

t o u r n a n t e

tournante

a manifesto

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UN
HIS SISTER
GIRL in the cellar
TROIS
QUATRE
INJAI
LAWYER
CINQ
PAUL
FREDERIC
OLIVIER
NU'S MOTHER
BELLA

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P R I X E U R O P A 2 0 0 6

t o u r n a n t e

a manifesto

by INÉZ du LAC & petschinka

a TOURNANTE is
when a girl is raped by a group of boys - one after the other.

Such a girl is INÉZ. 19. Black.
Exiled to Paris from the Ivory Coast.

She lives in a block of flats in one of the Cités.
And she decides
to carry out her own TOURNANTE on those who raped her.

Notions of lynch justice, serial killer, glorification of violence
all come to mind - and not without reason.

This „Ecstasy of Revenge“ is documented by Nicole Bourgonne.
She's a journalist, procures the weapons for Inéz
and is present at the proceedings with her Mini-disc Recorder.

t o u r n a n t e

un manifeste

par INEZ du LAC & petschinka

Une « TOURNANTE » est une fille qui a été violée par un groupe de garçons –
et cela à tour de rôle.

INEZ est une telle fille. 19. Noire.
Immigrée à Paris de la Côte-d'Ivoire, elle habite dans une tour d'une cité.

Et elle décide de faire une TOURNANTE parmi ses violeurs.

C'est à juste titre que cela nous fait penser à des notions comme
lynchage, tueur en série, incitation à la violence.

Cette « ivresse de vengeance » est documentée par Nicole Bourgonne.
Elle est journaliste, organise les armes pour INEZ
et se trouve sur place pour enregistrer sur magnétophone les actes de vengeance.

1.

a molotov-cocktail thrown. fire. a helicopter.

NICOLE: tournante
by INÉZ du LAC & petschinka

2.

Paris. La Courneuve. a suburb. in front of an apartment block. a helicopter hovers overhead.

INÉZ: are you ready, Nicole?

NICOLE: yeah.

INÉZ: and don't pass out on me!

NICOLE: no, I hope not.

INÉZ: good, then switch on.

NICOLE: I already did.

INÉZ: hey, madame journalist!!
gimme a kiss.

NICOLE: okay, for the microphone!
a wet kiss from Nicole for Inéz.

recording of kisses

INÉZ: and now let's go in.

3.

in the entrance hall of the apartment block.

INÉZ: okay, Nicole insists on a short personal introduction.
I'm not sure I can do it.
my name is Inéz

NICOLE: INÉZ DU LAC.

INÉZ: I'm 19.
what else?

NICOLE: tell me again that you're a beautiful black gazelle.

INÉZ: I'm a beautiful black gazelle.

NICOLE: in a mini skirt

INÉZ: in a mini skirt and black sunglasses.

NICOLE: with a string of pearls around your neck.

INÉZ: I've been wearing it every day for the past two years.
Emile gave it to me.

NICOLE: Emile, Emile. who's Emile?

INÉZ: Emile's my grandfather.

4.

in the entrance hall of the apartment block. near the lift

NICOLE: we're in Paris.

INÉZ: exactly. almost forgot.
we're in Paris.

NICOLE: scene 1 :
one of those Parisian suburbs
called tv-city : „La Courneuve!“

INÉZ: a satellite disc on every balcony

NICOLE: twenty storeys high

INÉZ: a block

NICOLE: with another right next to it, then another
as far as the eye can see in this wasteland

INÉZ: I don't live in this block.
two buildings to the left.
no, north. no, doesn't matter.
I've been living here for seven years.
it's high summer.
it's hot.

INÉZ: over there's a broken bike.
and over there a rusty washing machine.
a graffiti on the wall – life is shit.
life is great!!

NICOLE: over there it says : allah is great!
fuck fuck fuck.

INÉZ: come on!

5.

on the stairwell

NICOLE: we walk up to the 5th floor.

INÉZ: because the lift's out of order.

NICOLE: like in a cheap crime novel.
you care to tell me what we're doing here?

INÉZ: no.

NICOLE: why not?

INÉZ: okay. I'm going to ... shoot somebody here.

NICOLE: Inéz is going to shoot a man here.
shall I say why?

