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Filantropica

By Unknown

Once upon a time there was a city where
the inhabitants were either princes or paupers.
Between these two worlds
there were only stray dogs.
They were the middle class.

PHILANTROPICA:

"You know well...
that when I said 'it's over'
I didn't say a word.
I don't know where
I found the power
to smile when you walked away.
But today, when I am awake
from the nightmare,
and all I can see is the
emptiness you left behind...
today... I'm asking myself
how can I live without you,
how could I have let you leave.
It can't be... someone else can't have
the best that I had.
It can't be..."
...specially for Mr. Relu Baron,
our guest tonight...
"...it can't be..."
-Oh, yes, it can!
"Tell him that even though he took all I had,
I'd give him anything he wants
because all means nothing, so...
Please leave me the hope,
and be with me in my last hour
...it can't be, I won't let you."
You're welcome, and
we hope to see you again soon.
I hope you liked our
entertainment.
Very much.
Honey, is there a problem?
Laura?
Excuse me...
I'd like you to pay your bill, please.
I can't wait,
I'm getting off soon.

If you want anything else,
my colleague will be happy to serve you.
-Um, I think there's a mistake. With the zeroes.
-There, at...
No, sir. 3.200.000.
That's it, see for yourself.
the food for 2 people?
Well, let's see. You had:
One Cinzanno - 60.000,
plus 50 a Scotch, that's 130.
One fois-gras, two - 80. Appetizer - 330,
French Champagne - 1.800.000.
Is that 2.130.000?

Excuse me. Next:

Chateau Briant - 200, Val Doftana - 180, Pignot Noir
That's all 3.100.000. Plus two coffees and
two ice creams that's exactly 3.200.000.
And you also hurt Ms. Laura's feelings,
when she sang to you so nicely...
Pardon my asking, but
what kind of prices do you have here?
Restaurant prices, as you see on your list. But
the list prices are per ounce, not per serving.
Excuse us...
Listen, what if I told you I don't
have that kind of money on me?
Don't tell me that, please...
Well, let's say,
hypothetically...
I can't believe that, sir.
You, a gentleman...
I'm just asking,
what would you do?
What would I do if you told me that...
I'd pretend I didn't hear you.
It never happened before?
Oh, of course, some well-known client amuses
himself by pretending he can't pay...
but it never happened, God forbid,
that a bill wasn't paid.
Oh...
Listen, would you get mad if I told you
that I'm in deep shit?

Don't tell me that, please,
don't tell me that...
-Me and my wife are both working...
-Why do you want to upset me, sir?
...and even together we don't make
that kind of money in a month.
Then why are you dining
at a restaurant? Eh?
It was a mistake...
Well, if it was a mistake, then it's bad,
because mistakes cost a lot.
Now, the cup is another 50.000,
and you made the lady cry.
I didn't know it would be that much.
Let's be civilized, let's make a deal.
I'll pay you in a few installments...
Do I look like a fool to you?
Look, I have 500.000, I'll give them to you.
Where can I get 3.000.000 now?
If we start with this tone,
then we discuss this differently.
It's not a different tone,
I was just explaining the situation...
Sandu, call Mugurel and Andone
here at once!
Honey, you know what?
We'll sell the washing machine tomorrow.
We'll sell your mother!
The washing machine is broken.
-Look how you talk to me...
-Forgive me...
Please, honey, forgive me, sometimes I go nuts.
Please forgive me, I didnt mean to...
So, what do we do now? Wait 'till morning?
Are you going to pay, or not?
Sandu, I told you
to send a couple of guys here!
-We're here, sir.
-So, let's not make a big deal, it's a shame.
Arrrrrgh!
Get your hands off him!
Leave me alone, please.
Sir, let me explain what happened.
My wife and I are celebrating 10 years of marriage.

I though we could go out.
Usually we can't afford it.
I'm a high school teacher, she's a technician.
You realize how little we make...
It's true, we miscalculated
what we could afford.
Sir, for the woman it's important, maybe
you're married too and you know how it is...

Here's the deal:

go and come back with the money in one hour.
Where should I go, sir? At midnight,
where the hell would I get 3.000.000?
Tell me what to do, whack somebody?
Steal, kill, rob a bank?
Do we whack him?
Roulade!
Come here, come to daddy.
-Just a second, Baron, we have a small problem here...
-Come here, you bum, right now!
-Yes, sir...
-Put it on my bill, please.
Cross my heart, Baron, these two
don't deserve to have you pay for them...
Let them be, can't
you see they're so poor?
Well, you were lucky tonight.
It's ok, boys, the bill was paid.
-How was it paid?
-Because the Baron is happy tonight.
Next time you come to a restaurant,
bring the money with you!
'cause if my boys took care of you, you would
have paid a fortune to your dentist!
How could I have ended up
in such a situation...
That's what I was asking myself.
-Do you want me to tell you?
-Is it a long story?
-Depends, I could accompany you further, madam.
-Don't you think you should stop calling me madam?
-After only 10 years of marriage, that's too soon...
-Quit joking and start telling the story.
Ok, let's begin. 17 years old.

I hate this age.
I hate my students. Until 10 days ago,
my life was like this...
Every morning, the same faces full of pimples.
I counted them.
I have 246 pimples in the 10th grade
and 197 in the 11th.
Bucescu, may I bother you
for a second?
I care about you, do you care about me?
Why are you upset?
I asked you to turn off your cell phones!
Is that clear?
What did I say? I said you were a whore because
you had makeup on and you were hitting on "Limp".
Sometimes I began to think in their words.
The school was "shitty", Lova was "hot"...
...the classes were "no fun",
my life was "fucked up".
Bucescu, would you be so nice
to give me a moment of your attention?
But in my time school was not a joke.
The 19th century poets saw first
the antagonistical contradictions...
...of the capitalist society.
What kind of contradictions did the
A... antagonistical.
Tell me the title of a poem
where you see these contradictions.
Today I teach Romanian literature
in this famous high school...
...where only students of a certain
background are accepted.
I just published my first volume.
A collection of 10 novellas in limited edition.
And I paid for it all.
I barely had enough money
for a bus ticket, but...
...I was proud to see my work
on the bookstore shelves.
Excuse me, there was a book here,
"Nobody dies for free". Is it sold out?
People fought for it, sir!
I sold exactly 3 copies.

-And the rest?
-I sent them back to the publisher.
-Why?
-There was no demand...
-No demand? I'm demanding it!
-Can't help you now, I returned them.
Were they taking up
your breathing air?
The motherfucker died the next day.
I killed him, in pain, on the 3rd page
of the new novel I was working on.
Point. New line.
"The night was sneaking
silently into the city..."
The bad part was that
I was stuck on this phrase...
...for days, and I simply could not go on,
in spite of all my efforts.
Still listening to Christmas music?
It's September!
We know. But with someone eating our social security
like you do, I'm not sure I'll live 'till Christmas!
That shit that you left in the fridge
was your social security?
-Your mother busted her ass cooking that shit!
-Because you didn't go to the market to buy anything!
What was "the writer" doing?
Nothing!
-Are you talking to me?
-Yes, I'm talking to you.
Did you at least read my book?
-I'll read it, don't worry.
-When?
-When I'll finish the one I'm reading now!
-I looked at it, it's very good.
Did anybody ask you anything?
We were an united family,
living a perpetual Christmas.
Outside, Vera was waiting for me.
She had a single passion: other people's kids.
I'll go put him to bed, so please don't talk too loud
for a few minutes, until he falls asleep, ok?
-I don't know why he was so agitated this week.
-Well, he's so sweet...

