

"Paris InChase"

By Max Smith

THE WHOLE FILM IS SET IN BLACK AND WHITE APART FROM THE COLOURS MENTIONED IN THE SCRIPT; THESE COLOURS ARE TO CONVEY EMOTIONS OF CHARACTERS AND TO EXPLAIN THE STORY IN A MORE SUBTLE MANNER. THE CAMERA USES A MODERN STYLE BLACK AND WHITE RATHER THAN AN OLD STYLE, FUZZY BLACK AND WHITE.

(On an aeroplane, a man sitting there is unnamed, eventually confirmed as Per Muller is sitting there with a row of three seats to himself, he's sitting there eating his salted peanuts looking out the window, he then starts staring at the airhostesses who walks past and he looks turned on and is obviously looking at her, and people notice this on the plane)

Per- Not bad hey (In German)

Airhostess- Excuse me sir, where are the other two, they are going to be late for the seatbelt signs when they switch on

Per- Their both in the toilets, one is a woman, one is a man, helpful? (In a poor English accent)

Airhostess- Brilliant thank you, nuts?

Per- Yes please, very Moorish (smiles and eats a nut)

Airhostess- I'll get them immediately

Per- Thank you

(A man comes back from the toilet, a large man with tattoos all over him and a deep voice. per has to stand up to let him get to his seat)

Per- Why couldn't you sit on the end?

Man- What about the girl dumbass, how's she supposed to get in then?

Per- Alright sorry, I forgot about her!

Man- How?

Per- Repression, it's quite a talent of mine, do you know who Freud is?

Man- I don't give a shit

Per- You asked me how, I mean come on how long she gonna take is she taking a dump in there or what?! (He laughs to himself)

Man- You're a prick

Per- Oh fuck you, she's just a woman, we supposed to treat them nicer cause they got a vagina, fucking hell where's your balls, in your throat?!

Man- Be careful...

Per- People can't be sexist anymore no, well I see a lot of women be sexist towards men, so don't give me any of that shit, where in Paris now my friend, and I'm in a suit, I rule the roost, don't forget it, possibly the most sexist city in the world, and you come here and expect to have women's rights from everyone, I know my views may be controversial, but they should never even get to vote

(He is then interrupted as he is awoken from his dream by the airhostess as the plane is about to land)

Airhostess- You ok?

Per- Yes mam, I was just dreaming of myself when I was younger and none the wiser, I've changed now though (He smiles and looks at the plane landing)

TITLE: PARIS INCHASE

(In Paris, at Orly airport. In terminal one Per leaves the airport and walks out to the sunshine of Paris despite it being late Autumn time, he is of German origin but has learnt American throughout his education. Immediately his Taxi appears, not allowing him time to take in the atmosphere of Paris. He enters the taxi and also places his suitcase in the back. The taxi driver is a smallish man with a hat covering his main facial features, he is however noticeably chewing on a tooth pick and acts rather aggressively and inattentive)

Per- Hello, nice to meet you (In a poor attempt to speak fluent English, this however improves as the film goes on)

Driver- (breathes heavily) You speak French? (French accent)

Per- No, I am from Germany, that's my first language

Driver- (In French) Stupid foreigners, its fucking typical

Per- Sorry, I couldn't understand?

Driver- (English) Oh yeah, I was just thinking to myself (He starts driving) Where are you going?

Per- City centre, it's a big building, where big meetings occur, what were you thinking about?

Driver- Just why I took the taxi job to pick people up from the airport, every time I pick up a foreigner, I think, oh my god, another foreigner, pardon the blasphemy, I blame the wife!

Per- She force you to take the job?

Driver- Worse than that, she has an addiction, to is it gambling, or playing

Per- Ah yes, the roulette?

Driver- No it's that three card thing

Per- Oh three card poker

Driver- Yeah she doesn't even know how to play it properly, yet she still plays for the thrill

Per- Is this in the gambling shops?

Driver- No, mostly every other weekend in Monte Carlo, she'd fuck me over if she ever ended up in Atlantic City, and probably push me to suicide if she ended up in Vegas

Per- it's good in moderation though yes?

Driver- I suppose, but she doesn't do that, she binge bets, like I said she wastes around 200-300 euros a fortnight, sometimes I could throttle the bitch

Per- Ha, women ey, they are all stupid in their own way, even when they do men's activities

Driver- Yes, yes they are, they blame us for alcohol consumption, the hypocrisy, the next week they'll excessively shop for unhelpful goods (They laugh) I mean I can't even get a pint of Kronenbourg without her yammering

Per- That is women; I remember before my wife died, she would come to me and say, put the cigarette down, or you get no sex, I say to her listen you can't tell me to put my cigarette out bitch, why don't you stop being a slag and wear some clothes, she's out in the garden at a party telling me in minus degrees to put my cigarette out when she's in tights and a skirt and I'm in a woolly jumper made of real sheep

Driver- Ah yes, I see, I see, she don't live anymore though no?

Per- Well she was little bit of a bad girl to be honest, she was bad and I was bad, we didn't get along too well towards the end

Driver- How did she die? If you don't mind?

Per- She froze to death (Laughs) how ironic hey, I fucking told her, no she had a mental disease on a serious topic, I was sad for her but happy that the pain for her was over

Driver- Oh I thought you were serious about the freezing thing, what mental disorder did she have?

Per- She has dissociative personality disorder, one minute she'd be nice as pie, the next she would be trying to choke a child in the street, she wasn't fit for this world unfortunately, I never loved her really, and deep down she never really loved me, we two different types of pollen in a bed of soil, we forced together you know?!

Driver- Oh I see, how long ago was this?

Per- seven, seven years ago, so a while!

Driver- Well I'm sorry to hear that, why are you in this beautiful city anyway?

Per- I work for the company Samsung, I'm the German correspondent, quite well off actually, we are meeting Germans in the headquarter building in Paris to discuss the new model and the new deal we have in store for Samsung

Driver- Cool do you have a name tag?

Per- No, they have never given me one actually, never bothered asking really

Driver- You don't sound too German I have to say?

Per- Ah been living in America for a long time, but I can still talk German, my wife bless her was American

Driver- You just seem to have lost that strong sounding pronunciation that you German's have

Per- (In German) That can be considered racism (English) As we know all racism is just stereotyping, but people take it too serious do they not?

Driver- Yes they do, I don't see the harm in having a fun time talking about traditions such as us, we apparently eat frogs legs, and grow gapped moustaches, and the only loaf of bread we can get is a baguette

Per- As Germans, we can top that, we are hated by civilisation for our past, some basterds can't let go, you also forgot to mention the attractive ladies in France

Driver- Ah yes, the attractive ladies, overrated, very overrated, they all thick, don't know their left from their right, very stupid (Silence and then they both laugh)

Per- Seriously?

Driver- Yeah my wife is putting on my shoes wrong, she's fucking useless, hey but she's an attractive one

Per- Its weird this isn't it?

Driver- What is?

Per- I'm German and you're French, we should be fighting over who gets land and talking about our history, here we are instead criticising the countries we were raised in. It's very unusual, do you agree?

Driver- Ah yes, but we have depicted in a good way do you agree?

Per- no we have depicted in the worst possible way

Driver- (In French) Fucking argumentative German (In English) were nearly there?

Per- What did you say then, I heard German mentioned?

Driver- No I never said anything about Germany, how long you staying for then?

Per- Five days

Driver- Ah very short time, you won't be able to have too many self-pleasing time in those five days will you?

Per- Oh I'm very quick, I'll let you know (They laugh)

Driver- That's not a good thing

Per- Actually in evolutionary terms, we shouldn't criticise the speed of ejaculation

Driver- Why?

Per- Well shouldn't we all be as quick as possible so we can make more offspring as quick as possible, as animals we are supposed to have instinctive sex with a random person in the streets, that's what the id tells us to pursue, sorry another Freud reference

Driver- Well why don't you do everything instinctively?

Per- Because there are rules in our society, rape is a disgusting thing, we have been brought up to think this, and of course no one should ever partake in any sort of none consensual sex

Driver- So your theory, it's redundant

Per- No (In German) Stupid French man (English) The ejaculation speed is still an interesting topic for Darwinologists to investigate, without a reason we are basically giving in to Christianity, don't get me wrong I don't mind that though

Driver- Ok here we are

Per- Ah thank you very much (He leaves the vehicle and takes his suitcase)

Driver- That'll be for you, because you were great company (He looks at the metre that says 80 euros) 100 euros, I'll round it down for you

Per- Thank you very much (He gives the money and walks off)

Driver- (In French) Fucking German basterd, you are all the same (Look of disgust and drives off)

Per- (Looking at the Eiffel tower in the distance) (speaks to himself in German) It's good to be here (He walks towards a large building, the biggest on the street for the meeting that starts in 5 minutes and he takes his time as he approaches the building)

(He is looking at all the market stalls, selling various different souvenirs, Per is wearing an emotionless white and black suit, and the people working at the stalls treat him as if he where emotionless, and don't approach him. He tries to feel various things at the market but they are quickly swept away from him by the people working on the markets, who shout in French 'You cannot touch, you buy or look or leave')

CUT TO:

(In the meeting room, he appears 5 minutes late, the only people in there are German, apart from one man, Robert, who is French, there are also 3 Germans, Per, Manuel and Phillip)

Per- Sorry for being late Manuel (All in German)

Manuel- Just sit down, we have business to attend to, apologise later when I can give you a warning about future tolerations (he laughs with a jokey way of talking and he is a very nice, easy going person who is a fairly attractive man)

Per- Ok yes Manuel, and who is this?

Manuel- Ah, Per, this is Phillip, leader of... sorry, ex leader of the app shazam, very well off, as you know that's why we are here for his app

Per- Ah, nice to meet you Phillip, my name is Per

Phillip- I know, please take a seat, and lets attend to business as Manuel said (Phillip is a small man with a mean sounding voice and a face that lacks beauty)

Manuel- Sorry, and this in the corner here (He waves) That's Robert, he's French by trade but he is also a translator, not for this meeting, because we are all German speaking, but for when we talk to the French about another new innovation, if we ever get one, between you and me he's a bit redundant right now!