INÉZ: no, shut up!! somebody's coming
quick!
embrace me!!

male footsteps jumping down the stairs

6.

on the stairwell. 5th floor

NICOLE: 5th floor
Inéz lifts the sunglasses from her face.
reaches into her yellow handbag.
and pulls out a BERETTA.
who gave you that?

INÉZ: you did, darling.
 Nicole got this weapon for me.
 Nicole Bourgonne ... she has contacts in the Paris underworld.

NICOLE: excited?

INÉZ: yeah.

NICOLE: and you're really gonna shoot him?

INÉZ: yeah.

NICOLE: really cool?

INÉZ: yeah.

NICOLE: is it possible?

INÉZ: I don't have a clue,
 I can.
 I'll be able to.
 I have to!

Inéz looks for something in her handbag

aha, here it is.
 I just have to screw it on in front.

NICOLE: a silencer.

INÉZ: okay, listen!!

we hear the safety catch released

7.

on the stairwell

INÉZ: no idea what's waiting for me.
 death, happiness.
 come on, take a photo!

NICOLE: hang on. hold the recorder a second.

INÉZ: (very close to the microphone – maybe even distorted)
 my first murder.
 dedicated to Uma Thurman.

8.

on the stairwell

NICOLE: (whispering)
he's not alone.
I hear a kid.

INÉZ: okay. bad luck!

doorbell rings.

INÉZ: come on, you rat.

door opened.

INÉZ: okay, back up a step.

UN: oh shit. whats going on!?

INÉZ: don't know what this is?
Nicole, tell him what it is.

NICOLE: a BERETTA. with a silencer.

UN: stay cool now! very cool!

in the apartment.

INÉZ: go to the table!
and sit down!!

THE SISTER: what does this woman want?

INÉZ: to talk about the 26th of april!
about the cellar. about the rape.

THE SISTER: Bernard, she has a gun!!

UN: shut up!

INÉZ: and the kid better stop screaming!
now! immediately!!

UN: no problem. She's going to the bath.

INÉZ: I didn't know she's there.

UN: take the kid out of here!!

INÉZ: the kid has to stop screaming!!

THE SISTER: he's two years old.

INÉZ: was. he was two years old.

two shots

THE SISTER: (screams) Bernard!

a shot. THE SISTER killed on the spot.

INÉZ: your turn.

UN: shit, you shot my sister!

INÉZ: Your sister. the kid. and you.

UN: shit, this is crazy ...

INÉZ: am I crazy.
yeah, maybe. since the 26. april.

UN: be cool.

INÉZ: you were the first to fuck me.

we hear the safety catch released

UN: I don't know what you're ... talking about.

INÉZ: you don't know what I'm talking about
you aren't in court here.
you're talking only to me here.
not to a lawyer.
or a judge.

you're talking to the person,
you raped on the 26. april.

UN: okay, okay.

INÉZ: shit, suddenly I don't feel like talking anymore.

two shots.

INÉZ: take a photo, Nicole!

NICOLE: hang on a sec.

9.

in the apartment. the CD has advanced one track.

NICOLE: it says in his passport:
Bernard Phillip. born in Paris 12.12.1980
French citizen

10.

a toilet . we hear INÉZ vomiting.

NICOLE: what's the matter, Inéz?
can I do anything for you?

INÉZ: no, get out, get out!!

11.

***Notre Dame cathedral.
a mass. the host is given out.***

INÉZ: come on, let's go to the movies.!

12.

on the street. in front of a cinema.

NICOLE: want to go in?

INÉZ: yeah

13.

at the ticket counter.

NICOLE: two for broken flowers. merci.
come on, let's get a drink!

INÉZ: switch off!

NICOLE: okay.

14.***in a street cafe***

INÉZ: coffee!

NICOLE: me too.

INÉZ: can you see it on me?

NICOLE: what?

INÉZ: the kid! that I shot a kid!

15.***in the cinema. we hear the beginning of broken flowers.***

INÉZ: Nicole, will you sleep at my place tonight?

NICOLE: if you want, yeah.

16.***In front of the Centre Pompidou. an artist is addressing a group of people.***

NICOLE: yes, it has to be done.

INÉZ: later. let's watch this a little.

