

THE FIRST JULY  
Shooting script by  
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Based on the novel  
THE ELEMENTARY PARTICLES

by  
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2 CONTINUED:

A male HAND in a latex glove - the sleeve of a white lab coat above the bare wrist - pulls one of the bottles out of the heaps of iced embryos.

The lid is closing.

With the loud pop of a Champaign-cork:

THE MUSIC BREAKS OFF

SIMULTANEOUS CUT TO:

3 INT. DESPLECHIN'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

3

DESPLECHIN naked except for Bermuda Shorts.

His body is covered with beads of sweat.

His left eye is glued to the eyepiece of a telescope beside the bay window.

He has a bottle of *Dom Perignon* in his right hand on which he's wearing a SIGNET RING.

The apartment looks like a film set: mahogany furniture, Afghan rugs, reproductions of Matisse.

A small Buddha statue on the mantelpiece.

DESPLECHIN straightens up, sucks at his bottle and looks again through his telescope:

CUT TO:

4 EXT. CANAL - AFTERNOON

4

VIEW THROUGH THE TELESCOPE:

GAY MEN strolling in the sun -

Talking in pairs or in small groups -

Sharing their bath towels -

Almost all carry strings.

Their muscles glisten with suntan lotion in the light -

During their conversation some are massaging their genitals through their nylon strings -

Or sliding a finger under the fabric, letting their pubic hair or their phallus-root to be seen.

A teenager takes off his thong and his dick starts to grow stiff...

4 CONTINUED:

SHRILL DOORBELL

CUT TO:

5 INT. DESPLECHIN'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

5

DESPLECHIN, his eye still glued to the eyepiece of the telescope.

FADE IN:

LOW TECHNO MUSIC

With a sigh he takes his right hand out of his Bermuda shorts, looks at his watch, sighs again, takes the champagne bottle off the floor and leaves the room taking big gulps out of his bottle.

DISSOLVE TO:

TECHNO MUSIC LOUDLY CONT'D

6 INT. CHEST FREEZER / FRONT - SURREAL

6

SCREEN-FILLING:

THE FRONT OF THE CHEST FREEZER

Tiny control lamps are gleaming on a small display at the right upper corner.

TITLE SEQUENCE II:

THE CREDITS OF ALL PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

Appear on the screen-filling front of the chest freezer.

DISSOLVE TO:

LOUD TECHNO MUSIC CONT'D

7 INT. CHEST FREEZER / LID - SURREAL

7

SCREEN-FILLING:

AGAIN THE LID OPENS

Evaporation fog rises:

The necks of three bottles of *Veuve Clicquot* nestled among the heaps of the frozen embryos enclosed in ice cubes like fossils.

7 CONTINUED:

This time Desplechin's right HAND with the SIGNET RING - looking out of a light blue shirt-cuff under the sleeve of his striped Italian blue suit - pulls the next bottle out of the heaps of "ice-cube-embryos".

THE LID IS CLOSING

With the loud pop of a Champaign cork:

THE MUSIC BREAKS OFF

SIMULTANEOUS CUT TO:

8 INT. DESPLECHIN'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

8

DESPLECHIN, still naked except for his Bermuda Shorts, returns with MICHEL into the living room:

DESPLECHIN

You're on time. Thank you for coming by.  
Want a drink?

Without waiting for an answer he already has grabbed a bottle of *Johnny Walker Black Label* and two glasses, before sinking back into his sofa:

DESPLECHIN

Have a seat, please.

MICHEL takes a seat on an easy chair.

DESPLECHIN pours whisky:

DESPLECHIN

I've asked to see you out of mere curiosity. I do understand every researcher at the age of forty who applies for a sabbatical year to end up in one of those suicide countries, like Norway or Japan or else profits unscrupulously from knowledge gathered during independent research. But you! As head of the department with the best European team! Your application without any project, any goal, any hint for an excuse is absolutely incomprehensible to me.

Silence: DESPLECHIN knocks his drink down. -

He studies Michel -

MICHEL's earnest FACE with his sharp features and his SAD EYES. -

MICHEL takes a sip from his drink.

8 CONTINUED:

DESPLECHIN (O.C.)

What's wrong?

Silence: DESPLECHIN refills his glass.

DESPLECHIN

Private reasons?

Silence: DESPLECHIN knocks his second drink down and looks at his telescope at the bay window. -

He sighs:

DESPLECHIN

(suddenly)

I can't remember when I had my last erection...

Silence.

DESPLECHIN

What's your intention? - Do you have any plans?

Long silence:

MICHEL takes another sip. He looks at -

THE BUDDHA STATUE ON THE MANTELPIECE

He puts his glass down, clears his throat:

MICHEL (CLOSE UP)

I want to think...

DISSOLVE TO:

9 EXT. CANAL - EVENING

9

The bank of the canal is now deserted.

MICHEL (V.O.)

... at rivers... in... never ending afternoons...

A rain shower is gushing down onto the waters.

FADE IN:

TECHNO MUSIC

DISSOLVE TO:

10 INT. CHEST FREEZER / LID - SURREAL

10

SCREEN-FILLING:

## THE LID OF THE CHEST FREEZER

TITLE SEQUENCE III:

## THE PRODUCTION CREDITS

Appearing on the lid which is afterwards opened:

A woman's left HAND with long, bright red fingernails - the wrist covered by a white lab coat's sleeve - takes the neck of the last bottle Veuve from among the deep-frozen embryos. The HAND draws the bottle out and lifts it up into the air:

SUCCESSOR (O.C.)  
(triumphantly)  
The last bottle!

Her right HAND slams the lid shut - knocking three times on the closed lid.

JUMP CUT TO:

TECHNO MUSIC CONT'D

INT. LABORATORY - SURREAL

SCREEN-FILLING:

## THE BLUE PLANET

REVEAL:

A poster of The Blue Planet is the only decoration in the air-conditioned, windowless room which is completely tiled in white, even the ceiling, and only lighted by fluorescent tubes.

SLOW MOTION:

A group of FIFTEEN SCIENTISTS of both genders in white lab coats loiter about with white plastic cups in their hands.

Some women still wear their white Latex gloves - some men wear still their white hair protections - others have their white mouth protections hanging around their necks.

DESPLECHIN doesn't wear a lab coat but an elegant, Italian blue, double breasted pinstriped suit, a light blue shirt and a dark blue knitted tie.

Due to the Techno Music and the reverberation by the tiles, nothing in the conversation can be understood:

CACOPHONY - FALSE SMILES -

11 CONTINUED: 7.  
11

SUSPICIOUS EYES - LASCIVIOUS GESTURES

MICHEL under a white hair protection stares at the poster on the wall.

CUT TO INSERT:

TECHNO MUSIC CONT'D

12 THE BLUE PLANET 12

A FEMALE DEAF-MUTE INTERPRETER appears on the upper right corner of the screen-filling poster and starts to gesticulate.

The translation of her gestures are to be read on a ticker at the bottom of the poster, running from right to left:

IN... DEPENDENCE... QUALITY... OF... LIFE... FREEDOM...  
E...QUALITY... BROTHER... HOOD... TENDER... NESS...  
LOVE... AT... RIVERS... IN... NEVER... ENDING... AFTER...  
NOONS...

DISSOLVE TO:

TECHNO MUSIC CONT'D

13 EXT. SNOW COVERED INDUSTRIAL LANDSCAPE - SURREAL - B&W 13

A body wrapped in bandages is floating between steel plants under a deeply overcast sky.

The bandaged head shows

MICHEL'S FEATURES

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

TECHNO MUSIC CONT'D

14 INT. LABORATORY - SURREAL 14

MICHEL takes his white "shower cap" off his head, runs the fingers of one hand in a Latex glove through his hair and opens the last bottle of Champaign with a white hand towel covering the bottleneck.

A low pop:

THE TOWEL DARKENS AS IT SOAKS UP THE OOZING CHAMPAGNE

MICHEL walks around refreshing the plastic cups of his colleagues. -

14 CONTINUED:

The women pretend to be in good mood by making little lascivious dance movements of their hips.

- CACOPHONY - FALSE SMILES - SUSPICIOUS EYES -

A bearded YOUNG SCIENTIST with a rather foolish expression enhanced by his "shower cap" and his mouth-protection dangling over his big Adam's apple, is leaving the party taking his briefcase and walking out exaggerated unobtrusively. - Nobody cares.

LOUD TOILET FLUSHING

CUT TO:

15 INT. BASEMENT VAULT - EVENING

15

Michel's SUCCESSOR, mid-forties, long, black hair, very pale skin and bright red lips matching her fingernails, comes out of the ladies room.

The generous cleavage of her summer dress under the open lab coat displays big tits.

YOUNG SCIENTIST  
Good night, director!

A little bit flattered to hear her new title:

SUCCESSOR  
You want to leave us already?

YOUNG SCIENTIST  
Four bottles for fifteen people is quite cheap, don't you think so?  
(staring at her cleavage)  
But all that... will change under your generous ehh... leadership. Your article "The Gene DAF3 of the common fruit fly *Drosophila melanogaster*" was absolutely genius... if not to say fruitful!

She grabs his balls with one hand:

SUCCESSOR  
(snidely)  
Bug off little blow fly...

YOUNG SCIENTIST  
(in real pain)  
Ahhh!

CUT TO:

16

EXT. LABORATORY PARKING LOT - NIGHT

16

MICHEL and DESPLECHIN on their way to their cars:

DESPLECHIN

We'll keep your password to our server.  
You'll still have access to the complete  
Intranet and all stored results. If you  
need anything just let me know.

They shake hands. -

DESPLECHIN looking deep into Michel's eyes:

DESPLECHIN (CLOSE UP)

Don't you ever forget: "Many are called,  
but few are chosen!" - You've got a  
mission from the universe.

He gets into his green JAGUAR and drives away. -

MICHEL goes to his dark-blue TOYOTA. -

A RED GOLF is blocking his exit, standing face-to-face,  
bumper-to-bumper against the TOYOTA. MICHEL gets into his  
car, turns on the interior lighting, lights up a  
cigarette - just smoking and waiting.

The inside lights of the GOLF are also turned on - in  
time with -

LOUD BRAHMS MUSIC

Coming from the speakers in the GOLF through its open  
windows.

The SUCCESSOR at the wheel is staring at MICHEL through  
her windshield.

MICHEL is nodding to her politely and smiling.

The SUCCESSOR staring at MICHEL uncovers her breasts.

MICHEL stares back at her - still smoking.

Slowly the Successor's seat-backrest is gliding down. She  
disappears out of Michel's view. In the same timing the  
loud BRAHMS MUSIC is getting softer -

DISSOLVE TO:

BRAHMS MUSIC SOFTLY CONT'D

17      INT. BIRD CAGE - NIGHT

17

A WHITE CANARY singing excitedly and hopping back and forth in its huge white cage, which is hanging from the ceiling instead of a living room lamp. The cage is slightly swinging due to the bird's movements.

MICHEL approaches while responding to the bird's singing with soft whistling and cooing sounds.

He tenderly caresses the bird's tiny head with the tip of his forefinger.

He changes the water, refills the small feeding bowl, refreshes the sand litter. -

MICHEL completes the ritual and the tender dialog by covering the cage for the night with a blue silk veil.

DISSOLVE TO:

BRAHMS MUSIC LOUDLY CONT'D

18      EXT. LABORATORY PARKING LOT - NIGHT

18

THE "EMPTY" RED GOLF

Slightly shaking with the very loud BRAHMS MUSIC. -

A shrill, gurgling cry mingles with the music.

Slowly the SUCCESSOR appears again behind her windshield. She starts her car without even glancing at MICHEL and turns her headlights on full beam:

MICHEL clasps his hands over his blinded eyes.

With a loud roar of the engine the SUCCESSOR sets the car back, turns it around and speeds away full throttle.

DISSOLVE TO:

BRAHMS MUSIC SOFTLY CONT'D

19      EXT. CITY FREEWAY - NIGHT - SURREAL

19

SLOW MOTION:

The freeway is totally deserted. -

MICHEL is driving as...

"The Last Human Being on Earth"

...through the night.

19 CONTINUED: 11.  
19

MICHEL'S TENDER WHISTLING AND COOING V.O.

DISSOLVE TO:

BRAHMS MUSIC SOFTLY CONT'D

20 INT. BIRD CAGE - NIGHT 20

The CANARY lies motionless on its side in the sand litter.

MICHEL's whistling and cooing dies away in time with the BRAHMS MUSIC.

Michel's HAND enters the cage. The tip of his forefinger checks the little bird's body temperature. His HAND takes the tiny white body cautiously out of the cage, leaving the cage gate open.

CUT TO:

21 INT. MICHEL'S APARTMENT - CORRIDOR - NIGHT 21

MICHEL tenderly carries the bird to the kitchen.

CUT TO:

22 INT. MICHEL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT 22

Very gently MICHEL shoves the little corpse into the small mouth of his garbage chute.

Then he washes his hands for 30 seconds, counting in a whisper 21, 22, 23... until 50 -

He takes a serving of catfish with chervil out of his freezer compartment and puts it into his microwave. -

His HAND sets the alarm on the microwave display:

600 WATT / 5 MINUTES

CUT TO:

23 INT. GARBAGE CHUTE - SURREAL - B&W 23

SLOW MOTION:

Subjective nosedive through the garbage chute.

CUT TO:







DYLAN (V.O.)

Yes an' how many years can some people  
exist

On top of the coffee table sits crosslegged a stark NAKED  
GIRL of about fifteen years, smoking a joint.

DYLAN (V.O.)

Before they're allowed to be free...

WHITE FLASH:

The GIRL turns her head to the incoming MARC who shoots  
her rapidly down with his flash light.

DYLAN (V.O.)

Yes an' how many times can a man turn his  
head

TEENIE

Who are you?

DYLAN (V.O.)

And pretend that he just  
doesn't see

MARC

Michel's father. Janine's  
Ex. Where is she?

DYLAN (V.O.)

The answer my friend -  
Is blowing in the wind

TEENIE

Gone to the beach... Gone with the  
wind...

She giggles.

DYLAN (V.O.)

The answer is blowing in the wind.

TEENIE

Want a blowjob?

DYLAN (V.O.)

Yes an' how many times must  
a man look up

MARC

Where's Michel?

TEENIE

Who's Michel?

DYLAN (V.O.)

Before he can see the sky

MARC

My son! - Where is he?!

DYLAN (V.O.)

Yes an' how many years must  
one man have

TEENIE

I don't know. Have a seat.

DYLAN (V.O.)

Before he can hear people  
cry

MARC leaves abruptly.

CUT TO:

34 CONTINUED:

BABY WHIMPERING CONT'D

35 INT. VILLA / HALL - DAY - B&W

35

MARC taking two steps at a time rushes up the stairs to the second floor.

The whimper is growing more defined.

DYLAN (V.O.)

