ULTIMO TANGO A PARIGI

[LAST TANGO IN PARIS]

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FINAL SHOOTING

TRANSCRIPT

FADE IN:

EXT. PARIS FRANCE - PONT DE BIR-HAKEIM - DAY

PAUL (50's) stands on the street under a RAISED TRAIN BRIDGE. He covers his ears in UTTER DISGUST at the UNBEARABLE NOISE a train makes as it ROARS OVERHEAD.

He BELLOWS TO THE HEAVENS.

PAUL
(ENGLISH)

FUCKING GOD!!!!

As the train moves on he walks, slowly, DESPONDENT. Lost in a private WORLD OF PAIN.

Behind him we see a woman in a fur collard coat and flowered hat walking, gaining on him. This is JEANNE (20's).

As she PASSES Paul, she turns to GLANCE at him. We read a HINT of EMPATHY on her face.

He is OBLIVIOUS to her or anything else for that matter.

She walks on, dodging STREET SWEEPERS as she covers the long walkway, trying to forget the SAD MAN she saw.

We see her walk toward a 6 story APARTMENT BUILDING.
Paul, with TEARS STREAMING DOWN HIS FACE, comes to reality as he also notices the building. He REGARDS it.

CUT TO:

EXT. APT. BUILDING - PASSEY - DAY

Jeanne stands looking at the grandeur of the building at 1 RUE JULES VERNE. She reads a FOR RENT sign on the door frame. She HESITATES but then RINGS THE BELL. She checks her watch. She SMILES to herself then descends the nearby stairs. She goes into a BAR.

CUT TO:

INT. KENNEDY EIFFEL BAR - DAY

Jeanne comes in and speaks to the BARTENDER.

DIALOGUE IS IN FRENCH

JEANNE
A phone token, please.

BARTENDER
No tokens. At the end, on the left.

JEANNE
Thank you.

Jeanne goes to the TELEPHONE/WASHROOM. The telephone booth is OCCUPIED. As she waits, she watches in disgust as an OLD LADY cleans her DENTURES with a toothbrush and then puts them back in her mouth. Jeanne STUDIES her own face in the MIRROR, puffing her cheeks up in judgement. As she does, Paul exits the phone booth, still LOST IN ANGUISH.

After watching him leave, Jeanne USES THE PAY PHONE. She
speaks to her MOM.

JEANNE (CONT'D)
Mama? Yes, it's Jeanne. I've found a flat to rent in Passy. I'm going to see it.

She puts her foot up on the seat. We see her LONG BOOTS as her SHORT SKIRT hikes up.

JEANNE (CONT'D)
Then I've got to go to the station to met Tom. I promised him. OK, see you later. Bye!

CUT TO:

INT. APT. BUILDING - FRONT DESK

Jeanne talks to THE CRAZY CONCIERGE through a SMALL WINDOW who is SMOKING and has ROLLERS in her hair.

JEANNE
I've come to see the flat. I saw the sign.

CONCIERGE
The sign? 3.

JEANNE
Yes.

The Concierge joins Jeanne AT THE WINDOW.

CONCIERGE
It's always the same! Nobody ever tells me anything.

JEANNE
I'd like to see it.

CONCIERGE
You want to rent it?

JEANNE
I don't know yet!

CONCIERGE
They rent, they leave and I'm the
last to know. Do you think that's right?

She sits at her desk and Puts out her Cigarette.

CONCIERGE (CONT'D)
If you want to go up alone--

She looks through her KEYS...

CONCIERGE (CONT'D)
Go on. I'm afraid of spiders. The key is missing. Strange things happen.
One of the APT. GUESTS puts an empty WINE BOTTLE outside their door. They both TAKE NOTICE.

CONCIERGE (CONT'D)
They drink six bottles a day.

Jeanne thinks the place is like a FUNNY FARM. As the concierge TRILLS OUT FIGARO, she gives up and walks away.

CONCIERGE (CONT'D)
Wait! Don't go! There must be a duplicate.

She looks for it.

CONCIERGE (CONT'D)
Here it is.

Jeanne, against her better judgement, goes back to the desk. She holds out her hand. The Concierge puts the KEY IN HER HAND.

CONCIERGE (CONT'D)
You must be very young.

She GRABS AND HOLDS ON to Jeanne's hand way too long, LAUGHING CRAZY, HYSTERICAL. Jeanne has to forcefully break away from her grasp.

JEANNE
Let go of me!

She gets free of her and heads to the ELEVATOR, rubbing her hand.

JEANNE (CONT'D)
She's crazy!

The ELEVATOR arrives and she gets on. We watch her ascend and DISAPPEAR.

CUT TO:

INT. APT. BUILDING - BEDROOM

Jeanne comes in the DARK ROOM and heads straight for the window. She opens it and the STORM SHUTTER.

Light STREAMS IN, revealing Paul, sitting on the RADIATOR.

Jeanne is STARTLED when she sees him. DIALOGUE IS IN FRENCH

JEANNE

Who are you?

No response.

JEANNE (CONT'D)

You gave me a fright.

No response.

JEANNE (CONT'D)

How did you get in?

He replies WITHOUT LOOKING AT HER. 5.

PAUL

(BARELY AUDIBLE)

Through the door.

JEANNE

Oh yes, I left it open. I didn't hear you come in.

PAUL

I was already here.

JEANNE

Sorry? Oh it was you who took it. I had to bribe the concierge. These old houses are fascinating.
She walks up to the FIREPLACE.

JEANNE (CONT’D)
An armchair by the fireplace would look good.

PAUL
The armchair should go in front of the window.

JEANNE
Are you American? You've got an American accent.

He gets off the radiator and WANDERS into the next room for SOLITUDE.

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS
But she has followed him. She OPENS THOSE WINDOWS also. He is forced into ANOTHER ROOM.

DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS
As he studies a WICKER CHAISE LOUNGE, she calls from the other room.

JEANNE (CONT’D)
Are you going to take it? Are you?

PAUL
I don't know.

She continues to LOOK AROUND. Her CURIOSITY of Paul gets the best of her. She peeks around the corner and watches him SIT IN THE CORNER.

6.

JEANNE
What are you doing?

She thinks he is VERY ODD as he PLAYS WITH a lamp shade. Nature calls. She heads to the --

BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS
As the PHONE RINGS, she pulls up her skirt and sits on the toilet for a PEE. She looks around.

She finishes and FLUSHES THE TOILET as the PHONE RINGS ON incessantly.
LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The PHONE RINGS on...

JEANNE (CONT'D)
(PERTURBED)
Oh la la. Should I answer It or not? Oh...

DINING ROOM

They pick up the phone at the SAME TIME. Paul EAVES DROPS

JEANNE'S VOICE
Hello? Hello --

PAUL
(to the caller)
Hello -- Hello. There's no-one here. There's no-one. I don't know.
He puts the SMALL LAMP SHADE back. He hangs the receiver on
the back of the chaise. Jeanne continues to listen on her end, UNAWARE.

Paul SNEAKS AROUND THE CORNER.

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jeanne is STARTLED. She hangs up the phone.

JEANNE
So you're going to take it? You've decided?

PAUL
I had already decided. But I'm not sure now. Do you like it?

She's SPEECHLESS.

7.

JEANNE
I don't know. I shall have to think about it.

PAUL
Think fast.

He WALKS OFF.
Jeanne picks her hat off the floor, lost in CONFUSION.
The front door SLAMS.
She walks toward the door...
But Paul didn't really leave. He walks slowly TOWARD HER.

JEANNE
I thought you'd left.

He STUDIES HER for a moment. He takes her hat and DROPS IT on the ground. He PICKS HER UP in his arms and CARRIES to the window. He puts her down on the window sill. They start MAKING OUT ferociously.

He RIPS her panty hose, UNDOES HIS ZIPPER and PENETRATES HER.
They are lost in ANIMALISTIC SEX as she WRAPS HER legs around him.

PAUL
Ah... Oh, God.

They KISS SAVAGELY and HIT the floor as THEY CLIMAX TOGETHER.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Oh, Jesus... Oh... Oh, Christ.

Totally spent, they ROLL AWAY from each other. Her skirt, hiked up is showing her ripped panty hose. We can see her AMPLE BUSH through the SHEER FABRIC.

They WRITHE on the floor trying to CATCH THEIR BREATH.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Oh, God.

CUT TO:

EXT. APT. BUILDING - ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Paul comes out the FRONT DOOR. He puts on his TRENCH COAT. Jeanne LAGS behind, trying to fix herself also.
Paul takes the FOR RENT sign off the DOOR FRAME as Jeanne heads off, still STUPEFIED.

He watches her descend the stairs and throws the CRUMPLED UP sign on the sidewalk.

**PONT DE BIR-HAKEIM - CONTINUOUS**

They go their SEPARATE WAYS. Jeanne crosses the street while Paul takes the RAISED WALKWAY.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. SUBWAY STATION - PLATFORM**

Jeanne RUNS through the crowd IN A PANIC dodging people. She finds who she is LOOKING FOR, her boyfriend TOM (30's). She runs into his arms like LONG LOST LOVERS.

All of the sudden, a FILM CREW appears, filming their every moment.

They KISS PASSIONATELY.

Tom tries to UNTANGLE HER from the cords.

**TOM**

Watch out!

**JEANNE**

Have they taken us for someone else?

**TOM**

We're in a film.

He walks her and EXPLAINS.

**TOM (CONT'D)**

We're in a film. If I kiss you...

He KISSES HER...

**TOM (CONT'D)**

... it might be cinema. If I stroke your hair, it might be cinema.

They walk on as the SOUND ENGINEER pokes a MICROPHONE in their faces.

**JEANNE**
What's going on? Do you know them? 9.

TOM
It's a long story. In short, Portrait of a Girl. It's been accepted for television! And the girl is you. It's you!

JEANNE
You're mad! You might have asked me first.

TOM
Yeah, but I wanted...

Jeanne SMACKS THE MICROPHONE out of their faces.

TOM (CONT'D)
I wanted to start with shots of Jeanne at the station meeting her fiancé. Yes, I know them. They're my crew.

JEANNE
So you kissed me, and you knew it was being filmed. You're a bastard! Traitor!

TOM
No, you'll see. It will be a love story. Tell me, Jeanne, darling. What did you do while I was away?

JEANNE
I thought of you day and night, and I cried. Darling, I can't live without you!

TOM
Wonderful! Cut! That was perfect!

He is THRILLED. He tries to kiss her but she won't let him. She is still MIFFED. But she finally GIVES IN. They have a PASSIONATE EMBRACE.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL - ROSA'S BATHROOM - DAY
CATHERINE cleans the bathroom of EXCESSIVE BLOOD.

Paul sits on the other side of the PRIVACY SCREEN -- REFLECTING, in a GLUM FOG, listening.

She WRINGS OUT a washcloth frequently as she speaks. The EXCESSIVE BLOOD AND WATER falling into a BUCKET.

CATHERINE
I'd have finished by now, but the police wouldn't let me touch anything. They didn't believe it was suicide.

She WIPE A MIRROR.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
There was so much blood everywhere. They had fun making me do a reconstruction. "She went there."

She wipes another GLASS SURFACE.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
"She came through here."

She opens the curtain to the SHOWER/TUB. It's INUNDATED with BLOOD.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
"She opened the curtain."

She STARES at the blood... It's so much. She uses the SHOWER HEAD to rinse the blood off the tub.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
I copied all her actions. The guests were awake all night! The hotel was crawling with cops! They enjoy playing around with blood. She rinses the blood FROM HER HANDS AND ARMS.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
They were all spies! Asking if she was sad, if she was happy, if you fought, how long you'd been married, why you didn't have any children. Pigs!
Disgusted and exhausted, she sits on the edge of the tub. We switch to PAUL'S SIDE of the PRIVACY SCREEN. We see he is DEEPLY DISTURBED by this situation.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
They got familiar right away! They said, "Your boss is a bit unstable." "Do you know that he was a boxer?" So?

(MORE)

11.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
"It didn't work out, so he became an actor." "Bongo player, revolutionary in South America, journalist in Japan."

She begins to clean blood from THE STRAIGHT RAZOR Paul's wife used to KILL HERSELF WITH.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
One day, he lands in Tahiti, hangs around, Learns French." "Then he comes to Paris. There... he meets a woman with money, marries her and... "Since then what has your boss done?" "Nothing."

Paul pulls the curtains aside from the window. He looks out. He SPIES a BLACK COUPLE, one a SAX PLAYER, in an adjacent building. She is attempting ORAL SEX on him.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
I say, "Can I clean up now?" "No! Don't touch anything!" "Do you really think she killed herself?"
He pushed me into a corner and tried to paw me...

When the couple are spotted, they stop. He starts PLAYING HIS SAX.

Paul has had enough of the running water and her cleaning.

PAUL
Turn the tap off now.

CATHERINE
They'll be doing the autopsy right now.
Paul walks to her side.

**PAUL**
Why won't you turn the tap off?

**CATHERINE**
They told me to give you your razor back.

She hands him the STRAIGHT RAZOR. He STUDIES IT.

**PAUL**
It's not mine.

**CATHERINE**
They said they don't need it any more. The investigation is over.

He grabs her hands VIOLENTLY and studies them.