17.***street cafe. music. street sounds.***

INÉZ: okay.
I was born in the Ivory Coast.
We had a little hut
right on the beach in Abidjan
my mother and me.
when I was ten she said:
„we'll go to Paris.
that's where your grandfather lives!”

INÉZ lights a cigarette

INÉZ: I can remember my tears very well.
was totally unhappy.
I loved life on the beach
loved the sea.
the entire coast.
loved the wind and the mussels.

NICOLE: did she ever tell you why?

INÉZ: no, not really.
I think she couldn't make it in her work.
wanted to escape from her misery.
here in Paris
she got a job
in a nightclub.
as a stripper.

she was 25 when we got here.
and 30 when she died.
that was it.

18.

***a stairwell.
an apartment door opened.
the door has hardly opened before we hear a piano.
a few bars from a pop song.
as if a child is practising.
the same sequence repeated over and over.***

INÉZ: what do you want to drink?

NICOLE: nothing more, thanks.
what will the neighbours say if he goes on playing?

INÉZ: they're used to it.

NICOLE: how old is he now?

INÉZ: 90.
that's enough biography for today.
come on, let's go to bed!

19.

in INÉZ' room.

- INÉZ: oh merde, what's this?!!
- NICOLE: somebody's been looking through your things.
- INÉZ: okay, old man.
this is a declaration of war!!

20.

GRANDFATHER's room. he's playing piano.

- INÉZ: you listening to me?
why did you empty out my drawer?
- GRANDFATHER: I can't do that any more.
my fingers are too stiff.

INÉZ bangs on the piano.

- INÉZ: why?
- GRANDFATHER: she took a couple of things.
- INÉZ: who?
- GRANDFATHER: the girl.
- INÉZ: what girl?
- GRANDFATHER: Monique.
- INÉZ: who's that?
- GRANDFATHER: a girl from Nigeria.
- INÉZ: and how did she get in here?
- GRANDFATHER: I called her.
- INÉZ: and how did she manage,
to help herself from my drawers?
- GRANDFATHER: I wanted

INÉZ: you call her up – now! – and tell her
 she has to bring everything back!

21.

the GRANDFATHER on the phone

GRANDFATHER: is Monique there?
 when will she be back?
 yeah, I'm a ... client!
 she came to my place.
 please tell her Emile Tutu rang
 and would like her to ring him back.
 Tutu, that's right.

 she isn't there.

INÉZ: okay. until my stuff is back in the drawer
 you're not getting anything to eat.
 I'm not going shopping for you.
 I'm not cooking for you.

a melody on the piano ...

GRANDFATHER: they should drag you down to the cellar
 and cut your throat!

22.

in INÉZ' bedroom.

INÉZ: silencers are a great invention, darling.
 for the next guy get me a gun with a telescopic lens.
 I'm gonna shoot the blond guy from here.

NICOLE: from here?

INÉZ: right from this window.
 every evening he stands in front of number 27
 with a girl.
 I want her to watch him die.
 I want him to see her watching him die.

 as soon as he kisses her, I'll take him out.

NICOLE: I want to see that.

INÉZ: how soon can you get me the weapon?
 NICOLE: a week?
 INÉZ: that long??

23.

in the metro

24.

*Inéz opens the front door.
 we hear the GRANDFATHER playing piano*

INÉZ: I wonder what's in store for us this time?!
 NICOLE: ugh! it smells disgusting.
 INÉZ: it stinks over here!! come into my room.
 NICOLE: please open a window!!
 INÉZ: I don't know what he's up to.
 I've been away three days and ...
 now show me the gun.

25.

in Inéz' room

INÉZ: who'll put it together for us?
 NICOLE: me. Alfonse showed me how.
 INÉZ: let's do it!!

26.

in the GRANDFATHER's room. he's playing piano.

INÉZ: you see what I have here?

GRANDFATHER: a box.

INÉZ: and what's in the box?

GRANDFATHER: Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.

INÉZ: and what's that?

GRANDFATHER: you know what it is.

INÉZ: bought when and where?

GRANDFATHER: 1936. New York.

INÉZ: and what's their value?

GRANDFATHER: priceless.

INÉZ: and why
am I holding this box
containing these priceless fine-sculpted statuettes?

GRANDFATHER: because you're angry.