-Don't you feel anything when you see such a nice kid?

-Oh, there we go again...

-What did you say?

-I said he's sweet.

Do you think I'm stupid? Do you want to humiliate me in front of my friends?

-I know what you said: "There we go again". Go where?

-Into these discussions that I can't stand in public, Not in public? Let's go home! Do you have a home, so we could move in together?

No. why? Because you can't! You can't marry me, and we can't have a baby!

Vera, don't exaggerate...

If for you being mature means all this shit

"I want a baby, I'll buy yours."

"I want a baby to play with."

-Come on!

-"Now, yes, I want a baby now!"

You're a pig! And go... go fuck yourself, you woke up the baby!

It was the end of my 2 year relationship with Vera, the only woman who ever wanted to have a baby with me. Only I already had about 100 babies at school, and all of them were getting on my nerves.

Especially one of them.

Robert!

Did you hit on her? I'll beat the shit out of you, you motherfucker!

-Me, hit on this ugly thing?

-He did! He hit on me and threatened me!

I'll eat you alive!

Robert was very famous in school. Every girl from the 9th to the 11th grade adored him. Happily, he showed up for class rarely, and mostly drugged.

I preferred seeing him as seldom as I could.

The principal was pressuring me to kick him out, though...

Listen, teach, they say they want to kick me out of school.

What's the deal?

-I don't know, Robert, maybe you did something.

-Teach, you won't let them, right?

Aren't you my buddy?

-What can I do if you don't behave?

-Listen, let me tell you what the deal is:

If they kick me out, and you let them
or you don't say anything...

...then I'm not considering you
my buddy anymore.

Then I'll come and cut you like a bratwurst.

Right? Tell me, isn't that right?

I'll think about it.

Suddenly, I realized that a young boy
is still very fragile...

...and that some hasty punishments may
leave scars for the rest of his life.

Robert deserved a chance
to continue his studies.

I asked the principal to let me
talk to the boy's parents.

And I urged Robert
to ask them to come.

I was almost curious how do the parents
of such a troublemaker look like.

You know how sometimes in life a door opens,
and nothing is like it used to be.

Well, imagine the door of Room 10B.

-Professor Gorea?

-Yes.

I'm Robert Dobrovicescu's sister.

My parents should have come, but...

...they are out of town, so

I thought I'd stop by instead.

Happy to meet you.

I'm Ovidiu Gorea.

Diana Dobrovicescu.

-Robert's sister!

-Yes.

Sit down, please.

Thank you, but I wouldn't want
you to stand either.

I didn't know that Robert...

So, what kind of contradiction did the 19th
century poets see?

-Antagonistical.

-What?

Umm... I didn't understand the question.
I was asking what was the problem with my brother.
Umm... the problem with Robert?
The problem with Robert, umm...
...it's not really a problem, I mean...
-You haven't prepared, I see...
-Umm...
-So, you are Robert's sister.
-Yes.
-Tell me if he did anything stupid.
-Nooo...
Well, he has a bit of a temper... maybe he should calm down a little.
Still... But it's ok, at this age...
If at this age you don't do stupid things...
When do you do stupid things, then?
Teach, can I see if I haven't left my cell phone inside my desk?
No, Bucescu, you haven't left any cell phone there, and you disappeared right this instant! Out!
You have to keep them on a leash, otherwise...
So, Robert's sister...
Are you a student?
-I'm a model and I go to modeling school.
-Of course.
For someone like you, that's the future.
I say like you meaning... not that you couldn't have a serious job.
I'm not saying that fashion is not serious, God forbid...
...only that it doesn't require any studying.
Although you said you went to some sort of school, if I understood correctly... I'm babbling, right?
-A bit...
-Well, the fatigue...
I was writing all night, I'm working on a novel...

-You're a writer, too?

-I am...

I should say I'm a teacher, too.

Teaching, practically, is only because I enjoy it...

For me kids are an extraordinary material, I like working with them... Get out!

Get out or I'll break your legs!

-So, Robert's sister...

-And what books have you written so far?

A lot. I happen to have a copy of my last volume, I can give it to you with my signature...

-Wait, I don't know if I can...

-It will be my pleasure.

Well, girl... God be with you.

You don't know what you're missing.

I'm sorry, I had a meeting at the writer's union, I couldn't get out of it earlier.

-I was just getting ready to leave.

-I would have called you if I had your number.

-I'm so glad you came...

-Next time, don't leave without paying!

-What did she say?

-Nothing.

Let's not stay here.

-I know a good pizza place nearby...

-What pizza, mister, let's go dancing!

-What club?

-"Why not".

It's a promotional party for a toothpaste company.

-And will they let us in?

-Of course, I did a commercial for them.

-Race you to the subway?

-Subway? Ha!

Welcome to the promotional party of "Domident"!

Where cool people with cool teeth drink cool, dance cool and...

...feel cool!

Get me another "Campari Orange".

I felt a knot in my stomach...

and a hole in my wallet.

The cab, the club, 3 "Campari Orage"s,

one pack of cigarettes and two coffees...
...I had already spent the whole salary
that I was planning to party on for the whole night.
Can I get you something, sir?
The only thing I wanted...
was a miracle from God.
And now, our cool contest...
....for which "Domident" is offering
a 3.000.000 prize to the winning couple.
It's "the dance with the orange"!
-Shall we compete?
-Do you feel up to it?
If you tell me how to do this, yes.
The beginning position: the couples put the orange
between their foreheads!
During the dance, no matter what,
the orange must not fall on the floor.
You can only use your bodies.
The ones that touch it with their hands
are disqualified.
Finally, we have a winning couple that will
take the 3.000.000 prize from "Domident".
Well, it wasn't meant to be.
Can we get a drink?
What reason could I invent for leaving
a party sponsored by "Domident"?
A toothache.
Obvious, right?
If she didnt believe me...
it's her business.
The Conclusion for the evening was clear:
today's girls were too expensive.
I decided to quit fooling around and
start working seriously on the novel.
Come quick, daddy's on TV!
-What?
-Come on!
Can you hear me? Hello!
Hello, can you hear me? Hello?
-Yes, we can hear you, please ask your question.
-What are you doing, making a fool of yourself again?
Ask him about social security!
social security!
My question is, with all due respect,

if they think that this is the way
things should be in this country, sir.

-This way... how?

-Like they are!

Mr. Gorea, the subject on discussion is the fiscal
reform. Please ask a question to the point.

It's to the point, because all things go wrong
in this country, sir! What do they think?

Thank you for your question.

-Wait, I have one more question for...

-We'll come back after a short break.

-You made a fool of yourself again.

-Bullshit! Clearly they didn't like the question!

They don't like being proved wrong.

"Hey, babe, are you free tonight?"

"Look at you...

you still have baby teeth."

- "Your place, or mine?"

- "Domident. Anywhere."

What are you looking at? You can't
even bring home a toothpaste!