Per- That's good, prepared, sorry Phillip care to shake hands (They shake) I don't feel like I properly know someone until I shake their hand

Phillip- I see what you mean, a lot of energy is exerted through a handshake, you gaze to the left of my face

Per- If I did, and that offends I apologise, it wasn't a conscious thing

Phillip- No it's good, nearly everyone on first glance looks to the right of the recipients face, but you show individuality, I like that, you're different to the rest of them

Per- Well thank you Phillip, nice to see you support a good soccer team (pointing at the suitcase, which has the Bayern Munich crest abraded on it)

Phillip- Ah yes, well I was named after Phillip Lahm after all, do you like soccer, or football?

Per- Actually no, I can't stand it, but that badge looked familiar, I am into real football, you know with the helmets, and Baseball

Phillip- Ah so very American based?

Per- My deceased wife was American

Phillip- Ah sorry to hear, well there's nothing wrong with America I suppose

Manuel- She died; I didn't even know you were married

Per- There is... (Ignoring Manuel's comment)

Manuel- Should we proceed with the meeting?

Phillip- Yes absolutely

Per- America are the people who destroyed Germany, and the Brits, do you not remember World War 2?

Phillip- I wasn't alive then (laughs) so shall we get on?

Per- Bet you think women should vote too?

Phillip- (silence) Listen Per, you seem to be the one living in the past, so shall we continue this now perhaps before I get disinterested

Per- Let's!

Manuel- Can I begin the pitch then? (in front of a monitor and large screen with a remote in hand)

CUT TO: THE END OF THE PITCH

Manuel- And furthermore I believe that the design will allow any generation to use it and feel familiar with it, you know due to its grip and design, thank you

Phillip- Ok thank you, you may have mentioned design a little too much in the presentation but I'll let you off

Per- That was a good pitch wasn't it?

Phillip- Yes but he said design twice in the last sentence alone

Per- Don't tell me you are going to reject us on math

Phillip- No of course not, I loved it

Manuel- Really?

Phillip- Yes absolutely, all I need now is you both to come to my house, with Robert I don't know if he wants to or not (He then mimes 'don't really bring him'), but I suppose he's invited, my wife will cook us a lovely meal, she can even sit at the table with us (They all laugh) yes so tonight, does that sound ok?

Per- Well I've just had a tricky flight, can we do it tomorrow night?

Phillip- Ah tomorrow I'm meeting somebody

Per- Who?

Phillip- Beg your pardon, I'm not going to tell you my secrets

Manuel- Don't ask questions Per, it's his life, can we do it tomorrow over lunch?

Phillip- Yes absolutely, it's really just a quick meal and sign papers

Manuel- Sounds fun, I can't do it, I've just realised, I'm busy tomorrow lunch time

Per- What can you be doing?

Manuel- I'm meeting someone

Per- Is it a girl?

Manuel- You know I have a wife

Per- It wouldn't surprise me if you were having a fling, we are in Paris after all, your wife doesn't know

Manuel- Ha, no I'm an honest man, it is a woman though (Per laughs a strange amount) it's not sexual though, she might be good for you though

Per- Ha, I doubt it, no one is, will I get introduced or is she the same as every other woman?

Manuel- She's the same (Smiles) Maybe Wednesday night?

Per- I can do that

Phillip- Absolutely I'll tell the wife, well I have another meeting anyway to attend, a more subdued one than this, less business more...

Per- Having sex with the wife?

Phillip- No, but nice guess, see you both Wednesday (he walks out)

Per- So when's the meeting with the French correspondent?

Manuel- He's a business magnate, not a correspondent, he never has and never will have to work for Samsung, so just get it right, and you're not going anyway, and if you were listening you'd understand that

Per- Why?

Manuel- Because you're more useful for the American meetings, French isn't your thing and it isn't on this trip, we just need one just in case, you just enjoy your holiday, I'll see you bright and early tomorrow, we can go skiing or something (He smiles)

Per- I don't know, skiing isn't really my thing, why can't I go the meeting, French people speak English anyway, heck some of them may even speak my first language!

Manuel- What's that, bullshit? Ha-ha, no you don't need to come they talk fucking French, not English, there's no guarantee a meeting with the French is happening anyway

Per- My taxi driver spoke English

Manuel- Well isn't he fantastic, he obviously worked hard in school to understand new languages like yourself, where are you staying so I can get you tomorrow morning?

Per- Erm... The Charonne hotel, I think

Manuel- Ok I'll see you then, bright and early yeah!

CUT TO: SUNNY

(Shows Per looking through his fingers as he shades his eyes from the sun and unveils the name of his hotel 'The Charonne hostel')

Per- (To himself) oh shit, fuckin hell I always get the fucking hostels (He walks in apprehensively to see a woman on reception, she is old and very 'ugly') Hello, my name is Per Muller

Woman- You speak German (In French)

Per- Oh sorry (In English now) Do you speak English?

Woman- (Nods her head) I try, not good though

Per- That'll do, I am Per, I booked in from Tuesday to Friday night?

Woman- Yes, you booked in (Looking down the names in the hostel) You ask for bed?

Per- I hope so

Woman- Yeah you did, room 3, you make no noise, and you make no sex, don't want to wake up from sleep hearing humping noises and people fucking, you see?

Per- I'll try keep the sex down (Smiles but the woman is unimpressed) why didn't you smile?

Woman- I think that was a disgusting joke

Per- Just because you are frigged doesn't mean the world has to be god damn it (He takes his key and walks to his room talking to himself again in German) Stupid bitch, you're fucking disgusting fucking stupid old dirty slut whore

(In his room he throws his tie on the bed and opens his suitcase to get his laptop out of it and places it on the table, he then takes his shirt off and walks around looking out of the small window in the room, he closes the blinds, he turns around and checks the bouncing prowess of the bed and then sits down next to the table again whilst the laptop sets up. The room is basic with a picture of a Monet painting on the wall above the single bed, he has a small balcony which fits on a white plastic chair and the table and that's it, the table has rules taped to it with only 3 rules on it, all of them the same as the whore said before, there is also a mini sink that can just about fit a males hand in it. He clicks his fingers and pulls out a bag from his suitcase, it is a small bag of a white substance, he lines it up like cocaine, but it isn't cocaine, instead it's crushed up sleeping pills for insomnia, he licks it off the unhygienic table and shakes his head, he begins to type in his computer in a document called 'Monday to Friday script')

Per's typed work- (All in English) I've had my crushed ecstasy, and I'm now typing, all Tuesday night, or whatever fucking night it is, I don't care... my life is lonely and sad, and I'm a tedious writer looking to escape the reality of my sad life as a modern day miner for a corporate fat cat in Texaco, those basterds have me working 9-9, 6 and half days a week, do I complain yes, do people know of my complaints no, because I write to myself about it, I live with a friend who hardly gives two shits about me and my wife has left me for another man, oh the pain, you know why she left me, because I'm addicted to writing, addicted to writing scripts, I just can't stop, if only someone could help me, can you help me? Well you may as well be dead to me then, my name is Derek don't forget that when you are in America looking at my tombstone, I suppose I'm easily forgettable I've done nothing my whole life, other than sit here writing scripts acting out scenes that will never make it to screen, my life is fucking lonely, and all I

have is a fucking script to show for it, and I can't even knock a bitch up, I can't even have kids, it's going to take a fucking miracle to save me from killing myself, all these racist and fascist people walking around being all righteous, what world is this I live in?!

(Per yawns) and I still keep typing despite my exhaustion, I am currently sleeping in Madrid with a room made of a bed and consisting of a table which I'm typing on as for tomorrow, well I'm working underground, digging more stones, making more oil, but as for my scripted character, well he's a gangster and he has whatever he wants, all the bitches, all the babies all the fucking money he wants and as for me... (He stops typing and falls asleep mid-sentence)

CUT TO: DARKNESS

(Per wakes up at an awkward time very early morning it takes him 30 seconds to fully wake up. He walks up to the window and opens the blinds and looks for a while. He then sees people walk past in their numbers, and a young couple behind them laughing and messing but are too far away from him to have a proper look at them. Instead he just smiles and turns his laptop off and sits down for a while in his chair, and a time-lapse shows the sun slowly rise through the half open blinds, he then opens the laptop and pulls down his pants and nothing is seen but it is insinuated that he masturbates and the scene ends with a slight shadow of him on the wall this suggests his loneliness)

CUT TO: JUST AFTER

(Per is in the bathroom washing his hands and the steam off the water condensates the mirror In front of him. He then writes on the mirror with his finger 'A mirror scene', he then wipes all the condensation off the mirror to reveal his face, he then starts to pull silly faces in the mirror, as well as messing with his hair to try and style it out. He pulls faces and messes around for around a minute, he stops and turns on the tap again and lets the mirror steam up again, he then writes on it again 'Why do I have insomnia?', he then wipes the condensation away again and he looks blindly into the mirror for a while and he soon realises he's been staring at it for ages and shakes his head and walks out)

(Per's walking down a long street in the dark and looking from left to right at various late night places, he sees clubs with people drinking, arguing and fighting outside them. He then walks past an XXX shop and goes to enter but witnesses a gentlemen's club further down the road, he progresses to the gentlemen's club walking past a restaurant and sees the back of a man's head and woman talking to him intrigued, he then stands up and heads the toilet. Carl enters the club and a man is on the ticket office)

Man- (In French) Its 5 euro for a stamp?

Per- I can see what it's like first? (In English and the man converse in English too)

Man- no, you pay now, and we let you in, no money, no dance, what's the point?

Per- Well I have the money I just want to know what I'm spending it on; you pay for a pair of shoes without looking in the box do you?

Man- You don't get to look at women's titties without giving in some European currency

Per- Fucking hell, here have the money (He gives him the note)

Man- Ah real as well, you look far too serious and smart to enter a place like this, why not just bash to a woman in a magazine?