Yes an' how many deaths will it take till  
he knows

CUT TO:

BABY WHIMPERING CONT'D

36 INT. VILLA / BEDROOM - DAY - B&W

36

MARC pushes the bedroom door open:

Spread across the bed lies a naked BEARDED GIANT on his belly, snoring very loudly. -

Rapid flashlight succession.

DYLAN (V.O.)

That too many people have died

EXTREME CLOSE ON:

AN ANT...

IS CRAWLING THROUGH THE THICKET OF THE GIANT'S HAIRY BACK

DYLAN (V.O.)

The answer my friend  
Is blowing in the wind -  
The answer is blowing in the wind.

CUT TO:

BABY WHIMPERING LOUDLY CONT'D

37 INT. VILLA BATHROOM - DAY - B&W

37

Spacious black and white tiled bathroom.

On the tiled floor the dirty, white bear skin with several heaps of baby poop on it - among the mess crouches the naked, crying BABY BOY.

37 CONTINUED:

## RAPID FLASHLIGHT SUCCESSION

The BOY flees from MARC on all fours, through puddles of piss, feces and vomit. Now screaming very loudly in fear and panic, he tries to hide himself behind the toilet bowl.

Quite roughly MARC grabs with one hand the wet and besmeared little guy and leaves the bathroom with him on his arm.

DISSOLVE TO:

INSERT:

38 **BLACK & WHITE PHOTOGRAPH**

38

DEAD SILENCE

SCREEN-FILLING:

FRAMED WITH WHITE JAGGED BORDERS

THE PHOTO OF THE SCREAMING BABY BOY

IN SHIT URINE AND PUKE

DISSOLVE TO:

39 **INT. MICHEL'S BEDROOM - NOON**

39

MICHEL'S FACE

His eyes are covered with his right forearm. He's still holding the photo in his right hand.

REVEAL:

He's lying naked in the midday heat on his blue bedspread. His body is covered by black and white photographs.

Radiant sunlight shoots through the cracks in the closed curtains.

MICHEL, still with his sleeping mask around his neck, sits up and takes a sip from a bottle of ARMAGNAC standing on the floor beside his bed.

He tucks the black and white photo behind his digital alarm clock.

The luminescent display shows in bright red:

13.13.12.

39 CONTINUED:

13.13.13.

FADE IN:

ROARING CAR ENGINE

MICHEL lies down again, folding his hands behind his head.

DISSOLVE TO:

ROARING CAR ENGINE CONT'D

40 **EXT. SEASHORE - DAY - B&W** 40

The RANGE ROVER races along the coastline.

DISSOLVE TO:

ROARING CAR ENGINE CONT'D

41 **EXT. MOUNTAIN LANDSCAPE - SUNSET - B&W** 41

In the last evening light, the RANGE ROVER climbs through the mountains.

DISSOLVE TO:

ROARING CAR ENGINE CONT'D

42 **EXT. FARMSTEAD - NIGHT - B&W** 42

An OLD WOMAN is standing in the beams of the approaching headlights of the RANGE ROVER.

The car stops and MARC jumps out. He opens the front passenger door and takes out the little BABY BOY wrapped in a rough blanket.

MARC hands over the little human bundle to the OLD WOMAN.

DISSOLVE TO:

43 **INT. MICHEL'S BEDROOM - NOON** 43

MICHEL is still lying naked in the midday heat between the b&w photos on his blue bedspread and stares at -

SCREEN-FILLING:

THE CEILING

FADE IN:

## COOL JAZZ BY MILES DAVIS

In the upper right corner of the ceiling the FEMALE DEAF-MUTE INTERPRETER again appears and starts to gesticulate.

The translation of her gestures can be read on the ticker at the bottom of the screen running from right to left:

THE... TIME... IS... A... BA... NAL... E...NIG... MA...

FADE IN:

AGGRESSIVE MOTOR NOISES:

SLOW FADE TO BLACK:

THE... VISION... EXTINGUISHES... JOY... AND...  
CONFIDENCE... VANISH...

SLOW FADE IN:

AGGRESSIVE MOTOR NOISES CONT'D

COOL JAZZ CONT'D

I/E. FREEWAY - AFTERNOON

A Ferrari-Red PORSCHE, wildly honking and frantically using its headlight-flashers, is chasing a YELLOW PEUGEOT 305, bumper to bumper in the left lane.

The PEUGEOT loses control, it skids across the freeway, hits the crash barrier on the right side, turns around on its own axis and stops.

BRUNO jumps out of his car, raises his fist, flashing the finger and yelling after the long gone Porsche:

BRUNO

(screaming)

You fist-fucked asshole! You fishy,  
stinking cunt!

Silence:

The COOL JAZZ by MILES DAVIS is to be heard out of the open car door -

BRUNO wears mirrored sunglasses, a mustache to compensate for his hair loss, a net shirt and patent leather hot pants with turned-up cuffs. His naked legs are pale. His naked feet are stuck in Western booties.

BRUNO gets back into his car, turns it around and drives on.

CUT TO:

44 CONTINUED:

COOL JAZZ CONT'D

45 INT. MICHEL'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

45

MICHEL still naked is sitting on his bed listening on his phone to BRUNO's answering machine which is playing the same COOL JAZZ by MILES DAVIS:

BRUNO (V.O.)

Hello, slut! Hello, faggot! You're listening to the beast, Bruno Clément, but he's not in his cave. After the beep, you can cum.

THE MUSIC TURNS LOW WITH THE BEEP

MICHEL

Hello Bruno... it's Michel... I guess you're on vacation... Call me back when you're back. I'm on vacation myself... for a very long time...

MICHEL hangs up.

CUT TO:

COOL JAZZ CONT'D

46 EXT. FREEWAY / COASTAL ROAD - AFTERNOON

46

The PEUGEOT takes an exit ramp to a coastal road -

THE GLITTERING SEA

DISSOLVE TO:

COOL JAZZ LOUDLY CONT'D

47 I/E. PEUGEOT 305 - AFTERNOON

47

The PEUGEOT drives past a pine forest. -

BRUNO'S FACE

Dripping with sweat.

He takes his sunglasses off. He bends over his wheel and searches for an entrance gate.

Finally he discovers what he was looking for - a large sign. Black handwriting on a white background:

47 CONTINUED:

*PLACE OF CONVERSION*

The PEUGEOT takes a turn into the pine forest.

DISSOLVE TO:

COOL JAZZ CONT'D

48 INT. WOODEN SHACK - AFTERNOON

48

A sixty year old SLUT is sitting crosslegged under a sign reading in handwriting:

*WELL CUM*

Her skinny, wrinkled breasts dangle over her cotton beach-wrap. She smiles benevolently and turns down her radio with the COOL JAZZ by MILES DAVIS.

SLUT

Well-Cum!

Her tongue shoots out to flicker obscenely over her lips. Then she smiles again benevolently:

SLUT

What's your name, little fucker?

BRUNO

Bruno Clément.

SLUT

Do you have a reservation for me, Brunooo?

She keeps her suction cup O-shaped. Her lips pulsate. She has no teeth. -

BRUNO takes his documents out of his shoulder bag of imitation leather and hands them over.

SLUT

Fantastic, Brunooo!

HER PULSING O-SHAPED LIPS

FADE OUT COOL JAZZ

DISSOLVE TO:

49 EXT. PINE FOREST / CLEARING / PYRAMID - MAGIC

49

BRUNO, with an igloo-tent clamped under his arm, carries a heavy suitcase through the pine forest.

49 CONTINUED:

He reaches a clearing with a huge perfectly equilateral PYRAMID. Each side 20 meters of length, width and height.

All walls are of glass segments in dark wooden frames - reflecting the dying light.

SLOW MOTION:

Small groups of people are leaving the construction. Some are naked, some are dressed.

In the magic light the scene appears like a sequence out of a science fiction film:

*"The Last Human Beings"*

DISSOLVE TO:

50 EXT. SMALL SQUARE / WIGWAM / CLOTHESLINE - EVENING 50

BRUNO arrives, sweating, at a small square with a clothesline pulled between two pine trees next to a wigwam.

Several pairs of panties and a very impressive bra are moving gently in the evening breeze.

BRUNO decides to camp near the promising underwear and studies the instructions for his igloo-tent.

BRUNO

"Turn around the half stiffs to concrete the cupola..."

Throwing the instructions away:

BRUNO

Thank you, China!

A "SQUAW" in a leather miniskirt appears; her big tits dangling in the last blueish light. She picks up Bruno's discarded instructions and hands them over to him.

SQUAW

(suggestively)

Did you just come?

BRUNO looks irritated.

SQUAW

Need some help to erect... your tent?

BRUNO

(with a choked voice)

Ah - it's OK - I can handle it - it works quite well - but that's very kind of you - I appreciate it...

50 CONTINUED:

Loud screams. The SQUAW rushes into her wigwam and returns with TWO TINY SUCKERS on each hip, rocking them gently. They scream even more.

Her MANLY COUNTERPART crawls out of the wigwam his dick dangling in the evening breeze. He's a bearded, burly figure around 50, with long grey hair.

He takes one of the little monkeys in his large hands and starts to paw at it.

BRUNO collects his belongings:

BRUNO  
First I should have a look where my  
girlfriend is. - Have a good one...

He hurries away.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

51 EXT. CAMPGROUND SURROUNDED BY PINE TREES - NIGHT 51

Several flashlight-beams are moving around and crossing each other in the darkness.

BRUNO, with his luggage and also equipped with a flashlight, approaches the campground.

Exhausted he takes a break and sits down onto his suitcase.

His flashlight beam scans the surroundings, catching a sign nailed to a trunk:

*MUTUAL RESPECT*

BRUNO standing up and coming closer, discovers -

A bowl beneath the inscription, which is filled to the rim with fresh condoms. Below is a white trash can.

ONE OF BRUNO'S WESTERN BOOTEES

Steps onto the pedal of the trash can:

THE LID BOUNCES UP:

The flashlight illuminates a conglomerate of beer cans, knotted condoms, bloody sanitary napkins and tampons.

THE LID SNAPS SHUT

CUT TO:

52      INT. BRUNO'S AIR MATTRESS - MORNING

52

BRUNO wakes up with a headache.

He grabs a silver strip, pushes out 3 Aspirins, drops and swallows them with a sip out of a half filled Johnny Walker bottle.

FADE IN:

TIBETAN SINGING BOWLS

Stuck to the bottle is a wrinkled porn magazine.

BRUNO tears it off the bottle and browses listlessly through the whisky-stained pages.

DISSOLVE TO:

TIBETAN SINGING BOWLS CONT'D

53      I/E. IGLOO-TENT - MORNING

53

Bruno's HAND slowly unzips the igloo-tent as if it were an evening gown:

Slowly revealing the blue sky with clouds floating between the treetops.

DISSOLVE TO:

TIBETAN SINGING BOWLS CONT'D

54      INT. PYRAMID - DAY

54

Creative workshop in the Pyramid:

The FEMALE INSTRUCTOR is playing the Tibetan singing bowls. She has long black hair, a wide blow job mouth with thick carmine red lips. She wears a black blouse and black pants.

She watches BRUNO squatting down in the circle of FEMALE PARTICIPANTS all in between 40 to 50.

To his right sits JACQUELINE a fat, pale, grey-haired woman with thick glasses and a monstrous belly, who is loudly wheezing and intermittently burping.

INSTRUCTOR

To welcome our common presence...  
(singing bowl)

To welcome the Earth...  
(singing bowl)

And the five cardinal directions...  
(singing bowl)

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

Let's start our workshop with an exercise of the Hatha Yoga called Sun Salutation...

Explosive burp by JACQUELINE.

INSTRUCTOR

You're exhausted Jacqueline. We don't do the exercise if you're not in the mood for it. We all lie down and stretch ourselves out.

All lie flat onto the dirty gym mats.

INSTRUCTOR

You're walking into clear, pure water...  
(singing bowl)

The water washes gently round your feet...

(singing bowl)

Your calves...

(singing bowl)

Your knees...

(singing bowl)

Your thighs...

(singing bowl)

Your genitals...

(singing bowl)

Your bellies...

BRUNO

A piece of shit is floating in my direction...

Pause

INSTRUCTOR

What's your name?

BRUNO

Bruno?

INSTRUCTOR

You feel this... You feel this sensation... Because the shit symbolizes your bad vibrations, Bruno. I feel you're hiding deep layers of dark energy. We can help you here and now - OHM

ALL WOMEN

OHM... OHM... OHM...

INSTRUCTOR

Say thank you to mother Earth...

(singing bowl)

Snuggle up with mother Earth...

(singing bowl)

Feel the lust growing...

54 CONTINUED:

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)  
(singing bowl)  
Say thank you to your self...  
(singing bowl)  
For allowing your self...  
(singing bowl)  
To feel this lust...

JACQUELINE  
(extremely loud)  
Haaah! Haaah! Haaah!

Her legs are frantically twitching.

INSTRUCTOR  
Wonderful! Now you have stepped across  
the threshold of your rational spirit.  
Now you're connected with your deepest  
desires. Open up for the unbounded space  
of creativity.

BRUNO  
(mumbles)  
Eat my shorts...

CUT TO:

55 EXT. PINE FOREST / COASTAL ROAD - NOON

55

BRUNO in his leather shorts, with shoulder bag and mirrored sunglasses walks through the gateway with the sign:

*PLACE OF CONVERSION*

BRUNO crosses a coastal road and disappears between the pine trees on the other side. Small sections of the sea glitter auspiciously between the trunks.

CUT TO:

56 EXT. NUDIST BEACH - NOON

56

BRUNO trudges in his western bootees across the nudist beach. He carries a greasy bag of French fries. His net shirt is soaked, his face is dripping with sweat.

HIS BOOTIES STOP IN FRONT OF -

TWO PERFECTLY ROUND SILICONE TITS

BRUNO takes off his sunglasses:

BRUNO  
Good afternoon!

A GIRL of about 20 raises her eyebrows.

56 CONTINUED:

BRUNO squats:

BRUNO  
Good afternoon!

SILICONE GIRL  
What?

BRUNO  
Could you tell me, where are the main  
outlets for confectionery products?

The GIRL steadies herself on one elbow and takes a  
Walkman earplug out:

SILICONE GIRL  
Whaat?!

BRUNO  
Could you tell me, where the main outlets  
for confectionery products are?

She jerkily sits up:

SILICONE GIRL  
Whaaaat??!!

In a knee-jerk-reaction BRUNO jumps up from squatting:

BRUNO  
It's OK, it's OK! - Too complicated!

He waves sidewise with one hand like *Columbo* and retreats  
to the waterline.

JUMP CUT TO:

57 I/E. IGLOO-TENT - AFTERNOON

57

Bruno's HAND unzips the entrance of his igloo tent in one  
go.

He crawls on all fours onto his air mattress, grabs his  
whisky bottle and rolls himself over, still drinking.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

58 INT. BOARDING HOME TOILETS - NIGHT - B&W

58

DEAD SILENCE

SLOW MOTION:

The NAKED BODY of an 11-YEAR-OLD BOY on a white tiled  
floor is brutally being rolled onto his back.