INÉZ: and why am I angry?

GRANDFATHER: because I cooked.

INÉZ: no.

GRANDFATHER: because I ate.

INÉZ: no.

GRANDFATHER: because I was hungry.

INÉZ: no.

GRANDFATHER: because I didn't do the washing-up.

INÉZ: and why else?

GRANDFATHER: because I didn't bring down the rubbish.

INÉZ: and why else?

GRANDFATHER: because I fouled the toilet.

INÉZ: and why else?

GRANDFATHER: because I didn't wash myself.

INÉZ: and what am I going to do now?

GRANDFATHER: you're going to take Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers out of the box.

INÉZ: and then what?

GRANDFATHER: you're going to stand them on the table.

INÉZ: and then?

GRANDFATHER: you're going to turn the mechanism with the key.

INÉZ: and?

GRANDFATHER: they'll dance.

INÉZ: and?

GRANDFATHER: I'm going to cry remembering New York in 1936.
when I was in love with Fernanda.
strolling through Manhattan.
the roses she brought me in club 27...

INÉZ: and what am I going to do with Ginger & Fred?

GRANDFATHER: you're going to say: take a good look at them
for the last time, old man!,
just like you did with Louis Armstrong.

INÉZ: what did I do with Louis Armstrong?

GRANDFATHER: you wound him up.

INÉZ: and?

GRANDFATHER: he played.

INÉZ: and then?

GRANDFATHER: you smashed him with a hammer.

INÉZ: and for how long?

GRANDFATHER: till he was dead, a heap of tin fragments.

INÉZ: and I'm going to do the same with Ginger & Fred?

GRANDFATHER: yeah.

INÉZ: what's supposed to happen?

GRANDFATHER: I'm supposed to go immediately into the kitchen.

INÉZ: to do what?

the sound of paper.
the figurines are unwrapped.
the figurines are wound up.
the melody of the figurines

NICOLE: don't break them, Inéz! don't!! please!!!

the blow of a hammer ...

27.

INÉZ' bedroom.
both women by an open window.

INÉZ you see him?

NICOLE the blonde guy?

INÉZ yeah

NICOLE there's a 12 year old girl next to him

INÉZ yeah, that's his sister
 give me the rifle

NICOLE what are you waiting for?

INÉZ for his girlfriend

NICOLE let me have it again

INÉZ turns you on

NICOLE yeah
 the crosshair aimed right between his eyes

INÉZ don't pull the trigger

NICOLE baby, this bastard belongs to you
 here she comes

INÉZ give me back the rifle
 yeah
 kiss ... embrace... and now : bye bye baby

a shot

NICOLE did you get him?

INÉZ yeah!!

NICOLE and now?

INÉZ let's go downstairs

28.

in the bedroom. in bed. music: nina simone: strange fruit

NICOLE: you asleep?

INÉZ: no.

NICOLE: sooner or later you have to tell me something
 about that afternoon.

INÉZ: in the cellar?

NICOLE: yeah.

INÉZ: okay, sometime or other.
 switch that off!!

29.

on the way to the cellar where INÉZ was raped

NICOLE: tell me right now: where are we going??

INÉZ: we're going down to the cellar.

NICOLE: Inéz shows me the cellar.

we hear a girl moaning

INÉZ: quiet Nicole!!

30.

Inéz releases the safety catch of the Beretta

INÉZ: don't let us disturb you.
go on, fuck her!

THE GIRL: help me, help me please ...

a shot. the girl dies.

NICOLE: Inéz no! why? why her?

INÉZ: now your turn.
you sit down.
and you, come here.
move it! come here!
remember me?
no?
you don't remember me?!
go on, fuck her.

TROIS: but she's dead.

INÉZ: me too, I was dead.
but that didn't stop you from fucking me.
get going, fuck her!!

TROIS: now?

INÉZ: do it.

NICOLE: Inéz, come on.

INÉZ: you can go if you like.

NICOLE: that's enough!

INÉZ: I want to watch him fuck her.

TROIS: I can't.

INÉZ: you can!

TROIS: I can't!
can't fuck a corpse!

INÉZ: sure you can!!

TROIS: I ... I can't!

two shots.

INÉZ: okay your turn, what's your name?