Ovidutz, commercials!

- "Your place, or mine?"

- "Domident. Anywhere."

Hello, Diana?

Ovidiu here.

Ovidiu Gorea.

Robert's Romanian literature teacher.

I'm sorry... I woke you up...

You don't remember?

Umm... we went to this

toothpaste party together...

Yes, I got a toothache, right.

Right.

I wanted to say I saw you
in that commercial on TV...

No, really, I thought
it was very good.

Sure, sure. Ok, I'll let you sleep, and
we'll talk again soon, sure...

Sleep tight...

Ah! Umm, just out of curiosity, did you have
time to look at my book?

Really?

You read it?
I had 4 readers in the world,
and one of them was Diana.
I was wasting my best years
in front of a typewriter...
...while somewhere there was a special
someone worth fighting for.
Someone up there loved me.
I had to do the impossible and get
some real money to take her out.
I couldn't afford to make
a fool of myself anymore.
A little respect, what the hell?
You'll throw away that paper tomorrow,
but this book will last you a lifetime.
I thought I'd sell about 100 copies.
After the first 2 hours,
I halved the price.
Even the beggars across the street
were doing better than I was.
-Are you in?
-In on what?
Get the fuck out of here.
-Do you have a problem with me?
-This isnt your turf, you bum.
This is the territory of Gigi Piedone.
-Do you work for Gigi Piedone?
-I don't know any...
I'm sorry, it's a public place and I
have every right to... Ahhh!
The writers' coffee shop.
A place I usually prefer to avoid.
I had to study the works of most
of these drunkards in high school.
They were the poets of
"The Golden Age"...
...who first saw the antagonistical contradictions
between the Russian Vodka and the Romanian Shpritz.
But, under the circumstances,
pride had to be set aside.
You must strike it while it's hot!
-Mr. Negreanu, if I may...
-Speak, I say you may.
-I've been an admired of your work for many years and...

-Ah, you want an autograph?

-No...

-I have no pen!

I'd like you to read a little something
and give me an honest opinion.

O, yes? I won't have any spare time
until after December 1st. But leave it here.

And if anyone else wants it,
it's 30.000 lei.

What?

You want to sell here, to the writers?

You know, we, the younger generation,
have a harder time...

You have a hard time!

That's preposterous!

I, with 17 volumes, tens of awards and texts
that are studied in schools even today...

...I have to drink and eat in this shit hole! And on credit,
since I can't pay, and neither can my friends...

And you little younger generation pricks
are complaining?

You have the nerve to ask great writers here
to pay you for your little fart of a brochure...

You know what I do with you, the 90s' writers?

Uh? This is what I do!

Up with the classics! Long live Eminescu!

Post-modernists to the toilet!

Sir... Sir, please

give me a vodka for a poem.

-What do you mean, I don't...

-Haven't you heard, I'm "the poet of the North Station"!

Come here, I won't bite.

-Then I'm "the writer of high school 22".

-I heard. You wrote a book, that's good.

Now give a vodka to a fellow writer.

-Ummm...

-The cheapest, the worst.

-And I'll recite one of my poems.

-Where did you publish?

He he. Do I look like an idiot
that messes with editors?

No, sir. You know what I do?

I recite my poem for a glass of vodka.

Look, let me choke on the vodka

if you won't like my poem.
-"The poet of the North Station".
-Yes!

Title:

and realizes he's fucked".
I'm listening.
"In the small room,
on a crooked bed,
I lay smashed into the pillows
by an enormous fist".

-That's it?
-That's it.
-Not bad.
-You're harsh. I have another.
-Recite it.
-No, first another vodka.

Title:

who didn't fall for my pickup lines".
"The smile of the girl on the bus
charmed me for ever.
I have another drama now,
exactly like Mr. Ion Susai".
-Who's Mr. Ion Susai?
-Friend of mine, you don't know him.
-More, more. Ummm...
-No, no, that's it. I only have these two poems.
Only two?
Yeah, like you're Tolstoy!
No, you're right, ten stories are not
exactly the same as "War and peace".
Listen, how much
for those soap-opera "stories"?
less than a vodka.
I'll take all ten of them.
If you can afford that,
why are you begging for vodkas?
I'm begging for vodkas tonight because I'm thirsty.
Usually, I recite for money.
I couldn't believe it. The guy made in a month
more than five times my teacher's salary.
In the evenings, if he wanted,
he could afford any expensive restaurant.

He lived better than most of my friends from two little poems that weren't even his own.

-What do you mean, you didn't write them?

-Not really, no.

"The poet of the North Station" sent me to somebody named Pavel Puiutz, a.k.a. "Pepe"...

...about who he only said, I quote, "he's the smartest smart guy in the world".

He told me to show him my book and ask for his help.

~The "Philanthropic" Foundation~

Come in, please.

Sorry, I the coffee is boiling.

Excuse me, I'm looking for Mr. Pavel Puiutz.

-You'll find him in his office.

-Thank you.

Come in.

Ok, ok, solve this immediately.

-I was told to come here...

-I know, that drunkard from the station sent you.

Sir, I don't see how I can use you.

I'd like to show you a book.

It's a collection of short stories.

-Are you a writer?

-Beginner.

Ok, and what's the problem?

The problem is...

people don't buy them.

And I need to sell about 100 books.

-No way.

-So no...

No chance.

-Mr. Piedone is here.

-Tell him to wait a second.

So you need money.

Do you know what I do here?

Not really... I guess, since it's a foundation, that you finance some cultural projects...

So much intuition moves me.

Come with me.

Sit on the couch.

Piedone, a new batch?

Five pieces, sir, all in great shape.

They're waiting outside.

-How much do you pay?

-20% for each text, like last time.

For this kind of money I shouldn't even be talking to you.

What can I do,

I have a mother's soul?

Miruna! Get here and write!

Come on, you bums!

Let's see you in a parade!

One by one, or I'll break your bones!

And how they beat me up,

and how they tortured me, oh, Lord...

Give her something, she was in jail during Ceausescu's era.

You must be nuts. She won't see a penny and she'd get beaten up for anti-communism.

Dress her up in a wedding gown, and send her to churches with a picture of her husband who "just passed away".

Write:

"He went to the Lord and told me to wait for him right here."

Come on, next!

-This guy is some kind of artist...

-Film director.

Give him a piece of cardboard that says:

"During Ceausescu's era I was a director and I made movies".

"Today Sergiu is a senator, and I'm unemployed and very ill".

Sir, you're the best!

Next!

Child with AIDS?

AIDS doesn't work in Romania, here people die of a simple flu.

-Can he sing?

-Can you sing, kid?

He knows, or else he'll get his ass whooped.

Ok, I'll make him an orphanage song to sing in the subway.

You get the text when you come with the money.

Next!

