

PULSAR PRODUCTIONS and TF1 INTERNATIONAL present

A PAIN IN THE ASS

L'EMMERDEUR

The new hilarious comedy
by master French writer-director

**FRANCIS
VEBER**

**DO NOT
DISTURB**

Please leave
me alone !
Pleease...

SHOOTING SOON

Produced by PATRICE LEDOUX

TF1
INTERNATIONAL

SCREENPLAY

Version of Jan. 24th, 2008

FINAL VERSION.

Credits not contractual

TF1
INTERNATIONAL

9 rue Maurice Mallet

92 130 Issy-les-Moulineaux – France

tel : + 33 1 41 41 31 18 – fax : + 33 1 41 41 42 96 – www.tf1international.com

SYNOPSIS

Two adjoining rooms in a hotel.

In one, a hit man, Ralph, in the other, a suicidal man, François Pignon.

Pignon is unhappy in love, Ralph has a man to kill.

Between the two rooms: a connecting door.

And when it opens, Ralph, the perfect killing machine comes face to face with François Pignon, the perfect pest.

Pignon truly deserves the title of World Champion Pain in the Ass.

GENERAL INFORMATION

A film written and directed by:	Francis Veber (The Valet, The Closet, The Dinner Game)
Cast:	Richard Berry (The Valet) Patrick Timsit, Virginie Ledoyen (8 Women, The Valet, The Beach), Michel Aumont (The Valet, The Closet)
Produced by:	Patrice Ledoux – Pulsar Productions (Cash, The Valet, The Closet, Joan of Arc, The 5th Element, The Professional) in coproduction with TF1 International
DoP:	Robert Fraisse (Goodbye Bafana, The Valet, Alpha Dog, Hotel Rwanda, The Notebook, Enemy at the Gates, 7 Years In Tibet, The Lover, Vatel etc...)
Production design:	Dominique André (The Valet)
Editing:	Georges Klotz (The Valet, The Closet The Dinner Game)
Version:	French
Shooting:	From March 25 th , 2008 until July 1 st , 2008 in Paris and Nice
Format / duration:	Color / 35 mm / about 85 min.
Delivery:	Winter 2008 – 2009
French release:	TFM Distribution on Dec. 10 th , 2008

SCREENPLAY

JANUARY 28TH, 2008

Pulsar Productions and TF1 International
Present

A PAIN IN THE ASS

by

FRANCIS VEBER

Produced by Patrice Ledoux

TF1
9 rue Maurice Mallet
92 130 Issy-les-Moulineaux - France
Tel: 33 1 41 41 31 18
Fax: 33 1 41 41 42 96
Email: www.tflinternational.com

1 EXT. COURTHOUSE SQUARE, NICE - DAY 1
A car fitted with a revolving light crosses the square.

2 EXT. COURTHOUSE HOTEL, NICE - DAY 2
The car stops in front of a hotel overlooking the Courthouse.
A nice regional hotel, its facade decked out with three flags, Belgian, Swiss and French.
Three undercover cops, wearing armbands saying "Police" on their jacket sleeves, get out of the car. All three carry big satchels slung across their shoulders.

3 INT. FRONT DESK, COURTHOUSE HOTEL, NICE - DAY 3
The cops move towards the front desk clerk.
COP I
All clear?
The clerk nods.

4 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY 4
A room overlooking the Courthouse. The cops enter the room and get to work.
The first one takes a frying pan like contraption out of his satchel, the kind used by bomb disposal experts. He moves it along the walls. As he walks by a wall fixture, the device starts whistling.
The second man takes a screw driver out of his satchel and starts to unscrew the panel of the radiator cover.
The third goes into the bathroom.

5 INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - DAY 5
He tackles the built-in bathtub, removing part of the exterior panel. He peeks inside and, finding nothing suspicious, closes it up.

6 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY 6
He comes out of the bathroom just as his colleague is putting the "frying pan" away in his satchel.

COP I
 Everything's OK, let's move on to
 the next.

The cop who is screwing the radiator cover back on turns
 towards his colleagues.

COP II
 I'm gonna take a leak, I'll catch
 up to you.

The other two exit the room. Looking tense, Cop II waits for
 them to leave, then picks up his satchel and heads quickly
 towards the bathroom.

7 INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - DAY 7

He, in turn, opens the bathtub panel and takes the parts of a
 high performance rifle out of his satchel.

He conceals the weapon inside the improvised hiding place,
 closes up the panel and exits the bathroom.

8 EXT. PRISON - DAY 8

An impressive police convoy suddenly appears in the street.

Preceded by two motorcycle cops, a S.W.A.T. team van,
 protected fore and aft by two cars with cops armed to the
 teeth.

The convoy stops in front of the prison.

The prison doors open to reveal Randoni, handcuffs on his
 wrists, flanked by two guards.

Randoni is about 40, stout and very elegant in cashmere and
 silk. But the most striking thing about the character is his
 panicked look.

Two cops join the guards and take charge of Randoni.

The police car takes off like a shot, as the voice of a radio
 reporter comments off screen.

RADIO REPORTER (O.S.)
 And now the Randoni case, François
 Randoni has just left the prison
 where he was held for eight months

. . .

9 INT. RADIO STATION - DAY

9

The reporter continues his broadcast live.

RADIO REPORTER

. . . Randoni, who, I will remind you, is implicated in a number of criminal cases, is to appear today in front of the Court in Nice and everyone is asking the same question: will he reveal anything that would incriminate certain bigwigs in finance and politics, or will he honor the code of silence.

10 EXT. ROAD TO NICE - DAY

10

The police convoy speeds along the road.

RADIO REPORTER (V.O.)

. . . one thing is sure, the suspense is putting his life in danger and the police will do everything possible to ensure him maximum protection.

11 INT. CONVOY, POLICE VAN - DAY

11

Randoni is sitting in the back with six men from the S.W.A.T. team. He is no longer dressed in cashmere and silk, but wears the getup of the crack force surrounding him: black combat fatigues and bullet proof vest.

Randoni, who is clearly not used to this uniform, is bursting out of it and sweating profusely. He tries to loosen his vest.

RANDONI

Damn, this thing sure keeps you warm!

One of the policemen hands him a hood.

POLICEMAN I

And, you'll have to put this on, too.

Randoni wipes his forehead.

RANDONI

It's a good idea dressing me up like you, a very good idea.

POLICEMAN I

It's standard procedure.

RANDONI

Yes, it's very good, but there's one little detail that's not quite right.

POLICEMAN I

What's that?

RANDONI

My ass.

The policemen exchange quick glances. Randoni goes on.

RANDONI

Have you ever seen anyone on the S.W.A.T. team with an ass like this?

Awkward silence of the policemen, Randoni goes on again.

RANDONI

No, but it's true. Look at you and look at me, you're all athletes, you look like Greek gods and I look like a potato sack with a bullet proof vest. If there's a hit man waiting for me there, he's going to have a good laugh.

POLICEMAN I

There won't be a hitman, we put up road blocks everywhere.

RANDONI

You don't know the people I deal with. I'm sure they've put out enough dough to turn your road blocks into real sieves.

The policemen shut up, their faces impassive. Randoni pauses briefly, then continues.

RANDONI

Believe me, I know them. They will have chosen the best, and he'll be on his way right now. . .

12 EXT. ROAD TO NICE - DAY 12

A big, very dark, almost black, metallic grey Mercedes drives towards Nice.

13 INT. MERCEDES - DAY 13

We see Ralph for the first time. He is dressed in dark grey and seems to be made out of the same metal as his car. He exudes something attractive and chilling.

Randoni's voice continues off screen.

RANDONI (O.S.)
. . . and the only thing he has in
mind is to bump me off . . . and I
don't know what could stop him.

14 EXT. ROAD TO NICE - DAY 14

An old Peugeot drives towards Nice.

15 INT. PEUGEOT - DAY 15

Pignon is at the wheel and looks like an answer to Randoni's last sentence.

He wears a photographer's vest with multiple pockets and listens, tears in his eyes, to a CD of "Les Amants de la Saint Jean".

16 EXT. STREET OF THE COURTHOUSE, NICE - DAY 16

A police road block bars access to the street. The cops check motorists' I.D.s and send them back to the nearby parking lots.

Ralph's Mercedes approaches the roadblock. The police officer who concealed the rifle under the bathtub notices him. He leaves the driver he was checking on and rushes towards the Mercedes, a step ahead of his colleagues. Ralph lowers his window and holds out his papers. The police officer barely looks at them, glances anxiously around and says between his teeth.

COP II
OK, you can go.

He pushes aside the metal barricade that blocks the way. The Mercedes slowly pulls into the Street of the Courthouse.

17 INT. COURTHOUSE HOTEL - DAY 17

The lobby is swarming with cops and reporters. Ralph appears at the door, a tiny overnight bag in hand.

He walks towards a counter where a police officer is inspecting the newcomers' luggage.

Ralph holds his small bag out to him. The police officer opens it and finds nothing more dangerous than a few clothes and a toilet kit.

18 INT. RALPH'S ROOM - DAY 18

The room where the cop concealed the rifle in the bathroom.

A bellhop opens the door and steps aside to let Ralph in.

BELLHOP

I'll just be a second. I've got to check the minibar.

He walks across the room and opens the door of the minibar.

BELLHOP

You're all set, you write down your drinks on the small sheet, here.

Without a word, Ralph gives him a tip.

BELLHOP

Thank you, sir.

He gestures towards the window.

BELLHOP

Overlooking the Court House.
You'll have a ringside seat!

A police siren wails off screen.

BELLHOP

They're jumpy, aren't they?

Still silent, Ralph nods approvingly. The Bellhop goes on.

BELLHOP

You've got to put yourself in their shoes, you know, with all these attacks.

He walks back towards the door and turns to Ralph before going out.

BELLHOP

Can you imagine if this guy gets bumped off?!

Ralph has a slight pout that doesn't mean much. The bellhop concludes.

BELLHOP

Have a nice stay, Sir.

RALPH

Thank you.

The bellhop exits. Ralph waits a moment, then goes quickly and puts the "Do not disturb" sign on the door.

He then goes to the window and glances at the Courthouse Square.

19 EXT. COURTHOUSE SQUARE - DAY 19

The media and police commotion keeps swelling in the Square.

We spot Pignon in the crowd. He is heading towards the hotel, a photographer's bag slung across his shoulder and a suitcase in hand.

20 INT. RALPH'S ROOM - DAY 20

Ralph steps back from the window and goes quickly into the bathroom.

21 INT. BATHROOM - DAY 21

Ralph kneels on the tiled floor and starts taking apart the bathtub's panel.

22 EXT. ROAD TO NICE - DAY 22

The convoy is still speeding towards Nice.

23 INT. POLICE VAN - DAY

23

One of the policemen looks at his watch.

POLICEMAN

It's OK, we're on schedule.

Randoni, still sweating just as much, puts his hand on his chest.

RANDONI

I can hardly breathe, it hurts,
here.

The policemen watch him with the same impassiveness, but there is perhaps a bit of irony in their eyes. Randoni gets abruptly angry.

RANDONI

Yes, I'm scared shitless and I'm
not ashamed! Anyone in my shoes
would be scared!

He puts his hand back on his chest, takes a deep breath and smiles unexpectedly.

RANDONI

It would be funny if I died from a
heart attack now . . . If he's
waiting for me there, adjusting his
rifle, and he's told that I'm
already dead, I'm sure he'll be
very sad.

24 INT. PIGNON'S ROOM, COURTHOUSE HOTEL - DAY

24

The bellhop who is carrying Pignon's suitcase steps aside to let him in, then he goes and puts the suitcase on a luggage rack.

He then heads towards the minibar and opens it.

BELLHOP

I always check . . . You're all
set, you write down your drinks on
the small sheet, here.

Pignon gives him a tip.

BELLHOP

Thank you, Sir.

(Pointing at the bag

Pignon carries across his
shoulder)

Photographer?

PIGNON

Yes.

BELLHOP

For what paper, if you don't mind
me asking?

PIGNON

I work for an agency.

BELLHOP

I didn't think there were so many
photographers in this country. You
saw all that, outside? The TV and
radio stations?

Pignon, who seems preoccupied, looks at his watch. The
bellhop understands and cuts it short.

BELLHOP

Well, I'll be on my way. Good luck
with your work.

He walks back to the door. Pignon picks up the phone

PIGNON

For an outside line you dial 0?

BELLHOP

Nine.

He exits. Pignon dials a number.

PIGNON

(on the phone)

Louise? . . . It's me. I just got
here from Paris. I'm at the hotel
across from the Courthouse and I
thought we could maybe see each
other briefly . . . No, wait
Louise, listen to me . . . I'm not
harassing you, I was sent here for
the trial and I thought it would be
nice if we . . . only five minutes,
Louise, you can't deny me that . .
. Hello? . . . Hello". . .

Louise has hung up. Pignon hangs up in turn. He thinks for a moment, goes to hang the "do not disturb" sign on the door, then takes a small penknife out of his pocket and heads towards the window.

He cuts a piece of the curtain cord, sits down on his bed and starts making a slipknot.

25 INT. RALPH'S ROOM - DAY 25

Ralph, also sitting on his bed, has laid the parts of his rifle out in front of him and is cleaning them one after another with the care of a fine craftsman.

26 INT. PIGNON'S ROOM - DAY 26

Pignon is done with making his knot and he slips the cord down around his neck. He turns towards the communicating door, stands up and goes to check that it is properly locked.

27 INT. RALPH'S ROOM - DAY 27

Ralph, who has started to assemble the components of his rifle, hears Pignon fiddling with the door latch in the adjoining room. Alarmed, he gets up.

In turn, he heads towards the communicating door and checks that it is properly locked.

28 INT. PIGNON'S ROOM - DAY 28

It is Pignon's turn to be alarmed by Ralph's fiddling. He glues his ear to the door.

29 INT. RALPH'S ROOM - DAY 29

Ralph too glues his ear to the communicating door panel.

He waits a moment, then, reassured, goes back to his rifle.

30 EXT. ROAD TO NICE - DAY 30

The police convoy is still speeding towards Nice.

31 INT. POLICE VAN - DAY

31

Randoni, flanked by the policemen, is bent double holding his stomach, his face in pain.

POLICEMAN I
Something wrong?

RANDONI
Stomachache.

32 INT. GAS STATION - DAY

32

Only a few customers in the gas station's mini-mart. A young guy with a girl his age glances towards the cashier and furtively slips a chocolate bar into his pocket.

He walks away towards the exit with the girl. The cashier calls him back.

CASHIER
Hey! . . . Oh! . . . Excuse me!

The young guy turns around, aggressive.

YOUNG GUY
What?

CASHIER
It's not free . . . the chocolate.
You put it back where you took it
or you pay.

The young guy, to impress the girl, goes menacingly up to the cashier.

YOUNG GUY
And if I don't pay what'll you do?
Call the cops? You think they're
gonna come out for a chocolate bar,
you asshole?

The young girl has a somewhat mocking smile on her face.

The roar of engines echoes off screen. It's the police convoy which appears suddenly in front of the gas station. The police van's doors open to reveal Randoni, his face now hidden by a hood. He gets out of the car with the S.W.A.T. team. They too are hooded and quite impressive with their bullet proof vests and machine guns. The group trots along towards the gas station.

The panic stricken young guy takes the chocolate bar swiftly out of his pocket and puts it in front of the cashier.

YOUNG GUY

How much do I owe you?

The policemen barge into the store and, still trotting, arrive in front of the cashier. One of them asks.

POLICEMAN I

Rest room?

33 INT. RALPH'S ROOM - DAY

33

Ralph has finished putting his rifle together. He turns towards the window and glues his eye to the sight. A helicopter appears suddenly over the Courthouse, quite visible from Ralph's room.

Instinctively, Ralph pulls the bedspread over his weapon to conceal it. The helicopter's blades are noisier and noisier and have an unforeseen effect: the window blinds come abruptly undone and stop halfway down, cutting in half the view of the Courthouse.

Ralph lays his rifle on the bed and goes to the window to raise the blinds, but they fall down completely, leaving the room in darkness.

For a moment, Ralph battles with the crank. It turns but doesn't grip. He then hides the rifle under the bed and grabs the phone.

RALPH

Hello? The blinds are stuck . . .
The blinds, they fell down and I
can't pull them back up . . . No,
the crank turns loose.

(He gets worked up)

Of course it's urgent, I'm not
going to stay in the dark. Send me
somebody right away!

He slams the phone down.

34 INT. PIGNON'S ROOM - DAY

34

Pignon, the rope around his neck, picks up the phone and dials a number.

PIGNON

Louise, it's me again, don't hang up, it's the last time you'll hear my voice . . . No, this time I'm serious, Louise, I have a rope around my neck, a rope with a slipknot . . . No, it's not blackmail, I asked for five minutes of your time and you hung up on me, I don't want to live anymore. I love you, Louise. I beg you, come for just two min . . . Hello? . . . Hello? . . .