Per- I've come from a meeting, you have to be careful what you say, you'll be called sexist

Man- Hypocrisy? You enter a place like this and you call me a pig?!

Per- I'm not the one who has raised them from 12 year old girls to become strippers for males with big balls full of testosterone

Man- Listen sir, you will either go in now, or waste the 5 euro?! And people like you are the reason why we raise them from 12 year olds

Per- Here's the thing, can you take a picture of me?

Man- No can you leave please, you're getting on my nerves?

Per- Take note of my face!

Man- Why?

Per- You are French, you are clever, remember my face, I don't want you to ever let me in this place!

Man- A minute ago you ask for lap dancer now you don't even want a drink?!

Per- I'm a redeemed character, trust me please, remember my face, don't ever let me in, I'm trying to fight my urges

Man- yes for sure, leave then!

Per- Thank you, see I'm like you but 100 times worse, I'm a nymphomaniac, and a sexist

Man- Did your doctor tell you this?

Per- What, no, the internet

Man- Sounds like you are more of a hypochondria, bit of boobies don't hurt no one

Per- But will turn me on too much, like I said I'm reformed I can't enter a place like that (He walks off and after he walks down the road seeing couples kiss, heterosexual and homosexual, Phillip walks into the gentlemen's club with Manuel and as Per walks past the restaurant from before he sees the taxi driver from earlier walk out of the restaurant and the woman and man have gone, the taxi driver enters his taxi and does up his zipper on his jeans)

CUT TO: WEDNESDAY NIGHT

(Per approaches the door with a bottle of wine and goes ring the bell and then instead knocks on the door to which Phillip answers)

Phillip- We have the bell (In German throughout scene)

Per- I was fearful it wasn't going to work, bells never work for me

Phillip- I have a thing about knocking, you shouldn't knock!

Per- Is it a superstition?

Phillip- No its because of the damn dog, you hear his barking?

Per- No

Phillip- You don't hear that?

Per- No, what are you on about?

Phillip- Must just be me and my wife who hear it then (He smiles) Come in, from my experience of living In Paris over the last five years, you get very cold at night, come in quickly now

Per- (He enters) I brought a bottle of wine

Phillip- Oh superb, give to my wife, she's in the kitchen, where else would she be ey?

Per- Ha-ha yes, absolutely

(He enters the kitchen)

Per- Excuse me? (He sees her bent over taking something out of the oven and her perfect looking buttocks stare at him and he gets sweaty and nervous and she turns around and is the most gorgeous woman he has seen by the look on his eyes)

Woman- Hey, you must be Manuel, no Per?

Per- Yes, you are a lovely thing

Woman- Lovely thing? My names Raquel, please (Being polite) were not all things us females, you've been speaking to Phillip obviously

Per- Well Raquel, here's some wine, are you joining us?

Raquel- Thank you very much, no I'm not joining, I'm just making the dinner and then going upstairs (She rolls up her sleeves and it reveals bruises and cuts but its fizzy and hard to see, and Per mimes to himself 'my god')

Per- So why aren't you joining us?

Raquel- I don't think Phillip wants me to butt in on conversation

Per- You can be there to look at, I mean, that came out wrong, I mean that appeared wrong

Raquel- You mean well

Per- Well I'm going to get my spade

Raquel- What?

Per- To dig myself out of a hole ha-ha

Raquel- Ah I see (She laughs)

Per- Bye (He walks into the dining room where Manuel is sitting and talking with Phillip) Hello

Manuel- Ah Per late again, come take a seat

Phillip- Yes dinner will be ready soon

Per- Did you all do things last night?

Manuel- No we both went out the night of the meeting, went to some weird joint, you wouldn't like it

Per- gay club was it?

Phillip- No... it was a good place, good vibe, full of girls (he smiles)

Per- I went somewhere similar that night

Manuel- Yeah of course you did, what's for dinner, If you don't mind?

Phillip- We are having roasted gammon with ironic French fries... what's the look for? Where you expecting gourmet cuisine at my house, the finest delicacy in the whole of Paris, I mean fuck me you didn't even bring me round champagne, just a touch of red wine, that can only be described as a lacklustre attempt to impress my wife

Manuel- Phillip... Phillip calm down, no one was giving a look

Phillip- So what about you?

Per- Me

Phillip- Yeah you come to my house, I expect to talk to you, any girls on the scene?

Per- For me, there hasn't been one for ages, at least 3 months

Phillip- What happened someone give you a snip whilst you were high or something?

Per- No I've been going to insomnia classes

Manuel- They sound like they'd put you to sleep (Phillip and Manuel laugh)

Per- No it's not funny, I can't sleep, I try to wank that doesn't help, I even try to play in the mirror that doesn't fucking help, I write, does that help?! Sometimes!

Phillip- Sounds depressing, you know what you need, a nice woman, a woman who you can just use all your anger on, you've had a shit day who's there your wife or girlfriend, she's there whenever you need her, you can shout all the problems at her and she will help you, and you will confide with her

Per- No...

Phillip- What do you mean no?

Per- No, you shouldn't be violent towards women

Phillip- Did I say I was?

Per- No but that's typical people who domestically abuse people, they do insinuate it but never fully admit to it, not saying that you are, just saying to be careful

Phillip- I can't believe I'm hearing this

Manuel- Let's get off the topic shall we

Per- All I'm saying is that I know, I used to abuse a girlfriend when I was younger, I got my punishment

Manuel- Did you?

Phillip- What was the punishment?

Per- What I'm suffering now, insomnia, I wouldn't touch a woman in any violent or none consensual way, because I feel god is teaching me a lesson, he teaches all of us lessons when we need them

Phillip- You sound like a jackass, I mean listen to yourself, go probe other people about Christianity I'm not interested

Manuel- Come on guys, off the topic

Per- You need to be careful, you'll end up losing her, I'm just warning you

Phillip- Warn shit, I'm not listening to this

Per- Like I said I've got insomnia and something I research a lot on my computer is domestic abuse, sexism and how I can change

Manuel- He did used to be an ass, he's a lot better now though

Per- I used to be very sexist, I couldn't understand the difference between an elastic band and a woman, to me they had the same personality and the same use, I could manipulate them to do a lot, but redemption was something I found, once I was caught in the act of sexually violating a female I changed, I don't act like that anymore, I don't even go near women anymore, and they tend to not go near me

Manuel- Where did you develop that opinion?

Per- My father was not too kind to my mother or sister, but was nice as pie to me, so I followed his actions, and I learnt to repress feelings and memories of my father so much as a child that I can hardly remember what he, or my deceased mother looked like

Phillip- Well this is depressing, dinners here anyway (She places the dinner down and walks off quickly) you wait for me upstairs my honey, let's eat

CUT TO: LATE IN THE EVENING

(They are laughing with their plates licked clean)

Phillip- So I said to him, listen Manuel I said to him, can you hear the dog, and he was so fucking confused

Per- That's because I thought you were crazy (They laugh) so that was a lie?

Phillip- Of course it fucking was, you guessed it right, it's a superstitious thing, I hate knockers

Manuel- Superstitious? You?

Per- I thought you weren't Christian?!

Phillip- What, you don't have to be?!

Per- Well you have to believe in something?

Manuel- I believe we should stop

Per- Something tells me, you're not as it seems, you not ordinary!

Phillip- How do you come to that assumption?

Per- It's not an assumption it's a calculation of many things, to be superstitious you have to believe in something, a kind of fate, or karma, an act of god a power greater than our own, something like that

Phillip- Yes I may believe in karma, doesn't mean I'm at all religious

Per- But It does, it fucking does, you can't just walk around with your life being dictated by karma and not think who applies this equilibrium to the world, someone has to

Phillip- I don't think about things like you, I just go about my life

Per- You haven't read the bible?

Phillip- Why would I read the bible?

Per- I just feel that you're a closet Christian, I think reading it would allow you to accept yourself

Phillip- And who are you, you were beating women earlier on in the night you compared a pussy to a... to a fucking string of rubber, I mean who the fuck are you? (Tension and noise level rises)

Per- I'm the man who found redemption and my life change by reading a simple book, and you are the man who can't see that his denial is stronger than first thought

Manuel- Guys you have both done sins, let's just brush things under the carpet and sign some contracts yes?

Phillip- Sins? No, the only sin I have ever done in my life perhaps pride, pride of my house, my family, my wife, a wife who treats her husband with the respect he deserves, a wife who tends to his every need every day.

Per- Maybe your sin is that fact you can't bear to admit to yourself that your wife is scared of you

Phillip- What get out of my house, get out!

Manuel- Come on now, Phillip let's get the contracts signed and then he can leave yes?

Phillip- Your sin is lust, lust for women instead of making advances like nature intends you, masturbating off women who would normally never show you their ankle not alone their cunts, get out of my life you lonely sad man

Per- Don't use that word, show some respect

Phillip- respect, oh ok, because I don't believe in mumbo jumbo that means I'm not as superior as you are, you know what you really are a piece of scum aren't you, you think cause you've changed your life around you have the righteousness, the morality, the great virtue to criticise me in my own home, you may not like to fuck a woman like I do anymore, but god damn it evolution tells us we should fuck whatever we want and if a woman doesn't want to take in our beauty then we should turn violent, so get the fuck out of my house, you fucking outcast in life

Per- (He stands up and puts his coat on and Manuel shakes his head) Over compensating your lack of religious beliefs by bringing in science, very clever, you keep your wife in this hell hole pretending life is normal, you have no respect do you?! Your opinions are 19th century shit

Phillip- Get out

Per- I'm going Phil, typical Munich asshole

Phillip- Get out of my house, you're racism is not welcome

Per- Contradiction again, good luck living a life of tripping over your footsteps (He storms out)

Phillip- You expect me to do a deal tonight Manuel?

Manuel- I don't know, will you?

