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Les femmes sont folles

By Marcelle Berr de Turique

Ladies and gentlemen,
You owe thanks to the present owner of the chateau
Mr Hector Robilleau,
(inventor of the Robilleau DeLuxe
for the artistic and historic
enjoyment of your visit.
You should also show your gratitude
by not forgetting the caretaker,
in the person of yours truly,
who will be taking you through history.
Through here ladies and gentlemen.

- Monsieur?

- Good morning.

- What's going on?

They phoned to say you left
your briefcase at the factory, sir.

Listen, old boy,
we aren't going back 10 k's...
it's already 1.45.

We're on holiday.

I won't be back there for 8 days.

Ask Miss Eliane
to bring it to me.

- Very well, sir.

- I've no intention of opening it,
but I've always got it with me...
makes me look important !

Tourists again !

My dear Gaston, I've bought an historic chateau...
the chateau's mine,
but its history belongs to everyone
and I like educating the masses.

Educated people don't
start a revolution.

- Oh, my statue !

- The masses had a hand in it !

In 1763, the Chateau des Fontenelles
was occupied by Jean-Jacques Rousseau,
the first man of letters
to see red.

You will notice that the great Rousseau
wears an ironic expression.

He seems to be saying to the tyrants -
"Tremble ! Your reign is over.

The revolution is nigh !"
Through here ladies and gentlemen.
Don't push in !
That takes the cake !
Is the doctor here yet?
- Yes. Ages ago.
- I thought so.
Ah, bonjour.
Morning, doctor.
You're not to play jazz
on Rousseau's harpsichord.
- All hail, Hector !
- Call me daddy.
I'm too old for that.
Hello, little one.
Hi, daddy.
- Hi, kids !
- HELLO, GASTON !
- Sorry we're so late.
- Don't mention it.
What's that?
A package for your wife.
I should've known.
'Women for the Taking',
'Something Special',
'Who Gets the Blonde ?'
'The Earth a Moon'.
- What a load of crap !
- Something to read.
Where's Marguerite?
I haven't seen her.
Sit down. She'll catch up...
I'm famished.
You sit there doctor.
I'll sit next to daddy.
Two o'clock.
Eating in public yet again.
Looks like it.
This way !
Through here ladies and gentlemen.
The young lady who just left
is Monsieur Robilleau's daughter.
This work by Nattier,
is Madame de Coss-Brissac.

This desk is the one where
the great writer Robert Patrick,
who was the previous
owner of the chateau,
wrote his famous novel
'The Earth as Moon',
and 'Who's the Beautiful Blonde?'

A rather mysterious mist
surrounds this recent author.
Nobody's seen sight of him.
We only know he lived
in this chateau
before vanishing completely.
Anyone wanting to smoke
is asked to please go outside.
Here Rousseau would have said to Voltaire...
don't take me for an idiot.
I know what I'm talking about.
Oh, here you are at last.
Good day, doctor.
Good day, dear friend.
Don't get up.
Might you be kind enough to say
where you've been?
In the small office.
There are 5 small offices.
Robert Patrick's.
There's just an hour for lunch.
So we won't call it lunch.
No accounting for women.
Through here ladies and gentlemen
Here's a most representative work
of the minor 18th century masters.
A picnic lunch arranged by
the Baroness de Warens
with whom Rousseau
got along very well indeed.
And here we have the Robilleau family
at lunch, too.
The gent at the head of the table
is Robilleau himself,
the man who invented
the 3-speed vacuum-cleaner.
The one jumping up and down is his son-in-law

and business associate.
Thanks to him the Robilleau DeLuxe
will get a reverse gear.
The one he's addressing,
is the doctor
who cared for Madame Robilleau,
now deceased and sadly missed.
Excuse me.
It's insane, this is a chateau...
not a zoo.
Before you know,
they'll be tossing us bread.
Their appreciation of my treasures
warms my heart.
When I think of little me
stretched on the sofa,
where Jean-Jacques Rousseau
himself lay.
It's like wearing a hat of Napoleon's.
Or the sword of Damocles.
Through here ladies and gentlemen.
At least Jean-Jacques Rousseau
is dead.
You won't risk falling in love with him,
like with Robert Patrick.
Through here ladies and gentlemen.
Would the last through
be good enough to close the door.
Rousseau signed 'The Social Contract'
with this pen.
- No!
- I can't buy it ?
Don't be crazy.
It's a museum piece.
Couldn't I make an offer?
No, I'm not for sale,
monsieur.
I didn't want you
I wanted the quill pen.
No. Nothing doing.
Through here ladies and gentlemen.
And here we have the vacuum cleaners
down the years.
Much trial and error

leading to the great discovery
of the Robilleau DeLuxe,
the vacuum cleaner everybody wants.
Fans might like to admire
the prototype designs.
Ladies and gents...
here the artist has painted,
the famous Hector Robilleau himself
at the moment
he seized upon his original idea
of a silent 3-speed vacuum cleaner,
the Robilleau DeLuxe.
Dull eyes...stupid expression.
Someone who sells vacuum-cleaners !
So here now,
pairing with the famed industrialist,
is the Marshal de Saxe.
Now would you all please come into
the Blue Lounge.
Now, this pen's got to have a price !
I can certainly see
that you're a connoisseur, sir.
I have to ask myself
"Would Rousseau approve?".
Let's say 6,000.
- Zank you !
- Entirely welcome.
Au revoir.
Au revoir.
You can admire a Louis XV clock
on the mantelpiece.
No. Thanks.
Dessert?
I've got printing plates to fix.
No holidays for me.
My dear Gaston,
I bet when Gutenberg said
he wanted to invent the printing press,
his father was also dismissive.
Now he'd change his tune.
Emile's not Gutenberg.
No, he's a Robilleau.
And we Robilleaus are
self-made men.

Go through here for the tour.

This chateau may well fall down.

- But...