Louise has hung up again. Pignon, in turn, slams the phone down in desperation.

35 INT. RALPH'S ROOM - DAY

35

Ralph opens the door for the bellhop who comes in carrying a small tool bag.

BELLHOP

It's junk . . . those blinds, they're always breaking.

He takes a screwdriver out of his bag, starts fussing with it and explains. . .

BELLHOP

The pulley's safety catch is what goes wrong.

36 INT. PIGNON'S ROOM - DAY

36

Pignon scans the room, looking for a place to hang himself, and, finding nothing, goes into the bathroom.

37 INT. PIGNON'S BATHROOM - DAY

37

Pignon, the cord around his neck, is still trying to find a possible gallows.

He first takes an interest in a hook affixed to the door, a sort of peg to hang bathrobes on.

Pignon tests the sturdiness of the peg, and, satisfied, fastens the cord to it.

He takes an ipod out of his pocket and puts the headphones to his ears. He scrolls for the song he wants to hear before dying and listens with tears in his eyes to a few bars of "Les Amants de la Saint Jean".

Then he lets himself slide down the door, clearly ready to end his life. But the peg is not strong enough, it falls down hitting Pignon on the head and he lands on his butt.

The ipod has fallen to the tiled floor. A bit stunned, Pignon picks it up and again looks around for something to hang himself from.

38 INT. RALPH'S ROOM - DAY

38

The bellhop who has finished his repair work, raises the blinds.

BELLHOP

Here, that should do it, but you're better off not touching them, you know?

He hands his screwdriver to Ralph.

BELLHOP

I'll leave it with you just in case

. . .

(pointing at the crank
box)

You see the peg here. Well, you put it in the down position and it keeps the crank from turning loose.

39 INT. PIGNON'S BATHROOM - DAY

39

Pignon has gotten into the shower, interested by the big shower head sticking out of the ceiling.

Skeptical, he tests the sturdiness of the shower head, which in turn falls down, taking with it part of the false ceiling.

At this point, Pignon discovers what he was looking for: thick plumbing pipes which are no longer concealed by the false ceiling, the sturdiness of which seems foolproof.

Pignon, almost cheerful, quickly goes to get a stool and comes back into the shower.

He steps up onto the stool, fastens the cord to one of the pipes, puts his ipod back to his ears and, to the sound of music, jumps off the stool.

The pipe breaks, Pignon crashes to the tile floor as a huge geyser gushes forth from the busted pipe.

40 INT. RALPH'S ROOM - DAY 40

The bellhop, who was opening the door to leave, freezes as he hears what sounds like an explosion in the room next door. He turns towards the communicating door.

BELLHOP
What's going on?

The off-screen noise of the waterspout is astounding.

BELLHOP
But . . . what the hell's
happening?

He hastily opens the communicating door with his master key.

41 INT. PIGNON'S ROOM - DAY 41

He enters the room just as Pignon is coming out of the bathroom, the rope around his neck, choking and drenched. Pignon collapses at the bellhop's feet.

BELLHOP
Oh, fuck!

He loosens the rope strangling Pignon and runs towards the bathroom.

Ralph stands in the communicating doorway, assesses the situation at a glance and closes the door right away.

42 INT. PIGNON'S BATHROOM - DAY 42

The bellhop walks across the flooded bathroom and turns the water off. The geyser stops. The bellhop goes back towards the room.

43 INT. PIGNON'S ROOM - DAY 43

Pignon is sitting on the floor, very flushed. The bellhop squats down next to him.

BELLHOP

Sir! . . . are you OK? . . . Sir!

Pignon belches a stream of water out into his face. The bellhop doesn't wait for more and jumps on the phone. He dials a number: busy. He slams the phone down.

BELLHOP

Oh, shit!

He dials another number and hangs up again, aggravated.

BELLHOP

Shit, shit, shit!

He walks back towards Pignon who is staring at nothing, still just as flushed.

BELLHOP

Are you OK, Sir?

Pignon belches again, this time without spitting up. The bellhop, clearly at a loss, runs towards the communicating door.

44

INT. RALPH'S ROOM - DAY

44

On the other side of the door, Ralph is waiting, very tense. The bellhop bangs even harder against the door panel.

BELLHOP (O.S.)

He hanged himself! . . . Open up,
he hanged himself!

RALPH

Sorry, that's none of my business.

The bellhop opens the door with his master key.

BELLHOP

It rings busy at the front desk,
and when I call the police, there's
a message. I'm going downstairs to
get the cops, don't leave him
alone!

RALPH

I'm not a doctor or a paramedic,
there's nothing I can do for him.

He shuts the door in the face of the bellhop who opens it again with his master key.

BELLHOP

Two minutes! Just enough time for me to come back up with the cops. If we leave him alone now he'll probably jump out the damn window.

RALPH

(flat out)

No. He won't jump out the window.

BELLHOP

(a bit shaken)

What makes you so sure?

RALPH

He's not going to jump out the window, that's all.

Pignon, who has been following this exchange interrupts in a hoarse voice.

PIGNON

Yes I will. I'm going to throw myself out the damn window.

BELLHOP

(panicked again)

Oh, fuck!

He pushes past Ralph and races towards the window overlooking the Courthouse.

BELLHOP

(shouting)

Hey, you! . . . hey there! . . .

Ralph pounces on him and pushes him away from the window.

RALPH

Is this bullshit over?

BELLHOP

I'm calling the cops.
(He goes back to the window)

Hey, you! . . .

Ralph grabs his arm, forcing him to turn around.

RALPH

(icily)

Why the cops? He's not dead, he's not even wounded.

BELLHOP

A suicide in a hotel, we have to notify the police.

RALPH

You want to finish him off, or what?

BELLHOP

Huh?

Ralph drags him along into Pignon's room.

45 INT. PIGNON'S ROOM - DAY

45

Pignon is still sitting on the floor. Ralph picks up the end of the cord and turns towards the bellhop, strangling Pignon without meaning to as he does.

RALPH

Why did he want to die, d'you think?

BELLHOP

Me? I have no idea.

Ralph starts his plea, jerking the cord each time he puts forward an argument, strangling Pignon more and more.

RALPH

Well, I'll tell you why: to escape an inhuman world, a world without pity, which refused to understand him - which refused to help him . . .

Pignon wriggles on the floor each time Ralph jerks the rope. Totally wrapped up in his argumentation, Ralph does not realize it.

The bellhop reacts.

BELLHOP

Watch out, you're strangling him!

Ralph glances at Pignon and lets go of the rope.

RALPH

(to the bellhop)
And where is he going to end up, thanks to you?

(MORE)

RALPH (cont'd)
 In a police van full of tactless,
 rough cops who are going to
 interrogate him, harass him!

BELLHOP
 No, not at all. They'll take him
 to the hospital.

RALPH
 That's right, to the hospital, to
 the psychiatric ward, with the
 lunatics and drug addicts.

Pignon, who has managed to straighten up, says in a hoarse
 voice.

PIGNON
 I don't want to go to the hospital.

BELLHOP
 Why not? They'll take good care of
 you there.

RALPH
 (to Pignon)
 Of course they're going to take
 good care of you, a straight
 jacket, a nice little shock
 treatment, a lobotomy.

BELLHOP
 Hey, don't tell him that kind of
 thing! Please!

Ralph kneels close to Pignon and throws his arm around his
 shoulders.

RALPH
 (to the bellhop)
 Look at him and answer me frankly.
 Who can help this poor man? The
 cops? No. What he needs is
 empathy, tenderness, human warmth,
 and you won't find that in a police
 van!

Ralph strokes Pignon's face as he speaks. Pignon seems
 shattered but sneezes in Ralph's hand. Disgusted, Ralph
 wipes his hand on Pignon's shirt.

Swayed for a moment by Ralph's arguments, the bellhop rebels
 again.

BELLHOP

Maybe, but if I don't call the cops, who's going to take care of him? I have other things to do, you know! . . . Who is going to take care of him, huh?!

RALPH

Me.

BELLHOP

(surprised)

You?

RALPH

Yes. I'll see to it. You can leave us alone. Everything will be fine.

Greatly touched, Pignon kisses Ralph's hand. The bellhop rebels one more time.

BELLHOP

I don't understand. Just now, I asked you to keep an eye on him for two minutes and you slammed the door in my face.

RALPH

He hit a soft spot in me.

The bellhop, clearly puzzled, turns away and walks towards the bathroom.

RALPH

Where are you going?

BELLHOP

I've got to mop up. It'll seep through to downstairs.

He disappears into the bathroom. A police siren wails off screen. Ralph lets go of Pignon and dashes off to his room.

He goes and looks out the window.

47 EXT. STREET OF THE COURTHOUSE - DAY 47

It isn't the convoy. Just an extra police car that comes to shore up protection around the Courthouse.

48 INT. RALPH'S ROOM - DAY 48

Ralph leaves the window and walks back towards Pignon's room.

49 INT. PIGNON'S BATHROOM - DAY 49

The bellhop mops the bathroom floor with towels. One can see by his anxious look that Ralph did not really reassure him.

50 INT. PIGNON'S ROOM - DAY 50

Ralph squats down next to Pignon and glances towards the bathroom. He whispers.

RALPH

You can't stay here, he's worried.
He's going to call the cops.

The bellhop appears at the bathroom door, a terry towel in his hand. Ralph puts his arms around Pignon again.

BELLHOP

I'm still going to notify the
police.

He makes a move towards the telephone. Ralph stops him.

RALPH

One of my friends, my best friend,
he tried to commit suicide too, and
somebody had the same reaction you
had. The cops took him to the
hospital and when he got there, he
cut his throat, and he didn't miss
that time.

Interested, Pignon turns his head towards Ralph.

PIGNON

What did he cut his throat with?

In a mechanical gesture, Ralph turns Pignon's head to the other side.

RALPH
That's not the point.
(to the bellhop)
What's your name?

BELLHOP
Vincent.

RALPH
Vincent, I give you my word that
when I'm finished with him, he
won't feel like killing himself
anymore.

BELLHOP
But why are you doing all this?

RALPH
(more icily than ever)
Compassion.

The bellhop hesitates a bit, then puts his towel in the bathroom and walks back towards the door. He turns to Ralph before exiting.

BELLHOP
I don't feel good about this. I
don't feel good at all. . .

He exits. Ralph straightens up and dryly orders Pignon.

RALPH
Now, get up and beat it.

PIGNON
She hung up on me. I told her I
was going to hang myself. I told
her, "come for only five minutes"
and she hung up on me.

RALPH
Don't you get it? . . . They're
going to take you away. What are
you waiting for?

Pignon tries to straighten up and falls back.

PIGNON
My head is spinning.

Ralph shoots a frightening look at Pignon.

51 EXT. CONVOY - DAY 51

The police convoy approaches Nice.

52 INT. POLICE VAN - DAY 52

Randoni is once more doubled up. He groans.

RANDONI
My stomach hurts.

The policemen exchange looks. Then, the one who seems to be the group's leader interrupts more dryly than usual.

POLICEMAN I
You'll have to calm down now, Mr. Randoni, we can't stop every five minutes, we're already late.

RANDONI
The later we are, the less quickly I'll get a bullet in my ass.

POLICEMAN I
(making an effort to control himself)
We are professionals, Mister Randoni, we have been put in charge of your safety, get it into your head that you don't run any risk.

Randoni has a bitter smile.

RANDONI
Yes, it's true, you are professionals, you do incredible things: jump from helicopters, slide down ropes and land rolling over. Well, you are true acrobats, that's for sure.

The policemen wait for more, their faces impenetrable. Randoni goes on.

RANDONI
But when you see me fall later on, and you dive on top of me to protect me, it'll be too late because an acrobat is not as quick as a bullet.

More and more on edge, the policemen exchange looks again.

POLICEMAN I

Stop that, Mister Randoni. There's no hit man there and you're going to make us nervous, and that's not good for your safety.

RANDONI

Maybe there's no hitman there, but if there is one, he's not nervous. Ever. In his job, you are not allowed to have nerves.

53 INT. PIGNON'S ROOM - DAY

53

His nerves frazzled, Ralph, tries to put Pignon back on his feet.

RALPH

You're going to move your fucking butt, God damn it!

Pignon falls back to the ground.

PIGNON

Let me catch my breath. I just hanged myself. That gives you quite a shock, you know.

Ralph calms down at once, but he looks even more dangerous. Pignon goes on.

PIGNON

A woman who shared my life for eight years, I gave her everything.

Ralph walks behind Pignon and picks up the cord. Pignon goes on talking to himself.

PIGNON

Why did she do that, I don't get it, we were so good together.

Ralph, holding the cord with both hands, moves silently forward towards Pignon, getting ready to strangle him in cold blood. Pignon, unaware of the danger, goes on again.

PIGNON

I was almost done paying the mortgage on our house, I was going to treat us to a new car, a metallic grey Toyota, Japanese quality, I don't get it.

Just as Ralph is about to put the cord around Pignon's neck, there is a knock at the door. Ralph has just enough time to whisk the cord away, the bellhop comes in.

BELLHOP

(worried)

So?

RALPH

So what?

BELLHOP

Well, how is it going?

RALPH

Well, very well, very very well.

Pignon stands up with difficulty, his face bathed in tears. He sits down on the bed. The bellhop watches him anxiously.

BELLHOP

(to Pignon)

D'you feel better?

Pignon does not answer. Ralph cuts in dryly.

RALPH

OK, you've got to leave it to me now, you've got no reason to barge in here every five minutes.

BELLHOP

(also dryly)

Excuse me, but my job is on the line here. It's normal that I come by to see what's going on.

Pignon starts humming "Les Amants de la Saint Jean".

Surprised, Ralph and the bellhop turn towards him. Pignon stops humming and explains.

PIGNON

She liked that song a lot . . . She used to sing it really well . . . Better than me . . .

(MORE)

PIGNON (cont'd)
 I was so fond of listening to her
 sing . . .
 (to Ralph)
 Have you ever been in love?

Ralph doesn't answer. Pignon grabs his arm, forcing him to sit down next to him and starts singing again. Ralph, in order to make the bellhop feel better, starts to hum along but he doesn't know the lyrics very well and has trouble following. The bellhop starts singing with them.

At the end of the verse, Ralph turns towards the bellhop.

RALPH
 OK! We're not putting together a
 choir, right? Feel better now?

BELLHOP
 I was in love once, too, a girl
 from Brittany, her name was Dolmen.
 She left me. . . those girls from
 Brittany are pretty dependable
 . . . but she left . . . with a guy
 from Brittany.

PIGNON
 (moved)
 Poor guy.

BELLHOP
 Yes, it hurts.

PIGNON
 But me, with mine, I didn't expect
 it at all. We were so happy
 together.

RALPH
 (he stands up)
 Well, I see you have lots of things
 to talk about. I'm going to leave
 you.

He wants to go to his room but the bellhop stands in his way.

BELLHOP
 Oh no! You're the one who has to
 take care of him. Me, I have work
 to do.

He walks towards the door, turns to Pignon and smiles in complicity. He hums a few bars of "Les Amants de la Saint Jean" and exits.

On his bed, Pignon starts to sing again. Ralph, exasperated, screams.

RALPH

Enough!

Pignon slyly lowers his voice but goes on singing.

RALPH

(furiously)

Shhhh!

Pignon shuts up. Ralph puts his photographer's bag on his lap.

RALPH

What did I tell you, he's going to be breathing down our necks all the time, that moron, and he'll end up calling the police because he is scared shitless.

PIGNON

(worried)

He's a real pain in the neck, that guy . . . wanting to call the cops all the time . . . How could we get rid of him?

Ralph, who is having more and more trouble controlling himself, suddenly reacts like a hitman.

RALPH

No, no, we can't get rid of him. He works in this hotel. If we eliminate him now, the front desk will look everywhere for him . . .

He interrupts himself, realizing that he is giving himself away. Puzzled, Pignon looks at him.

PIGNON

If we eliminate him?

RALPH

(getting control of himself)

I mean, with a good tip, I don't know, but tip or no tip, he's gonna keep coming back, so get out of here, I'm telling you . . . and fast.

PIGNON
 (once again tearful)
 Why did she do it? I don't get it,
 we were so good together!

Ralph takes a deep breath to calm himself down.

RALPH
 Where is she?

PIGNON
 My wife?

RALPH
 Yes, where is she right now?

PIGNON
 At the asylum.

RALPH
 (surprised)
 Where?

PIGNON
 She left me for her psychiatrist
 and they live here together, at his
 clinic.

RALPH
 Well, what are you waiting for
 then! Get going! Run to the
 clinic and sort things out with
 her!

PIGNON
 And it's my fault. She was sad,
 she'd lost her appetite, so I said
 to her, "go see a neurologist", and
 she went to see Wolf, that piece of
 shit!