Phillip- Tell you what you can do, you can get the fuck out of my house, my wife is waiting for sex and you are stalling it now, quite frankly she won't wait up too long

Manuel- You sound like a pimp, shut up, with respect Phillip

Phillip- The pair of you are pathetic your views are surfaced by political madness, you follow the bogus that we should treat women with respect... you think that because they can vote and get jobs and play sports they're more human therefore (he laughs) leave now, my wife is waiting

Manuel- Raquel deserves better, just saying

Phillip- (He laughs) keep walking, Fuck off!

(He leaves and Raquel comes down stairs in a sexual outfit)

Raquel- Have they gone? (Nervous and full of cuts and bruises on the skin that is on show)

Phillip- Yeah my honey they left, they don't understand our relationship, well let me tell you I ain't signing any papers, they've fucked the deal up now, I invite them into my home, and they criticise our relationship, BASTERDS!

Raquel- Come here (She hugs him and kisses and he is unfazed by her sexual advancements)

CUT TO: OUTSIDE NIGHT

(Shows Manuel catch up with Per who is staring into space)

Manuel- Per wait there!

Per- I ain't going anywhere; I'm just staring at the stars, crazy aren't they

Manuel- yes well, they are none of our concern

Per- I'm sick Manuel... I'm sick of my life, I'm fed up of chasing lost causes, I do nothing, all I do is walk around judging others, I said as soon as my wife died-

Manuel- About that, when and how did you get married and did she die?

Per- I said when she died, I would change, I would become a new man, I used to be like Phillip, thinking women are just objects, well they're not, I know that, but what have I done to prove I'm completely reformed, I should feel redemption but I don't have it, there's something there, a fulfilment in my life that I am yet to grasp, I need someone to show me what it is, that's why I look at these stars, that's why I can't sleep, that's why I feel so lonely and dismantled

Manuel- Well only you can do something about it, staring at stars ain't gonna help, they don't even fucking move, I'm going home anyway, and then phoning work to see whether we have got the sack for not getting the contract, no doubt we have

Per- Why don't you speak English?

Manuel- If I told you that then my mysterious persona would disappear (He walks away and Per smiles as he looks at him walk off)

Per- (Shouts) Must be the romance!

Manuel- (Shouting back) What?

Per- The Paris air, it must make me emotional, the romantic air

Manuel- Whatever! (They both laugh loud)

(Per looks back at Phillip's house and says to himself)

Per- You disgusting son of a bitch!

CUT TO:

(Waiting for a bus that same night in a quiet part of the village, per is sitting there with a hooded young boy and a gothic girl both around 14 years of age and they are sitting tightly together, per checks his watch. The young boy starts to shout aggressively at the girl in French and she shouts back and Per grabs the boy and doesn't talk because they wouldn't understand him, the French girl then begins

to hit Per with her handbag saying in French for him to leave her boyfriend alone, he lets go and they both run off together and run round the corner. A French old man walks past shaking his head at the running youths)

Per- You can't win ey!

Man- Oui!

(The bus arrives, a single decker with the bus driver firmly protected by a shield, he pays and walks to the back of the bus, three rows from the very back. It is just him and a couple who are around his age near the front, the male is wearing a hat that he wears throughout and is wearing a hooded jumper which is coloured white in this scene, and the woman beside him is dressed in a provocative red dress, the man's face is not seen, but the woman can be seen as she is facing sideways. Suddenly from being fully black and white, there is more colour added as Per's jumper becomes green. Per looks into the window where he can see his reflection and he can overhear laughter from the couple, he begins to pull stupid faces again as it is a conscious conditioning of getting to sleep with his insomnia for when he gets home. His eyes begin to close slowly like he's about to fall asleep. The bus starts to move and Per begins to try and wake himself up again. The bus stops outside a club in the village and the couple begin to leave the bus, the man's face is still unseen but the girl looks at him properly and she is a beautiful model like female with a great body and desirable eyes and facial features. She looks straight at Per and mimes the words 'save me, I want you to save me' she winks and seductively smiles at Per with the man facing the other way whilst they hold hands and walk, she does it until the bus is out of sight of the couple. Per can't get a clear look at the man at all, but they do look to head into the club called 'suffragette city')

CUT TO: HOSTEL ROOM

(At Per's hostel room he opens the door with his key and immediately sits down on the bed and tries to sleep, but to no avail. He ends up sitting down at the table and opening his laptop and begins to type)

Per's script- The loneliness continues to creep in, I feel things need to change, my over reliance on technology is unbearable, but then I think to myself aren't we all over reliable on electricity these days... maybe I'm being stupid, but my girlfriend hasn't shut up about it for days, I hit her a few times to allow the anger to flow through my nerve endings and into her, we then jump into bed and have vigorous, wild sex, she's naked, I'm naked and we rock all night, shaking the bed off its hinges, but I don't want to make you all jealous of my amazing sex life, because my life is no better than yours... but at least I don't have insomnia... at least I'm not lonely, thinking I'm great and yet struggling to get through life without writing poetry about pseudo-deep ideas...

(Per shakes his head and stands up closing the laptop on the way, he then enters the bathroom and writes a message on the compensated mirror from the water he used washing his hands, 'Bored, oh so very bored, can't get balance' he wipes it away and gets the condensation back, 'I need excitement, but I need sleep' all written in English)

CUT TO: AFTERNOON

(Per waits patiently looking quite exhausted in a restaurant in the fairly hot sunshine. Suddenly Manuel appears)

(In German)

Manuel- Per, well done you came early; it's a good start to your new philosophy ey?

Per- I didn't sleep last night!

Manuel- Why?

Per- Why do you think?

Manuel- A woman?

Per- Insomnia, I try and I try and the medication tries but it just didn't work last night, how was your sleep?

Manuel- Well let's say I didn't sleep much last night, if you know what I mean?!

Per- You're married

Manuel- But were in Paris! I know I should feel guilty but...

Per- Oh ok, so I can fuck a dead person, I can partake in necrophilia cause I'm in a foreign country?!

Manuel- Ha, no you ain't but I can have an affair, it's only an affair in Paris if you are caught in the act of love making

Per- It sounds like balls to me, what's she like?

Manuel- She's beautiful, we went to a club and had sex back at mine, she kind of bumped into me on the way home

Per- That surprises me, you don't seem like that type of person, I thought you loved your wife?!

Manuel- I do, but like I said, in Paris rules change

Per- Fine, you do as you want, why are we here anyway?

Manuel- Well, Phillip has unbelievably agreed to meet us again for a final discussion, so potentially we may keep our jobs, if we can tie him down of cause, so don't screw this one up!

Per- Good news, so what club where you in last night?

Manuel- Well when I say club, it was more of a brothel (Looking guilty)

Per- Do you have no respect

Manuel- Listen I'm not you or Phillip, I am not a womaniser! I'm twice the man you two are, so quite frankly let me off the hook just this once

Per- yeah of course you are not a womaniser, and I obviously am now am I?

Manuel- Well even though you are 'reformed', you still have history

Per- I'll prove to you I'm not, like I said last night I'm going to change for the much better, anyway I'm going the toilet, I might get sex in there (He laughs)

Manuel- See, you still deep down are the same

Per- Shut up (He walks through the restaurant to the toilet, on the way he sees the same woman as on the bus and Per all of a sudden is wearing a green jumper again, she is wearing the same red dress and the man with his back to Per is wearing the same hat and clothes. The woman looks into Per's eyes for a while and tracks him to the toilet and starts kissing the man's hand but still looking at Per)

(In the toilets, the taxi driver from earlier in the film appears in the next urinal and Per recognises him and talks after finishing his wee)

Per- Remember me?

Taxi driver- No

Per- I was in the taxi I'm the German but I can speak English too

Taxi Driver- Listen, I have around 40 passengers a day, all with their own personalities that disinterest me, why the fuck would I remember who you are?!

Per- I was just asking!

Taxi Driver- Just let me finish my piss in peace please thank you!

(Per walks out and as he walks past the woman again the man has gone so Per slowly makes his way to her as she signals him to come over)

Per- What do you want with me (In German)

Woman- (American) Why you being aggressive I've done nothing wrong

Per- (in English) Listen just back off, I need to be left alone

Woman- Well go quick then (Per looks away and walks back to his table)

(Phillip is now sitting with Manuel)

Per- Ah Phillip, when did you get here? (in German)

Phillip- Per, we somehow meet again, Your friend has a way with the words

Per- Yes he does, when did you get here?

Phillip- Well around 40 seconds ago, what are you looking at (Per is looking at the woman waiting for the man to come back)

Per- Nothing

Phillip- You staring at the girl?

Manuel- He's jealous cause I got some last night!

Per- It was a prostitute!

Phillip- Does It matter, they are all the same, they are lifeless beings anyway

Per- I'm not getting into this again

Manuel- Fair do's shall we crack on

Per- yeah get the letter out!

(Manuel gets it out and places it on the table)

Phillip- Ok I'll sign it (He signs it) this is because of the pitch, not the company of the businesses representatives

Manuel- I don't mind as long as I get to keep my job, thank you

(Per is smiling and looks towards the woman again who is now gone and a bus drives by with the same bus name as the hostel he is staying at, the woman looks out the window and at the sky, the man sits beside her but is still unseen, Per looks confused. Per is only seen in colour when the couple are there in the scene)

Manuel- Per, PER!

Per- What?

Manuel- You look confused about something?

Phillip- Probably thinking about that girl from before!

Per- Yes I am, I saw her yesterday on the bus, and she was gorgeous, but I can't see who she is with, but she asked for help, it was really bizarre

Phillip- Maybe your smitten

Per- Maybe, I don't know

Manuel- tell you what do you know where he's gone, or she's gone, this could be your moment to prove you have changed, it's a sign, from god

Phillip- God doesn't exist

Manuel- The contracts are signed now let's not get into any disputes again shall we!

Per- I thought the man might have been one of you but you're here, and he was with her, I'm confused

Phillip- Us, no not us

Per- Yeah I know I must be going crazy

Manuel- You sound crazy, you trying to call me a domestic abuser

Per- No not at all, I never even mentioned domestic abuse

Manuel- So I'm just sexist?