-An invalid guy, retired.
-Like three quarters of the population.
Uniform, medals, crutches... You shave his head like a ping-pong ball and give him a sign that says:
"My eye and my leg are at Stalingrad".
Pregnant in the 7th month. Give her a stroller in which she has a doll.
Make sure it's a ragged doll. Text:
"I hope at least this next one lives".
-Live long, Mr. Pepe, you're an artist.
-I know...
-I'm leaving, I see someone else is waiting for you.
-Miruna, see the gentleman out.
I'm leaving in five minutes, call the driver.
Sir, you were talking about some cultural projects, and I interrupted you.
I think I came to the wrong place, please excuse me.
If I think about it, maybe you came to the right place.
Can I give you a ride someplace?
There was no such job. I invented it.
-Being a beggar?
-Writing texts for beggars.
Of course, I don't write large texts, like you. But my texts have an advantage: they sell!
Look at these poor suckers.
Free "professionals", if you will.
Nobody organizes them, they don't earn anything, and they are useless for society.
Like yourself.
See that guy over there?
"Sad violinist who doesn't even sing anymore, because he's so desperate".
Heartbreaking... Funny thing is... he never did sing. He doesn't know how.
He couldn't even hold the violin straight.
I taught him that.
-Well, people give him money.
-how much can they give?
You wouldn't believe. In a few hours he rounds up a small fortune.
Mr. Piedone, you met him.
He stops by two times a day to collect the money.

Even the Police gets its share.

This is what I call "organized begging".

-I think it's shameful.

-You think small.

It's not shameful to ask.

It's shameful not to receive.

Look at the Romanian Government. It's been begging for years from Europe and the US, and nobody gives anything.

What can I say, that's what happens when they use amateurs for the job!

Pay attention to this gentleman.

Excuse me... It's embarrassing, but...

could you please lend me 50.000 lei?

I have an emergency, and this ATM is broken, and I have no choice, I need to take a cab.

See, you don't always need to be in shambles in order to get money.

This is something the Government hasn't understood yet.

Give me your phone number, so I can contact you...

But please, forget about it, we're human beings after all...

-But please, I insist...

-No problem, have a nice day.

-How much money did you say you needed?

-2-3 million lei.

-Urgently?

-By Saturday.

Will you do something in order to get them?

You mean become a beggar with a credit card? No.

Not exactly. Without a credit card.

And what's even more interesting - in your place, I'd think better about this...

...you wouldn't even have to ask.

Were you ever preoccupied with the mechanism of pity?

It's an exciting field.

What's the secret little engine that triggers compassion in human beings?

I'll tell you:

If the hand you hold out doesn't tell a story, you won't get any money.

I have a few new ideas that I haven't had a chance to experiment yet.

I was missing... an actor.
You have exactly the type of face I need,
and you have another quality: you're sad.
If you enter one of my schemes
and obey the rules...
I guarantee that by Saturday you'll get
even more than you need.
Think about it and give me a call.
"Call me honey, I'm alone and I want you...
I want us to be together,
to spend unforgettable moments...
Call, and all your fantasies will become reality.
Call Mr. Pavel Puiutz and I'll be yours".
Bucescu? Bring me your cell phone, please.
But why, teach, I wasn't talking.
I was! Bring it here!
How do you dial a number?
Yes. Speaking. Yes, what did you decide?
And that is the winning answer!
I'm happy to work with you.
Now listen carefully. Remember the young lady in my office?
Good evening. I'm Ovidiu Gorea.
Miruna Stan. Shall we?
-Hello.
-There! Straight ahead.
Don't rush! We'll have to keep
drinking those for a couple of hours.
Say something, make some conversation.
How many years are we supposed to be married?
-10.
-Ok.
That doesn't mean we have nothing
to say to teach other, does it?
I don't trust the waiter.
He's rude and he despises us.
-That's how he should be.
-Did you see how he greeted us?
Don't be stupid... Pepe talked to him.
He should be rude so that people side with us.
-Oh. What people?
-At this hour?
You'll see in an hour what people I'm talking about.
-Ah, I'm dying for a cigarette...
-Please.

No, thanks. Pepe says I can't smoke,
it doesn't fit my character.
-What the hell am I doing here?
-What?
I've thought about it. There are things you do,
and things you don't do.
I can't do this circus.
I thought I could, but I can't.
Please give my apologies to Mr. Pepe.
I'm sorry for...
...leave some money here, it can't be more than...
Before I forget, the wedding ring.
Well, surprise, Ovidiu and Miruna!
What a small world! Just a few tables!
You look great together.
It's hard to find such a great couple today.
Mr. Puiutz, I'm sorry, I can't go on, it's below my dignity.
Your dignity? With your kind of money,
you can afford dignity?
Let me tell you a story.
In the '50s, when I was young, I dreamed
of becoming a great writer, like you do.
You know how much there dreams cost me?
Five years at the Jilava prison.
The "comrades" did not approve of my manuscript.
There, in jail, I found out how things are with dignity.
One cigarette to the guard, one day of dignity.
No more cigarettes...
be very careful when you bend over.
Mr. Puiutz, I...
And, after five years, when they got me out,
guess what I found out?
That outside is the same...
So you can take your dignity and shove it up your ass...
...before someone else shoves theirs.
Bill to this table!
in your first day. Beautiful!
-Sir...
-Yes, please.
-It can't be the amount written here...
-It is, ma'am, see for yourself.
It can't be, sir, please, we're still in Romania...
...who can afford to pay such a bill?
These are the prices, only people

that can afford them eat here.

Honey, please, look and say if you think this is normal.

I think I'm going crazy.

-Look at it!

-I can't...

-It's too much, we don't have that kind of money.

-Impossible. Please pay the bill.

And I ask kindly that you understand,

it's a special situation. My wife...

I couldn't believe it. I loved it!

I felt like a great actor on stage,

in front of a breathless audience.

And it was only the first show in a long line of shows.

Honey, please, calm down, I'll try to reason with him...

What reason, sir, wasn't I speaking clearly enough?

You have to pay, so please...

I knew we shouldn't have gone out tonight.

Only you insisted...

I wanted it to be special...

And we offered you something special, too...

-Did I ask for something special?

-Did I?

-I didn't ask for anything special!

-Not a thing!

When I asked to see the menu,

you said to trust you with it.

I wanted to give a little pleasure to my wife,

since we're celebrating 10 years of marriage.

-10 years of marr...

-10 years of marri...

If you did her a pleasure, then do me

a pleasure too and pay your bill, ok?

-Do you know how much money my husband makes?

-That's none of my business, lady...

Do you know it's been two months

since he's got his last salary?

Do you know that the Ministry of Education won't pay

teachers' wages until after the budget review?

Do you know that it's been 10 years since we can't go out

to a restaurant because of a criminal and anti-cultural policy...

...that is mocking the formation of our youth?

I'm sorry, ma'am, but this is scandalous.

Why won't you be more understanding?

Why won't you?

I don't know, we'll look for a way out together,
I'll stay here all night and wash the dishes, sir...

All the happiness to you. Laura, sing the
anniversary song again for these two kids.

"Happy anniversary to you,
happy anniversary to you..."

And all this, Miruna, with only one purpose:
to appear before her tomorrow like a wealthy guy,
with a cell phone and a fancy car.

That... was the story...

-What do you say?

-What can I say? Good luck!

-God help!

-Yes...

We're here. This is where I live.

-See you Monday?

-See you Monday.

-Do you have a practical advice?

-Yes. Take the wedding ring off your finger!

Hey, bring it back by tomorrow noon!

-This is your car?

-What can I say? "Nobody dies for free".

-Where are we going?

-I booked a table at "Coral"...

...but if you want, we can go dancing afterwards.