54 EXT. DOCTOR WOLF'S CLINIC - DAY

54

The clinic's grounds.

Doctor Wolf walks along the path leading to the
 administration building, waving pleasantly at a few patients,
 their blank stares the result of sedatives.

Wolf is about forty, well-built and hot-tempered.

Pignon's voice goes on off screen.

PIGNON (O.S.)
 She'd go everyday to his office and lie down on the couch. Typically, he should have stayed in his armchair, that's how it works, right? The patient on the couch and the psychiatrist in his armchair. But no, not with him, with him it's everyone on the couch! And that cost me sixty euros an hour!

Wolf disappears into the administration building.

55 INT. WOLF'S OFFICE - DAY

55

Wolf enters his office and sits down at his computer. Pignon continues.

PIGNON (O.S.)
 A psychiatrist, this guy? A fucking bastard, that's what!

There is a knock at the door.

WOLF
 Yes?

Louise, Pignon's ex-wife, enters the room.

She is wearing a riding habit. She is about thirty with a discrete sex appeal.

LOUISE
 He called.

WOLF
 Again!

LOUISE
 Yes, but this time, he's in town.

WOLF
 What do you mean in town? You told him never to set foot here.

LOUISE
 He claims he's here for the trial, he asked me to go by and see him, I said no and he said he was going to commit suicide.

WOLF
 (getting worked up)
 He won't do anything at all. It's
 blackmail. Why the hell is he
 bugging us again?
 (He points at the
 computer)
 I'm going over the accounts and it
 doesn't look good, we're down from
 last year.

There is a knock at the door.

WOLF
 (he barks)
 Come in!

Suzanne, a middle aged nurse, comes into the office.

SUZANNE
 Excuse me Doctor but Miss Miot, the
 anorexic . . .

WOLF
 What?

SUZANNE
 She started eating again.

WOLF
 (surprised)
 Why?

SUZANNE
 I don't know.

WOLF
 (containing himself)
 Thank you, Suzanne. I'll check
 into it shortly.

The nurse exits. Wolf looks beat.

WOLF
 Shit.

LOUISE
 I'm still a bit worried . . . I
 don't believe his suicide story,
 but . . .

WOLF

(absorbed in his problem)
Why is she eating? As a rule, an eating disorder takes a very long time to cure.

(He gets up and begins to pace the office, increasingly worried)
We have four fewer schizophrenics this year, and the depressives don't make up for that, so if, on top of it all, the anorexics start eating!

LOUISE

He'll call back, that's for sure.

WOLF

(getting worked up again)
I'm sick of that pathetic jerk. Sick! If he calls back, pass him to me, I'll give him a piece of my mind.

LOUISE

I don't like it when you get worked up like that, Edgar.

WOLF

Forgive me, my sweet.
(The look in his eyes grows heavy with meaning)
I find you very sexy in that outfit.
(He takes her hand and leads her to the couch)
Come, let's relax a bit.
(He pushes her down on the couch and lies on top of her. She pulls away.)

LOUISE

Uh-uh, I've got my riding lesson.

WOLF

(in a husky voice)
Don't worry about it.

LOUISE

If you don't cancel twenty-four hours ahead, you have to pay for the lesson.

WOLF

(instantly calm)

Oh, yes, that's right. Well, go ahead then, have fun, and don't worry about him. I'll deal with him.

56 INT. PIGNON'S ROOM - DAY

56

Pignon, still sprawled on his bed, abruptly gets up, very belligerent.

PIGNON

I'm gonna go see him at his clinic and have it out with him.

Ralph, posted at the communicating door and staring at the window in his room, turns towards Pignon, hopeful once more.

RALPH

Very good.

PIGNON

And he better toe the line, or else, I'll punch him in the face.

RALPH

Excellent.

PIGNON

And she'll realize her mistake . . . and she'll come back home with me.

RALPH

Bravo!

He goes to get Pignon's suitcase off the luggage rack and puts it by the door. Pignon doesn't move. Ralph waits a bit and gets impatient.

RALPH

Well?

PIGNON

I can't go out like this, I'm soaked.

RALPH

You'll dry off really fast, it's hot out.

PIGNON

No, I have a weak chest. I can't go out like this, I'll catch a bug.

To convince Ralph, he begins to cough, a pathetic little cough, like a dog that swallowed wrong. Then, he points to his luggage.

PIGNON

I've got a change of clothes in my suitcase.

Ralph throws him a very disturbing look, then takes the suitcase back to the luggage rack and opens it. He takes out a pair of pants.

Pignon watches him tenderly.

PIGNON

I'm really lucky to have run into you . . . It's true, people are so indifferent these days. You have a broken heart, whatever, you commit suicide under their eyes, whatever, they don't give a damn, they'll slam the door in your face, it's an inhuman world. . .

Ralph holds out the dry pants.

RALPH

Put these on, quick.

Pignon doesn't take the pants.

PIGNON

So, when you meet someone with a heart, someone who offers you a bit of warmth, a bit of . . .

Ralph pushes him onto the bed, starts undoing his shoes, then begins to take his pants off.

PIGNON

(surprised)

What are you doing?

Ralph doesn't answer and stands Pignon up to pull his pants up. He probably pulls a bit too hard because Pignon lets out a little yelp and protests.

PIGNON

But, I can get dressed by myself.

RALPH

Yes, but you aren't doing it, and
we're wasting time.

As he speaks, Ralph takes the belt off the wet pants and
hands it to Pignon.

RALPH

Here you go!

Pignon doesn't take the belt.

PIGNON

When I found her note on the
kitchen table, my heart stopped.
She'd written, "François, I can't
live with you anymore, I'm leaving
you" . . .

Ralph isn't listening. He rolls the wet pants up into a ball
and throws them into the suitcase while Pignon continues his
monologue.

PIGNON

. . . And I started to suffocate, I
couldn't breathe anymore.
(in the same tone of
voice)
That's not how you pack your own
suitcase, I suppose.

RALPH

What?

PIGNON

Wet pants, you don't ball them up,
you try to give them a crease,
they'll be in great shape now!

Ralph takes the pants out of the suitcase and tries to fold
them, controlling his exasperation as best he can. Pignon
goes on.

PIGNON

The love of my life, what I hold
dearest in the world, writes to me
like that, coldly, that she's
leaving with another man.
(in the same tone of
voice)
You're making a mess of it . . .
try to find the crease . . .

(MORE)

PIGNON (cont'd)
 what you're doing doesn't make any
 sense . . .

(still in the same tone of
 voice)

Her little hands, her little feet,
 her little nose, her big eyes, I
 told myself I'd never see any of
 that again, wait, don't pull on
 them like a madman, you're going to
 rip them. Those are pants, not
 chewing gum!

Ralph throws him a crazed look. Pignon doesn't notice. He takes the pants out of his hands and throws them, balled up, into the suitcase.

PIGNON
 OK, that's enough, I don't give a
 damn about those pants, I don't
 give a damn about anything now. . .
 my life only made sense with her,
 without her it's a desert,
 nothingness . . .

Another police siren wails off screen. Ralph quickens the pace. He pulls Pignon's polo shirt off and searches feverishly through the suitcase. He finds another polo shirt and puts it on Pignon, who fights him.

PIGNON
 (outraged)
 Not that shirt, for Christ's sake,
 it's wool, you haven't noticed how
 hot it is? Would you put on a wool
 polo shirt today?

Ralph, clearly at the end of his rope, takes a little tank top wrapped in tissue paper out of the suitcase. He rips off the paper and slips the tank top over Pignon's head. Pignon yells.

PIGNON
 Whoa, what's this guy doing? That's
 a present for my wife, a little top
 with straps!

He takes the tank off and gets sentimental.

PIGNON
 It's cute, isn't it?

RALPH
 (in a flat voice)
 Well, I'm not going to spend the
 day here, I've got work to do.

57 EXT. ROAD TO NICE - DAY

57

The two young people from the gas station are riding a scooter down the road. The sirens of the motorcycle cops escorting the police van wail behind them.

YOUNG GUY
 Shit, there they are again.

GIRL
 They're not after you, we don't
 give a fuck.

YOUNG GUY
 The scooter . . .

GIRL
 What?

YOUNG GUY
 I swiped it.

GIRL
 No way. He swiped another scooter,
 the asshole. What kind of an
 asshole are you?

The young guy gets to a crossroads and turns right on a little road that cuts through some fields. He stops behind a tree, a lone oak in the middle of the plains.

YOUNG GUY
 We'll let them go by.

The convoy goes past the crossroads, but stops abruptly a bit further on. Randoni and the policemen from the S.W.A.T. team, still just as impressive with their hoods and bullet proof vests, spill out of the police van and take off trotting through the fields.

POLICEMAN I
 (to Randoni)
 Try to hold it till that tree over
 there.

From behind the tree, the young guy sees the group approaching. He straddles the scooter and screams at the girl.

YOUNG GUY
Get the fuck on!

She joins him on the scooter. He takes off in a mad rush.

58

INT. PIGNON'S ROOM - DAY

58

Pignon is apparently ready to leave. Ralph gathers up his photographer's bag and his suitcase.

RALPH
Let's go.

Pignon doesn't move. Ralph puts the luggage down by the door and turns icily towards him.

RALPH
You changed, you have dry clothes,
what exactly are you waiting for?

Pignon hangs his head down and says in a muffled voice.

PIGNON
I'm scared.

RALPH
Scared of what?

PIGNON
I don't know how to do that kind of
thing. . . punch him in the face
and all that . . . I don't know the
guy, maybe he works out, I get to
the asylum, he smashes my head in,
what do I look like then? . . . and
then again, whether he smashes my
head in or not, nothing says she'll
want to come back to me.

RALPH
(forcefully)
She'll come back.

PIGNON
Why?

RALPH
Because.

Pignon studies him for a moment, then says solemnly.

PIGNON

I don't know why, but I believe
you.

RALPH

So, go on, she's waiting for you,
be a man.

Pignon joins Ralph by the door. He seems touched.

PIGNON

Well yes, I know why I believe you,
it's because you're a good guy, I
sensed it right away and I'm not
often wrong.

Ralph opens the door to the room.

RALPH

Thank you, good-bye.

PIGNON

We didn't even introduce ourselves.
(He holds his hand out)
François Pignon.

Ralph shakes his hand. Pignon waits a bit and asks.

PIGNON

And you, you are. . . ?

RALPH

(improvising)
Er . . . Milan.

PIGNON

Milan? Ah, that's funny. I have a
colleague at the agency called
Milan, too . . . Edouard Milan,
maybe he's a relative of yours?

RALPH

No.

PIGNON

And you know what we call him? . .
. Mimile! . . . No one ever called
you Mimile?

RALPH
 (icily)
 No.

PIGNON
 And what's your first name?

RALPH
 (after a pause)
 Jean.

PIGNON
 I don't know what life has in store
 for us, Jean, but I hope we'll see
 each other again.
 (he takes a business card
 out of his pocket)
 Here's my card, if you ever get to
 Meudon - I live in Meudon - call
 me, I'd really like it.

RALPH
 OK.

PIGNON
 Promise?

RALPH
 Yes.

PIGNON
 Good-bye Jean, and thanks again.

He walks down the hallway. Ralph closes the door. He looks exhausted.

59 EXT. ROAD - DAY 59

The convoy drives on towards Nice.

60 INT. POLICE VAN - DAY 60

Randoni doesn't look his best. He is still sweating and his face has changed color. One of the policemen asks.

POLICEMAN I
 What's wrong now?

RANDONI
 Car sick.

POLICEMAN I

(firmly)

Oh no! No! . . . no way, we can't
keep stopping like this, we're
already very late.

61 EXT. ROAD - DAY 61

The convoy zooms through a village.

62 INT. POLICE VAN - DAY 62

The policemen who are sitting across from Randoni are covered
in vomit. Disgusted, they are wiping off their bullet proof
vests.

63 EXT. STREET OF THE COURTHOUSE - DAY 63

Pignon exits the hotel and goes into the street which is
still swarming with cops and reporters.

Two photographers are pacing up and down in front of the
Courthouse. One of them spies Pignon.

PHOTOGRAPHER I

Shit, Pignon.

PHOTOGRAPHER II

(overwhelmed)

Oh fuck . . . Did he see us?

PHOTOGRAPHER I

Dunno.

PHOTOGRAPHER II

(in a low voice)

Whatever you do, don't look at him.

PHOTOGRAPHER I

I've had it up to here with his
problems.

PHOTOGRAPHER II

Yeah, let's get the hell out of
here.

The photographers sidle off, but Pignon doesn't notice them.
He moves down the street, lost in thought. Another of his
colleagues pops up in front of him.

PHOTOGRAPHER III
Hey, it's Pignon!

PIGNON
How are you?

PHOTOGRAPHER III
Fine . . . Say, you're sure in
great shape.

PIGNON
Me? Great shape. . . That takes the
cake.

64 EXT. STREET OF THE COURTHOUSE - A BIT FURTHER ON - DAY 64

The photographers who dreaded being accosted by Pignon have moved back towards the Courthouse. One of them looks at his watch.

PHOTOGRAPHER I
What the hell are they doing?

PHOTOGRAPHER II
Yeah, they're late.

Pignon pops up behind them.

PIGNON
How're you doing, guys?

The photographers, taken by surprise, sport forced smiles.

PHOTOGRAPHER I
OK.

PHOTOGRAPHER II
You're sure in great shape, aren't
you.

PIGNON
(somber)
Yeah, well, in fact, I'm really in
a jam.

PHOTOGRAPHER I
Why?

PIGNON
Did I tell you about my problems
with my wife?

PHOTOGRAPHER II
 (heartfelt cry)
 Oh, yes.

PIGNON
 Well, I'll give you a rundown of
 the whole thing anyway, she came
 here to live with another man. . .

PHOTOGRAPHER I
 (cutting him off)
 No, no, we know all that!

PIGNON
 I hanged myself, a bit earlier.

PHOTOGRAPHER II
 Hanged?

PIGNON
 Yeah, suicide, you know.

PHOTOGRAPHER I
 I get the impression you missed,
 right?

PIGNON
 Wait a sec, it's no joke, I'm on my
 way to see her right now, and if I
 look like I'm in great shape she'll
 never believe I wanted to die for
 her.

PHOTOGRAPHER II
 (detached)
 Yeah, that's a drag.

PHOTOGRAPHER I
 Well, I've gotta split.

PHOTOGRAPHER II
 Me too.

They head off. Pignon catches up to them.

PIGNON
 Hey guys, I've got an idea. What
 if one of you two calls her and
 says I'm hovering between life and
 death?

PHOTOGRAPHER I
 No.

PHOTOGRAPHER II

No way.

PHOTOGRAPHER I

Personally, where couples are concerned, I steer clear.

PHOTOGRAPHER II

Yeah, it's a sure way to get in deep shit.

They ditch Pignon right there.

PIGNON

(bitter)

Thanks guys, nice, really nice.

The photographers ignore him. Distraught, Pignon hesitates a bit, then turns towards the hotel and looks thoughtfully up at Ralph's window.

65 INT. RALPH'S ROOM - DAY

65

Ralph is once again himself, icy and precise.

Sitting in an armchair by the window, he is wiping the sight of his rifle with a shammy cloth. The meticulous moves of a good craftsman.

Light knocks on the communicating door paralyze him. He turns towards the door with a mixture of horror and disbelief.

66 INT. PIGNON'S ROOM - DAY

66

Pignon waits a bit and then knocks timidly on the door again.

PIGNON

Mister Milan? . . . Mister Milan?

67/67A INT. INTERCUT PIGNON'S ROOM - RALPH'S ROOM - DAY

67/67A

Petrified, Ralph stares at the communicating door, rifle in hand.

PIGNON

. . . It's me, François Pignon, could I trouble you one more second?

RALPH

No.

PIGNON

I've got a real problem here, I
look like I'm in great shape.

Ralph doesn't react. His face seems to be carved out of
stone. Pignon goes on.

PIGNON

. . . No, it's serious, my wife
will never believe that . . .
Mister Milan, just one last little
favor, you call her and tell her:
"he committed suicide, he's not
doing well at all and he wants to
see you."

RALPH

I won't call anyone. I want to be
left the hell alone.

Pignon seems confounded by this refusal.

PIGNON

(sincerely)

Well, you really surprise me.

A police siren wails off screen. Ralph gets up and glances
out the window.

68 EXT. STREET OF THE COURTHOUSE - DAY 68

It's yet another cop car adding to the bustle of the street.

69 INT. PIGNON'S ROOM - DAY 69

Pignon, still planted in front of the communicating door is
not giving up.

PIGNON

. . . You held out your hand to me,
we became friends, and when I ask
you to make one little phone call
. . .

70/70A INT. INTERCUT - PIGNON'S ROOM - RALPH'S ROOM - DAY 70/70A

Ralph goes back and sits in the armchair.