**CATHERINE (CONT'D)**
Yes, she had cuts there...

He tilts her head back FORCEFULLY.

**CATHERINE (CONT'D)**
... and on the neck, too...

He PULLS HER OUT OF THE WAY and turns off the water. He pulls the SHOWER CURTAIN closed.

He storms out of the bathroom, leaving Catherine there.

When he is gone, she opens the curtain and turns the water back on OUT OF SPITE.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. PONT DE BIR-HAKEIM - DAY**

Formerly known as the Passy Viaduct. We see a great shot of the DOUBLE-DECKER ROAD-AND-RAIL BRIDGE and PAUL'S NEW APARTMENT BUILDING.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. APT. BUILDING - DAY**
The front door opens and Jeanne's hand comes in, holding the **KEY**.

The rest of her peeks in. She **SPIES A CAT**. She decides to make **CRAZY NOISES** at the animal, **CRAWLING ON THE FLOOR**, making it **RUN FOR THE HILLS**.

Just then, **MOVERS** pop in carrying furniture catching Jeanne off guard.

**MOVER**
Excuse me, where shall I put this?

**JEANNE**
You could have rung the bell.

**MOVER**
The door was open. I'll put it there.

He puts the chair down in the middle of the room. She moves it to in front of the fireplace instead.

**JEANNE**
In front of the fireplace.

She heads to the front door but is stopped by...

**MOVER 2**
Careful, madame.

With and armfull of chairs.

**JEANNE**
There.

She tries to leave again but then runs into...

**MOVER**
What about the table?

With a table.

**JEANNE**
How do I know? He'll decide.

**BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Jeanne **REGARDS** the room.
MOVER 2
This is a king-size.

JEANNE
It won't fit!

MOVER
Well, your husband has no idea. All this in an hour... It's not long.

She leans against a wall and looks around, FLABBERGASTED.

JEANNE
What a mess!

We see Paul in the DOORWAY paying the movers.

MOVER
Thank you.

MOVER 2
Thank you.

He comes in.

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jeanne is sitting in the chair in front of the fireplace.

PAUL
The armchair goes in front of the window.

He DRAGS THE CHAIR AND HER to the window instead.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Like that.

JEANNE
But I only came to return the key. To return it to you.

PAUL
I don't care about the key. Take your coat off.

He takes his COAT OFF and hangs it on a DOOR HANDLE.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Take your coat off and help me.
JEANNE

OK.

PAUL
Get those chairs and bring them here.

He grabs the TABLE and brings it to the DINING ROOM.

DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He places the table. She follows with the CHAIRS.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Put them on the other side. Take that, too. That's it.

JEANNE
You didn't waste any time...

But he has WANDERED OFF to another room.

15.

JEANNE (CONT'D)
Listen monsieur! I've got to go.

DIALOGUE TO ENGLISH

JEANNE (CONT'D)
Look, sir! I've got to go!

BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

She walks across the mattresses with her BOOTS ON. Paul leans against the wall STUDYING THE ROOM.

PAUL
The bed is too big for the room.

JEANNE
I don't know what to call you.

PAUL
I don't have a name.

JEANNE
Do you want to know mine?

PAUL
No, no! I don't. I don't want to know your name.

He COVERS HER MOUTH and backs her up against a WALL.

**PAUL (CONT'D)**

You don't have a name and I don't have a name either. Not one name. She throws his hand off and puts some space between them.

**JEANNE**

You're crazy!

She leans against the adjacent wall.

**PAUL**

Maybe I am, but I don't want to know anything about you. I don't wanna know where you live or where you come from. I wanna know nothing, nothing, nothing...

**JEANNE**

You scare me.

Back to the OTHER WALL.

16.

**PAUL**

You and I are gonna meet here without knowing anything that goes on outside here.

He indicates OUTSIDE THE WINDOW.

**PAUL (CONT'D)**

OK?

**JEANNE**

But why?

**PAUL**

Because... Because we don't need names here. Don't you see? We're gonna forget... everything that we knew. Every... All the people,... all that we do,... wherever we live. We're going to forget that, everything, everything.

**JEANNE**
But I can't. Can you?

**PAUL**
I don't know. Are you scared?

**JEANNE**
No.

She walks to the bed, inviting him with her eyes.

**JEANNE (CONT'D)**
Come?

**CUT TO:**

**INT. HOTEL - PAUL AND ROSA'S ROOM - DAY**

ROSA'S MOTHER roots through Paul and Rosa's belongings. Searching for answers... and maybe some tokens of her **DECEASED DAUGHTER**.

Paul waits, listening in the HALLWAY. He loathes the upcoming reunion.

Annoyed by all the rattling while she searches, he bites the bullet and goes in.

He catches her in the ARMOIRE...

She stops her rooting.

17.

**ROSA'S MOTHER**
I thought you'd be here.

**PAUL**
I expected you later.

**ROSA'S MOTHER**
I took the first train.

We notice the irony of the sign on the door, it reads "PRIVY" (PRIVATE).

**ROSA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)**
Oh, Paul! How awful! How awful, Paul!

She walks timidly up to Paul. After a moment, they embrace
each other in a GRIEF STRICKEN HUG.

MOMENTS LATER

Paul grows BORED of the reunion, he TAPS HIS FINGERS on the closet he LEANS AGAINST, studying the accessories of the DECOR and her silly hat.

She sits, SPILLING HER GRIEF on Paul as if it is a THERAPY SESSION.

ROSA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

Papa is in bed with asthma. The doctor wouldn't let him come. It's better like that. I'm stronger.

She starts RUMMAGING AGAIN, this time through Rosa's empty PURSES, spilling them out one at a time on the bed BEHIND PAUL.

PAUL

What are you looking for?

ROSA'S MOTHER

Something that would explain... A letter, a clue.

PAUL

Nothing. I told you, there's nothing, nothing at all.

He takes the purses and PUTS THEM BACK. She sits on the bed in DESPAIR.

ROSA'S MOTHER

My little Rosa wouldn't have...
Nothing for her mother. Not a word. 18.

PAUL

It's useless to keep on searching.

ROSA'S MOTHER

Not even for you, her husband!

He closes the ARMOIRE.

PAUL

You need to rest. I think room 12 is free.
He GATHERS HER BELONGINGS and leads her UP THE STAIRS.

STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

They pass some GUESTS coming down.

GUEST

Hi.

Rosa's Mother stops on the stairway, REFLECTING PAINFULLY.

ROSA'S MOTHER

ROSA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
With a razor?

Paul goes on, IGNORING HER.

ROOM 12 - CONTINUOUS

Paul comes in and puts her belongings on the BED.

ROSA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
What time did it happen?

PAUL

I don't know. In the evening.

And then?

ROSA'S MOTHER

PAUL

Then I... I already told you on the phone... When I found her, I called the ambulance.

Paul goes out to the HALLWAY to gather himself. 19.

ROSA'S MOTHER

After you called, Papa and I stayed up all night, talking about Rosa and you. Papa kept whispering, as if it had happened in our house.

Rosa's mother thinks he LEFT. She YELLS.

ROSA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
Paul!

Paul is BROKEN OUT OF HIS TRANCE... the sudden yelling has
INCENSED HIM.

He PEERS ANGRILY at her in room 12.

ROSA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
Where did it happen?

PAUL
In one of the rooms.

ROSA'S MOTHER
Did she suffer?

PAUL
Ask the Doctors. They're doing the autopsy.

ROSA'S MOTHER
The autopsy.

He goes into the ...
BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

He turns off the ANNOYING RUNNING WATER. He looks at himself in the mirror.

She UNPACKS her suitcases on her bed. He rejoins her.

ROOM 12 - CONTINUOUS

She takes out some CARDS.

ROSA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
I already had some announcement cards. I've seen a lot of death. I think of everything. I'll prepare her a beautiful room with flowers. 20.

PAUL
The cards, clothes, relatives, flowers. You've got everything in that suitcase. You didn't forget anything. But I don't want any priests here.

ROSA'S MOTHER
But...
No priests.

ROSA'S MOTHER

But Paul...

PAUL

Understand?

ROSA'S MOTHER

We have to. Funerals must be religious.

Paul EXPLODES -- She jumps a foot back.

PAUL

No!!!

He DARES HER with his eyes, ENRAGED.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Rosa didn't believe! Nobody believes in the fucking God here!

He throws her suitcase AGAINST THE WALL.

ROSA'S MOTHER

Paul, don't shout. Don't talk like that.

He SNATCHES THE PAPER from her hands.

PAUL

The priest doesn't want any suicides. The Church doesn't want any suicides, do they?

ROSA'S MOTHER

They'll give her absolution.

He RAISES HIS HAND threatening to HIT HER.

PAUL

Heh!?

21.

Scared, she pushes on.

ROSA'S MOTHER

Absolution and a nice mass. That's all I ask, Paul. Rosa... Rosa is my little girl, do you understand? Rosa... Why did she kill herself?
She starts WEEPING.

**PAUL**
Why? Why did she commit suicide? Why?

He PUMMELS THE DOOR with his fists ... ENRAGED...

**PAUL (CONT'D)**
You don't know? You don't know.

He closes her DOOR.

**HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Some of the OTHER GUESTS pop their heads out to see what the COMMOTION IS. He gently CLOSES THEIR DOORS in a "mind your own business" sort of way.

There is always the "Miss know it all, busybody type" though.

She sheepishly REOPENS HER DOOR.

Paul walks calmly back to it and SLAMS IT in her face --- IRATE.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. APT. BUILDING - DAY**

Jeanne enters the ALREADY OPEN DOOR. She looks around the still sparsely furnished living room.

**LIVING ROOM -**

Paul has decided his BED FITS BETTER in here. The BOTTOM MATTRESS is on the floor in the MIDDLE OF THE ROOM. He LEANS AGAINST THE WALL and top mattress, WAITING FOR JEANNE. He knew she'd be there.

She TAKES A SEAT on the bottom mattress and takes off her boots.

He watches her and does the same with his shoes. KICKING OFF and CATCHING THEM in the air PLAYFULLY.

22.

**LATER**
Paul and Jeanne sit NUDE, entwined, WRAPPED AROUND EACH OTHER'S BODY'S.

**DIALOGUE IS ENGLISH**

**PAUL**

OOh... Now... Let's... Let's just look at each other.

**JEANNE**

It's beautiful without knowing anything.

They REGARD each other for seconds.

**JEANNE (CONT'D)**

Maybe... Maybe we can come without touching.

**PAUL**

Come without touching? OK.

He leans his head back and CLOSES his eyes... SCREWING UP HIS FACE. She COPIES HIM.

**PAUL (CONT'D)**

Are you concentrating? Did you come yet?

**JEANNE**

No. It's difficult!

**PAUL**

I didn't either yet. You're not trying hard enough.

They STOP THE SILLINESS. They laugh. She wraps her arms around his neck.

**JEANNE**

I shall have to invent a name for you.

**PAUL**

A name? Oh, Jesus Christ! Oh, God, I've been called by a million names all my life. I don't want a name. I'm better off with a grunt or a groan for a name. Do you wanna hear my name?
Paul does some PLAYFUL ANIMAL SOUNDS. APE SOUNDING GRUNTS and such. He contorts his face and LOOKS SILLY.

JEANNE

It's so masculine.

PAUL

Yeah.

JEANNE

Listen to mine.

She mimics his idea and makes her own PLAYFUL ANIMAL SOUNDS. He laughs.

PAUL

I didn't get the last name.

She redoes the SOUNDS for him. He JOINS her. Their ANIMAL SOUNDS BLEED INTO...

CUT TO:

EXT. JEANNE'S FAMILY COUNTRY MANOR - YARD - DAY

... A DOVER OF LIVE DUCKS QUACKING --

Tom and his FILM CREW record the ducks for b.g. SOUND CLIPS while they WAIT FOR JEANNE.

This includes ROOSTERS, PIGEONS and annoyed NAIL FILING by one of the CREW.

FINALLY, Jeanne opens the gate door, sheepishly. She is LATE and has a DIFFERENT HAIR STYLE.

Tom is MIFFED, for continuity sake...

DIALOGUE IS FRENCH

TOM

You shouldn't have done that to me.

She is much more EXCITED about the NEW PERM.

JEANNE

It's not a wig, it's my hair.
She CLOSES THE GATE.

Doesn't it suit me? Tell me, don't you like it? Tell me.

24.

TOM

Of course I like it. Listen, you know... I don't know. You have changed, and yet you haven't. I can see the shot now.

He twirls around, setting up the shot between his hands and his MINDS EYE...

TOM (CONT'D)

The camera is up high. It descends slowly and follows you. You come forward, and it moves in on you. There's music, too. It gets closer and closer to you.

JEANNE

I'm in a hurry. Let's start.

She MOSEYS OFF.

TOM

But... can't we talk a little first?

JEANNE

Tonight we improvise. You follow.

He does.

FAMILY PET GRAVE-YARD - CONTINUOUS

Jeanne kneels in front of a HEAD STONE that reads "Mustapha".

JEANNE (CONT'D)

He was my childhood friend. He used to watch me for hours and hours. I think he understood me.

A VOICE from behind Jeanne pipes in.

OLYMPIA'S VOICE

Dogs are worth more than people.
Much more.

Jeanne smiles, FAMILIAR.