-I've got the orange, too...

-He he...

-Diana!

-Slow down, buddy!

What cretins!

- Diana!

- Diana!

-We're going to "Cult Club".

-Where?

-To "Cult Club".

-Ah, ok.

-See you there!

-Diana!

-Diana, how are you?

-I'm fine, thanks. How are you?

I broke up with Silviu. See you at the club?

Come, tell me all about it, ok?

A medium "bland" for the young lady
and a double scotch for me.

Have you ever tasted this cigarettes from Afghanistan?

They go well with the scotch.

So, how are things with writing? Fun?

The coolest thing.

Only you must have a shitload of money,
otherwise it won't work.

These charlatans that say they live in some apartment
with their parents and write on an empty stomach... bullshit!

Only suckers believe that.

What you need to do is get to a cool state...

...go to your cabin in the mountains,
sit down with a glass of scotch...

-With some cool music...

-No, no. You make the music, on the paper.

The ones that write with music are not real writers,
they just write song lyrics.

I can't even write a postcard without music.

Don't worry, you can't write it even with music.

Listen, can you do... the other thing without music, too?

Well, aren't we pigs tonight...

Wow, so many cool people!

-Shit, "Leech" is here.

-The night goes bad.

-How the fuck did he find us?

-How you doin', motherfuckers?

Do I really have to make a thousand calls
to find out where you guys partyin' tonight?

I'll beat the shit out of the one that told him.

Too late, buddy, we were just about to go home.

So what? Come on, tonight I want to party.

-So, you're with the old guy now?

-I'm with whoever I want, do you mind?

-I'll catch you alone sometime...

-What for?

For our friendship to become a much deeper feeling.

Hi there, old man. I hope you weren't offended.

I like to make jokes like this.

You'll piss yourself laughing,

he's got a great sense of humor.

Yes, he does. Didn't you know? He's the master of fun.

Well, it looks like this chick doesn't appreciate me
as she should. She goes out with all these losers.

Umm, let me show you a trick.

-Do you know how a rich guy smokes?

-Like me, he he.

Nah, gimme the pack.

Lighter.

Tell me, just out of curiosity, what's your rate?

-My rate for what?

-For getting out of here.

How much would I have to bribe you
so that you go to bed early tonight?

-About when?

-About now.

My rate is one million per night.

Here's two millions, in advance, for a future occasion.

It's a pleasure doing business with serious businessmen.

Good joke. You're cool. He's cool, the old geezer...

Now we all say "good night"...

Ok, gotcha, you're cool, old man.

-Now we say "good bye" nicely...

-Yes.

-We go home, and hop into bed.

-Ok, now take your money back.

Lady Di, your guy is no fun.

I'm joking and he takes it for real?

-What jokes? did you take the money?

-Hey, did you take the money? Now go home!

-Quick, before you lose your sleep.

-Let him stay, poor guy...

-What is it, baby, don't you want to sleep?

-We don't want to leave?

-No, he was just leaving.

-Shut the fuck up, I wasn't leaving anywhere.

You're really uncool, guys. Uncool.

What the fuck, can't we stay and have a drink,
have some laughs?

Unfortunately, I must ask you to leave the club.

-Why?

-You disturbed this gentleman.

And who is this gentleman, that I have
to leave when he feels like it?

If you don't know, you better start reading
a book now and then.

-Yes?

-Shall I walk you to your car, or...?

I'll never go out with you guys again!

I'm shitting on your club, you bozos!

Are you messing with me?
Tell me, are you messing with me?
I'll send the Economic Police here!
This dump will be closed in two days!
I'll make sure all of you are fired!
No! Not here, the ground floor is full
of prying old geezers.
Come with me!
Now go! I can't take you upstairs, my parents are back.
-Otherwise you would have taken me upstairs?
-What do you think?
Do you think Robert would get mad
if he found out we're together?
Why would he get mad?
Well, he's certainly got a temper.
He could misinterpret...
What does he have to do with this?
Am I asking him who is he going out with?
Ok, ok, now go! Go!
You won't forget me until next week, I hope...
You only see each other on Saturdays?
She can't go out during the week, she's a model,
and she's obsessed with her beauty sleep.
Thank God, I don't think I would be capable
of seeing her more often.
-Financially, or...
-Well...
I'm a pauper Mondays to Fridays, and a prince
in the weekends. Ever seen anything like this?
-Your bill, sir.
-Yes, thank you.
What can I say, it was absolutely delicious,
but way too expensive.
-You mean the bill?
-No, I mean being with Diana.
I was thinking... how much would I have to earn
in order to take her out every day...
...I guess that, if we consider
how much I spent this Saturday...
-And the bill...?
-Ah, yes.
What is this? I think there's been a mistake!
Ahh!
Robert! Get over here for a second.

Listen! If they even the score, I'll cut you all!

What's up?

I can't... let me catch my breath.

Your parents... are they all right?

Yes.

-And your sister, how is she?

-She's ok.

Speaking about your sister... I have this friend...

A girl about her age.

I want to give her a present,
and I have no idea what to get her.

I was thinking maybe you could give me an idea.

What would Diana like, for example?

Teach! You've got a chick you want to sleep with!

No, nothing like that, it's just...

If you've got a chick you want to sleep with,
you'd be a fool to buy her gifts!

Take her home, give her
a glass of scotch, and screw her!

What the hell, teach?

Am I supposed to teach you that too?

Ok, dismissed.

-Come on!

-Come here, Robert!

And don't break any windows, or you'll pay for them!

Look, the phone bill and the rent bill.

Show them to her, so she can see how
we pay them from our crappy social security!

Oh, I almost forgot!

I read it. It's crap!

I can't bring her to my place, it would be a disaster.

A hotel is too vulgar...

At her place I risk running into her brother...

-Where do I take her?

-don't you have any friends?

Acquaintances. They're all married.

Anyway, all of them live...

way beneath what "I can afford".

-You know what? Can we change the subject?

-Why?

Because you don't take someone out
to talk for hours about your problems.

And it's very unpleasant for a wife,
no matter who she is...

...to constantly hear you
praising some pretentious bimbo.
Sorry I had to say that.
Especially at an anniversary.
-What anniversary?
-10 years of marriage.
-Are you crazy?
-Yup...
-We have that anniversary every night.
-Yes, but maybe tonight is special.
-Why would it be special?
-Be cause I want it to be so.
What's so special about it?
It's just another evening.
Yes, but this is our 10th evening.
-Since we've been working together...
-Since I've been your wife.
At least in front of all these people,
who don't deserve this one bit.
So spare me your cheap love stories, ok?
-Why...
-Mr. Pepe can kiss my ass!
-Where are you going?
-To pee.
-You know what?
-Yes?
When you invite a girl to your place,
and she asks where the bathroom is...
You better know where it is,
or you might be showing her the closet!
Also know where you have clean towels,
how to turn on the music...
Have some personal things
scattered around the room...
Easy to say, but... I have no place to take her.
Talk to Pepe. He's an understanding man.
What? I'm sponsoring you to fuck?
Look closely! This is the city you live in!
This is the perfect spot to see it.
Better than the top of "Intercontinental Hotel".
See how many nobodies walk by?
Millions of nobodies.
When you came to me with this innocent
"nobody" face, what did I say to myself?