QUATRE: Albert.

INÉZ: Albert ...

QUATRE: don't shoot.

INÉZ: listen.

QUATRE: no. please, don't shoot

INÉZ: take it easy.

NICOLE: let's go, Inéz!

INÉZ: calm down! take it easy now!

QUATRE: no. please, don't shoot

INÉZ: Albert listen to me.
you listening?

QUATRE: Yeah.

INÉZ: you listening to me??

QUATRE: yeah, I listen to you.

INÉZ: my grandfather
he's 90.
90 years old.
you listening?

QUATRE: yeah..

INÉZ: in 1936 he bought
a small wind-up toy:
Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.
you know them?

QUATRE: no.

INÉZ: made of tin.
 beautiful handiwork.
 I was never allowed to touch it.
 My grandfather's holy relic.
 you listening?

QUATRE: yeah.

INÉZ: and there was a small key
 for winding it up.

QUATRE: like for a clock.

INÉZ: exactly, Albert.
 and when he wound it up for me,
 a little melody came out of it
 and Ginger & Fred turned round and round for me.

 (sh she whistles the melody)

INÉZ: that's the tune they danced to.
 you know it?

QUATRE: I heard it somewhere.

INÉZ: I want you to dance with her
 to that little tune.
 what was her name again?

QUATRE: Nina.

INÉZ: how old?

QUATRE: 17.

INÉZ: pick her up!

QUATRE: I don't know how to dance.

INÉZ: come on, pick her up!
 give it a whirl!
 she'll be as light on her feet as Ginger Rogers!

INÉZ: let's go!
 pick her up!!
 and you, you sit down!!
 what's your name?

LEO: Ingiai.

INÉZ: From where?

LEO: Me, I come from Senegal.

INÉZ: what are you doing in this rathole?
anyway.
Albert, start dancing!

NICOLE: Inéz, let's go!

INÉZ (sings the tune)

then two shots

another shot

31.

in MCDonalds

32.

***in front of McDONALDS.
the girls sitting at a table. INÉZ eating.***

INÉZ: with the first one I thought:
you won't get me!
and
I fought him off.
went stiff and ...
he hit me hard.
but I was proud.
and I thought:
hit me,
but I'll make sure it's no fun for you!
and maybe
that's why I don't hate him as much as the others.

it was a struggle.
he came unbelievably quickly.
cried out.
and me
I spit in his face.

and then the next one's inside me.
and I had no force left.
and he thought of something.

INÉZ: put his hands around my throat
while two others held my arms down.

and then I
internally
as if by remote control
went looking for
zap zap zap
a different channel.

revenge and water.

NICOLE: water?

INÉZ: yeah, water.
a boat in the water during a storm.
I gave up.
switched off my head
and gave myself up to the rhythm of their thrusts.
like a boat in a storm.
let myself just be carried on the wind.
unhooked my head from the quai
and let myself drift
out into the open sea.

and then I suddenly see myself on that mattress
with this guy.
one of them.
I'm on my knees.
the guy's behind me.
I watch the others.
and see a porno film.
somewhat overlit and unclear.
I see a woman on her knees
with a guy behind her.
fucking her.

and then my body heats up
starts burning.
and I start getting turned on.
which I don't want.
it just happens by itself.
but I don't want to give them the pleasure
of knowing they turned me on.
and I think,
that's the reason
they have to die

it's either them
or me.

33.

at the lawyer's

LAWYER: did you go to the police?

INÉZ: no.

LAWYER: when did it happen?

INÉZ: 5 days ago

LAWYER: who raped you?

INÉZ: six guys.

LAWYER: six men?

INÉZ: a tournante!

LAWYER: tournante?

INÉZ: a handful of men rape a girl – a gang-bang.

LAWYER: and it's called a tournante?

INÉZ: yeah.

LAWYER: and with you there were six of them?

INÉZ: yeah.

LAWYER: do you know any of these people?

INÉZ: several.

LAWYER: and what can I do for you?

INÉZ: help me bring one of them to justice.

LAWYER: only one?

INÉZ: yeah, the others have already been judged.

LAWYER: by whom?