JEANNE
Meet Olympia, my nanny.

OLYMPIA
Mustapha could always tell the poor from the rich.

(MORE)

25.
OLYMPIA (CONT'D)
If someone well-dressed came in, he never stirred. But if someone scruffy came in, you should have seen him! What a dog!
The colonel trained him to recognise Arabs by their scent.

JEANNE
Olympia, open the front door.

OLYMPIA
Give me a kiss.

Jeanne stands and KISSES HER on the cheek through the gate.

JEANNE
Go and open it.

(TO TOM)
Olympia is a compendium of domestic virtues. Faithful, admiring, and racist.

We watch Olympia walk to the MANOR HOUSE as Jeanne WAXES NOSTALGIC. Slowly, the rest of the property is revealed to us.

JEANNE'S VOICE
After Papa died, we moved back to the family home for a while. My childhood was made up of smells. Musty smells, the smell of walls and rooms.

A GROUP OF KIDS runs into the yard. Children used to come and play in my jungle, all day long. Growing old is a crime.

CUT TO:
INT. JEANNE'S FAMILY COUNTRY MANOR

Jeanne holds up a PICTURE. She points to people as she describes them.

JEANNE
That's me there. And that's Mademoiselle Sauvage, the teacher. She was very strict... and very religious.

Olympia CHIMES IN AGAIN from behind the CAMERA CREW.

OLYMPIA
She was too good. She spoilt you.

The Camera Crew turns the camera on her. Jeanne has a DIFFERENT PICTURE, pointing again.

JEANNE
That's Christine...

They turn back to Jeanne.

JEANNE (CONT'D)
...my best friend. She married the pharmacist and has two children. It's like a village here. We all know each other.

Olympia chimes in again from behind, in an open door.

OLYMPIA
I couldn't live in Paris.

The camera turns on her, then back to Jeanne.

JEANNE
We're safe here. It's odd looking at the past.

TOM
Cut!

He walks to her.

TOM (CONT'D)
Why is it odd? It's you! It's
fantastic, it's your childhood.
It's everything I was looking for.

He turns on his camera crew who is UNDER HIS HEELS, shewing them out.

**TOM (CONT'D)**
What are you up to? Move it! Move it!
(to the lead crewman)
Who are these zombies who are always following you around?
(to all of them)
Scoot! Go on! The door, the door...

He starts opening all the doors in the MANOR.

27.

**TOM (CONT'D)**
I'm opening the door. I'm opening all the doors.

**JEANNE**
What are you doing?

**TOM**
Setting up my shot. There it is!
That's it! I've found it. Reverse gear!

Olympia is loitering in one of the rooms he comes in.
Imagine her nerve, in her own house!

Tom is the typical RUDE FRENCH DIVA DIRECTOR.

**TOM (CONT'D)**
What are you doing there? Beat it!

He turns his attention back to Jeanne, the subject of his OBSESSION.

**TOM (CONT'D)**
That's it. Into reverse. Yes! Do you see? Like a car, you go into reverse gear. That's it. Close your eyes.

She closes her eyes. He guides her BACKWARDS by the shoulders
through the MANOR.

**TOM (CONT'D)**
Start reversing. Close your eyes.
That's it, come on. Come on
backwards. That's it. Go back to
your childhood.

Jeanne BACKS TO a ROW OF PICTURES. She touches each and
recalls the subject.

**JEANNE**
Papa?

**TOM**
You're soaring. Take off and return
to your childhood.

Next picture.

**JEANNE**
In full uniform.
28.

**TOM**
Don't be afraid. Overcome the
obstacles.

Next.

**JEANNE**
Papa in Algeria.

**TOM**
You're...

He starts a COUNTDOWN of ages, as if he is HYPNOTIZING HER.

**TOM (CONT'D)**
15...14...12...13...11...10...9...

Jeanne backs into a DESK.

**TOM (CONT'D)**
We're there.

Jeanne kneels down in front of the desk.

**JEANNE**
My favorite route when I was eight.
She crawls under A TABLE. She finds a NOTEBOOK in a SECRET HIDING SPOT.

JEANNE (CONT'D)
My old notebook.

She reads from it.

JEANNE (CONT'D)
French homework. Theme: the countryside. Exposition: the countryside is cow country. The cow is all dressed in leather. The cow has four sides: the front, the back, the top and the bottom. Isn't that good?

TOM
Beastly.

STUDY - CONTINUOUS

She reads on.

JEANNE
Here are my cultural sources. Le Grand Larousse.

(MORE)

29.

JEANNE (CONT'D)

She shows him a PICTURE she has found that she DREW AS A CHILD.

JEANNE (CONT'D)
Tom! Tom! Tom! Look!

TOM
Who's that?

JEANNE
My first love.

TOM
Who?
JEANNE
My cousin Paul. My first love.

TOM
But his eyes are closed.

JEANNE
What?

TOM
His eyes are closed!

JEANNE
He played the piano divinely.
That's how I remember him...

AS WE --

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK YARD

Jeanne and Tom walk BUNDLED TOGETHER as Jeanne REMINISCES...

JEANNE'S VOICE
Sitting at the piano... His fingers
would skim the keys.

The FILM CREW follow them, filming.
30.

Olympia stumbles behind, watching.

JEANNE'S VOICE (CONT'D)
He played for hours and hours. At
the bottom of the garden, there
were two big trees. A plane tree
and a chestnut tree. After mass on
Sundays, we used to sit there, each
under our own tree. It was
wonderful. We sat gazing into each
other's eyes.

All WANDER THE GARDEN.

JEANNE
Aren't my trees beautiful? They
were my jungle.

They come upon the CROWD OF KIDS again. One KID is squatting
behind some thatch, doing his business.
JEANNE (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

KID 1
Having a shit.

The boy pooping stops and PULLS UP HIS PANTS.

KID 2
No, we're doing a poo.

Jeanne SCOLDS THEM.

JEANNE
Shame on you, doing it in my jungle!

KID 1
Watch out!

KID 2
Run for it!

They SCATTER towards the STONE WALL with Olympia and Crew CHASING AFTER THEM.

OLYMPIA
Oh, these dirty little Arabs! Go and shit in your own country!

The kids CLIMB THE WALL for escape from the CRAZY ADULTS.

31.

TOM
Keep filming. Keep filming! Don't stop, whatever you do!

Tom wanders back over to Jeanne while Olympia and the Crew continue to SCARE OFF THE KIDS in the b.g..

JEANNE
Did you get it?

TOM
Everything.

JEANNE
Olympia was great. It'll give a good idea of race relations in the suburbs of Paris.
TOM
It's a real jungle here. So, tell
me about your father.

JEANNE
I thought we'd finished.

TOM
Five minutes.

JEANNE
I'm meeting someone for work.

TOM
But the colonel... the colonel!
But Jeanne is OFF.

AND WE CUT TO--

CUT TO:

INT. APT. BUILDING - LIVING ROOM - DAY

We are back at Paul's new place. Jeanne WANDERS THE ROOM
TOPLESS but covering her breasts with a PILLOW.

She continues to WAX NOSTALGIC about her father.

JEANNE
The colonel had green eyes and
shiny boots. I worshipped him. He
was so handsome in his uniform.
32.

PAUL'S VOICE
What a steaming pile of horseshit.

JEANNE
What?

Pissed, she THROWS THE PILLOW she was covering her AMPLE
BREAST with at Paul.

We now see Paul is LOUNGING ON HIS MATTRESS, pant legs
rolled up past his knees, TOYING WITH A HARMONICA and drinking from
a WOODEN CUP.
JEANNE (CONT'D)
What? Don't...

PAUL
All uniforms are bullshit. Everything outside this place is bullshit. Besides, I don't want to hear about your stories, about your past, and all that.

JEANNE
He died in Algeria in 58...

PAUL
Or 68 or 28 or 98...

JEANNE
58, and don't joke about things like that.

PAUL
Listen, why don't you stop talking about things that don't matter here? What the hell's the difference?

DIALOGUE SWITCHES TO ENGLISH

JEANNE
OK.

She huffs over to the other SIDE OF THE ROOM, crossing her arms, POUTING.

JEANNE (CONT'D)
So what do I have to say? What do I have to do!?

He turns on to his back to evince his CROTCH. 33.

PAUL
Come on the good ship...
(SINGS)
Lollipop...

He PLAYS A TUNE on his harmonica. She sneaks onto the bed IN THE SHADOWS.

JEANNE'S VOICE
Why don't you go back in America?
He stops PLAYING THE TUNE.

PAUL
I don't know. Bad memories, I guess.

JEANNE
Of what?

PAUL
Oh... My father was a... a drunk. Tough. Whore-fucker, bar-fighter. Super-masculine. And he was tough. My mother was very... Very poetic. And also a drunk. And... one of my memories, when I was a kid, was of her being arrested nude. We lived in this small town. Farming community. We lived on a farm. And I'd come home after school and she'd be gone. In jail... or something. And... I used to... I used to have to milk a cow every morning and every night and I liked that. I remember...

An IRISH COUNTRY JIG plays over the MONOLOGUE.

PAUL (CONT'D)
One time I was all dressed up to go out and take this girl to a basketball game. And I started to go out and my father said, "You have to milk the cow." I said, "Would you please milk it for me?" And he said, "No, get your ass out there." So I went out and I was in a hurry and didn't have time to change my shoes. And I had cow shit all over my shoes. And on the way to the basketball game, it smelled in the car. I don't know. I-I can't remember very many good things.

JEANNE'S VOICE
Not one?

PAUL
Yeah. Some. There was a farmer, a
very nice guy. Old guy, very poor, and worked real hard. I used to work in a ditch, draining land for farming. And he wore overalls and he smoked a clay pipe. Half the time he wouldn't put tobacco in it. And I hated the work. It was hot and dirty and... it broke my back. And... all day long I'd watch his spit which would run down the pipe stem and hang on the bowl of the pipe. And I used to make bets with myself on when it was going to fall off. And I always lost. I never saw it fall off. I'd just look around and it'd be gone and then the new one would be there. And then we had a beautiful... My mother... My mother taught me to love nature. And... I guess that was the most she could do. And... we had... In front of our house we had this big field... meadow. It was a mustard field in the summer and we had a big black dog named Dutchy. And she used to hunt for rabbits in that field but she couldn't see them. So she'd have to leap up in this mustard field and look around very quickly to see where the rabbits were. And it was... very beautiful. And she never caught the rabbits.

Jeanne looks up from the bed, MISCHIEVOSLY.

JEANNE
You have been had!

PAUL
Oh really?

JEANNE
I don't wanna know anything about your past, baby!

PAUL
You think I was telling you the truth?

Jeanne flaps her arms. Paul TWILLS his eyebrows in response.
PAUL (CONT'D)

Maybe... Maybe...

Jeanne climbs on the bed with the top sheet like a LIONESS STALKING her prey.

JEANNE

I'm a Red Riding Hood and you're the wolf.

She COVERS HIM UP with the sheet. Then she uncovers his arm.

JEANNE (CONT'D)

What strong arms you have!

She SNIFFS HIS ARM. Paul PLAYS ALONG.

PAUL

The better to squeeze a fart out of you!

She plays with his hands.

JEANNE

What long nails you have!

PAUL

The better to scratch your ass with.

She REACHES UNDER the sleeve of his shirt to his chest.

JEANNE

Oh, what a lot of fur you have!

PAUL

The better to let your crabs hide in.

She lifts the sheet from his face, moves his harmonica and looks in his mouth.

JEANNE

Ooh, what a long tongue you have!

He TALKS FUNNY as Jeanne holds on to his tounge.

PAUL

The better to... to stick in your rear, my dear.

36.
She makes her way down to his CROTCH, uncovering the sheet as she goes. She REGARDS HIS PRIVATE AREA.

JEANNE
What's this for?

PAUL
That's your happiness and my... my ha-penis.

JEANNE
Peanuts?

Jeanne SMILES ON as Paul reels off a list of FOREIGN NAMES for the MALE GENITALIA.

PAUL
Prick! Joint!

Jeanne gets a kick out of this... Sort of.

JEANNE
It's funny. It's like playing grown-ups when you're little. I feel like a child again here.

PAUL
Did you have fun as a kid?

JEANNE
It's the most beautiful thing.

PAUL
It's beautiful to be made into a tattletale or forced to admire authority or sell yourself for a piece of candy.

JEANNE
I wasn't like that.

PAUL
No?

JEANNE
I was writing poems. I was drawing castles,... big castles with tower. A lot of tower.
PAUL
Did you ever think about sex?
37.

JEANNE
No. No sex.

Paul MOCKS HER.

PAUL
"No. No sex."

JEANNE
Tower.

He gives her a LOVE SMACK on the head.

PAUL
You were probably in love with your teacher.

JEANNE
My teacher was a woman.

PAUL
And she was a lesbian.

JEANNE
How did you know?

PAUL
That's classical... Anyway...

JEANNE
My first love was my cousin Paul.

Paul explodes.

PAUL
No! I'm gonna get a hemorrhoid if you keep telling me names. No names. I don't mind if you tell the truth, but don't give me the names.

JEANNE
Sorry. Sorry.

PAUL
Well, go on. Tell the truth. What
else?

