was because
your husband found out.
I'm innocent, you know that!
Liar!
If I'd slept with Guillemet,
he wouldn't have touched you!
That's not true.
It doesn't matter anymore.
Now I'm getting
what Guillemet always denied me.
This house... and love.
Love?.
What on earth do you think?.
Jean doesn't love you.
He never will.
Why?.
Because he only loves me.
Like Guillemet.
He screwed you, thinking of me!
Shut up!
He bought you my dresses!
Shut up!
Try as you may, Clemence...
You'll never be me.
You may dress like me,
copy my hairstyle,
but there are things
you don't know...
You can't fool Jean...
He knows me!
He knows what my hands can do...
What my lips can do...

He knows...
how I make love...
Now I've got the last chapter.
You asked him over,
to our place.
Tell me why!
It's not what you think!
Feb, 27,
when I was in the hospital.
I'm glad I didn't die,
so I didn't miss this!
Goddamit!
She tried to kill me!
Police?. There's been a murder.
Yes, a murder!
I'll hold on.
Hang up!
Hang up, dammit!
What's the address?.
Sorry...
In Montmartre, 27 rue Bag...
It was self-defense, get it?.
The old guy too?.
I didn't sleep with him!
I didn't kill him!
You must believe me!
I believe you.
The cops will ask:
why the 2 bodies?.
There'll be 3.
I won't have to explain!
How could you sleep with Clemence?.
I never did! You know that!
I have a novel to finish.
I need details.
I never slept with the old guy.
Was it his idea
to come to our place?.
He n ever came to our place.
The who's on those photos?.
Trust me.
Trust you?.
That's all I want to do.
But you've played games with me!

I'll trust you
if you tell me everything!
Everything!
Here!
Lawyers have emergencies?.
Just like doctors!
Hurrup up!
Where's this from?.
Never mind.
You've thought over my offer?.
I don't believe it!
Weird, it's not working.
You're right.
They tried to erase it.
So what?.
So...
if I delay the demodulator...
I may get the sound and image.
There it is.
Be there!
There's blackmail!
Don't touch a thing!
It'll get back in synch.
Love doesn't exist, my dear.
You just proved it to me.
What's this?.
I hate being wrong.
Shit!
Don't worry, I'll get it back.
I slept with him
out of love for my husband.
Go on, Jean. Kill me.
I slept with him
out of love for Jean.
What did you say?.
You lie!
Be there!
His car slammed into a wall.
So what?. You'd seen him
slam into walls for months.
His in pain.
And can't bear to hurt you.
So he'd rather end things.
I know this house

better than you.
So tell me.
How often did you do it
to get the house?.
Just tell me the truth.
Who's on the photos?.
I can't tell you the truth.
For the last time
who's on the photos?.
Guillemet! Jean Guillemet!
You slept with him?.
Yes.
In our apartment?.
And you killed him?.
Did you kill him?.
Yes, I slept with him
and killed him!
What's this mess?. What's going on?.
Hold it!
Get out!
No one wanted to publish it.
He'd have died with his book.
You're lying!
I should have arrested them.
There's been a murder.
Need help.
It's him.
No, it's not.
Yes.
It couldn't be that cripple.
And I know why!
We had no elevator!
Why lie?.
Tell me the truth.
Look at me!
Come on out! Surrender!
It can't be...
I love you.
It was Henri Villard!
You slept with my publisher?.
You?.
Mr. Guillemet,
I'll never regret what I did.
I can never admit it to Jean.

Love does exist.
Jean!
My dear friend,
if you notary sends you this letter
then I've won my bet.
Anyway,
I have all the elements I need.
Some phony bills,
a handwritten note,
a video tape, compromising photos,
and a will
that's too good to be real.
The only thing I can't stand
is taht stinking dog
lying on my sofas.
But that can be
taken care of, too.
How did you like my heirs?.
Charming, aren't they?.
So young, so happy,
so stubbornly, defiantly in love!
Some lovers can survive
suspicion and doubt.
Maybe these two will manage.
But no love-affair
can outlast a murder rap.
I can't help smiling thinking of
the role poor Clemence
has to play unwittingly.
She's so devoted and frail.
I'm sure you guessed it:
I put an end to my own life.
Trust me, my dear friend,
and live out your life in peace.
Love is dead, once and for all.
You lost!