INÉZ: by me.
the death penalty.

silence

- LAWYER: aha.
death penalty.
and how do you imagine carrying out an execution –
I'm not asking seriously,
after all, we don't have the death penalty here.
- INÉZ: I know.
that's why I carry out the death penalty myself!
I've already done it in part.
- NICOLE: Inéz!!
- INÉZ: shut up!
- LAWYER: what does that mean, you've already carried it out?
- INÉZ: exactly what I said.
four of them are dead.
- LAWYER: let me make something clear:
if you want me to represent you,
then I have to insist you tell the truth.
- INÉZ: okay. I get it.
so, from the beginning:
one:
six guys raped me.
two:
I executed four of them.
three:
I want to bring number five to trial.
with you as my lawyer!!
- LAWYER: could you please tell your girlfriend that ...
- INÉZ: number 5 is called Eric Beauville.
- LAWYER: Eric Beauville?
- INÉZ: that's your son's name, yeah.
- LAWYER: and you want, you say ...
- INÉZ: exactly. he ordered and paid for my tournante!!
- LAWYER: get out of here.

INÉZ: no, monsieur.

she releases the gun catch

LAWYER: put that weapon down.

INÉZ: I ... want ...
and I believe I've made it clear,
your son brought to justice
and I ask you one more time,
will you represent me?

LAWYER: put the gun away!!

INÉZ: too bad for you.

LAWYER: get out.

a shot

LAWYER: (falls to the ground, hit, screaming)

INÉZ: will you represent me in court?

second shot.

INÉZ: not very smart of me!!
how am I gonna find him now?

NICOLE: we'll find him!

INÉZ: but where?

NICOLE: the father has an address book.
the phone number is surely in his mobile phone.

INÉZ: you deal with that!

34.

in cafe select

NICOLE: no, no, it's not papa.
I'm Nicole Bourgonne.
are you Eric?
I'm calling from your father's mobile.
he's sitting right next to me.
.

NICOLE: we're in the Select.
my favourite cafe.
I'm one of your father's clients.
I mean, I'd like to have been.
I'm a singer.
but he says
that such things as art are your domain,
you want to specialise in it
so I should speak to you personally!

yeah, a band.
and just beginning in business.

yeah, but we could talk about it over a coffee.

yeah, there's a record company interested.

good, when?
great. six o'clock. In the COUPOLE.
till then and thanks.
sure, you'll recognise me.

INÉZ: yeah Nicole!!
now tell me the title of the CD

NICOLE: tournante.

INÉZ: and the name of the band?

NICOLE: revenge.

INÉZ: yeah Nicole, yeah yeah yeah!!

35.

the girls in the street. opposite the Cafe COUPOLE.

NICOLE: how are you going to do it?

INÉZ: you talk to him
and when I've had enough of that,
I'll shoot him down.

NICOLE: and we leave the recorder on the table?

INÉZ: yeah, with the purse.

they cross the street.

INÉZ: he's sitting over there.

NICOLE: hello!

CINQ: hello, are you ... Nicole Bourgonne?

NICOLE: Nicole Bourgonne, yeah.
this is my friend Inéz!

INÉZ: hello.

CINQ: do we know each other?

INÉZ: no, I don't think so!

CINQ: please sit down.
what are you drinking?

NICOLE: coffee.

CINQ: and you?

INÉZ: ice cream.

CINQ: garçon! a coffee and an ice cream!
what flavour?

INÉZ: vanilla!

CINQ: we do know each other!

two shots.

36.

***in front of a METRO-station
the girls going down the stairs
a train arrives
they get on***

NICOLE: oh shit
the recorder is still ON.

37.

in a disco.

NICOLE: she's sad.
PAUL: why??
NICOLE: Paul wants to know why you're sad?
INÉZ: no idea
NICOLE: she's thinking about the sea.
INÉZ: yeah.
PAUL: want something else to drink?
INÉZ: yeah. thanks.

38.

the music is a bit muffled. in front of the toilets.

NICOLE: what's your name?
FREDERIC: Frederic.
NICOLE: you come here often?
FREDERIC: yeah
NICOLE: you know someone called NU?
FREDERIC: NU? from where?
NICOLE: Marseille. came here two years ago.
FREDERIC: maybe Olivier knows him!

39.

near the videowall.

NICOLE: you Olivier?

OLIVIER: yeah.