58 CONTINUED:

A urine stream hits the boy's face. His head is desperately jerking back and forth.

Two HANDS of ANOTHER BOY grab his ears, fixing the head.

ANOTHER HAND pinches his nose together.

The VICTIM is forced by need of air to open his mouth which shows cheap GLITTERING BRACES.

The urine stream hits the boy's mouth cavity.

Gasping, gurgling and coughing he swallows the piss.

CUT TO:

59 INT. BRUNO'S AIR MATTRESS - AFTERNOON

59

BRUNO wakes up drenched in sweat. He washes his mouth with whisky, gurgles with it and swallows.

Then he wolfs down the rest of a can of ravioli and lies down again.

DESPERATE SCREAMS

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

60 INT. BOARDING HOME TOILETS NIGHT - B&W

60

SLOW MOTION:

The nightmare is going to be repeated. Only this time a toilet brush loaded with poop is used instead of piss.

This time the VICTIM's desperate screams and the yelling of his TORTURERS are extremely loud to be heard.

The brush smears the poop all over the boy's face. He screams heartbreakingly.

The brush is screwed into his mouth. The boy chokes.

SHARP WHISTLE

The door flies open and the BOY who has been keeping a lookout storms in, opens the window which lies at mezzanine level and jumps out. His classmates follow him in a hurry.

A TEACHER in a morning gown comes in.

The VICTIM crawls choking over the tiled floor to a toilet bowl and bends vomiting over it.

60 CONTINUED:

REMOTE SOUND OF BONGO DRUMS

DISSOLVE TO:

61 INT. BRUNO'S AIR MATTRESS - EVENING

61

BRUNO lies in a fetal position, covered in ravioli puke, whining in his sleep.

DISSOLVE TO:

LOUD BONGO DRUMS CONT'D

62 EXT. DANCE FLOOR / BAR - NIGHT

62

THREE GUYS playing bongo drums for about 50 FREAKS dressed as "Africans" who are jumping on the spot while wildly swinging their arms.

The WOMEN, wearing bamboo skirts, are frantically wiggling their butts and swinging their bare breasts. Some pretend to be already in trance.

Some MEN carry 'spears' and wear their dicks fancifully wrapped. The GUYS who own large private parts are of course stark naked, wearing only painted faces.

BRUNO, in spotless white trousers and a dark blue *Lacoste* polo shirt, approaches the bar.

There's an individualist standing, dressed as a "BRAZILIAN" but with covered tits.

The SLUT from the reception, in full throttle "African" outfit, is serving the drinks.

BRUNO

What's the lady's poison?

SLUT

Me or her?

BRUNO

Both of course.

SLUT

OK - three vodkas!

Clicking her tongue obscenely she first serves BRUNO, who watches the dancers, leering now and then at his Brazilian prey.

SLUT

There you cum, my little lecher.

BRUNO approaches the Brazilian shoving the vodka towards her:

BRUNO  
May I buy you a drink?

The BRAZILIAN knocks the rest of her old drink down and grabs the offered replenishment:

BRAZILIAN  
Cheers!

Pause - they drink.

Bruno holds up three fingers to the SLUT, indicating that he'd like another round.

BRUNO  
Whats your name?

BRAZILIAN  
Sophie.

Pause - the SLUT refills.

BRUNO  
(lifting his glass)  
I'm Bruno.

SOPHIE  
Hi, Bruno.

She knocks her drink down.

BRUNO orders replenishment.

They gaze at the dancers while their glasses are being refilled to the rim.

BRUNO  
Which workshop have you booked?

SOPHIE  
The rules of the Yes-Yes.

BRUNO  
(lame)  
O yes! The... ehh... Yes-Yes is very exciting!

Pause.

SOPHIE  
(strictly)  
Yes, Yes! - No, No!

BRUNO  
Yes, yes...

Pause.

BRUNO  
You don't dance?

SOPHIE  
No. I'm not so... fond of African dance.  
That's too...

BRUNO  
Too what?

She hesitates.

BRUNO  
Too primitive?

SOPHIE  
Of course not!

BRUNO  
Too rhythmic?

SOPHIE  
Are you a racist?

BRUNO  
No. I only think it's somehow ehh...  
dumb.

SOPHIE  
By me a drink!

BRUNO orders showing two fingers.

Pause - they wait for their drinks watching the dancers.

When SLUT has delivered three drinks instead of two; she  
and SOPHIE swiftly knock their drinks back:

SOPHIE  
(bossily)  
Another one!

BRUNO is slowly getting pissed. Nevertheless, he orders  
one drink.

SLUT clicks her tongue, having three drinks on the ready.

SOPHIE takes only a sip and loosens her pinned up-do -  
shaking her hair dramatically:

SOPHIE  
But I looove Braziilian dance...

BRUNO  
Fantastic! - I'll spend my next holiday  
in Brazil...

SOPHIE

(excited)

Really?

BRUNO

No shit! I'll rent an armored minibus and browse through the Favelas, shooting photos of the eight-year-old killers and the sweet little hookers who, at thirteen, die of AIDS and I'll forget the melancholy of my European existence.

SOPHIE studies him thoughtfully for a while.

SOPHIE

You must have suffered a lot.

BRUNO

May I lick your pussy?

SOPHIE knocks down the rest of her drink and starts to mingle with the dancers

DISSOLVE TO:

REMOTE BONGO DRUMS SOFTLY CONT'D

EXT. WHIRLPOOL - NIGHT

From far away, the bongo drums are to be heard.

Above the swirling waters hovers a thin cloud of mist illuminated by the full moon.

At the edge of the pool a closely embracing COUPLE can be seen. The WOMAN riding the MAN moves up and down and starts to groan. The MAN also starts to breathe louder.

The movements of the WOMAN grow faster - groaning, she throws her upper body backwards - her breasts, her face and her dark full hair are shortly illuminated by the moon.

At the opposite edge of the pool BRUNO's head is peeking out of the water which reaches up to his nostrils.

The COUPLE is reaching their climax. They both are loudly groaning. -

For a while they remain entwined in silence.-

Then she whispers something into his ear -

They separate and the MAN climbs out of the pool. He rolls his condom off and, after knotting it carefully, he throws it into a "mutual respect" trash bin.

63 CONTINUED:

The WOMAN stays in the pool. She turns around, staring knowingly into BRUNO's eyes. He dives away.

ROARING AND BUBBLING SOUNDS

CUT TO:

64 EXT. WHIRLPOOL / UNDERWATER - NIGHT

64

BRUNO'S VIEW - SLOW MOTION:

UNDER THE BUBBLING AND ROARING WATER

The FACE of the woman is floating towards him -

She takes his DICK into her mouth.

FADE TO BLACK.

65 INT. CHRISTIANE'S CAMPER - NIGHT

65

CHRISTIANE, still naked, comes in and turns the lights on:

She's slim, smaller than Bruno and about his age. Her black hair is still silky and full. Her eyes are gentle and a little bit sad.

She takes a bottle of *Bush-mills* out of a compartment and pours two drinks. She openly takes a handful of pain killers, knocks them down with her drink and refills. Then she slips into a grey sweatshirt and hands over Bruno's drink:

CHRISTIANE

You already passed the second exam. You didn't ask what I was taking.

(lifting her glass)

Here's to you!

BRUNO

Cheers!

They drink.

BRUNO

What did you take?

CHRISTIANE

Painkillers. But don't flatter yourself. I've got a weak back.

Small Pause.

CHRISTIANE

Sometimes I'm overcome by the desire to  
fuck whoever crosses my way. But for  
these penetrations I require...

(pause for effect)

... A condom.

BRUNO has to laugh.

CHRISTIANE sits down:

CHRISTIANE

(with a grin)

As a reward, I'm always getting my back  
pain.

She takes another sip.

BRUNO takes her hand. He's still naked.

BRUNO

And with me?

CHRISTIANE

With you, there is a difference.

BRUNO

Yeah, it's... ehh... strange...

Pause.

BRUNO

It's kind of... pure!

They must laugh.

Silence: They smile at each other in great closeness and  
confidence.

FADE TO BLACK.

ROARING RAIL BUS NOISES

SLOW FADE IN:

I/E. RAIL BUS / STATION - DAWN

MICHEL in a window seat of a fully occupied rail-bus.

Commuter dreariness.

MICHEL looks out the window.

The female DEAF-MUTE-INTERPRETER appears in the window  
frame and starts to gesticulate:

The ticker at the bottom reads right to left:

66 CONTINUED:

OPTIMISM... GENEROSITY... UNDER... STANDING... HARMONY...  
THE... WORLD... OF... TO... MORROW... IS... FE... MALE...

The bus stops at a small, run-down railway station.

MICHEL gets out without any luggage.

DISSOLVE TO:

67 INT. TOWN HALL - DAY

67

MICHEL hands over a document to an OFFICIAL:

OFFICIAL

(studying it)

Yeah, the new beltway... You also could  
take it as a reason to cancel the  
contract. You'd save a lot of money.

MICHEL

No! I want to rebury. For another thirty  
years.

OFFICIAL

Just as you like.

Taking out a register:

OFFICIAL

Your wife?

MICHEL shakes his head:

MICHEL

No.

OFFICIAL

Your mother?

MICHEL

My grandmother.

The OFFICIAL opens a register:

OFFICIAL

There we are: "Marie Djerzinski née Le  
Roux." - So she's your paternal  
grandmother, right?

MICHEL

Yes.

OFFICIAL

Very noble... After over twenty years...  
What about your father?

MICHEL

Lost in China.

The OFFICIAL whistles.

OFFICIAL

As a tourist?

MICHEL

As a reporter.

OFFICIAL

Interesting! Any siblings?

MICHEL

Only a half-brother. Bruno Clément. We  
have the same mother.

The OFFICIAL humorously wagging his forefinger:

OFFICIAL

But different fathers! - Right?!

He has to laugh.

MICHEL

I beg your pardon?

OFFICIAL

Excuse me. That doesn't concern me. -  
Fortunately!

He hands MICHEL a blank form.

OFFICIAL

You fill out this form. The transfer of  
remains will take place at fourteen  
hundred. - After lunchtime!

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. BENCH AT A SMALL RIVER - DAY - B&W**The backs of a YOUNG COUPLE, both about 15 to 16 years  
old - she with blonde braids.They sit there motionlessly shoulder to shoulder - she at  
his right side.Voice over a SPEAKER pretending to be factual, in the  
grandiloquent, hypocritical tone of the early sex  
education films of the sixties:

SPEAKER (V.O.)

Girls from the age of thirteen, under the influence of progesterone and estradiol, which are formed in their ovaries, start to store fat in their breast and buttock areas. These body parts attain, in the optimal case, a full, harmonious, round shape; their sight arouses in men a fierce sexual desire.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

69 EXT. BENCH AT THE SMALL RIVER - DAY 69

MICHEL approaches the bench and takes over the exact spot of the YOUNG MAN as the COUPLE fades from view.

MICHEL stares onto the river -

In the dark waters the clouds are reflected.

The sun shortly breaks through:

LARGE FISH swim upstream.

FOUR BRIGHT QUATER STRIKES FROM A CHURCH CLOCK

Pause.

TWO DEEP AND HEAVY FULL HOUR STRIKES FOLLOW

CUT TO:

70 EXT. SMALL CEMETERY WITH AN OLD CHURCH - DAY 70

At the cast-iron gate to the cemetery stands a baldheaded MAN with a shovel, a spade and a large black plastic garbage bag over his shoulder:

GRAVEDIGGER

You are the...

MICHEL

Yes.

He hands over the completed form to the GRAVEDIGGER.

The GRAVEDIGGER takes it but does not check at the form. He turns around and walks ahead. MICHEL follows him. They go silently through the rows of graves. The GRAVEDIGGER stops at a simple stone with the name:

MARIE DJERZINSKI

Putting the form in one of his pockets:

GRAVEDIGGER

If I were you, I wouldn't watch.

MICHEL doesn't answer him. The man shrugs, lays the garbage bag over the stone, leans the shovel against it and makes...

THE FIRST CUT OF THE SPADE

UNDER ROARING CAR ENGINE-NOISES

DISSOLVE TO:

71 **EXT. FARMSTEAD - NIGHT - B&W**

71

MICHEL'S GRANDMOTHER is standing in the beams of the approaching headlights of the RANGE ROVER.

The car stops and MARC jumps out.

He opens the passenger door and lifts little BABY MICHEL, wrapped in a blanket from the passenger seat.

MARC hands over the human bundle to the old woman.

Voiceover the SPEAKER in style of the early sex education movies of the sixties:

SPEAKER (V.O.)

There are people who have worked hard,  
all their lives; who have, all their  
lives only worked hard, out of pure  
devotion and love.

CLOSE UP:

THE COMPASSIONATE FACE OF MICHEL'S GRANDMOTHER

DISSOLVE TO:

72 **EXT. OPEN GRAVE - DAY**

72

The excavated pit: in the freshly churned earth there are only wood splinters, a rotten board and a white indefinable something.

MICHEL kneels down, bending himself deeply over the pit. -

He sees the dirty skull with still incredibly many strands of white hair hanging around the empty eye sockets. He also sees the neck and back vertebrae lying scattered in the earth. -

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

73

INT. HOSPITAL BED - NIGHT - B&W

73

CLOSE UP:

THE FACE OF MICHEL'S GRANDMOTHER

Her loose white hair spread on the pillow. -

SPEAKER (V.O.)

People who have literally given their  
lives to others out of dedication and  
love.

The same YOUNG MAN as on the bench at the small river, is  
kneeling beside the bed, his face buried in the blanket.  
His hands caress the left hand of the old woman. She  
tries in vain to reach his head with her right hand. The  
YOUNG MAN doesn't notice it.

DISSOLVE TO:

74

EXT. OPEN GRAVE - DAY

74

The GRAVEDIGGER stands in the open grave, stuffing the  
remains into his black garbage bag. He casts a look at  
MICHEL who stands averted and depressed at the grave:

GRAVEDIGGER

(muttering while working)

Always the same... They can't leave it  
alone... They have to have a look... Such  
a coffin can't survive over twenty years!

DISSOLVE TO:

75

I/E. WINDOW ALCOVE - AFTERNOON - B&W

75

Michel's GRANDMOTHER sitting with glasses in an alcove  
darning a pair of woolen knee socks.

SPEAKER (V.O.)

People who could not imagine any other  
way of life than to sacrifice it for  
others.

A ball is bumping against the windowpane.

Michel's GRANDMOTHER turns her head and -

SEEN FROM OUTSIDE IN A CLOSE UP:

MICHEL'S GRANDMOTHER SMILES THROUGH THE WINDOWPANE

SPEAKER (V.O.)

Usually these people are women.

75 CONTINUED:

ROARING BULLDOZER NOISES

SLOW FADE OUT.

ROARING BULLDOZER NOISES

SLOW FADE IN:

76 EXT. FRESH GRAVE / CONSTRUCTION GROUND - DAY

76

The black plastic bag is emptied into the fresh pit.