JEANNE
I was ... He was dark, very thin. I can see him. Big nose! A big romance. I fell in love with him when I heard him playing piano.

38.

PAUL
You mean when he first got into your knickers.

JEANNE
He was a child prodigy. He was playing with both hands.

PAUL
I'll bet he was... Probably getting his kicks.

JEANNE
We were dying of heat.

PAUL
Oh, yeah. Good excuse. What else?

JEANNE
In the afternoon, when the grown-ups were napping...

PAUL
You started grabbing his joint.

JEANNE
You're crazy!

PAUL
Well, he touched you.

JEANNE
I never let him! Never!

PAUL
Ohhhh. Liar, liar, pants on fire, nose as long as a telephone wire.

JEANNE
No, I'm not.

PAUL
Look me straight in the face and say, "He didn't touch me once."
Huh?

She SMILES.

JEANNE
He touched me, but the way he did it.
39.

PAUL
Aha! The way he did it. OK, what did he do?

JEANNE
Behind the house, there were two trees. A plane tree and a chestnut. I sat under the plane tree and he sat under the chestnut. And one, two, three... We each began to masturbate. The first who came... won!

Paul is suddenly LOST IN HIS THOUGHTS. He wanders to the wall, leans on it and studies his harmonica.

JEANNE (CONT'D)
Why aren't you listening to me?

PAUL
When did you first come? How old were you?

JEANNE
The first time? I was really late for school. I started running and it was downhill. All of a sudden, I felt a strong sensation here. So I ran and ran and I came as I ran. The faster I ran, the better it was and the more I came. A couple of days later, I tried to do it again, but no luck.

Paul climbs a TRIPOD that is leaning against the wall.

JEANNE (CONT'D)
Why aren't you listening to me?

He takes the PIN OUT and it comes apart. He FALLS BACK.
JEANNE (CONT'D)
Why do I feel like I'm talking to a brick wall when I talk to you? Your solitude weighs on me. It isn't indulgent. It isn't generous. You are selfish!

He finally looks at her.

JEANNE (CONT'D)
I can be by myself, too, you know!

DRUM MUSIC STARTS AS...
40.

He smiles, twirls a drum stick, puts his harmonica on her head and goes into the NEXT ROOM.

She THROWS THE HARMONICA on the floor in disgust.

As he FIDDLE FARTS around the apartment, Jeanne MASTURBATES.

DINING ROOM
Paul is REUNITED with his SMALL LAMP SHADE. He puts it over his face and CRIES into it.

LIVING ROOM
Jeanne has CUM. She ROLLS OFF THE MATTRESSES onto the floor, SPENT.

She ROCKS BACK AND FORTH on her haunches.

A SIREN screams outside. She hugs the wall.

DINING ROOM
Paul is LOST IN GRIEF, crying harder.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL - LOBBY
SAX MUSIC PLAYS - from a room in the HOTEL.

It's soothing and nice. Nevertheless, Rosa's mother roams the room, sleepless, a CROCHET BLANKET wrapped around her. Paul sleeps on the couch. She covers him with a the blanket,
MATERNAL.

He THROWS IT on the floor.

**ROSA'S MOTHER**

I can't sleep with this music.

**PAUL**

I came to this hotel a long time ago, to spend one night. And I stayed for five years.

**ROSA'S MOTHER**

When Papa and I had the hotel, people came here to sleep.

**PAUL**

Now, there's all sorts. They can hide, take drugs, play music.

41.

Rosa's mother reaches out and strokes Paul's arm.

**PAUL (CONT'D)**

Take your hand away.

She continues stroking.

**ROSA'S MOTHER**

You're not alone, Paul. I'm here.

He sits up calmly, taking her hand in his own, then... BITE HER!!!

She PULLS HER HAND BACK in obvious pain.

**ROSA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)**

You're crazy! I'm starting to understand.

**PAUL**

Do you want me to make them shut up? OK. I'll make them shut up.

Paul gets up and TURNS OFF THE MASTER LIGHT SWITCH. Rosa's mother STANDS, SCARED.

**ROSA'S MOTHER**

What are you doing, Paul? I'm
afraid!

Paul STALKS TOWARD her in the DARK.

PAUL
What's the matter, Mother? Are you upset? Don't be. There's nothing to be upset about. It takes so little to make them afraid. I'll tell you what they're afraid of.

He leads her by the ARM to the stairs.

PAUL (CONT'D)
They're afraid of the dark. Imagine that! Come on, Mother. Meet my friends.

ROSA'S MOTHER
Put the light on!

They look up the stairs to all the GUESTS that are out of their rooms.

PAUL
You should meet a few clients of the hotel. Hey, folks. I'd like you to say hello to Mom. Mom, this is Mr Juicehead Junky here. And... Mr Saxophone, he's... He's our connection, Mom. He gives us some hard stuff once in a while. And right here is the beautiful Miss Blowjob of 1933. She still makes a few points when she takes her teeth out.

ROSA'S MOTHER
The light, Paul.

PAUL
Say hello, Mom! This is Mom! Oh! You afraid of the dark, Mom? She's afraid of the dark. Oh, poor thing. All right, sweetheart. I'll take care of you. I'll give you a little light. I'll give you a little light. Don't you worry about a thing.
Paul turns the lights back on. The GUESTS who are gathered on the stairs, scurry back to their rooms.

**HOTEL ENTRANCE**

Rosa's Mother stares on as the COMMOTION CLEARS. A GUEST comes in the front door carrying NEWSPAPERS. This is MARCEL, (60's) Rosa's LOVER. He takes off his hat for her.

**MARCEL**

Good evening, madame.

**ROSA'S MOTHER**

Good evening.

Paul saunters into the room. He surveys the IRONIC SCENE.

**PAUL**

Good evening, Marcel.

Marcel picks up on the awkward energy. He heads up the stairs to his room. Paul hands him a key on the way up.

**MARCEL**

Goodnight, Paul.

**ROSA'S MOTHER**

Who's that?

**PAUL**

Do you like him? He was Rosa's lover.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. APT. BUILDING - BATHROOM - MORNING**

Jeanne, NAKED, roots through Paul's coat pockets. She finds his RAZOR, but scoots to the sink when she HEARS HIM COMING. She starts applying makeup and SINGING.

Paul enters the bathroom. He takes his SHAVING ACCOUTREMENTS (razor, strop, brush, etc.) out of his coat pockets. Jeanne watches him intently in the MIRROR.
He joins her at the LARGE BASIN SINK. She pretends to have been putting on her make-up all along. She RESUMES HER SONG.

JEANNE
What am I doing in this apartment with you? Love?

Paul starts putting his SHAVING CREAM on with a shaving brush.

PAUL
Well... Let's say we're just taking a flying... a flying fuck at a rolling doughnut.

JEANNE
So you think I'm a wore.

He MOCKS her obvious mispronunciation of "whore".

PAUL
I think you're a what? A what? A wore?

JEANNE
A wore.

PAUL
You mean whore.

JEANNE
Yes, a whore. Whore.

PAUL
No, you're just a good old fashioned girl... trying to get along.

JEANNE
I prefer to be a whore.

She applies more makeup.

PAUL
Why were you going through my pockets?

JEANNE
To find out OOH you are.

He MOCKS her mispronunciation of "who" this time.
PAUL
To find out OOH you are.

JEANNE
Yes.

PAUL
Well, if you look real close, you'll see me hiding behind my zipper.

JEANNE
Well, we know that he buys clothes in some big store. That's not much. But it's a beginning.

PAUL
That's not a beginning, that's a finish.

JEANNE
Well, OK. Let's forget it. How old are you?

PAUL
I'll be 93 this weekend.

JEANNE
Oh, you don't look it.

PAUL
Thank you.

She LAUGHS.

JEANNE
Have you been in college?

PAUL
Oh yeah. Yeah. I went to... the University of Congo. Studied whale-fucking.

JEANNE
Wow!

He SHARPENS his razor on the STROP.

JEANNE (CONT'D)
Barbers don't usually go to
university.

**PAUL**
Are you telling me that I look like a barber?

**JEANNE**
No, but that's a razor's barber.

He CORRECTS her again.

**PAUL**
That's a barber's razor.

**JEANNE**
Barber's razors, yes.

**PAUL**
Or a madmans.

He starts **SHAVING** his neck with the **STRAIGHT RAZOR**.

**JEANNE**
So you want to cut me up?

**PAUL**
No. That would be like writing my name on your face.

**JEANNE**
Like they do to slaves?

**PAUL**
Slaves are branded on the ass and I want you free.

**JEANNE**
Free?! I'm not free! You want to know why...

(MORE)

46.

**JEANNE (CONT'D)**
why you don't want to know anything about me? Because you hate women.

**PAUL**
Oh, really?

**JEANNE**
What the hell have they ever done to you?

**PAUL**
Well,... either they always pretend to know who I am or they pretend I don't know who they are and that's very boring.

JEANNE

I'm not afraid to say who I am. I am 20 years old...

Paul EXPLODES.

PAUL

NO! I... Jesus Christ! Where is your brain? State zitta. Halt's Maul, Schweinehund. Shut up. Get it?

She stands, POUTING.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I know it's tough but you're gonna have to bear it.

She hits the sink and TURNS to us, we see her AMPLE BUSH. She crosses her arms and continues to POUT like a child.

PAUL (CONT'D)

You know, these sinks are really beautiful. They're very rare, you don't find them any more. I think it's these sinks that let you stay together.

He has finished SHAVING.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Hmm? Don't you think?

He FINALLY NOTICES her pouting.

PAUL (CONT'D)

What's that? What's all this? 47.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Mad?

He throws her over his shoulder. He SPINS HER AROUND. She screams but goes with it.
PAUL (CONT'D)
Mad? Mad? Mad?

She LOVES IT. He puts her down on the sink. She is LAUGHING.

PAUL (CONT'D)
I think I'm happy with you.

He leaves the bathroom. She slaps the sink top, CHILDLIKE.

JEANNE
Again! Do it again! Again!

CUT TO:

INT. APT. BUILDING - FRONT DOOR - A LITTLE LATER

Paul is all dressed. He is ready to leave. We hear Jeanne from the BATHROOM.

DIALOGUE IS FRENCH

JEANNE'S VOICE
I'm coming! I'm ready.

She comes around the corner...

JEANNE
Shall we leave together?

... Just in time for Paul to SLAM THE DOOR IN HER FACE.

JEANNE (CONT'D)
Bastard! He's a git! Not even goodbye!

She THROWS HER PURSE at the door.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY STATION - PLATFORM - DAY

A train enters the station. Tom gets off. He searches for Jeanne.

48.

When the Train leaves, we see her sitting on a bench on the adjacent track.
She notices him first.

JEANNE

Tom!

TOM

Jeanne! What are you doing there? I'm coming! I'll fly!

He starts RUNNING TO THE EXIT.

JEANNE

Wait! I've got to talk to you.

TOM

Why didn't you speak on the phone? What's up?

JEANNE

You must find someone else.

TOM

For what?

JEANNE

For your film.

TOM

Why.

He FRAMES HER with his fingers.

JEANNE

Because you're taking advantage of me! Because you make me do things I've never done! Because you're taking up my time! You make me do whatever you want! The film is over!

A train ROARS into the station between them. Jeanne is ANNOYED.

JEANNE (CONT'D)

I'm tired of being raped!

The train is gone, but there is no one there... Tom is GONE.

Jeanne walks toward the EXIT. Tom appears on HER SIDE of the platform.

49.
They STALK EACH other like ANIMALS. He SLAPS HER HARD in the head. She SLAPS him back.

They FIGHT until she collapses from exhaustion in his arms.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL - MARCELS ROOM - EVENING

Marcel is in his RED PLAID BATHROBE. He sits at his desk, clipping coupons from a NEWSPAPER.

[OC] KNOCK ON DOOR

DIALOGUE IS FRENCH

MARCEL

Come in!

Paul comes in. He is in a MATCHING RED PLAID BATHROBE.

PAUL

You wanted to talk to me. Go on, then. You know I haven't come to cry with you?

MARCEL

Do you mind if I carry on working?

He does while Paul ROOTS AROUND.

MARCEL (CONT'D)

It helps me a lot after what has happened.

He takes notice of PAUL'S ROBE.

MARCEL (CONT'D)

Identical. Rosa wanted them identical.

PAUL

Our bathrobes? You can't tell me anything I don't already know.

MARCEL

Same colour, same pattern.

PAUL

Yes, yes, yes.

Paul takes a look at one of the newspapers from Marcel's
desk.
50.

**PAUL (CONT'D)**

Your meticulous. I've always wondered why you save newspaper clippings. Is it work? Or a hobby?

**MARCEL**

Hobby? I don't like that word. Let's say it's some extra cash. I do it for an agency.

**PAUL**

Oh, so it's serious. It's a job that makes you read? Very educational.

**MARCEL**

Be honest. You didn't know we had the same bathrobes.

Paul finds this VERY AMUSING.

**PAUL**

Marcello...

He sits on MARCELS BED.

**MARCEL**

We've got a lot of things in common.

**PAUL**

Marcello, I know everything.

He flicks the light on and off as he talks. No, Rosa often talked to me about you. I don't think there are many marriages like that. It's strange... I'm thirsty.

He heads to the door.