Miruna, coffee!

I said:

this kid wants to learn a trade".

Do I get that coffee already?

There are three basic jobs in this world:

wealthiness, poverty and sex.

You can earn your pay in any of them.

But from love and writing you'll starve,

you idiot! You'll die for free!

I think the house on 21st Autumn St. is free...

He thinks so small... I leave him everything he makes,

I ask for no percentage...

...just so he could understand

what opportunities lay ahead!

An all this time, he's living in a dream!

That's what I heard, it was freed two days ago.

-What?

-The house on 21st Autumn Rd.

-So what?

-So it's free...

What is this, a plot?

You two are plotting against me?

When do you need it?

On Saturdays?

We'll talk later, depending on your results.

What the hell, they're clients just like us,

how can you talk to them like that?

What, do you want me to pay from my own pocket?

Ho much is that bill anyway?

I'll pay half, you guys cover the rest.

Is it him? It's him, I can't believe it!

-Who?

-That guy over there, the one without money.

I had no idea he was so poor.

Thank you, thank you.

Here, smoke like wealthy guys do!

Don't mock a poor man. It's not nice.

-Aren't you ashamed of yourself?

-What do you want?

Stop!

"The IMF is useless,

orphanages are still bad.

The PHARE fund is useless too..."

-Here.

-Thanks.

-Wasnt it too much?

-I pity them, poor kids.

And? What went wrong?

Well, all day long I explored the place...

I tidied it up... I looked everywhere.

I filled the fridge.

-Wow!

-Let's turn the lights on.

Just a second, we'll have light...

One second...

Am I crazy, or you don't really

want to turn the light on?

-Naughty, naughty...

-One second...

Want a drink?

-Do you know what I like most about you?

-No, I don't.

That you don't flaunt your wealthiness.

Most men I've been with...

you know, they want to show it.

They take advantage

that I'm a woman, I look great...

...so of course I can't

buy my clothes in any store.

Who wouldn't be with a man

that can offer a little luxury?

But someone like you, not pigs like them.

-Isn't it so?

-It is.

-Do you want to go to the bedroom?

-No, not yet.

We have music in the bedroom too.

Not now, don't answer!

You've reached the "Philantropica" foundation.

Leave your message after the beep.

Ungureanu here. I'd like to reserve the place

for Thursday the 13th and Friday the 14th.

I hope the prices are the same.

Please call me back at 423 56 56.

It was a wrong number!

Come on, don't be weird... It's clear that

it was a wrong number, what are you thinking?

Who do you think called me yesterday? "Leech".

He told me he saw you in a restaurant...

and you didn't have money to pay.

-Who, me?

-And you were married!

God forbid!

Of course I didn't believe him, but...

...now that you brought me to somebody else's place, who knows what to believe?

-Listen, do you believe that lunatic?

-Whose house is this?

Mine! All mine! Look, this is where I live! Ok?

This is my desk, with my typewriter...

...with a page from my last novel...

...with an unfinished sentence,

so I wouldn't be late for our date.

"Domident" toothpaste. Towels.

My closet, with my clothes...

Picture album... What more do you want?

Your phone number.

-What?

-Your phone number, I don't have it.

Let's call your number, see who picks up.

It's ringing! Can you hear? It's ringing!

-Hello, Ovidiu?

-Yes?

Oh, he's not home?

No problem, I'll call later.

Wrong number...

-At least let me drive you home, please.

-Are you sure it's your car?

Where are you going now, alone, at night?

Here, take some. Well done.

Then... I called you.

That 's what you all do. As soon as your mistress kicks you to the curb, you go crying to the wife.

Come on. Come here.

What? You're shocked?

Anyway, since I've been working for Pepe, I haven't been doing it anymore.

I've changed my source of income.

Coming, honey?

Don't be stupid. I bet you have no idea what an experienced woman is like.

Otherwise you wouldn't fall for silly little girls.
Would the master please wake up?
I assure you, sir, that it is a beautiful day,
for which it is well worth opening your eyes.
Anyway, the publishers from New York and Paris...
...are already here, and they brought
the contracts for you to sign.
-What time is it?
-It is 3 PM, sir.
And, as usual, I'm serving your breakfast in bed.
Today it's Sunday. We have the day off.
-So you know what I thought?
-No, I don't.
Why don't you take me out to a restaurant tonight?
-Beautiful... to break the monotony, right?
-Are you listening?
This time we order anything we want.
We drink, we eat, we party...
-With what? I spent everything yesterday.
-We cant pay. We collect.
-And? What do we get with that?
-We get absolutely no money at all!
Don't you want to enjoy just once...
...all those yummy things on our bills?
French Champagne... seafood salad...
Chateau Briant flamb...
...appetizer... sirloin steak... trout...
... two coffees and desert...
that's exactly 2.754.000 lei.
Radu, Mircea and Alin are invited on stage!
-We're sorry, we don't have that much money...
-I can't hear you...
-We didn't know it was so expensive...
-I can't hear you...
We'll leave you our IDs, something...
and I'll come pay tomorrow at 11 PM.
Quit bargaining and pay!
And the karaoke goes on!
Do what? Let's try some installments, here's my ID.
And now, the gentleman that asked for a famous song.
-Sir, please, let's discuss this...
-We'll discuss it. That's where I'm taking you....
...to discuss it.
We'll have a nice little chat, just the two of us.

Listen, let's come to an agreement...
Why are you such a jerk, eh?
Tell me, you jerk, you want
me to pay out of my own pocket?
Say it, do you want me to pay out of my own pocket?
Say it, you bastard!
Me, pay out of my own pocket?
Let me give you another helping!
Want more?
Want more?
At least you could have smiled a bit...
Oh well, he did too good of a job on the eyes,
but not so good on the mouth.
Otherwise... nice handiwork.
Do you think his mommy would recognize him now?
"The Popescu family..."
Well, you have to be the representative
of ordinary people...
You really didn't recognize my style?
It didn't have your signature on it.
You think small...
I never signed "The Sheep" either.
How many fools were in this thing?
Just one, right?
Just one fool, right Miruna?
Honey, my sweet, my beauty...
Can you give us a minute? Please?
No, don't worry.
Of course, kitten. Your wife was in on it.
Guess who else?
-The waiter...
-Of course. And?
The voice on the machine
on Saturday night, Ungureanu.
Bingo! You just won a color TV! He he...
I'm not even joking, tomorrow night
you'll be on TV, live.
-Who?
-What do you mean, who? You, the Popescus.
In front of the people. On ProTV.
You can count me out.
Incredible... isn't anything left in this
stubborn head of yours?
No brain activity? Is it on strike?