Per- Manuel how can you say this, I haven't said anything?!

Phillip- It seems a bit fishy, sounds like you're trying to accuse us

Per- I don't know, but I feel like I'll be seeing them again

Phillip- Anyway off the subject, I shall enjoy working with your business, but I have to go

Manuel- Yeah fantastic doing business (shake hands)

Per- Where you going?

Phillip- Back home to my wife

Per- Where are you really going?

Phillip- Pardon, you calling me a liar

Per- I just wanna know where you are going

Phillip- My house to have lovely violent sex with my wife, and she will enjoy it, better?

Per- You're disgusting

Phillip- Oh get lost, you must be some type of homosexual or something if you find that repulsive, do you not like vaginas, do you not like titties?

Per- Where in a public place (Manuel is laughing)

Manuel- Oh come on Per, they know its tongue and cheek

Phillip- You don't get your penis sucked off by the opposite sex do you?

Per- Can you just leave please!

Phillip- I was going anyway, you know what I hate more than my wife's whining and bitching!

Manuel- What is it?

Per- (worried) what?

Phillip- Fucking bent homosexuals (spits on his plate)

Per- I'm not homosexual, and that's disgusting

Phillip- Well let's hope you never have to see me again (he walks off)

Manuel- You should just let him do what he wants!

Per- What why? Because he has slight power over us, fuck him

Manuel- Just be careful, don't have to talk to him anymore, so just avoid him whilst were here!

Per- With pleasure, he's definitely got something to do with that girl who I see all the time, he's got to, he probably runs a brothel or something

Manuel- You're getting paranoid as well as an insomniac

Per- No he's a rude domestic abuser and he will be caught, I will save that girl

Manuel- Listen control yourself, it's obviously not him

Per- You working for him?

Manuel- I'm right here, how can I... you're talking out of your ass, I'm going

Per- It might be the taxi driver then, no wait Manuel (He stops) I'm sorry (Manuel still walks off shouting 'get some sleep') (Per looks angry and leaves the table and cross the road quickly for the same bus as the girl and the man got, only this bus has come at a different time)

CUT TO:

(In the hostel room, Per is lying there in his blue and black striped pyjamas crying for no reason as he hears a couple upstairs having sex and sounding like they really hurt each other and Per can't sleep)

CUT TO: NEXT MORNING

(Per walks outside covering his eyes from the sun which is bright in the early morning sky, he walks towards the convenience store which is just across the road. He is however interrupted by a shout from a woman wearing a purple dress)

Woman- Where you going? (In English)

(Per wearing strong blue turns around to see who it is, he can just make out that it's the same girl despite the sun shining bright)

Per- Oh my god, are you following my every move?

Woman- You're one to talk

Per- What do you want from me?

Woman- I want you to get me a chocolate bar and a drink, I've got a busy day ahead

Per- See so have I, I'm leaving later today!

Woman- Yeah I know, I'm leaving today too (Saying it as if it's obvious) We've got a party to go to

Per- Oh yeah you're inviting me are you?

Woman- Of course...

Per- Well I'm going the shop anyway!

Woman- Ok, see you with my chocolate then

(Per confusingly walks off to the shop and places the various items on the counter)

Shopkeeper- You want this bagged yes (In English with French accent)

Per- Yeah please (looking out the window and sees a car pull up and acts curious)

Shopkeeper- Good weather no?

Per- Yeah it's lovely, who's car is that?

Shopkeeper- I don't know I don't pay attention to things out the shop

Per- Did you see me talk to that girl on the balcony?

Shopkeeper- Ah yes, yes I saw, you two together?

Per- Ha-ha, I wish... she's stunning, I'd treat her right if she was with me, unfortunately she's with someone else

Shopkeeper- Never give up on love sir, my wife and I together 25 years, it started off with me being an excitable character, I used to be horrible to women, but now I feel as if the days when they couldn't vote or leave the house were ridiculous, anyone with a living mother thinks this these days, men are raised the right way in most cases these days, but there are some who slip through the radar, the people you want to avoid, nothing more cowardly and evil than a domestic abuser

Per- What do you mean horrible to your wife?

Shopkeeper- (Whispers) Between you and me, I used to smack her, I used to entrap her, basically I was a bastard, a coward, like the person you are describing to me, they'll learn one day, I mean at the end of the day, if you could see yourself doing it, you'd stop yourself wouldn't you?!

Per- Suppose so... thing is I have a feeling that I might know the guy who is abusing her, she's asked for my help, numerous times

Shopkeeper- Well in that case, you make the most of it no, she could be the one, it would be great reward for you if she was to fall for you, you are fighting a good cause, those bastards who domestically abuse, those who are sexist pigs, they don't deserve girls, they don't even deserve freedom

(Per sees a man come out of the hostel and he immediately walks out towards him with bag in hand)

Per- Excuse me (in English)

Man- (Tall and strong looking man and English speaking) Yes

Per- Where have you been?

Man- Sorry?

Per- Have you just fucked, you smell like you have

Man- I'm sorry, I have no idea-

Per- Don't act fucking stupid, you leave her alone, she wants me to protect her

Man- Fuck off, have a smell on these then (He puts his fingers in front of his nose) smell like your mother

Per- You need to learn how to treat women

Man- Oh found yourself a new lease of life or something, fucking epiphany boy, you should get back on the insomnia pills

Per- How do you-

Man- There in the bag, I can see them, you know what insomnia really is, guilt

Per- Guilt for my past perhaps, maybe after this, things will look more clear (The man swings for him and knocks him to the ground)

Man- Listen you fuck off and leave me alone, you want to get rid of insomnia I'll help you (He helps him up to then knock him down with another punch, the man walks off past the car and Per wonders who it is, he then spits blood out of his mouth)

Per- Who the fuck (In German to himself and scratches his head)

(He picks himself up and walks upstairs to where the woman is and knocks on the door loudly, she finally answers and is in a purple bikini with scars and cuts on her body in various places)

Woman- What? (Whispering)

Per- No

Woman- No what?

Per- Who's that (A man on the balcony looking out and away from Per and still faceless) Who is it?

Woman- What are you doing here? Go away!

Per- Let me in!

Woman- No

Per- LET me in please

Woman- It's no one

Per- Just let me see!

(She stares at him and kisses him)

Woman- Do you believe me now?

Per- I... I got you your chocolate and drink you wanted

Woman- Thank you

Per- I'm gonna go, this isn't over though

Woman- Just leave me, forget I said anything, thanks for the stuff (She smiles and Per blows him a kiss)

Per- You can tell me anything you know that

Woman- OK

CUT TO: AFTERNOON

(Per and Manuel are sitting in the car that Per rented watching the shopping mall)

Manuel- So why we here? (In German)

Per- That couple are coming here

Manuel- How do you know that?

Per- I saw them leave and overheard them speak, you should've seen her body, what he's done to her

Manuel- bad?

Per- Worse, you know Phillip's wife, much worse, much worse

Manuel- Damn, sick son of a bitch hey... where did you get the cuts?

Per- Funny actually I attacked the wrong person about the abuse, the real man was still in the room at the time, sitting on the balcony like some type of Nazi watching over Jews, he's disgusting

Manuel- Productive morning then?

Per- Oh yes, what about yours?

Manuel- No, I didn't do much

Per- Must have done something?

Manuel- No, it was boring, you wouldn't be interested

Per- Did you see Phillip?

Manuel- No, I knocked at his he wasn't in, he's always out... so erm... who do you think it is then?

Per- There's a lot of suspects, could be Phillip, or this taxi driver I keep seeing around, he seems a bit bizarre and he admitted to beating his wife in the taxi, strange man

Manuel- Yeah it's probably one of them two

(Per smiles and looks at him. He then notices the couple walking into the mall, the woman looks around nervously and the man walks with his hat off and he is bald)

Per- There they are, come on...

Manuel- Are you sure that's them, that could just be a friend or something of hers (seeming shocked)

Per- No he always wears a hat, he must have taken it off, let's go

Manuel- I'll stay here

Per- Ok fine by me (He leaves and his jumper is green again, and she is red, the man she is with this time is colourless)

(He creeps up behind them as they enter a shoe shop and the man sits down with his back to Per again, and the woman goes into the changing room, he stalks around the corner and creeps towards where the man is sitting, he sits just behind him and then tries to manoeuvre so he can see his face)

Per- Damn it... excuse me (No answer by the man) excuse me...

Woman- Per!

Per- Shit! (In German then in English) Hello

Woman- (panicking) I'm... what are you-

Per- I'm here to get you away from him (whispering whilst the man is just in front still not turning around)

Woman- Get the fuck out of here please, just for now (whispering)

Per- Why are you doing this?

Woman- Doing what? (She points him in the direction to go)

Per- You have to stop, you have to trust me

Woman- Go... go!

(Per leaves and walks away out of the shopping mall confused and worried for her. He walks into the car that Manuel was in but has now left)

Per- (In German) Where the fuck? (he phones him up) Manuel where are you

Manuel- On my way back, I was just doing something!

Per- What?

Manuel- Grub

Per- Well get back here

Manuel- Will do!

CUT TO:

(They are both in the car and watching out of the window)

Per- I feel time is running out!

Manuel- Don't worry about it, you can proceed with this when you get home, your wife would be proud of you trying to change, maybe you should give up trying to find this guy out, it's a lost cause (eating a chicken wing)

Per- No I will continue looking, he's out there somewhere, gonna share some of them?

Manuel- Oh for goodness sake, well... ok, fine (silence as he hands him the chicken wing) what was your wife's name again?

Per- Samantha

Manuel- Did you call her Sammy?

Per- Yeah and no, I called her Sam most of the time, Sammy for when we were lying in bed together, she had cuts down her arm, and I wouldn't even care for god sake

Manuel- You've changed now though

Per- Nothing will ever bring her back though

Manuel- I don't know there's always hope

Per- No, I may be a better person, but it ain't nothing, nothing is good enough for what I did to her

Manuel- Did you find out anything about the guy she was with?