- You're the owner?

- I have that honour.

- How can you say that, you bastard.

- Who is this maniac ?

- I'm Captain Cabriac.

- Don't know any Cabriac.

- How about my wife?

- Your wife?

- Suzette.

- Lovely name.

- I'm just back from the colonies.

- That explains it...the sun....

- You weren't expecting me?

- No.

And what do I find

after being away for 2 years?

This letter...

Where is it ?

The letter where my wife

confessed everything.

You can't deny it.

You sure you got

the right place?

"I've decided to make a new life.

"I love Robert Patrick.

'Bye, cuckold."

No! Me a cuckold ?

You think it's funny?

You've got a hide, the lot of you.

Here's my card.

I'm not Robert Patrick.

- You're not Robert Patrick?

- No.

- I'm Robilleau.

- What a shame.

- I would've killed you with pleasure.

- How nice !

Why did she leave me ?

She's such a sweetie, and such a good cook.

- I've got her right under my skin.

- Right under ?

I shouldn't have trusted a schoolteacher.
We really don't care.
But I'll find her,
and they'll pay
"Cuckold"!.
Do we what became of
Robert Patrick...
I like the monastery story.
It's the most exciting version.
Exciting? His sort would want to
to go on a voyage
with his woman.
That'd be safest.
That woman followed him for love.
Leaving behind
an unhappy wretch.
All women are there for the taking,
if you can't take care of them.
And where are the morals in that?
Life is a jungle.
Man is the hunter, woman the game.
The game goes to the most skilful hunter.
Figure for yourself.
Oh, Marguerite... Marguerite!.
There you are. You work for 30 years
and you find your daughter's
turned into a savage...
-Marguerite.
Listen, Marguerite.
Marguerite!. Marguerite!.
Are you going to let me in?
Open the door.
Let me in darling.
Listen, Marguerite.
Listen to me,
I mightn't have always
been very pleasant.
But you're my life, my darling.
Believe me, happiness
is a state of calm, safety,
maybe even boredom.
That's quite possible.
But it's happiness all the same.
Don't throw it away,

don't look down on it.
It's too hard to come by,
too easily broken.
Through here,
ladies and gentlemen.
Through here, ladies and gentlemen.
The tour is finished.
Don't forget the Robilleau DeLuxe
is the finest vacuum cleaner
and generosity
the finest of the virtues.
Thank you madame, monsieur.
Don't forget your guide !
I'll never be a 'man of prey', darling,
I'm just a man.
You say life's a jungle?
I'd like to make it a garden,
full of birds and sweet smells,
a garden for you my darling.
- What are you doing here?
- Writing an epitaph.
Where are you going?
I respect your independence.
You can respect mine.
Marguerite, do you love me?
Yes...I love you...you love me...
we love each other...
'Bye.
'Bye.
I must be off.
Patients to see.
You should be seeing my wife.
Robert Patrick has sent her potty,
not for the first time.
The 3 o'clock batch.
This isn't a chateau, it's Luna Park.
Luckily my car's out there.
Are you the guide?
No, I'm Jean-Jacques Rousseau.
Oh, I'm so glad to see you,
Mr Rousseau.
What's going on?
Just a tick, ladies and gents.
A little discipline, please.

The 1 o'clock coach to the right,
the 3 o'clock coach to the left.
A little discipline, please.
The 1 o'clock coach to the right,
the 3 o'clock coach to the left.
Good afternoon.
A letter for you.
It's for your lady.
- I'd very much like to open it.
- I can see that.
Would you open it?
I'm not married.
But if i was, I wouldn't open it
because I wouldn't be jealous.
And I wouldn't be jealous,
because my wife 'd be ugly. Very ugly.
That's why I'm not married.
You certainly give unique advice.
Bugger it !...I'll open it.
Oh, this for instance.
This is shameful.
You shouldn't have opened it
Listen...
"Green Monkey Publishing. Madame,
We regret we are unable
"to send you a photograph
of the author Robert Patrick.
"This writer refuses any interview
"and only wants to be
known by his work.
"Few people can claim
to know his face.
"We remain, etc. etc.,
"Yours faithfully..."
What an idiotic publicity stunt.
If it was only some crooner...
but an author,
don't you see?
It's getting serious.
D'you think she's in love?
It's what's known as a psychopathic fixation.
It can be cured.
But how ?
Cold showers, ear-massages,

electroshock.

Well, that's just great !

Oh no. It's not true!

Gaston.

- Great to see you.

- For me too.

It really does me good to see you.

I feel better already.

But you haven't changed.

Thanks - you neither...

maybe a tad plumper.

Nothing of any importance !

It's like finding two old friends
instead of one!

Ah, good old 'Uncle', eh?

- You don't remember?

- Oh yes.

Good old Uncle !

And that jalopy with the horn !

Through here ladies and gentlemen.

Through here ladies and gentlemen.

- You get a good crowd.

- Don't start me on that.

We can have some quiet
through here.

It's the only room
where I can get a bit of quiet.

Sit down there.

- You've got it nice in here.

- It's not bad.

Why haven't you written?

I would've loved to follow your adventures.

- "My adventures", old chap...

- You've been fooling around in South America?

I nearly stayed there.

When I say stay,
I mean in the sense of a corpse staying.

Our tour got mixed up
with a revolution.

Actually it went off first.

They had just shot
the theatre manager.

I thought they might at least clap.

No way.

The smashed up everything without clapping.

What a public !

I like Clermont-Ferrand better.

At least,

there's no one in the audience.

Finally, I landed in Hollywood.

I drowned in 'After Me, The Deluge'.

I look a bit green :

it's in Technicolor.

Good to be back in France, eh?

All I have left

are the clothes on my back.

Not so bad !

- And my talent, of course.

- In short, you're flat broke.

Good old Gaston, still the same !

Yes I am. And I intend getting into debt
without delay.

- Why?