RALPH

I'm busy. You've got to leave me alone.

PIGNON

What could you possibly have to do that's more important than saving a man's life?

Ralph, who had glued his eye to the sight on his rifle, lowers his weapon and turns towards the communicating door. Pignon continues to drive his point home.

PIGNON

If that's your affection and your human touch!

Ralph takes a deep breath to keep calm. Behind the door, Pignon concludes.

PIGNON

And don't be surprised if I end up doing something stupid.

Ralph straightens up, suddenly worried. He goes towards the communicating door and tries to hear what is going on on the other side.

Pignon is listening too. The two men stay glued to the door panel for a fairly long moment in total silence.

Ralph breaks down first. He unlocks the door, Pignon smirks in triumph and goes to stand by the window, looking innocent.

71 INT. PIGNON'S ROOM - DAY

71

Ralph barges into the room. Pignon turns towards him.

PIGNON

05 95 77 15 31 . . . Ask for Mrs. Pignon.

Ralph hesitates a bit, a murderous gleam in his eye, then goes and picks up the phone.

PIGNON

. . . And above all, don't tell her I've turned the corner, right. She's got to think I'm hovering between life and death.

72 INT. DOCTOR WOLF'S CLINIC - DAY 72

Wolf's outer office. The telephone rings. His secretary picks up.

SECRETARY
(on the phone)
Doctor Wolf's clinic.

73 INT. PIGNON'S ROOM - DAY 73

RALPH
(on the phone)
I'd like to speak to Mrs. Pignon,
please . . . It's personal.

74/74A INT. INTERCUT - WOLF'S OUTER OFFICE - PIGNON'S ROOM 74/74A

SECRETARY
(on the phone)
She's not in, Sir. She is at the
riding school.

Wolf appears at the door of his office, goes over and takes the phone out of his secretary's hands.

WOLF
(on the phone)
Who is this?

Ralph turns towards Pignon.

RALPH
She's not there.

Pignon takes the phone out of his hands.

PIGNON
(on the phone)
Hello?

WOLF
She's gone out. Who is asking for
her?

PIGNON
I'm a friend of François Pignon. I
wanted to let Mrs. Pignon know that
he committed suicide.

WOLF

He's dead?

PIGNON

No, he's not dead, but he's not
doing very well.

He hangs up and triumphantly turns towards Ralph who heads
back to his room.

PIGNON

It was Wolf! I'm sure it was Wolf,
that piece of shit!

Ralph disappears into his room and locks himself in. Pignon
goes and plants himself in front of the communicating door.

PIGNON

Thank you, Mister Milan, you were
wonderful.

Silence from the other side of the door, but this does not
discourage Pignon.

PIGNON

Well, it would have been better if
you could have spoken directly to
her, but . . . come to think of it,
I have her cell phone number. . .

Still no reaction from the room next door, but Pignon forges
ahead.

PIGNON

Should we try to call her? . . .
Come on, you know you do it very
well, come, it'll just take a
minute. . . Hurry up, I'm dialing
the number . . .

75

INT. RALPH'S ROOM - DAY

75

Ralph screams through the door panel.

RALPH

She's at the riding school!

PIGNON (O.S.)

Excuse me?

RALPH

That's what he just told me, she's at the riding school, so, if you want to sort things out with her, go see her at the school and stop bugging everyone!

76 EXT. RIDING SCHOOL, NICE - DAY

76

Louise, Pignon's wife, trots in the ring at the school. Her cell phone starts to ring. She looks at the caller I.D. and answers.

LOUISE

(on the phone)

Something wrong?

77 INT. DOCTOR WOLF'S OFFICE IN THE CLINIC - DAY

77

WOLF

(on the phone)

Someone just called me to tell me that your husband committed suicide, but don't worry, he isn't dead.

78/78A I/E INTERCUT - WOLF'S OFFICE - RIDING SCHOOL - DAY

78/78A

LOUISE

(worried, on the phone)

But, how is he? . . . Where is he?
. . .

WOLF

The call came from the Courthouse Hotel.

Louise gets off her horse.

LOUISE

I'm on my way.

WOLF

No, let me deal with this. It's time I had a little talk with him, he's depressed, I'm a psychiatrist, I'll handle it.

LOUISE

He's depressed because of you, you *did* take his wife away, after all.

WOLF

(correcting her)

His wife left with me because she was bored to death with him. And now, she's living with a man she loves, who gives her the opportunity to spend the afternoon at the riding school and have the life she always dreamed of. See you later, sweetie.

79 INT. PIGNON'S ROOM, COURTHOUSE HOTEL - DAY

79

Pignon paces back and forth in his room, very upset.

PIGNON

What's she doing at the riding school? She's never ridden a horse, this whole thing is insane.

He stops in front of the communicating door.

PIGNON

It's him, it's that sicko who is forcing her to go horseback riding when she is so delicate! He's going to break her, the bastard! Horseback riding! Why not bungee jumping? Jerk!

80 INT. RALPH'S ROOM - DAY

80

Ralph, sitting in the armchair, rifle in hand, has turned away from the communicating door, trying to deny Pignon's existence, but it is not that easy.

Pignon knocks on the door.

Ralph jumps and aims the rifle at the door. Pignon's voice echoes off screen.

PIGNON (O.S.)

I don't want to impose, but I have one last little favor to ask of you . . . I swear it's the last one.

Ralph takes another deep breath, trying desperately not to lose his cool.

81 INT. PIGNON'S ROOM - DAY 81

Pignon, planted in front of the door, goes on in a honeyed tone.

PIGNON

If you could just run over to the riding school. . . It would only take you a few minutes. . .

Silence from the other side. Pignon insists.

PIGNON

Can you hear me? . . . Are you there? . . . You're not there? . . . Mister Milan? . . . Jean? . . . Jeannot? . . . Mimile? . . .

82 INT. RALPH'S ROOM - DAY 82

Frozen, Ralph stares at the communicating door. The telephone rings in his room.

Ralph, paralyzed, lets it ring three, four times, then jumps on the phone.

RALPH

(on the phone)

I won't go to the riding school, Pignon, and I won't fall for your suicidal blackmail anymore. I want to be left the hell alone, is that clear?

(He screams)

To be left the hell alone!

He slams the phone down.

83 INT. PIGNON'S ROOM - DAY 83

Pignon hangs up in turn, haggard. He lies down on the bed and stares at the ceiling, once again engulfed in his depression.

There is a knock at the door. Pignon doesn't react. The knock comes again, then the door opens, revealing the worried bellhop.

BELLHOP
Oh, you're here. I knocked, you
didn't hear?

Pignon doesn't move, his eyes still staring at the ceiling.
The bellhop, more and more worried, looks around for Ralph.

BELLHOP
Where is he?

Pignon doesn't answer. The bellhop insists.

BELLHOP
He said he'd take care of you . . .
You OK? . . .

PIGNON
(dolefully)
I'd like to be left alone.

Pignon turns his back to the bellhop and puts a pillow over
his head.

84

INT. RALPH'S ROOM - DAY

84

Ralph has taken up his watch by the window, but he throws
worried glances in the direction of Pignon's room. There is
a knock on the communicating door.

Seemingly more and more on edge, Ralph jumps.

RALPH
(He screams)
Who is it?

BELLHOP (O.S.)
It's me, Sir.

RALPH
(changing his tone)
Coming.

Once again, he quickly hides his rifle under the bed and
opens the door for the bellhop.

BELLHOP
Excuse me, but you said you'd take
care of him but he's all alone in
his room and he doesn't look good
at all.

RALPH
 Don't worry, I'm watching out for
 him, he's fine.

The bellhop throws an uneasy glance at the communicating
 door.

BELLHOP
 I don't know if he's fine, but just
 now he scared me.

RALPH
 Don't be silly, we talk all the
 time on the phone, he just called
 me.

The telephone rings. Ralph manages to smile. A very forced
 smile.

RALPH
 There, it's him again.

He goes to pick up and makes a huge effort to sound cheerful.

RALPH
 (on the phone)
 Yes?

85/85A INT. INTERCUT - RALPH'S ROOM - PIGNON'S ROOM - DAY 85/85A

PIGNON
 (on the phone)
 Excuse me, it's me again, I'm not
 doing well at all.

RALPH
 (still smiling)
 Oh, really?
 (he puts his hand over the
 receiver and turns
 towards the bellhop)
 It's him, he sounds really good. .
 . .

PIGNON
 This is the last time I'll call
 you, don't worry, I won't ever call
 anyone again.

RALPH
 Not at all, don't hesitate to call
 me, I'll always be here for you.
 (MORE)

RALPH (cont'd)
 (to the bellhop)
 He's doing better and better.

PIGNON
 I'm going to throw myself out the
 damn window.

RALPH
 Yes, well, let's have a drink and
 talk calmly about all this, OK?

PIGNON
 I'm hanging up and jumping.

BELLHOP
 What's he saying?

RALPH
 (he puts his hand over the
 receiver)
 Nothing, he is opening up, he is
 relaxing.
 (to Pignon)
 Keep talking, it's good for you.

PIGNON
 I'm going to smash my face into the
 pavement, you'll see if it's good
 for me.

RALPH
 No, you can't go like that, let's
 have a drink first, OK?

BELLHOP
 Let him go if he wants to go.

PIGNON
 You'll have a drink all alone,
 because me, in five seconds, my
 head will explode on the sidewalk
 like a watermelon and I doubt I'll
 still want a drink . . . Goodbye,
 Jean, and thanks for everything.

RALPH
 (cheerful)
 I'm coming. I'll be right there.

Pignon hangs up. Ralph does the same and turns to the
 bellhop sporting the same forced smile.

RALPH
It really helps him, these phone
calls.

86 INT. PIGNON'S ROOM - DAY 86

Pignon heads towards the window and straddles the guardrail.

87 INT. RALPH'S ROOM - DAY 87

Ralph goes to the door with the bellhop. The bellhop seems a bit reassured.

BELLHOP
As long as you keep in contact with
him. . .

RALPH
I'm keeping an eye on him, I told
you . . .

BELLHOP
It's just that people need to talk
when they're in that kind of mood
. . .

RALPH
(pushing him out)
Absolutely. See you later.

He closes the door on the bellhop and rushes to the communicating door.

88 INT. PIGNON'S ROOM - DAY 88

Ralph freezes as he discovers the empty room.

RALPH
(calling)
Pignon!

He bounds to the window and glances out into the courtyard.

89 EXT. HOTEL COURTYARD - DAY 89

The courtyard is empty too.

90 INT. PIGNON'S ROOM - DAY 90

Disconcerted, Ralph quickly looks around the room and goes to check the bathroom. No Pignon.

He goes back to his room, clearly very puzzled.

91 INT. RALPH'S ROOM - DAY 91

He closes the communicating door, hesitates a bit, then heads to the bed to get his rifle out again.

As he bends down to pick up the weapon, Pignon appears in the window behind him.

PIGNON

She'll hear the news of my death on her horse.

Ralph jumps up, turns around and discovers Pignon, standing on the other side of the guardrail, balancing on the ledge.

RALPH

What are you doing there? Are you nuts or what?

He takes a step towards the window. Pignon stops him.

PIGNON

Any closer and I jump!

RALPH

Don't be an ass, Pignon, people are watching, the street is full of cops.

PIGNON

I didn't ask you for much, and you threw me aside, well, now I'm the one who's going to throw himself over the side.

RALPH

OK, fine, I'll go to the riding school, but don't stay out on that ledge.

PIGNON

(brightening up)

It's true? You're going to do it?

(MORE)

PIGNON (cont'd)
Well, thank you, I knew I could
count on . . .

Pignon suddenly loses his balance and disappears from the window frame. Ralph rushes over.

 RALPH
Pignon! . . .

92 EXT. HOTEL WINDOW - DAY

92

Pignon miraculously managed to grab the ledge. He is dangling in mid air, terrorized.

 PIGNON
I'm slipping! . . .I'm slipping!

Ralph straddles the guardrail and climbs onto the ledge.

 RALPH
Stand on the gutter! . . . Your
feet! On the gutter! . . .

He holds onto the guardrail with one hand and with the other grabs one of Pignon's wrists.

 RALPH
OK, I've got you! . . .

With a superhuman effort, he pulls Pignon towards the window and manages to drag him up to the guardrail.

93 INT. RALPH'S ROOM - DAY

93

Pignon collapses in the room. Exhausted, Ralph, still on the ledge, has difficulty catching his breath.

Pignon gets to his knees, drained as well.

 PIGNON
I'm a lot of trouble for you.

 RALPH
You think?

 PIGNON
You saved my life and I'll never
forget it.

He straightens up by grabbing the handle for the blinds, which crash heavily down on Ralph. We hear a scream off screen, then nothing.

PIGNON
 (horrified)
 Oh my God, I've killed him! . . .

He fumbles crazily with the crank.

PIGNON
 But, what the hell is this thing?

94 EXT. HOTEL FACADE - DAY 94

Ralph is hanging from one of the flagpoles that adorn the hotel's facade.

95 INT. RALPH'S ROOM - DAY 95

Pignon gives up on the crank and tries to lift the blinds with his hands. He succeeds little by little but it is very slow going.

96 EXT. STREET OF THE COURTHOUSE - DAY 96

No one, neither the cops nor the reporters, seems to have noticed the circus which has been taking place on the hotel facade. Everyone is looking towards the end of the street, waiting for the police van. Only an elderly woman, facing the hotel, is staring with interest at Ralph, hanging from his flag.

Ralph, exerting himself to the utmost, manages little by little, like a gymnast, to pull himself back onto the pole.

97 EXT. STREET OF THE COURTHOUSE - DAY 97

The elderly woman goes up to a cop.

ELDERLY WOMAN
 Officer . . .

The police officer, whose ear is glued to a walkie-talkie, pays little attention to her.

POLICE OFFICER
 Yes. . . Excuse me, madam . . .

He takes off running. Distraught, the elderly woman glances towards the facade again, then heads towards a police car parked a short distance away.

98 INT. RALPH'S ROOM - DAY

98

Pignon is still struggling with the blinds that thwart him. He abandons his task and rushes to the hotel room door.

As he hurries by the communicating door, something catches his eye and he freezes.

It is Ralph who has appeared in Pignon's window frame. A totally breathless and exhausted Ralph.

Pignon rushes into the room.

99 INT. PIGNON'S ROOM - DAY

99

He runs towards Ralph, obviously relieved.

PIGNON

Oh, there you are. I was so scared! I thought you'd fallen from the sixth floor!

Ralph is too worn-out to answer. He tries arduously to climb over the guardrail. Pignon grabs him around the waist.

PIGNON

Wait, I'll help you.

RALPH

(he screams)

No, no way . . .

Pignon doesn't listen to him and tries to carry him to the bed, without realizing that, in the process, he has caught the curtain. As he moves, the curtain and the rod pull away and fall over Pignon and Ralph.

Pignon, staggering blindly under the curtain stumbles into a piece of furniture and falls down with Ralph. The two men are now on the floor, concealed by the curtain.

Pignon emerges first.

PIGNON

(speaking to the curtain)

Mister Milan? . . . Did you hurt yourself?

He lifts the curtain and discovers Ralph, unconscious.

100 INT. HOTEL FRONT DESK - DAY

100

Half a dozen cops, including one high ranking officer, barge into the hotel and dash towards the front desk clerk.

HIGH RANKING OFFICER
There's a guy playing acrobat on
the facade!

CLERK
(flabbergasted)
Excuse me?

Doctor Wolf pops up behind the cops.

WOLF
Yes, I am aware of it, gentlemen,
I'll handle it.

The high ranking officer, who clearly knows Wolf, greets him.

HIGH RANKING OFFICER
Hello, Doctor, what's this circus
all about?

WOLF
He's depressed, not dangerous, but
we ought to proceed gently.

HIGH RANKING OFFICER
Should we go with you?

WOLF
No, no, leave it to me. If I need
you, I'll call you.
(to the clerk)
François Pignon, which room?

RECEPTIONIST
Fifty-eight.

Wolf heads off to the elevator.

101 INT. PIGNON'S ROOM - DAY

101

Pignon bathes Ralph's temples with a damp towel. To no avail.

PIGNON
Mister Milan, can you hear me?

No reaction. Pignon walks towards the door.

PIGNON

I'm going down to the front desk to get a doctor. I'll be back.

He opens the door and bumps into Doctor Wolf.

PIGNON

Pardon me.

(Gesturing towards Ralph)

He is wounded, I'm going to get a doctor.

WOLF

I'm a doctor.

PIGNON

Oh, doctor, what luck! Come in.

Wolf goes over to Ralph and takes his pulse.

WOLF

What happened to him?

PIGNON

He was on the ledge and the blinds hit him on the head . . . lucky you were passing by!