GRAVEDIGGER (O.C.)  
 (shouting against the noises)  
 The grave stone will be reinstalled  
 tomorrow.

JUMP CUT TO:

LONG SHOT:

THE CONSTRUCTION SITE:

"DANCE OF THE BULLDOZERS"

FOUR BULLDOZERS frantically plough the terrain around  
 MICHEL and the GRAVEDIGGER.

They are standing forlornly in the landscape.

GRAVEDIGGER (V.O.)  
 (shouting)  
 You only need to sign the register.

DISSOLVE TO:

77 EXT. BENCH AT THE SMALL RIVER - DAY

77

Along the riverbank ANNABELLE is riding a ladies' bicycle  
 with a skirt guard. Although she's about forty, she has  
 an incredibly smooth and pure face and bright blonde  
 hair.

She passes the bench on which MICHEL is sitting in a  
 slumped posture.

She drives hesitantly on for two or three seconds. Then  
 she stops, dismounts her bike and walks it back:

ANNABELLE  
 (softly while approaching)  
 What a surprise...

She kicks her cycle stand. Then she sits down next to  
 MICHEL:

ANNABELLE

Our bench.

Pause.

ANNABELLE

"With the one I love so close at hand,  
I know where I would go...  
I'll just sit here so contentedly"  
(softly singing)  
"And watch the river flow"

Pause.

MICHEL

(paralyzed)  
You hardly changed. - It's unbelievable.  
You look like twenty eight. - What are  
you doing here?

ANNABELLE

My father died a week ago. Colorectal  
cancer. It took quite a long time - he's  
suffered terribly. I'm staying here for a  
while to help Mom. She won't survive very  
long. Normally I live in the capital -  
like you do.

Silence: MICHEL lowers his eyes -

ANNABELLE

Three years ago I happened to meet Bruno  
at the airport. He told me that you  
became a researcher, an important man, a  
luminary in your field. He also told me  
that you never married. -

MICHEL

That's true - and you?

ANNABELLE

My life is less brilliant, I'm a  
librarian in a public library. I also  
never married. I often thought of you. I  
hated you because you never responded to  
any of my letters. I've loved you so.  
That's now twenty-three years ago but  
sometimes I'm still thinking about it.

DISSOLVE TO:

They stand on a small bridge that leads across the tracks  
to the second platform of the rotted station. They bent  
over the railing and let spit fall onto the tracks.

78 CONTINUED:

ANNABELLE  
Now we've arrived at the same spot.  
Equidistantly away from death.

ROARING RAIL BUS NOISES

DISSOLVE TO:

79 EXT. PLATFORM / RAIL BUS - EVENING

79

MICHEL stands in the doorway of the railcar. -

ANNABELLE steps onto the footboard, presses him a kiss  
onto the cheek and jumps off quickly because the bus  
slowly starts to move.

MICHEL  
(shouting)  
We keep in touch.

ANNABELLE  
(shouting)  
Yes!

The rail bus is gaining momentum and dismissing black  
Diesel clouds disappears into the evening light under...

ROARING ANIMAL NOISES

DISSOLVE TO:

80 EXT. MONTAGE OF ANIMAL FILM DOCUMENTATIONS

80

Most cruel scenes from the struggle for survival of all  
kinds of animals throughout the world in different colors  
and qualities of the non adapted documentary material.

The DEAF-MUTE-INTERPRETER appears on the upper right  
corner of the screen and begins to gesticulate.

The acoustic translation of her sign language is provided  
slightly delayed by the SPEAKER in the hypocritical style  
of the educational sex films of the early sixties:

SPEAKER (V.O.)  
In the middle of the giant mess, the  
constant carnage, featuring the animal  
nature, the only trace of devotion and  
selflessness is in the mother's love.  
What's actually the men's purpose with  
their willingness to take risks, their  
childish urge to play, their grotesque  
vanity, their irresponsibility, their  
fundamental rivalry and brutality? They  
are like animals which are fighting in  
the same cage, the cage of time.

80 CONTINUED:

SPEAKER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Women are better than men. They are tender, loving, compassionate, they do not tend to violence, egotism, self-assertion and cruelty. They are sensible, intelligent and industrious. A world consisting of women would be superior in every way. It would evolve to a state of universal happiness.

UNDER THE HORRIFYING SCREAM OF A DYING ANIMAL -

The image slowly dies away like on an old television set...

FADE IN:

81 INT. HIGH SCHOOL / STAIRS / CORRIDORS - DAY

81

BRUNO dressed accordingly to the code how a school teacher should look like - only his leatherette shoulder bag is a reminder of his holidays.

BRUNO hustles through clusters of FEMALE TEENAGERS on the wide stairs and in the corridors of his high school, to reach his Class 12A.

He passes a fifteen year old BLONDE in sweater and miniskirt who is just buying condoms from a vending machine. She smiles at BRUNO ambiguously.

BLONDIE

Good morning, Mr. Clément! I'm coming right away.

At the door to the 12A he stops, inhales deeply, tears the door open and disappears into the classroom. The door slams shut.

MATCH CUT TO:

82 INT. THAI-BROTHEL - MORNING

82

A cabin door opens up and a topless THAI-HOOKER steps out - followed by an old BON VIVANT - the classic chief physician type.

They enter the reception area where BRUNO is waiting.

THAI HOOKER

Hi, Bruno!

The OLD FART stops astonished in front of BRUNO:

BON VIVANT

Bruno! What are you doing in a brothel?! -  
In the early morning?! - Don't you have  
to be in school?!

BRUNO

Father! Yes, uh...  
(standing up)  
And You? Don't you have to be in your  
clinic?

FATHER

I've sold all my shares. Your hippie-  
bitch-mother costs me a fortune. Come  
along.

BRUNO

I have to go to school.

FATHER

(already on his way)  
You sacrifice your morning boner to me.  
That little time you have probably still  
available for your old father.

BRUNO follows reluctantly.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIGH TABLES IN FRONT OF A BAKERY - MORNING

The FATHER and BRUNO drink coffee at a high table in  
front of a bakery. The other tables are occupied by  
CONSTRUCTION WORKERS.

The FATHER empties a flask of cheap brandy into his  
coffee and stirs it:

FATHER

(lowly)  
I missed the market for silicone breasts.  
I then thought that it was a temporary  
fashion which would stay restricted to  
the American market. Of course that was  
idiotic. If I were thirty today, then I'd  
throw myself on penis extensions you can  
bet your life on it!

He slurps his coffee loudly.

FATHER

Ah! Coffee is good.

BRUNO

How's mother?

83 CONTINUED:

FATHER

Still Jetset New Age. Currently India.  
It's depressing.

He takes another loud sip of his coffee

FATHER

Ah! Coffee's good.

DISSOLVE TO:

84 INT. CLASSROOM 12A - DAY

84

BRUNO has removed his jacket. He's just writing down the last line of a poem onto the blackboard. There is dead silence. -

Approximately THIRTY GIRLS aged fourteen to fifteen and THREE BOYS sit in Bruno's classroom.

One of them, BEN is a big, burly black man with a baseball cap and Nikes. He's already seventeen. -

BEN's neighbor, BLONDIE from the condom machine, rises silently and opens a window. -

BRUNO with his back to the class writing the last words down:

BRUNO

(without turning around)

The windows stay shut!

The girl obeys and on her way back she pulls her sweater over her head.

BRUNO has turned around and looks thoughtfully at the big breasts of the girl under her sweaty T-shirt and at her darkened arm pits. - She smiles at him. - He smiles back almost imperceptibly.

BRUNO reads loudly the poem on the blackboard with real emphasis - the GIRLS like this:

BRUNO

Be calm my ache, be even prudently.

The evening was, what you were longing

for;

Look here it came, with a dark touch to

you,

Providing peace, or even stronger pain.

BEN puts his hand on the thigh of his neighbor BLONDIE and pushes her mini back as far as possible.

BEN

Oh, man!

BLONDIE giggles.

BRUNO  
(unperturbed)  
When lust is swinging merciless its whip  
On our mortal flesh relentlessly  
Creating ever lasting shame and sorrow  
Give me your hand my ache, come from the  
crowd.

BEN with his hand on BLONDIE's thigh:

BEN  
Man, oh man, the sting of death sticks  
deeply in your brain, brother!

Silence.

BRUNO  
Out!

BEN doesn't move.

30 seconds silence.

ON BRUNOS TEMPLE A DROP OF SWEAT IS BUILDING

BRUNO  
Out!

BEN slowly stands up and grabs his things. Then he steps  
closely to BRUNO standing in front of him. -

BEN is a head taller than BRUNO. For some magical seconds  
it looks as if BEN will thump him. Then BEN looks at his  
watch, laughing out loud and just walks out of the door. -

BRUNO sits down at his desk. -

BLONDIE lets her thighs exposed. She smiles at BRUNO and  
slowly crosses her legs. She wears no underpants:

SHRILL RINGING OF THE SCHOOL BELL

The class is leaving abruptly -

BRUNO packs his bag.

When he looks up again he sees that BLONDIE takes out a  
booklet and starts to write off the poem from the  
blackboard while the last students are leaving the  
classroom.

BRUNO closes the door. He sits down at his teacher's desk  
again. -

Dead silence - she's writing...

84 CONTINUED:

She slightly spreads her legs...

BRUNO can not resist. He goes to her. Sits down beside her - pretending to read what she's writing - she smiles at him.

Bruno's hand lies down on her thigh.

She continues writing.

Then she stops and looks at him seriously.

BRUNO opens his zipper. He takes her hand and leads it to his cock. The girl laughs out loudly but lets her hand where it is. BRUNO is also laughing hysterically.

BLONDIE  
(screaming)  
Heeeelp!

The door flies open - BEN appears.

He lifts BRUNO from his seat. Bruno's cock is hanging out of his zipper.

BRUNO  
(yelling desperately)  
You swine! You swine!

CUT TO:

85 INT. PSYCHIATRY - DAY

85

Seen from above:

BRUNO lies naked and strapped on a wheeled stretcher which is pushed in a breakneck speed through the corridors of a closed psychiatry. He is blood stained and screaming like crazy:

BRUNO  
You swine! You swine!

INSERT:

86 BRUNO'S ARM-BENT - DAY

86

A syringe is pushed into Bruno's bonded arm.

BRUNO (O.C.)  
You swine! -  
(pause)  
You swiii... - You...

86 CONTINUED:

SOFT SOUNDS OF AN INCOMING HIGH SPEED TRAIN -

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

87 EXT. CENTRAL STATION / PLATFORM - DAY

87

ON THE STATION CLOCK:

- 11. 37. 40 -

A HIGH SPEED TRAIN IS ARRIVING

CHRISTIANE emerges with a small suitcase. She wears a long flowered dress with lace cuffs. She looks searchingly around. -

MICHEL is waiting at the platform, a little bit embarrassed holding up a FOTO OF BRUNO.

CHRISTIANE discovers MICHEL with Bruno's foto. He takes her small suitcase. They walk to the exit.

CUT TO:

88 EXT. CENTRAL STATION / ESCALATOR - DAY

88

MICHEL und CHRISTIANE drive on the escalator downwards:

MICHEL

The girl's fifteen. Bruno has abused his authority as a teacher. The ideal case to be dismissed and afterwards lynched. The psychiatry was the only solution: a depressed teacher who urgently needs to do something for his mental health - suicidal by a childhood trauma - that's the official version. They have crammed him with neuroleptics - the chief psychiatrist is a friend of his father.

DISSOLVE TO:

89 INT. PSYCHIATRY / BRUNO'S BED - DAY

89

BRUNO'S HEAD ON THE PILLOWS

BRUNO (CLOSE)

I've never met a woman like you. I didn't have the hope at all, that a woman like you even would exist. -

CHRISTIANE (CLOSE)

I'll get you out of here. Do you want a little orgasm right now or would you rather prefer to get a blow job in the taxicab?

BRUNO (CLOSE)

No, now.

Seen from above:

CHRISTIANE lifts the blanket and lies fully dressed down beside him.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. PSYCHIATRY / BRUNO'S BED - DAY

SEEN FROM ABOVE - SAME SHOT:

Both are naked now lying side by side under the blanket:

BRUNO

The only useful person I know is basically my half-brother Michel.

CHRISTIANE

Which extraordinary things has he achieved?

BRUNO

He has created new cows. This is just one example. But I remember that his works have led to the birth of genetically modified cows which produce a higher quality of nutrient-rich milk. He has changed the world. I've done nothing - created nothing; I've not made the slightest contribution to the world. Something in my life went wrong.

CHRISTIANE

You've done nothing bad.

BRUNO

I have wasted my life in search of dubious Lolitas with lush breasts, crunchy butts and inviting mouths.

CHRISTIANE

And today is the best day of your life, because yesterday is already gone and tomorrow might not happen.

DISSOLVE TO:

91

EXT. SNOW COVERED INDUSTRIAL LANDSCAPE - SURREAL B&W

91

A flock of birds of prey is circling above an invisible center under a densely overcast sky. -

The in bandages wrapped body is floating between steel plants under the low cloud-ceiling.

The bandaged head shows:

## MICHEL'S FEATURES

The ticker (without the interpreter) pushes the terms:

MO... RAL... E... MO... TI... ON... JUS... TICE... COM...  
PAS... SION...

Slowly from right to left along the bottom of the screen.

DISSOLVE TO:

92

INT. PSYCHIATRY / BRUNO'S BED - DAY

92

SEEN FROM ABOVE - SAME SHOT AS BEFORE:

The two are still lying naked side by side under the blanket of the psychiatry-bed:

## CHRISTIANE

I know what we're going to do.  
Celebrating sex parties in a nudist colony. Dutch nurses and German officials, all very correct, rather civilized, in the style of the Nordic and Benelux countries. Why shouldn't we celebrate sex parties with the Luxembourg police.

## BRUNO

But you have to be in school, you don't have any holidays left.

## CHRISTIANE

I need another vacation. I'm sick and tired of teaching cruel monsters. Just like you, otherwise you wouldn't have landed here. The most urgent therapy is now to fuck! - Fuck, fuck, fuck!

FADE IN:

## HELICOPTER NOISES

## CHRISTIANE

With all kinds of women. This is absolutely necessary and possible. I'll organize a medical certificate for me.

92 CONTINUED:

CHRISTIANE (CONT'D)  
With my spinal problems no problem at  
all!

CUT TO:

HELICOPTER NOISES LOUDER CONT'D

93 EXT. HELICOPTER - CLEAR SKY - DAY

93

A Helicopter is circling at high altitude under a  
cloudless Sky.

SPEAKER (V.O.)  
In fact every couple in the area between  
the dunes and the water border is allowed  
to take the initiative to lewd acts in  
public.

CUT TO:

HELICOPTER NOISES CONT'D

94 I/E. HELICOPTER - DAY

94

View from high altitude, out of the helicopter, onto a  
kilometer long crowded nudist beach.