- No thanks.

- 'Cos I've come to put the bite on you.

- I won't let you down.

- I'll find you a job at the factory.

- Thanks old chap, you haven't changed.

You've done well for yourself.

You really did marry

the vacuum-cleaners !

Do you really have any competition

in the sweeping business ?

But you seem a bit strange.

Happiness hasn't caught up with you?

- "Happiness"?

- Doesn't all this make you happy?

- I love Marguerite.

- Aha!...and your wife's jealous.

"Jealous" of who?

De Marguerite.

- It's Marguerite who's my wife.

- Then everything's for the best.

No. Marguerite loves someone else.

- So she's deceiving you.

- No !...well, sort of.

- How's that work...one day out of two ?

- Please don't make fun of it !

- She loves Robert Patrick.
- Don't know him.
- Nor do I, nor does she.
- He's a myth?

I knew a woman who
was in love with a myth...a cute little car.
He's not a myth,
he's a big-name novelist.
She wrote to his publisher
to get his photo.

- No?

- Yes.

It just struck me.

Maybe you can save me.

- Me?

- Yes, do you have a photo of yourself?

Did you ever hear of an entertainer without a photo?

I've got a truck-load.

- That's all I've got.

- Show me.

I'll lay some out.

Like I did with the savages.

In the mountains.

How would you like me?

Russian peasant, as Hamlet,

Perlican, Cyrano,

the unnatural father?

"Unnatural father"...not bad.

Silly stuff.

I'm going to give you the chance

to play the role of your life.

Finally !

- Can I count on you ?

- Listen, old boy.

After what you've offered me,

I couldn't refuse...

Hang on a sec...

You're going to play Robert Patrick.

In the artistic scheme of things,

that's not very appealing.

What if I throw in

say...300,000 francs?

I didn't say "at any price"!

Here's the program.

I stick your photo in an envelope
with a fake letter
from the publishers.
I send the letter to my wife.
And this evening,
you come to the chateau,
on the pretext that you've come
to look for some lost inspiration.

- Then ?

- What do you mean "then"?

To turn my wife right off you,
making Robert Patrick
a horrible,
crude, pretentious, drunkard.
Impossible to like.

That's a very clever idea.

It's not quite in my line,
because I usually play...

It'll be fun... I'll try my best.

- How do you want him to look ?

- You're the expert.

How about a monocle, for example?

- No, too distinguished.

- No trouble.

Glasses better?

Too bourgeois.

- Like this?

- Professor.

The mouth a bit twisted ?

A bit of a squint ?

- Don't make him attractive.

- That's what makes it hard for me.

- What if I give him a beard?

- Oh no.

- But it ruins my looks.

- It's too risky.

- Why? Because of germs?

- It can fall off.

- Oh! I've got an idea.

- What ?

You look like a seal.

It's morally necessary

to sabotage this guy, right?

I'll do it cleanly.

- Just give him a moustache.
- You think so?...wait...
We'll make him a military author.
There's an advance of
- 100,000 and I'll be an assassin.
- Calm down you dope.
Wow, get a load of that !
- That's my wife.
Out of sight.
- Your shot, mile.
Try to play properly.
Yes, Hector.
You seem to be
in very good spirits, Gaston.
The prospect of a few days off
really appeals to me.
- You want something?
- No.
Marianne, did you
give Mrs Baudouin her letter?
Yes sir, she was very pleased.
No need to comment, Marianne.
Some good news ?
Lucie sent me a photo
of her little dog.
- Wasn't that nice of her ?
- Yes, very nice indeed.
Marianne, fetch me my scarf,
I'm cold.
Yes, madame.
Aren't you feeling well, darling?
It's cold in this house.
I'm going to bed.
- A small brandy to warm you up?
- No.
Mr
Robert Patrick.
I offer my respects, ladies. Gentlemen.
I've heard a lot about you.
Robilleau, of Robilleau DeLuxe.
- The vacuum-cleaner?
- Yes.
Hello...congratulations.
- So how's business?

- Not bad thanks...yours?
So-so... Maybe you're wondering
about my visit?
Just a pilgrimage.
I happened to be passing.
- I'm the man who passes.
- Ah.
I'm just in from China.
The women there are communists.
They wanted to share me.
It's exhausting.
Then I remembered this old chateau
that'd been mine.
It's still yours.
You would honour me
by regarding it as such.
You're the White Knight
of the vacuum-cleaner.
Lets not exaggerate...
I accept in all humility.
This is all yours?
Yes, my little family.
Together with my eldest daughter
Marguerite Baudouin.
- Sir.
- You're quite charming dear lady.
You have the face of the virgin
in Memling's tryptich...doesn't she?
With the expression of one of
Fra Angelico's angels.
As for the base of the throat,
wait...
Someone's got a cold ?
Must be the husband.
May I present my son-in-law.
I'd guessed as much.
He looks the part...exactly.
- Delighted !
- Enraptured !
I don't like what you write
or how you write it.
I know what you mean.
My work is aimed at a rather...
enlightened readership.

Well I never !...

let me introduce my youngest,
Genevive.

- Pleased to meet you.

- Delighted.

- I don't remind you of a painting ?

- No, you're too young.

This is my son, mile.

Pleased to meet you.

There's Mariette.

Cut it out, papa.

- What is it ?

- I've got Mrs Baudouin's scarf.

Take it back, Mariette,

I'm dying of heat.

- You wanted it.

- You never understand.

I'm not here to understand.

This little one is absolutely charming.

- Because she's simple?

- No...because she knows it herself.

Now I think I might get myself
a little sloshed.

- Perfecto !

- You like cognac ?

Yes, but especially the morning,
on an empty stomach.

- Tell me dear sir,

I'd just like to say...

- Excuse me.

A little while ago, we had a visit
that concerns you.

- Cabriac.

- "Cabriac"? Of course, old Cabriac!

How's old Cabriac going?