WOLF

I wasn't passing by, someone called me earlier at my clinic to tell me that Pignon
(he gestures towards Ralph)
had committed suicide.

PIGNON

(in a flat voice)
You are Doctor Wolf?

WOLF

Did he speak to you about me? I don't know what he might have told you, but I can say that I would rather punch this guy in the nose than treat him. Help me.

Wolf grabs Ralph under his arms. Pignon repeats in the same flat voice.

PIGNON

You are Doctor Wolf.

WOLF

Yes, I am Doctor Wolf and I would like to lay this moron down on his bed. Can you help me?

Pignon helps Wolf carry Ralph to the bed.

PIGNON

You steal his wife and on top of it you want to hit him?

WOLF

He's been poisoning our lives for months, this guy. He doesn't want to admit that she doesn't love him anymore. I live with her, we're very happy and he doesn't want to understand that!

(He examines Ralph)

Apparently there is nothing broken, his reflexes are good, his breathing normal . . . If you're a friend of his, tell him to leave us the hell alone, she spent eight years with him, it was dreadful, the page has turned, good riddance.

PIGNON

Is she the one who says it was dreadful?

Wolf takes a syringe out of his bag.

WOLF

You have no idea how bored she was.

(gesturing towards Ralph)

I mean, just look at him, you can see right away who you're dealing with, right? OK, it's kind of my job to identify someone's personality through their facial features, but here, even a layman wouldn't make a mistake! See that flabby nose, that weak chin, those limp ears! The face of a real failure, don't you think?

PIGNON

He's not a failure at all, he's a very good photographer.

Wolf breaks a vial and starts to siphon the liquid with the syringe.

WOLF

That's right, yeah, a shitty little photographer who shoots nothing but fillers for a shitty press agency.

He rolls up Ralph's sleeve and gives him an injection.

PIGNON

What are you doing to him, now?

WOLF

A sedative.

PIGNON

What for?

WOLF

To take away a bit of his aggressiveness.

PIGNON

What aggressiveness? He isn't aggressive at all.

WOLF

Someone who is suicidal is aggressive towards himself, so first and foremost, we must calm him down.

He puts the syringe back into his bag.

WOLF

There, he'll be slightly drowsy for the next few hours, but it will take away his desire to kill again.

PIGNON

But still, you have no right to put him to sleep! What kind of methods are these?

WOLF

I'm not putting him to sleep, I am calming him down. I would have given him a slightly smaller dose if he had something important to do this afternoon, but that is most certainly not the case.

PIGNON

(outraged)

How could you possibly know that!

WOLF

There are already three hundred
photographers in front of the
Courthouse, one more or one less.

(He closes his bag and
smiles at Pignon)

I opened up to you because I think
you're nice.

(He holds out his hand to
Pignon who shakes it
without thinking)

If you could convince him to take
the next train to Paris, it would
suit everyone just fine.

(He takes a business card
out of his pocket)

Here is my cell phone number in
case he does something stupid
again. I'm counting on you. Thank
you.

Wolf exits. Pignon sits down on the bed next to Ralph.

PIGNON

(dumbfounded)

Oh, what a bastard.

102 INT. HOTEL FRONT DESK - DAY

102

Wolf exits the elevator and moves towards the cops who are
waiting in the hall. The high ranking officer asks.

HIGH RANKING OFFICER

Well?

WOLF

It's OK, I calmed him down, you
won't have any further problems
with him.

(He smiles)

With what I injected him with, he
should sleep all day.

HIGH RANKING OFFICER

Thank you, Doctor.

WOLF

It's the least I can do. Good-bye,
gentlemen.

103 INT. PIGNON'S ROOM - DAY

103

Pignon is sitting on the bed next to Ralph. He seems very affected by what Wolf just told him and repeats.

PIGNON

What a bastard.

Lost in his thoughts, he lies down next to Ralph. The two men stay lying down next to each other for a moment, then Ralph begins to wake up. He pulls himself shakily up, leans on his elbow and looks groggily at Pignon.

RALPH

Who? . . . Who are you?

PIGNON

François Pignon, your next door neighbor. You had a little accident earlier, but you were taken care of and you have to rest a bit. You can sleep here if you want, it doesn't bother me at all . . . on the contrary.

Ralph falls onto Pignon's shoulder. Pignon gently caresses his head.

PIGNON

That's it, relax, you are with a friend, because after what you did for me, we are friends to the death.

104 INT. POLICE VAN - DAY

104

The police van has stopped again. There are only three policemen across from Randoni now and they are a bit green. Randoni vehemently justifies himself.

RANDONI

Yes, I know, it stinks, but it's not my fault, I told you to stop. And besides, we can't even air out this fucking van! . . .

105 EXT. ROAD - DAY 105

The other policemen are vomiting in the ditch.

106 INT. PIGNON'S ROOM - DAY 106

Ralph has fallen asleep on Pignon's shoulder. Pignon is quiet for a moment, then goes on, increasingly incensed.

PIGNON

I'm not a shitty photographer and I don't shoot fillers. I covered the Pope's trip to Uruguay, is that a filler? The Pope? She didn't live a dreadful life, it's not true, I loved her like no one ever loved her . . . Oh, God, how I loved her!

Ralph starts speaking in half-consciousness.

RALPH

No, Sir, it's better on the hill, over there . . . Here, I've got the sun in my eyes . . . On the hill, very good, Sir . . .

PIGNON

(amused)

No, no, Jean, I'm not your commanding officer, I'm François Pignon, your friend, get some rest, please, I'll stay next to you, I won't abandon you . . .

(He chuckles indulgently)

Sir! . . .

Ralph partially regains consciousness and moves slightly away from Pignon. He exclaims in horror, still a bit woozy.

RALPH

Pignon!

Pignon puts Ralph's head back on his shoulder.

PIGNON

(tenderly)

Yes my dear Jean, it's me, there, there, beddy-bye.

Ralph drifts off again and tenderly snuggles closer to Pignon, who goes on dreamily.

PIGNON

I remember, we would be lying down together, she and I, like this, on Sunday mornings.

106A INT. PIGNON'S SUBURBAN HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

106A

PIGNON (O.S.)

And I'd say to her . . .

Pignon is lying next to Louise.

PIGNON

Today, we won't do anything. We'll stay in bed like lazy lumps. I'm going to fix us a tray with whatever is left in the fridge and we'll watch TV all day.

He sits up and gets out of bed. Overcome, Louise rolls her eyes to the heavens.

106 INT. PIGNON'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY

106

PIGNON

. . . and at the time, I didn't realize it was happiness . . . And she didn't either come to think of it, because she left. . . And today, I'd give my life to get back those intense moments.

He strokes Ralph's head.

PIGNON

My little Louise, my pussycat, my honey bunny, my little one, my little sweetheart . . .

There is a knock at the door.

PIGNON

(still dreamily)

Yes?

The bellhop comes in and freezes at the sight of Ralph and Pignon's new intimacy.

BELLHOP

Oh, pardon me.

PIGNON
 He's resting, you mustn't disturb
 us anymore, now.

BELLHOP
 I just wanted to see how things
 were, but I never imagined . . .

Ralph stirs in his sleep. Pignon signals the bellhop to be quiet.

PIGNON
 Shhh!

He points at the door and the Bellhop leaves, clearly puzzled. Pignon turns towards Ralph.

PIGNON
 It's funny. This is the first time
 I haven't felt quite so miserable
 since she left. For months, I
 didn't want to see anyone, I kept
 my grief to myself. I realize now
 I was wrong. Having you here, next
 to me, even kind of sleepy, is. . .
 how should I say it? . . .
 soothing, that's it, it soothes me.
 You have a comforting presence.

A police siren wails off screen. Ralph jumps and shoves Pignon roughly off the bed.

RALPH
 Has he arrived?

PIGNON
 Who "he"?

Ralph staggers over to the window.

RALPH
 Where's the Courthouse?
 (He gets worked up)
 Where's the Courthouse?

PIGNON
 No, here, you're overlooking the
 courtyard, in my room, the
 Courthouse is on the other side.

Ralph, still staggering, goes towards his room.

107 INT. RALPH'S ROOM - DAY

107

He comes to a stop in front of the window and looks at the lowered blinds in despair.

RALPH

Where's the Courthouse? Fucking
shit, I can't see anything anymore.

PIGNON

No, it's because the blinds are
closed, you wouldn't be able to see
it even in your normal condition.

RALPH

I can't stay up, my head's
spinning, what the hell happened to
me.

PIGNON

It's that moron who gave you a
shot. But in a few hours you'll be
up and about.

RALPH

A shot? . . . Who gave me a shot?

PIGNON

That piece of shit Wolf, of course.
I tried to stop him, but . . .

RALPH

(He cuts him off)
What'd he give me?

PIGNON

A sedative, and he didn't skimp on
the dose, the bastard. Typically,
you should be out of it until
tomorrow morning.

Ralph, feeling weak, sits down on the bed.

PIGNON

Well, he sure did a number on you,
huh? You even called me "Sir",
just now . . . Are you in the
military?

RALPH
 (cutting him off)
 Call the front desk, get them to
 fix these shitty blinds! And get me
 some strong coffee, lots of coffee!

PIGNON
 (He picks up the phone)
 OK, but it's always busy. . . Oh,
 what do you know, we're in luck
 . . . Front Desk? . . . Well, err,
 you know, it's not easy to reach
 you, huh! . . . Yes, I understand
 you're swamped, but . . .

RALPH
 (yelling)
 The blinds!

Pignon jumps and continues hurriedly on the phone.

PIGNON
 (yelling)
 The blinds!
 . . . You've got to come and repair
 the blinds in the room and bring us
 very strong coffee, lots of coffee.
 (He hangs up)
 It's in the works.

RALPH
 Call him.

PIGNON
 Who, him?

RALPH
 The asshole who gave me the shot,
 he's got to get me back on my feet
 right away.

Pignon takes Wolf's card out of his pocket.

PIGNON
 He left me his cell phone number,
 let's hope I can reach him.

He dials a number.

Wolf's car, a BMW, drives through the streets of Nice.

WOLF
 (on the phone)
 Yes?

109/109A INTERCUT - RALPH'S ROOM - WOLF'S CAR

109/109A

PIGNON
 (on the phone)
 Doctor Wolf?

WOLF
 Yes.

PIGNON
 I'm calling you on behalf of the gentleman you gave a shot to earlier, well, he's not at all happy, his legs don't hold him anymore, he doesn't see anything anymore . . .

WOLF
 Well, he's got to leave us alone for a bit now, he'll be out of it for a few hours, but that won't change much, he's always been out of it.

Ralph grabs the phone out of Pignon's hands.

RALPH
 Listen to me, you motherfucking piece of shit, I'll give you five minutes to put me back on my feet or I'll torch your fucking clinic, it that clear?

He hangs up.

110 EXT. ACCIDENT IN THE STREET - DAY

110

Wolf, stunned by such violence, hits the back of a car that had slowed down to let a pedestrian go by.

111 INT. RALPH'S ROOM - DAY

111

Pignon looks admiringly at Ralph.

PIGNON
 You sure know how to talk to him!

He chuckles.

PIGNON

And on top of it, he thinks it's me, that must have surprised him.

112 EXT. ACCIDENT IN THE STREET - DAY

112

Wolf and the other driver have gotten out of their cars to check out the damage.

DRIVER

It's your fault, that's obvious.

WOLF

OK, fine, pull over and we'll exchange information.

They both get back into their cars and pull over to the side of the street. Wolf opens his door and sideswipes a scooter.

It is the scooter with the two young people we already know. They land on the pavement. Wolf and the other driver hurry over to them.

WOLF

Are you alright? . . . Are you hurt?

DRIVER

(to Wolf)

You're dangerous, aren't you!

Wolf looks daggers at him. The young man gets up and looks at his banged up scooter.

YOUNG GUY

Fuck, my scooter!

The girl gets up with difficulty.

GIRL

And me? What am I, shit?

YOUNG GUY

Oh you, get off my back for a while, OK?

GIRL

Oh yeah, I'll get off your back, and not just for a while.

DRIVER
 (to Wolf)
 Well, I'm in a hurry.

Wolf and the driver head back to their dented cars. The young guy and the girl follow them.

WOLF
 Well, it's not much, just a bit of dented bodywork.

DRIVER
 A bit of dented bodywork! You're kidding, right?

YOUNG GUY
 (getting worked up)
 And what about my fucking scooter?

GIRL
 (in a low voice)
 It's not your scooter, asshole.

A police siren wails in the distance. The young guy realizes he shouldn't push it and limps off. The girl, also limping, follows him.

Wolf and the driver look at each other, surprised.

113 INT. RALPH'S ROOM - DAY

113

There is a knock at the door.

Pignon is still at Ralph's side, lying on the bed.

PIGNON
 Yes?

The bellhop comes in with a tray holding a coffee pot and two cups.

BELLHOP
 Here . . . very strong coffee.

Pignon takes the tray from him and puts it on the bed.

PIGNON
 Thank you.

The bellhop goes to the blinds and begins to fuss with the crank handle. Pignon serves the coffee and kneels on the bed to help Ralph drink.

Ralph's head nods gently. Pignon brings the cup to his mouth, speaking to him in baby talk.

PIGNON
 Careful, it's very hot.
 (He blows on the coffee to
 cool it down)
 There, you've got to blow on it,
 or else, he'll burn himself.

The bellhop pulls the blinds up, his eyes never leaving the couple. He is clearly intrigued by their relationship.

Pignon brings the cup to Ralph's lips.

PIGNON
 (still very tenderly)
 No, no drooling, no drooling . . .

A little coffee runs down Ralph's chin.

PIGNON
 Oh! He drooled, he drooled, he
 drooled!

He wipes Ralph's mouth with his handkerchief. The bellhop seems more and more intrigued by their intimacy.

BELLHOP
 You seem to have gotten quite
 friendly, huh!

PIGNON
 Yes.

BELLHOP
 Will you gentlemen be dining in the
 room?

PIGNON
 We'll see. Thank you. Good-bye.

The bellhop exits. Pignon puts the cup back on the tray.

PIGNON
 I'm sorry. It's kind of my fault
 you're in the condition you're in
 . . . I hope he'll come quickly,
 that moron . . . By the way, you
 told me you had a job to do this
 afternoon. I could maybe help you?

Ralph shakes his head no. Pignon insists.

PIGNON

But, it would make me happy. What line of work are you in?

Ralph slumps down into the bed and closes his eyes. Pignon puts a pillow under his head.

PIGNON

Yes, I'm sorry. I'm pestering you with my questions, get some rest.

He gets up and walks around the room thoughtfully.

PIGNON

It's strange, that bastard said terrible things about me earlier and it seems to have done me good. Before, I was desperate, now, I'm angry. I don't want to die anymore, I want to fight.

Ralph pulls himself up a bit and points at the coffee pot.

RALPH

Coffee.

Pignon serves him a cup and helps him drink.

PIGNON

I'll show them I'm not a failure and she'll understand that she was wrong to leave me, and she'll come back.

RALPH

What time is it?

PIGNON

Three twenty.

RALPH

What the fuck's he doing, for Christ's sake!

PIGNON

Give him time to get here, it's hardly been five minutes since we called him . . .

114 EXT. STREET OF WOLF'S ACCIDENT - DAY

114

Wolf and the driver of the car he hit are parked along the sidewalk. Wolf has moved slightly away to speak discretely into his cell phone.

WOLF

(on the phone)

. . . The front end bashed in, one headlight smashed, the door ripped off, and I'm at fault, but it's when he threatened to set fire to the clinic that I lost it.

115 EXT. RIDING SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

115

Louise is going to her car, a Volkswagen parked in the Riding school parking lot.

LOUISE

(on the phone)

He threatened to what? ...

116/116A INTERCUT - ACCIDENT - RIDING SCHOOL PARKING LOT

116/116A

WOLF

It's bullshit, those threats, I saw who I was dealing with earlier, a tiny little guy, believe me, it's the opposite of a dangerous guy.

The driver who is finishing filling out his complaint turns towards Wolf.

DRIVER

Sir?

WOLF

What?

DRIVER

Have you been drinking?

WOLF

What? Drinking? Of course not, I haven't had anything at all to drink. And, besides, I'm taking all the blame, what more do you want?

(MORE)

WOLF (cont'd)
 (In a low voice, on the
 phone)
 This guy's an asshole . . .

LOUISE
 Don't get worked up, Edgar.

WOLF
 Don't get worked up, don't get
 worked up, I have to go back and
 see your moron of a husband and
 I've got better things to do! I
 should already be at the clinic.
 Mrs. Douce has been waiting for me
 on the couch for half an hour
 already.

LOUISE
 Mrs. Douce? Again? I think she's on
 your couch a bit too often, this
 Mrs. Douce.

WOLF
 Oh, you're not going to start that
 again, she's married! . . .

LOUISE
 (She cuts him off)
 Me too, I was married!