Per- No but he's bald, that must rule out everyone who I thought it was except the taxi driver

Manuel- And you're certain this guy was him

Per- No not at all, he wasn't wearing a hat, every other time I've seen him he's had a hat

Manuel- What kind of hat?

Per- Like a light brown flat cap, you know the type

Manuel- Not really, I'm German we don't really use flat caps

Per- What are you trying to say?

Manuel- Nothing... so he wears hats, that can't be him then I suppose, like I said it's a lost cause, give up, try again back home

Per- No she's the one, I need her

Manuel- You sound possessive again

Per- I know... I know (Looks down and disheartened) Here's one for you they live in the same hostel as me, and I think I heard them have sex last night

Manuel- Did his grunting sound familiar? (Laughing)

Per- Shut up I'm not homosexual!

Manuel- Do you know when they leave Paris?

Per- Yes tonight, like us, and they are going to a party, that's what she said

Manuel- Well track them down to that

Per- I feel like a stalker

Manuel- If anything she stalked you first

Per- So you reckon I should track her and the guy down?

Manuel- Yeah, where's the party?

Per- I don't know, but she said it as if I knew that I was invited!

Manuel- Well ask her then tonight!

Per- I suppose I could, I could save her on the last night, it could be really romantic in the most romantic city in the world

Manuel- Bit cheesy

Per- Do you wanna come with me?

Manuel- No, I'm busy sorting out the contract tonight?

Per- But we've done the business that we came here to do!

Manuel- Yeah but I want to just check through them, this is our jobs on the line

Per- (looks suspicious) OK, I'll let you off (smiles)

Manuel- Wow thanks (sarcastic) tell you what I'll come for the ride if my little talk with Phillip ends up being a quick conversation

CUT TO: DUSK

(Manuel knocks on the door of Phillip's house, and Phillip answers)

Phillip- What have I told you all about knocking?

Manuel- Sorry

Phillip- God sake, ring the bell!

Manuel- What?

Phillip- Ring it, it will equal out the superstition

Manuel- Fuck off, I ain't touching your bell

Phillip- (He laughs) That's funny

Manuel- What is?

Phillip- The urban innuendo, the sexual reference?

Manuel- Oh bell, ha, very funny, can I just come in?

Phillip- No... I'm busy

Manuel- Doing what?

Phillip- just my wife and I are having an argument, it no biggy, just come back later (He goes to close the door and is stopped by Manuel)

Manuel- Hold on just a minute, what's the red patch on your sleeve?

Phillip- Erm... period blood, she's in that stage

Manuel- (he smiles) Hmmm... ok, fair do's, how'd it get there?

Phillip- Listen, your job is to sell ideas, pitch them if that's what you call it, not detect whether someone is lying, which I'm not, so piss off

Manuel- Come on, where's the wife, where's Raquel?

Phillip- She is upstairs naked, waiting for me to re-join her in the act of sexual intercourse, so piss off

Manuel- Ok Phillip, I believe you, anyone else you're having sex with at the moment?

Phillip- Have you come here to catch me out or something, because I'll say it one more time, nice, clear urinate off

Manuel- Ok, I'm going, this will be our last Harrah together, it's been a good pleasure meeting you and RAQUEL (No answer) no answer, wonder why that is (He walks away)

Phillip- You can talk; you had sex with a prostitute, why don't you fuck off to Germany (Getting angry) You hear me boy, fuck off, you'll be finished with this company if I have anything to say about it

Manuel- You're going to prison

Phillip- Hypocrisy, hypocrisy, hypocrisy, hypocrisy (getting angrier and angrier)

(Manuel jumps in his car and drives off, and as he drives he notices a shadow of a hanging human in a nightie with long hair and has the same shape of Raquel's, Manuel doesn't cry, he doesn't show any flicker of emotion he just drives off and puts his phone to his head and the scene ends with Phillip shouting at him still as the interior mirror of the car shows)

CUT TO: PER'S HOSTEL ROOM

(The scene opens with Per masturbating in the bathroom to a magazine full of topless women, once he ejaculates, none of which seen, he walks to the sink cleans himself up and hears a couple having sex above him, his towel suddenly goes the colour of green. He looks into the mirror which is not yet covered in condensation, he then breathes on it for reasons unknown and then licks the steam off it and pretends to shoot himself with a his fingers in his temple. He then pretends to throw a brick on his head and then pretends to cut his arm and head off with a sword, he then allows the mirror to condensate again and writes 'How

will I die I wonder?’ He walks towards the table with the laptop on it and he sits down)

(Per sits there at the same table with the laptop in front of him, he contemplates writing but instead stands up and walks down the hall and up the stairs to the couple’s apartment, he knocks on the door and she answers, she has a black eye and a cut lip, she again wears a purple dress and has a nose bleed dripping, Per doesn’t ask any questions but looks confused and angry, he is wearing a red jumper)

(In English)

Woman- Oh hey, don’t you have a cell phone you could ring me with, where have you lost it?

Per- Where are you going tonight?

Woman- Same as usual, ‘suffragette city’ why would I go anywhere else on this hospital?

Per- Are you going with him?

Woman- Are you jealous, please just leave me alone, I presume you’re going, so therefore I’ll be going with you (Talking like he’s simple)

Per- Will it be a fun party?

Woman- I’ll try my best to make it as fun as possible for you!

Per- Ok, I’ll be there, don’t worry (He starts to walk away)

Woman- I wasn’t worried (Per walks out of the scene)

CUT TO:

(Per is walking down the road with the street lights flickering, on his phone)

Per- Did you phone the police? Ok, well at least he won’t get away with this, abusing someone to suicide, it makes me sick. Have you told work about him? What do you mean they weren’t bothered, I’ll see you in about half an hour anyway, don’t forget it’s suffragette city!

Manuel- Suffragette city... sounds familiar that place, is it a club

Per- Yeah but there’s a party going on there or something

Manuel- Sounds really familiar, where did I see it?!

Per- (He sees the same taxi driver in his cab) Anyway Manuel I’ve gotta go, I’ll see you later (he puts the phone down and gets in the cab at the back) Just to Suffragette city please!

(In English accent)

Driver- Care to put your stuff in the boot?

Per- This won’t take long, remember me?

Driver- Oh yes the one who mithered me in that restaurant when I was with my wife!

Per- Oh yeah your wife was it?

Driver- Yes, the one addicted to gambling, I presume I told you, you end up repeating yourself a lot in these taxis, the job turns you insane, you feel like ripping out the last passengers throat every night-

Per- Just a meal was it?

Driver- oh... yes

Per- How come you didn't go and sit down after you went the toilet?

Driver- (He starts the cab and starts driving) You stalking me or something?

Per- No, I just think you may have something to do with a certain girl!

Driver- Oh shit, that girl I swear it was once, don't tell anyone

Per- No its more than once, I've seen you with her lots of times!

Driver- (Nervous) oh really, who is the name of this girl?

Per- I don't know, I know what she looks like though

Driver- Describe, please don't tell my wife, she will never forgive, she will never have the sex with me again

Per- Sex, sex, sex it's all you people think about, fucking shut up about sex, I'm fed up of the word sex... this is about your wife, a human being for god sake, and not only do you cheat on her, you abuse the woman you are cheating with

Driver- You can't say that, I never laid a finger on her

Per- Oh yeah, I don't believe you

Driver- Don't then, I don't give a shit, all I know is I never touched the woman, why would I she gives it to me on a plate every time?!

Per- You're disgusting

Driver- Please just don't tell my wife

Per- Don't get worried, I don't even know who your wife is

Driver- She was the one in the restaurant, the one you saw me with I swear... it's her fault anyway, maybe if she didn't spend every cent I earn in this four wheeled vehicle on gambling, I wouldn't find myself in this twisted world of abuse and affairs

Per- I never saw you with anyone in the restaurant, that's the point

Driver- Well I wasn't facing you

Per- (Smiles and thinks he's caught the man) I knew it, you are him... you weren't with your wife, you where with a girl half your age, a girl you possess, and

dominate, a girl who takes all this crap off you and still gives you a blow job, but not out of love, out of fear, you abusers disgust me

Driver- I have no idea what you're talking about, but you can't talk, I do remember you in the cab coming back from the airport, you were as sexist as anything I had ever heard

Per- They were probably nothing more than words and an uninterrupted opinion, there's nothing wrong with a small joke, I mean most women marry men for money and fame, so they can't talk, but actually acting upon it?! You should be ashamed, and I'm phoning the police

Driver- And if you do that, you'll be very stupid, I am not what you think I am, I am just a taxi driver for Christ sake, please don't phone the police, my wife will find out about my affair, I would never touch a woman in a none sexual way, now get out of my cab (He stops)

Per- Just let me make a phone call! (The driver gets out and opens the door and forces Per out of the car and kicks on the sidewalk till he doesn't get up) What about... what about my stuff?

Driver- Yeah you can fuck off (He smiles and then kicks him again to make him shut up and drives off and Per can't make out the registration plate)

Per- My... my laptop, my life (He cries and allows his blood to spill on the sidewalk before reminiscing about the girls cuts and bruises and stands up with an adrenaline rush and walks to 'suffragette city' with blood spilling off his face and the rain beginning to come down quite heavy)

CUT TO: RAINING/EVENING

(It's getting to late evening and Manuel is waiting for Per who appears looking badly injured and dry blood on his face which he is still trying to wipe off with his own saliva, Manuel looks at him shocked whilst standing around the corner from 'Suffragette city')

Manuel- What erm... what happened to you?

Per- The guy did it!

Manuel- I'm sure he didn't, I guarantee you got the wrong guy

Per- How do you know?

Manuel- well you know, I can sense he's not the guy, you'll never find him

Per- It was the taxi driver, I fucking knew it, but I couldn't phone the police!

Manuel- If it was actually him, why didn't you phone them?

Per- I don't know anything about him other than he drives a cab

Manuel- That's enough

Per- I got no registration, no name, no nothing, can we get out of the rain?

Manuel- Yeah sure, get under here (A shop entranceway) So he did this to you?