- He knows everything.

- "Knows everything"?

That doesn't surprise me.

Cabriac's quite a worker.

- He'll go far.

- Not as far as his wife.

- Oh, let's hope so.

- Oh yes, let's hope so.

Very funny. Let's hope

not as far as his wife.

So, Mrs Cabriac's pretty hot stuff, eh?

- Papa, that's a bit tasteless.

- Just between men.

The captain's made enough noise about it for it not to be a secret.

- You got away ?

- From the captain ?

- No. His wife.

- "His wife"? oh...yes, of course.

Captains wives...

- I'd come for a fight.

- Why ?

To soften her up.

I couldn't stand a man

who hit me

She knows nothing about life.

- Just a child.

- Of course.

- It's obvious.

She's a virgin.

- She isn't a virgin?

- Come come!...Yes.

I'm keeping you up perhaps

and you must be tired.

Very tired.

Yes, now that you mention it...

Do you have a new project

in the pipeline?

To sleep...as long as possible.

So we'll follow you.

You know the way.

Oh yes...of course I know it.

But...

I'm going to act

as if I didn't know.

I like to play games.

Aspiration followed by inspiration.

- It's a saying.

- It's charming.

Oh...now I understand !

We all get there eventually.

Tell me how you go about

getting so much life into you !

I take special lessons.

- Going OK?

- It's too soft.

You're only a bit boorish.

You've got to be despicable.

Tomorrow I'll come down in my underpants.

But I have lovely legs.

You dopey guy.

What's all that ?

- These are your complete works.

- I say old boy....

- Yes, you have to read them.

- Marguerite knows them off by heart.

- It's interesting stuff, at least?

- It's completely idiotic.

- Hi, darling.

- Good evening.

- You reading Robert Patrick ?

- Yes.

- Morning, Claude.

- G'day.

- You look a bit off...are you?

- Not at all.

I've read my works. 48 mistresses
in one night. Can you imagine ?

- How's the charming Genevive going ?

- On horseback.

What do you mean ?

- She rides every morning.

- Ah, nice.

- Good idea...me too.

- Since when ?

- Since tomorrow morning.

You mustn't leave the chateau.

Don't take any risks.

And the task at hand...

get into it right away.

- If it's going wrong, I'll be on to it.

- How will you do that?

Let me see now...

I'll sing !

That won't seem suspicious.

- You never heard yourself sing.

- Careful, they're coming.

Don't worry...
as long as you're paying.
- Good morning, how are you?
- Not bad, thanks.
Inspiration alive and well ?
You tell me.
Meantime you're standing on my serviette.
Sorry.
Coffee, sir ?
Papa, would you get me a chair?
OK.
- There's nothing you need, I hope?
- A portable radio at the foot of my bed.
No trouble.
Papa will give you his.
Oh...all right...
anything you want.
And paint my bedroom walls.
- That gives me inspiration.
- Oh...good.
What colour inspires you
the most?
It's not a question of colour,
dear lady,
it's the smell of the paint !
- Perfect, perfect.
You like that jam?
Yes, it really hits the spot.
Bonjour, Hector.
Bonjour, papa.
Has our resident author,
slept well ?
"Slept"?
Snored, dear lady.
- So you snore?
- Always.
To the extent of putting
cotton wool in my ears
so I don't wake myself up.
- You're a real live wire.
- Aren't I just ?
- Have you got back some inspiration?
- Oh yes.
Since I've been here

I've had an idea for a new novel.
It's set in the home
of a narrow-minded bourgeois type.
He made his fortune
in ball-point pens.
She is beautiful
but stupid.

- That sounds so true.
- It's from real life.

My hero comes home,
then the idiotic wife
goes to join him in the bedroom
stark naked under her fur coat.

- Oh my goodness !
- Oh yes !

My hero takes off her coat,
and the idiotic wife jumps out the window.
I'm here.

I'm looking for more.
Have you found a title for it?

- Shut up, doll !
- I beg your pardon !
- You asked me for the title.
- Fine.

There is also a young girl
who rides horses.

- You like horses ?
- No I like young girls.
- On those words full of future promise

I'm going to have a game of billiards.
- We'll have to start calling you Robilliards.
- What do you mean by that?
- Just a play on words.

Charming.

I need to see you, Gaston.

I'm going to bore you
with my questions.

Doesn't matter.

I only answer questions I like.

You see, I've been blown away
by Tamara Gordine's letters.

You think it's inspired.

I always wondered
how you were able to identify

with this abandoned woman.
Me too.
Sorry...it's quite simple.
Quite simple for you perhaps.
But setting down such pain...
These are the letters of a mistress,
a charming woman
from whom I parted.
- Why ?
- She snored even louder than me.
It was hell.
We understood.
So you broadcast this woman's pain
to the world?
I write with blood,
not with face-cream.
She could have committed suicide.
She did.
- That's monstrous !
- Gassed herself.
Be quiet !
Did I tell you
what I think of women?
They are the prey,
man is the hunter.
This is despicable, disgusting.
I think it's true.
I find it hard to believe.
That's because you still
haven't been freed
from your petit-bourgeois
prejudices
This all feels so
back-of-the-shop !
Hi.
Where were you ?
- I was out with Charlemagne.
- Who ?
My horse.
Hi, Pop !
Hi sweetie.
What's up with you all ?
Our writer friend thought it was amusing
that a woman killed herself on his account .

- Gassed herself.

- That's frightful.

But thank God

I was able to save her in time.

Not at all.

You said she was dead.

- I never said that.

- You did, you did !

No...Im the one

that knows about it.

Was it your mistress

or mine ?

It's true.

And since he was able to save her...

I'm not a monster.

According to you

women are just prey.

You didn't get it, did you?

It was a quotation.

This is hardly a time for singing.

Especially that tune.

It calms me down.

I'd rather tell you the truth.

I wanted to try something...