WOLF
 (getting a bit more worked
 up)
 My car is damaged, my clinic is
 losing money, I have to spend the
 afternoon with your nit-wit, and
 you are making a scene! . . . and
 there's a puddle of oil, damn it! .
 . . I've got to go, there's a
 puddle of oil under the engine, I
 must've busted something, fucking
 asshole Pignon, I'll call you back!

117 INT. RALPH'S ROOM - DAY

117

Pignon leans over Ralph, who is still stretched out on the
 bed.

PIGNON
 Feeling better? Are you feeling a
 bit stronger?

RALPH

(desperate)

This coffee isn't doing anything for me, why did he give me a shot, that motherfucker?

PIGNON

Because he's a motherfucker.

(he looks at his watch)

He shouldn't be long now, . . . unless that other guy shows up at the Courthouse at the same time, cause everything will be blocked off.

(He goes to glance out the window)

Yup, it's moving a lot down there, he must'nt be far away . . . But, hey, you've got a really good spot here, the whole street in front of you and the Courthouse just across, if you were a photographer, with a good telephoto lens, you couldn't miss him . . . Oh, yeah, that's really cool!

He walks quickly back towards his room.

118 INT. PIGNON'S ROOM - DAY 118

He gathers up his photographer's bag and comes joyfully back into Ralph's room.

119 INT. RALPH'S ROOM - DAY 119

Pignon takes a tripod out of his bag and starts to set his equipment up in front of the window.

PIGNON

When I told you I was starting to enjoy life again . . . I feel like working, it's wonderful, isn't it?

RALPH

(bewildered)

What are you doing?

PIGNON

If the police van arrives now, is it OK with you if I shoot a bit, just a few pictures?

Ralph gets back on his feet with difficulty. He looks dangerous.

RALPH
Take that thing away from my window.

PIGNON
It'll take one or two minutes.

He takes a camera and a telephoto lens out of his bag. Ralph stumbles towards him and grabs the camera from his hands.

Surprised, Pignon, drops the telephoto lens which flies out the window.

PIGNON
Shit, my lens! . . .
(to Ralph)
You mustn't get worked up like that, you know!

He leans out the window and sees the telephoto lens, caught on the edge of the ledge.

PIGNON
(relieved)
It's alright, it's on the ledge.
It's just that that thing costs a fortune.

He begins to climb out the window. Ralph watches him, horrified.

RALPH
Oh, no!

PIGNON
Don't worry, I'm being careful.

He goes out onto the ledge.

120 EXT. HOTEL WINDOW - DAY

120

Holding firmly to the guardrail, Pignon squats down and manages to recover the telephoto lens.

121 EXT. STREET OF THE COURTHOUSE - DAY 121

The elderly woman who had seen Ralph hanging from the flagpole watches Pignon's acrobatics on the ledge. She heads over to a State Security Policeman.

ELDERLY WOMAN
Officer . . .

122 INT. RALPH'S ROOM - DAY 122

Pignon comes back into the room, joyously waving his telephoto lens.

PIGNON
Here we are!

Astounded, Ralph sits slowly back down on the bed. Pignon looks at him tenderly.

PIGNON
I scared you, huh?

He suddenly has an idea and takes a Polaroid out of his bag.

PIGNON
Don't move!

He goes over and sits next to Ralph, holds the Polaroid at arm's length and sets off the flash.

PIGNON
Souvenir!

Delighted, he gets up and pulls the picture out of the camera.

PIGNON
Take it and it's done.

RALPH
Give me that picture, Pignon.

PIGNON
Hey, but you're not bad at all, yes indeed, you really come out well in the light, you know. OK, one more!

He holds the picture out to Ralph who snatches it out of his hands.

There is a knock on Pignon's door.

PIGNON

That must be the moron, don't move,
I'll bring him to you.

He quickly walks into the next room.

123 INT. PIGNON'S ROOM - DAY

123

He goes to open the door. It's Louise, still in her riding habit. Pignon brightens up.

PIGNON

Louise, my love, you came . . .

LOUISE

I came because Edgar called me at the riding school to tell me you threatened to set fire to the clinic.

PIGNON

No, no, I didn't threaten anybody, wait, I'll explain . . .

He goes quickly to the communicating door.

124 INT. RALPH'S ROOM - DAY

124

Ralph is still slumped on the bed. Pignon explains.

PIGNON

It's my wife, but don't worry, as soon as the other one gets here, I'll send him to you.

Ralph stays prostrate on the bed. Pignon thinks for a moment, then heads for the tripod which is still in front of the window. He quickly attaches the camera and the telephoto lens to the tripod.

PIGNON

The police van can't be far, it would be stupid to miss it.

He takes Ralph by the arm, brings him to the window and sits him in the armchair. Ralph is too drowsy to react. Pignon shows him the camera.

PIGNON

Everything is set up, call me as soon as things get going down there. I'll be right back, Jean . . . dear Jean.

He goes back to his room.

125 INT. PIGNON'S ROOM - DAY

125

He closes the communicating door while explaining to Louise.

PIGNON

It's my next door neighbor, he saved my life, we've become real pals, the two of us.

LOUISE

François, you've got to leave me alone now.

Pignon devours her with his eyes, hopelessly in love.

PIGNON

Let me look at you . . . It's been so long.

LOUISE

D'you hear me? Leave me alone.

PIGNON

You're still just as beautiful . . . Well, the outfit is a bit ridiculous, but I know you're not responsible for that.

LOUISE

Edgar had a car accident because of you.

PIGNON

(full of hope)
He's dead?

LOUISE

No, but he's furious, it hasn't stopped since you got here.

PIGNON

I cry every night looking at your picture, you know, the one I took without the flash, in front of the washing machine in Meudon.

LOUISE

You don't want to understand, do you?

PIGNON

No . . . I understand only one thing. . . it's that I love you.

LOUISE

You should be ashamed of yourself.

PIGNON

For loving you?

LOUISE

For behaving like this. First you call me to tell me you are going to commit suicide, then you have someone call Edgar to say you're almost dead, you terrify everybody and I find you in great shape.

PIGNON

I hanged myself with a curtain cord from a pipe in the bathroom, if the pipe hadn't snapped, you'd be at the morgue right now.

LOUISE

Stop it, this is nonsense!

PIGNON

Nonsense? Wait a sec, you'll see!

He takes Louise by the hand and pulls her towards the communicating door.

126

INT. RALPH'S ROOM - DAY

126

Ralph, still knocked out by the sedative, is dozing in the armchair.

Pignon suddenly appears in the room, dragging Louise behind him.

PIGNON

It's what I was afraid of. She
doesn't want to believe me.

Ralph wakes up with difficulty. Pignon turns towards Louise.

PIGNON

He's my witness . . . him! Ask him
how I was earlier. Go on, Go
ahead, ask him.

LOUISE

OK, I believe you. You hanged
yourself and you missed. And now,
it's time to stop acting stupid.

PIGNON

(to Ralph)

You hear that? "acting stupid", a
woman I wanted to die for!

Ralph has trouble focusing. He is clearly still in a deep
fog. Louise, in turn, calls him as a witness.

LOUISE

If you're his friend, tell him to
go, he has no business being here,
I beg you, tell him to go.

RALPH

(a heartfelt cry, to
Pignon)

Go away!

PIGNON

Stop, that's not right, Louise,
you're pushing him around, he
doesn't want me to go, does he?

(to Ralph)

Right, he doesn't want me to go?

RALPH

(in a sob)

Yes.

LOUISE

(to Ralph)

You want him to go?

RALPH

(still more heartrending)

Yes.

LOUISE
 (to Pignon)
 You see.

PIGNON
 You know why he wants me to go?
 Because he's afraid the police will
 give me a hard time because of my
 suicide. It's for my own good that
 he wants me to go, what do you
 think of that.

LOUISE
 (to Ralph)
 I went through a depression living
 with him, a depression, do you
 understand?

RALPH
 (again heartrending)
 Oh yeah, very well, I sure do!

PIGNON
 It's because I was never there,
 that's why she went through a
 depression.

RALPH
 (screaming)
 Enough!

PIGNON
 (to Louise)
 You see, you're getting him worked
 up.
 (to Ralph)
 Relax Jean, I'm here.

Ralph manages to pull himself up out of the armchair and
 pushes Pignon and Louise towards the communicating door.

RALPH
 I want to be left the hell alone!

He ousts Pignon and Louise and closes the door.

127 INT. PIGNON'S ROOM - DAY

127

PIGNON
 It's your psychiatrist's fault that
 he's in the condition he's in,
 usually he's a very cool guy.

LOUISE

I'm going to leave, François, and you mustn't try to see me ever again.

PIGNON

Wait a second.

(He goes and rummages in his suitcase)

It's the pictures of our house. I had some work done while you were gone.

128 INT. RALPH'S ROOM - BATHROOM - DAY

128

Ralph splashes water on his face to try to wake himself up, but when he looks at himself in the mirror, his vision is still very blurry.

There is a knock at the bedroom door.

129 INT. RALPH'S ROOM - DAY

129

Ralph, still wobbly, heads towards the door.

RALPH

Who's there?

STATE SECURITY POLICEMAN (O.S.)

Police!

Ralph freezes for a moment, then opens the door. Two State Security Policemen are standing on the threshold.

STATE SECURITY POLICEMAN

There was someone out on the ledge, over there.

Ralph tries to look cheerful.

RALPH

Oh, yeah, it was me!

Pignon's camera, screwed onto its tripod is still by the window. Ralph grabs it.

RALPH

I'm a photographer. I leaned out the window to find a good angle and my telephoto lens fell onto the ledge . . .

(MORE)

RALPH (cont'd)
 So, I went out to get it. . . I was
 lucky, this thing costs a fortune,
 you know!

STATE SECURITY POLICEMAN
 (very dubious)
 Show me your papers and your press
 pass, Sir.

RALPH
 (still cheerful)
 My press pass . . . But of course.

He twirls Pignon's tripod around and gets the policeman in
 the jaw. The policeman crumples down. His colleague wants
 to draw his gun, but Ralph, still using the tripod as a club,
 knocks him out in turn.

130 INT. PIGNON'S ROOM - DAY

130

Pignon shows Louise the pictures of his house.

PIGNON
 . . . And look at the bathroom, I
 redid the tiles myself, it wasn't
 easy . . .

Louise pushes the pictures away.

LOUISE
 It's not my house anymore,
 François, you've got to understand
 once and for all that I changed my
 life. I live in Nice now. I'm
 with another man and I'm happy, so,
 you've got to stop harassing me.

She goes away towards the door. Pignon stops her.

PIGNON
 Me too, I've changed. Look at me,
 I'm not whining anymore, I don't
 feel like a victim anymore.
 (He gestures towards the
 communicating door)
 And it's thanks to him. I don't
 know why, but he made me enjoy life
 again. He's someone who, under a
 gruff exterior, hides great
 generosity, you know, real
 gentleness.

131 INT. RALPH'S ROOM - DAY

131

Ralph kicks one of the policemen in the face as he was trying to get up. The policeman crumples back down. His partner starts moving in turn. Ralph grabs a chair and smashes it down on his head. Then he collapses, exhausted, next to the two policemen.

132 INT. PIGNON'S ROOM - DAY

132

Pignon keeps talking about Ralph with the same tenderness.

PIGNON

There are moments when I get the impression that I'm kind of bothering him with my problems, when you're unhappy, you never know if you're going too far or not. . .

LOUISE

(she cuts him off)
Well, I'm going to leave you, François.

PIGNON

No, no, you're not going to leave me, we're going to go back to Meudon together and we're going to be happy, I swear.

He takes her in his arms. She pushes him away.

LOUISE

(heartfelt cry)
You have no idea how bored I was with you!

PIGNON

(truly surprised)
Bored? With me?

LOUISE

Oh, you have no idea.

PIGNON

Well, that amazes me. Everyone I meet tells me, "at least we're never bored when you're around!"

(Gesturing towards Ralph's room)

Well, ask him.

(MORE)

PIGNON (cont'd)
 We've known each other for an hour
 and I'm sure he hasn't been bored
 one second.

133 INT. RALPH'S ROOM - DAY 133

Ralph has gotten up and taken the weapons from the two State Policemen. He removes the clips and puts the guns back in their holsters. Then he grabs the first policeman by the feet and starts to pull him towards the closet.

134 INT. PIGNON'S ROOM - DAY 134

Pignon goes to pick up the telephone and hands it to Louise.

PIGNON
 You are going to call that big fat
 self-centered asshole who couldn't
 find anything better for you to do
 than go horseback riding, and tell
 him we are leaving together.

There is a knock at the door.

PIGNON
 Ah, maybe that's him.

He goes over and opens to find Wolf more jittery than ever.

WOLF
 Is this circus going to go on for a
 long time?
 (He sees Louise)
 What are you doing here?
 (He looks for Ralph)
 Where's your husband?

LOUISE
 (surprised)
 My husband?

WOLF
 Yes, that idiot who made a scene
 because I was nice enough to treat
 him.
 (to Pignon)
 Where is he?

Louise looks at Wolf, wide-eyed.

LOUISE
But, what's happening to you,
Edgar?

PIGNON
You hadn't realized you were
dealing with a clown?

WOLF
(surprised)
Why are you so friendly with my
wife?

LOUISE
What the hell, Edgar, are you sick
or what?

PIGNON
I understand that this comes as a
surprise, but wait for the rest.
You'll see just how ridiculous this
guy is.

WOLF
What gives you the right to be so
friendly with my wife?

PIGNON
Because she's my wife!
(to Louise)
He's something, your guy.

LOUISE
(to Wolf)
You say you treated him and you
don't even recognize him, what's
wrong with you?

WOLF
Listen, God damn it, I gave a shot
to a guy earlier who had been
knocked out by a window blind and
his name was François Pignon.

PIGNON
That's me, I'm François Pignon.
You gave a shot to someone else.
(to Louise)
I've already seen doctors miss
veins, but to get the wrong guy,
never!

WOLF

So why didn't you tell me, for
God's sake?

PIGNON

I didn't have time.
(to Louise)
He pricks without warning, he's
more dangerous than a wasp, your
pal.

WOLF

(furious)
I'm going to smash his face in!

He moves menacingly towards Pignon. Louise screams.

LOUISE

Edgar!

The communicating door bursts open revealing Ralph.

RALPH

He showed up, the motherfucker!

PIGNON

(moving away from Wolf)
He's here, and on top of it, he
wants to hit me.
(to Wolf)
Look what you've done to him, the
poor man.
(to Louise)
And he calls himself a doctor, what
a disgrace.

Wolf grabs the front of Pignon's polo shirt.

WOLF

Are you going to shut the fuck up?!

LOUISE

(screaming)
Edgar!

Ralph's hand smashes down onto Wolf's shoulder with
surprising strength, forcing him to turn around.

RALPH

You're going to take care of me
right now, Doctor.

WOLF
 (impressed)
 OK, OK, let's not get worked up
 . . . Sit down.

Ralph sits down on the bed. Wolf takes a little hammer used to test reflexes out of his bag.

WOLF
 (gesturing towards Pignon)
 It's his fault if I gave you a
 shot, he told me you were Pignon.

PIGNON
 (to Ralph)
 And to me, he said you had a weak
 chin, a flabby nose and the look of
 a failure.

WOLF
 (turning furiously to
 Pignon)
 But, that's because you created the
 misunderstanding, you moron.

Ralph turns Wolf towards him just as violently.

RALPH
 I'm in a hurry, Doctor.

LOUISE
 Yes, treat him quickly and let's
 go, I don't like it when you get
 worked up like that.

PIGNON
 He's the one who should take a
 sedative.

WOLF
 (to Louise)
 Tell him to shut up, for God's
 sake!
 (he goes quickly back to
 Ralph, sensing his
 threatening glance)
 Cross your legs.

Ralph crosses his legs, Wolf gives a little tap on his knee with the hammer, Ralph's leg stays limp.

WOLF
 Ah yes, it could be better.

PIGNON

It's nuts. First this guy stabs me
in the back when he takes my wife,
then he stabs my friend with a
needle.

LOUISE

Stop it, François.

Wolf looks daggers at Pignon, then goes back to Ralph.

WOLF

The sedative's effect should
dissipate fairly quickly, for the
time being it will only bother you
for precision work or for things
that require fast reflexes. Do you
have anything precise to do in the
next few hours?

RALPH

Yes.

WOLF

If you could tell me what it is,
I'd be better able to help . . .

RALPH

You put me to sleep, I'm asking you
to wake me up, that's all.

PIGNON

I love you, Louise.

WOLF

(furious again, to Louise)
Go wait for me downstairs.

PIGNON

Don't speak to my wife like that,
you jerk, she's not your dog.

WOLF

(exasperated)
You! I'll hunt you down and I'll
. . .

Ralph's hand smashes down on Wolf again.