**PAUL (CONT'D)**

Would you like a shot of bourbon?

Marcel stops him.

**MARCEL**

Hold on. Here's the bourbon.
He takes a BOTTLE OF BOURBON from a hiding place. Paul joins him. He pours a glass for Paul.

PAUL
Was that a present from Rosa, too?

He POURS A GLASS for himself.

MARCEL
I don't really like bourbon, but Rosa wanted me to keep a bottle here in my room.

He SITS back down.

MARCEL (CONT'D)
I was asking myself this question. If, with these little things, unimportant things, we could go back over things, and understand together.

PAUL
Together?

MARCEL
It's almost a year that Rosa and I... Not passionately, but regularly... I thought I knew her as much as you can know...

PAUL
Your mistress...

MARCEL
For example, a while ago, something happened that I still don't understand. Do you see there, on the wall?

He points to a spot on the wall above them.

MARCEL (CONT'D)
She had climbed onto the bed and she was trying to tear at the walls with her hands. I stopped her because she was breaking her nails. She had a strange... violence about her. I'd never seen her like that.
PAUL
Our room is painted white. Rosa wanted it to be different from the other rooms in the hotel.

Marcel takes some LIPS SALVE from his bathrobe pocket. 52.

PAUL (CONT'D)
To make it look like... a more normal home. But... it had to be changed here, too. I think she started with the wall.

Paul takes notice of the LIP SALVE operation.

MARCEL
A cold sore. I don't know. Shit.

Paul regards him for a second.

PAUL
You're lucky huh? You were... You must have been very handsome 20 years ago.

MARCEL
Not as much as you.

PAUL
You've still got all your hair.

MARCEL
My hair... I have to have it trimmed often. And wash it. I wash it nearly every day.

PAUL
Don't you have massages?

He massages his own temples.

MARCEL
Yes, I do.

PAUL
You're in good shape.

He paws at Marcel's stomach.
PAUL (CONT'D)
What do you do for... your stomach? That's my problem.

MARCEL
For that...

He gazes across the room.

MARCEL (CONT'D)
I have a secret. 53.

He gets up and heads across the room.

PAUL
Tell me!

He takes a bar from the floor and slides it into a spot on the top of a DOOR FRAME.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Ah...

MARCEL
Are you leaving us? I saw your suitcase was packed. Ah... America. Why was she unfaithful to you?

PAUL
You can't believe that Rosa... killed herself. It's hard for me to... believe, too.

While Paul has a moment of REFLECTION, Marcel shows him his PULL-UP LEG KICK combo on his PULL-UP bar.

MARCEL
This is my secret! Thirty times every morning.

Paul leaves, DISGUSTED.

PAUL
(ENGLISH)
Really, Marcello, I wonder what she ever saw in you.

CUT TO:

INT. APT. BUILDING - DAY
Jeanne comes in carrying her FUR COLLARED COAT, purse and a BAG.

JEANNE
Are you in?

She looks around the place.

JEANNE (CONT'D)
Is anyone here?

She kicks the door shut with her foot. She wanders to the...

DINING ROOM
54.

JEANNE (CONT'D)
Hi, monster.

She throws her coat and purse on the table. She puts a PORTABLE RECORD PLAYER in the BASSINET.

JEANNE (CONT'D)
Is something wrong?

From the other room we hear Paul...

PAUL'S VOICE
There's butter in the kitchen.

We see that Paul is laying on the floor eating bread.

JEANNE
So you're here? Why didn't you answer?

PAUL
Go get the butter.

JEANNE
I have to hurry. I have a cab waiting.

PAUL
Go get the butter.

She STORMS into the kitchen. Paul continues eating.

She comes out and THROWS THE BUTTER on the floor in front of
him.

JEANNE
It makes me crazy!

She sits on the floor and opens a MIRRORED door on a cabinet.

We see PAUL'S REFLECTION IN IT.

JEANNE (CONT'D)
That you're so damned sure that I'm coming back here.

He laughs at her. She sits on her HAUNCHES, then her ass.

JEANNE (CONT'D)
Do you really think that an American sitting on the floor in an empty flat eating cheese and drinking water is interesting?

He NODS YES. She knocks on the FLOOR near her.

JEANNE (CONT'D)

PAUL
Yeah. That's a hiding place.

He crawls toward her. We see Jeanne's reflection in a MIRROR behind him. He reaches toward the hollow spot. She SLAPS HIS HAND.

JEANNE
Don't open it!

PAUL
Why not?

JEANNE
I don't know. Don't open it.

He points to her CROTCH.

PAUL
What about that? Can I open that?

He reaches for it but she MOVES AWAY.
PAUL (CONT'D)
Huh? Wait a minute. Maybe there's jewels in it.

He starts to UNDO HER PANTS.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Maybe there's gold.

He PULLS THE BUTTER OVER WITH HIS FOOT.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Are you afraid?

JEANNE
No.

PAUL
No?

He YANKS HER by the legs CLOSER TO HIM.

PAUL (CONT'D)
You're always afraid.

56.

He FLIPS HER ON HER stomach, violently. She is not in the SAME GAME.

JEANNE
No, but... maybe there is some family secrets inside.

PAUL
Family secrets?

He RIPS HER PANTS DOWN TO HER ANKLES.

PAUL (CONT'D)
I'll tell you about family secrets.

He gets a HAND FULL OF BUTTER.

JEANNE
What are you doing?

PAUL
I'm gonna tell you about the family.

He YANKS her pants down enough to put his HAND FULL OF BUTTER
in her ASS.

**PAUL (CONT'D)**
That holy institution meant to
breed virtue in savages.

He SPREADS the butter in her ASS as she STRUGGLES.

**PAUL (CONT'D)**
I want you to repeat it after me.
He MOUNTS HER, opening his ZIPPER. She STRUGGLES more.

**JEANNE**
No and no! No!

**PAUL**
Repeat it. Say, "Holy family."
Come on, say it.

He grabs her arms, stopping her from STRUGGLING as he
SODOMIZES HER.

**PAUL (CONT'D)**
Go on. Holy family. Church of good
citizens.

She is WEEPING.

57.

**JEANNE**
Church...

**PAUL**
Good citizens.

**JEANNE**
Good citizens...

She CRIES OUT in pain as he enters her.

He smacks her savagely on the back of her head.

**PAUL**
Say it. Say it! The children are
tortured until they tell their
first lie.

**JEANNE**
The children... are tortured...

Her MUFFLED CRIES.
PAUL
Where the will is broken by repression.

JEANNE
Where the will... broken...
repression.

TEARS STREAM DOWN her face.

PAUL
Where freedom...

JEANNE
Free... Freedom!

PAUL
..is assassinated. Freedom is assassinated by egotism. Family...

JEANNE
Family...

He DRIVES IT HOME TILL HE COMES...

PAUL
You... You... You... You f...
You... fucking... fucking...
family. You fucking... family! Oh,
God... Jesus. Oh, you... Oh...
58.

He COLLAPSES on her, SPENT as she continues to WEEP.

CUT TO:

EXT. PONT DE BIR-HAKEIM - THAT MOMENT

A TRAIN ROARS by on the TRAIN BRIDGE.

CUT TO:

INT. APT. BUILDING - LIVING ROOM

Paul is SLEEPING on the floor amidst the BREAD AND BUTTER.

CUT TO:
EXT. PONT DE BIR-HAKEIM - MOMENTS LATER

Another couple of TRAINS go by.

CUT TO:

INT. APT. BUILDING - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Paul SLEEPS more. On his STOMACH now, with his foot on a piece of FURNITURE.

Jeanne puts a record on the RECORD PLAYER she brought with her. She goes to plug it into the FLOOR PLUG but gets an ELECTRICAL SHOCK.

JEANNE
Shit!

She looks at him sleeping.

JEANNE (CONT'D)
Hey, you!

He looks at her UPSIDE DOWN.

JEANNE (CONT'D)
Yes, you!

PAUL
Huh?

JEANNE
I've got a surprise for you.

PAUL
What?

He looks at himself in a SMALL MIRROR.

JEANNE
I've got a surprise for you!

PAUL
That's good. I like surprises.

He FLIPS HIMSELF over backwards onto his feet. He walks over to her and the RECORD PLAYER. He stares down at her.

PAUL (CONT'D)
What is it?
JEANNE
Music. But I don't know how to work it.

He sits on the FLOOR next to her. He plugs in the RECORD PLAYER. He JUMPS as he gets an ELECTRICAL SHOCK. Jeanne is secretly amused.

PAUL
Do you enjoy that?

He gets the RECORD PLAYING. It's some 70's HIPPY MUSIC. Jeanne sways to it while Paul reads the JACKET COVER.

CUT TO:

EXT. PASSY VIADUCT PARK - DAY

HIPPIE MUSIC CONTINUES

Tom and Jeanne sit, ROMANTICALLY ENTWINED on a SEA WALL while his FILM CREW films in the b.g.

They sit FACE TO FACE, he holds her shoulders and stares into her eyes.

TOM
Do you know why I sent the others away?

JEANNE
Because you're angry, or you want to be alone with me?

TOM
And why do I want to be alone with you?

JEANNE
You have something really serious to tell me.

He plays with her hair.

TOM
I have something really very serious to tell you.

JEANNE
Is it happy or sad?

TOM
It's a secret.

JEANNE
So it's happy. What sort of secret?

TOM
A secret...

As his FILM CREW dolly around them in the b.g., his SOUND PERSON yells at them.

SOUND PERSON
Speak up! I can't hear anything.

TOM
...between a man and a woman.

JEANNE
Is it dirty or is it about love?

TOM
About love. But that's not all.

JEANNE
A secret about love, but which isn't love. What is it?! He puts a LIFE PRESERVER over her.

TOM
Voila. That in a week I'm marrying you.

JEANNE
What?
61.

TOM
I'm marrying you.

JEANNE
What?!
I'm marrying you!

    JEANNE
You're marrying me?

    TOM
Yes!

    JEANNE
We're getting married?

    TOM
Yes we're getting married.

    JEANNE
No.

    TOM
Yes.

    JEANNE
No!

    TOM
Yes.

    JEANNE
Yes?

    TOM
Yes.

    JEANNE
No.

    TOM
Yes.

    JEANNE
Yes?

    TOM
No. Are we getting married or not?

    JEANNE
I don't know.

    62.

    TOM
So, yes, then?

    JEANNE
Yes!

TOM

No!

JEANNE

Yes!

TOM

Yes.

JEANNE

No.

TOM

Yes or no?

She take the life preserver off and THROWS IT IN THE WATER. Together, they WATCH IT SINK.

CUT TO:

EXT. JEANNE'S MOTHERS APT. - PORCH - DAY

JEANNE'S MOTHER beats the dirt off her LATE HUSBANDS MILITARY JACKET.

JEANNE'S MOTHER

Of course, I'll send everything to the country. What do you think, Jeanne?

INT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Jeanne tries on another of her FATHERS MILITARY UNIFORMS complete with HAT.

JEANNE

Olympia will be happy. I went there yesterday with Tom.

Her mother joins her inside. She carries the FATHERS BOOTS.

JEANNE (CONT'D)

She's preparing a family museum.

63.

JEANNE'S MOTHER
Of course, I'm not sending the boots. I'm keeping them with me. I get strange shivers when I touch them.

Jeanne goes into an ADJOINING ROOM while her mom continues reflecting, IRONING the JACKET.

JEANNE'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
All these military things never age.

She looks up just in time to see that Jeanne has found her fathers gun and is pointing it in her direction.

JEANNE
When I was little, it seemed really heavy when Papa taught me how to shoot.

JEANNE'S MOTHER
I'm keeping that here. In a respectable household, it's useful to have a weapon.

JEANNE
You don't even know how to use it.

JEANNE'S MOTHER
The important thing is to have one. It makes an impression.

JEANNE
You really kept everything of Papa's.

She shows her mom a picture she has scrounged up from her FATHERS WALLET of a TOPLESS NEGRO FEMALE.

JEANNE (CONT'D)
Who's that? His orderly?

JEANNE'S MOTHER
A fine example of a Berber.

JEANNE
Oh.

64.
JEANNE'S MOTHER
A strong race. I tried to employ them as servants, but it was disastrous. I'm glad I decided to send everything to the country. All his things were piling up and piling up.

JEANNE
Don't worry. You'll soon have all the space you want.

JEANNE'S MOTHER
What does that mean?

JEANNE
Nothing.

She takes off the HAT and JACKET and throws them on the sofa.

She heads to the FRONT DOOR with MOM FOLLOWING, on pins and needles.

JEANNE (CONT'D)
Madame, the colonel's lady, I announce...

Mom RUNS IN.

JEANNE'S MOTHER
What? What?

JEANNE
On this solemn day...

She goes out the door...

JEANNE'S MOTHER
What? What solemn day?

She RUNS AFTER her daughter.

HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jeanne is on the ELEVATOR. She sticks her head out.

JEANNE
I'm getting married in a week!

She shuts the door and HEADS DOWN.

JEANNE'S MOTHER
What did you say?

65.

Mom follows her down STEP FOR STEP.

JEANNE
To Tom! In a week!

JEANNE'S MOTHER
Pardon?

JEANNE
Tom! In a week!

JEANNE'S MOTHER
What are you doing in a week?