FADE IN:

LOW SUPERMARKET MUSIC

SPEAKER(V.O.)  
It's often the women who masturbate or  
lick their companions. Often the men  
respond to it in the same way. The  
couples nearby watch these actions with  
great interest. They come closer to get a  
better look and gradually start to follow  
these examples.

DISSOLVE TO:

LOW SUPERMARKET MUSIC CONT'D

95 INT. NUDIST-SUPERMARKET - DAY

95

Long queues of naked, usually pretty ugly, often  
overweight customers at the checkouts where naked  
cashiers are working.

Among the adults, toddlers are running around. There are  
also fully clothed clients: Turkish women in cloaks and  
headscarves. Even some burka wearers.

CONTINUED:

CHRISTIANE and BRUNO of course stark naked are pushing a shopping cart through the market.

The naked butcher at the meat counter hacks down for them a few steaks:

SPEAKER(V.O.)

Starting out from a first couple an incredibly exciting wave of sexual energy and voluptuousness spreads out very quickly over the whole beach. As the sexual obsessions are increasing, numerous couples join in to be part of ever growing groups involved in all kinds of lewd acts.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT ANNABELLE - NIGHT

ANNABELLE (CLOSE)

Men do not go to bed with a woman because they are in love, but because they are sexually aroused. It took years before I understood this banal fact. After all, it disgusted me; I could no longer bear the triumphant smile of a man when I took off my dress, their stupid facial expressions when they had an orgasm, and above all their rudeness when the act was over. They were miserable, weak, and egotistic. At some point one has enough of being regarded as an interchangeable piece of cattle. I've slept with dozens of men and none of them deserves to be remembered. When people began to become aware of the danger of AIDS, I felt that it was just a great relief.

She takes a sip of red wine.

ANNABELLE (CLOSE UP)

Today we are of the opinion that there is a time in life in which one goes out and amuses oneself. And then the image of death appears before us. All the men I have met had a terrible fear of aging, they were always thinking about their age. The obsession with age begins very early - I have already noticed it with people at twenty-five - and then it gets worse. I decided to stop and get out. I would prefer if life passes very quickly.

She stands up from the dining table in her small apartment and pulls up the bed couch:

ANNABELLE

It's the first time that I'm using the thing for two.

She sits down on the couch and looks at -

MICHEL who has sat with her at the dining table. He stands up and awkwardly sits next to her. They embrace.

ANNABELLE

I've been taking no contraceptives for a long time and I have no condoms in the house. Do you have any of them with you?

MICHEL must smile about the question:

MICHEL

(shaking his head)

No...

ANNABELLE

Do you want me to take it in my mouth?

MICHEL considers.

MICHEL

Maybe...

He lies down.

ANNABELLE opens his belt buckle.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

The couch is now covered and both lie naked under the blanket in a spoon embrace and sleep.

SPEAKER (V.O.)

Most women experience an exciting youth, they are very interested in boys and sex. But little by little they become weary of it, have no longer a great desire to spread their thighs, to lie down on their backs and to present their pussies. They seek a tender relationship which they do not find, a passion to which they are not any longer capable and by then the difficult years begin.

JUMP CUT TO:

98      INT. SWINGER CLUB - NIGHT

98

A bunch of SWINGERS stands tightly together in a big crowd.

Two PARAMEDICS in uniform, armed with a stretcher are pushing themselves forward through the dense wall of naked flesh into the middle of the circle:

On a mattress lies in a crouched stance CHRISTIANE with a pain-distorted expression. BRUNO kneels beside her and caresses her cautiously.

The PARAMEDICS raise CHRISTIANE - she yells out -

FADE IN:

LOUD NOISE OF A LANDING JUMBO JET -

The PARAMEDICS lie CHRISTIANE onto the stretcher.

SIMULTANEOUSLY SLOW  
FADE TO BLACK.

DEAD SILENCE

SLOW FADE IN:

99      EXT. TAXIWAY - DAY

99

A JUMBO JET releasing its last PASSENGERS.

The overloaded buses with running engines emit huge black Diesel clouds while still a few stragglers squeeze themselves into the buses. -

The STEWARDESSES at both gangways lift up their thumbs. -

The doors of the buses close hissingly and the convoy drives away shrouded in black clouds.

A pilot's car, followed by a Red Cross transporter for disabled passengers, crosses the departing busses.

RED CROSS PARAMEDICS enter the giant airplane.

LONG PAUSE - HEAVY SILENCE

A wheelchair with a woman in it is carried down the gangway at the stern of the plane. BRUNO with his shoulder bag, follows in short distance.

The woman in the wheelchair is CHRISTIANE. She is rolled to the stern of the red cross truck and hydraulically hoisted up to the loading area. BRUNO is riding up together with her. -

He kisses her on her cheek, then on her lips and kneels down:

BRUNO

I'm telling you once more and for the last time, you should directly move to me, into my flat!

CHRISTIANE looks into his eyes.

CHRISTIANE

(softly)

Are you sure you really want this?

BRUNO doesn't answer. He can't stand her gaze.

CHRISTIANE

Just do not feel compelled. You still have a pretty long life to live. Don't force yourself to spend your precious time caring for a cripple with bone cancer. The counter runs also for you only in one direction. No, I'll go home. Kiss me darling.

BRUNO rises, bends down and CHRISTIANE kisses him intently. Then she wheels herself awkwardly from the lifting platform onto the load bed of the transporter. -

FADE IN:

LOUD TECHNO MUSIC

BRUNO is driven down by the lifting platform and climbs into the pilot's car. The small car rushes away, while the MEDICS close the tailgate of the Red Cross transporter.

CUT TO:

LOUD TECHNO MUSIC CONT'D

100

I/E. FREEWAY - DAY

100

BRUNO races down the freeway at a murderous speed.

Deafening Techno Music from the speakers.

JUMP CUT TO:

101

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

101

DEAD SILENCE

SCREEN-FILLING - SEEN FROM OUTSIDE -

101 CONTINUED:

101

THE METALLIC BI-PARTING SLIDING DOOR OF THE ELEVATOR

IT RINGS:

The elevator door opens in its middle:

CHRISTIANE IN HER WHEELCHAIR - MOTIONLESS

IT RINGS:

The elevator door closes again.

JUMP CUT TO:

102 I/E. FREEWAY - DAY

102

LOUD TECHNO MUSIC

BRUNO races down the freeway at a murderous speed.

Deafening Techno Music from the speakers.

JUMP CUT TO:

103 EXT. CHRISTIANE'S BALCONY - DAY

103

DEAD SILENCE

CHRISTIANE is sitting in her wheelchair on the tiny balcony of a high-rise flat at the 10th floor. -

Long pause -

AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE HIGH-RISE BUILDINGS

CHRISTIANE pulls herself over the balcony railing - dangling for a few seconds in the air - then she lets herself fall.

JUMP CUT TO:

104 I/E. FREEWAY - DAY

104

LOUD TECHNO MUSIC -

BRUNO races down the freeway at a murderous speed.

Deafening Techno Music from the speakers.

CUT TO:

TECHNO MUSIC CONT'D

105

INT. WHITE HALL - DAY

105

TWO MEN in blue overalls fasten a coffin lid with electric screw drills.

The coffin rests on two wooden trestles.

The workers' transistor radio plays loudly but tinnily the same Techno Music.

BRUNO enters the hall.

One of the workers turns off the radio.

BRUNO steps to the coffin. He touches the coffin with one hand.

SLOW MOTION:

BRUNO falls backwards.

His head hits hard the cement floor.

The workers cautiously help him up. The older one speaks urgently to BRUNO:

WORKER

You should cry! - You have to cry! - You must cry, man!

BRUNO shakes his head. He grimaces because the head-shaking hurts.

CUT TO:

106

EXT. GRAVE WALL - DAY

106

Numbered grave niches in a 10 feet high wall of gray concrete. About half of them are empty.

The older one of the two workers studies his control slip and approaches the niche 632.

His colleague follows him with the coffin on a sack barrow.

It starts to rain.

632 is located at half height, about five feet above the ground. -

With a practiced flourish which takes a few seconds, the workers lift the coffin up, push it into the niche and seal the entrance.

With an air gun they squirt fast drying assembly foam into the cracks.

106 CONTINUED:

The older worker presents BRUNO the register to sign it. -  
INTO THE SECTION -

CHRISTIANE HELLBERG

BRUNO'S HAND WRITES

BRUNO CLÉMENT

JUMP CUT TO:

107 I/E. FREEWAY - DAY

107

LOUD TECHNO MUSIC

BRUNO races down the freeway at a murderous speed.

Deafening Techno Music from the speakers.

JUMP CUT TO:

108 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY - B&W

108

LOUD TECHNO MUSIC

The elevator door opens:

CHRISTIANE IN HER WHEELCHAIR MOTIONLESS

The elevator door closes.

JUMP CUT TO:

LOUD TECHNO MUSIC CONT'D

109 I/E. FREEWAY - DAY

109

BRUNO races down the freeway at a murderous speed.

Deafening Techno Music from the speakers.

JUMP CUT TO:

110 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY - B&W

110

LOUD TECHNO MUSIC

The elevator door opens:

110 CONTINUED:

CHRISTIANE MOTIONLESS IN HER WHEELCHAIR

The elevator door closes.

JUMP CUT TO:

111 I/E. FREEWAY - DAY

111

LOUD TECHNO MUSIC

BRUNO races down the freeway at a murderous speed.

Deafening Techno Music from the speakers.

He takes an exit and turns onto a country road.

JUMP CUT TO:

112 EXT. PSYCHIATRY - DAY

112

LOUD TECHNO MUSIC

The clinic is located in a large park. -

BRUNOS CAR dashes into the driveway

The Techno Music breaks off together with the engine. -

BRUNO is ringing storm at the portal.

A huge MALE NURSE dressed in white opens him.

BRUNO rubs his hands. -

Cheerfully to the Nurse:

BRUNO

So, here I am - my little spam!

Again... and again... and again...

FADE IN:

TRAIN NOISES -

BRUNO

Again... and again... and again...

JUMP CUT TO:

TRAIN NOISES CONT'D

113 EXT. TUNNEL - DAWN

113

FAST SUBJECTIVE TRAIN RIDE

113 CONTINUED:

THROUGH A LONG SWISS TUNNEL GALLERY

The moment the train shoots into the open -

SIMULTANEOUS JUMP CUT:

114 INT. HIGH-SPEED TRAIN - DAWN

114

MICHEL in a window seat is looking at the passing Swiss mountains.

BRUNO (V.O.)

According to the tourist guide this Swiss village with its terraces-shaped houses that overlook the valley from dizzying heights has "something Tibetan". In any case, our mother Janine, who has renamed herself into Jane, decided to die in this place, after having spent the last five years in Goa, in the western part of the Indian peninsula.

JUMP CUT TO:

115 INT. VILLAGE INN - MORNING

115

BRUNO (CLOSE)

(under exacerbation)

At least she has decided to come here, even though she definitely not decided to croak here. Apparently the old sow has converted to Islam, inspired by the Sufi mysticism or some shit like that. She has taken root in a group of freaky guys who live in an abandoned house a bit away from the village. Just because the newspapers report nothing about the dropouts or the hippies anymore, it is believed that they no longer exist. They are on the contrary more numerous than ever. The number has grown considerably by the unemployment, it's teeming with them. I've occupied myself closer with it...

(he lowers his voice)

The trick here is that they now call themselves organic farmers, but in fact, these are all lazy suckers that live only on welfare and get an obscure subsidy to agriculture in underdeveloped areas.

He nods to MICHEL insidiously, empties his glass beer pitcher in one go and calls out to the INNKEEPER behind the counter:

BRUNO

Urs, my friend, will you bring me another one, please?

Above the counter reads a sign:

*HUNTING AND FISHING*

*NATURE AND TRADITION*

INNKEEPER

But of course, Bruno!

MICHEL

Since when are you here?

BRUNO

Since yesterday.

MICHEL

You've left the hospital?

BRUNO

No, no for God's sake. I'm only on vacation. I'll stay in the nuthouse forever! It's wonderful! A drug paradise!

Carefully, he pulls a pamphlet from his bag:

BRUNO

But of course I am not idle.

He gives MICHEL the pamphlet. -

The title reads:

*SOLIDARITY WITH THE SHEEP*

BRUNO

(low)

I've typed the text last night, after I had spoken here with the sheep farmers. They no longer know what to do. They are full of hate, their flocks have been literally decimated. The environmentalists and their nature conservation park near by are to blame. They have reintroduced there wolves, hordes of wolves...

His voice suddenly gets shrill. He starts to sob:

BRUNO

... And the wolves eat the sheep!

MICHEL

So... ehh... our mother is dying here...

BRUNO

That's correct! It's exactly the same on the coast as they have the dunes blocked. The decision has been taken because the protective association has exerted strong pressure on the coastal zone, which is entirely in the hands of environmentalists. People have done nothing wrong, they only have made group sex in the dunes peacefully and happily; but this disturbs allegedly the sea swallows.

MICHEL

But we are in Switzerland, Bruno! Switzerland has no coastal zone, no dunes, no sea swallows...

BRUNO

Fuck the sea swallows! It's the environmentalists! They are real Nazis! They want to prevent us from making group sex and eating sheep's cheese. And the Socialists lie in bed with them. They are against the sheep because sheep are right wing and the wolves are left wing; but wolves resemble Old German Shepherds and all German Shepherds are Nazis. Like Hitler's German Shepherd "Blondie". But her puppy was called "Wolf" after Hitler's nick name "Uncle Wolf"! Who can be trusted anymore? Wolves in sheep's clothing, sheep in wolfskin. War is peace, freedom is slavery, ignorance is strength! So fuck the fucking sea swallows!

The INNKEEPER brings Bruno's fresh beer.

BRUNO

Thanks a lot, Urs.

INNKEEPER

Pleasure, Bruno.

BRUNO hands him the leaflet:

BRUNO

Read this.

INNKEEPER

(reads)

"Solidarity with the sheep." - Aha!

He sits down at an empty table nearby and begins to read the leaflet. There are no other customers in the inn.

BRUNO

(strictly)

In which hotel have you been in Zurich?

MICHEL

At the Dolder.

BRUNO

Why Hotel Dolder?

(gets upset)

Do you care for luxury or what? What's wrong with you?

(with exacerbation)

I personally remain faithfully to the Mercurus! Have you at least inquired? Did you know that the Mercure Hotel in Zurich practices a regressive tariff system depending on the season? In the low season, the room costs only 150 Swiss francs! The price of a two-star hotel! With the comfort of a three star hotel! Overlooking Lake Zurich and a 24-hour room service! Oh, there's the Asshole!

His tone has abruptly changed.

A young man, a RASTA-HIPPIE has just entered the inn. He's about twenty-two, wearing military trousers and a T-shirt imprinted with "Greenpeace". His complexion is dark, and his black hair is braided into little Rasta braids.

BRUNO

(spirited)

Hello, Asshole. May I introduce you to my half-brother?

While getting up, he grabs his beer mug:

BRUNO

Then we can finally see the old witch!