Per- Yeah, basterd, thing is if I told the police, I'm started to think would they care... I mean they don't really take domestic abuse as serious as child abuse or murder do they

Manuel- I wouldn't go that far, I'd say the police are clamping down more than before, why did the taxi driver do this to you?

Per- I threatened to call the cops, he didn't like that!

Manuel- As everyone would react to hearing that really if they were innocent

Per- Suppose so! Have you seen the couple? We have to presume that this taxi driver wasn't the guy

Manuel- No not yet, I have been watching though

Per- Not even the girl?

Manuel- No

Per- Damn it, I've only got about an hour before my flight leaves though

Manuel- Don't worry they'll come

Per- So Phillip was a fucking basterd then ey?

Manuel- Do I need to answer that?

Per- Yeah then, I knew he was worse than he seemed, basterd, she was lovely was Raquel

Manuel- Well you only talked to her once!

Per- Yeah I know but... but she was very warming when she made us dinner

Manuel- Suppose, but to actually bring her to suicide, I mean how sick must he of been, I've told work about him, he can't be in our company surely after hearing that

Per- Is that the first thing you thought about, the work?

Manuel- Well kind of, he is a business partner, he's someone we needed to make our jobs more secure

Per- (laughs to himself) I can't believe you sometimes

Manuel- Fuck off Per, you really are annoying sometimes

Per- How?

Manuel- I'm not getting into it, not now

Per- That's what I thought prick!

Manuel- Listen let's not get into an argument hey!

Per- Fine by me

Manuel- You have such a short fuse sometimes

Per- shh... look! (He sees the woman walk into the club which is just around the corner, they poke their heads around to check that she goes in and wait for a few seconds for the man but he doesn't turn up) Maybe he's already in there or maybe he's the taxi driver running scared

Manuel- Maybe he's standing outside of it, maybe he's smoking or something (sarcastic) Just go find out will you

Per- I'm going, you coming?

(They walks around to the club entrance and a bouncer on the door stops them entering)

Bouncer- Whoa, sorry lads, do you know what this is? (In English/french accent)

Per- it's a club?

Bouncer- yeah and it's a party, an exclusive party to only customers!

Per- Hence why we are trying to enter

Manuel- Let us in!

Bouncer- Do you hear music?

Per- No

Bouncer- You know why?

Per- Nope

Bouncer- Its because this isn't a club that you people are used to

Manuel- Actually now I'm here, it does remind me of the other night, I came here, it's not a club as such is it?!

Bouncer- Starting to paint the picture, if you want some action come in, if you wanna dance and sing and try and pull women who won't look at you twice, find somewhere else

Per- There's a girl in there I really need to see

Bouncer- What's her name?

Per- I don't know

Bouncer- Is she one of Henry's girls?

Per- Henry? who's henry?

Bouncer- OH my god, will you explain to your friend here?

Manuel- This is a brothel Per, Henry presumably is a pimp

Per- Henry's a pimp? Can we see him please?

Bouncer- No, only special guests can see him, give me 40 euros and I'll let you in, it will cost around 20 extra euros each hour (He pulls out knickers and sniffs them in front of Manuel and per and react to them like they are drugs) Decided yet?

Per- Yeah here you are (Hands him the money)

Manuel- I'll stay out here Per, I haven't got too much money on me

Per- You sure?

Manuel- Yeah thanks, I'll wait in the car or something, don't be too long, don't forget your flight

Per- Ok (He walks past the bouncer and walks to the main office in the brothel who is manned by a male, fat and unattractive) hello, can you tell me where henry is please, I'm not used to places like this, I don't know where things go or how they work?

Man- But you were in here last night

Per- You might have me mistaken for someone else

Man- Maybe, well he is just down the hall to the left (smiles)

Per- Wow, very kind of you

Man- You pay the money you get the service

Per- Well thanks (He walks down the corridor and he turns left and walks into an office full of dark pornographic paintings and posters and a stylish looking thin man with short gelled hair counting money, this is Henry) Henry?

Henry- Ah take a seat

Per- I just want to talk to you about one of your staff here

Henry- Don't treat that filth with such respect, they are nothing more than cash cows, you should know?

Per- Erm... I have to admit my mum and sisters would be slightly ashamed to see me in such a place, but I need to know the 'cash cow' who is American, what's her name, where is she and who uses her?

Henry- Oh the American girl, ah yes, well he looks very similar to you actually, same build, similar face, wears a hat!

Per- Is his profession a taxi driver?

Henry- No, I wouldn't let one of them fuckers in here, pigs in disguise they are, listening to your every word, whether it be on your phone or conversing with some fellow pimp or drug dealer, they will run straight to the police, they are good guys deep down, stay away from them

Per- Is his name, Manuel?

Henry- I couldn't tell you his name, he's secretive about it, ask her, she's in the women's toilets, but you can go in, we don't give a shit, just pay her if you see her good stuff (winks and Per walks away looking disgusted) and take a few pics ha-ha, don't worry boy, all the women here know where they stand, you can be as sexist as you want in this joint

Per- Is it free to go in?

Henry- For you by all means, you seem a nice bloke

(per sneaks up to the toilet but before he gets there he sees the man again with his face facing the toilet door he walks in and per stares at him go in the toilet. He then listens to them have a conversation for the first time from a distance)

Woman- Please, just let me get this sex over and done with

Man- No I will, just after you show me a little love, come on baby

Woman- I don't want to (She gets slapped)

Man- I wasn't asking you fucking bitch

(per shows a face of anger and disgust)

Woman- Please, I have a long night

Man- I don't care, you owe me some fucking loving and you owe me money, how much did you make yesterday?

Woman- 90 euros

Man- That's more than we make in America damn it... take your pants down!

Woman- Why?

Man- So I can have what's mine!

Woman- You are not my owner, I am not your possession

Man- You fucking are you bitch, take them off now, and the rest!

Woman- No, this is for customers to see only, you know that

Man- Do you want me to pay for your treatment for Chlamydia, I'm doing a nice thing?

Woman- You where the one who gave me it, making me have sex with all those men for money and then come home to you, battering me, raping me, it happened in America and it's happening in Paris, you lied to me about Paris, you said it would be romantic, it would be different (crying)

Man- Just shut up, as if I would bring you here and things would magically change (Hitting her)

(per gets infuriated and storms in, he approaches the man still with his back to him facing the woman on the floor next to the toilet cowering but in pain. Per

turns the man around who is wearing a green jumper, Per is wearing a yellow jumper and the woman is wearing brown prostitution lingerie. A flash appears and the screen goes white and nothing can be seen. The screen reappears with the woman still on the floor and Per looking at her, and Per turns his head confused looking for the man)

Woman- I've got work to do ok, please just let me go!

Per- What the fuck? (Confused and teary eyed)

Woman- I'm going (She stands up and as she walks out is stopped by Per who holds her)

Per- Where you going wait please, just sit down, I need an explanation!

Woman- An explanation, an explanation, you pay me to fuck guys, random off the street and you end up making money off me somehow, how's that for the fucking explanation

Per- Wait, not me, not me, I'm saving you, I'm helping you!

Woman- Yeah that's what you always say, if it weren't for me, I'd have a boring office job, I've heard it all before

Per- What? No, there's a man who is trying to harm you, it's not me, my intentions are good, my intentions are good (He cries slightly)

Woman- I'm going anyway!

Per- No you wait there (He slams her against the wall) I need answers what the fuck is happening?

Woman- Get off me!

Per- I'm sorry (releases her and she stays staring at him)

Woman- Do you not... think about the times we've had together, happy times for you, bad times for me, not remember, why you speaking with an accent?

Per- I'm German, English I my second language!

Woman- No... you're mentally ill aren't you, you're American, you went to college and studied German language, you know German, but you're not from there, I'm your girlfriend, how do you not know... hang on

Per- I feel sick. (He faces the wall) I've been chasing myself no... NO! (Punches the wall until it bleeds)

CUT TO:

(Shows him sitting next to her on the plane with the fat man on the other side, and they are talking but she is looking out the window not taking attention of what he's saying. Therefore there is no sound other than the plane engine and all is seen is his lips move)

(Shows him on the bus getting off with her and she says 'save me' to no one other than the gods in heaven, it shows the back of the bus with no one there. It then shows Per dragging her into the 'Suffragette city' brothel)

Per- Come on speed up, these people gonna cum on their own, get the fuck in there

Woman- I'm going, I'm going

(He keeps pushing her in and he is wearing his hat and his identity is slightly less prevalent than that of when he isn't wearing one)

(He's sitting on the balcony and she is kissing him and trying to appease him, but he ignores her kissing and seduction, and he just sits there proud as described by himself 'a Nazi looking over Jewish people')

Woman- You look so good without your shirt on this morning

Per- Don't give me praise to try and get yourself out of trouble

Woman- No I mean it... you're so sexy!

Per- I feel like a Nazi watching over the Jews, do you feel that?

Woman- No not really, I think you let your German go, Germany isn't the be all and end all

Per- (He stands up and throws her to the ground) don't disagree with me

Woman- You really are like a Nazi!

Per- That's it, call me a Nazi, just what I want to hear, say it again!

Woman- You're a Nazi!

(Per pulls down his pants)

Per- That's right I am, I'm a neo-Nazi and I dominate you don't I?

Woman- (Crying) Yeah, you dominate me (She cautiously crawls over to him and nothing is seen as the camera lowers to seep through the floor and into the next scene)

(Shows them having rough sex and she tries to get him off, but he won't budge, he then looks at his insomnia pills after he finishes with her, with the same painting above the bed as in Per's apartment)

(Show's Per attack the man who he claimed earlier was sleeping with the woman and got beaten up by, but it is because he is jealous and curious as to what he was doing with his girlfriend)

(Per then runs upstairs asking questions to her about the man and she worries and he wonders why but it becomes more clear now, these words exchanged are all in the scene earlier)

Woman- Oh hey, don't you have a cell phone you could ring me with, where have you lost it?