Hello? Anybody home?
Mr. Puiutz, our collaboration
ceases this very moment.
Zorro, I don't get you...
We have a lot of work ahead of us.
We need to prepare tomorrow's show.
Two weeks we trained you for this thing.
There's tons of money at stake here.
You can't even imagine.
But that's not important.
Important is that we'll create a masterpiece.
Don't you feel excited when you hear it, as a writer?
A masterpiece!
I think you've got the wrong guy.
Let me set things straight:
my name is not Popescu...
...this young lady is not my wife...
I'm not even a writer, although
I would have liked to be one.
All I am is a high school teacher
who must teach his students...
...the masterpieces of Romanian literature.
Have a nice day.
If anybody says anything about the way I look...
...I'll take away their cell phone!
You have been warned!
Take out a sheet of paper. Pop quiz!
-Is Robert Dobrovicescu here?
-No I haven't seen him in a few days.
-Can we talk for a second?
-Just a moment.
"The patriotic feelings in poems of the 1848 generation".
And be quiet, understood?
I'm listening.
We'd like to ask you a favor.
If this student shows up for class
in the next few days...
...give him a message from us.
From you... who?
It doesn't matter. Just tell him
two honest citizen were looking for him.
The message matters. Memorize:
"The Baron is very upset.
He wants the money in three days."

If this kid doesn't show up in three days
with the money and deep apologies...

"Life is complicated, and has many aspects".

I didn't understand a thing.

-He didn't understand a thing.

-It's your turn, then.

Sir, this kid crashed a brand new car
that wasn't his.

-The owner is very upset.

-"Very upset", that's the message.

He wants the money for the damages,
and asked us to talk to the kid and persuade him...

If the kid doesn't behave, he can run
to Vladivostok, we'll still find him.

And then it's bad...

-How much does he owe?

-He knows how much.

The important thing is to remember that...

"life is complicated and has many aspects".

He's young, and it would be such a pity if
he ended up, God forbid, as an invalid.

-Or even worse...

-God forbid!

-What kind of money are we talking about, anyway?

-\$3.000.

It's not the money that counts, it's the act.

Shut the fuck up! The first that breathes
gets a bullet between the eyes!

What is this? Are we mocking school here?

Everybody concentrate on your quiz!

-By the way, who fixed you up so good?

-Nobody...

Because if somebody fixed you up, and you want
revenge, we'll handle it cheap.

I'll kill the first that tries to cheat!

\$3.000... Bucescu, your cell phone!

Florin Calinescu is the host of "Today's Question"...

...the talk show for the beginning of the millennium!

Tonight, we have a surprise guest.

Good evening, everybody. I'm Florin Calinescu,
and I have to tell you I'm disgusted.

I'm sick of it!

I woke up this morning, I started looking for
a theme for today's show and...

I realized I'm sick of it. Yes, I'm sick of it all!
I'm sick of politicians, of politics,
of the empty speeches in the Parliament...
...of all the scandals in our politicians' lives.
I want to know, where are the simple people,
with their real problems?
Where are you, our viewers?
We'll meet two of these anonymous people...
...who pay from their own pockets, like you
and like me, the bill of the economic transition.
And it's exactly a bill that their story is about.
Ladies and gentlemen, to my right
we have Ovidiu and Miruna Popescu.
And to my left we have Mr. Gheorghe Stanete...
...waiter at "Karaoke Club", who'll
tell us what happened.
-Good evening.
-Good evening.
Mr. Stanete, would you please tell us, in your own words,
about the incident you were part of two days ago?
Well... they came to our club, drank and ate all night...
...and at the end they didn't want to pay,
claiming they had no money.
I can't go to my boss with an unpaid bill of 2 millions.
He'd fire me.
So what did you do?
I... "touched" this gentleman a bit.
Please show an image of Mr. Popescu.
This is what you call "a bit"?
It was just a bit at first, then we got angry...
Before I let the Popescus talk to find out
more about them...
...I'd like to announce the number where you can call
with your questions and comments...
Please write it down. For long distance
it's area code 01, then 213 45 36.
ProTV, "Today's Question". I'm listening.
So, that night you celebrated ten years of marriage.
Yes, my husband had set aside some money
for the occasion, and I insisted to go out.
You know, usually we can't afford it.
What's your monthly salary?
Together we make 3 million lei.
Where the hell are my glasses?

I never lost anything in 65 years!
This is your doing!
What have you done with my glasses?
Remember when we celebrated 40 years of marriage?
You sent me off to wash your socks,
and you fell asleep on the couch, watching "Colombo".
Shut up! I'm waiting to go on the air.
Jasmine, get over here! I want to show you something.
See this chick? Wasn't the bandaged guy next to her
at "Polenta" and he couldn't pay?
Well? It's a scam, believe me!
-Tell us about how you two met.
-He wrote me a poem...
We were on a bus, it was crowded,
and he put a note in my purse.
I found it when I was looking for money to pay the fine,
because I didn't have a ticket.
I've kept it ever since.
"The smile of the girl on the bus
charmed me for ever.
I have another drama now,
exactly like Mr. Ion Susai".
-Who was Mr. Ion Susai?
-A friend of mine, you don't know him.
Florin, we can take calls.
They tell me we have a call. Hello?
Good evening to you and your guests.
Good evening.
My name is Pavel Puiutz, and I represent
the "Philantropica" Foundation.
I read the article in the newspapers,
and I was very touched.
These people are not some lowlifes.
They both work, they have a salary.
And yet society doesn't give them not even
a decent life, let alone some respect.
I completely agree with you, Mr. Puiutz.
Do you gave a question for our guests?
I have an announcement. Today, our Foundation
opened an account for the Popescus.
The account is at the Romanian Prosperity Bank.
We already gave them a small amount, and...
...we'd like, if possible, to make this account known.
So that other people can help this family too.

Mr. Puiutz, say the account number, and
we'll put it on screen.
The number is 0 0 2 4 3...
-Yes, now!
-...0 0 1.
I can't see anything...
We have another call.
Mr. Gorea, from Bucharest. We're listening.
-Hello, can you hear me?
-Yes, we can hear you very well.
Mr. Calinescu, good evening to you and your guests.
-Good evening. We're listening.
-I have a question, Mr. Calinescu.
What the hell is the Labor Ministry doing?
They said they will increase social security.
When will thy increase it?
We didn't see any increases!
Mr. Gorea, were you following our debate so far?
Of course I was.
You invited these youngsters that...
go to a restaurant!
And nobody thinks about old people, that
live off social security.
Mr. Gorea, thank you for your intervention.
They tell me we have another call.
Mr. Fotica, from Bucharest. Yes?
Hello? Good evening, Mr. Calinescu.
I'm calling to say these two are a scam, sir.
Good evening. Please be courteous
and ask your question, ok?
Let me tell you how things are.
I saw these two scammers last Thursday,
on the terrace at "Polenta"...
...and they didn't have money to pay then either.
The other clients paid for them.
I paid too, because I pitied them.
I'm telling you, Mr. Florin, they take you for a fool.
This is a scam!
This viewer is making some pretty serious allegations.
Can you answer them?
But it's absurd, how can he think that...
It's a lie, sir, I never worked at "Polenta"!
I think it's just a misunderstanding.
I think not. It looks like this gentleman

saw us in several places...
...we can't hide anymore.
Maybe you'll tell us more, sir. Maybe...
...I asked the bodyguards to kick you
out of a restaurant, some other night...
That's right, you made a big fuss at "Cult Club".
"Cult Club"? Really? You realize, Mr. Calinescu,
what type of place I go to...
Next we'll find out someone saw us on Palm Beach...
...or who knows, in the Security, during Ceausescu.
Such a nice joke to entertain your friends, right?
Mr. Florin, it's for real, no joke.
You're having a party, right?
I can hear music and voices.
-Yeah, so? What's your problem?
-I have a question for you, sir.
How did you come that night?
Thursday, right?
To that restaurant you say you saw us at.
-I drove my own car.
-Your own car?
-What do you do for a living?
-I'm a student.
-What are you studying?
-I'm a student at a private University.
Let me show you something.
Mr. Calinescu, could they please show this on camera?
Please, get a close-up.
I can bet Mr. Student has no idea how much
this object costs, or how to use it.
-Will you hold our bet, Mr. Calinescu?
-Why not, I find it interesting.
-Mr. Fotica?
-Yeah?
-Are you still there?
-Yeah...
Tell me, sir, how much is a bus ticket nowadays?
I haven't taken one in ages...
Come on, Mr. Florin, can't you see he's
starting to speak nonsense?
Speaking of nonsense, sir...
...instead of wasting your time with cheap sci-fi stories...
...why don't you take a bus now and then...
...at least once a year, out of curiosity.