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTDOOR SHOP BAZAAR - DAY

Tom and his FILM CREW film Jeanne trying on wedding dresses. He COUNTS DOWN to the shot.

TOM
Five... two!

He does the CLAPPER with his hands.

Jeanne and her HOST OF DRESSERS is lost in her fittings.

TOM (CONT'D)
Move into shot! We're shooting!

They move into the center of the shop. We get another look at Jeanne's LEFT BREAST as it slips out of the dress being fitted.

Tom fires off QUESTIONS for film purposes.

TOM (CONT'D)
So,... how do you see marriage?

JEANNE
Marriage?

TOM
Yes.
Jeanne gives her upbeat EXTISTENTIAL RESPONSES as her fitting continues.

JEANNE
I see it everywhere. All the time.

TOM
What do you mean, everywhere?

JEANNE
On walls. On buildings.

TOM
Walls and buildings?

JEANNE
Yes, on advertising hoardings.

TOM

JEANNE
No. They're all about young couples. Before marriage, no children. Then the same couple, married with children. In short, marriage. The perfect, ideal, successful marriage. It's no longer the preserve of the Church. The husband was burdened with responsibilities and the wife nagged. Now, weddings in advertising smile!

TOM
They smile. On posters.

JEANNE
On posters, of course. But why take poster marriage seriously? Marriage... Pop marriage!

Tom comes out from under a DRESS.

TOM
Pop? That's the formula. For pop youth, pop marriage! But... what if the pop marriage doesn't work?
JEANNE
Then you have to fix it like you would a car. The spouses are two workers in overalls bending over an engine to fix it.

TOM
And in case of adultery what happens to the pop marriage? 67.

JEANNE
In that case, there are three or four workers.

TOM
What about love? Is love pop?

JEANNE
No. That's not. Love isn't pop.

TOM
Love isn't pop. So what is it?

JEANNE
The workers retire to a secret flat, take off their overalls and become men and women again and make love.

The fussing on the dress is finished. Jeanne slowly, PUTS ON HER GLOVES, relishing them.

She STRUTS slowly for all to stare and LAVISH her in her dress.

Tom is CAPTIVATED.

TOM
You're wonderful.

JEANNE
It's the dress that makes the bride.

TOM
You're better than Rita Hayworth.

He wanders out into the street. It is RAINING HEAVILY.
Better than Joan Crawford! Better than Kim Novak! Better than Lauren Bacall! Better than Ava Gardner when she was Mickey Rooney's lover!

Hes FILM CREW scatters for cover.

**TOM (CONT'D)**
What are you doing? Stop! Stop, but keep filming! Why aren't you filming in the rain?

**CREW 1**
You're crazy!

They huddle underneath the DOOR of the FILM TRUCK.

Tom has lost Jeanne in all the HUBUB. He is disgusted with his CREW.

**TOM**
You're all fired!

He goes back to the SHOP.

**TOM (CONT'D)**
Where's Jeanne?

**DRESSER 1**
She must have run off.

**TOM**
When? In the rain?

He runs down the street in the rain looking for her.

**JEANNE**
Jeanne! Jeanne! Jeanne! Jeanne!

**CUT TO:**

**INT. APT. BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY**

Paul comes POINDING in from the rain. He STOMPS the water off his shoes. He breaks into an IMPROMPTU SOFT SHOE.

He opens the gate to the ELEVATOR and gets on. He pushes the button. The elevator STARTS UP.
JEANNE'S VOICE

Please forgive me!

Paul stops the elevator. He SENDS IT BACK DOWN.

We see Jeanne has been waiting on the ADJACENT STAIRS for Paul. She is still in her WEDDING DRESS.

She implores Paul from outside the elevator.

JEANNE
(FRENCH)

Forgive me! I wanted to leave you and I couldn't.

(ENGLISH)

I wanted to leave you and I couldn't. I can't. I can't leave you, do you understand? 69.

She stands, PLEADING at the ELEVATOR.

JEANNE (CONT'D)

Do you still want me?

Paul does the EYEBROW TRILL. He opens the elevator so she can get on.

ELEVATOR

As it ascends, Jeanne slowly RAISES HER DRESS, revealing NO UNDERWEAR and her AMPLE BUSH to Paul.

CUT TO:

INT. APT. BUILDING - ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

The door flies open. Paul comes in CARRYING Jeanne in his arms.

PAUL

Voilà!

He starts doing a JIG AND SONG... all the way to the MATTRESSES.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Oh, there once was a man
And he had an old sow ow! Hi-diddle-
dow...

He puts her on the bed. She is GIGGLING.

PAUL (CONT'D)

You're wet.

Paul pats her stomach and leaves the room.

DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Paul opens the curtains.

Jeanne's SCREAMS come from the other room. He goes to investigate.

PAUL (CONT'D)

What the hell?

BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jeanne screams BLOODY MURDER and points to a DEAD RAT on the STILL UNMADE MATTRESS.

PAUL (CONT'D)

A rat. Only a rat.

He PICKS IT UP by the tail. She stumbles over herself to get away.

PAUL (CONT'D)

There are more rats in Paris than people. Yum, yum, yum.

He holds it out, OFFERING IT to her. She freaks. She runs to the other side of the room.

JEANNE

I want to go!

He brings it to her... she continues to BACK PEDDLE.

PAUL

Wait, wait! Don't you want a bite first? You don't want to run and eat.

JEANNE

This is the end!
He points to the ASS of the RAT.

   **PAUL**

   No, this is the end...

Then points to the HEAD.

   **PAUL (CONT'D)**

   ...but I like to start with the head. That's the best part. Are you sure you won't have any? OK.

He DANGLES IT over his mouth, flitting his tounge, pretending to eat it. She is gonna HURL.

   **PAUL (CONT'D)**

   What's the matter? You don't dig rat?

   **JEANNE**

   I wanna go! I can't make love in this bed any more. I can't. It's disgusting! Nauseating!

   **PAUL**

   Well, we'll fuck on the radiator or standing on the mantel. 71.

He holds up the RAT again.

   **PAUL (CONT'D)**

   Listen, I gotta get some mayonnaise for this. Because, it really is good with mayonnaise.

He heads out, then stops and LOOKS BACK AT HER.

   **PAUL (CONT'D)**

   I'll save the asshole for you.

He really leaves this time.

   **PAUL'S VOICE**

   Rat's asshole with mayonnaise!

He LAUGHS at himself.

   Jeanne is a BASKET CASE. She sits on her HAUNCHES, muttering.
JEANNE
I want to get out of here. I want to go. I can't stand it here any more. Yes. I'm going.

She gets up, gets her purse and goes to the door. We see her ASS through the SHEER FABRIC of her wedding dress.

JEANNE (CONT'D)
I'm not coming back... ever.

She gets to the...

FRONT DOOR
Paul is there, WAITING, NONCHALANT.

PAUL
Quo vadis, baby?

JEANNE
I forgot to tell you something. I fell in love with somebody.

PAUL
Oh, isn't that wonderful? You know, you're going to have to get out of these wet duds.

He PATS HER ASS.

JEANNE
I'm going to make love with him!
72.

She opens the door but he closes it. She STOMPS into the HALL.

PAUL
Well, first you have to take a hot bath. Cos if you don't...

He walks toward her.

PAUL (CONT'D)
...you're gonna get pneumonia, right? Huh?

She STOMPS a few more steps toward the BATHROOM.

PAUL (CONT'D)
And then you know what happens? You get pneumonia, then you know what happens? You die. And then, you know what happens when you die? I get to fuck the dead rat!

He THROWS HER OVER his shoulder and carries her KICKING AND SCREAMING into the...

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BATHROOM**

Jeanne is in the BATHTUB. Paul sits on the BIDET behind her with a WASHCLOTH.

**PAUL**

Give me the soap.

She does.

**JEANNE**

I'm in love.

**PAUL**

You're in love?

He shoves her head UNDER THE WATER.

**PAUL (CONT'D)**

How delightful.

She comes up ANGRY.

**JEANNE**

I'm in love! I'm in love, you understand? 73.

He SMACKS her with the washcloth on the head.

**JEANNE (CONT'D)**

I'm in love, I'm in love!

He SHOVES HER under again.

**JEANNE (CONT'D)**

Oh! I'm in love!

He HITS HER on the head with her own shoe. She just gets more
ANGRY.

JEANNE (CONT'D)
You know, you're old! You're getting fat.

PAUL
Fat, is it? How unkind.

JEANNE
Half of your hair is out and the other half is almost white.

He smacks her in the mouth with the wash cloth, she smiles.

PAUL
In ten years, you'll be playing soccer with your tits.

He starts WASHING HER back.

PAUL (CONT'D)
What do you think of that? You know what I'm gonna be doing?

JEANNE
You will be on a... wheelchair!

PAUL
Well, maybe. But, you know... I'll be smirking and giggling all the way to eternity.

JEANNE
How poetic. But please, before you go, wash my feet.

She holds up A FOOT.

PAUL
OK. oblesse oblige.

He sits on the edge of the TUB and grabs her foot. He takes a sniff... She pulls it away.

JEANNE
You know, he and I, we make love.

He WASHES her foot.
PAUL
Oh, really? That's wonderful. Is he a good fucker?

JEANNE
Magnificent.

He puts up the OTHER FOOT to was, he obliges again.

PAUL
You know, you're a jerk. Cos the best fucking you're gonna get is right here in this apartment. Stand up.

She does. He washes her ASS.

JEANNE
He is full of mysteries.

PAUL
Give me the soap. Listen, you dumb dodo. All the mysteries that you're ever gonna know in life are right here.

He washes her STOMACH.

JEANNE
He is like everybody but... at the same time he's different.

PAUL
You mean, like everybody.

JEANNE
Yeah, but... even he fright me. Even he frightens me.

PAUL
What is he, your local pimp?

JEANNE
He could be. He looks it. You know why I'm in love with him?

PAUL
I can't wait.

JEANNE
Because he know. He know how to
make me fall in love with him.

She gets out. He COVERS her with a BIG RED TOWEL.

**PAUL**

You want this man you love to protect and take care of you.

**JEANNE**

Yeah.

**PAUL**

You want this golden, shining, powerful warrior to build a fortress where you can hide in. So you don't have to ever... have... You don't ever have to be afraid. You don't have to feel lonely or empty. That's what you want, isn't it?

**JEANNE**

Yes.

**PAUL**

Well, you'll never find it.

**JEANNE**

But I find this man.

**PAUL**

Then it won't be long until he'll want you to build a fortress for him out of your tits and out of your cunt and your hair and your smile and the way you smell. And... and some place where he can feel comfortable and secure enough so that he can worship in front of the altar of his own prick.

**JEANNE**

But I find this man!

They lean against SEPERATE WALLS.

76.

**PAUL**

No, you're alone. You're all alone. You won't be free of that feeling of being alone until you look death right in the face. I mean, that
sounds like bullshit, some romantic crap, until you go right up into the ass of death. Right up in his ass... till you find the womb of fear. And then,... maybe... Maybe then, you'll be able to find him.

JEANNE
But I find this man. He's you! You are that man!

Paul doesn't like that comment. He needs to TEACH HER another LESSON. He bites a HANGNAIL.

PAUL
Get me the scissors.

JEANNE
What?

PAUL
Get me the fingernail scissors.

She STOMPS past him to get them, hands them to him.

PAUL (CONT'D)
No. I want you to cut the fingernails on your right hand, these two.
She DOES.

JEANNE
That's it.

He stands FACING the wall and PULLS HIS pants down.

PAUL
I want you to put your fingers up my ass.

JEANNE
What?

PAUL
Put your fingers up my ass, are you deaf? Go on. I'm gonna get a pig... and I'm... I'm gonna have the pig fuck you.

(MORE)

77.

PAUL (CONT'D)
I want the pig to vomit in your face and I want you to swallow the vomit. Are you gonna do that for me?

JEANNE
Yeah.

PAUL
Huh?

JEANNE
Yeah!

PAUL
I want the pig to die while... while you're fucking him. Then you'll have to go behind him. I want you to smell the dying farts of the pig. Are you gonna do all of that for me?

JEANNE
Yes, and more than that! And worse! And worse than before.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL - TEMPORARY VIEWING ROOM - DAY

ROSA'S WAKE. Rosa's mother has set up a room in the Hotel as a VIEWING ROOM for her daughter. She is, as promised, surrounded by TONS OF FLOWERS.

Paul comes in and pulls up a chair next to ROSA. He turns on the LIGHT.

PAUL
You look ridiculous in that make-up. Like the caricature of a whore. A little touch of Mommy in the night. Fake Ophelia drowned in the bathtub. I wish you could see yourself. You'd really laugh. You're your mother's masterpiece.

He pulls the chair closer to her.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Oh Christ! There are too many fucking flowers in this place. I can't breathe. You know on the top
of the closet?

(MORE)

78.

PAUL (CONT'D)
The cardboard box, I found all your... I found all your little goodies.
Pens, keychains, foreign money, French ticklers, the whole shot.
Even a clergyman's collar. I didn't know you collected all those little knick-knacks left behind. Even if the husband lives fucking years, he's never going to be able to discover his wife's real nature. I mean, I... I might be able to comprehend the universe, but... 'll never discover the truth about you. Never. I mean, who the hell were you? Remember that day, the first day I was there? I knew that I couldn't get into your pants unless I said... What did I say? Oh, yeah. "May I have my bill, please? I have to leave." Remember? Last night... I ripped off the lights on your mother. And the whole joint went bananas. All your... guests... as you used to call them... Well, I guess that includes me, doesn't it? It does include me, doesn't it? For five years, I was more a guest in this fucking flophouse than a husband. With privileges, of course. And then, to help me understand you, you let me inherit Marcel. The husband's double, whose room was the double of ours. And you know what? I didn't even have the guts to ask him. Didn't have the guts to ask him if the same numbers you and I did were the same numbers you did with him. Our marriage was nothing more than a foxhole for you. And all it took for you to get out was a -cent razor and a tub full of water. You cheap, goddamn, fucking, godforsaken whore. I hope you rot in hell. You're worse than the dirtiest street pig anybody could find, and you know why? You know
why? Because you lied. You lied to me and I trusted you. You lied. You knew you were lying! Go on, tell me you didn't lie. Haven't you got anything to say about that? You can think up something, can't you?

(MORE)

79.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Go on, tell me something! Smile, you cunt!

He STARTS to WEEP.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Go on, tell me... Tell me something sweet. Smile at me and say I just misunderstood. Go on, tell me. You pig-fucker! You goddamn, fucking, pig-fucking liar. Rosa, I'm sorry... I just can't... I can't stand it... to see these goddamn things on your face. You never wore make-up. This fucking shit. I'm gonna take this off your mouth. This lipstick... Rosa... Oh, God!

He COLLAPSES on her, SOBBING.

PAUL (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I don't know why you did it. I'd do it too, if I knew how. I just don't know how. I have to... I have to find a way.

[OC] We hear a voice.

PROSTITUTE'S VOICE
Is anyone there?

PAUL
What?

PROSTITUTE'S VOICE
There was a noise in there!

PAUL
All right, I'm... I'm coming. (back to ROSA)
I have to go. I have to go, sweetheart, baby. Somebody's calling me.
He starts to the door.

    PROSTITUTE'S VOICE
Well? Is anyone there?

    PAUL
Yeah. I'm coming.

CUT TO:
80.

INT. HOTEL - ENTRANCE - DAY

Outside the FRONT DOOR, the source of the voice, a WORN OUT and OLD PROSTITUTE. She is with her JOHN.

    PROSTITUTE
    (TO JOHN)
Here he is.
    (TO PAUL)
Hurry up! Wake up! Open up! Open up!

    PAUL
It's four in the morning.

    PROSTITUTE
I need room four for a while.
    (TO JOHN)
Half an hour?
    (TO PAUL)
Yes, that'll do. Yes, half an hour.

    PAUL
We're full.

She knocks on the door, INCESANTLY.

    PROSTITUTE
That's not true. When you're full, you put a sign outside. I know the hotel. I'm sick of arguing out on the street. Call the owner. What are you waiting for? The owner has never made a fuss. Rosa and I are old friends. Open up.
Paul opens up.

    PROSTITUTE (CONT'D)
Don't make any trouble or I'll tell your boss.

(TO JOHN)
Come in, it's all sorted...

But the man has LEFT.

PROSTITUTE (CONT'D)
You've won. He's taken off.

PAUL
I'm very sorry.

PROSTITUTE
Hurry up! He can't be far away.

81.

She PUSHES him out to the street.

PROSTITUTE (CONT'D)
Make him come back. Tell him he can't just walk off.

She SHOVES HIM out the door and DOWN THE STREET.

Paul CHASES the man on foot for BLOCKS and BLOCKS.

He finally CATCHES UP to him in a ---

CUT TO:

EXT. PARIS STREET - ALLEY - MORNING

The JOHN figures he has gotten away. He reverses his TRENCH COAT to the appropriate side.

Paul comes around the corner. The John doesn't see any HOSTILITY coming. But it DOES.

JOHN
Oh,... please don't tell her you found me. I don't fancy it any more. Did you see her face? Once, my wife satisfied me. But now she's got a skin disease. It's like snakeskin. Put yourself in my place.

Paul grabs him by the tie and drags him.
PAUL
Come. Come with me.

The man FIGHTS BACK.

JOHN
But... Let go of me!

Paul doesn't like that. He ROUGHS HIM UP, throwing him from WALL TO WALL.

JOHN (CONT'D)
You're crazy! Let go of me! Let go!

He ends up on the ground MINUS HIS COAT. Paul KICKS HIM IN THE ASS like a dog.

PAUL
Get the fuck out of here!
82.

The man RUNS OFF.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Faggot!

Paul heads back up the ALLEY as the man CONTINUES OFF in the f.g.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL - PAUL AND ROSA'S ROOM - DAY

Paul lays down on his TWIN BED with his ROBE on over his clothes.

We see that his BAGS ARE PACKED.

CUT TO:

INT. APT. BUILDING - BEDROOM - DAY

We see that the mattress is gone. Only a pile of sheets and pillows remain in the room.

Jeanne is on the floor, on her knees, doubled over in SICK GRIEF. PAUL HAS MOVED OUT.

JEANNE
No!

She WANDERS through the apt., GRIEF STRICKEN, from room to room. We see only a FEW BELONGINGS left around. Shoes, the CAT (where was it for the "rat problem"?) and phone.

**DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Jeanne RIPS THE SHEET OFF the piece of furniture that has been COVERED UP all along. We all wondered what was underneath that was so precious.

It's nothing special. She COLLAPSES in grief again, the furniture falling on her, she KICKS IT OFF.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. APT. BUILDING - FRONT DESK - DAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Jeanne talks to the CRAZY Concierge from BEFORE. Her head STUCK through the LITTLE WINDOW while the crazy woman PUFFS a cig.

JEANNE

Try and remember! The man from the fourth floor. He moved in a few days ago.

CONCIERGE

I told you, I don't know anyone. They come and go. The man on the fourth, the woman on the first. What do I know?

She gives a CRAZY CACKLE.

JEANNE

Where did they take the furniture too? It's empty. Where do you send his mail? Give me his address.

CONCIERGE

I don't have it. I don't know these people.

JEANNE

Not even his name?
CONCIERGE

Nothing!

Jeanne STORMS OUT.

CONCIERGE (CONT'D)

Ma'zelle!

CUT TO:

INT. PAYPHONE BOOTH - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Jeanne is on the payphone in the bar from before. She speaks to Tom. Still DESPONDENT, tears stream down her face.

JEANNE
I've found a flat for us. 1 rue Jules Verne. Yes. In Passy. Come quickly! You'll come now? Do you know where it is? I'll wait for you. Come over.

She struggles to HANG UP THE PHONE through her grief. She BREAKS DOWN, closing the door for privacy.

84.

We can SEE HER through the door as she leans on it.

CUT TO:

INT. APT. BUILDING - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The front DOORBELL RINGS.

JEANNE
Come in, it's open.

Tom comes in. Jeanne stares out the window. She is BATHED in sunlight.

Tom LOOKS AROUND in b.g.

JEANNE (CONT'D)
Do you like our flat? It's very light. There's a tiny room, too. It's too small for a double bed. It would be fine for a child. Fidel. That's a nice name for a boy. Fidel, as in Castro.
TOM
But I'd like a girl, too. Rosa. As in Rosa Luxemburg. Less famous, but I like it. You know, I wanted to film you every day. In the morning, when you wake up, in the evening, when you sleep. When you first smile, and I didn't film any of that. Here.
He hands her FLOWERS. She REGARDS them.

He circles to her front.

TOM (CONT'D)
Today is the last day of shooting. The film is finished. I don't like things that finish, things that end. You have to start something else right away.

They EMBRACE and KISS.

THAT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER
Tom looks around the place.

85.

TOM (CONT'D)
This flat is huge!

Jeanne has made her way to the DINING ROOM.

TOM (CONT'D)
Where are you?

JEANNE
I'm here!

They continue shouting across the apt.

TOM
It's too big! We'll get lost!

JEANNE
Stop it! Don't start!

TOM
How did you find this flat?
JEANNE

By chance.

TOM

We'll change everything!

Jeanne holds her ARMS OUT like a bird.

JEANNE

Everything! We'll change chance to destiny.

TOM

Go on, Jeanne. Take off!

MUSIC RISES as Jeanne pretends to FLY AROUND the apt. from ROOM TO ROOM making AIRPLANE NOISES as Tom DIRECTS HER.

TOM (CONT'D)

Fly away, you're in heaven! You're soaring, you're in heaven! Come down, take a nose dive, come down! Make three turns, come down. Jeanne, what's happening? There's an air pocket.

Tom gets SUDDENLY SERIOUS.

JEANNE

What's happening?

TOM

The patches of turbulence are over. We can't play like children anymore, Jeanne.

This stops Jeanne in her TRACKS.

They face each other.

TOM (CONT'D)

We're adults.

JEANNE

Adults? That's awful!

TOM

Yes. It's awful.

JEANNE
What do adults do?

**TOM**
I don't know. We'll have to invent the gestures and the words. For example, adults...

He walks slowly toward her. They EMBRACE PASSIONATELY. They kiss.

He breaks away again, SERIOUS.

**TOM (CONT'D)**
But there's one thing I do know. Adults are calm...
He walks backward as Jeanne STALKS HIM.

**TOM (CONT'D)**
...serious, logical, measured, level-headed...

**JEANNE**
Yes...

**TOM**
And... they face up to problems...

**JEANNE**
...Yes, yes. Yes, yes.

He STOPS ABRUPTLY.

87.

**TOM**
You see, Jeanne, this flat won't work for us. This flat, it won't work for us, Jeanne.

**JEANNE**
Where are you going?

**TOM**
To look for a flat.

He walks out to a SHOCKED Jeanne.

**JEANNE**
What kind of flat?

But he COMES BACK.
TOM
A flat we can live in.

JEANNE
We can live here.

TOM
It's squalid. It smells. It makes me sick. Are you coming with me?

JEANNE
No, no. I've got to close the windows and return the key. There's a lot to do.

TOM
OK.
They meet in the middle of the room again. They share a LOVING HANDSHAKE.

JEANNE
Bye.

TOM
Bye.

Tom leaves Jeanne to it.

She opens the LARGE WINDOW. We can hear the TRAIN below. She says goodbye to the apt. emotionally, CLOSING THE SHUTTER, then finally, the window.

CUT TO:

88.

EXT. PONT DE BIR-HAKEIM - DAY

We watch Jeanne come out of the APARTMENT BUILDING. She climbs the stairs to the RAISED WALKWAY. She is back where it all started. We watch her a bit.

RAISED WALKWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Jeanne walks, in her own world. A somewhat MORE CONTENT world now. Back to HERSELF.

We suddenly see Paul. He watches her for a moment before TRAILING HER. He is more DRESSED UP then we have seen him previously.
As she walks, he RUNS UP BEHIND her and playfully taps her on her SHOULDER.

She turns, SURPRISED.

**DIALOGUE IS ENGLISH**

**PAUL**

It's me again.

She stops and stares at him, DISGUSTED by his GALL and over him.

**JEANNE**

It's over. It's over.

He doesn't get the hint. He doesn't care what she says. He presses on PLAYFULLY.

**PAUL**

It's over, then it begins again.

**JEANNE**

What begins again? I don't understand anything any more.

**PAUL**

There's nothing to understand. We left the apartment. Now we begin again with love and all the rest of it.

**JEANNE**

The rest?

**PAUL**

Yeah, listen.

He puts his arm around her as THEY STROLL. 

89.

**PAUL (CONT'D)**

I'm 45. I'm a widower. I've got a little hotel, a kind of a dump. But it's not completely a flophouse. And... I used to live on my luck, and I got married. My wife killed herself.
AND WE...

CUT TO:

INT. SALLE WAGRAM SALON - DAY

As Paul WAXES ON, we watch a TANGO CONTEST in progress. He wanders RUDELY between the DANCERS on the DANCE FLOOR, invading their space and lighting a cigarette.

PAUL'S VOICE
But you know, what the hell. I'm... no prize. I picked up a nail when I was in Cuba in and now I got a prostate like an Idaho potato. But I'm still a good stick man, even if I can't have any children. Let's see. I don't have any stomping grounds. I don't have any friends. I suppose if I hadn't met you, I'd probably settle for a hard chair and a hemorrhoid. Anyway, to make a long, dull story even duller, I come from a time when a guy like me would drop into a joint like this and pick up a young chick like you and... and call her a bimbo.

He reaches the other side of the dance floor where Jeanne waits for him. She is able to SMILE now at his SHENANIGANS.

He has a real JOIE DE VIVRE about him now that he LACKED PREVIOUSLY.

She sits down at a GUEST TABLE on the outskirts of the DANCE FLOOR.

He approaches her table and FEIGNS a GENTLEMAN PERSONA.

PAUL
I'm awfully sorry to intrude but I was so struck with your beauty that I thought I could offer you a glass of champagne. Is this seat taken?

JEANNE
No.
PAUL

May I?

JEANNE

If you'd like to.

He sits down with her. He CLAPS his hands.

PAUL

Garcon!

A WAITER comes over.

PAUL (CONT'D)

You know, the tango is a, is a rite. Do you understand "rite"? And you must watch the legs of the dancers.

The waiter comes over, he turns to chat with him.

DANCE FLOOR

We watch one of the DANCE COUPLES DANCE THE TANGO. We focus on their LEGS and FEET.

We make it back to Paul and Jeanne and Champagne.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Oh, no! You haven't drunk your champagne because it was warm. And then I ordered you a Scotch and you haven't drunk your Scotch.

DANCE FLOOR

We watch a DIFFERENT COUPLE DANCE.

Paul tries to BUTTER UP (pardon the pun) Jeanne.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Come on. Just a sip for Daddy.

She takes a sip from the glass he offers her.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Now, if you love me, you'll drink all of it.

JEANNE

OK, I love you.

91.
She SLAMS IT BACK.

PAUL

Bravo!

JEANNE

Tell me about your wife.

PAUL

Let's talk about us.

JEANNE

OK. But this place is so pitiful.

PAUL

Yes, but I'm here, aren't I?

He kisses her on the cheek.

JEANNE

Monsieur Maitre d'Hôtel.

PAUL

That's rather nasty. Anyway, you dummy, I love you. And I want to live with you.

JEANNE

In your flophouse?

PAUL

In my flophouse. What the hell does that mean? What the hell difference does it make if I have a flophouse or a hotel or a castle? I love you. What the fuck difference does it make?!

She PEEKS OUT A SMILE. He may just be WINNING HER BACK OVER.

DANCE FLOOR

We watch a COUPLE as the MUSIC STOPS. All the PATRONS CLAP as the DANCE floor clears.

The PRESIDENT OF THE TANGO CONTEST speaks at a microphone.
PRESIDENT
The jury has chosen the following ten best couples: Number 3! 7! 8,9 ...11, 12...13, 14 ... 15 and 19!
(MORE)

92.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)
And now, ladies and gentlemen, good luck for the last tango!

More CLAPPING PATRONS.

We get back to Paul and Jeanne. She sits 2 tables over, POUTING, while he struggles to light his CIG. She holds up her glass to him.

JEANNE
Give me some more whisky.

PAUL
Oh, I thought you weren't drinking.

JEANNE
But I'm thirsty now and I want some more drink.

PAUL
All right. I think that's a good idea.

He starts to bring the bottle to her then stops, gets his drink and brings it too.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Wait a minute. Because you're really beautiful. Wait a minute. I'm sorry. I'm terribly sorry. I didn't mean to spill my drink.

He POURS HER SOME. She holds her glass up.

JEANNE
Let's have a toast to our life in the hotel.

PAUL
No! Fuck all that! Come on. No. Hey, listen. Let's drink a toast to our life in the country. Huh?

JEANNE
You're a nature lover? You didn't tell me that.

    PAUL
Oh, for Chr... I'm a nature boy. Can't you see me with the cows and the chicken shit all over me?

    JEANNE
Oh, yeah. To the house of the cows. 93.

She holds her glass up again.

    PAUL
Cows.

    JEANNE
I will be your cow, too.

    PAUL
And listen... I get to milk you twice a day. How about that?

She lays her head on the table.

    JEANNE
I hate the country.

    PAUL
What do you mean you hate the country?

    JEANNE
I hate it! I prefer to go to the hotel. Come on, let's go...

    PAUL
No. Let's dance. Come on. Don't you wanna dance? We can start again.

He crouches down. She CLIMBS ON HIS BACK for a ride. He pulls her on her back onto the DANCE FLOOR, through the TANGO contest.

The JURY IS in an UPROAR. The tango President FREAKS OUT.

    PRESIDENT
That's the limit! What are you doing?

They LIE ON THE FLOOR... They get back up and FEIGN some TANGO.

The President comes out on the floor now to them. She GRABS Paul who had DIPPED Jeanne over the JURY TABLE.

**PRESIDENT (CONT'D)**

You'll have to leave, sir.

She starts scurrying them off the dance floor.

94.

**PAUL**

Madame! 'Tis ever love.

She continues to SHEW THEM AWAY. And she can hold her own against Paul's SMART ASS MOUTH.

**PRESIDENT**

Go to the circus if you want to see love! Go on! Get out of here!
You'll have to leave.

Paul now GRABS HER and starts spinning and DANCING WITH HER.

He SWEEPS HER UP into his arms.

She struggles and Paul puts her down. She continues to SHEW THEM AWAY. PAUL CONTINUES TO MOCK HER.

**PAUL**

Oh my god, I've never...

He pulls his pants down and MOONS HER.

**PAUL (CONT'D)**

Kiss me, sweetheart!

She is APPALLED and slaps him on the arm as he scoots to the door, Jeanne FOLLOWING.

**PAUL (CONT'D)**

Farewell, you sweet peach blossom.

As they get to the door he spins one last time.
PAUL (CONT'D)
I could dance for ever. Oh, my hemorrhoid!

He LOSES HIS BALANCE and slips. Jeanne has to catch him.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Beauty of mine, sit before me. Let me peruse you and remember you always like this.

They sit in some tables in a closed, darkened section.
Jeanne puts her head down on the table in EXHAUSTION.

He CLAPS LOUDLY till she wakes up. He puts on his ENGLISH ACCENT AGAIN. 95.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Garcon! Champagne! If music be the food of love, play on.

Jeanne looks OVER IT ALL.

PAUL (CONT'D)
What's the matter with you?

JEANNE
It's finished.

She COLLAPSES on the table again. He kisses her head.

PAUL
What's the matter with you?

JEANNE
It's finished!

He's OBLIVIOUS to her seriousness, AGAIN.

PAUL
What's finished?

JEANNE
We're never going to see each other again. Never!

PAUL
That's ridiculous.
She shakes her head NO.

PAUL (CONT'D)
That's ridiculous!

JEANNE
It's not a joke.

PAUL
Oh, you dirty rat!

JEANNE
It's finished.

PAUL
Look, when something's finished, it begins again.

JEANNE
I'm getting married! I'm going away. It's finished.

She starts undoing his pants. She starts to PLEASURE HIM.

PAUL
Oh, Jesus. Listen, that's not a subway strap, that's me cock!

She continues...

JEANNE
It's finished!

PAUL
Oh... Jesus...

She MASTURBATES him to CLIMAX. She gets up, wiping her hands, then forehead and LEAVES.

When he RECOVERS and sees her leaving...

PAUL (CONT'D)
Wait a minute...

(TO HIMSELF)
You dumb bimbo...

She doesn't stop.
**PAUL (CONT'D)**

Shit! Wait a minute. Goddamn it!
Hey!

She LEAVES THE SALON. He FOLLOWs her out.

**PAUL (CONT'D)**

Hey, rube! Come here! Come here!
He SLIDES DOWN THE BANISTER.

**PAUL (CONT'D)**

Come heeeeeeeeeeeerrrrrrrrreeeeee!

She turns to see him coming. She starts RUNNING NOW.

He still THINKS SHE'S JOKING...

**PAUL (CONT'D)**

I'm gonna get you! Bimbo!

He SLIDES ACCROSS THE FLOOR.

She continues RUNNING. She is FREAKED OUT NOW.

**CUT TO:**

97.

**EXT. PARIS STREET - DAY**

She is RUNNING on the sidewalk past crowds of people, the OFFICE OF TOURISM and stores. He is in HOT PURSUIT.

She stops and turns to have a EMPHATIC SILENT CHAT with him. He still finds this to be VERY HUMOROUS. She grows more and more SERIOUS and SCARED.

She starts RUNNING again. But she TIRES OUT in a ...

**PARKING LOT**

She tries to GET THROUGH TO HIM.

**JEANNE**

Stop! Stop!

**PAUL**

Hold it!

He still DOESN'T GET IT.

**JEANNE**
It's over!
He tries to EMBRACE HER.

   PAUL
   Hey, cool it!
She THROWS HIM OFF.

   JEANNE
   Stop it! We're finished.
He still tries to GRAB HER PURSE. She is ADAMANT.

   JEANNE (CONT'D)
   Go away! Go away! Go away!
He keeps trying to grab her purse.

   JEANNE (CONT'D)
   Let go! Go away!
He FEIGNS GIVING UP as she walks on.

   PAUL
   I can't win. Give me a break!
She JETS OFF AGAIN and we round a corner...

SIDE STREET
   98.
He keeps his distance on the OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE STREET but still doesn't get that SHE IS SERIOUS. She tries to explain it to him.

   JEANNE
   I'll call the police!
He BLOWS IT OFF.

   PAUL
   Aha! I smell the henhouse.
She needs to GO WHERE HE IS. She starts toward him TIMIDLY.

   PAUL (CONT'D)
   Well, shit, I'm not in your way.
He feigns a GRAND GESTURE ushering her free travel.

   PAUL (CONT'D)
After you, mademoiselle!

She TENTATIVELY walks on as he PRETENDS TO ALSO.

**PAUL (CONT'D)**

So long, sister. Besides, you're a crummy-looking broad. I don't give a damn if I never see you again.

Shit.

She MAKES A BEE-LINE to her MOTHERS APARTMENT BUILDING.

He TAKES OFF after her.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. JEANNE'S MOTHERS APT. - LOBBY**

He gets himself BUZZED IN somehow.

She is SHOCKED, she backs up to the ELEVATOR.

**JEANNE**

It's over! It's over!

**PAUL**

Oh, fuck the police.

She is becoming HYSTERICAL now.

**JEANNE**

It's over!

99.

She makes her way to the

**PAUL**

Listen, I want to talk to you for Christ sake...

She gets on the OLD FASHIONED LIFT and SLAMS the door in his face.

She begins to ASCEND.

He FOLLOWS every floor UP THE STAIRS.

**JEANNE**

Help!

She is calling to anyone that can hear as he STALKS HER.
JEANNE (CONT'D)

Help! Help!

One FLOOR AFTER ANOTHER...

JEANNE (CONT'D)

Please, help!

He trips and STUMBLES up the STAIRS after her.

JEANNE (CONT'D)

Help! Help!

Finally at the top, he has to REST against the wall.

PAUL

Oh, man!

She MAKES A DASH FOR her moms apartment.

But HE FOLLOWS. He grabs her as she tries to UNLOCK THE DOOR.

She runs across to the NEIGHBORS DOOR and BANGS ON IT.

JEANNE

Help! Help me! Help!

He tries to REASON with her.

PAUL

This is getting ridiculous.

She sees her chance to get back in her moms. She dashes over and UNLOCKS THE DOOR and flies inside trying to slam the door shut. It's no use, he FORCES HIS WAY IN.

100.

She HUSTLES to the DRAWER with her FATHERS GUN... Paul is still at the FRONT DOOR.

PAUL (CONT'D)

It's the title shot, baby. We're going all the way. Oh, Christ.

He shuts the door and WANDERS IN...

LIVING ROOM

Jeanne stands with her back turned staring down into the GUN
He LOOKS AROUND THE PLACE, assessing it...

**PAUL (CONT'D)**
It's a little old, but full of memories, huh?

She stares down still, HITTING HER HEAD on the cabinets to help her make a decision...

Paul finds her FATHERS MILITARY HAT. He puts it on.

**PAUL (CONT'D)**
Mademoiselle...

He SALUTES HER and CLICKS HIS HEELS together, playing a role.

She is incensed that he has dared touch her FATHERS PRECIOUS BELONGINGS.

He PLAYS ON.

**PAUL (CONT'D)**
How do you like your hero? Over easy or sunny-side up?

He REMOVES THE HAT and puts it down.

**PAUL (CONT'D)**
You ran through Africa and Asia and Indonesia.

He walks LOVINGLY toward her.

**PAUL (CONT'D)**
And now I've found you. And I love you.

He ROMANCES HER, runs his fingers through her hair...

**101.**

**PAUL (CONT'D)**
I wanna know your name.

She STARES into his eyes... as she TELLS HIM HER NAME...

**JEANNE**

Jeanne...

**...THE GUN FIRES...**
HE IS SHOCKED BY THE FORCE OF THE BULLET INTO HIS GUT.
The color DRAINS FROM HIS FACE, his eyes get WOOZY...
He can only MUTTER.

PAUL
Our children.

He STAGGERS away from her...

PAUL (CONT'D)
Our children.

He STAGGERS toward the PORCH DOOR as Jeanne watches...

PAUL (CONT'D)
Our children... will remember.

He opens the FRENCH DOORS and STAGGERS onto the PORCH.

PORCH - CONTINUOUS
He LOOKS OUT upon the city, and UP TO THE SKY. He takes his gum out of his mouth and STICKS IT UNDER THE RAILING.

His eyes register his BEWILDERMENT as he STARES out into the ROOF TOPS.

We see that he is DEAD -- curled in a FETAL POSITION.

SAD MUSIC RISES

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS
Jeanne stands in SHOCK with PAUL'S CORPSE in the b.g.
She mutters to herself the ALIBI FOR THE POLICE.

DIALOGUE IS FRENCH
102.

JEANNE
I don't know who he is. He followed me in the street. He tried to rape me. He's a lunatic. I don't know what he's called. I don't know his name. I don't know who he is. He tried to rape me. I don't know.
don't know him. I don't know who he is. He's a lunatic. I don't know his name.

MUSIC RISES AND SWELLS

CREDITS ROLL

THE END.