BRUNO drains the pitcher in a long swig.

DISSOLVE TO:

The THREE MEN on a path which rises gently up a mountain slope.

DISSOLVE TO:

117      EXT. STEEP HILL - DAY      117

They cross a steep hill.

DISSOLVE TO:

118      EXT. WIDE VALLEY - DAY      118

They reach a wide valley with wooded slopes. In the distance one can see snow covered peaks. The uninhabited landscape conveys spaciousness and tranquility. RASTA takes a break:

RASTA

The doctor has come by once more. She can't be transported, there's nothing they can do anyway. This is the law of nature ...

BRUNO

Did you hear that? Have you heard this joker? The "natural", that's their favorite word. Now that she's ill, they are waiting impatiently that she kicks the bucket, like an animal in its burrow.  
(pompously)

This is my mother, you Green Asshole! Have you seen his battle dress? Peace is war! The others look the same if not worse. I tell you it is absolutely sickening.

MICHEL

(looking around - by himself)  
Indeed... a beautiful landscape...

BRUNO

(loudly)  
You are indeed a kitsch-brother, Half-Blood.

He continues to walk down into the valley...

DISSOLVE TO:

119      EXT. REMOTE FARMSTEAD - DAY      119

The house is big and low built of uncut stones and roofed with stone slabs. A source is flowing near by.

The THREE MEN enter the house.

119 CONTINUED:

119

BROODING SILENCE

Suddenly MICHEL appears again. He takes a camera CANON PRIMA MINI out of his pocket and photographs the house. He turns around -

JUMP CUT TO:

SCREEN-FILLING:

THE CANON PRIMA MINI

It takes a long time until Michel's finger clicks the shutter.

SIMULTANEOUS CUT TO:

120 INT. FARM KITCHEN - DAY

120

The kitchen is the largest room of the house. In addition to RASTA, BRUNO and MICHEL there is also a pale blonde DUTCH-WOMAN knitting a poncho and an older hippie: SILVER-CURL with long gray hair, gray goatee and the face of a wise goat.

RASTA

She's over there ...

He takes aside a fabric curtain nailed to the wall...

CUT TO:

121 INT. DEATH CHAMBER - DAY

121

...and leads BRUNO and MICHEL into the next room. -

MICHEL stares at -

The crumpled, brownish creature in its bed that follows the appearance of the three man with the eyes. She is alarmingly emaciated, has protruding cheekbones, twisted arms, a pale, ashen complexion, breathes with difficulty and is obviously at the end, but above her strong curved nose, her eyes glow in the semi-darkness wide and white.

MICHEL, still with the camera in his hands, cautiously approaches the figure. -

BRUNO

Don't worry, she can't speak any more.

EXTREME SLOW DISSOLVE:

122 INT. MARC DJERZINSKI - SURREAL - B&W

122

122 CONTINUED:

SLOW MOTION:

JANE'S POINT OF VIEW:

MARC DJERZINSKI approaches in slow motion to the bed.

He wears, as seen, his cliché outfit of a war reporter.  
He raises his Leica to his eye.

Bends down very close ...

A SCREEN-FILLING EXPLOSION OF THE FLASHLIGHT

SIMULTANEOUS CUT TO:

123 INT. DEATH CHAMBER - DAY

123

MICHEL lowers the Canon from his eye.

BRUNO slumps into a chair beside the bed:

BRUNO  
(didactically)  
You're just a dirty old slut. You deserve  
to die.

MICHEL sits opposite him at the bed and lights a cigarette.

BRUNO  
(vivid)  
You want to be cremated? You'll be  
cremated. The remains of you come into a  
pot and every morning when I wake up I'll  
piss on your ashes.

JANE releases a husky, throaty noise.

The curtain is pushed aside:

RASTA  
(frostily)  
Want to drink something?

BRUNO jumps up and yells:

BRUNO  
What do you think, Dude! How sick is  
that! How can one ask such a stupid  
question! Open up the bottle, Greenpeace.  
I'm in deep sorrow! I need high  
percentage!

RASTA disappears and returns with a bottle of IRISH  
WHISKEY and two glasses. BRUNO pours amply and takes a  
swig.

During that MICHEL murmurs almost inaudible to RASTA:

MICHEL

You must excuse him, he's a bit confused.

BRUNO

(loudly)

That's true! - Let us alone with our pain, you pain in the ass.

RASTA disappears again.

BRUNO empties his glass with a tongue-smacking noise and refills it:

BRUNO

They'd better beware, these idiots. She has bequeathed them everything she possessed, and they know fully well that the children are entitled to the compulsory portion of the inheritance. If we wanted to contest the will, we would win for sure! - You can bet your life on it! .

LONG LASTING SILENCE

ONLY THE BREATHING OF THE DYING -

Then MICHEL indulgently with a tired voice:

MICHEL

She just wanted to stay young, that's all. She wanted to be close with young people, but definitely not with her own children, they would have reminded her that she belonged to a different generation.

He stands:

MICHEL

That's quite understandable.

BRUNO

The kitsch-brother speaks.

MICHEL raises the curtain...

CUT TO:

...and enters the kitchen.

SILVER CURL is now alone and peels carrots.

MICHEL

What exactly did the doctor say. Do you think she'll die soon?

SILVER CURL holding up a carrot:

SILVER CURL

She was a woman with incredible charisma. We believe that she is ready to die, because she has reached a very high level of spiritual attainment.

MICHEL impatiently pushes again the curtain aside.

CUT TO:

INT. DEATH CHAMBER - DAY

MICHEL while coming in, sitting down, crossing his legs, lighting another cigarette and smoking:

MICHEL

These idiotic hippies are still convinced that religion is an individual matter based on meditation, spiritual search, etc. They simply can't understand that on the contrary it is a purely social affair, based on the definition of rituals, rules and ceremonies. Religion meets exclusively the function to lead humanity to a state of perfect unity.

BRUNO

(furiously)

Don't give me that crap. The moment one does not believe in eternal life anymore, there can't be any religion. And if there can't be a society without a religion, as you seem to believe, then there also may not exist a society anymore. You remind me of the sociologists who are convinced that the cult of youth is a passing fashion. In fact, man has always had a panic fear of death. Man never could think about the own death, not even about his own physical decline without panic horror. Of all earthly goods the physical youth is clearly the most precious one; and we believe today only in earthly goods. "If Christ be not risen" Paul the apostle says quite openly "then your faith is vain." Christ has not risen; he has lost his struggle against death. O Christ, where is thy victory? O Christ, where is thy sting? I wrote a script for a paradise-film about the New Jerusalem.

## BRUNO (CONT'D)

The film takes place on an island that is inhabited exclusively by naked women with big breasts and small dogs. Following a biological catastrophe the men and almost all animal species have disappeared from the earth. The time has stopped, the climate is consistently gentle; the trees bear fruit throughout the year. The women remain eternally young and fresh, the little dogs ever lively and cheerful. The bathing women caress each other, the little dogs are playing around them. There are dogs of all kinds, in all colors: Poodles, Fox Terriers, Belgian Dwarf-Griffons, Japanese Chin-Puppies, King-Carls-Pooches, Yorkshire Terriers, Curlyhair-Maltese, Westies and Harrier-Beagles. The only big dog is a brave, gentle Newfoundland, being a sort of councilor for the others. The only remaining trace of male existence is a videotape with selected television speeches of politicians. In addition, there is a cassette about the former life of animals. These cassettes are never shown, they only serve as a reminder and as a testimony of the barbarism in earlier times.

MICHEL looks at his watch:

MICHEL

(softly)

So they encourage you to write screenplays in your clinic.

BRUNO smiles, arrogantly shaking his head:

BRUNO

I'll play the Fox Terrier.

He pulls out a Game Boy and begins to play.

LONG LASTING SILENCE

ONLY THE BREATHING OF THE DYING -

AND THE CLICKS OF THE GAMEBOY

MICHEL gets up again and leaves the death chamber.

CUT TO:

SCREEN-FILLING:

126 CONTINUED:

THE DOOR OF A HUGE OLD BOSCH REFRIGERATOR

The door is torn open.

Michel's RIGHT HAND opens the freezer compartment:

THEREIN LIES A DEAD CAT

Michel's RIGHT HAND closes the freezer compartment.

Michel's LEFT HAND takes a large swing top bottle of beer out of the fridge.

THE HEAVY DOOR OF THE FRIDGE SLAMS SHUT AGAIN

LOUD POP AND HISSING SOUND OF THE OPENING SWING TOP

SIMULTANEOUS CUT TO:

127 INT. FARM KITCHEN - DAY

127

CLOSE ON:

BEER FLOWS INTO A GLASS PITCHER

SILVER CURL has disappeared. His peeled carrots are lying in great heaps on the long wooden table.

MICHEL steps with the pitcher in front of the open window.

CUT TO:

128 EXT. MOUNTAIN LANDSCAPE - NOON - SURREAL

128

Subjective view onto the mountain landscape.

DEAD SILENCE

The BANDAGED BODY is peacefully hovering between the snow covered peaks.

FOUR HIGH STROKES OF A CHURCH CLOCK

Followed after a short pause by

TWELVE DEEPER STROKES

After a silence:

A TERRIBLE WOLFISH HOWLING

CUT TO:



130 CONTINUED:

During this enlightenment the BLUEBOTTLE has ventured onto the surface of Jane's left eye.

JUMP CUT TO:

SCREEN-FILLING:

THE EYE WITH THE IRIDESCENT BLUEBOTTLE ON ITS PUPIL

MICHEL (O.C.)

I think she's dead.

DISSOLVE TO:

131 INT. FARM KITCHEN - NOON

131

At the kitchen table are gathered: a DOCTOR, a MUNICIPAL COMMISSIONER, SILVER CURL, MICHEL and BRUNO with his Game Boy. - The peeled carrots are still lying in a big pile on the long wooden table.

COMMISSIONER

So, we can offer you a tomb in the local cemetery.

MICHEL

That'll be the best.

SILVER CURL nods solemnly.

COMMISSIONER

The funeral could even take place this afternoon. Right now we are not too busy.  
(to the doctor)

I assume that there are no problems with the death certificate.

The DOCTOR speaks a little too loudly and with exaggerated warmth:

DOCTOR

No problem! I brought the forms with me.

With a cheerful smile, he holds up a pile of papers.

At the same time Bruno's Game Boy plays a shrill, tinny but cheerful music.

BRUNO

Awesome! - I did it!

COMMISSIONER

(a little bit louder)

Mr. Clément, you also agree with the procedure?

BRUNO

Absolutely not!

He throws the Game Boy onto the carrots:

BRUNO

My mother wanted to be cremated, she set great value on this!

The expression of the COMMISSIONER darkens:

COMMISSIONER

For cremations we are not equipped. The demand is too low. So really, that makes things very difficult.

BRUNO takes a carrot holding it up:

BRUNO

(with great emphasis)

But this is the last will of my mother!

He bites into the carrot.

Silence: Only the crunching sounds of Bruno's chewing. -

The COMMISSIONER considers. - Finally:

COMMISSIONER

(rising)

Let me make a phone call.

BRUNO with a wide generous gesture:

BRUNO

Let's drop the whole thing! We'll bury her here. We shit on her will. We spit on her grave. We piss in her mouth.

(to Michel)

You'll pay for it!

SILVER CURL gets up and goes to the refrigerator. He takes the dead cat out of the freezer and leaves the kitchen.

MICHEL hands out his credit card to the COMMISSIONER:

MICHEL

For thirty years.

COMMISSIONER

With a tomb for thirty years you have plenty of time to let things calm down.

CUT TO:

132 EXT. PATH TO THE CEMETERY - LATE AFTERNOON

132

The cemetery is located above the village. TWO MEN in blue overalls carry the coffin - the simplest model of bright spruce. -

BRUNO and MICHEL follow two steps behind the coffin. Behind them follows SILVER CURL with the dead cat on a sofa cushion. RASTA and the DUTCH WOMAN form the tail.

The path is rocky and parched.

MICHEL looks up at the sky:

A bird of prey is circling slowly above their heads.

BRUNO also looks up:

BRUNO

There must be snakes here, it's circling for prey!

He picks up a white, sharp-edged stone.

CUT TO:

133 EXT. CEMETERY WALL - LATE AFTERNOON

133

A CROSS VIPER AT THE CEMETERY WALL -

BRUNO aims and throws the stone with all his strength.

The stone bounces against the wall and is -

JUST MISSING THE HEAD OF THE SNAKE

SILVER CURL

(rebukingly)

The snakes also have their place in nature!

BRUNO

I piss nature into the ass crack, Dude! I shit in her face! The nature, the nature, what a crap! The nature's God's entertaining slaughterhouse, his blood dripping private live-show, the shining example for all Nazis of all times! So fuck off, Bigot!

CUT TO:

134 EXT. OPEN GRAVE- LATE AFTERNOON

134

134 CONTINUED:

THE DEAD CAT

Is laid out by SILVER CURL's hands onto the coffin.

The coffin is lowered by ropes into the grave.

SLOW FADE OUT.

SLOW FADE IN:

135 INT. CENTRAL STATION ZURICH - NIGHT

135

BRUNO und MICHEL in front of Michel's sleeping car.

MICHEL

And you really feel good in your clinic?

BRUNO

Yes, yes, yes, yes! I can not complain.  
All is very easy going. I do have my  
Lithium.

He smiles insidiously:

BRUNO

But I don't already go back tonight. I'll  
stay in Zurich and go into a hooker bar.  
Zurich is crawling with hookers.

He frowns:

BRUNO

Due to the Lithium I can't get a hard on  
anymore but that does not matter, it  
doesn't matter at all, it's still great  
fun!

MICHEL

(lameley)

Sure... Of course...

He manages to embrace BRUNO. -

BRUNO kisses him on the cheek and then suddenly on the  
mouth.

BRUNO

Take care, Half-Blood.

MICHEL wipes his mouth, but has to smile.

He climbs into the sleeper. -

The train glides away and out of the hall.

135 CONTINUED:

135

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

136 INT. DESPLECHIN'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

136

The apartment looks extremely huge, because it is completely empty. The large window bay is naked. On the ground loads of books stacked into cartons. In the midst of this landscape sits on an oblong wooden box, DESPLECHIN, spick and span in his Italian-blue pinstripe suit. He's drinking from a Johnny Walker Black Label bottle.

He lowers the bottle from his mouth with a little smile:

DESPLECHIN

That's the way it is... End of the month  
I have to retire...

(petting the box)

Have a seat.

MICHEL sits next to him onto the chest. - DESPLECHIN wipes with his tucker over the bottle neck and holds the bottle out to MICHEL :.

DESPLECHIN

Want to join me?

MICHEL takes the bottle and drinks.

MICHEL

What do you want to do now?

DESPLECHIN

I don't know... This here is just... this has only been my official residence... Maybe some traveling... Maybe a little sex tourism.