NICOLE: Frederic says you might know a couple of guys from Marseille.

OLIVIER: maybe.

NICOLE: NU, know him?

OLIVIER: NU fromMarseille?

NICOLE: yeah.

OLIVIER: he's not around. he's in Nantes.
why?

NICOLE: my friend Inéz is looking for him.
he raped her.

OLIVIER: NU?

NICOLE: yeah.

OLIVIER: NU from Marseille?

NICOLE: that's what she says.

OLIVIER: I can't believe it.
NU is gentle. shy.

NICOLE: how long have you known him?

OLIVIER: a year for sure.
he lives with his mother and sister.

40.

the bell of an apartment door in a block of flats / 7th floor

MOTHER: yes?

INÉZ: is NU here?

MOTHER: no.

INÉZ: I'm a friend of his.

door opened

MOTHER: NU isn't ... here.
 what are you doing with that gun?
 I don't have anything.

INÉZ: I'm not gonna steal anything from you, Madame.

MOTHER: then why the gun?

INÉZ: no idea.

MOTHER: sit down both of you.
 what's the matter with her?

NICOLE: she needs a drink ... of water.

MOTHER: she needs a drink of tequilla.
 Bella, bring the bottle of tequilla!
 and three glasses!!
 what's your name

INÉZ: Inéz.

***three glasses placed on table.
 tequilla poured.***

MOTHER: and you?

NICOLE: Nicole.

MOTHER: I'm ... Safia.
 well, cheers.

they drink.

MOTHER: and now let's talk.
 why the hold-up?

INÉZ: can I speak openly?

MOTHER: you need another drink?

INÉZ: on 26. april your son
 and five other guys ... raped me.

MOTHER: NU?

INÉZ: yeah, NU.
 he raped me.
 he was number 6.

MOTHER: my son NU?

INÉZ: yeah.

MOTHER: I can't believe that.

INÉZ: can I have another?

MOTHER: sure. of course.

INÉZ: thanks

MOTHER: and now you've come to ...

INÉZ: I've come to ...find out where he is.

MOTHER: I've no idea. I don't know.

INÉZ: he's gone to Nantes.

MOTHER: yeah?

INÉZ: what for?

MOTHER: I don't know.

INÉZ: maybe your daughter knows.
 Bella!?

MOTHER: leave my daughter out of this.

INÉZ: I'm just gonna ask her a simple question.
 Bella, what's your brother doing in Nantes?

MOTHER: don't tell her!

INÉZ: yes, you're gonna tell me what NU is doing in Nantes.

BELLA: in Nantes?

INÉZ: exactly.

MOTHER: get out of here, both of you.

INÉZ: keep cool.
don't make me nervous, old lady.
up to now everything was nice ... and calm ...

NICOLE: come on, Inéz, let's go.
please.
calm down.

INÉZ: Bella, I asked you a question.

NICOLE: come on, Inéz,
we'll find out somewhere else what he's up to in Nantes.

INÉZ: Bella!
tell her to talk!!

MOTHER: Bella, you keep quiet!!

INÉZ: good.

NICOLE: no Inéz, don't!

INÉZ: sit down, Nicole, sit down!!

MOTHER: give me that gun.

INÉZ: You sit down too.
sit down!!

NICOLE: no, Inéz, don't shoot!

a shot.

BELLA: maman!!

a second shot.

NICOLE: Inéz no, God, no. you shot her!!
why? why did you shoot her?!

41.

on the train to nantes.

NICOLE: we're sitting in the train to Nantes.
how you doing, Inéz??

INÉZ: me?

NICOLE: yeah, you.

INÉZ: no idea.

NICOLE: first Nantes, and afterwards?
got any money?

INÉZ: Emile's savings book.

NICOLE: what will he do?

INÉZ: who, Emile?

NICOLE: without you.

INÉZ: play the piano. like always.

NICOLE: how long has he been in Paris?

INÉZ: 40 years.

NICOLE: what did he do?
what did he live on?

INÉZ: playing piano.
in shows. in cat houses.

she sings "As Time Goes By" from Casablanca.

42.

ein molotow-cocktail wird geworfen. brand. ein hubschrauber.

NICOLE: tournante
von INÉZ du LAC & petschinka

e n d