RALPH

You fix your fuck-ups now, or I'll
throw you out the window, is that
clear?

Wolf takes a syringe, a rubber tourniquet to compress the vein and a vial out of his bag.

WOLF

I'm going to give you a shot of amphetamines and theoretically, everything should fall into place very quickly.

Pignon goes to his suitcase, takes out the tank top he bought for Louise and gives it to her.

PIGNON

It's for you. I thought it would look good on you, it's very simple, a little top with straps.

Wolf, who was siphoning the liquid from the vial, puts the syringe down on the bed, grabs the tank top and throws it out the window.

WOLF

(to Louise)

If you want your little top, it's down at the bottom now.

Ralph stands up. Wolf goes timorously back to him.

WOLF

I'm coming. I'm coming.
(He picks up the syringe)
Roll up your sleeve.

Ralph rolls up his sleeve. Pignon turns to Louise.

PIGNON

I'll buy you another one, my love.

LOUISE

(to Wolf)

I'm going home. I'd like to have a word with you later.

WOLF

Me too.

LOUISE

Is that the way a psychiatrist behaves? Losing it like that?

WOLF
 (yelling)
 I'm not losing it, I am perfectly
 calm.

Meanwhile, Pignon has picked up the pictures of his house and holds them out to Louise.

PIGNON
 You see, I had the shutters
 repainted, and the gate. It's
 pretty in blue like that, isn't it?
 When you come back, we'll start on
 the inside.

Wolf puts the syringe back down on the bed and throws himself on Pignon. He grabs the photos and rips them up, scattering the pieces all over the room.

WOLF
 So much for your shitty house!

PIGNON
 He ripped up our house, Louise.

Ralph has gotten up. He is holding the rubber tourniquet in his hands. He slides behind Wolf, puts the tourniquet around his neck and starts to squeeze. Wolf starts to suffocate. Louise steps in.

LOUISE
 Hey, stop that now, you're
 strangling him!

Ralph, a demented gleam in his eye, continues to squeeze. It is Pignon's turn to step in.

PIGNON
 Yes, stop that, if you kill him, he
 won't be able to give you your
 shot.

This argument calms Ralph down. He loosens the tourniquet.

RALPH
 If you don't give me a shot right
 away, I will get angry, Doctor.

WOLF
 (timorously, in a husky
 voice)
 No, no, don't get angry!

Ralph goes and sits back down on the bed. Wolf follows him, a bit shakily, and picks up the syringe. Pignon turns joyously back to Louise.

PIGNON

Ah, he's butting in less now, huh!

Wolf looks daggers at him and injects Ralph carelessly.

RALPH

Ouch!

WOLF

I'm sorry!

(to Louise)

I'm trying to give an intravenous injection, would you two mind leaving me the hell alone!

LOUISE

(icily)

Yes, I'll leave you the hell alone.

She walks towards the door. Pignon follows her.

PIGNON

It's incredible how he treats you!
What a brute, that guy. See you
very soon, my love. . .

Louise exits.

Wolf is done with the injection. He takes the tourniquet off Ralph's arm.

WOLF

There, that should take effect in a
few minutes.

Ralph stands up and moves towards the communicating door without a word.

Pignon follows him admiringly.

PIGNON

Bravo.

Ralph goes into his room and slams the door in his face.

Ralph takes his rifle out from under the bed.

136 INT. PIGNON'S ROOM - DAY 136

Wolf puts his things away in his bag, his face impassive.

WOLF

You stir shit up, Pignon, and if I wasn't holding myself back . . .

PIGNON

That's it, modern psychiatry, you sleep with your patients and beat up their husbands?

WOLF

I knew she had married a deadbeat but I didn't know he was such a pathetic loser.

He goes towards the door and opens it. Pignon has the last word.

PIGNON

I knew she had left with a bastard, but I didn't know he was such an asshole.

Wolf suddenly loses it. He jumps on Pignon and topples onto the bed with him. He starts strangling him.

137 INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY 137

Going down the hall, the bellhop frowns as he hears panting coming from Pignon's room.

He quickens his pace, getting closer to Pignon's room, the door of which has stayed open.

138 INT. PIGNON'S ROOM - DAY 138

Wolf is lying on top of Pignon, whose struggling induces jolting motions that can easily be misinterpreted.

The bellhop appears in the door frame.

BELLHOP

Oh, sorry.

Wolf and Pignon separate like a couple caught in flagrante. The bellhop adds.

BELLHOP

The door was open, I didn't mean to disturb you.

Wolf and Pignon are catching their breath. Wolf seems very embarrassed.

WOLF

But, you're not disturbing us, I was in the middle of . . . of examining Mr. . .

The bellhop has a little knowing smile.

BELLHOP

But of course . . . Well, then, I'll leave you . . . Have a good evening.

He withdraws, closing the door.

WOLF

I have no idea what that nit-wit could have been imagining.

139 INT. RALPH'S ROOM - DAY

139

Ralph, rifle in hand, is sitting in his armchair by the window, but is still having trouble staying awake. The amphetamines have clearly not started to kick in.

He stands up and goes to pick up the phone.

RALPH

(on the phone)

Hello, this is room 42, I would like some more coffee, very strong coffee.

He hangs up. The closet door opens to reveal one of the policemen, still a bit stunned, aiming his gun at Ralph.

STATE SECURITY POLICEMAN

Hands up!

Ralph puts his rifle down and rummages through his pocket. The policeman stiffens.

STATE SECURITY POLICEMAN

One move and I shoot.

Ralph takes the clip out of his pocket and moves, smiling, towards the policeman, who instinctively pulls the trigger of his weapon. The firing pin makes an insignificant little noise, Ralph hits the policeman on the jaw. He collapses onto the bed, Ralph dives on top of him and begins to strangle him.

But he is too exhausted from the sedative and his efforts. He slumps down on top of the policeman as the bellhop appears at the door with the coffee.

Ralph, catching his breath and lying on top of the policeman who is panting, can be just as easily misinterpreted as the Pignon-Wolf couple a few moments earlier.

BELLHOP

Oh, sorry.

He puts the tray down by the door and exits quickly.

140 INT. PIGNON'S ROOM - DAY

140

Wolf has gotten up off the bed and is looking for one of his shoes which disappeared during the struggle.

WOLF

Where did that fucking shoe go, God damn it!

Pignon, sitting on the bed, starts laughing. Wolf looks daggers at him.

WOLF

I make you laugh?

PIGNON

Oh, yeah. I find you ludicrous.
My poor wife has swapped a loser
for a clown.

Wolf loses it again and throws himself on Pignon.

141 INT. RALPH'S ROOM - DAY

141

In his room, Ralph uses his last bit of strength to put the policeman back into the closet.

142 INT. PIGNON'S ROOM - DAY 142

Wolf, lying on top of Pignon, tries once more to strangle him. Pignon grabs the bedside lamp and smashes it down on the skull of the psychiatrist who loses consciousness.

Pignon straightens up, worried.

PIGNON
 Doctor Wolf? . . . Doctor Wolf?
 . . . Edgar?

Wolf doesn't react. Pignon presses his ear to his chest and pulls back, devastated.

PIGNON
 Oh, my God. . .

143 INT. RALPH'S ROOM - DAY 143

Ralph has managed to stash the policeman in the closet again. He catches his breath, exhausted. There is a knock on the communicating door.

RALPH
 (screaming)
 No!

144/144A INTERCUT - PIGNON'S ROOM - RALPH'S ROOM 144/144A

PIGNON
 Open up, it's very serious!. . . I
 beg you, open up!

RALPH
 I don't want to be disturbed
 anymore, leave me the fuck alone!

PIGNON
 I killed a man.

For the first time, Ralph looks really surprised. He hesitates a bit, hides his rifle under the bed and heads towards the communicating door. He doesn't open it, but asks through the door panel.

RALPH
 What was that you just said?

PIGNON
I killed a man, open up.

RALPH
Oh fuck.

He opens the door and goes into Pignon's room.

145 INT. PIGNON'S ROOM - DAY

145

Ralph discovers Wolf lying lifeless on the bed among the fragments of the lamp. Pignon desperately explains.

PIGNON
He wanted to strangle me, I
defended myself and . . .

Ralph goes over to Wolf and puts his thumb on his carotid.
Pignon goes on in a choked up voice.

PIGNON
It's awful, I killed him . . . I've
got to call the police . . . No, I
can't, they'll arrest me and I'll
never see her again . . . I want to
see her one last time more before I
go to prison. . .
(tortured)
I don't know what to do . . . I
want to see her so much . . .

RALPH
(the end of his nightmare
in sight)
Well, just go, what are you waiting
for?

PIGNON
Yes, I'm going to go . . .
(gesturing towards Wolf)
He's really dead?

RALPH
Oh yeah, totally. He couldn't be
deader.

PIGNON
It's awful . . . alright, I'm
going.

He walks off towards the door. Wolf, who is regaining
consciousness, starts to straighten up.

Ralph quickly grabs a cushion and presses it against his face to smother him.

Pignon, who saw nothing, stops on his way to the door and turns towards the bed. Ralph has just enough time to sit down on the cushion to continue to suffocate Wolf.

Undone, Pignon looks at Ralph.

PIGNON

I'm sorry to leave you with a corpse on your hands. I'm putting myself in your shoes, you come quietly to a hotel and discover that your next door neighbor is a killer.

RALPH

It's not that bad, these things happen.

PIGNON

(surprised)
Really, you think so?

RALPH

No, I meant to say, it is bad but
. . .
(he gets up and drags
Pignon towards the door)
Well, beat it, you'll get yourself caught.

PIGNON

Alright, alright, I'm going . . .
(He stops by the door)
Will you come see me in prison? I know it's silly to ask you that, we hardly know each other, but I don't have any family left and my friends have all dumped me, I don't know why.

RALPH

I'll go to visit you in prison, but hurry up, for Christ's sake!

PIGNON

I'll leave my Nikon with you. It's a nice camera and it's easy to use, it has a motor drive that lets you
. . .

(MORE)

PIGNON (cont'd)
(without changing his tone
of voice)
He moved.

RALPH
What?

PIGNON
(his voice one notch
higher)
Wolf, he moved.

RALPH
Of course not.

PIGNON
What do you mean, of course not!
Look at him, what's he doing with
his foot, over there?

RALPH
(in a flat voice)
Oh, shit.

He walks back towards the communicating door. Pignon can't
hide his relief.

PIGNON
Life is strange, isn't it? I
prayed for this guy's death for
months and I'm happy he's coming
back to life. And, you must be
relieved too!

Ralph stops at the communicating door. He clearly is having
trouble controlling himself.

RALPH
I will be relieved when you leave
me alone, is that clear?

PIGNON
Alright, alright. I won't disturb
you again, I promise. . . And I'm
sorry to have given you so much
anxiety.

Ralph doesn't answer and disappears into his room.

Pignon goes back to Wolf who is once again lifeless.

PIGNON
 Are you OK? . . . Hello?
 (He shakes Wolf who does
 not react)
 Can you hear me? Hey, hey there!
 . . . Doctor Wolf? . . .

Still no reaction from Wolf. Pignon hesitates a bit, then walks back towards the communicating door. He raises his voice so Ralph can hear him.

PIGNON
 He's not moving again!

146/146A INTERCUT PIGNON'S ROOM - RALPH'S ROOM

146/146A

Ralph, sitting in his armchair, rifle in hand, tenses up. Pignon insists.

PIGNON
 He might be alive, but what if he
 has a fractured skull?

Ralph stiffens a bit more but still does not answer. Pignon insists again.

PIGNON
 What do I do, call a doctor? . . .
 I beg you, don't let me down now,
 I've got my wife's lover in my bed,
 his head is in pieces, I don't know
 what to do. . .

Behind him, Wolf is coming to. A cell phone rings out in the room, interrupting Pignon. Wolf, totally dazed, takes a cellular phone out of his pocket.

WOLF
 (in a thick voice)
 Hello? . . . No, you have the wrong
 number, Sir.
 (He hangs up and explains
 to Pignon)
 It's someone who was asking for
 Doctor Wolf.

PIGNON
 (after wavering slightly)
 But, you are Doctor Wolf.

WOLF
 Why?

PIGNON
 (devastated)
 Oh dear!

Pignon turns back towards the communicating door.

PIGNON
 Come quick! He doesn't know who he
 is anymore, we've got to do
 something!

Ralph is more and more tense in his armchair, but he keeps ignoring Pignon, who insists.

PIGNON
 Come quick, he's not well at all
 I'm telling you.

Behind him, Wolf is cautiously feeling his skull.

WOLF
 My head hurts.

PIGNON
 Yes, I knocked you out with the
 bedside lamp.

WOLF
 Who are you?

PIGNON
 Pignon, François Pignon.

WOLF
 (He holds his hand out)
 Pleased to meet you.

Pignon shakes his hand without thinking.

On his side, Ralph suddenly looks worried. He puts his hand on his chest, and this clearly does not reassure him. His body begins to be shaken by bizarre jolts.

In Pignon's room, Wolf's cell phone rings again. Wolf answers in the same thick voice.

WOLF
 Hello? . . . Who is this? Louise?
 (puzzled, to Pignon)
 It's Louise.
 (on the phone)
 Excuse me, Ma'am, but you must have
 the wrong number. . .

Pignon takes the phone out of his hands.

PIGNON

Louise, it's me, I had a fight with him and he's out of it . . . I'm not talking nonsense, you just talked to him, you can see he's raving. Alright, see you soon.

147 INT. RALPH'S ROOM - DAY 147

Ralph, trembling all over now, slides his rifle under the bed. His face twitching, he walks jerkily to the communicating door and opens it.

148 INT. PIGNON'S ROOM - DAY 148

Ralph moves towards Wolf and Pignon.

RALPH

My heart is beating really fast, my hands are shaking, what did that moron inject me with this time?

PIGNON

Don't bother asking him, look at him, he's a vegetable.

Ralph doesn't listen to him and plants himself in front of Wolf.

RALPH

What did you inject me with, you motherfucker?

WOLF

(to Pignon)
Who is this gentleman?

PIGNON

(to Ralph)
I think I remember him talking about amphetamines.

RALPH

Amphetamines?

PIGNON

Yes, it's a stimulant, if you were a bicycle racer, you'd be sure to win, but afterwards, here comes the drug test!

Desperate, Ralph looks at his trembling hands.

RALPH

I can't stay like this.

PIGNON

You've got to have something soothing. Want me to order some camomile tea? A really strong camomile tea?

Ralph sends a disquieting look in Pignon's direction. Pignon notices it.

PIGNON

Don't look at me that way, it makes me think you don't like me and I count on your friendship more than anything, I was talking to my wife about you earlier . . .

WOLF

(he interrupts him)
Where am I?

PIGNON

(aggravated, to Wolf)
Enough already!
(to Ralph)
. . . And I was telling her how great I thought you were . . . I was saying that a chance meeting like ours . . .

WOLF

(he interrupts him)
Who brought me here?

PIGNON

(getting worked up)
But, what does he want, that guy?
(to Wolf)
What's the matter, huh, what's the matter?

WOLF
(horrified)
Pignon!

PIGNON
Well now, there we go, he's coming
back.
(to Wolf)
You're Doctor Wolf, remember?

WOLF
Doctor Wolf? . . . Yes, of course I
remember, why wouldn't I remember?

PIGNON
And you use your psychiatrist's
diploma to sleep with your
patients, d'you remember that too?

Ralph shoves Pignon away and screams into Wolf's face.

RALPH
What did you shoot me up with?

WOLF
Shoot you up?

PIGNON
(to Ralph)
Don't push him, he's just coming
to, you've got to bring him back to
consciousness gently.
(He leans over Wolf and
yells)
And you ruined my life, you
bastard, you dragged my wife down
into this hole and you ruined my
life, d'you remember that?

Ralph shoves Pignon aside again, grabs Wolf by the jacket and
pulls him up from the bed.

RALPH
So those were amphetamines you shot
me up with, asshole?

WOLF
Excuse me, your face looks familiar
but I have to straighten out my
thoughts a bit.

RALPH
You'd better do it fast, doctor.

WOLF

Oh, now I remember, first a neuroleptic and then amphetamines . . . It can indeed induce a slightly nervous state.

RALPH

I'm trembling, I can't work if I'm trembling like this!

PIGNON

It's true that if I was like that I wouldn't be able to take pictures.

WOLF

In any case, yours are lousy.

PIGNON

What! What's this clown saying now? If I took pictures the way you practice medicine, I'd've been unemployed a long time ago . . . you jerk.

Ralph grabs Wolf by his lapels and tightens them around his throat. Wolf starts to suffocate. Pignon tries to intervene.

PIGNON

Watch it, you're strangling him!

. . .

(looking at the bright side)

Well, you'll do what you want to, regardless.

Ralph drops Wolf, who falls back onto the bed, still suffocating.