Per- Where are you going tonight?

Woman- Same as usual, 'suffragette city' why would I go anywhere else on this hospital?

Per- Are you going with him?

Woman- Are you jealous, please just leave me alone, I presume you're going, so therefore I'll be going with you (Talking like he's simple)

Per- Will it be a fun party?

Woman- I'll try my best to make it as fun as possible for you!

Per- Ok, I'll be there, don't worry (He starts to walk away)

Woman- I wasn't worried (Per walks out of the scene)

(In the shopping mall it shows Per approach her, but she isn't interested as she is with an old friend who's face is revealed to be a different person to Per, hence why he wasn't in colour in the scene)

(It finally shows the scene of him in the toilets with her shouting at her)

Woman- Please, just let me get this sex over and done with

Man- No I will, just after you show me a little love, come on baby

Woman- I don't want to (She gets slapped)

Man- I wasn't asking you fucking bitch

(per shows a face of anger and disgust)

Woman- Please, I have a long night

Man- I don't care, you owe me some fucking loving and you owe me money, how much did you make yesterday?

Woman- 90 euros

Man- That's more than we make in America damn it... take your pants down!

Woman- Why?

Man- So I can have what's mine!

Woman- You are not my owner, I am not your possession

Man- You fucking are you bitch, take them off now, and the rest!

Woman- No, this is for customers to see only, you know that

Man- Do you want me to pay for your treatment for Chlamydia, I'm doing a nice thing?

Woman- You where the one who gave me it, making me have sex with all those men for money and then come home to you, battering me, raping me, it happened in America and it's happening in Paris, you lied to me about Paris, you said it would be romantic, it would be different (crying)

Man- Just shut up, as if I would bring you here and things would magically change (Hitting her)

(All the above is seen through the eyes of the man which is Per)

CUT BACK:

Per- Oh my god, I'm evil, I'm so sorry, I've seen myself now, I don't know what to say, I love you (crying)

Woman- Sorry, sorry, you expect to forgive you, three years of this, three years, and you say sorry, I'm fed up of your shit, and you know what, I'm going the cops when we get back to America, fuck you!

Per- No wait you can't

Woman- Oh yeah, why?

Per- Because I've changed, I'm not that man anymore

Woman- You just tried to rape me

Per- I can't explain that

Woman- You have something seriously wrong then, can you not remember this holiday with me at all?

Per- No, not at all, why? WHY?

Woman- Calm down, and let me leave

Per- Help me, please, I love you show me love back!

Woman- I am not your possession, I am not your bitch, you don't boss me around and you don't tell me what to do anymore

Per- What's my name?

Woman- What?

Per- What's my full name please?

Woman- Peter, Peter Mitch

Per- I'm not Peter (crying) I'm not, I'm Per, I am

Woman- You're a confused man obviously, or this might be some act to make yourself look innocent

Per- Think woman, think, why am I so confused?

Woman- Maybe it's your ability to repress things, you always show off about that?!

Per- Not that good, am I, I mean who the fuck represses their own name?

Woman- I don't know who you are Peter, I never have and I never will I can't read you, all I know is that I loved you the first two years of our relationship and in the last month the love has been rekindled through my fear of leaving you, you have entrapped me for 3 years, I'll never get them years back, these scars will never heal

Per- I heard my self before talking to you, talking down to you, I heard my self hit you, I've seen now what my actions do, and I swear I will never touch you again... unless you want to be! (Being sincere)

Woman- You are disgusting, my family want you dead but I said to them, I love him, don't touch him, how fucking wrong was I?!

Per- Please

(She starts to leave and Per grabs her on the arm)

Woman- Let me go!

Per- No not until you give me a chance

Woman- Why would I give you anything?

Per- Please (She tries to wriggle free but Per rags her towards him and goes to kiss her)

Woman- Get off me!

Per- Just embrace it

(She pulls away)

Per- Oh fuck off, you're a chavvy girl who was gonna be in this industry anyway, selling your body, I just helped you on the way, you women all think you have rights, fuck off with your rights (he is shaking with worry and fury)

(She laughs to herself as she unlocks the door and Per stops her from opening it and throws her to the toilet)

Per- I'm sorry, did I hurt you (sincere)

Woman- You're sick!

Per- I'm not I just zone out, I must just repress the bad things in my life

Woman- No... you can blame your 'repression' all you want the fact is, once an abuser always an abuser

Per- No you see, I've seen myself now, that's all I needed I've changed now

Woman- Shut up, you know what, there's something I've learnt from abusers, the victim always wins eventually!

Per- What the fuck does that mean?

Woman- You'll either die or get arrested and live in hell when you do eventually die (Per stands back contemplating and opens the door and lets her walk out but grabs her arm as she walks out)

Per- Please don't tell anyone about me!

Woman- You need your punishment

Per- Fuck you (Slaps her across the face and she quickly gets up in pain and runs away out of the brothel, he chases her)

Henry- Hey you can't leave Bunny, I've got a man for you!

(Per is still chasing her and she gets out of the brothel and runs around the corner where Manuel is in his car)

Per- Where are you? Come out, come out wherever you are! This isn't fucking hide and seek

Manuel- (gets out the car) Per, you alright? (In German)

Per- No, he's me!

Manuel- What?

Per- the man who I've been chasing (laughing to himself) it's me, and I didn't even fucking know it, all that fucking shit about repression, well it works ironically too well, think how confused I must be... my life has just been turned very upside down-

Manuel- Just calm down

Per- Calm down, calm down, why don't you fuck off (He punches him in the nose and it knocks him out and Per keeps kicking Manuel whilst he's on the ground, he then backs up on to the curb and sits down and cries)

Bouncer- Hey buddy wait there!

Per- What are you going to do? Phone the police? Yeah because you want please sniffing around a brothel!

Bouncer- Most of the police officers in this part of Paris come to this place, they don't prosecute the men who give them joy

Per- Oh piss off!

(The bouncer approaches the scene and phones the police and the ambulance and Per runs away quickly into a dark alleyway where the woman is standing there by a bin hiding and breathing heavily)

Per- Listen I've risked everything for you, all my possessions, my stories, my clothes, my life, I'm going to prison to be with you, all I want is your love, I just want to be doing the right thing!

Woman- (She reveals herself from behind the bin) the right thing, the right thing would be to leave me to live my life in peace

Per- I need you though; I'm all over the place without you, you are my source of energy, my reason for living

Woman- Well to your friends I'm married to you and I'm dead so you told me... do you hear that? (sirens) The police are coming, hand yourself in, you've redeemed yourself, simple

Per- (laughs) If I'm handing myself in I'm taking your life!

Woman- (backing away) What?

Per- I can't live in jail knowing you're going to sleep with someone else, cheat on me, you're mine, I heard the nasty things I said to you, and I'm changed, I'm never letting you out of my sight again, because its taught me something, you are very special to me! NOW come here (He runs towards her and grabs her and starts kiss her when she tries to get him off, she grabs a plank of wood next to the bin and swings it into his face and it whacks him away and in the rain he lies in a puddle struggling to stay alive as blood is exiting extremities in his head) I'm so sorry... you deserve better

Woman- (crying) you're right I do

Per- I deserve this (struggling) I tried to change, I tried- (he dies before he can finish)

(The police appear and stand around the body and put a blanket around the woman as the scene zooms out to an end. Per has red blood smeared on his yellow jumper. She is wearing a pink blanket to keep her warm)

CUT TO: MORNING PARIS

(Shows the woman still recovering in hospital a few days after the incident and she is waking up to a man standing on the side of the bed. It slowly becomes clear that it is Manuel)

Woman- Hello!

Manuel- Hey, I'm Per's business partner, pleasure to see you again, I thought you were dead?

Woman- No, I'm not even hurt just exhausted

Manuel- No, no, I thought you were the wife that died

Woman- No I'm still alive, I'm sorry about your friend!

Manuel- Don't apologise, he did this to me (cuts on his face and a broken nose) swings and roundabouts, at least you've escaped his horrible grasp hey? I am sorry I never helped you more... an I'm sorry about my lack of English fluency

Woman- Yeah, you're forgiven, what do you do now, go back to Germany?

Manuel- Yes I go back to Germany, and I wish you a fond farewell (He smiles)

Woman- Thanks!

(She looks out the large window at the city of Paris and a tear runs down her cheek and she looks relieved)

CUT TO: BERLIN

(Manuel parks his car outside a small house and walks into his house and his two children, both sons run down to greet him)

Manuel- (In German) Hello Tommy, hello Marco... where's your mother?

Marco- In the kitchen!

Manuel- Ah I'll go see her hey! (He walks into the kitchen where his wife stands there peeling potatoes with scars on her arms) Susan?

Susan- Manuel (panicking and scared) What are you doing back?

Manuel- I told you I was coming back today

Susan- (really panicking) Are you... did you enjoy yourself?

Manuel- Yeah it was life changing, here let me peel the potatoes!

Susan- How was it life changing, have I peeled them wrong?

Manuel- I'm so sorry

Susan- What?

Manuel- For everything, I will never lay a finger on you again, I never want to argue with you ever again, you run the house now, I love you so much (He hugs her and she confides in him) Trust me things are going to change (he looks at her arms and begins to cry to himself) I'm so sorry, I'll be the man you married again I swear (he smiles and looks into her eyes)

Susan- Ok (she cries and kisses him) why are you doing this?

Manuel- I've seen some things Susan that have changed my life, and maybe in the future I'll explain what, all you need to know is I love you so much, and you two kids, you are all my shining lights, and things are going to change, I'm the perfect man I feel I was, but I will try to be the perfect man I aspire to be now (They hug again and the scene ends) If only I could see myself I would've realised sooner!

CUT TO: A PICTURE

(Shows a picture of them together old on the front porch sitting in good company and smiling to one another with their two sons older and hugging them both. The picture is in colour)

(On a black screen a word definition appears before the credits)

Inchase- The exercise in revealing more of yourself whether it be in spiritual, mental or tangible form to your own self.

The End

105 mins