(he smiles)

Just joking... In fact I'm not interested in sex anymore. Only the thirst for knowledge remains. The urge for knowledge is a strange thing. There are very few people who are obsessed by this desire, even among researchers; most are content to make a career and quite soon only want to reach an administrative position. This hunger for knowledge has played an incredibly important role in the history of mankind. Has your thinking "at rivers - in never ending afternoons" already led to a result? This is the last opportunity that I still can do something for you.

MICHEL

(unusually fast)

I need a position in Ireland. At the Institute for Genetic Research in Galway. I must be enabled to arrange quickly a simple series of experiments under very precise temperature and pressure conditions and with a wide range of radioactive markers. But above all, I need incredibly high computing power. I think to remember that the guys in Galway recently have got two air cooled Cray-Parallel-Computers with 272 processors, local memory- and router-chips on board.

DESPLECHIN

(with a trace of excitement)

Want to give your research a new direction?

He smiles ironically and adds in a low voice apologetically:

DESPLECHIN

The thirst for knowledge...

He takes a swig.

MICHEL

We should not proceed from the DNA anymore, but from self-reproducible molecules. There have to be structural stability conditions at the subatomic level. If you manage to calculate a stable configuration, even for just a few hundred atoms, then it's only a matter of computing power... But maybe I'm just a little bit prematurely.

DESPLECHIN stands up, goes to the bare windows and looks out:

DESPLECHIN

(dreamily)

Not necessarily...

CUT TO:

DESPLECHIN's point of view:

THE DESERTED BANK OF THE CANAL

Long lasting silence - then:

137 CONTINUED:

DESPLECHIN (O.C.)  
 (softly)  
 That could imply the immortality of men.

CUT TO:

138 INT. DESPLECHIN'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

138

MICHEL while standing up and going to DESPLECHIN:

MICHEL  
 I should be able to work completely  
 independently, without having to worry  
 about the hierarchy of the institution.

Turning around and leaning against the windowpane:

DESPLECHIN  
 I'll make a phone call to Walcott. You  
 should know each other.

MICHEL shrugs, leaning as well against the pane.

DESPLECHIN  
 Wasn't there something with Irish cows?

MICHEL  
 Long ago... Not a big deal.

DESPLECHIN  
 Not then! At that time it was a  
 sensation! - Don't worry.  
 Administratively this will be a simple  
 exemption, which automatically can be  
 extended year after year, as long as you  
 want it. I'll arrange, that this measure  
 can't be waived. Under no circumstances!  
 (with slight bitterness)  
 Whoever will become my successor.

He sighs. Then he extends his hand. - Shaking Michel's hand for a long time:

DESPLECHIN (CLOSE)  
 Religion and politics have failed. The  
 mind has lost the battle for a New Human  
 Being. The conversion must take place in  
 the genes. It's our last chance to  
 humanize mankind and stop the carnage.

SOUNDS OF JET ENGINES -

DESPLECHIN (CLOSE UP)  
 Do it well.

DISSOLVE TO:

138 CONTINUED: 79.  
138

JET ENGINES CONT'D

139 EXT. JET PLANE - BLUE SKY - DAY 139

A jet plane approaches the cloud cover which is spread under an inviolable blue sky.

CUT TO:

JET ENGINES CONT'D

140 INT. JET PLANE - DAY 140

MICHEL looking out the window.

For a few seconds he still sees -

The huge azure dome and the endless cloud cover.

Then he only can see the gray, moving, intermediate zone of the clouds.

Then the world of mankind slowly gains contour: pastures, animals and trees are to be seen; everything is green, moist and incredibly detailed.

CUT TO:

JET ENGINES CONT'D

141 EXT. SHANNON AIRPORT - DAY 141

WALCOTT watches the approach of the jet plane. He is a man of stocky build, with lively gestures and a nearly bald head with a wreath of reddish-blond hair.

The jet is landing and taxis to a standstill.

CUT TO:

142 EXT. LANDSCAPE BETWEEN SHANNON UND GALWAY - DAY 142

ROARING CAR ENGINE -

A TOYOTA STARLET is racing with murderous speed through hazy meadows and over the hills.

CUT TO:

ROARING CAR ENGINE CONT'D

143      EXT. ROAD TO ROSSCAHILL - DAY

143

The TOYOTA comes down the road to ROSSCAHILL past a gently sloping pasture on which a flock of fine light brown cows is grazing. They are relatively small built.

WALCOTT (V.O.)

Do you recognize them?

The car turns into a ravine and stops.

WALCOTT (V.O.)

These are the descendants of the first generation of cows which due to your work were bred a decade ago.

CUT TO:

144      I/E. WALCOTT'S TOYOTA - DAY

144

WALCOTT at the wheel:

WALCOTT

(smiling)

At that time our institute was very small and poorly equipped as you know. I came in shortly after you had left. You have done us a great service. Since then we are funded by the European Union. Want to see your creatures up close?

MICHEL gets out of the car.

WALCOTT accompanies him to the small stone wall that is surrounding the pasture.

WALCOTT

They are very robust, they breed without any problems and give excellent milk. Excuse me.

He goes to the opposite side of the ravine to pee.

WALCOTT

(over his shoulder)

For the cows you would actually be their God.

THE COWS graze quietly, rubbing their heads on the flanks of their companions; some are lying in the grass. -

A bank of fog descends. -

MICHEL shivers. He returns to the car.

144 CONTINUED: 81.  
144

WALCOTT already behind the windshield starts the engine. -  
DISSOLVE TO:

145 EXT. GALWAY - DAY 145

The TOYOTA is driving through GALWAY.

WALCOTT (V.O.)  
Many people here are Catholic. But that  
is gradually changing. Ireland is getting  
modern. All young people in this country  
dream to work at Microsoft.

CUT TO:

146 I/E . WALCOTT'S TOYOTA - DAY 146

WALCOTT at the wheel:

WALCOTT  
People go less to mass. There's more  
sexual freedom than years ago, more and  
more clubs and anti-depressants. Well,  
the classic scheme ...

DISSOLVE TO:

147 EXT. GENETIC RESEARCH INSTITUTE GALWAY - DAY 147

The TOYOTA dashes onto the institute grounds. WALCOTT and  
MICHEL get out and enter the building complex.

CUT TO:

148 INT. GENETIC RESEARCH INSTITUTE GALWAY - DAY 148

SOUNDS OF JET ENGINES -

EVERYTHING SEEN FROM ABOVE:

WALCOTT leads MICHEL through the building and introduces  
him to the technicians and programmers.

All the equipment is ultra modern - the rooms are  
spotlessly clean. -

DISSOLVE TO:

JET ENGINES CONT'D

149            INT. REFRIGERATED ROOM OF THE CRAY COMPUTERS - SURREAL            149

In the refrigerated room stand the two huge tower-shaped Cray computers with their millions of processors in massive parallel-construction.

THEIR CONTROL PANELS GLOW IN THE SEMI-DARKNESS

DISSOLVE TO:

JET ENGINES CONT'D

150            I/E. JET PLANE / LIGHTS OF THE CAPITAL CITY - NIGHT            150

Subjective view out of the jet plane which loses height and slowly goes deeper as inevitably be sucked in by the countless pulsating lights of the capital city at night. -

The jet is landing. The lights of the runway flash by. The cabin lights are switched on. The plexiglass of his window reflects MICHEL'S FACE.

ANNABELLE (V.O.)

You're not going to take me with you ...

PAUSE: ONLY THE JET SOUNDS

ANNABELLE (V.O.)

You didn't even think about it ...

PAUSE: OLY THE JET SOUNDS

ANNABELLE (V.O.)

We always understood each other so well - even when we were only twelve...

The plane stops at its gate.

THE SOUNDS OF THE JET ENGINES ARE DYING AWAY

ANNABELLE (V.O.)

Make me a child.

THE FASTEN SEATBELT SIGNS ARE EXTINGUISHED WITH A RING

SIMULTANEOUS CUT TO:

151            INT. APARTMENT ANNABELLE - MAGIC HOUR            151

ANNABELLE (CLOSE)

I need someone close to me. You need neither to raise it nor to acknowledge it, and you also do not need to take care of the child. I do not expect that you love it, that you love me, but just make me a child.

151 CONTINUED:

Pause: She takes a sip of red wine...

ANNABELLE (CLOSE)

I know that I'm already forty. I'll take the risk. This is my last chance.

Pause: She takes another sip of red wine...

ANNABELLE (CLOSE)

Sometimes I regret that I had an abortion. Although the first man of whom I got pregnant had been an asshole, and the second a completely irresponsible guy; when I was seventeen, I would never have imagined that life is so limited, that it offers so few opportunities. When is your final departure for Ireland.

MICHEL (O.C.)

In about four weeks...

PAUSE:

MICHEL (CLOSE ON) LIGHTS A CIGARETTE

MICHEL (CLOSE)

(releasing smoke)

That's a strange idea...

He takes another puff:

MICHEL (CLOSE)

(releasing smoke)

A strange idea to procreate when you don't love life.

Again ANNABELLE takes a sip of red wine... She gets up from the table on which lie the remains of a late lunch for two. She takes her glass with her, sets it down on the window sill and starts slowly to undress:

ANNABELLE

Let's at least sleep together. We haven't done it for a month. Two weeks ago I stopped taking the pill; I've just my fertile days.

She is absolutely beautiful in the bluish backlight by the magic hour. She puts her hands on her stomach and lets them glide over her body to push up her breasts while slightly spreading her thighs. -

MICHEL at the table lights up another cigarette.

Silence.

After a few pulls, MICHEL stubs out the cigarette. -

151 CONTINUED:

His first one isn't finished yet:  
 CLAMPED INTO THE ASHTRAY'S HALTER  
 IT IS ONLY SMOKED DOWN TO ITS HALF  
 AND STILL SMOLDERING -  
 WHILE MICHEL'S HAND STUBS IT OUT AS WELL:

MICHEL (O.C.)  
 (murmurs)  
 Agreed...

SLOW FADE TO BLACK.

GYNECOLOGIST (V.O.)  
 Sorry there is no doubt. Uterine cancer  
 in advanced stage.

SLOW FADE IN:

152 INT. GYNECOLOGIST'S CHAIR - DAY

152

GYNECOLOGIST (CLOSE)  
 It has to be made an abdominal  
 hysterectomy and bilateral oophorectomy.

ANNABELLE lies in the gynecologist's chair staring at the  
 doctor with an open mouth. -

He's standing between her raised legs:

GYNECOLOGIST (OSS)  
 The end of fertility doesn't mean that  
 your sex life is over...

He adjusts his spectacles.

GYNECOLOGIST (ON)  
 On the contrary, in some patients the  
 sexual desire develops even much  
 stronger.

He adjusts his spectacles.

ANNABELLE  
 (disbelievingly)  
 So you'll cut out my uterus ...

GYNECOLOGIST  
 The uterus, the ovaries and the fallopian  
 tubes; it's better to avoid any risk of  
 metastasis from the outset.

DISSOLVE TO:

153      EXT. BENCH AT THE SMALL RIVER - DAY - B&W      153

The backs of the very young couple - his left arm around her shoulders - she with blond braids. The couple is sitting as usual motionlessly watching the river flow.

Voice over the SPEAKER in the style of the early sex education films:

SPEAKER (V.O.)  
Cervical cancer often affects women  
shortly before her menopause.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

154      EXT. BENCH AT THE SMALL RIVER - DAY      154

MICHEL and ANNABELLE appear precisely at the identical spots of the young couple while it is dissolved by the transition.

Silence.

MICHEL puts his left arm around ANNABELLE's shoulder.

DISSOLVE TO:

155      INT. HOSPITAL WINDOW - MORNING      155

Through the window a blue sky can be seen. Slight movements by the wind in the trees. -

ANNABELLE'S INNER VOICE  
(rhythm of her heartbeat)  
Complete... Complete... Complete...  
Complete... Complete... Complete...

REVEAL:

156      INT. HOSPITAL BED - MORNING      156

ANNABELLE is half sitting in the bed and looking out the window. Her hands are on the blanket above her abdomen. -

ANNABELLE'S INNER VOICE  
(rhythm of her heartbeat)  
Complete... Operative... Removal...  
Complete... Operative... Removal...  
Complete... Removal...  
Complete... Removal...  
Removal...  
Removal...  
(pause)  
Removed...

156 CONTINUED:

ANNABELLE'S INNER VOICE  
(pause)  
Gone...

SILENCE

ANNABELLE'S INNER VOICE  
(rhythm of her heartbeat)  
Completely... Completely... Completely...  
Completely... Completely... Completely...

CUT TO:

157 INT. HOSPITAL WINDOW - MORNING

157

The same view of the blue sky and the slight movement by  
the wind in the trees.

ANNABELLE'S INNER VOICE  
(rhythm of her heartbeat)  
Completely... removed...  
Completely... removed...  
Removed...  
(pause)  
Gone...

SILENCE

ANNABELLE (O.C.)  
I'm gutted...

DISSOLVE TO:

158 EXT. BENCH AT THE SMALL RIVER - NOON

158

Radiant day.

MICHEL and ANNABELLE are sitting on their bench, as  
before - this time tightly embracing each other.

ANNABELLE  
I'm gutted... like a goose...

SILENCE

GYNECOLOGIST (V.O.)  
The control examination has shown that  
metastases have formed in the abdomen.

DISSOLVE TO:

159 INT. GYNECOLOGIST - DAY

159

GYNECOLOGIST (CLOSE)  
They are likely to spread further, and  
cancer will attack other organs.

159

CONTINUED:

87.  
159

He adjusts his glasses.

GYNECOLOGIST (CLOSE)

You can try it with radiation therapy. To be honest, this is the only thing you can do anyway.

He adjusts his glasses.

GYNECOLOGIST (CLOSE)

However, one must say that it is a rather difficult, not very tolerable treatment.

He adjusts his glasses.

GYNECOLOGIST (CLOSE)

The healing rate is less than fifty percent.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

160

INT. DIGITAL ALARM DISPLAY - NIGHT

160

TEETH GRINDING NOISES BY MICHEL (VOICE OVER):

SCREEN-FILLING:

THE BRIGHT RED NUMBERS OF MICHEL'S DIGITAL ALARM:

01.13.12

01.13.13

01.13.14

01.13.15

01.13.16

01.13.17

01.13.18

01.13.19

01.13.20

CUT TO:

161

INT. MICHEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

161

ANNABELLE turns on the bedside lamp:

CLOSE ON IN THE PILLOWS:

161 CONTINUED:

161

MICHEL'S FACE WITH EYES SHUT BUT IN TEARS

Very softly ANNABELLE caresses him and gently kisses his tears away.

He doesn't open his eyes, but stops grinding his teeth.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

162 INT. MICHEL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

162

ANNABELLE stands naked in the kitchen. She empties a glass tube of sleeping pills into the milk bowl on which MICHEL is imprinted. She crushes the tablets with a spoon.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

163 INT. DIGITAL ALARM DISPLAY - NIGHT

163

SCREEN-FILLING:

THE BRIGHT RED NUMBERS OF MICHEL'S DIGITAL ALARM SHOW:

03.13.12

03.13.13

03.13.14

03.13.15

03.13.16

03.13.17

03.13.18

03.13.19

03.13.20

CUT TO:

164 INT. MICHEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

164

MICHEL turns on his bedside lamp:

ANNABELLE's spot beside him is empty -

164 CONTINUED:

164

MICHEL jumps naked out of bed.