RALPH

(to Pignon)

Tell him to calm me down immediately or I'll kill him.

PIGNON

It's crazy how a bad doctor can turn the most peaceful man into a killer.

(to Wolf)

I wouldn't be proud of myself if I were you.

Wolf, who has caught his breath, takes a prescription pad out of his bag and starts to write.

WOLF

(to Ralph)

Take two pills right away, it's a mild sedative, and it starts working within minutes.

RALPH

Is there a drugstore close by?

WOLF

Are you insured?

RALPH

(yelling)

I asked you if there was a drugstore near by!

PIGNON

Yeah, I saw one very close.

(He takes the prescription, goes to the phone and dials)

Hello, could you come take a prescription and go get some medicine as quickly as possible?

. . . Thank you.

(He hangs up and turns towards Ralph)

There.

RALPH

(to Wolf)

Are you sure about what you're giving me now?

WOLF

Yes, of course, it's all good. Leave me alone now, I don't feel well.

There is a knock at the door. Pignon goes to open it. It's the bellhop. Pignon gives him the prescription.

PIGNON

Hurry up, it's urgent.

BELLHOP

I'll go right away.

The bellhop exits. Pignon closes the door. A police siren wails off screen. Ralph has another attack of tics and walks back towards his room. Pignon asks.

PIGNON
You're not waiting for your
medicine?

RALPH
Tell the bellhop to bring it to me.

149 INT. RALPH'S ROOM - DAY 149

He closes the communicating door and goes quickly to glance out the window. Then he takes his rifle out from under the bed and sits back down in the armchair. He closes his eyes and begins to breathe deeply, trying to relax, but he is still periodically overcome by tics and jolts.

150 INT. PIGNON'S ROOM - DAY 150

There is a knock at the door.

PIGNON
Who is it?

LOUISE (O.S.)
It's me.

Pignon goes to open. Louise enters and looks at Wolf, prostrate on the bed among the lamp fragments.

LOUISE
(weary)
God, what's going on here?

PIGNON
He jumped me, so I hit him with the
lamp.

LOUISE
(to Wolf)
Is that true? You did that?

WOLF
I don't know . . . I don't know
anymore, I might have a concussion,
you've got to let me recuperate a
bit.

LOUISE
Come, I'll take you back to the
clinic.

PIGNON
You're not going to leave with that
vegetable again, Louise!

Louise looks at him for a moment and starts to laugh.

PIGNON
(He smiles)
I make you laugh, you see, I'm not
all that dreadful.

LOUISE
I don't know what's happened to
you, but I lived with you for seven
years and you never managed to
surprise me. I've got to say that
today you've really made up for
lost time.

PIGNON
Yes, something happened to me, I'm
not the same anymore.
(Pointing at Wolf)
You realize I almost killed that
moron . . . I would have gone to
prison, but I'm sure I'd suffer
less in there than knowing he was
in your bed.

WOLF
OK, let's go, we're out of here.
This guy disgusts me.

LOUISE
(to Pignon)
What are you going to do? Are you
going to go back to Paris?

PIGNON
Oh, I'll do whatever you want.
I'll sleep in the gutter in front
of his clinic, I won't bother you,
I swear, I just want to stay close
to you. I'll do anything for you.

WOLF

That's right, he'll offer you pearls of rain from countries where it doesn't rain, come on, all this is ridiculous.

LOUISE

No, it's not ridiculous, it's sad, and it's too bad you don't understand anything.

WOLF

What do you mean I don't understand anything? I am both the man you love and your psychologist. . . if there is anyone who can understand you . . .

PIGNON

I'm not a psychologist, I don't know if she still loves me, but I think I understand her better than you do . . .

(there is a knock at the door)

That'd be the drugstore.

(He opens for the bellhop and takes the medicine)

Thank you.

The bellhop exits. Wolf orders Louise.

WOLF

Come on, let's get going, we have nothing left to do here.

He takes Louise by the arm and drags her towards the door.

PIGNON

I'll wait for you, Louise, as long as it takes . . . Call me soon, to give me a tiny bit of hope.

WOLF

She won't call you, and we don't want to hear from you anymore, neither one of us.

He goes out, dragging Louise behind him. Louise turns and throws a look at Pignon that finally shows real warmth. She disappears with Wolf. Pignon closes the door and heads, wildly happy, towards Ralph's room. He knocks on the communicating door.

PIGNON
Your medicine.

151 INT. RALPH'S ROOM - DAY

151

Ralph leaves his look-out, slides his rifle back under the bed and goes to open. He takes the medicine.

RALPH
Thank you.

He wants to close the door but Pignon blocks it with his foot.

PIGNON
Wait, I've got to take my pictures.

RALPH
No, no pictures, get your equipment and go.

Pignon enters Ralph's room.

PIGNON
OK. But it's too bad, we would have split it, fifty-fifty. . .

He heads towards the window and discovers that the tripod and the camera are on the floor.

PIGNON
Oh, well, it fell . . . And on top of it my tripod is bent. . . Say, it took a hit here, . . . Well, no big deal, I've got another one.

Ralph takes two pills out of the bottle.

RALPH
Hurry up.

He goes into the bathroom.

Pignon takes the camera off the tripod and turns towards the bathroom.

PIGNON
I don't want to harp on it, but if this guy gets bumped off, they'll be worth a lot, these pictures. . . And it would've really made me happy to share with you.

One of the tripod's bolts falls to the floor and disappears under the bed. Pignon bends down to pick it up.

PIGNON

She's going to call back, I'm sure of it, I felt the chemistry between us again. . .

He abruptly cuts it short discovering Ralph's rifle. He freezes for a moment and takes the weapon out from its hiding place.

He straightens up slowly, his face expressionless.

Ralph appears at the bathroom door and sees Pignon, rifle in hand. He pauses briefly and says softly.

RALPH

You can't be left alone for a second, can you.

152 EXT. STREETS OF NICE - DAY 152

The convoy tears through the streets of Nice towards the Courthouse.

153 INT. POLICE VAN - DAY 153

A policeman turns towards Randoni.

POLICEMAN

We're almost there, put on your hood.

Randoni obeys. His sweaty face disappears under the hood.

154 INT. RALPH'S ROOM - DAY 154

Pignon, rifle aimed at Ralph, states in a flat voice.

PIGNON

So, that's what it was for, huh.

Ralph moves slowly towards Pignon.

RALPH

Give me the rifle.

Pignon backs up towards the window.

PIGNON

Don't move or I'll throw it out the window.

Ralph stops. Pignon goes on.

PIGNON

Poor guy, you must really've been sweating it for the last two hours.

RALPH

Don't stay there, people can see you. The street is swarming with cops.

Pignon moves away from the window, backing up towards the communicating door.

PIGNON

You called my wife, the blinds hit you on the head . . .

Pignon, still backing up, goes into his room. Ralph follows him.

155

INT. PIGNON'S ROOM - DAY

155

RALPH

Watch out, it's loaded.

PIGNON

Excuse me?

RALPH

The rifle . . . it's loaded.

PIGNON

That's all you have to say to me?

RALPH

Well, it's important, don't you think.

Pignon and Ralph are now on either side of the bed. Pignon is looking at the hitman with true compassion.

PIGNON

Wolf gave you a shot, then he gave you another, you're still shaking, you must really have been sweating it.

RALPH

Yeah, for two hours you've been a real pain in the ass.

He starts walking around the bed. Pignon backs up.

PIGNON

No, don't come closer!

Ralph continues to move forward.

RALPH

Go ahead, shoot . . . Well, what are you waiting for, shoot, it's easy, all you have to do is pull the trigger.

Realizing that he is trapped, Pignon quickly beats a retreat into Ralph's room and locks the communicating door.

156/156A INTERCUT - RALPH'S ROOM - PIGNON'S ROOM - DAY 156/156A

Ralph throws himself at the door, banging his shoulder against it. Pignon screams.

PIGNON

Don't try to smash down the door or I'll throw the rifle out the window!

Ralph freezes, winded. Pignon goes on, compassionate again.

PIGNON

My poor Jean, we're not out of the woods yet, the two of us.

RALPH

Open the door, Pignon and get the hell out of here!

PIGNON

No, I'm totally trapped and you know it.

RALPH

Trapped by What?

PIGNON

Well, by our friendship, and that's not something you can plan, you know.

(MORE)

PIGNON (cont'd)
 You held out your hand to me, if I
 left you now I'd be a real bastard.

RALPH
 I didn't hold anything out to you
 at all, I wanted to bump you off as
 soon as my work was done.

PIGNON
 (indulgently)
 No, of course you didn't.

157 EXT. STREET OF THE COURTHOUSE - DAY

157

A high ranking officer, walkie-talkie in hand, joins the cops
 barricading the street.

HIGH RANKING OFFICER
 They're coming. Open the
 roadblock.

158/158A INTERCUT - RALPH'S ROOM - PIGNON'S ROOM - DAY

158/158A

Pignon and Ralph are still one on either side of the door.

PIGNON
 You wouldn't have been able to kill
 me. It's probably easy to bump off
 someone like that other guy over
 there, you don't know him and
 everyone thinks he's a scumbag, but
 to shoot a man with whom you've
 lived moments like we had together,
 you and I . . .

RALPH
 Those were the worst moments of my
 life, Pignon.

PIGNON
 I know, me too, I sweated it, but
 in the end, here we are, the two of
 us, and something happens. And you
 can say whatever you want but it's
 for real.

RALPH
 OK, if you're my friend, let me do
 my job and get lost.

PIGNON

No, I can't let you do a thing like that.

RALPH

(getting worked up)
It's my job. I'm paid to do it!

PIGNON

(He cuts him off)
Shooting a man's not a job, don't you want to shoot pictures of him instead? It would be so much more normal, you'd be on a photo safari instead of a regular safari, it's just as exciting and less cruel.

RALPH

(containing himself with difficulty)
The people who hire me don't mess around. If I don't do what I have to do, sooner or later they'll find me and they'll kill me.

PIGNON

Come to Meudon.

RALPH

What?

PIGNON

To my house in Meudon. No one will look for you there, there's a couch in the living room, it's very comfortable.

RALPH

(after a short pause)
What did I do to you, Pignon, why are you persecuting me like this?

PIGNON

I'm not persecuting you, I'm trying to help you.

RALPH

It's the same thing. What did I do to you?

PIGNON

You saved my life and I'll never forget it.

The telephone in Pignon's room starts to ring. Ralph turns towards the phone, then towards the communicating door.

RALPH

It's her.

Pignon freezes. Ralph goes and picks up.

158B EXT. WOLF'S CLINIC, GROUNDS - DAY 158B

Louise is calling on her cell phone.

LOUISE

François, it's me, I've got to see you. Can we meet in town later?

158/158A INTERCUT - RALPH'S ROOM - PIGNON'S ROOM - DAY 158/158A

RALPH

. . . Hold on.

(He screams towards the communicating door)

It's her!

Pignon hesitates a bit and opens the door.

159 INT. PIGNON'S ROOM - DAY 159

The hitman and the suicidal man are now face to face, Ralph holding out the phone, Pignon aiming the rifle.

Ralph moves towards Pignon.

RALPH

(moving towards Pignon)

Well, go ahead, talk to her.

159A EXT. WOLF'S CLINIC, GROUNDS - DAY 159A

LOUISE

(on the phone)

Hello . . .

159 INT. PIGNON'S ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS) 159

Pignon hesitates, clearly tortured. Ralph continues to move forward, using the phone as bait.

Pignon suddenly backs up and retreats into Ralph's room again, locking the door one more time.

160/160A INTERCUT - RALPH'S ROOM - PIGNON'S ROOM - DAY 160/160A

Bewildered, Ralph exclaims.

RALPH

Listen, this is what you have to deal with, isn't it. What the hell are you doing? She's going to hang up!

Pignon doesn't answer. Ralph throws the phone down on the bed and moves to the communicating door.

RALPH

A woman you wanted to die for calls you and you don't answer, and me, who you say is your friend, you sentence me to death.

PIGNON

(serene)

She's going to call back, I'm sure of it, and no one will hurt you because it's true that I'm your friend and I'm going to protect you.

One of the State Policemen suddenly pops out of the closet, still a bit stunned. Surprised, Pignon backs up towards the communicating door. The policeman orders, in a thick voice.

STATE SECURITY POLICEMAN

Give me that rifle.

PIGNON

(to Ralph)

There was a cop in the closet!

RALPH

No, two.

STATE SECURITY POLICEMAN

(to Pignon)

I heard you, I know you're not an accomplice, give me that rifle, no one will trouble you.

PIGNON

OK, OK.

He moves towards the cop and hits him in the face with the butt of the rifle. The cop crashes down. Pignon goes to open the communicating door.

Ralph backs up, hands in the air, and notices the knocked out cop. Bewildered, he looks at Pignon.

RALPH

You know what you get for knocking out a cop?

PIGNON

Less than if you commit a crime. Come on, let's get out of here.

The second State Policeman comes out of the closet. He also is a bit woozy.

STATE SECURITY POLICEMAN

You are under arrest.

Ralph, without looking at him, almost distractedly, kicks him in the stomach. The State Policemen joins his colleague on the floor.

Pignon looks remorsefully at the two men spread out on the ground.

PIGNON

What we're doing isn't good.

161 EXT. STREET OF THE COURTHOUSE - DAY 161

The convoy enters the street, all sirens blaring.

162 INT. POLICE VAN - DAY 162

The hooded policemen get up from their bench seat. One of them helps Randoni stand up.

POLICEMAN I

Don't worry, everything will be fine.

RANDONI

I can't breathe with this fucking hood.

POLICEMAN I

Relax.

RANDONI

(bitter)

Relax, he's one funny guy, that one!

163 INT. RALPH'S ROOM - DAY 163

The police sirens wail in the room, more and more insistent. Ralph jumps on Pignon and grabs the rifle by the barrel. He tries to rip it from Pignon, who resists.

164 EXT. STREET OF THE COURTHOUSE - DAY 164

The convoy stops in front of the Courthouse.

165 INT. POLICE VAN - DAY 165

A policeman opens the door and orders.

POLICEMAN I

Go!

166 EXT. STEPS OF THE COURTHOUSE - DAY 166

The S.W.A.T. team surrounding Randoni, rushes towards the Courthouse steps.

167 INT. RALPH'S ROOM - DAY 167

Ralph and Pignon are still fighting over the rifle. A shot goes off. The impact of the bullet throws Ralph across the room.

168 EXT. STEPS OF THE COURTHOUSE - DAY 168

All the cops of the S.W.A.T. team dive on top of Randoni to protect him.

The men of the security forces in the area also dive for shelter. One of the cops, armed with a machine gun, falls badly and sends a hail of bullets out without meaning to.

Randoni, sprawled on the steps and covered by policemen, grimaces in pain. Worried, one of the policemen asks.

POLICEMAN

Are you OK?

RANDONI

I just took a bullet in the ass.

169 INT. RALPH'S ROOM - DAY

169

Ralph straightens up, his hand on his bloody shoulder.

RALPH

(In a muffled voice)

Oh, the asshole.

PIGNON

I'm sorry, I didn't do it on purpose . . .

RALPH

The asshole.

PIGNON

It went off by itself, I didn't do it on purpose, I told you.

Suddenly weak, Ralph sits down on the bed. Pignon walks towards the bathroom.

PIGNON

I'll get some towels, don't move.

He disappears into the bathroom and comes back right away with towels. He sits next to Ralph, who tries to push him away.

RALPH

Go away.

PIGNON

Certainly not. I'm not going to leave you now, you're hemorrhaging . . .

RALPH

If you stay here they'll think we're accomplices, Pignon, and you'll go to the slammer. Go away.

PIGNON

Let me take care of you. I'll leave after.

Ralph's head nods. He is about to faint. Pignon presses a towel to the wound.

PIGNON

There we go, we'll stop the little hemorrhage and everything will be fine.

170 EXT. STREET OF THE COURTHOUSE -DAY

170

All the cops are looking at the hotel. A high ranking officer shouts into a megaphone.

HIGH RANKING OFFICER

The hotel is surrounded, you don't have a chance, come out with your hands up.

171 INT. RALPH'S ROOM - DAY

171

Ralph turns towards Pignon, sitting close to him on the bed and watches him with something close to admiration.

RALPH

You haven't put a foot wrong, Pignon.

The first teargas canister comes through the window and lands on the floor.

Ralph's head falls onto Pignon's shoulder. Pignon gently strokes Ralph's hair.

PIGNON

If both of us are tried at the same time, we'll most probably go to the same prison.

Ralph picks up his head. Pignon concludes.

PIGNON

Maybe we could ask them to put us in the same cell.

Ralph looks at Pignon with horror. Pignon, his arm tenderly encircling Ralph's shoulders, starts to rock him while he softly hums "Les Amants de la Saint Jean" as the tear gas begins to rise behind them.

END