I set out to shock you, deliberately.

- "deliberately"?

- Yes.

To help with my new novel

I wanted to see a woman's reactions

to what a sadist might do.

You had me frightened...

since I admire you so much.

It was quite an experience.

- You're quite a character.

You had me fooled.

- Doesn't work with me.

- What do you mean?

- I mean to say...

- It's OK.

I'm going to scribble a few notes.

You've written a bit

of my next novel.

See you.

I'll introduce you

to Charlemagne.

Do you like chestnuts?

- I have a feeling I'm going to.

- Come on then.

Once again, sorry about
the little experiment.

- He's such a charmer !

- He's a crook.

Charlemagne is a
funny sort of horse.

He has his moods.

- He's in a good school.

- What's that mean ?

If you told him about me
I don't think he'll like me.

I think you're better
than your books.

Find something better
to compare me with.

Good morning, Charlemagne.

Look at me why don't you.

Oh, he's nice.

I think he likes me.

- Because he can't read !

- How about you ?

- Me?...I know.

- That's not what I'm asking.

Aside from your novels,
there are two things I dislike:
your cynicism
and your moustache.

You're in luck,
because everything's fake.
It's better leave it as a surprise.

Quite a surprise.

How many did you get ?

Ten on his own
and two with my sister.

- When d'you get them back ?

- Four days.

I'm going to run off a thousand.

Get going.

- So you got the photos ?

- This is them, old boy.

- Wanna see a sample?

- Show me.

How many you got ?

They should go for 100 francs.

Yes, at least.

It'll be better than Rousseau's pen.

You bet.

- As usual, fifty-fifty?

- Sure.

Here come our first customers.

- Go on, do your thing.

- Trust me.

I should say...

Sorry, excuse me...'phone.

My respects, General.

That's too kind.

That's very nice of you.

Thanks, General.

- You've lost your moustache!

- I couldn't smoke a cigar.

I organised it with moustache.

Is this to seduce my wife ?

It's true your wife's

awfully cute.

- You've got good taste.

- I don't need advice from you.

You gave me a job being a boor

to a pretty woman like that.

That makes it a character part.

It has to be nuanced, delicate.

Just leave it to me.

In all the time you've been here,

you haven't disgusted anyone,

and even Genevive,

who hates Robert Patrick's novels,

seems to like you.

- Really ?

- Listen, I'm not stupid.

- I wish it was true.

You got it in.

That's it...I got the General.

- "The General"?

- For the reunion this evening.

It's a surprise.

Marguerite, we've got the General.
We wanted it to be a surprise
for Mr Patrick.
Your mail.
You've shaved your moustache !
A day full of surprises :
a moustache, a general.
It suits you better
doesn't it Gaston?
If you have a moustache, you keep it.
It's a matter of honesty.
- You really are crazy.
- Don't make me grow one.
What do you want ?
I've just come to ask...
Oh, You don't have your
moustache any more, sir !
It looks better like that.
Go on, get out of here.
- What's up with Gaston?
- I think he likes moustaches too much,
it's gone to...
- You nearly got that.
- Yes I know.
Your turn Patrick.
No thanks.
You're too good for me.
Where are you going ?
I'll maybe get my reward.
The Chinese vase you see
is actually Kurdish.
It's Robert Patrick!
I see you like
'The Earth as Moon'.
It's my best novel.
He's amoral, cynical,
but rather nice.
An autograph.
So lively, dynamic...
I haven't got a photo.
I have one or two left...wait on.
Something for everybody.
Through here ladies and gentlemen.
They really are mad.

They almost suffocated me.
Here we are in trouble.
That idiot Justin
who's selling your photos.
mile took them.
He's the PR genius.
- He'll go a long way.
- He'll go to the devil.
My dear sir,
if you please.
Marguerite's through there.
I'll leave you in Dr Dufresnoy's
capable hands.
Have them play
a military march.
Where's our author ?
Everything'll be ruined.
He'll become friendly.
He's a lovely man.
You could say he's two men in one.
Where's Genevive ?
She's gone to get
the cards for bridge.
I'll go see her.
Look after the General.
Not like that...
that's not the right way.
I'll try it with this.
You were strange during dinner.
You noticed ?
You have pretty hands.
I don't think
you're very sincere.
I don't think so either.
The way you talk about women
in your books is disgusting.
And the way you treat marriage ...
- Who told you what I thought about marriage?
- A nurse of the first rank.
By that title, by the way.
You had your heroine say :
"If I have a child, I'll kill myself.
"It would be shameful to bring
yet another monster into the world."

It still upsets me
to write such garbage.
I adore children.
I want three, at least.
Success !
This was the way .
How can a nice man like you
write such crazy stuff ?
I write for my public.
My readers oblige me
to invent such nonsense.
Writing simple things
requires talent.
- That's what's hard.
- That's not an excuse.
- If only you knew my secret...
- What "secret"?
No, I...
Oh, what the hell !
I can't.
It wouldn't be smart of me.
I've given my word.
- Please understand.
- But I do understand.
You're researching
your next novel.
Listen...
- What are you up to ?
- Looking for inspiration.
Not from me.
Looks like I got here just in time.
- I've had enough of this.
- This isn't the time for that.
Everything's ready.
The doctor's in on it.
What about our friendship?
You were happy
to take my money.
I guess
I don't care anymore.
You've learned your lines?
You've got your props?
- Yes
- Fine.

Don't forget to speak to me
using the words we prepared.
It's all in there.
There he is... Robert Patrick.
Remember what I told you.
Be as disgusting as you can.
- Revolt them.
- I know.
The author, Robert Patrick !
- You see the way he walks ?
- Terrific.
I'm going to be famous,
a magazine's running my photos.
- You know him well ?
- I'd say so.
It's Dr Dufresnoy
What a nice surprise.
It's amazing, you never change.
You know Robert Patrick?
He consulted me twice,
under the utmost secrecy.
I kept my word.
Now I'm relieved of my secret.
Of course my dear doctor.
But let's think about serious things :
I'm thirsty.
Still the same booze addict.
You intend emptying the cellar?
I'd like to drink enough
to get up the courage
to tell you everything.
- Still the man of mystery.
When I keep my word,
I don't break it.
Invite me to dance
while there's still time.
Let's go then.
If you must sing...
at least sing what the band's playing.
If only you weren't here tonight.
How nice you are !
You wouldn't understand.
I get the impression nobody
usually understands you.

Listen, Genevive,
Come what may this evening,
please, don't hold it against me.
You're being far too
mysterious for me.
I've sold my soul to the devil.
Excuse me, Justin wants me
for something.
Quick, a big glass
of mineral water.
What's with the water?
Have some scotch.
I've had enough.
I'm pulling out.
- Nice to see you again.
You too.
Good evening.
Oh...you need cleaning up.
We got in trouble.
The car wouldn't start.
Then, we broke down.
You gave your word
and you took my dough.
If you chicken out, you risk an awful lot:
Fraud, breach of trust...
it could get really nasty for you.
I'd like to clean up.
We had to do repairs on the way.
Come up to my room.
I ask you for 5 minutes
and I'll do what you want.
Asks Dufresnoy
he knows about it.
He's got something wrong with him,
that's for sure
When he drinks he starts trouble.
That's upsetting.
"Upsetting"?
It's terrible to watch.
That is for sure.
Obviously you don't understand.
Patrick's a third degree alcoholic.
- What degree?
- Three !

- That's astounding.
- I'd say it's a defect.
If talent's a defect
he's got a defect.
- He shouldn't be allowed to go mad.
Rimbaud was mad, Nerval too.
Why not him?
Depends on your point of view.
A triple whisky.
- OK ?
- Yes.
- A question.
Do you drink to relax
or get ideas?
Don't try and pull
the wool over my eyes.
Don't nick the bottle.
There you are sir.
- My dear lady,
your soire is boring.
You can say that again !
These things are all the same :
middle class business types.
- But tonight's special.
- Why ?
Because you're here.
I like your frankness,
your abrupt way of carrying on.
I like your casual scepticism
and cynicism.
You're a man,
not a wimp.
- When I compare you with Gaston...
- There's no comparison.
Remember...Gaston is charming
Quite charming.
So he's a faithful husband.
- And a friend
- "A friend"?
A friend for you.
That's what's wrong with him.
It's true,
he's a bit clumsy.
And he tends to live

at ground level,
like his vacuum-cleaners.
There it is...an attack coming on.
You pig !
- What's the matter?
- Just nerves, dear lady.
- Where's my whisky?
- You drank it.
It's no fun if I drink
without keeping count.
And do they give those away
as a bonus with the vacuum-cleaners?
I was thinking the same thing !
My husband gave them to me.
We can't foresee everything.
He's full of good intentions,
but this is what he comes up with.
- You can say that again.
You're an original,
a one-off.
You don't worry about
saying the right thing.
You can't make an omelette
without breaking some eggs.
You seem to be cooling down
a bit at the moment.
I don't raise my hat to anyone.
You've got to deserve it.
You have a most original way
of talking to women.
Can anyone really talk to a woman?
They only understand a gesture.
I just want to understand.
- A light, my good man.
- Yes sir.
- You're just like Francis Gaillard.
- Don't know him.
You don't know Francis Gaillard !
Your hero from
"The Earth a Moon".
From my own writing !
- You're having me on, eh?
- Yes.
What say we move.

Let's dance.
Love to.
Don't step on my toes.
I'll be careful.
What are you up to?
- What are you doing?
- But it's...
The door.
Excuse our being late.
Our pleasure is all the greater.
- Robert Patrick.
- Delighted to meet you.
They honour us with their presence.
Barote....Duval.
- Not long names to remember.
- Duval's quite short.
Certainly is quite short.
I thought you had more spirit
than that.
- The answer.
- What "answer"?
THE answer.
- I can get up my spirits when I want to.
- But you don't want to.
Unfortunately, you don't want to.
I heard you...it's not funny.
What IS it you need ?
Lovely.
Well, that's what I feared.
His attacks have resumed.
I beg you, madame,
stop this music.
How can you interrupt
Liszt's "Dream of Love"?
My dear woman,
you're beyond any dreams of love.
You're a general's wife,
so play the national anthem.
By the left... Marseillaise! ... left! left!
You've had it...you wretch !
I'm so sorry.
I'll sort this out.
You've insulted...
Great work old boy.

That was terrific.

One more hit like that
and they'll explode.

- You emptied your glass on me.

- Me ?

- Don't play innocent.

- Come off it...I'm drunk.

Anyhow, spare Duval and Barote
they're clients.

- What are they into ?

- Pasta.

This is terrible.

Go to work.

You can't walk away
from what you said.

There's no excuse
for those insults.

I expect you to beg forgiveness
from the general's wife.

Very well.

She doesn't want anything
to do with you.

- Same for me.

- Whadda you mean "same for you" ?

After all, this is just something
between you and Liszt.

Oh, she's too sensitive.

I learned to play billiards
in the regiment, General.

- Me too.

- Really?

The.

- He made me miss that shot !

- He's joking.

Allow me to introduce :
the author Robert Patrick,

- General de l'eglantine.

- My pleasure.

You're the first "eglantine"

I saw wearing fruit salad.

Oh, sorry.

Army joke.

I feel in top form tonight.

- That's not funny.

- You're hard, but fair, General.
Why are you on with
these barrack-room jokes?
Sorry General...
these are more like schoolboy pranks.
I won't do it again.
Accept this as an apology.
You got a light ?
Your turn, General.
- That's a divisional general !
- A dirty trick.
Very dirty.
Thanks, Mariette.
- You're drinking a lot.
- You should too...you're so miserable.
Oh, the cigar !
That one didn't burn down far.
- If we weren't in a friend's house...
- They were only fire-crackers.
You're not ashamed to do that
to a General?
Do you have no fear of retribution ?
Come upstairs
and clean up.
Excuse him, General.
- The cigar special...well done.
- That was only an appetiser.
The pleasure of love...
only lasts a moment...
the pain of love...
Hup! Hup! Whoop dee do !
Let's jive !
We gotta go...
... you gotta come out.
- Where were you ?
- I'll explain.
- They're crazy.
- They're just drunk.
Gotta drink more...
you've drunk too much.
- You speaking familiarly with him ?
- You do too.
You should be formal...
you're being too friendly.

You've been drinking too much, too
It's bad for you...
Hey, Genevive, isn't it bad?
I can see you're drunk.
My compliments.
They're so touchy !
You're making a spectacle
of yourself.
Your health, Gaston !
And the general's health !
And to the health of
Jean-Jacques Rousseau !
Isn't it right
that drinking's bad for you ?
- Very bad.
- Very bad.
"Bad"?
What about eating ?
You think it's pretty
stuffing your face like that?
Unless you want to grow up.
I forbid you from insulting
my friends.
The carry-on of a drunkard...
don't worry.
"A drunkard"?
Is that it, you little ball of fat ?
That's enough !
I've responded ?
Yes, uh...no.
(Where did I start?)
What do you have to say, sir?
You have the chance
to be a man...or...
Considering my guests were offended
as well as myself,
I demand reparation by arms.
Considering that my life
is more valuable than yours,
I have the honour
of refusing to fight.
- "The honour."
The honour. Coward.
He dares speak of honour.

Listen, soldier-boy,
shut it !
You're breaking my eardrums.
I'm going to have a kip.
Try to be quiet
when you're leaving.
- I deeply regret this incident...
- ... out of our control.
One can have a laugh,
but no need to go overboard.
I'll see you out, general.
Hey there cousins, how's it going?
Hi, mile.
No dancing?
No, the show's over.
Someone's flattened
all the car tyres.
More from our author.
Something has to be done.
I'll avenge our honour
in the morning.
He's a coward.
An intelligent man.
Duels are out of fashion.
- You find excuses for him ?
- Gaston !
Coming !
All the car tyres are flat.
I don't know who's done it.
Go lend a hand.
I'll give you pleasures of love...
You thug, you gangster, you crook !
Stay there, I'm coming up
to have words with you.
Gawd, what a mob of wankers !
What's it matter
if I screw his wife.
After all, he stole her, didn't he.
There you are,
you dirty piece of shit.
And you, you shitty piece of dirt...
congratulations on this evening!
My wife thinks you're sick...
a martyr to literature.

Women are crazy.

- Women are best,
when they don't get too much.

My word, you'll eventually
turn into Robert Patrick.

And you're just a ham, old boy.

- So ?

- You're going to fight.

- Now ?

No, tomorrow.

We gotta fight.

You'll play the coward, a craven coward,
and you'll save yourself.

A duel wasn't in the program,
or the footrace afterwards.

- Whadda you mean?

If money doesn't make YOU happy,
it sure makes me.

I'll come tomorrow
to conduct the duel.

- With the cheque.

- Good night.

Good night.

Marguerite's right,

I should drink.

- I'm so happy...it's wonderful.

- "Wonderful"?

I'm ridiculed by an imposter
and you think it's wonderful ?

Wonderful that he's not

Robert Patrick.

"Women are crazy",

like Gaston was saying.

- Gaston would've lost nothing by waiting.

- He's proved he was in love with you.

And where's my self-esteem
come into it ?

Maybe they're trying
to kill each other.

I'm worried.

Gaston's so incompetent.

Oh!

Are you wounded?

- My ankle, my poor ankle.

- And you?
I got pricked by his sword.
Blood flowed, so honours safe.
I lose two billiards partners.
The only victim's ME.
It's not serious, papa.
You'll soon get them back.
Put down the vacuum cleaner
and fetch the medicine chest.
Yes, madame.
My wife stuffs herself with croissants
while I'm risking my life,
in a duel.
Lay him down on the couch.
You shouldn't go to so much trouble
just to get a croissant.
Oh, dear Robert,
come into the light so I can see it.
It's just a scratch.
But I might be
crippled for life.
Don't make a drama of it, please!
- My little Robbie's bleeding.
- Just a few drops.
What's this "little Robbie"?
Gosh, he's a pain in the neck.
Why d'you have to be such a pain ?
- Calm down, or you'll get
all hot and bothered.
It's because I have to look at the man
who was responsible !
On no account massage it.
You'll see...it'll be quite OK,
Come and sit down.
- What do you want from me ?
- Shh !
I was really scared for you just now.
For me ?
There was no need.
- If you knew the man I am.
- I don't care.
- After the kiss that night ...
- There was a kiss?
- Unforgettable.

- Forget about it, because I have.
Never !
As God is my witness.
Don't tell God about it !
Marguerite,
Dufresnoy's left. Come over here.
Will it take long ?
Just a sec'.
All the time.
- Marguerite, come and massage me.
- Coming.
I love you.
We gotta be careful.
You're taking advantage
of my injury !
Where is he ?
Where is he ?
Nobody makes a fool of
Captain Cabriac.
- Bravo. Wouldn't have believed it.
- A cinch.
- I didn't come here for this.
I want Robert Patrick...he's here.
- Goodness...it's you !
- It's me.
Where's my wife ?
- That depends. Who are you ?
The husband of the woman
you've made off with.
You need to be more precise...
I've made off with so many.
Surname, christian name,
the exact date and the address.
I'll check my records.
- Does "Suzette" mean something ?
- Suzette...no, not offhand.
Leave me your address,
I'll write if something turns up.
You filthy swine !
I'm Captain Cabriac!
Now I'm with you !
You just had to say.
- So you've made off with my Suzette?
- Our Suzette. Yes, of course.

What was I thinking?

I do beg your pardon.

She wrote a letter

mentioning you.

Really ?

- Here's my card.

- Here's his, I mean MINE.

Don't worry, we'll be meeting.

- A gentleman wishes to see you right away.

- More ?...what's his name ?

- The Green Monkey.

- Damn !...Patrick's publisher.

Get out, you can't be here.

He's allowed to see

his publisher.

- He's not interested.

- He belongs to ME !

Don't push, there'll be

something for everyone.

- Through here sir.

- Who are you sir ?

- The Green Monkey.

- I thought you'd look different.

-I'm disappointed.

-I'm Patrick's publisher.

Here he is.

- I'm going to settle accounts with him.

- Me too.

A publisher who settles accounts !

- You're Robert Patrick?

- So they say.

And I'm Ingrid Bergman.

No ! Really ?

Since you're foreign,

we'll have to resolve it between Frenchmen.

Very well.

Do you know what this sort of behaviour

is called ?

- Neither do I.

- Congratulations.

- This could cost you dearly.

- Has he gone off with YOUR wife ?

- No.

- At least...not yet.

Maybe we're a pair of
wronged husbands.
No question about it.
My wife's above suspicion.
They're the most dangerous ones.
Poor Mr Green Monkey.
Are you going to leave it alone
about my wife ?
- He's an imposter.
- "Imposter" ?
I wanted to wait for just the right moment
to present my author.
And now this low-life phoney
put paid to that.
Poor old Green Monkey.
Through here ladies and gentlemen.
Oops, sorry.
- To the right.
- Can't we see this room ?
I'll start with the boardroom.
Let's have a round of billiards
to calm our nerves.
No, none of that.
The newspapers are onto it.
- I'm famous !
- Shut up ! We've got enough of a mess.
-...and with photos.
- Photos of Robert.
No, it's the imposter.
That won't fool anyone.
You see your writer at risk,
so you try and save him,
but that won't fool anyone.
- Oh, you clown,
- Dry up !
- "Dry up" to a captain?
Here's my card.
Take him on before me.
I've already had a fight.
Listen, Captain,
we'll hand the imposter over to you,
but leave us,
I've got problems to sort out.
- Your wife's deceived you, of course.

"Of course" !...take back that word
or Ill slap your face !
Slap Captain Cabriac?
Here's my card.
Here's mine.
You'll hear from me.
No rush.
This has caused me major injury.
Give him your card.
You can't let him insult you.
Give him your card.
Enjoy it, I still have a few more.
This is the captains card.
Me too...strange.
Come on, let's get serious
and play some billiards,
or better still some bridge.
Through here ladies and gentlemen.
I finished in the boardroom.
Last in shut the door.
You're going to be able to admire
a representative work
of the minor 18th century masters.
I want a word...
- If it's about my card...
- Let's talk about it,
about what you've been up to,
you phoney.
- Just doing a favour.
- Shut up !
I saw you with Marguerite.
- Listen, Gaston.
- Shut up !
- You're a low-down cad !
- Manners, please, Gaston !
You can't talk like that.
He is a traitor...
and Marguerite's a slut .
- My daughter ?
- I'm talking about my wife.
- That I know as my daughter.
That hasn't stopped her
deceiving me.
- Impossible.

- They were embracing right before my eyes !

You think it's funny ?

He told me wanted to stay

because he loved you.

- Is that true ?

- Yes.

Oh, that's wonderful.

No jealousy at the Robilleau's !

Wife, daughter...

anything goes !

Calm down, you see he's overwhelmed.

And laughing at me.

And laughing at Captain Cabriac.

I'm old enough to understand.

I don't understand,

but I'm happy.

That takes the cake !

What about you...are you in 7th heaven ?

Why not ?

But I'd also like to understand.

So to sum up, this gentleman

isn't Robert Patrick.

You have a sharp mind.

Would you like to explain ?

You've got a lot of explaining to do, too.

It's not nice, not saying anything.

It wouldn't have been very smart.

- So you know...

- Yes.

Do you also know that I... ah...

- I think I know.

- What luck !

Here am I dreaming of marrying

an intelligent woman.

- So things worked out well.

- Very well.

- It's a woman this time.

- If she's visiting,

excuse us,

things are a bit frantic.

Bravo, old boy, bravo.

I read the stories in the paper.

- I'm famous.

- Shush !

There's been a development.
I'd nothing to do with
those articles.
Come off it, don't play modest.
- It's great publicity.
- Who are you ?
May I present Robert Patrick.
And this was my big
publicity secret.
My novelist is a woman.
- You've run off with my wife ?
- Who do you think I am ?
Robert Patrick's gone off with my wife.
I need to understand.
- I'm waiting for an answer.
- But so am I.
It's a fine sort of world,
the writing game !
You wouldn't see it in the navy.
I think your wife's fooled you.
Fooled Captain Cabriac?
Don't make me laugh.
Nobody knew Robert Patrick.
It was to throw you off the track.
She's probably run off
with the school-teacher.
- So it's perfect.
- Is that what you think ?
I mean your game.
That pig....It's a fine sort of world,
the teaching game !
You wouldn't see it in the navy.
Pig ! Wronged...I've been wronged !
- Would you lie to sit down ?
- Certainly. Thank you.
Through here, ladies and gentlemen.
Beg pardon, but I finished the gallery.
You're going to be able to admire the pen
that Jean-Jacques Rousseau
signed his famous Social Contract with.
- They don't need me any more.
- Say au revoir.
Certainly not.
They'll take me at my word..

"The fake Robert Patrick will live a true love story."

It's my photo,

I'm famous.

What's there to sell now?

We can go back to Rousseau's pen.

Here's your first customers.

Go to it.

Through here, ladies and gentlemen