You'd see a bit of real life, and maybe...
...maybe you wouldnt make stupid jokes on TV.
Don't mock what you don't know, Mr. Student.
If you were lucky enough that your parents
took good care of you...
...at least try to be humble. If you can...
Yesss!
If there's nothing else, let's take a short break.
You wish to make a deposit?
No, I'd like to withdraw
the equivalent of \$3.000.
At today's exchange rate, that
is 90.540.000 lei.
Password, please.
Password?
Yes, your account is not in your name.
It's an account with a password.
You can't withdraw without the password.
"That can't be...
to take the last penny from a poor man..."
What the fuck did you think I was?
A charity fund?
-"That can't be..."
-He's young, he doesn't know better.
Doesn't the word "copyright" tell you anything?
You didn't say so when you asked me
to make a fool of myself on TV!
Possibly... The first time you came here,
you were asking for less too.
Boys! Play "And we worked the nights"!
Come on, don't pout, drink something.
What if I go to the Police and tell them everything?
Cut it, boys!
-What did you say?
-He's young, he doesn't know.
Instead of fighting, why don't we sing a
Give me \$3.000. As a loan.
\$3.000? That's how you ask for \$3.000
after all I taught you? "Give me"?
-Please. I need it.
-He needs it...
You failed the exam, professor.
Go recap all the course material.
Come to me and impress me. Emote me!

Make me cry!
Talk to me about the poor girl
you want to help.
What does she need? A little fur coat?
A little apartment?
The hand that doesn't tell a story
doesn't get any money!
Be a professional, what the fuck?
"Popescu".
"Popescu".
What happened to you?
-Don't even think of repaying me.
-What is this?
For Robert.
I know he needs it. But please,
don't tell him I gave it to you.
You do know he's a jerk, right?
He doesn't deserve your help.
-Better let him sort this out on his own.
-How would he sort it out, the poor thing?
I wanted to tell you,
so you won't feel sorry later.
I must go now.
-Do you remember where I live?
-I do.
Come around 9 PM.
I'll be waiting.
Mom!
-You slept with your clothes on...
-What time did I tell you to wake me up?
At 8 PM, but you were so sweet in your sleep...
A Mr. Puiutz called, he said to call him back.
-Are you looking for the young lady?
-Mrs. Diana, yes.
-She left earlier.
-She left around 7 PM.
Rex! Be quiet, Rex!
Are you looking for the lady that is on TV?
-Do you know where she left, ma'am?
-"Domident. Anywhere."
I don't know, sweetie.
But she had a suitcase and was in a hurry.
Who are you, anyway?
"...at track 2. The train

does not stop until Rosiori."

"We wish you a pleasant journey".

-Live long and prosper!

-You too.

Recite another, I like it.

"The girls show up on the street
in fancy foreign cars
but they still love their country,
even from their foreign cars".

Divine!

Recite it again, I want to learn it.

"...if you're with me, our enemies die of envy,
because we do so much better
when I was smoking pot, you were eating
bread and yogurt..."

Want a fresh one? 12-13?

Can you handle it?

-Robert? What are you doing here?

-I'm in hiding.

-Go home, problem solved.

-What problem, teach?

-The money, you have them.

-No kidding.

Be thankful you got off so easily.

Go home and look for Diana.

-Diana?

-Yes, Diana, your sister.

Come on, you're drugged.

-I have no sister, Teach.

-Of course you don't.

Don't tell me it was my sister
that came to school two weeks ago.

Oh, that one... That was not my sister, Teach,
she was just some chick from the hood.

I asked to come as a prank.

-Robert?

-Yeah?

-You don't happen to have \$3.000, do you?

-Not really, Teach.

You'll laugh... me neither.

You know, Robert, there are
a lot of people in this world...

...that are not worth your help.

-Yup.

-You're first on that list.
Even those goons are better than you.
So why did I get into this shit for you?
Let's go.
It'll work. I'll take you to a friend of mine
where no one will find you.
At least 'till tomorrow.
The Veteran here. I just saw him.
He was at the train station and took a cab.
You'll get off here? That's 50.000 lei.
Get lost! Go!
What do you want?
We brought him, Mr. Pepe.
Where were you, boy? Your wife was worried sick.
Honey, I was so worried... Where were you?
I can't believe this. Honey, did you drink?
What have you done?
Let him be, not every day does one make so much money.
Maybe he had a drink with his friends.
-He, who never...
-Leave him like that, don't groom him, he looks fine.
Tell us, please, what were your feelings
towards all this solidari...
What will you do with the money?
How did you feel?
Please, not all at once. One by one, please.
-Do you have any statements?
-Yes. I'm happy for this couple.
At our Foundation, we believe that if you can help
one man in a tough situation...
...it's better than giving a penny to
Excuse us, there are too many people
in the other room.
Mr. Popescu, excuse me,
let's take a picture with your wife.
Everybody's waiting.
Come on, let's take a picture.
I think that's enough for tonight.
Let's give them some privacy.
Thank you, everybody. Good luck.
You are welcome anytime.
Well, that's it. I'm going home.
I hope you have everything you need.
Mr. Popescu, needless to say, you owe me.

Not morally. Materially. \$3.000.
Don't bother, I know my way out.
"And we worked the nights,
and we worked the days..."
-It's late. Can we go to bed?
-Yup.
Come, we'll clean this tomorrow.
What time do you wake up?
At 8, since at 9 I have to be at school...
Wake me up, I'll cook something for you.
No need, I'll boil a couple of eggs.
Yes...
Honey, please, not tonight.
I'm really tired. Do you mind?
No, I don't mind.
I'll go in the study, maybe
I'll manage to write something.
If I fall asleep, will you turn off the TV?
Honey? Do you realize it? Ten years...
They went like they were just a few days.
"The night was sneaking silently over the city
like a thief's hand in somebody's pocket".
No, not like that.
"...like me in the bed with my wife fallen asleep".
"-Hey, babe, are you free tonight?
-Look at you..."
Ok...
Hmm, what do we have here? He he.
-Get in!
-Why?
"Poor kid, hunted down by goons.
He'd rather beg than steal". Come on!
You feel sorry for this little jerk, this bum,
this no-good prick...
-Hey, don't you call me a...
-Zip it, or I'll sow it shut!
You feel sorry? I'll take your money! He he!