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French Lovers

By Unknown

- Where to? I'll drive you.
- No thanks, I'll wait for the bus.
- You're sure?
- Yes, I'm sure.
Come on! Don't be stubborn.
You'll wait three hours.
I'll drive you where you want
without stopping. Get in!
Leave me alone.
I'm waiting for the bus.
Hey! What day is it today?
Isn't it Sunday?
And on Sundays, you're sure
there are buses here?
Oh, shit!
Well... Where are we going?
Rue Lepic, in the 18th.
Could you stop at a tobacconist's?
I need cigarettes.
No problem!
See? It's better than a taxi.
Yes, that's right.
And... we might go behind
the rue Lepic,
to Montmartre, for a drink.
No way!
Wait, you answer without thinking.
You don't know what will happen.
You might want to.
I doubt it, I have a date.
With your man?
- None of your business.
- Come on, it's obvious.
With your man.
And you, you hit on every girl
waiting at bus stops.
How many today?
I never do it. It's the first time.
- Sure!
- I've always wanted to
but I never dared do it.
But there, I must say, it was perfect.
Perfect!
Come on, make the most of it,

don't go see your man.

Enough!

- What do you do in life?

- I work at the National Library.

- Ugh, stressing!

- What?

- Must be fucking boring!

- No, not at all.

I've worked there a short time.

I thought I'd die.

- And now, what do you do?

- Well...

I'll tell you

if you give up on that moron.

Look, if you go on like this,

I'll get off the car.

If you go on like this,

I'll get off the car.

As if you were making me a favor,

it's unbelievable.

I didn't force you to get on, did I?

You, girls, you're unbelievable,

you're always sorry about what you did,

- you're always out of phase.

- I knew you'd piss me off.

Let me get off.

Well, beat it.

I got it.

You work hard every day

and you go to your fianc

for your weekly minute of ecstasy.

You mustn't be disturbed from it.

Besides, you run away from reality.

You're fucking stupid.

You crazy or something?

You're insulting me.

Who do you think you are?

You know nothing of me.

You're uttering meaningless truisms.

It's childish.

You find it funny, don't you?

I find it annoying.

Well, that's it.

You can be clever at times.

You're great! Come on...
Come on...
You're the most conceited jerk
I've ever seen.
Anyway, it worked.
You must be glad.
I told you because I love you.
You love me? You're stupid.
We met less than ten minutes ago.
But I loved you before we met.
I had decided I would love you.
Didn't you get it?
Love depends on will.
Obviously, I must be stupid
not to be able to will it.
It's obvious.
I can't decide whether you're serious.
"I can't decide whether you're serious."
You make me laugh.
You love me
and you're always teasing me.
Nice relationship!
O.K., I'm done.
That's right, I'm being silly.
There's a tobacconist's here.
I'll stop.
- I think my girlfriend will dump me.
- Why?
Because she's seen me and
I chose to leave with you.
It's not true.
You did it on purpose.
You're really despicable.
Sisterhood now!
Nothing to do with sisterhood.
You play with people,
because you don't care.
You are not able to love.
Yeah? You girls,
you're really able to love.
You're a thousand times crueller
than we are.
And on top of that, you're a misogynist.
A natural misogynist.

Chicks are stupid.

Guys are stupid.

But the problem is that I don't give
a shit about guys.

All right, where is it?

It's there, a little further on,
on the right.

- You won't go up there.

-Yes, I will.

Don't be foolish, stay with me.

Wall thank you, very nice of you.

It's like the bus.

On sundays, there's no one up there.

Come on,

go back to your girlfriend now.

Don't tell me you don't want
to stay with me.

- You don't really want that.

- No, no, it's stupid.

- So what's stopping you?

- No, goodbye, thanks once more.

What jerk!

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