CUT TO:

165 INT. MICHEL'S APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - DAWN

165

THE EMPTY BIRDCAGE IS SLIGHTLY SWINGING

IT IS STILL HANGING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE LIVING ROOM -

THE CAGE GATE IS STILL OPEN -

ANNABELLE is lying naked on the couch with her eyes closed. A frozen smile surrounds her mouth. Her hands cover most of her abdominal scars.

CUT TO:

166 EXT. MICHEL'S BALCONY - DAWN

166

SUBJECTIVE VIEW FROM THE BALCONY:

The full but already very pale moon is still hanging between the high houses.

MICHEL'S INNER VOICE

If I speak in the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I'm a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal. And if I have prophetic powers, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I'm nothing.

SLOW DISSOLVE:

MICHEL'S INNER VOICE

And if I give away all I have, and if I deliver up my body to be burned, but have not love, I gain nothing.

167 INT. CREMATORY - DAY

167

A coffin is mounted on a mobile platform.

MICHEL reads out loud from a small book, with its red cover, looking like the Mao Bible:

MICHEL

Love is patient and kind; love does not envy or boast; it is not arrogant or rude. It does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful;

MICHEL (CONT'D)

it does not rejoice at wrongdoing, but rejoices with the truth. Love bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things. Love never ends.

He closes the book...

MICHEL

(soft murmur)

Hopefully so.

... and nods to a WORKER in blue overalls.

The WORKER sets the mechanism into motion. -

SLOW MOTION:

The cogs which drive the platform crunch gently while the coffin is slowly being driven into the combustion oven.

MICHEL'S INNER VOICE

(O.C.)

As for prophecies, they will pass away;  
as for tongues, they will cease; as for  
knowledge, it will pass away.

The door of the oven slowly closes again...

MICHEL'S INNER VOICE

(O.C.)

For we know in part and we prophesy in  
part, but when the perfect comes, the  
partial will pass away.

MICHEL looks through a window of fire-proof glass. -

MICHEL'S INNER VOICE

(O.C.)

For now we see in a mirror dimly, but  
then face to face. Now I know in part;  
then I shall know fully, even as I have  
been fully known.

At the moment the flames blaze from the giant burners -  
MICHEL turns his head and clasps his hands over his face,  
as if he has burned his eyes.

MICHEL'S LIPS

(whisper)

Hopefully so...

DISSOLVE TO:

168 INT. CREMATORY - DAY

168

White dust is poured by the WORKER into a small box. It is a cuboid of light spruce. -

MICHEL'S INNER VOICE  
(O.C.)

So for now faith, hope and love abide,  
these three; but the greatest of these is  
love.

LOUD PROPELLER NOISE -

The WORKER hands over the urn to MICHEL.

DISSOLVE TO:

LOUD PROPELLER NOISE CONT'D

169 INT. SMALL CHARTER AIRCRAFT - DAY

169

Shreds of clouds race past the Plexiglas window. -

MICHEL has the urn in his lap. He bends close to the window -

Subjective view purely through the Plexiglas:

THE CLOUDS ARE THINNING OUT -

BRIGHT BLUE SKY

ABOVE A SNOW WHITE LANDSCAPE OF CLOUDS

MICHEL stands up - He's the only passenger

Due to the flight movements he walks slightly unstable,  
with the urn to the pilot's cabin.

CUT TO:

LOUD PROPELLER NOISE CONT'D

170 EXT. SMALL AIRCRAFT - BRIGHT BLUE SKY - DAY

170

THE SMALL AIRCRAFT AGAINST THE BLUE SKY

IT RELEASES A TINY TRAIL OF WHITE DUST

THEN DIVES INTO THE CLOUDS BENEATH...

WHILE THE LOUD PROPELLER NOISE

IS CROSSFADING INTO A JET NOISE -

DISSOLVE TO:

170 CONTINUED: 92.  
170

JET NOISE CONT'D

171 INT. PLEXIGLAS - DAY 171

SCREEN-FILLING:

PURE VIEW THROUGH SLIGHTLY SCRATCHED PLEXIGLAS:

Brilliant blue sky above snow-white cloud formations.  
Dense wisps of fog begin to race over the plexiglas -  
JET NOISE IS CROSSFADING INTO ROARING CAR ENGINE -

DISSOLVE TO:

ROARING CAR ENGINE CONT'D

172 EXT. BETWEEN SHANNON AND GALWAY - AFTERNOON 172

DENSE FOG

The TOYOTA STARLET races through the landscape at high speed despite the fog.

WALCOTT'S VOICE  
You had a bereavement?

DISSOLVE TO:

ROARING CAR ENGINE CONT'D

173 INT. MICHEL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT - B&W 173

ANNABELLE stands naked in the kitchen. She crushes tablets from a glass tube into the milk bowl on which MICHEL is imprinted.

DISSOLVE TO:

ROARING CAR ENGINE CONT'D

174 I/E. WALCOTT'S TOYOTA - AFTERNOON 174

SCREEN-FILLING:

VIEW THROUGH THE TOYOTA WINDSHIELD:

The car has stopped - the engine is still running.

It's raining. The windshield wipers are moving in their intervals - time and time again they clear the sight on the herd of the small, light brown cows.

WALCOTT (O.C.)

I'm not from Ireland. I was born in Cambridge, and as it seems I have remained very English. It is often said that the English have developed a lot of serenity and restraint, and also have the habit of taking all events in life including the tragic ones with humor. This is largely true, but it is also completely idiotic.

WALCOTT AND MICHEL SITTING IN THE CAR:

WALCOTT

Humor can not save anyone. Humor ultimately leads to nothing. You can tolerate the events of life for many years with humor, sometimes even for decades, and in certain cases you can practically maintain a humorous attitude until the end...

THE WINDOW WIPERS CLEAR THE VIEW

ONTO THE HERD OF THE SMALL LIGHT BROWN COWS

STANDING PATIENTLY IN THE RAIN

WALCOTT (O.C.)

... But ultimately, life breaks your heart. No matter how much courage, serenity or humor you have developed throughout your life, in the end it always breaks your heart.

WALCOTT BEHIND THE WHEEL:

WALCOTT (CLOSE UP)

And then no one laughs anymore. What remains is only loneliness, coldness and silence. What remains is only death.

CUT TO:

ROARING CAR ENGINE CONT'D

EXT. LOUGH CORRIB - MAGIC

THE TOYOTA DRIVES ALONG THE LAKESIDE

WALCOTT (V.O.)

I've remained an atheist. But I can understand that one could become Catholic here.

The sun breaks out of a fog bank and forms a perfect white circle. -

175 CONTINUED:

WALCOTT (V.O.)

This country has something quite peculiar.

The whole lake is bathed in gleaming light.

WALCOTT (V.O.)

Everything vibrates constantly, the grass on the meadows, and the surface of the waters, everything seems to indicate a - "presence".

The mountain ridges of the TWELVE BENS MOUNTAINS overlay each other at the horizon in decreasing gray tones like film strips of a dream.

WALCOTT(V.O.)

The light is gentle and variable, like a changing matter. And the sky is also alive. The clouds form a blurred, luminous mass of a strange physical presence. You'll see and feel it.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

176 INT. APARTMENT IRELAND - DAY

176

SCREEN-FILLING:

A MOLECULAR CONFIGURATION ON MICHEL'S LARGE PC

MICHEL is chain smoking. -

His gaze goes to the window wall -

SCREEN-FILLING:

WAFY OF MIST PASS SLOWLY BEHIND THE WINDOW WALL

The DEAF-MUTE-INTERPRETER appears in the upper right corner and gesticulates:

The ticker reads:

COM... PASSION... SISTER... HOOD... SYM...PATHY... EM...  
 PATHY... LOVE... THE... WORLD... OF... TO... MORROW...  
 IS... FE... MALE...

DISSOLVE TO:

177 EXT. AUGHRUS POINT - SUNSET

177

MICHEL's old battered RANGE ROVER drives as far as possible to the very best observation point. MICHEL gets out of his car. -

The glistening sea is lying at his feet. -

His face is surrounded by a light moist haze. -

At the horizon the sun sets over the Atlantic.

SPEAKER (V.O.)

Aughrus Point is the westernmost tip of Europe. Four thousand kilometers of ocean separate Europe from America. This outermost corner of the western world, this "place of conversion" has always been immersed in gentle, permanently changing light. A magic place where the sky, the light and the waters merge.

DISSOLVE TO:

178 INT. REFRIGERATED ROOM OF THE CRAY COMPUTERS - SURREAL

178

IN THE SEMI-DARKNESS THE CONTROL PANELS ARE GLOWING

On the two huge tower-shaped Cray-Computers with their millions of processors in massive parallel-construction.

MICHEL, warmly wrapped up in a Russian fur cap, woolen mittens and a thick winter coat is sitting in front of the computers.

ANNABELLE'S VOICE

The lover hears the call of his beloved over the oceans and mountains; across mountains and oceans the mother hears the call of her child. The good deed is a bond, the evil deed a separation. Separation is another name for evil. It is also a different name for the lie. There is, in fact, only a glorious, huge interdependence. With the help of quantum mechanics, the conditions for the possibility of love can be restored. Love connects everything forever. Love never ends.

CUT TO:

179 INT. DESPLECHIN'S APARTMENT - SURREAL - B&W

179

The apartment looks extremely huge, because it is completely empty. The large window bay is naked.

179 CONTINUED:

179

On the ground loads of books stacked into cartons. In the midst of this landscape sits on an oblong wooden box, DESPLECHIN, spick and span in his Italian-blue pinstripe suit. He's drinking from a Johnny Walker Black Label bottle.

He lowers the bottle from his mouth:

DESPLECHIN (CLOSE UP)

Religion and politics have failed. The mind has lost the battle for a New Human Being. The conversion must take place in the genes. It's our last chance to humanize mankind and stop the carnage.

CUT TO:

180 **EXT. MONTAGE OF MILITARY CEMETERIES - ARCHIVE**

180

DEAD SILENCE

ARIAL FOOTAGE OF MILITARY CEMETERIES ALL OVER THE WORLD

Unadapted material in different colors and qualities.

In the tone of a war correspondent:

SPEAKER (V.O.)

The vile mankind with its boundless egoism and the outbursts of boundless cruelty and violence must disappear from the globe. Man must reinvent himself. A related, intelligent species in the likeness of humanity, which can propagate in twin forms through cloning and therefore is immortal.

FAST LOUD AND PENETRATING NOISES OF A PRINTER

SLOW DISSOLVE:

SPEAKER (V.O.)

A new mankind of brotherhood in a humanized nature...

181 **INT. APARTMENT IRELAND - DAY**

181

SCREEN-FILLING:

A BIG CANON LASER PRINTER

Like a weapon spitting out the pages of a thick manuscript with charts, formulas and calculations. -

ON THE LARGE PC:

181 CONTINUED:

## A NEW HIGH COMPLEX MOLECULAR CONFIGURATION -

Due to a cloud-free sky the window wall shows crystal clear views of the Errislannan peninsula. -

MICHEL punches in fighting mood aggressively stacks of manuscript pages.

He pushes the manuscripts into large envelopes.

ROARING NOISE OF A RANGE ROVER -

MICHEL labels them with a screeching felt pen:

*GENETIC LABORATORY - GALWAY*

*ACADÉMIE DES SCIENCES - PARIS*

*"NATURE" - LONDON*

*UNESCO - NEW YORK*

DISSOLVE TO:

ROARING NOISE OF THE RANGE ROVER CONT'D

182 EXT. MAIN POST OFFICE GALWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

182

Michel's RANGE ROVER stops in front of the post office.

MICHEL enters the building in a hurry with a huge stack of bulging envelopes.

DISSOLVE TO:

183 INT. REFRIGERATED ROOM OF THE CRAY COMPUTERS - SURREAL

183

THE COMPUTER WORK IN FULL SWING

SEEN FROM ABOVE:

WALCOTT enters the room surrounded by a cluster of staff members in white coats. He is holding up a voluminous manuscript.

THE TITLE READS:

*THE GALWAY STUDY*

WALCOTT shivers a little bit:

WALCOTT

(whispers)

The Galway Study

183 CONTINUED:

183

There's reverent silence.

SLOW FADE TO BLACK.

NOISE OF A CAR CONVOY -

SLOW FADE IN:

184 EXT. BETWEEN GALWAY AND AUGHRUS POINT - DAWN

184

WALCOTT'S TOYOTA IS LEADING A POLICE CONVOY  
LIKE A FUNERAL PROCESSION

FADE IN:

DYLAN (V.O.)

How many roads must a man walk down  
Before you call him a man

DISSOLVE TO:

185 EXT. AUGHRUS POINT - SUNRISE

185

MICHEL'S RANGE ROVER  
STANDING ABANDONED IN THE SUNLIGHT  
AT THE FURTHEST AUGHRUS VIEWPOINT

DYLAN (V.O.)

How many seas must a white dove sail  
Before she sleeps in the sand

The convoy approaches:

DYLAN (V.O.)

Yes an' how many times must the  
cannonballs fly -  
Before they're forever banned -

WALCOTT and POLICEMEN in uniform climb out of their cars:

DYLAN (V.O.)

The answer my friend  
Is blowing in the wind -  
The answer is blowing in the wind

The RANGE ROVER is unlocked and POLICEMEN start to  
examine the car:

DYLAN (V.O.)

Yes an' how many years can a mountain  
exist -  
Before it is washed to the sea

WALCOTT walks down to the sea:

DYLAN (V.O.)

Yes an' how many years can some people  
exist  
Before they're allowed to be free

The CHIEF of the Galway police in uniform follows WALCOTT to the water:

DYLAN (V.O.)

Yes an' how many times can a man turn his  
head  
And pretend that he just doesn't see

CHIEF

Do you think suicide is conceivable?

DYLAN (V.O.)

The answer my friend -  
Is blowing in the wind -  
The answer is blowing in the wind.

Short silence:

WALCOTT

It wouldn't surprise me. There was something terribly sad about him. I think he was the saddest person I've ever met in my whole life. Although the word sadness seems to me still just too weak: I should say that something was destroyed in him, something in him was completely defeated. I've always had the impression that life was a burden for him and that no relationship connected him with any living thing at all. I think he has persevered until he had finished his work, and none of us can imagine how much effort it may have cost him.

He turns around and goes back to his Toyota. The chief follows him at a distance.

DYLAN (V.O.)

Yes an' how many times must a man look up  
Before he can see the sky

The engines of the cars are started - and the convoy is driving away.

DYLAN (V.O.)

Yes an' how many ears must one man have  
Before he can hear people cry.

SCREEN-FILLING:

