

JOANN SFAR'S GAINSBOURG

ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY WRITTEN BY
JOANN SFAR

Shooting Script – July 15, 2008

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**KINO
LOGY**

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1. EXT.BEACH ON THE ATLANTIC- CASINO- DAY

A beach on the Atlantic coast. The sun is on the verge of setting.

Two children are playing on the sand. We immediately recognise one of them, nine or ten years old, a boy with ears that stick out and a remarkable nose to match : it's little Lucien, future Serge Gainsbourg. The girl that is with him is very pretty; her hair is attached by a broach and her swimming costume is tied up between her shoulder blades. The girl is haughty. They are both crouching looking at the sun, silhouetted against its light.

The camera approaches the children.

The little girl gets up and leaves, her nose pointing up. The young Lucien watches her walk away with fascination. He gets up and calls out to her :

LUCIEN

Hey ! *(he starts to follow her)* Reckon I can put my hand in your hand ?

THE SMALL GIRL

No, you're too ugly!

She walks away.

In the distance, we can see a kind of Casino like the one at Trouville or Le Touquet.

The kid, with his cauliflower ears stays standing by the sea, motionless, quite inexpressive.

A carefree couple walk past, probably on their way to the casino. The man's rowler hat is tipped to one side and his tie is undone. His left hand rests on the woman's behind and he seems happy. Once past the boy he flicks the butt of his still smoking cigarette onto the sand. Lucien picks the butt up and holds it against his lips without suffocating. We see the boy stand up, cigarette in mouth, puffing small clouds of smoke. Eyes wide open, he doesn't cough.

We hear an instrumental of « **La valse de Melody Nelson** » on violin. Smoke escapes from the boy's cigarette. The stream of smoke seems to undulate to the rhythm of the waltz. The last rays of sunlight disappear behind the horizon. The small boy's profile, smoking. We of course recognise Serge Gainsbourg's profile, even as a child.

The Titles start with the music of Melody Nelson.

TITLES

2. EXT. BEACH ON THE ATLANTIC- TITLES

Profile shot of Lucien smoking in front of the setting sun. He already holds himself with the arrogance and solemnity that will become the distinguishing traits of Serge Gainsbourg.

The camera films from above as Lucien writes his name (“Lucien, Lucien, Lucien” , over and over) in the sand with his toes.

The tide has come in and he is shin-deep in the water. His name is erased from the sand. He is still smoking.

He watches with total indifference as the water rises up his body.

He pretends he is almost drowning, lifting his nose so as not to get his cigarette wet.

Water progressively covers the screen.

Water and the solar discus.

Tiny, way up high on the screen.

Under the water, we are in a cartoon world, fish...

...smoking.

The young boy dives underwater and he too becomes a cartoon character.

And while the titles start to scroll down the screen, he begins to swim the breast stroke, underwater, amongst the marine creatures, mostly big fish, totally indifferent, and like him, smoking.

And without dropping his cigarette his mouth breaks into a small smile. The water all around him becomes rain clouds and the fish that are smoking transform into...Parisians...who are smoking.

He continues to swim in the water that has become clouds, and the big raindrops

patter down to the rhythm of Chopin. All of this is still cartoon animation.

Then like Peter Pan in a wool swimsuit, he is swimming above Place Blanche near the Moulin Rouge. Germans are patrolling the streets and the Parisians are staring at their feet.

Leaving his cloud now, he flies, weaving his way through the raindrops. He glides down a small street in the 18th arrondissement, a street that we will see later in the film, and on one of the brick walls, he spots a strange poster titled: "The French Jew." On it is the globe, but without any people on it.

The child flies into the poster, hoists himself up onto the globe with difficulty, still wearing his swimsuit, dripping with water and still smoking a cigarette.

He sits down on top of the globe as if it were a beach ball and then stares out into the void. A bit of smoke still wafts up from cigarette butt.

3. INT. APARTMENT RUE CHAPTAL – LIVING ROOM - DAY

Inside, we discover a small three room flat, typical of the 30's. In the living/dining room there is a heavy glass table, a large dresser with a black marble plate and two old green velvet armchairs.

This is where the sound of the piano has been coming from; it's Lucien playing. He's sitting on his father's knees. It is obvious that tears have been shed, the handkerchief is still at hand, the father looks severe. We are in a modest Parisian apartment. The old piano is stuck between the wall, the glass table and the armchair. It's a Pleyel with pedals in the shape of a Lyre next to which are piled up yellowed partitions. The boy tries to play and « DING ! », he plays a false note.

THE FATHER

Now what is it?

LUCIEN

My finger slipped.

THE FATHER

You're going to have to do better than that !

« DING ! », another false note.

The father starts shouting in Russian.

The boy bounds away and hides under the glass table, on which a samovar rests.

The father continues to shout, gets up, and tries to grab the boy hiding under the table.

His mother arrives, and his parents argue. In Russian, the scene is like something from a silent movie. We can still hear the piano, but the tune is more like a tune from

a Buster Keaton film now.

We see the boy stick his nose out from under the tablecloth; he looks at his parents shouting and then shouts back at them:

LUCIEN

I hate the piano ! (he sticks his head out) I think music's boring.

Nothing could have insulted his father more, who grabs the kid by the scruff of the neck and drags him over to the piano. As he's being pulled, the boy says :

LUCIEN

Why do I have to play the piano ? (he turns to his father) You play the piano and what does that bring us?

FATHER

Play !

Lucien's parents are smartly dressed, they are even quite elegant, like people that want to seem very civilised. They both have heavy Russian accents, but express them selves in a very polished French. The boy starts to play the prelude by Chopin again, with no enthusiasm.

The father surveys his son on the piano a little while before putting his coat on and leaving the apartment. The very instant that the boy hears the front door shut, he releases his fingers from the piano, jumps into an armchair and devours an illustrated book, something like « Robinson », reading one of the adventures.

The mother arrives, hair tied into a bun, and sits next to her little boy.

MOTHER

Is that interesting, what you're reading?

LUCIEN

They're cowboys mum, can I have a cowboy gun?

MOTHER

Don't be silly!

LUCIEN

Not a real one. Just a play one.

MOTHER

War isn't a game... Play the piano.

LUCIEN

I want a gun!

MOTHER

Hitler's' soldiers are roaming the streets and you want a gun. Have you gone totally berserk??

LUCIEN

It's not fair. Why do I have pay for your problems with Hitler. Buy me a gun and I'll practise the piano.

MOTHER

No.

4. INT/EXT. SHOP RUE CHAPTAL – LE GOUT DELIK – DAY

We see the small boy wrapped up in his pelerine coat, with his satchel on his back, enter a sweet and toy shop situated on rue Chaptal. He starts to rummage through cowboy panoply. The salesman notices him, pushes past his clients, walks over to the boy and grabs him by the shoulders.

SALESMAN

What do you think you're doing?

LUCIEN

I'm just looking.

SALESMAN

No, no, no, you are not just looking. *(He starts to shake him)* You're putting your grubby little fingers on my things. What's the idea?

LUCIEN

Nothing sir.

SALESMAN

Go stick your nose somewhere else.

He throws him out of the shop with a kick up the arse for good measure.

5. EXT.RUE CHAPTAL – END OF DAY

The boy doesn't look at all upset: as soon as he's alone he takes a gun, that he managed to steal from the shop, out of his coat pocket.

LUCIEN

Jesse James, ha-ha!

He continues down the street and walks past five or six shabby militias who vociferate the words of the Marseillaise.

THE MILITIAS*(singing)**Allons enfants de la patrie, le jour de gloire est arrivé...*

As soon as they've gone past, Lucien continues to sing La Marseillaise in his own fashion. He doesn't really know the words, so he makes them up.

LUCIEN*(Brass band fashion)*

Far'ity fart. To cut the throats of our sons and warts.*

He walks past an anti-Jew poster and continues to sing.

We see a monstrous figure with a big nose, scowling eyes, and a big lipped mouth, eight legs like a spider enclosing a globe. In fact the poster is 3 dimensional. We don't realise straight away. The child walks underneath it, continuing to massacre the Marseillaise:

LUCIEN*(singing)*

Blood, blood, blood everywhere.

He walks past the poster.

As he continues to anon the Marseillaise, the fat lipped caricature comes out of the poster. Like a huge mollusc, it comes down from the globe, holds the ridge of the poster and slips down to the ground. The boy doesn't notice a thing, he continues his march.

LUCIEN*(singing)*

Marchons, marchons...

(walk on, walk on)

And behind him, the spider, that must be at least two meters tall, with his big Muppet Show head, starts to closely tail him.

(this anti-Semite caricature looks a lot like the caricatures of an aged Gainsbourg)

Lucien ends up by spotting the animal. He keeps his gob shut. Picks up his pace. But the eight-legged spider walks faster than him. The boy runs. The horrible gargoyle gallops after him, jumps and lands in front of him.

But he doesn't seem all that nasty. He imitates the boy's movements. And the music that was worrying up until now becomes kind of Tin-pan alley piano jazz, Gershwin style. In fact we hear the instrumental from « **Nazi Rock** », but totally jazzed up and orchestrated like Irvin Berling. The original is almost unrecognisable. And Lucien and the monster start dancing like « Singing in the rain » or something in a Broadway musical fashion. The big creature moves just like the boy. They do choreography, something between Fred Astair and Charles Trenet.

The monster seems calmed, happy, but Lucien plays about with his plastic gun. We hear the real sound of a gunshot, BAAANG !

6. INT. APARTMENT RUE CHAPTAL –LIVING ROOM - EVENING

The cracking gun sound transforms itself into the sound of a belt on little Lucien's bum. He's been made prisoner on his dad's knees who's giving him a spanking.

LUCIEN

Owww !

THE FATHER

That'll teach you to steal guns !

LUCIEN

Mum !

In the doorway we see his mother with his two sisters. One is his twin sister, Liliane. The other is older, she's called Jacqueline and must be about 11 years old (the two sisters will be acted by the same actresses that will incarnate, Kate and Charlotte at the end of the film).

Lucien's dad pulls him up by his ear lobes. The boy shouts.

THE FATHER

No, not mummy ! Get into the cupboard and think about what you've done.

7. INT. APARTMENT RUE CHAPTAL - CUPBOARD –EVENING

We see the little boy in the cupboard, crouching, with large worried eyes. Large tears stream down his cheeks. He brushes his finger over the light switch, and suffocating, he implores his dad :

LUCIEN

Let me turn the light on ?

THE FATHER

(exterior)

Don't even think about it.

We hear his father's angry voice on the other side of the door, speaking Russian to the mother, who answers :

MOTHER

You're over doing it....

Chairs sliding and then silence, as if the living room was now empty.

We see the boy's hand hover over the light switch...

8. INT. APARTMENT RUE CHAPTAL – LIVINGROOM - EVENING

The cupboard doors opened wide, the boy bursts out crying.

His sisters are sitting together on the same armchair, most probably waiting for the boy's reappearance. They laugh seeing him cry. Lucien ends up laughing too.

JACQUELINE

(sad voice) This little finger says cry, *(happy voice)*
this little finger says laugh!

The three kids laugh together.

9. INT. APARTMENT RUE CHAPTAL – LIVING ROOM – NIGHT (SEE STORYBOARD)

The meal is over. Mother and sisters are clearing off the table and during this scene, the dining room is going to transform into Lucien's bedroom because they open up a small, folding iron bed where he is going to sleep.

Lucien finishes his meal but is still sulking.

His father, bursting with tenderness, lifts him off his chair and sits him on his knees.

THE FATHER

You're going to have to stop all this nonsense, big guy. It makes me so sad when I yell at you *(he starts to cry)* Forgive me for having hit you, I love you so much. You're my little Lucien, you're my king. I'm so sorry I was such a mean father, forgive me, forgive me...

LUCIEN

Dad ?

THE FATHER

Yes my little king?

LUCIEN

I think I like it even better when you hit me than when you apologize..

After a beat, the whole family cracks up laughing.

10. INT. APARTMENT RUE CHAPTAL – LIVING ROOM – NIGHT (SEE STORY BOARD)*

Scene with his father before going to bed.

While his mother and sisters continue bustling about, putting things away, coming in and out of the room, Lucien is seated on his rod iron bed. He is wearing the same pajamas as his father. The latter sits down next to him.

LUCIEN

Papa, are you staying home tonight?

THE FATHER

Yes, they have less need of me in the cabarets these days. I think they don't really want my style of musician right now.

LUCIEN

(annoyed) The Jewish style? But you don't play Jewish music. *(starts screaming)* How do they know if you're Jewish anyway? Can they tell by your face?

THE FATHER

Of course not. They don't want any problems that's all.

11.INT. APARTMENT RUE CHAPTAL – LIVING ROOM– NIGHT

Lucien is not asleep. He is sitting cross-legged on the floor next to his bed. He has pulled the curtains so that light from the street lamp outside illuminates his sketchpads. He is drawing. Water colors, pen, ink. All around the sketchpad are panels that have been cut out of comic books and paperback novels. They are frightening to look at; heroes, monsters, farcical, freakish characters.

His two sisters tiptoe in, then whisper to him.

JACQUELINE

Hey! If mom and dad see that you're not asleep, there's going to be big trouble...

LUCIEN

(without looking up from his sketchpad)
I can't help it, I'm feeling inspired.

LILIANE

What are you drawing?

LUCIEN

Adventure stuff. It's a little pianist, and everyone tells him: "We don't want to see your mug around here any more, we don't want to see your ugly face..."

We first see the watercolor that he is sketching. It is a small character, a synthesis of his father and him. Then Lucien starts turning the pages super fast and it becomes like a flip-book and the character begins to move. But with each step, his head gets bigger until it becomes the "Ugly face" we have seen before.

LUCIEN

So he's out of a job. And even in the most lowly piano bars, it's "we don't want to see your ugly face around here". And the more they say that to him, the bigger his face gets. He can't control it, it takes up more and more space. His life becomes a living hell.

(the sisters are captivated by his story. In the expressionist light of the street lamp, their little faces are streaked with shadows from the tree that bumps up against the windows. They watch the spectacle of the moving images as though it were a magic

lantern, their mouths agape.)

LUCIEN

He realizes that he will never be able to get rid of it so he decides to inflate it as much as possible. That way, after a while, POP! it explodes!

And with the “POP!”, the room is flooded in shadows, as though the sketchpad had just exploded.

LILIANE

And he dies?

LUCIEN

No. But because of all the crap that's been thrown in his face, Ugly face gets transformed into something else.

(a big Nosferatu type shadow begins to grow on one of the walls.)

JACQUELINE

(frightened)

What is it?

LUCIEN

Professor Flipus.

LILIANE

Who's that?

And Professor Flipus comes out of the sketchpad: the shadow on the wall is the reflection of a drawing as it emerges from the paper (see the storyboard). A creature with the profile of a crow, as thin as a rake with hooked fingers, but his silhouette and his movements are delicate. The character remains in the shadow so that we don't yet see it very precisely at this moment in the film. But his eyes are bright and shining and the smoke from his long cigarette fills the room.

LUCIEN

(thoroughly enjoying his story)

He's a scary guy. But he is very elegant and so people really like him. They really like him the way we like the ogres in Grimm's fairy tales. They really like to hate him.

(Lucien gets up and goes over to the piano. The giant creature follows him like Peter Pan's shadow. He is going to play with him, four hands on the piano, and his sisters, ecstatic, brimming with admiration for their brother, just love the show. The creature remains in the shadows, only his hands are lit up.)

LUCIEN

And when he starts playing the piano, everybody shuts up.

JACQUELINE

What's he playing?

Lucien and the monster strike a terrifying and ear-shattering chord, something like the sound of dishes and mirrors shattering. In the dead silence of the sleeping apartment, it curdles the blood.

LUCIEN

Whatever the people like. Especially the women. Because he is a seducer.

Lucien and Ugly face start playing together and it is amazingly good!

They are playing a fast paced, dancy but at the same time, serious Russian jazz version of one of Chopin's etudes. They are playing it very, very loudly.

Their mother and father, dressed for bed, rush into the room.

LUCIEN

Sorry, sorry, we're going to go to bed.

THE FATHER

No, continue (*then, approaching his son*). You play even better in the middle of the night.

The entire family has gathered around Lucien who continues his lovely and sacrilegious rendition of Chopin.

12. INT. FINE ARTS ACADEMY – DAY (see story-board) *

A very Parisian fine arts' academy, with duckboard flooring and a dozen artists sitting behind their easels, intent on drawing the portrait of a curly, blond haired model who we can only see from the back. Amongst them are an SS officer and a teacher. Turning his back to all this, poor little Lucien is forced to paint a still life of flowers.

He is frowning and firing daggers at the still life.

Behind him, the SS officer is enjoying himself and throws charming glances at the young model posing. We catch a glimpse of his drawings, very Arno Breker.

Lucien tries to turn his head toward the model. He barely has time to catch a glimpse of one of her breasts, and to notice the knowing glances between the girl and the Nazi. He barely catches her gaze when the merciless drawing teacher turns his head back to the flowers.

And so Lucien goes back to painting the flowers. In the background, the soldier continues charming the model.

(see story board)

The art students, their drawing portfolio under their arms, are leaving the academy. Lucien is the last one out. He lets the others leave, then hides. Then he tiptoes back to the shadow of the Chinese screen behind which, the model is doing her reverse strip-tease; she is getting dressed.

She has pulled on her stockings and is putting on her panties when the young boy shows up. Lucien whips out his sketchpad and starts drawing her. She is wearing a kind of bodice or bra, a rather pretty one for a girl living under the occupation.

Perhaps it is a present from the SS officer. She wants to comb her hair and turns to the mirror. But ...Yikes! In the mirror, her eyes meet those of...Lucien.

Lucien has been discovered. He is as stock-still as a wild animal caught in the glare of the headlights.

And he suddenly starts talking, talking...

LUCIEN

I should have asked your permission. But soon, I am going to leave Paris and I will no longer be able to come here and I wanted to take a drawing of you with me. During the lessons, I am not allowed to draw you. I know there are a lot of models, but I always wait until I know it's going to be you. Would you pose for me? One day I may be a great painter.

THE MODEL

(amused and touched)

Hmmm...and will you allow me to get dressed while you work Mister-great-painter?

LUCIEN

Not too much.

THE MODEL

Say there!

LUCIEN

It's not because of the clothes, but if you move around, I won't be able to paint you.

THE MODEL

(sweetly sitting down)

OK, so shall I stay like this then?

LUCIEN

No.

THE MODEL

What?

LUCIEN

It's your bra. I don't know how to draw it. Perhaps you could take it off.

THE MODEL

(laughing)

And why should I obey?

LUCIEN

(very serious and very clever, speaking quickly and staring straight at her the whole time)

Because you can't possibly imagine the courage it took me to ask you. Because there is no one as shy as me and if the passion that I have for you were not so great...

THE MODEL

(very moved)

I really don't have any luck. For once there's some guy who really knows how to talk to me, and he's only knee high.

She undoes the straps to her bra. Lucien watches with big, round eyes.

13. INT/EXT. L'ANNEXE CAFE – RUE CHAPTAL – DAY (SEE STORY BOARD) *

We first get a shot of under the table. Lucien's little feet pedaling above the floor, and then the model's lovely pumps.

LUCIEN

I cannot tell you where I am going with my family. But I will write you love letters. And since you will be far away, you will only have my words and you will forget that I am only a child. And you will fall madly in love with me.

The girl is not just simply amused any more. She looks at him, her eyes shining with fascination. This exceptionally gifted little boy is talking to her like a hero from some Tolstoy novel..

THE MODEL

But for example, what will you write me?

LUCIEN

Baudelaire sometimes, and sometimes poems that I have written and you won't be able to tell the difference.

THE MODEL

Write me one now.

(We can see Fréhel and her dogs and her gigolo stumbling behind the bistro window.)

LUCIEN

No. When the war is over, I will come back to get you and...

THE MODEL

(laughing)

...and I will be too old then!

LUCIEN

No, no, I will still desire you.

THE MODEL

Not so sure about that.

LUCIEN

(cruel)

In any case, I will seduce women who look like you.

Completely trashed, Fréhel, her dogs under her arm and her gigolo who is holding the door open for her, suddenly appears behind Lucien. The model goes bug-eyed, recognizing her immediately. Since Lucien's back is to her, he can only hear her voice.

FREHEL

Oooooo what a pretty little girl!

LUCIEN

(scowling, without turning around)

I'm a boy!

FREHEL

(kissing him on the top of the head as if he were a little baby)

Oh I'm sorry honey. In any case you have a very pretty mother.

LUCIEN

(scowling even more)

She's not my mother. She's my model. I'm a painter. *(then realizing that his model has been goggling for a moment now)* What is it?

THE MODEL

It's Fréhel !

LUCIEN

(radiant, finally turning around)

Madame Fréhel !

FREHEL

OK, since I screwed up, I'll make up for it by getting you a lemonade *(then to her gigolo)* Here, you sit down too dickhead. He's...he's my model too.

14. INT. L'ANNEXE CAFE – RUE CHAPTAL- DAY

Fréhel, Lucien, the gigolo and the dogs are sitting around a table in THE café. She's ordered a glass of rouge and he's got cherry pie and blackcurrant lemonade.

FREHEL

I also had a son, you know. But with my job I couldn't look after him properly. So I left him in the care of a miserable family, which let him starve to death.

LUCIEN

Mrs?

FREHEL

Now, you better not go dying of hunger, eh?

LUCIEN

Mrs?

FREHEL

Don't touch my dogs, they bite.

LUCIEN

I know one of your songs off by heart.

FREHEL

That's nice my boy, go on, sing us a bit.
(Singing) *C'est la Java Bleue, la Java la plus belle-le...*

LUCIEN

On no !

FREHEL

What, it's not that one ? Kids always sing « La Java Bleu ». Do you want « Le Petit Bal Musette » ?

LUCIEN

Umm, maybe later. Mine, my song is « La Coco ».

FREHEL

That's not meant for your age.

LUCIEN

Yes but I know. There's no age for not being a junkie, Ma'am.

So we hear the little boy who sings « La Coco ».

LUCIEN

(singing in French)

L'orchestre joue un brillant tango, dans ses bras, il tenait sa belle, moi sur la table, j'ai pris un couteau, et ma vengeance fut cruelle...

The orchestra play a brilliant Tango, in his arms, he held his beauty, me on the table, I took a knife, and my vengeance was cruel...

Fréhel, dumbfounded up until now, starts to sing along with him.

LUCIEN FREHEL AND THE MODEL

(singing)

Oui, j'étais grise, j'ai fait une bêtise, j'ai tué mon gigolo devant mes copines comme une coquine, dans le cœur, je lui ai mis mon couteau, donnez-moi de la coco pour troubler mon cerveau, l'esprit s'envole vers le Seigneur, mon amant de cœur m'a rendu folle.

The dogs howl.

15. INT. APARTMENT RUE CHAPTAL - ENTRANCE - DAY

Lucien enters the apartment Rue Chaptal, continuing to sing la coco. His mother hears him sing « donnez-moi d'la coco* » (* nickname for cocaine) and cuffs him.

16. INT. PREFECTURE OFFICE.- CORRIDOR- 1942 – DAY

This morning, in the prefecture offices, in Jewish affairs, the orderly is lighting up his cigarette tip to tip with a boy's cigarette, Lucien's of course.

His superior arrives.

SUPERIOR

Well, well, Brochaut ! Not only are you smoking on duty, but you're also perverting our youth.

BROCHAUT

He gave me the cigarette, Mr.Poletti...

SUPERIOR

(Addressing another employee)

And what are you doing in my office before opening hours ?

Somebody else has entered his office where huge piles of yellow stars are piled up, hundreds of them, thousands.

EMPLOYEE

I'm here because of the boy, Mr.Poletti. He wants his star before everybody else.

We see the man leave the office with a star and give it to Lucien. Lucien, very seriously, takes his star.

LUCIEN

Thank you sir. Can you imagine being late on a day like today? I'd have regretted it all my life.

SUPERIOR

Who do you think you are talking to me like that ?

LUCIEN

My name is Lucien Ginsburg, I'm a Jew, my dad's a jazz piano player.

SUPERIOR

So, you're in a hurry to wear your star are you?

LUCIEN

It's your star sir. You're the one who wants me to wear it.

SUPERIOR

Such insolence ! Shouldn't you be at school young man ?

LUCIEN

I've left school sir. I'm at the Montmartre academy of painting.

SUPERIOR

At the « The Montmartre Academy of painting » are you ?! Well they must be really struggling to accept the likes of you.

LUCIEN

Oh, you'd be wrong to think that sir. There are many fine people at the Montmartre Academy. For example: the SS officer Karl Heinz Van Mayer. He likes me. He even gave me a croissant the other day.

SUPERIOR

Now what are you playing at...

LUCIEN

Would you like me to introduce him to you? It would be a great career move.

Lucien turns on his heels, holding the star in his fist tightly. Ten or so Jews are waiting in the corridor now, queuing up for their stars. Lucien, jaw clenched, walks up the queue, observing their faces.

17. INT. BOARDING SCHOOL – CORRIDOR/DORMITORY – NIGHT

It's almost nighttime. We see Lucien enter a rather eerie boarding school. Guided by the headmaster, Lucien walks down a long corridor that leads to a dormitory where numerous farmer children are going to sleep. They're all wearing pyjamas, most of them already in bed.

THE HEADMASTER

(entering the dormitory) Boys, this is Lucien.
Lucien has come to the countryside to improve
his health.

All the children watch him as he crosses the room and gets onto his bed.

THE HEADMASTER

Lights out !

The dormitory lights suddenly go out. The children protest a little, laugh a little, and tease each other before going to sleep, whilst Lucien slips out of his trousers and under his sheets. It doesn't look like he's going to sleep on his first night. He weeps in silence.

18. INT. BOARDING SCHOOL- DORMITORY – DAY

Broad daylight. Totally different atmosphere. To gain the sympathy of his new compatriots, Lucien sketches on order pornographic drawings.

Lucien is sitting on his bed, pen in hand, and all the children cue to get their dirty drawing. A small farmer's boy, even dafter than the others, begs him :

THE KID

Hey Lucien, can't you add some pubic hairs to
mine ?

LUCIEN

I've already put on loads !

THE KID

Yeah, I'm not talking about her fanny though,
her armpits. I like hairy armpits !

LUCIEN

You're such a bunch of peasants.

The children laugh.

(We see that time has passed in this scene because Lucien has set up his little corner of the room).

19. INT. BOARDING SCHOOL- DORMITORY – NIGHT

Night has fallen. With a special effect to be created, Lucien is sleeping with his huge Ugly Face. The creature barely fits on the bed.

Suddenly a dark silhouette, armed with an axe, approaches the bed. His shadow

precedes him, like in an expressionist film. In the moonlight, we finally recognise the Headmaster. He wakes Lucien up.

THE HEADMASTER

Hey my boy ! The Germans are going to search the school tomorrow. If they see you with that face of yours, you're done for. Take this axe and escape to the forest. If you bump into somebody, say that you're the logger's son, that you're gathering kindling.

Lucien takes the axe and wakes his Ugly Face up.

LUCIEN

Come on, we've got to do a runner.

19A. INT. BOARDING SCHOOL – STAIRS- NIGHT

Lucien and the Ugly Face leg it down the stairs.

19B. EXT. BOARDING SCHOOL – FOREST- NIGHT

They walk through the sleeping school, and go out towards the woods.

LUCIEN

We're going to build a shack in the forest.

Lucien and Ugly Face are terrorised.

20. EXT. FOREST - CLEARING- NIGHT

The first images of the forest must be as scary as those of « Snow White », with bare crooked branches, the whole atmosphere. We see that they're cold, tired, lost.

LUCIEN

(to his Ugly Face)

We're going to make a wooden shack like in « The last of the Mohicans ». No campfire. Nothing that could trace the enemy to us.

21. EXT. FOREST – CLEARING –DAY

It's daybreak. Lucien is in his light pyjamas, huddled up against Ugly Face. Suddenly branches snap under foot. People are approaching. They are scared.

It's a few children from the boarding school, three or four friends from Lucien's dormitory. He's scared that they've come to denounce him, so he hides even more. But the children seem jolly. They haven't come to betray him. They like the boy. They've come to give him some food and comfort.

A KID

(the one who liked hairy armpits)

Lucien.

LUCIEN

What are you doing here ?

ANOTHER KID

You left without any grub. We brought you a blanket as well.

They hand him a basket of food and cover. They sit in a tight circle round Lucien and share a large loaf of bread.

The kids are gathered around Lucien. They laugh, nibble away at the bread and smoke cigarettes.

A KID

Yeah, you did the right move by hiding 'cos they've been searching everywhere to find Jews...

LUCIEN

Why are you saying that? I'm not concerned.

KID

Then why are you hiding?

LUCIEN

I have a secret rendezvous. So get lost, she's gonna be here real soon.

THE KIDS (fascinated)

She ?

LUCIEN

Well yeah! When I have rendezvous, it's with a babe!

Respectful and fascinated at the same time, the kids leave. Before they are out of earshot, Lucien shouts after them:

LUCIEN

How do you think I learned to draw pussy hair anyway?!

22. EXT. FOREST – CLEARING - DAY

Lucien is all alone now in his little corner of the forest. He pulls out his drawing material and addresses his model. We don't see her of course but we can hear her voice. During the entire scene, Lucien is drawing her as life-like as if she were actually there. Then he draws his self-portrait next to her, though he makes himself appear much older than he is.

LUCIEN

I'm sorry if I kept you waiting. Today I have no choice but to have you pose in the forest.

THE MODEL

You haven't written me very often.

LUCIEN

No. But I draw you every day. Would you please take off your clothes now?

THE MODEL

I'm already completely naked...but I'm a bit cold. Do you mind if I snuggle up with you Lucien?

LUCIEN

If you have to.

THE MODEL

Lucien, I'm so happy. Will you marry me?

LUCIEN

Out of the question kiddo.

THE MODEL

Lucien, kiss me on the mouth and with your tongue.

LUCIEN

OK all right, if you insist. But after, you're going to have to pose, I'm not paying you to do nothing.

THE MODEL

Yes but recite a poem to me, it makes me feel like I'm in love!

And we can see Lucien from behind, drawing. He is in his own little world as he begins to hum a poem by Baudelaire..

LUCIEN

« A te voir marcher en cadence

Belle d'abandon

On dirait un serpent qui danse

Au bout d'un bâton

Sous le fardeau de ta paresse

Ta tête d'enfant

Se balance avec la mollesse D'un jeune éléphant

Seen from behind, Lucien becomes a painting and his voice changes. For the first time, we hear the voice of Gainsbourg as an adult. The song continues. He is humming it to himself.

23. INT. FINE ARTS SCHOOL-AMPHITHEATER – DAY

We are at the Fine Arts school. A pipe, gloves and his head shaved, Lucien, 25 years old now, is painting himself as a child, while he sings “Baudelaire”

LUCIEN

*Et ton corps se penche et s'allonge
Comme un fin vaisseau
Qui roule bord sur bord et plonge
Ses vergues dans l'eau
Comme un flot grossi par la fonte
Des glaciers grondants
Quand l'eau de ta bouche remonte
Au bord de tes dents*

The camera holds on his hands, his face. His tranquility is soon broken by Elisabeth who opens the door to the amphitheater.

ELISABETH

Well well! Baudelaire so early in the morning?!
Am I too early ?

He looks knackered, dark shadows under his eyes.

LUCIEN

No, no. Early morning is when the light's best.
You can get undressed now.

ELISABETH

Why ?... I'm not a model you know.

LUCIEN

(embarrassed)
Oh sorry. Well in that case...

ELISABETH

(laughing)
... I'll keep my clothes on for the time being !

LUCIEN

Of course.

We can see that he is an excessively timid young man and at the same time, quite proud. The mixture of the two makes for someone quite unique who is going to steadily evolve like this over the years.

LUCIEN

(very servable)
I'll set a canvas up for you.

He brings a paint horse out for the young woman and sets it up not too far from

himself. They are completely alone in the amphitheatre.

LUCIEN

There, you've got light coming from the left.
Perfect, if you're right handed.

ELISABETH

Are you always such an early bird?

LUCIEN

I haven't slept yet, I play the piano.

ELISABETH

So do I.

She's a strong young woman, very sure of her self, with high cheekbones, clear eyes, full of energy and good humoured, a class act.

LUCIEN

What do you play ?

ELISABETH

Bach.

LUCIEN

Ah yes... well I just twinkle about, I do piano bar stuff. But I've no real ambition in that domain, it's just a way to pay for my painting.

ELISABETH

Where do you play ? I'll come and listen.

LUCIEN

That, darling, is totally out of the question !

ELISABETH

(mischievous)

Well you can't stop me from getting in !

LUCIEN

Well what if I don't tell you where I'm playing ?

ELISABETH

Well it would be even more fun, I'LL have to follow you closely.

LUCIEN

And what if I don't let you?

She smiles.

ELISABETH

Even better... I'll secretly follow you.

24. INT.PIANO BAR – NIGHT

The young woman enters the smoky piano bar, a place that could be La Closerie des Lilas.

Lucien hasn't noticed her yet. He's playing. A young man throws a small coin into his basket as he leaves the bar. Lucien flips his lid, he throws the coin back at the man.

LUCIEN

Are you taking the piss ! I'm not a bloody jukebox !

Elisabeth is standing nearby. He hasn't seen her enter. When he looks up, she is right next to him, attractive, ironic. His eyes widen, a little embarrassed. She leans on the piano, her cleavage quite visible.

ELISABETH

Play something for me Lucien.

He hunches over his piano and starts to sing and play.

LUCIEN

(singing)

Parce que, parce que t'as les yeux bleus, que tes cheveux s'amuse à défier le soleil par leur éclat de feu, parce que tu as vingt ans, que tu croques à la vie comme à un fruit vermeil que l'on croque en riant...

(Because you've got blue eyes, because you hair defies the sun with their fiery colour, because you're twenty etc...)

ELISABETH

That's lovely. Did you write it ?

LUCIEN

Aznavour.

(He continues to sing)

Tu te crois tout permis et n'en fais qu'à ta tête, désolée un instant, prête à recommencer, tu joues avec mon cœur comme un enfant gâté qui réclame un joujou pour le réduire en miettes, parce que j'ai trop d'amour tu viens voler mes nuits au fond de mon sommeil et fais pleurer mes jours...

She sits down next to him, under the charm. They apparently please each other.

ELISABETH

I'll take you to Salvador Dali's.

LUCIEN

Are you joking ?

ELISABETH

I do different jobs for the surrealist movement.
Among other things, I have to look after his
place when he's away.

LUCIEN

Will he be gone for long ?

ELISABETH

Well, he won't be back tonight.

25. INT. SALVADOR DALI'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

They enter the phenomenal apartment, black, walls covered with astrakhan, a square bed covered with a white fur cover, masterpieces everywhere ; Ernst, Picasso, Paul Klee. The private mansion (rue de Verneuil) will be a respectful copy of Dali's private chambers.

Lucien leads the way into the apartment. Before she turns the lights on, he accidentally treads on a drawing. Lights on, he realises that his foot is on a Picasso charcoal. Other similar drawings are spread across the floor.

While Elisabeth approaches him, he pulls a sketchpad out of his pocket and begins to draw the apartment.

LUCIEN

Look at that. He leaves his Picasso's all over
the floor.

ELISABETH

Yes. But he hangs his own paintings up on the
walls. Sometimes he spends the whole evening
going through the papers to see if his name has
been cited. If « Salvador Dali » hasn't been
written at least once, he goes berserk.

LUCIEN

I do the same thing. But my name never comes
up.

ELISABETH

How tragic...

LUCIEN

Yes I know.

Lucien continues to draw the apartment. He pretends to ignore Elisabeth. She looks languorously at him but ends up by taking some paper as well. She picks up a piece of sanguine and mind elsewhere tries to do Lucien's portrait.

ELISABETH

I can't draw you very well.

LUCIEN

Well I'm pretty easy to do.

ELISABETH

Maybe so, but when I'm attracted by a subject I can't concentrate on my work. I want to kiss you, how can you expect me to concentrate?

LUCIEN

How do you think Klimt did it ? He spent his time drawing irresistible women sticking their fingers into different extremities. And it was a cold drawing, precise, with a steady line. He didn't miss an inch of flesh.

ELISABETH

I don't know, just drawing you in your clothes has got me all tingly.

Lucien, imperturbable, continues to draw. She can't.

ELISABETH

Lucien...

LUCIEN

What ?

ELISABETH

I think Klimt must have fucked them first, before drawing them. *(she puts her paper down, moves towards Lucien)* Don't you think ?

LUCIEN

Hold on, let me finish my drawing.

She enlaces him with her arms. Very slowly, he turns to her. He kisses her, almost in slow motion, brushing his lips against hers in complete silence; as if they were in a church, because they are at Dali's.

LUCIEN

Not on the bed. I couldn't on Dali's bed.

ELISABETH

Okay. Everywhere but the bed.

26.INT.WORK ROOM – DAY

Lucien Gainsbourg is sitting with other men at a long table. They're chain working. In turn, they colour promotional photographs that will be stuck up in front of cinemas. He has his nose in his work, handling a small brush, and the boss arrives with

another big pile of photos.

THE BOSS

Lucien, when you've finished Marilyn, go onto
Rita Hayworth.

He lifts his nose up. And still the same, both shy and pretentious at the same time :

LUCIEN

Excuse me, but you don't have any carmin do
you ?

THE BOSS

What's that ?

LUCIEN

Because, I'm sorry, but painting their lips in
magenta is a crime. *(he begins to explain to
him)* You see, a black and white photo is an
abstraction. So by adding colour, you're
immediately galvanising it. I'm not complaining
of course, because if we left them black, I'd be
broke, but if we're going to slap colour on their
faces, I'd like to at least choose the colour.

The boss looks at him as if he was from outer space.

27.INT/EXT. CINEMA HALLWAY.DAY

An immediate cut from the last scene to Lucien and his fiancée, Elisabeth, standing
in front of a cinema. Lucien is in extasy in front of the promotional photographs.

LUCIEN

Ha ! look ! Look at that one !

ELISABETH

What ?

LUCIEN

That one there, I coloured that one !

ELISABETH

How do you know that ?

LUCIEN

The others use magenta.

She manifestly doesn't care. He looks grumpy.

LUCIEN

You could show some interest. It's my first
exhibition.

ELISABETH

I'd rather you found a regular job.

28. INT. ATTIC ROOM– NIGHT

It's night. Paris. In a kind of attic room quite emblematic of what we imagine bohemian Paris to be. A book by Catulle, P4 cigarettes. Ashtrays, pipes.

There are paintings everywhere, a piano, and a guitar.

Lucien is in bed. Elisabeth too..

Throughout the whole scene, Lucien's eyes are wide open. He shifts a little. But his partner is only a shadow on the bed, we don't see her. We vaguely hear her voice, but that's all.

LUCIEN

Elisabeth, I can't sleep.

ELISABETH

Count animals. A reassuring animal, like a panda. Imagine a big panda that crosses a forest of bamboo, nibbling the branches. He plods along, he looks at you and moves on. Now think of a second panda that walks through the bamboo plants, that stops to look at you and disappears. Think of a third panda...

LUCIEN

They're scaring me, all those panda's staring at me ! (*silence*). It talks in my head night and day. When I don't put things down onto paper or onto canvas, it talks even more. I don't know where to put the surplus. It's not my voice, it's another voice...

ELISABETH

Yep, you're possessed. Sometimes Nuns get it, a devil inside.

LUCIEN

Hey, you're pulling my leg? Aren't you ? !

ELISABETH

Devil means double. It gives you somebody to talk to. All the great writers have got one. Socrates, Lautréamont, Baudelaire, the pirate from 'Treasure Island » with his parrot on his shoulder.

Lucien is starting to look quite happy, he quite likes the idea.

LUCIEN

I see...

ELISABETH

So really, it's pretty cool.

LUCIEN

Yes but if I want him to let me sleep, what do I have to do ?

ELISABETH

You obey! You stop painting and the rest of that bullshit and I'm going to help you make a fortune!

LUCIEN

But I love painting, what the hell are you talking about? *(he turns to her)* Elisabeth?

We discover that it wasn't Elisabeth he was talking to. In the shadow of his young wife, curled up on the other side of the bed, is his Ugly Face.

It's the first time we see him in his adult form. The creature deploys his long arachnidan legs. Lucien finds himself face to face with a nightmare vision : a caricature of himself with long bony fingers, huge nose, bright eyes, chain smoking.

UGLY FACE

Don't fret , she was sleeping from the start.

LUCIEN

(he shouts because he's a bit scared of this creature)

Who are you ? What are you doing here ?!

UGLY FACE

Calm down ! I'm your Ugly Face. Don't you recognise your Ugly face ?

LUCIEN

You've grown. You're repulsive. What do you want from me?

He has been wriggling around so much that Lucien has managed to wake up his wife.

ELISABETH

Who are you talking to ?

LUCIEN

To my Ugly Face, keep your nose out !

A silence follows, then :

LUCIEN

Elisabeth, I'm can't sleep.

She mumbles.

ELISABETH

Well you wake me up when you don't sleep.
Maybe if we fucked, you would get to sleep.

LUCIEN

You don't realize, I'm possessed... by a devil.

ELISABETH

Of course, but if we fuck, you'll get to sleep and then I'll be able to sleep too.

LUCIEN

It's a lot more serious than that. I've got to be exorcized.

ELISABETH

Wait a sec, I'm really good at that.

And she throws herself on Lucien who is laughing but struggles a bit anyway. This love scene is important in order to sense Lucien's timidity and modesty. He loves to let Elisabeth treat him roughly. She is earthy and determined never to take him seriously.

29. INT. CHAMPSFLEUR ORPHANAGE – CORRIDOR/CLASSROOM – DAY

Lucien and the director of the orphanage are in a corridor facing a slightly ajar door. On the other side of the door, we make out classroom full of particularly quiet school children. Lucien is wearing a duffle coat and is holding a guitar.

THE DIRECTOR

Do you know Yiddish folklore ?

LUCIEN

A little... Mostly Russian pieces, and some Jazz.

THE DIRECTOR

I'd like you to show tact, and to avoid any fooling about, they're fragile children.

LUCIEN

I wasn't told. Are they ill ?

THE DIRECTOR

We take care of children whose parents haven't come back from the German camps. It's difficult to describe their state, but petrified could be a good description.

Lucien glances into the classroom and turns back to the director.

LUCIEN

This isn't for me, sorry.

He turn on his heels and is bout to leave.

THE DIRECTOR

Can't you just spend a little time with them, just
for today, I need your help...

So Lucien looks through the door again and he sees all the faces, turned in his direction. He's shy, he doesn't want to do this... He can think of a hundred reasons for not going in, he opens his eyes wide. But his ugly face suddenly appears behind him.

UGLY FACE

Go on, go on.

Ugly Face looks a bit like Murnau's Nosferatu and is much taller than Lucien. As he is hunched over, however, their heads are at the same height. Ugly Face's bright eyes and unsettling features are reminiscent of a hawk.

UGLY FACE

Get a moving.

The creature pushes Lucien in.

30. INT. CHAMPSFLEUR ORPHANAGE - CLASSROOM – DAY

Staggering, Lucien places himself in front of the kids, shy, off balance. The children are taken aback, silence.

LUCIEN

(stiff as a plank)

Hello, I'm Lucien. Take your instruments out
please.

The children are between nine and sixteen years old. Each one takes a mandolin out. It's a whole orchestra of mandolins.

Lucien picks his guitar up and starts to play a Jewish instrumental, something like « tire l'aiguille » for example, that offers a succession of calm and feverish moments. He plays the first notes « Padapadapadap », and the children answer « Pampadadam ». It makes him laugh so he continues. Seeing that the children are good instrumentalists he interprets a twirling Yiddish gypsy piece, the children accompany him and it all becomes very exciting, very Balkan, joyful. And Lucien stands in the middle and dances about with his guitar, clowning around; he, who is always so introverted, is now putting on a real show. The children laugh openly and end up by applauding, and this is the first time an audience applauds Lucien Ginsburg. His eyes wide open with surprise, he is touched.

31. EXT. CHAMPSFLEUR ORPHANAGE – CAMPFIRE – NIGHT

The music continues. We see Lucien sitting by a campfire with his guitar. Lots of children are with him, laughing, smoking; Lucien visibly does them some good. Elisabeth is present at the campfire. To end with, we assist a scene in which Lucien, dressed up like a Fakir, organises a magic show for the children. He levitates a seven-branched chandelier. A little girl walks over and looks up at him.

SMALL GIRL

Sir, seeing that you're a magician... could you turn me into a princess ?

LUCIEN

Of course, that's easy !

The little girl doesn't doubt a second. She contemplates Lucien as if he were a real magician. Very touched, Lucien solemnly runs his hand through her hair and says :

LUCIEN

You are now a small princess.

We move away from this school, from the campfire, the children.

32.INT.ATTIC ROOM- DAY

We are in Lucien Ginsburg's' attic room. He sitting on the bed with a gypsy, a man with a small moustache and a chiseled face. They both have their guitars, and are playing in the middle of paintings and next to the piano. The Gypsy does a solo. Lucien plays the accompaniment. They're really swinging. Suddenly, the gypsy looks at him insistently.

THE GYPSY

Now for your solo !

Lucien's face drops, he stiffens up, erect in his roll up sweater.

LUCIEN

I can't. I totally lose it when I have to improvise.

THE GYPSY

Well go back and play piano at your dad's then.

LUCIEN

But I did rehearse something. Django's Reinhardt's cords that you wrote for me, I know them.

THE GYPSY

Django doesn't know how to write.

LUCIEN

Do you think that's an advantage ?

THE GYPSY

Well at least he looks at his guitar.

The gypsy continues to pressure him.

THE GYPSY

Go on, look at your guitar and tell us a story.

LUCIEN

With words ?

THE GYPSY

Just with the notes.

LUCIEN

What ? In minor ?

THE GYPSY

(aggressive)

Django doesn't know what the notes are called.

The gypsy gets up. He puts his guitar away and is about to leave.

LUCIEN

(embarrassed)

See you next week ?

THE GYPSY

(shutting the door behind him)

Maybe you'd be better off playing the piano with your dad.

Lucien is alone. This moment will last because it's an important moment of failure. He's stuck between his guitar that he barely manipulates and his paintings that don't inspire him. He puts his guitar down. He wanders through his paintings, looking lost. He picks a painting up. We expect him to paint but he throws it to the floor and stamps on it. He sits back on the bed, picks up his guitar and plucks a couple of cords. He's about to put the instrument down and doze off when:

From out of his shadow stretched across the bed, jumps Ugly Face, the huge bony and feline silhouette that resembles Nosferatu by Murnau. The creature starts to give him a right telling off.

UGLY FACE

Well go on then, work night and day and in a week you'll show him what you're made of.

But Lucien doesn't react. He slowly falls apart. Irritated, Ugly Face grabs the guitar out of his hands.

UGLY FACE

(smoking)

What are you prepared to do to play like Django? Django plays with two fingers. *(Ugly face lights a match)* He doesn't need the others. *(He drops the match onto his own head)*. He can sacrifice the rest.

And suddenly the huge puppet that looks like a spider bursts into flame, in front of Lucien, in the small attic, and begins to play.

UGLY FACE

Look, just two fingers !

And the puppet really does play, truly and well, and with infernal rhythm. And he gets up and dances with his guitar. And as he dances, he spreads fire onto all of the paintings. All the paintings are on fire.

LUCIEN

Shit !

Lucien fills a bucket with water from the sink and he throws it over the puppet and the guitar.

LUCIEN

My paintings !

The fire has gone out. The puppet is soaked, dripping and burnt, as is the guitar ; a couple of strings have snapped, but he continues to play. He looks at Lucien. All of the paintings have burnt.

UGLY FACE

That's the way it is. You have to make sacrifices. I told you to forget about painting and all your...I mean look what's happening! Have you looked at your wife?!

LUCIEN

What's wrong with her? I like her.

UGLY FACE

No. You used to like her.

LUCIEN

You're a bastard.

UGLY FACE

Yeah yeah right. Let's just say that my standards of beauty are a bit more demanding than yours.

Lucien stands wide-eyed.

At this moment we begin to hear the instrumental of Serge Gainsbourg's song « **L'hippopodame** ».

33.INT.ATTIC ROOM/ PARIS STREETS – EARLY MORNING

Split screen montage between shots of Lucien happily walking down the street and Elisabeth, in an attic, crying and sitting amongst burnt paintings. Lucien is singing the Hippopodame. Elisabeth is wearing a transparent nightie and her makeup has run all over her face. The song is joyful. Lucien has his suitcase in hand and is skipping down the street, his nose in the air. Elisabeth is wringing her hands and mouthing "Lucien" but we can't hear her because all we can hear are the cruel lyrics to the song, the Hippopodame. He has abandoned her in this attic apartment along with his

paintings and his bohemian life. Lucien is ecstatic as he leaves it all behind.

34. SCENE DELETED

35. INT. CABARET MADAME ARTHUR – NIGHT

Lucien has become a pianist at Madame Arthur's transformist cabaret. He does accompaniments.

An end of evening feel, brilliant colours and sad music. A transvestite, built like a brick shit house, is singing: its Lucky Sarcelles, a kind of removal man in a red dress, fish net stockings, blond wig. Little Lucien is behind his piano.

LUCKY SARCELLES

(singing)

*Antoine le casseur c'est lui que j'ai dans mon
cœur, c'est pour lui que je fais le tapin, que je
vends mon valseur et le toutim et si lui c'est un
chaud lapin, on peut dire que moi je suis une
chaude lapine, les caves que j'éponge, ça me
laisse froid, du vrai y'a qu'Antoine qui y a droit,
mon sentiment est si profond qu'y a que lui seul
qui va au fond.*

The last of the clients clap energetically. The atmosphere is light and happy.

Lucky Sarcelles gets off stage and goes to see his little pianist.

LUCKY SARCELLES

That was great ducky, fame and glory.

LUCIEN

(depressed)

You mean I'd be better off taking up painting again.

LUCKY SARCELLES

Stop being such a berk.

At that moment a very tall smart looking man comes over to see Lucky. They're obviously old friends.

LUCKY

You're in luck Lucien, this is Boris Vian, I asked him over to listen to you. Boris is a friend, and I told him all the good I think about you.

LUCIEN

(ashamed of his songs he shakes Vian's hand)

Oh, really, it wasn't worth the bother.

BORIS VIAN

(also embarrassed at having to compliment him)

I only heard the last song, but it was good, keep it up.

And Vian turns away with Lucky Sarcelles. Still seated at his piano, Lucien looks at Vian who is about to leave the club. We immediately understand that Lucien admires Vian and that he can't accept that his first meeting with him should end on such a bad note. Overcoming his shyness, Lucien gets up, trembling, and goes on stage, to the great displeasure of the clients who are used to more tempting visions. Without any backing music, the young man in his chequered suit stands behind the microphone and sings one of his creations : « **La Jambe de bois Friedland** ».

LUCIEN

(singing with a unsure voice)

Il était une fois une jambe de bois qui cherchait un amateur.

Elle se dit ma foi si personne ne veut de moi j'me fous une balle en plein coeur

Lucien isn't facing the public, he has little stage presence, but his words are so strange that Vian freezes.

LUCIEN

(courageously continuing)

Mais voilà qu'soudain elle entend au loin une sonnerie de clairon

Elle se dit parfait c'est le moment ou jamais d'me trouver une situation

Arrivée sur l'champ d'bataille, au plus fort de la mitraille

Elle croise un boulet d'canon qui sifflait à pleins poumons

Vian has turned back. He's now facing Lucien. His vertical silhouette violently contrasts the other clients that are slumped back in their chairs. He drinks Lucien's words up. Lucien gains confidence in himself, and in a disdainful way, eyes half shut, pointing his nose up to the ceiling, pursues his military song.

LUCIEN

Elle lui dit mon pote ta p'tite gueule me botte et si tu veux m'arranger

Tourne plutôt casaque passe du côté des cosaques vise-moi c't'officier français

Si tu lui fauches une guibole tu peux me croire sur parole

Qu'si la gangrène s'y met pas je serai sa jambe de bois

Suddenly, a client sit in front of Vian starts to boo Lucien :

A CLIENT

Booooo ! What a load of rubbish !

Vian, as severe as justice itself, slaps the client on the back of the head.

BORIS VIAN

Shut up, it's wonderful!

That said, he crosses the room and gives Lucien a brotherly hug.

36. EXT. STREET – NIGHT

They're out in the street.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Maybe it's not too bad, but you're the only one that likes it.

BORIS VIAN

Me ? I never like anything ! So when I do, that's saying something. Do you need me to tell you that you've got talent my boy ?

SERGE GAINSBOURG

No, no. I don't give a flying monkey about singing.

BORIS VIAN

Same here. But that's no reason to not want to be the best.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Exactly.

They walk past some wall graffiti « French Algeria ! » and similar slogans. We understand that this scene takes place during the events in Algeria.

A bloke recognises Vian in the street, a veteran. It's night, but he recognises him anyway.

THE VETERAN

Vian, you asshole !

BORIS VIAN

(happy)

Yes, that's me ! *(and to young Serge Gainsbourg)*

Yes, thanks to the « **Deserter** », the soldiers love me.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

You're so lucky....You know, singing is just a thing I do. My real thing is painting.

BORIS VIAN

Same here, my thing is books !

SERGE GAINSBURG

Don't you think I'm lacking in...

BORIS VIAN

What ?

SERGE GAINSBURG

Stage presence?

BORIS VIAN

Oh that, it looks like you can't stand being there,
you must be an awful dancer!

SERGE GAINSBURG

I never dance. And on top of that I've got an ugly
face..

BORIS VIAN

(polite)

No !

During this cynical number Vian lies down in the middle of the road.

SERGE GAINSBURG

What's the idea ? Do you want to get run over ?

BORIS VIAN

Absolutely not, I'm waiting for a taxi. When a
driver sees me like this, he has to stop.

SERGE GAINSBURG

Do you mind if I wait with you ?

BORIS VIAN

The road belongs to everybody.

They're both lying in the middle of the road. They continue their discussion. They look at the sky. Sometimes a car pierces the night and swerves out of the way at the last second. Car horns and swearing. The two originals remain imperturbably on the tarmac, deep in their discussion.

SERGE GAINSBURG

I was saying, I've got a body double that follows
me everywhere.

BORIS VIAN

Ah! that I know about !

SERGE GAINSBURG

You've got one as well ?

BORIS VIAN

That's right. He's a werewolf, he devours my life.

SERGE GAINSBURG

What does he do ?

BORIS VIAN

When I've got a glass in my hand, he often suggests that I throw it through a window. When I drive, he wants to go faster, he dream's that we spin into to a ditch. When my heart beats too well, he claws it, gives it an arrhythmia.

SERGE GAINSBURG

That's awful.

BORIS VIAN

Yes. But when he leaves me, I can't write anymore. I can't do it without my big bad wolf.

SERGE GAINSBURG

Have all singers got one then ?

BORIS VIAN

All poets do. And yours, what's he like ?

SERGE GAINSBURG

When I write, he holds the pen, he sits at the piano with me. But when I go on stage he leaves me. That's why I can't do anything.

BORIS VIAN

Well tell him to join you behind the microphone.

SERGE GAINSBURG

He's not very obedient.

BORIS VIAN

To make mine appear, I get shit faced.

SERGE GAINSBURG

Ah, now there's an idea.

BORIS VIAN

Come back to my place, there's everything we need.

SERGE GAINSBURG

I won't be a bother ?

BORIS VIAN

I'm putting up the Frères Jacques at the moment,

but they sleep like logs.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

I love them !

A vehicle stops a few inches away from the two poets lying on the tarmac. It's not the awaited taxi. It's a police van... The cops get out of the van and question the two cranks.

COP

What the bloody hell is going on here then ?

BORIS VIAN

(without batting an eyelid)

We're waiting for a taxi.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

But seeing that you're here maybe we could get a lift ?

Gainsbourg and Vian get into the meat wagon and drive off.

37. INT. APARTMENT BORIS VIAN – LIVING ROOM / KITCHEN– NIGHT

We arrive at Boris Vian's place, luxurious and vast.

In the dark, Vian points out where his guests are. We see the Frères Jacques, still in their show costumes, unshaven, asleep. One is sleeping on the couch, the other is slumped on a chair, the third on top of a wardrobe and the fourth sitting on the carpet somewhere.

BORIS VIAN

Look, they're all here. *(Vian points them out without waking them up)* Dopey, Doc, Grumpy...

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(acting daft)

Sleepy more like !

Gainsbourg sees the piano, he immediately sits behind it and improvises a tune, familiar to his host : It's the song « **Je bois** (I drink) » by Vian. Gainsbourg and Vian are going to sing together, mixing two of their texts. Vian sings « **Je bois** » and Gainsbourg sings « **Intoxicated man** ». The two songs answer each other. When Gainsbourg sings, Vian accompanies him on a cornet. When Vian sings, Gainsbourg plays the piano.

Night flies past as they play. The Frères Jacques, just as drunk as the two desperados, are snoring in rhythm. Sleep walking, the Frères Jacques pick up their instruments and accompany the singers. Each one plays slowly, so as not to wake each other up.

BORIS VIAN*(singing)*

Je bois, systématiquement, pour oublier les amis de ma femme, je bois, systématiquement, pour oublier tous mes emmerdements...

SERGE GAINSBOURG*(singing)*

Je bois, à trop forte dose, je vois des éléphants roses, des araignées sur le plastron de mon smoking, des chauves-souris au plafond du living room...

BORIS VIAN

La vie vaut-elle d'être vécue, l'amour vaut-il qu'on soit cocu, je pose ces deux questions auxquelles personne ne répond et ...

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Et toi, dis-moi quelque chose, t'es là, comme un marbre rose, aussi glacé que le plastron de mon smoking, aussi pâle que le plafond du living room...

BORIS VIAN

Je bois dès que j'ai des loisirs, pour être soul pour ne plus voir ma gueule, je bois sans y prendre plaisir, pour ne pas me dire qu'il faudrait en finir...

SERGE GAINSBOURG

L'amour me dit plus grand chose, toujours, ces éléphants roses, ces araignées sur le plastron de mon smoking, ces chauves-souris au plafond du living room...

Day breaks at the end of the song. Vian goes to his bedroom. Gainsbourg falls asleep on the piano. Silence reigns for a few seconds. Then, suddenly, a ray of sunlight touches the face of one of the Frères Jacques. He wakes up and expresses himself as if he were on stage.

A BROTHER

Rise and shine!*

38. INT. APARTMENT BORIS VIAN – LIVING ROOM / KITCHEN– DAY

The Quatuor musicians will interpret the Jacques brothers. They know how to mime them to perfection, play music, and interact with their environment like the original « Athletes of song ».

Whilst Gainsbourg is asleep behind the piano, the Jacques brothers, half awake, unshaven, and as stiff as robots form a human coffee machine. The first warms the

coffee to a close boil and pours it into the bowler hat of the second that empties his hat into the ear of the third. The steaming liquid spurts out of his left ear into the mouth of the fourth who gargles before loudly spitting it into the cup of the pianist and says to him :

FOURTH BROTHER

Coffee ! Would sir like toast ?

Gainsbourg wakes up.

(Note : completely drop the idea of a complex choreography. The simpler, the more home-made and minimalist it is, the funnier it will be. We have to be able to see four unshaven guys with mustaches, making coffee and then spitting it back in the cup of a dumbfounded pianist. Then, they huddle around him, all eight hands feeding him. And if they spill breakfast all over him, it's not a problem, on the contrary. !)

SERGE GAINSBOURG

What time is it ?

FOURTH BROTHER

We're always on time sir. Full breakfast for the piano player.

And now the four brothers stand behind him, and with their eight hands, start to butter his toast and dunk them into his coffee like in a Chaplin or Buster Keaton film. They feed him, make him drink, wipe his mouth. Gainsbourg is impressed. Mouth full, he tries to articulate something :

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Truly incredible.

A BROTHER

Just a question of practise, we're specialised in athletic cabaret, we're all round sportsmen that put our biceps to the use of song and dance.

Gainsbourg is like Alice at the mad hatter's. The eight arms make him look like the goddess Kali. This scene must be shot in one go without any effects.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(fascinated)

I only thought you did this sort of thing on stage, I mean the choreographies and all of that.

A BROTHER

You must be joking ? This metier demands total sincerity mate, you'll learn that soon...

SERGE GAINSBOURG

My girlfriend's going to give me a real ear bashing if I tell her that the Jacques Brothers buttered my toast, she'll never believe me.

A BROTHER

The most important thing is that the public believe.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

You don't understand, she's a real lioness, I have to go. Thanks for the number.

He gets up and goes to the door, but one of the brother's blocks his path.

A BROTHER

You can't just leave like that !

SECOND BROTHER

Get the bill for the gentleman.

THIRD BROTHER

Sir hasn't paid !

FOURTH BROTHER

It's a hold up !

SERGE GAINSBOURG

I'm broke.

A BROTHER

No matter, a song will do.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

All right, but quickly then.

He sits at the piano and starts to play the first notes of « *Poinçonneur des Lilas* ».

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(singing)

Je suis le poinçonneur des Lilas,

le gars qu'on croise et qu'on n'regarde pas,

y a pas de soleil sous la terre, drôle de croisière,

pour tuer l'ennui j'ai dans ma veste les extraits du Reader Digest...

A BROTHER

That isn't half bad.

ANOTHER

Encore!

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(singing)

Et dans ce bouquin y a écrit,

que des gars s'la coulent douce à Miami,

*pendant ce temps que je fais le zouave,
au fond de la cave,
paraît qu'y a pas de sot métier,
moi je fais des trous dans des billets..*

A BROTHER

And then ?

SERGE GAINSBURG

I've got to go. My girlfriend is going to have a fit.

A BROTHER

All right, piss off then !

ANOTHER

But leave us your song, Mr... Mr... what ?

SERGE GAINSBURG

Lucien. Lucien Ginsburg.

A BROTHER

Oh no, we can't have that, you could be a barber,
you have to change it.

39. INT. MILORD L'ARSOUILLE CABARET – NIGHT

We find ourselves at the Milord l'Arsouille cabaret. The Jacques brothers are on stage. Each one of the brothers says a little bit of the following phrase :

THE JACQUES BROTHERS

And now, you apathetic public, here is the first
Gainsbourgeois concerto. « Le Poinçonneur des
Lilas », written and composed by Serge
Gainsbourg.

And they sing the song, without choreography ; turning their backs two by two, with
their hands behind their backs and noses stuck up.

At the end of the song, the Milord L'Arsouille is full of frenetic applause.

On the first row, Gainsbourg is wearing a large grin. A young woman approaches
him, he'd love to be covered in praise.

THE YOUNG WOMAN

They say you're the author ?

SERGE GAINSBURG

That's right.

But Judith, his girlfriend who we haven't yet met, is at his side and is watching very
closely.

JUDITH

Serge, you coming ?

SERGE GAINSBURG

(to the young woman)

If you want me to write for you, just drop me a line
at my parent's house.

40. INT. APARTMENT CHAPTAL- LIVING ROOM – DAY

The layout of the apartment has changed a little since the childhood days. The heavy table and chairs have been moved into the sisters' bedroom that has been turned into the dining room. The living room seems more spacious. There's a nice sofa, two assorted armchairs and a coffee table. We recognise the buffet table with its black marble top, the samovar and the old piano that isn't so stuck in the corner. Sitting behind the Pleyel, Joseph Ginsburg, he's aged of course, but seems very spry. He's proud of his son's success. He improvises « **The Poinçonneur des Lilas** » slightly modifying it.

THE FATHER

(singing)

I'm the poinçonneur des Lilas
The Tsar walks past and doesn't recognise me
my son is a star,
But every week, yes every week he comes
Home to see his parents...

Lucien/Serge is in the living room with his father.

THE FATHER

Lucien, didn't I always say to you that songs are a
load of rubbish?

SERGE GAINSBURG

Yes dad.

THE FATHER

But I'm proud anyway.

The father produces a large envelope holding letters.

THE FATHER

Here's another batch of letters for you.

SERGE GAINSBURG

Hand them over!

THE FATHER

It's none of my business but there's a lot of flowery
writing on the envelopes. *(he smiles)*. My humble
opinion is that they're not administrative.

This conversation takes place « at the piano ». The father is sitting on the piano

stool and his son turns around him and ends up by sitting down next to him to look at the letters.

The father gets up.

THE FATHER

If your girlfriend gets wind of this, she'll blame me more than you.

SERGE AINSBOURG

(sorting through the letters)

She already hates you anyway.

The father comes back.

THE FATHER

And your mother, what will I tell her if she finds out that our letterbox is full of love mail ?

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Mum only wants one thing, that I dump her.

THE FATHER

Maybe, but dump a woman and adultery are different matters.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Daaaad !

The father ends up by showing a smile of complicity and sits next to him.

THE FATHER

Right, let me have a quick look will you ?

Still at the piano, Lucien hands him most of the letters.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

You can take these ones *(he keeps one for himself)* I'll open this one later on.

THE FATHER

Why ? *(using emotional blackmail)* Keeping secrets from your dad ? Don't you trust me ? That really hurts you know...

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Dad, it's about work !

THE FATHER

If it's for work, why are you hiding it ?

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Will you stop insisting!

THE FATHER

(insisting)

It's human nature to insist. The Eternal Our God gave Adam and Eve the whole Garden of Eden and a single tree was prohibited to them. Guess which tree interested them.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(laughing)

Yes, but the Eternal tells you to drop it and leave me alone !

We hear the fast footsteps of the mother coming out of the kitchen. A sound of frying extrudes from the kitchen, sounding the alert. They just have the time to hide the letters.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Hide everything, it's Mum !

The father sticks his pile of letters into the piano and shuts the lid. Serge keeps his 'work' letter, shoving it into his pocket.

The mother arrives, jovial.

THE MOTHER

You're a daft lot, Lucien arrives and nobody thinks to tell me.

She kisses him on the mouth, Russian style.

40A. INT.APPARTMENT CHAPTAL-FRONT DOOR- DAY

Straight afterwards, Lucien/Serge is by the front door, his arms loaded with Russian food. He's in a hurry to leave so he can open his precious letter that he's already taken out of his pocket, ready. But he has to put back again because his mother comes lovingly back to him.

THE MOTHER

Lucien, do you want me to add a Jar of Borscht ?

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Mum, I've got enough. And your jars don't close properly; I always spurt loads over myself.

Once the door is shut, the wife says to her husband.

THE MOTHER

I don't know why I bother, his girlfriend will only bin it all.

THE FATHER

Why do you think such things ?

THE MOTHER

Oh, you don't know her !

41. EXT. CHAPTAL STREET – IN FRONT OF THE BUILDING-- DAY

Serge Gainsbourg sits on the curb in front of his parents building. His shadow on the wall takes the shape of Ugly Face, the arachanoid creature that we've been following from the beginning, his double.

UGLY FACE

(licking his lips)

So, who is it ?

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(looking at the letter)

It's work.

UGLY FACE

But she is pretty though?

SERGE GAINSBOURG

She's the real thing.

UGLY FACE

Mmmmm.

We see the letter, and what's written on it : « I'd like to meet you. Juliette Gréco ».

42. INT. LUXURY CAR – NIGHT

1962, it's night. A luxurious car drives through Paris. At the wheel, Serge's girlfriend, Judith, that we met at the recital of the « Poinçonneur des Lilas », the looks of an Italian star, a fur cape, very elegant, straight out of a Chanel illustration, moody eyes.

Gainsbourg is wearing an elegant suit as well. He's sitting at on the passenger seat. Holding a single rose.

JUDITH

(very cold)

Why are you giving her a rose ?

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Because I'm well brought up.

JUDITH

I don't want you to go to her place.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

I know you don't, but don't over react.

JUDITH

(eyes full of tears but coldly)

Over react ?! How many women do you know would drive their man to Juliette Greco's place at night ? All because you don't have you're driving licence ?

So, cruelly, eyes shut, then looking into the distance, with a small grin.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

I could have got a taxi.

She stops, she weeps.

JUDITH

I can't stand you anymore !

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(tenderly)

Stop it, don't, I love you...

42A. EXT. RUE DE VERNEUIL- JULIETTE GRECO'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

He kisses her on the cheek, near her lips, and gets out of the car.

43. INT. STAIRS / LANDING IN FRONT OF JULIETTE GRECO'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

Rue de Verneuil. Gainsbourg climbs the staircase to Juliette Greco's apartment. On the landing, rose in hand, he lifts his nose and paces in front of the door. He can't bring himself to knock.

A large window on the landing. Very high, through which we can see the moon and the first drops of rain falling.

The big doorbell in front of him, which he can't decide whether to ring or not. The double front door seems incredibly big to him.

Suddenly, the light of the moon throws Gainsbourg's shadow onto the wall. An eye opens in the middle of the shadow, then a head comes out of the wall : its Ugly Face.

UGLY FACE

What are you waiting for ? Ring !

Serge turns his back on him.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(being grumpy)

Piss off, I'm catching my breath.

UGLY FACE

As if !

Ugly Face grabs Serge's hand and leads it to the doorbell.

UGLY FACE

Go on, ring !

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Fucking hell ! Go away !

Serge plunges his right hand into his jacket and pulls out a 6.35 revolver and calmly points it between Ugly Face's eyes.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

How else do you want me to put it?

UGLY FACE

Don't ! I'm on your side.

Ugly Face snatches the revolver from him.

UGLY FACE

If you want to seduce Gréco, just let yourself go.

Ugly Face puts the gun into his pocket, he's nabbed his gun (of importance later on).

SERGE GAINSBOURG

All I want to do is sell my songs.

Ugly Face sits on the window ledge, and says with a smile:

UGLY FACE

Do you think she invited you in the middle of the night just to hear your pretty voice?

Gainsbourg is about to answer when suddenly CLICK! The door opens.

A big black female cat, of British race, very elegant, orange eyes, comes out. The cat looks at the big puppet and then at the singer holding his rose. She sits, curling her tail, and speaks with a perfectly immobile face.

THE CAT

Mr.Gainsbourg I presume ? My mistress gave instructions. You are to wait in the living room and drink whatever you like. I'm to have an evening off.

This said, the cat slinks down the staircase and disappears. Gainsbourg and Ugly Face watch the animal leave, speechless.

**44. INT. JULIETTE GRECO'S APARTMENT- HALLWAY / LIVING ROOM-
NIGHT**

Gainsbourg enters the immense apartment, vast and very refined.

Gainsbourg, very intimidated, still holding the rose, crosses the hallway and enters the living room, where a grand piano presides, a table with a large selection of alcohol and fine crystal glasses. He doesn't dare sit, he's trembling. He looks at the silver frames of Juliette with Vian, Ferré, Prévert. He takes a glass and tries to pour himself a whisky, but his hand shakes so much that the glass smashes on the floor.

SMASH ! We see a close up of Juliette Greco's eyes, observing. Then we see Serge on his knees, rose in hand, picking up the pieces of crystal on the carpet, he's just cut himself.

Juliette is now standing next to him. She's wearing a very tight woollen dress with a roll up neck and cut high above the knee, showing her pretty legs and bare feet on the carpet.

JULIETTE GRECO

(malicious, very sure of herself)

Are you doing the cleaning?

Serge, crouching, opens his eyes wide. She takes him by the arm and helps him get up.

JULIETTE GRECO

I've got people to that you know.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(protesting)

There's crystal everywhere... Your bare feet, it's dangerous.

His right thumb is cut. Juliette takes his hurt finger with her pretty hands and frowns slightly.

JULIETTE GRECO

Right now the only person who is hurt is you.

Without mischievousness, she takes Gainsbourg's thumb and sucks it a little to take the blood away. Gainsbourg, as we can imagine, is very moved, but nevertheless is very tense.

Juliette finally sees the rose in his hand and smiles a little.

JULIETTE GRECO

And who is the rose for ?

Gainsbourg mechanically holds his arm out to Greco and gives her the flower. Gréco takes the flower and smells it, half closes her eyes, reminding us of the cat earlier on

(they look like each other).

JULIETTE GRECO

I like your songs very much.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(peaking with emotion)

And I love you.

Juliette at ease :

JULIETTE GRECO

Ah, there, you see we agree on something!

They are now sitting on the sofa. Gainsbourg's knees touching, he's very uptight, anxious. Juliette's legs are folded under her bottom, she pours her guest a drink.

JULIETTE GRECO

We love each other, now aren't we the lucky ones!

She nudges him with her elbow. His eyes open wide and he breaks down crying. We don't know why. Tears flow. Gréco is surprised. Gainsbourg turns to her.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

I'm sorry. I really am lower than low.

Gréco seems to confirm this by screwing up her mouth hand puckering her nose. Gainsbourg quickly pulls himself together. He sits up, very serious.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

I'm going to the piano.

The living room seems enormous and Gainsbourg tiny behind the piano, like a drawing by Sempé. His hands tremble a little as he starts to interpret a song by Aznavour.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(Speaking/singing)

Parce queeee... parce que t'as les yeux bleuuus...

(because you've got blue eyes)

Gréco has moved up to the piano player with her arms folded, she leans over him and whispers in his ear.

JULIETTE GRECO

(quite ironic)

I've got black eyes.

She stands.

JULIETTE GRECO

And If I wanted to hear Aznavour, I wouldn't have

invited Serge Gainsbourg.

Serge, at last, finds his confidence. He lights up a cigarette. He understands that she's not flirting with him. She likes him, but what she wants from him is a song. Keeping his eyes on the piano keys, Serge starts to play « **la Javanaise** ».

From the first notes, Juliette leans against the piano and listens to him with attention.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(singing)

*J'avoue, j'en ai bavé pas vous mon amour,
avant d'avoir eu vent de vous mon amour, ne
vous déplaie en dansant la javanaise, nous
nous aimions le temps d'une chanson...*

On these last words, Juliette Greco already seems won over, enthusiastic. She holds his arms and forces him to stand up.

JULIETTE GRECO

(large smile)

I like it. How does one dance La Javanaise ?

SERGE GAINSBOURG

I don't dance very well.

At this moment, Ugly Face, who was hiding behind a curtain, rushes over to Gréco, takes her by the hand, and to Serge's stupefaction, says to him :

UGLY FACE

Allow me.

Amused, Gainsbourg continues to play his song while his Ugly Face, as elegantly as Rudolf Valantino, dances with Juliette Gréco.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

*À votre avis qu'avons-nous vu de l'amour, de
vous à moi vous m'avez eu mon amour, ne
vous déplaie...*

But at this point of the song, Serge has had enough of acting gooseberry and stands up, he grabs Ugly Face by the scruff of the neck and sits him at the piano. Gréco accepts the change of partner without a blink. Ugly Face plays the piano and Serge dances now. Gréco and Gainsbourg sing together, looking into each other's eyes. And now for the first time something seems to give in Gréco.

**SERGE GAINSBOURG AND JULIETTE
GRECO**

*Ne vous déplaie en dansant la Javanaise,
nous nous aimions le temps d'une chanson,
hélas avril en vain me voue à l'amour...*

But somebody rings at the door. Ugly Face ceases to play and asks the dancers:

UGLY FACE

Are you expecting someone?

Gréco goes to open the door. Serge stands alone in the middle of the room. Ugly face disappears. Gréco comes back, accompanied by Judith.

JULIETTE

You're called for.

JUDITH

Are you coming Serge ?

Gainsbourg leaves, lead by his girlfriend. We see him calmly get into Judith's car that starts up, we hear « **La Javanaise** » sung by Greco.

JULIETTE GRECO

*J'avais envie de voir en vous cet amour
Ne vous déplaît, en dansant la javanaise
Nous nous aimions
Le temps d'une chanson.*

(I wanted to see that love in you Don't be unhappy
When dancing the javanaise
We loved each other
The time of a song

The scene ends on Greco's face behind her window, who murmurs La Javanaise.

45. INT. APARTMENT RUE TRONCHET – LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

We find Serge at Judith's place, so at his place, in a kind of luxurious haussmanian apartment quite similar to Gréco's. There's a grand piano.

It's night time, everyone is asleep in the house. Serge is writing a song, an empty bottle of whisky on the piano, dark bags under his eyes, ultra smart : Italian loafers, slim cigarette trousers, supple sweater or shirt and tie.

As he works, a worrying shadow appears in the room. It's not his Ugly Face, it's another creature. We hear a voice, quite deep and sad.

VOICE-OFF

Is that you Mr. Gainsbourg ?

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(not even looking up)
What brings you here ?

We discover a huge werewolf who barely fits through the frame of the window come in from the balcony wearing a suit and tie, a little ruffled, tearful, sniffing...

THE WOLF

I'm Boris Vian's wolf.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(still with his superior detachment, smoking)

He spoke about you to me, how is he ?

The wolf approaches.

THE WOLF

He's just died.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

How...

THE WOLF

We went to see a film adapted from one of his books.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Which one ?

THE WOLF

« I'll spit on your graves ». The film killed him.
(tearfully) His heart stopped before the end titles.
When the lights went on, Boris Vian was dead.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(still calm)

So awful.

THE WOLF

Especially for those left behind.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Are you talking about me ?

THE WOLF

About me. Without him, I'm nothing.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

I understand.

THE WOLF

(Shyly)

Mr.Gainsbourg, I was wondering if you couldn't take me on.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

I've already got my Ugly Face, I don't need a wolf.

THE WOLF

You're wrong, I could be very useful for your songs.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(off handed)
Oh really ?

Gainsbourg gets up and leaves him his chair.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Let's see what you can do.

THE WOLF

(apologetically)
I have to warn you, considering the
circumstances, this might be a bit morbid.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(off handed)
I've got my handkerchief.

The wolf plays with the tips of his claws so as not to wake the family up. He sings with a velvety voice this suicidal song by Serge Gainsbourg, but we make believe that the wolf invented it.

THE WOLF

(singing)
*Quand mon 6.35, me fait les yeux doux, c'est
un vertige, que j'ai souvent pour en finir, Pan !,
Pan !, c'est une idée qui m vient je ne sais pas
d'où, rien qu'un vertige, j'aimerais tant, comme
ça pour rire...*

And then « Bang ! Bang ! » we hear real gun fire and we see the wolf's head explode, like in a film noire, there's blood everywhere. Gainsbourg is terrorised, blood on his clothes. We see Ugly face, Gainsbourg's double, still holding his smoking gun.

UGLY FACE

(furious)
What's the world come to, sneaking in to people's
houses and nicking their jobs !

The wolf slumps onto the piano, blood all over the keys.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(with wonderful detachment)
Try to understand, he lost somebody dear to him.

On which, Ugly face waves the gun under Serge Gainsbourg's face.

UGLY FACE

Andy you, you want to fire my Ugly Face do you ?

SERGE GAINSBOURG

It's true, if I could go without...

At this very instant the supernatural side to the scene disappears and a small girl, about four years old, comes into the piano room without the dead wolf or Ugly Face, or anything, just Serge Gainsbourg.

THE SMALL GIRL

Serge, don't you ever sleep?

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(with a smile)

Never, my little girl.

THE LITTLE GIRL

Me neither. *(the girl is in pyjamas)* Because I always hear lots of voices in my head.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(interested)

Oh really ?

He sits the girl down on his knees.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

And how do you make them stop?

THE LITTLE GIRL

I get up and go and see you.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

You're quite right, that's the right method.

He ruffles her hair, lifts her up.

LITTLE GIRL

Carry me in your arms.

He carries her like a princess and disappears behind the living room door.

46. INT.CHILDREN'S BEDROOM – APARTMENT RUE TRONCHET – NIGHT

We find Serge in the children's bedroom putting the kid back to bed. He kisses her on the forehead. We see another little boy, younger, next to her that Serge kisses as well.

From the bedroom next door, we hear Judith's voice :

JUDITH

Serge, are you coming?

At the same time, the children's door opens wide. We think that it's going to be Judith in the doorway, but it's Ugly Face, suitcases in his hands.

UGLY FACE

Serge, are you coming.

Without hesitation, Serge picks up a photo of Judith's children and escapes out of the bedroom window.

47. EXT. PARIS SKY (A SKY IN MATTE PAINTING, MARY POPPINS STYLE)
– NIGHT

Ugly face flies through the night. He flaps his wings like a bat. Serge hangs onto his skeleton legs, holding on to his suitcase. Each time he leaves a woman, we have to feel in Ugly Face a kind of Peter Pan joy, he's happy when the others are sad. As he flies across the city, Ugly Face makes a few suggestions:

UGLY FACE

How about going back to Greco's ?

SERGE GAINSBOURG

I reckon I got the cold shoulder at Greco's. Take me to my parents.

UGLY FACE

But she loves your songs !

SERGE GAINSBOURG

My songs are one thing, my face another.

UGLY FACE

(stubborn)

You're wrong ! I'll drop you off at your parents and I'll fly to Greco's.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Without me you're not going anywhere.

48. INT. RECORDING STUDIO – NIGHT

Jazz, bass, guitar, Serge Gainsbourg's piano and his voice.

End of evening in a smoky recording studio. Gainsbourg and his musicians, drunk, cigarette butts in the four corners of the room, empty bottles.

Serge's Ugly Face is also sitting at the piano, he shares the keyboard, making a four hander.

Jam session, very jazz, very free. Gainsbourg sings « **Laetitia** » from his album « **Confidential** » but we hear the music more than the words, they're playing for themselves. We can feel that it's end of the jazz session.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(singing)

*Sur ma Remington portative j'ai écrit ton nom
Laetitia,*

Elaeudanla Teitēia,

Laetitia les jours qui se suivent,

Hélas ne se ressemblent pas,

Elaeudanla Teitēia.

His voice becomes a kind of murmur and the musicians let rip, Serge as well. It becomes really Bop, free jazz, a real pleasure for the musicians. No more text after a while, the four handed piano is on fire, the guitar really acid and an obstinate and audacious bass.

At the end of the session, the musicians happy, on a buzz, put their instruments away and leave the studio.

Serge stays on the keyboard with his Ugly Face, drunk, quite contented, it was a good evening. Most of the lights have been turned off in the studio. Neither Gainsbourg nor Ugly Face has got the strength to get up from the piano. They slur their words.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(quite self-contented)

Now that's what I call music.

UGLY FACE

(More cautious)

Great ! You're going to sell three copies, two to your parents and one to yourself. *(and he adds)*
You should write for Johnny Halliday.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(frowning)

I'd rather drop dead !

UGLY FACE

Well for Sheila then ?

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Oh lay off will you, I'm not interested in pre-pubic auditors.

UGLY FACE

So why do you read « Lolita » every night then ?

SERGE GAINSBOURG

That's different. Perverting youth, I can go for that.

UGLY FACE

Let's do that then.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

No, you just want me to make them what they want.

UGLY FACE

Pretend. Make poisoned apples.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Yes, maybe. Take a twenty-year-old girl and turn her into an object of scandal and envy...

UGLY FACE

France Gall ?

SERGE GAINSBOURG

No, not her.

UGLY FACE

(clever clogs)

I've already fixed a meeting with her dad.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

I won't go.

49. INT. PRODUCER'S OFFICE – DAY

Ugly Face drags Serge into France Gall father's office. The room is occupied by a huge piano, a monumental bureau and gold records. The father is a big man that sweats and smokes. France Gall seems straight out of a painting by Balthus, a little woman sitting calmly on a sofa. White socks, head band and plaid skirt. She looks at her sandals. She the trained product of a father/producer, she's not very happy. France's father only speaks to Ugly Face, paying no attention to Serge. He shakes the creature's hand.

THE PRODUCER

Mr. Gainsbourg, it's such a pleasure!

Like a resigned child, Serge sits down next to France Gall. Both are toys of paternal monsters, which immediately forms a kind of complicity.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(Holding a cigarette out)

Do you smoke ?

FRANCE GALL

No, thanks.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Not even when your dad's not looking?

FRANCE GALL

(smile of resignation)

I know it's a little sad but I always obey my father.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Did you like my songs?

FRANCE GALL

I think my dad likes them a lot.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

That's not an answer.

FRANCE GALL

It is. My father has very good taste; everybody likes the texts he chooses for me.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

And don't you ever fancy pissing him off a bit ?

FRANCE GALL

What for ?

SERGE GAINSBOURG

When I was at the Beaux Arts, the teacher used to say « if your parents like your work, it's because it's crap ». Wouldn't you like me to write you some dirty songs ?

FRANCE GALL

(laughing)

No !

SERGE GAINSBOURG

You see, you're already laughing.

FRANCE GALL

My songs are work, not for having a laugh. If my father saw me having too much fun, he'd...

SERGE GAINSBOURG

We could do it secretly. Imagine, it's the story of a young woman who likes lollypops.

FRANCE GALL

So ?

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Well, she sucks sweets for money... that men give to her.

FRANCE GALL

That's kiddie stuff.

Suddenly France's father asks her daughter to meet Mr.Gainsbourg at the piano, in other words, Ugly Face.

THE PRODUCER

Come on sweet heart, come and sing.

UGLY FACE

(already at the piano)

Come here.

France approaches the Steinway as Ugly Face does a kind of Jerry Lee Lewis act, she interprets an excerpt of the song Baby Pop. She sings it obstinately, sadly, sticking to the rhythm like she was reciting her timetables.

FRANCE GALL

(singing)

*Chante danse Baby Pop comme si demain Baby
Pop ne devait jamais revenir chante danse Baby
Pop comme si demain Baby Pop au petit matin
Baby Pop tu devais mourir...*

THE PRODUCER

That's wonderful ! We're going to make a killing !

In turn, Ugly Face waves Serge over. Serge stubs out his cigarette and drags himself over. France's father seems to notice him for the first time. Walking him to the door, he slaps him on the back and says :

THE PRODUCER

You'll see Mr.Gainsbourg, thanks to my daughter
you'll make a bloody fortune.

50. INT.CITES DES ARTS- GAINSBOURG'S STUDIO – DAY

We're inside the Cité Internationale des Arts, a big building near the Hotel de Ville where all sorts of serious singers and musicians are in residence. The only eccentric among them is Serge Gainsbourg who plays the piano with a champagne bucket to hand.

A girl wearing just her panties is dancing. Gainsbourg is having a gas. She gets dressed in a blink and he accompanies her to the door, his hand feeling up her ass. Right after she leaves, the doorbell rings again. He opens it with a bucket of champagne in hand. Two other girls enter and leap into his arms. All three of them are in bed when Ugly Face, accountant's glasses on his nose, enters.

UGLY FACE

Turn the music off, I've got a bank statement to read to you.

Serge pokes his head out from underneath the sheets. The girls continue to kiss him as they grab their clothes and put them on.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

I've all ready sold my soul to the devil, is that it ?

(the girls run out with a little good-bye wave.)

UGLY FACE

There's a good side to doing that. Thirty five million francs, and that's only with « Poupée de cire », happy now ?

Serge waves the bank statements away with disdain. Another knock at the door

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Excuse me, but I have an appointment.

UGLY FACE

Another singer ?

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(laughing) I don't even remember.

He laughs and opens the door. Seven young women, all ready to party, rush into the apartment. They are singing at the top of their lungs "qui est in qui est out". A wild little party ensues in the tiny studio at the Cité des Arts. Serge sings his song. All of the girls sing back-up, laughing, drinking, screaming. Champagne. Girls all over the place. And Serge as MC for the evening.

51. INT. CITE DES ARTS - GAINSBOURG'S STUDIO - CORRIDOR – DAY

Still in the Cité des Arts, in the corridor that leads to Serge Gainsbourg's studio. A man comes out of the room next door, the classical musician type, high forehead, small undershirt, checker shirt, unpleasant. Serge is waiting outside his room, quite well dressed but bare footed.

CLASSICAL MUSICIAN

(not very happy)

Please tell me, what do you do in that room of yours ?

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(tired eyes, with disdain)

I beg your pardon ?

CLASSICAL MUSICIAN

This is a residence for artists, not a red light

district.

Gainsbourg stares darkly at him.

THE CLASSICAL MUSICIAN

(continues)

You keep us from sleeping, you keep us from playing

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(without a blink)

Well I'm working.

CLASSICAL MUSICIAN

You must be joking ? There's more moaning than music coming from your room.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Like to listen at doors do you?

THE CLASSICAL MUSICIAN

(exaggerating)

The walls are thin. Listen, I rented this room for a bit of peace and quiet.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(with a nasty smile, scratching his chest)

That's the way things go, life is about luck opposing most destinies.

At this moment, at the bottom of the corridor, a beautiful woman comes in, wearing a very smart coat and conspicuous boots; it is of course Brigitte Bardot. She exults :

BRIGITTE BARDOT

Serge !

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(to the musician)

Please excuse me.

The musician immediately recognises Bardot and his mouth falls agape.

Bardot jumps into Gainsbourg's arms. Gainsbourg holds onto her tightly.

BRIGITTE BARDOT

My little Sergy !

SERGE GAINSBOURG

My Bri-Bri !

52. INT. CITE DES ARTS – GAINSBOURG'S STUDIO – DAY

We're back in Gainsbourg's studio with his dentist's chair, small bed, grand piano that takes up all the room and the panoramic view of Notre Dame de Paris, offering a perfect spot for relaxing and feeling free.

They are singing « Ford Mustang » together.

BRIGITTE BARDOT

(singing)
On s'fait des ...

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(singing)
... langues...

BRIGITTE BARDOT

(singing)
En Ford Mus...

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(singing)
... tang... (speaking) Wait...

BRIGITTE BARDOT

Something wrong?

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(lighting up)
We'll try it the other way round. I'll begin the sentences and you finish them.

They start singing again.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(singing)
« Et on em...

BRIGITTE BARDOT

(singing)
...brasse...

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(singing)
...les...

BRIGITTE BARDOT

(singing)
...platanes... » (anxious, stops) I'm not singing very well.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(reassuring)

Yes you are.

BRIGITTE BARDOT

I'm not. Other people's songs I can sing, but not yours, you intimidate me.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(happy)

Well, serves you right.

BRIGITTE BARDOT

Hey !

SERGE GAINSBOURG

The first time I saw you I was scared out of my wits.

BRIGITTE BARDOT

You must be kidding, you immediately chatted me up!

SERGE GAINSBOURG

No, I'm not talking about this year. The first time I saw you, when I was a small time pianist in a film you starred in, it must have been ten years ago... I'm sure you don't remember.

BRIGITTE BARDOT

Yes I do... It was called « « Voulez-vous danser avec moi ? », and you scared me then as well.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Do I scare you or do I intimidate you ?

BRIGITTE BARDOT

There's was this feeling that you could be easily hurt.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

That's what scares you ?

BRIGITTE BARDOT

Yes...*(she kisses him)* we don't want to hurt you...*(she kisses him again)*...or disappoint you...*(she stands upright in front of him, fragile, intimidated)* I can't sing in front of you. I can hear my voice...I don't like my voice...do you think I need a singing teacher ?

SERGE GAINSBURG

Two would be best !

BRIGITTE BARDOT

Two teachers ?

SERGE GAINSBURG

And the best are here !

BRIGITTE BARDOT

What, in the house ?

SERGE GAINSBURG

In the ice bucket ! Let me introduce you to Louis
Roederer and Dom Pérignon !

He places the ice bucket on the piano, knocking the Chopin portrait off.

BRIGITTE BARDOT

Oh, I know those guys !

They touch glasses and drink.

SERGE GAINSBURG

The only singing teachers admitted here.

We see them laugh and start the song again. The result is wonderful.

Bardot kisses him on the mouth. The Seine river is behind them. We'd like to be in
their position.

53.INT. CITE DES ARTS- GAINSBURG'S STUDIO – DAY

Same decor. The bed is unmade and ruffled. Serge is lying naked on the bed.
Brigitte is sitting in front of him, she's putting on the last of her clothes. Buttoning up
her shirt with a telephone stuck between her cheek and shoulder.

BRIGITTE BARDOT

(on the phone)

No, cancel it, I'm busy.

She hangs up, readjusts her stockings on her suspender belt. Gainsbourg has
propped his head up on his arm. He's watching Bardot getting dressed like a kid that
can't believe his eyes.

SERGE GAINSBURG

You'll come back quickly, huh ?

BRIGITTE BARDOT

Yes !

The phone rings again, Brigitte answers, pulling her boots on.

BRIGITTE BARDOT

No. Tell them that I can't make it. No, not today.

She zips up her second boot and hangs up.

BRIGITTE BARDOT

What a nightmare, I should never have given your number to the guys at the office.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

You're right. *(he pushes her over onto the bed)*

They kiss. Gainsbourg slips a hand under her shirt. Things heat up a little. The telephone rings again. They kiss. The phone rings insistently. Brigitte slips down from Serge's arms on to the floor. She's crouching against the bed when she answers. Serge is just above her, lying on his tummy.

BRIGITTE BARDOT

(on the phone)

Hello ? *(she smiles)* Yes, Serge is here.

Gainsbourg is worried, he's wondering who it is.

BRIGITTE BARDOT

(she laughs, still on the phone)

Ha, ha, I let you guess. (...) Oh, yes I love him very much. (...) Do you want to hand her over to me so I can confirm that ?

Gainsbourg doesn't understand, shows that he's confused.

BRIGITTE BARDOT

(on the telephone)

No ? Okay, do you want to talk to Serge ? (...) No of course you're not bothering him. *(to Serge)* Serge, it's your father.

He eyes are as big as saucers.

54. INT. APARTMENT RUE CHAPTAL- SALON – DAY

We're at Gainsbourg's parents place. They're both standing by the phone and it's his dad who's speaking.

THE FATHER

(on the phone)

Lucien, your mother doesn't believe that you're seeing Brigitte Bardot.

THE MOTHER

(to the father)

Hang up idiot !

THE FATHER

(into the phone)

No, no, you know us, we're very discrete.

The mother listens to the phone.

THE FATHER

(on the phone)

But why don't you present her to us ? Are you ashamed of your parents ? *(after hanging up, to his wife)*. There was a lot of laughing in the background.

The dad gets up and starts to dance a little ridiculously.

THE FATHER

(singing)

Brigitte Bardot Bardot, Brigitte Bardot Bardot...

He's very happy with himself. He takes his hat and coat.

THE FATHER

(to his wife)

Come on, let's celebrate at Rasputin's.

THE MOTHER

Celebrate what ? You're not the one who has seduced a star.

THE FATHER

(to his wife)

You're my star, my love and my sunlight, and my Brigitte Bardot.

THE MOTHER

Joseph, you're such a schmuck !

THE FATHER

(to his wife)

To love ! And to the misdeeds of the Slavic charm or maybe I should say the benefactions! Ah Ah *(he laughs, so proud)*. Can you believe what Lucien said ? He said « Dad, I can't work anymore. As soon as I put my shirt back on, she takes it off ».

THE MOTHER

If it slows down his work, that's no good.

He takes his wife by the arm and they leave the apartment.

55. SCENE DELETED**56. INT. CITE DES ARTS- GAINSBOURG'S STUDIO – NIGHT**

Its now night in the bedroom at the Cité International des Arts. Serge Gainsbourg is on his back, Brigitte Bardot in his arms, they're smoking. Naked under the sheets. Behind them, the Seine river, the moon, Notre Dame, everything one dreams of. Between La Seine and them is the big piano with the portrait of Chopin held high, very serious, perhaps even scornful, but whatever, they are happy.

BRIGITTE BARDOT

Oh my love. Go to the piano and write me the most beautiful love song.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Say « oh my love » again.

BRIGITTE BARDOT

My love.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

No, « oh my love ».

He starts to tinkle on the piano.

BRIGITTE BARDOT

Louder.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

I don't want to keep you awake.

BRIGITTE BARDOT

Who cares about sleeping ?

She ends up falling asleep anyway.

57. INT –CITE DES ARTS- GAINSBOURG'S STUDIO – DAY

Apparently he hasn't. He contented himself with a cover over his shoulders and he's played the piano all night. The sunlight shines through the window. Brigitte Bardot stretches her arms. Her first words from behind her hair are :

BRIGITTE BARDOT

Are there any croissants ?

SERGE GAINSBOURG

No, but I've got three songs.

Brigitte immediately, half awake, rolls herself up in the sheet, not in a sexy way, just to stay warm, gets up and joins Serge at the piano.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Listen... (*one note*) The first is the tragic story of Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow.

BRIGITTE BARDOT

Who's that ?

SERGE GAINSBOURG

You and me, we love each other. We kill loads of people. And at the end we die.

BRIGITTE BARDOT

Isn't that nice.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

I've got another one about motorbikes.

BRIGITTE BARDOT

I don't like motorbikes.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Yeah, but leather leg straps suit you.

BRIGITTE BARDOT

Well in that case...

And now there is a scene where the staggering Brigitte Bardot, naked feet, wearing a sheet, fools about singing « Harley Davidson » with Gainsbourg who is on the piano and really lets himself go. This scene should be felt more than written. So here is the part of the song that we will hear :

BRIGITTE BARDOT

(singing)

Et si je meurs demain c'est que tel était mon destin,

je tiens bien moins à la vie qu'à mon terrible engin,

je n'ai besoin de personne en Harley Davidson.

She jumps into Gainsbourgs arms at the piano, they kiss and fall onto the floor, and continue:

BRIGITTE BARDOT

(singing)

Je ne reconnais plus personne en Harley Davidson, quand je sens en chemin les trépidations de ma machine, il me monte des désirs dans le creux de mes reins. (To Serge) And the last song ?

SERGE GAINSBURG

Say that you're mine.

BRIGITTE BARDOT

I'm with you.

SERGE GAINSBURG

(he frowns)

Come here. *(he's very moved, so there is a slight pause before he plays)* This is the first time I've written a love song, a real one, it will have to be recorded very secretly.

BRIGITTE BARDOT

Why, it's immodest?

SERGE GAINSBURG

Listen.

And in the morning light, half covered by a sheet, they sit side by side at the piano , we hear the first measures of « **Je t'aime moi non plus** ». The scene is brutally interrupted.

58. INT. APARTMENT RUE CHAPTAL- HALLWAY/ LIVING ROOM - DAY

We're at Serge's parents flat, the mother opens the front door, arms piled up with parcels and finds Joseph waiting for her, very anxious, who whispers that she mustn't go into the living room.

THE FATHER

Shshsh ! You mustn't go in. Brigitte Bardot is here, she's talking to Lucien.

THE MOTHER

Why at our place ?

THE FATHER

There are photographers at his place. Things aren't going well. Lucien wrote a song for Brigitte Bardot, Brigitte Bardot's husband is very angry, he doesn't want her to sing it.

THE MOTHER

Why did he have to go and chose a married woman ?

THE FATHER

Keep quiet, shush !

Brigitte Bardot comes out of the living room, tears steaming, hanky, mascara

smudged over her cheeks.

BRIGITTE BARDOT

Hello ma'am, hello sir.. *(She leaves)* Sorry to have disturbed you.

THE MOTHER

(she stops her)

Anything wrong ? Would you like something to drink ?

BRIGITTE BARDOT

Thank you, but I have to go.

THE MOTHER

Something to eat perhaps ?

BRIGITTE BARDOT

No, thank you.

THE MOTHER

Oh come on now dear, you must eat.

And we see Brigitte sitting at the table, flanked by the two parents. On the table a spread of food: borsch, kasha, herring, roll mops, mullet roe and malossol pickles. She continues to cry as she eats with gusto.

THE FATHER

You know, Serge likes you a lot. He has sworn that if your recording isn't released, the song will follow him into his grave.

BRIGITTE BARDOT

(her mouth full, crying even more)

I don't want him to kill himself because of me.

THE MOTHER (laughing)

Then you shouldn't have kept company with Russians Brigitte! Was the song really beautiful?

BRIGITTE BARDOT

No one has ever made a declaration of love like that to me before *(she cries even louder and then collapses into the mother's arms)*. I wish I could scream from all the rooftops, that a man wrote that for me.

THE FATHER

And the house in the VIIth district ? Do you still want to move in together ?

THE MOTHER

Joseph ! Do you really think that this is good timing ?

THE FATHER

(low voice, to his wife)

Just keeping my feet on the ground, If we don't sign the sale this week, it'll slip through our fingers, and a private mansion in the 7th isn't common currency. *(Silence, he adds)* Especially at that price ! *(He continues)* Listen, worst-case scenario, Brigitte leaves... definitively, this affair has put Lucien in the lime light, that light won't go out.

THE MOTHER

(low voice)

Joseph, you're tactless.

Brigitte cries even harder.

59.INT. RUE DE VERNEUIL- PRIVATE MANSION- LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

This entire scene is one steady shot in which the camera is going to progressively truck out from Serge's face, which will remain almost motionless. Serge is alone. The dialogue that we will be hearing is OFF. It is in fact the memory of a discussion that he had with his father. A very big, night shot close-up of Serge's reddened eyelids.

THE FATHER (OFF)

Lucien, what do you think ?

SERGE GAINSBURG (OFF)

About what?

THE FATHER (OFF)

The house.

Big tears run down Serge's face. We discover that he is on the rue de Verneuil, in his new house for the first time. Empty bottles are strewn around him. A bottle of vodka in his hand. He is sitting on the floor, his back to the wall. We can hear Dvorjak, the piece that inspired "Initials BB". *

SERGE GAINSBURG (OFF)

(absent)

I'll take it.

THE FATHER (OFF)

You're going to live here alone ?

SERGE GAINSBURG (OFF)

I'm not alone, I've got loads of friends.

He is all alone in the middle of the room. He has surrounded himself with a few objects that remind him of Brigitte. And hanging above him, an immense photo of Bardot, naked. The music is louder and louder.

THE FATHER (OFF)

Rue de Verneuil, isn't that where Juliette Greco lived ?

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Yes, it's perfect.

THE FATHER

But you're not going to spend new year's here in the middle of your boxes, are you coming to our place ?

SERGE GAINSBOURG

No dad, I've organised a big party here, with friends.

THE FATHER

That's good, if you've got friends.

The door opens and "Ugly Face" enters. His bright eyes, sparkling in the dark, his long cigarette hanging from his lips. He sits down on the floor next to Serge and taps him on the shoulder. He is his only friend. In the photo on the wall, Bardot comes to life, leans over Serge and we see her face in close-up, whispering "oh, mon amour».

60. INT – FILM STUDIO – DAY

At first we see Jane Birkin's beautiful eyes filling the whole screen.

JANE BIRKIN

(tripping on almost every word, on the verge of crying) *Mais tu ne sais pas qu'elle fait ça pour me faire jalouse. Elle utilise l'enfant pour te voir. Elle veut me faire jalouse.*

But you don't realise that she's doing this to make me jealous. She's using the child to see you. She wants to make me jealous.

She's talking to a Serge Gainsbourg who doesn't even look at her, who barely responds, looking strangely morn.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(inaudible murmur)
Si je ne reste pas ami avec elle, elle n'acceptera jamais de divorcer.

If I don't stay friends with her, she'll never accept the divorce.

We realise that they're in a film studio. A camera and a few technicians surround them. A baby (Kate) is being held in the arms of an assistant. Jane Birkin is doing a screen test for the film SLOGAN by Pierre Grimblat.

JANE

Elle ne divorce pas. Jamais elle divorce moi je sais. Serge. Attends. Tu m'entends (elle sanglote) tu ne sais pas toutes les choses. Je suis triste.

She'll never divorce. I know that she'll never divorce. Serge. Wait. Are you listening? (*she weeps*) You don't have the whole picture. I'm so upset.

Gainsbourg purposefully doesn't give her his lines properly, so that she messes up her audition. He doesn't even look at her. He even manages to make her cry on her last line.

JANE BIRKIN

(crying)

Tu aimes pas moi.

You don't love me.

As soon as the scene is over, Serge doesn't even look at the young English woman. He smokes a cigarette as Jane fetches her baby with the huge wicker basket. Her eyes are still red.

JANE BIRKIN

Vous m'avez pas beaucoup aidé. (Et comme l'autre ne répond rien, elle commence à s'énerver) Hé, Monsieur Bourguignon !

You didn't help me much. (*and seeing that he doesn't answer, she gets irritated*) Hey, Mr. Bourguignon !

SERGE GAINSBURG

Comment vous m'avez appelé ?

What did you call me ?

JANE BIRKIN

Je sais pas votre nom.

I don't know your name.

SERGE GAINSBURG

(still as cold and cutting)

Mon p'tit, si je ne savais pas parler un mot d'anglais, j'irais pas auditionner pour un rôle dans la langue de Shakespeare.

My girl, if I didn't know how to speak a word of English, I wouldn't go and audition for a role in Shakespeare's language.

JANE BIRKIN

(she cracks up)

J'ai pas compris, vous « parle » trop vite.

I don't understand, you speak too fast.

SERGE GAINSBURG

(still as haughty)

Vous êtes vraiment obligée de montrer des jambes pareilles ?

Do you really feel obliged to show off legs like those?

JANE BIRKIN

Je veux bien changer si vous me « paye » l'opération.

I'll happily change them if you pay for the operation.

Grimblat, who hasn't heard their discussion, joins them, he seems very happy.

PIERRE GRIMBLAT

So, don't you think she's just wonderful?

Jane breaks into tears and leaves the room slamming the door behind her.

Gainsbourg doesn't care, he lights up another cigarette. Grimblat not knowing what happened turns to Gainsbourg.

PIERRE GRIMBLAT

(worried)

What have you gone and done again?

61. INT/EXT. MAXIM'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Gainsbourg enters Maxim's restaurant and moves quietly over to the waiter handling reception. At the same time, Jane pushes the restaurant door open. She is wearing a microscopic see through dress, and carries a large basket in 'little red riding hood' fashion. She immediately notices Serge and calls out to him :

JANE BIRKIN

Hé ! Monsieur Bourguignon !

SERGE GAINSBURG

(turning around)

Ah, c'est vous ? Pourquoi vous m'appellez encore monsieur Bourguignon ?

Ah, it's you ? Why are you still calling me Mr. Bourguignon ?

JANE BIRKIN

C'est pas votre nom ?

Isn't that your name ?

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Moi c'est Gainsbourg. Bourguignon, c'est le bœuf.

I'm Gainsbourg. Bourguignon is the beef.

JANE BIRKIN

Ouiiiiiii, bœuf bourguignon, je connais !

Yeeesss!, I know that one, bœuf bourguignon !

Gainbourg ostensibly looks Birkin up and down.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Bravo ! Fallait oser !

Bravo ! Very daring!

JANE BIRKIN

Qu'est-ce que j'ai fait, déjà ?

What have I done now?

SERGE GAINSBOURG

La mini-jupe pour fillette de dix ans, sur une grande sauterelle comme vous, c'est héroïque...

A mini skirt for a ten year old girl worn by a tall grasshopper like you, is heroic.

Jane looks grumpy.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Hé, c'était pas une critique.

Hey, that wasn't a criticism you know.

On this, the reception waiter manifests himself by clearing his throat. Other clients behind Jane and Serge are waiting to be seated in the restaurant.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(to the waiter)

Pierre Grimblat, une table pour trois.

Pierre Grimblat, table for three.

THE WAITER

Oui, il y a eu un changement, j'ai deux couverts seulement, Monsieur Grimblat s'est excusé.

Yes, there has been a change, I only have a table for two, Mr. Grimblat has excused himself.

JANE BIRKIN

On ne mange pas ?

Aren't we having dinner ?

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Si, mais on ne sera que tous les deux, ça vous ennuie ?

We are, but it will only be the two of us, do you mind ?

JANE BIRKIN

(slightly on the defensive)

Eh ben, si Pierre ne vient pas, ça va être difficile.

Well, if Pierre's not coming, it's not going to be easy.

62. EXT. BANKS OF THE SEINE – STREET – NIGHT

End of evening. Jane and Serge have left the restaurant. Serge is totally drunk and quite well humoured. They are on the banks of the Seine, near the Obélisque, when suddenly a black Packard, a big American car, tears through the night and is on the verge of running Gainsbourg over. Jane pulls him out of the way in extremis. Being totally drunk, he wasn't really aware of the danger or of her saving him, but felt the stress. Jane shakes her fist and shouts at the car that speeds away.

JANE BIRKIN

(she turns to Gainsbourg, dumbfounded)

Je t'ai sauvé « le » vie.

I saved your life.

Gainsbourg, quite nervous, puts a cigarette to his mouth with a trembling hand and tries to regain his composure by bragging a bit.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Boh, tout ce que je vis, je le vis en frôlant des issues inéluctables. J'ai toujours été subsidiary.

Bah, all that I live, is lived by walking the line of no return. I've always been like a deferred conscript.

JANE BIRKIN

(half understanding)

C'est quoi ?

What's that ?

SERGE GAINSBURG

(continuing to do his Gainsbourg)

J'ai croisé la mort tellement souvent que ça ne m'inquiète plus.

I've crossed paths with death so many times that I'm not worried anymore.

JANE BIRKIN

(she laughs)

Oh c'est rigolo. Quand tu dis de telles choses, c'est un peu ridicule.

Oh, it's funny when you say things like that, it's a bit silly.

SERGE GAINSBURG

Je suis très sérieux.

I'm being very serious.

The banks of the river Seine , they walk. He smokes and continues to act up and she finds him funnier and funnier because she realises that it's all show.

Serge continues, nose up, to declaim:

SERGE GAINSBURG

Quand ma mère a su qu'elle m'attendait, elle voulait avorter. Tu vois, mon berceau était si près de mon cercueil que j'ai failli ne point naître.

When my mother learnt that I was on the way, she wanted to abort. You see, my crib was so close to my coffin that I almost wasn't born.

JANE BIRKIN

Oh oh, tu dois parler doucement sinon je comprends rien. (she leans against him) Mais j'aime bien quand tu fais comme si tu vas dire des choses graves.

Hey, hey, you have to speak slower, if not I can't understand. *(she leans against him)*. But I like it when you act like you're about to say something deep.

SERGE GAINSBURG

(starts to laugh)

Tu me prends pas tellement au sérieux.

You don't take me very seriously.

JANE BIRKIN

Tu trouves que je suis une conne ? (and repeating the same mistake in French from the audition) Tu aimes pas moi ?

You think I'm brainless? (and repeating the same mistake in french from the audition) You love not me?

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(he shows the first signs of a tender smile)

J'ai pas dit ça.

I didn't say that.

63. INT.MADAME ARTHUR CABARET – NIGHT

We see them enter Madam Arthur's, the transformist cabaret where Serge started off, that we saw at the beginning of the film.

There are probably no dialogues in the scene.

When they enter, transvestites put feathers in their hair, fool about a little. They start to dance. Gainsbourg dances as best he can, that's to say pretty badly. Soon, the piano player turns to him, they obviously know each other, and starts to play « La Javanaise » after giving him a wink. Gainsbourg is happy, and quite proud of himself.

JANE BIRKIN

Tu aimes « ce » chanson ?

Do you like this song ?

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(very proud)

Elle est pas mal.

It's not bad.

He dances like a heavy potato, treads on her feet without realising.

JANE BIRKIN

Tu dances pas très bien.

You don't dance very well.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Je fais de mon mieux.

I'm doing my best.

So she presses up against him.

64. EXT. BANKS OF THE SEINE – END OF THE NIGHT

The two lovers are stumbling along near the river. We can hear the instrumental version of « *La noyée* »¹, a melancholic waltz. They make their way down a stone staircase that leads to the banks of the Seine. It could almost be one of those night scenes in *An American in Paris*. They are completely drunk, both of them, but very happy.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Tu sais que je suis un maître des arts graphiques ?

Did you know that I am a master of the “graphic arts”?

JANE BIRKIN

Oui ! Même moi je n'arrive pas à boire tellement que toi !

Yes ! Even I can't drink much as you !

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Non, je dis LE DESSIN , le desssin !

No, DRAWING, drawing !

JANE BIRKIN

*(who has misunderstood him, opens her dress and exposes her breasts under the moonlight)
Ils sont tout petits mais quand même tu aimes eux ?*

They're very small, but do you still like them?

(she takes Serge's hand and places it on her solar plexus.)

They laugh and he kisses her. They seem very much in love and he tells her :

SERGE GAINSBOURG

You understand bugger all! I say drawing for you !
(he pulls out a sketchbook you know, my hand, “sismographe”, (emotional) I have known you forever I waiting for you since, I have been drawing you ever since...wait...(as he speaks to her, he begins to draw, he screws it up, tears out pages, takes a step back from his model, it's difficult for him)

¹ Song by Yann Tiersen

JANE BIRKIN

Hé ! Sergio ! Je peux voir ?

Hey ! Sergio ! Can I see?

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Non, nooon (l'air très malheureux) j'y arrive pas.

Non, nooo (*looking very sad*) I can't do it.

JANE BIRKIN

Laisse-moi je regarde. Je suis sûre c'est très beau.

Let me look. I am sure it's very beautiful.

Afraid that she is going to see his drawings, he brusquely backs up and nearly falls into the river.

JANE BIRKIN

Sergio !

Very conscious of the danger, Serge clowns around and pretends to stumble and fall into the water.

Serge Gainsbourg

(drunk, laughing)

Laisse-moi me noyer comme l'Ophelia de John Everett Millais, ton compatriote !

Just let me drown like your fellow Englishman John Everett Millais's Ophelia!

JANE BIRKIN

Oh ! Tu es beau et tu es beau et je suis tellement heureuse !

Oh ! You are handsome so handsome and I am so happy!

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(smiling with all his teeth and cuddling up to her)

C'est une tragédie je ne sais plus dessiner.

It's a tragedy I don't know how to draw any more.

65. EXT.STREET IN SAINT-TROPEZ – DAY – SUNLIGHT

In Saint-Tropez, we discover Gainsbourg sitting in the back of a big car, an open Fleetwood, that rumbles up a small village street.

The driver, in his uniform, looks like a well-built secret agent, like a character out of a Verneuil film. Serge, dressed super elegantly is making « click-clack » noises with his gun. He arms it, disarms, re-arms it « click-clack-click-clack ».

They drive along the old streets of Saint-Tropez, Serge has got killer look on his face.

THE DRIVER

(with a southern accent)

Sir, please, if you could abstain from playing with a gun when we're on paved streets, because with the slightest jolt it could go off. I imagine that it is loaded?

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Of course.

THE DRIVER

And do you have the intention of using it in my presence?

SERGE GAINSBOURG

It's a possibility. *(he adds)* My fiancée is on set with Alain Delon. If he touches her, I'll shoot both of them and then kill myself. I'm right, am I not?

THE DRIVER

Certainly Sir. Ahem.

And now the car doesn't move, not in the slightest bit, not a budge.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

What's going on, why aren't we moving ?

THE DRIVER

It's the Cadillac, Sir. She's too large for these Saint Tropez streets, Sir.

We effectively see that that there is no way of driving on, or anywhere for that matter. The pedestrians and local shop owners have started to crowd around the car. And the people are having quite a laugh at their expense; the Parisian and his big car.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(livid with anger, with his gun and suit)

Do something, shit!

THE DRIVER

We have reverse back, and then come back by foot or on bike.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

No way!

It's at this moment, at their height of ridicule that Jane arrives, and sees him. She still carries her baby under her arm with packs of nappies and other obscure knick-knacks of the genre.

JANE BIRKIN

Serge !

He hides his gun in his pocket. She jumps on him, kisses him. He's in the car.

JANE BIRKIN

You're so sweet, stuck in the middle of your village fair. It's a beautiful car.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Black Fleetwood Cadillac, the same as Delon's.
Jump in.

She jumps into the car, straddling the door. No respect for the large American car. She chucks in nappies, her baby things.

JANE BIRKIN

C'est bien que tu as une grande voiture, on peut mettre les affaires du Baby.

I'm glad that you've got a big car, we can fit the baby things in.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Tu tournes pas ?

You're not shooting today?

JANE BIRKIN

Pas ce matin. (To the driver) Monsieur, vous pouvez nous trouver une jolie plage ?

Not this morning. *(She catches the driver's attention)* Do you think you could find us a pretty beach ?

66. EXT. SAINT-TROPEZ BEACH – DAY

The Fleetwood is parked next to a sandy beach, perfect for a quiet swim.

At a certain distance, we can see Jane running in the water naked. Gainsbourg and the driver are having a smoke, standing in front of the car. Serge has taken his jacket off, his shirt un-tucked but still wearing his tie and the rest of his attire. He holds Kate in his arms. Jane calls out to him :

JANE BIRKIN

Are you coming ?

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(still smoking, he gives his baby to the driver)
Can you hold this for me ?

THE DRIVER

Of course sir.

He is taking his shirt off and a second later we see Gainsbourg and Birkin in up to

their shoulders in water.

JANE BIRKIN

Tu es obligé de garder « ton » culotte ?

Do you have to keep your pants on ?

SERGE GAINSBURG

Qu'est-ce que ça peut te faire ?

What's it to you ?

We see underwater.

JANE BIRKIN

En plus elle est bleue blanc rouge !

And on top of that they're blue white and red !

SERGE GAINSBURG

Que veux-tu, je suis patriote.

What do you expect, I'm a patriot.

We see them underwater, the two lovers intertwined, Jane is naked and Serge with his huge blue white and red boxer shorts.

67. INT. – RUE DE VERNEUIL- PRIVATE MANSION- LIVING ROOM – DAY

It's morning. Golden light streams through the windows of the living room. On the wall where the photo of Bardot used to gaze, is a smaller frame with a photo of Marilyn Monroe. Serge is on the piano, dressed up to the nines. He accompanies Jane who sings « **le Canari** ». Jane is standing, she wears a tiny tee shirt and knickers.

Close up on the face of the young woman with pre-Raphaelic features, eyes almost white, the looks of a well-educated English woman.

JANE BIRKIN

Avant d'ouvrir le gaz elle pense à son canari

Avant d'en finir une fois pour toutes avec la vie

Elle prend la cage et va sur le balcon

Le vent glacé de l'hiver la saisit,

Lui donne des frissons.

Singing, she has slowly sidled up to Serge and put her arms around his neck. So he stops playing and she sits on his knees.

JANE BIRKIN

Tu sais, je trouve ça ne va pas.

You know, I don't think it works.

SERGE GAINSBURG

(with a small smile, keeping one hand on the piano)

Mais si, tu as une fragilité superbe.

It does, you have a superb fragility.

JANE BIRKIN

(smiling)

Pardon. Je pensais pas sur la chanson. Je regardais tes habits. Je trouve c'est pas bien.

Sorry. I didn't mean the song. I was looking at your clothes. I don't think they're right.

SERGE GAINSBURG

(stung)

Eh, dis donc !

Hey !

Jane rests her head on his shoulder.

JANE BIRKIN

Peut-être, tu pourrais faire un peu plus négligé, ouvrir ton chemise, avoir tes cheveux un peu plus long.

Maybe you could look more laid back, open your shirt, grow your hair a little longer.

Serge inhales a large lungful of smoke. Jane laughs and suggests:

JANE BIRKIN

Peut-être tu devrais laisser pousser un peu ton barbe.

Maybe you should grow your beard a little.

He grabs her a bit violently, clowning about, and ruffles her hair.

SERGE GAINSBURG

Reprends la chanson.

Pick up on the song again.

She lets herself slide down until her head is on his Serge's lap, and looks up at him, who remains sitting at the piano.

SERGE GAINSBURG

C'est pas une petite Rosbif qui va m'apprendre l'élégance.

It's not a little Roast beef that's going to teach me a lesson on elegance.

JANE BIRKIN

Tu es vexé ?

Are you upset ?

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(picking up on the song again)

Tandis que sur Londres lentement descend la nuit...

Jane shuts her eyes, her head still resting on Serge's knees, and continues to sing.

JANE BIRKIN

(singing)

Sur le guéridon auprès de la fille endormie

On peut lire griffonné au crayon

Rien que ces quelques mots:

le canari est sur le balcon.

As she sings, the camera moves closer to her, and zooms on her closed eyes. At the end of the shot, she opens her eyes and looks lovingly up at Serge.

At that moment we hear a « clickity clack » of dogs nails as they touch the floor. Serge turns and sees an all white dog with Asian eyes, a large bull-terrier that walks towards him, tongue hanging out, friendly looking. Jane rushes over to the dog and pushes him back.

JANE BIRKIN

Hé, toi ! Tu dois pas sortir de « le » boîte ! Pas maintenant !

Hey you ! You're not supposed to get out of the box ! Not yet !

But Serge has gotten up from the piano and has knelt down in the direction of the dog. He incites him to come over to him, amused.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(amused)

Allez, viens ! Qu'est-ce que tu fous là, toi ?

Come here boy ! So what are you doing here then?

Jane gives up.

JANE BIRKIN

Ben, je te présente ta nouvelle nana. C'est mon surprise pour toi.

Well, let me introduce you to your new Nana (*argotic word for girlfriend*). My surprise present.

Jane and Serge acquaint themselves with the dog on the living room carpet. A

scene of simple happiness.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Nana. Tu t'appelles Nana, toi ?

Nana. Is that your name, Nana ?

Serge rolls onto his back and the dog licks his face. Jane laughs, and so does he.

**68. INT. RUE DE VERNEUIL- PRIVATE MANSION- GAINSBOURG'S
BEDROOM – DAY**

Serge is asleep on his bed, enlacing Nana the dog. Jane takes a photo of them, touched. The flash wakes the bull terrier up, but Serge is in a deep sleep. The dog jumps down from the bed and Jane putting her Rolleiflex down takes his place, slipping into Gainsbourg's arms. (It's the same bed as Salvador Dali's at the beginning of the film).

69. EXT. RUE DE VERNEUIL- IN FRONT OF PRIVATE MANSION – DAY

In the next scene, we see him in front of his place in exactly the fashion Jane suggested: longer hair, neglected cut, three day beard, white Repetto's, open shirt and jeans. For the first time he is in his real Gainsbourg outfit, that's to say as he is known today. Nana, his bull terrier, is sitting at his feet.

Apparently, Serge is waiting for Jane who's supposed to meet him out on the pavement. Their taxi has already arrived. He smokes a cigarette and carries under his arm a tape recording in a small paper bag, which has importance later on.

At the corner of the street, his Ugly Face appears, huge and bad tempered.

UGLY FACE

Can you tell me what the hell you think you're doing ?

SERGE GAINSBOURG

What ?

He approaches Ugly Face.

UGLY FACE

I thought you wanted to be a Pygmalion, take a kid and mould her your way. You're doing exactly the opposite. Your Brit tells you to dress like this, cut your hair like that and you obey, like a dog.

His eyes throw daggers at Nana who whimpers a bit and slaps her tongue.

SERGE GAINSBURG

(staring darkly at him with a malicious smile)

A doggy that has chosen his master.
Disappear ! I don't need you anymore, go on,
skedaddle !

UGLY FACE

Are you firing me ? Are you feeling all right?

SERGE GAINSBURG

I am, that's the whole point. *(he turns towards
the front door and shouts)* and don't ever come
back !

At the same time, Jane appears and is surprised.

JANE BIRKIN

What did you say ?

SERGE GAINSBURG

(he holds her)

I like my new face.

JANE BIRKIN

There, you see.

They get into the taxi.

70. EXT/INT.PHONOGRAPHIC COMPANY- CORRIDOR/ OFFICE – DAY

Serge, accompanied by Jane and Nana, arrive at his record company. They are led to the bosses' office, a really impressive bureau, post-modern, from the 70's. Serge is still holding his precious little bag under his arm.

THE BOSS

(vaguely polite)

So Serge, what news from London ?

SERGE GAINSBURG

Sit down and listen.

From his paper bag, he takes out a tape recorder and puts it on the bosses' desk.

Serge, Jane and Nana have each taken a seat facing the producers desk. The boss is smoking a large cigar and we hear « **Je t'aime, moi non plus** » in the office.

Jane is smile full but uncomfortable, her knees touching slightly. Serge is happy with himself. The boss remains impassive.

We listen to the tape, a large part of « **Je t'aime moi non plus** », and we see the faces of Jane, Serge, the boss smoking and the dog filmed close up like in a western.

After the first third of the song, the boss pushes the stop button. « Clic ». Silence.

THE BOSS

If we release that, we'll be sent to prison. Both me as your editor and you as the author. *(He puffs on his cigar)* Serge, I don't mind risking prison but not for only one track. Go back to London. Make me ten more. I want a whole album like that.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Later. Right now we have to release that song.

THE BOSS

All right, but I'm warning you, this is going to create a huge scandal.

71. INT/EXT .UGLY FACE BISTRO– DAY

It's early morning on the banks of the river Seine, not very far from les Beaux-Arts.

In a small bistro, Ugly Face, totally depressed, is slumped at the bar. The owner is wiping glasses.

On the radio, we hear the last seconds of « **Je t'aime moi non plus** ». At the end of the song the speaker evokes the international success of the song.

SPEAKER

(find an original recording)

Ten million albums sold... international success... the Vatican's interdiction has doped the sales... Serge Gainsbourg thanks the Vatican...

Ugly Face, smoking, gazing into his glass of wine this early in the morning, mumbles.

UGLY FACE

Can't you stop that obscenity?

The owner takes act disgracefully because he liked the song.

THE BISTRO OWNER

(singing to himself)

In and out between your breasts *(he doesn't really know the words)*.

Ugly Face disapproves. To cover the unsupportable singing of the bar owner, Ugly Face nervously sings the chorus to « **Initials BB** ».

UGLY FACE

« B initials, B initials, B initials, BB ».

Then sticks his long nose into his glass of rosé, totally depressed. At that moment, a enormous tears forms in the corner of his eye, rolls down the length of his nose, and drops into the glass troubling the surface of the liquid (the tear drop will be filmed very closely).

From this point, we no longer see the troubled surface of the rosé in the glass but the pink reflections of bathwater, seen through the round sky window on the roof of Gainsbourg's private mansion.

We don't know whether Ugly Face is remembering this or is actually living the following scene.

72. INT. RUE DE VERNEUIL- PRIVATE MANSION- BATHROOM- NIGHT

Serge and Jane are having a bath rendered pink by bath salts, tenderly embraced in the water like in a painting by Bonnard.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Petite... Maintenant, je voudrais qu'on passe aux choses sérieuses.

My girl... Now I'd like to pass onto more serious things.

Serge reaches out his hand and picks up a smoking cigarette from an ashtray.

JANE BIRKIN

Tu veux commencer ton grand disque ? Le chose symphonique que tu disais ?

You want to start on your big record? The symphonic one you spoke about?

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(smoking, smiling)

Je veux épouser une britannique.

I want to marry a British girl.

JANE BIRKIN

(iniquitous)

Elle est jolie ?

Is she pretty ?

He puts one arm behind his head, shuts his eyes and smiles.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Elle est pas mal.

She's ain't bad.

She coils up against him, shivering in the boiling water, he smokes his cigarette.

JANE BIRKIN

Elle me ressemble ?

Does she look like me ?

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Pas du tout.

Not in the slightest.

JANE BIRKIN*(she laughs)*

The couple are still enlaced in the bath Jane looks at Serge tenderly.

JANE BIRKIN

*Sergio ? Si tu veux, on peut avoir un baby (the dialogue continues until the beginning of the following scene, with the sounds of Jane and Serge's laughter and kissing.) **

Sergio ? If you like, we could have a baby.

73. EXT. RUE DE VERNEUIL –PRIVATE MANSION –ON THE ROOF – NIGHT**JANE AND SERGE (OFF)***(laughter and kissing sounds) **

Ugly face is sitting next to the window on the rooftop, lighted by the light coming from the bathroom. He turns his head away and smokes a cigarette. He lifts his big nose to the moon, and a huge tear rolls out of his right eye. Ugly face is smokes and stubs the butt end out against the window frame and goes to sleep.

The light of the bathroom goes out, leaving Ugly face in pitch dark.

The moon continues its nocturnal course. Day breaks. Ugly face, like a Notre Dame gargyle hasn't budged an inch.

74. INT. LONDON MATERNITY– CORRIDOR - LATE AFTERNOON

We are in the corridor of a English maternity. Gainsbourg looking bedraggled, shirt open, badly shaven, ears sticking out more than ever, in a panic, is shouting at a nurse in very approximate English with a thick French accent.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

I am of course the father. You let me in.
Merde !

THE NURSE

I'm very sorry, Sir. The name here says Birkin and that's not what's written on your passport.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

This is because we not married yet. Let me see my child!

The nurse is looking for the head nurse, an old English woman, massive, Benny Hill's twin sister.

NURSE

(to head nurse)

Do you speak French ? This man is giving me the heebie jeebies.

HEAD NURSE

(to Gainsbourg, heavy English accent)

Monsieur ?

SERGE GAINSBURG

(in French)

Ma gamine est en soin chez vous. On ne m'a pas laissé la voir depuis sa naissance.

My daughter is in care here. I haven't been allowed to see her since she was born.

HEAD NURSE

(in French)

Oui, il y a eu un petit souci mais elle va bien. Et nous faisons attention parce qu'il y a un voleur d'enfants dans Londres en ce moment.

Yes, there was a slight complication, but she's fine now. And we're being precautionous because there's a child snatcher in London at the moment.

SERGE GAINSBURG

(he evidently has a dodgy face)

Et j'ai une gueule de voleur ?

So I look like a child snatcher?

HEAD NURSE

Please keep your calm, I'll accompany you.

75. INT.- LONDON MATERNITY- NURSERY – LATE AFTERNOON

Gainsbourg accompanied by the head nurse enters the nursery room where Charlotte's cradle is, in the middle of four or five others. They open the door and see with horror two huge clawed hands move towards her.

In spite of the faint moonlight, Gainsbourg immediately recognises Ugly Face, leaning over the child, maybe about to hurt her, wriggling his fingers like scissor blades. Ugly Face turns to look at Gainsbourg; their eyes meet with terrifying intensity.

Serge suddenly turns the light on and dashes at Ugly Face, who escapes out of the window, leaping off a window bar, flying out (as in Nosferatu by Murnau).

Gainsbourg, trembling with anger, shakes his fist at the horrible animal, and behind him, from the bottom of the cradle, we hear the voice of the baby (the voice of the young actress who will play Charlotte Gainsbourg).

BABY CHARLOTTE

Heeey... Heeey...

SERGE GAINSBOURG

What's your name ?

BABY CHARLOTTE

Melody.

He picks her up.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Melody what ?

BABY CHARLOTTE

Melody Nelson.

76. EXT. STREETS OF LONDON – SUNDOWN

Serge Gainsbourg walks along the streets of London, his hands in his pockets, his shirt partly undone, a cigarette butt in his mouth. Rain drops fall on the end of his nose, but he is happy because he has just seen his child.

(In order for this particular moment to succeed, the way he walks has to be both joyful and serious, solemn).

The night is pink, London and its rain are pink to show us that we are assisting a great moment of happiness. We hear the music and the words of « **la Valse de Melody Nelson** ». (sung by Serge Gainsbourg)

MELODY NELSON

Le soleil est rare et le bonheur aussi,

Mais tout bouge aux bras de Melody

Les murs d'enceinte du Labyrinthe

S'entrouvrent sur l'Infini

When we hear « Les murs d'enceinte », we see Ugly Face appear on a London roof top, and observe Serge walking from above.

On the word « Infini », the atmosphere turns red....

77. INT.- RUE DE VERNEUIL - PRIVATE MANSION – LIVING ROOM – DAY

The scene starts with the rhythmic from the song « **Hôtel particulier** » (private mansion). Filmed very close up, a selection of Chinese Ivory statuettes. Grotesque characters sculpted doing outrageously pornographic activities.

SONG-OFF

*Au cinquante-six, sept, huit, peu importe, de la rue
X...*

Filmed at floor level, we see more objects – a small animal skeleton, an obscene photo, a telephone off the hook and lying on the tiles.

SONG-OFF

*...Si vous frappez à la porte, d'abord un coup,
puis trois autres...*

The rhythm merges with the sound of banging at the door and a loud heart beat. Parallel shot of firemen banging at the front door.

SONG-OFF

*...on vous laisse entrer, seul et parfois même
accompagné...*

The front door bursts open and the firemen discover Serge crumpled on the floor, shirt open. He's having a heart attack. In spite of the first-aid, Serge hasn't completely come back to reality. The music doesn't stop. We continue to hear the words from « Hôtel Particulier » (private mansion) getting even louder than the dialogues that follow. Each shot of the firemen is interrupted by a phantasmagorical image of the bookcases: African monsters, Russian sabres, napoleon eagle armrests, a Rolls Royce radiator cap, Serge Gainsbourg is very pale, he is finding it difficult to concentrate.

SONG-OFF

*...une servante sans vous dire un mot vous
précède. Des escaliers des couloirs sans fin se
succèdent, décorés de bronzes baroques, d'anges
dorés, d'Aphrodites et de Salomées...*

THE HEAD FIREMAN

Luckily you had the strength to call. *(he asks him)* Are you in treatment at a hospital?

Gainsbourg suffocates.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Take me to the American hospital.

The firemen put him onto a stretcher and pull a blue hospital cover over him.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

What the hell is this disgusting blanket?
There's a Hermes plaid on my paddock, go and
get it.

THE HEAD FIREMAN

We don't have the time.

SERGE GAINSBOURG*(insisting)*

It's cream colour, you can't miss it, hurry.

The firemen, anxious and exasperated, end up by finding the cover. By now Gainsbourg has recovered a little. We cease to see morbid statuettes and the song slowly fades out.

THE FIREMEN

How are you feeling?

They are about to lift the stretcher up.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Stop. If I go out on this stretcher I'll never come back alive. Help me get up.

FIREMEN

No.

THE HEAD FIREMAN

You're under my responsibility. I'd like you to arrive at the hospital in one piece. Let's go.

Serge's eyes shoot daggers.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Help me get up, I'm the one who's paying for fuck's sake.

78. EXT. RUE DE VERNEUIL – IN FRONT OF PRIVATE MANSION – DAY

We see Gainsbourg walk out of the front door of his mansion rue Verneuil with the Hermès plaid on his shoulders, assisted by two firemen, and arriving at the ambulance, he turns around.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Wait !

THE FIREMEN

What now ?

SERGE GAINSBOURG

I forgot my cigarettes.

THE FIREMEN

That's enough. It's time to go.

79. INT. AMERICAN HOSPITAL- BEDROOM – DAY

Jane, her arms laden with presents, enters the hospital room. Panic ! Serge's bed is empty and the IV tubes have been disconnected. She finds him curled up in an armchair, playing dead, a tube dangling from his arm.

JANE BIRKIN

Serge !

SERGE GAINSBOURG

BouuAAAAAAh ! j'tai fait peur hein !

BoooooOOOOOOO-AHAH !! scared you huh ?!

He has scared the living daylights out of her and is laughing at his joke. She shrieks, then hugs him and kisses him and helps him back to his bed.

JANE BIRKIN

Tu es un con !

You're an asshole !

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Ho, p'tite cocotte....

Hey little doll...

JANE BIRKIN

Ils ont dit que c'était bénin. (Et elle ajoute) Tu dois plus fumer, tu dois plus faire le con.

They said it was benign. *(and she adds)* You have to stop smoking, you've got to stop pissing about.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

T'as prévenu les journaux ?

Did you inform the papers ?

JANE BIRKIN

Non, c'est resté un secret.

No, it's stayed a secret.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Ça sert à quoi d'être malade si personne me plaint. Passe-moi le téléphone.

What's the use in being sick if nobody's sorry for you? Hand me the phone.

We see Gainsbourg, ill, tired, make a phone call.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

France soir ? Le rédacteur en chef, s'il vous plaît.

France soir ? Pass me the editor in chief please !

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(on the phone)

Allo, j'ai un scoop : Serge Gainsbourg a eu un infarctus, il a failli crever, mais maintenant il va bien. Il travaille déjà à un nouvel album qui va être pas dégueu.

Hello, I've got a scoop : Serge Gainsbourg just had a heart attack, he almost died, but he's doing well now. And he's already working on a new album that sure won't be a piece of shit.

He hangs up.

JANE BIRKIN

Ça va mieux ?

Are you feeling better ?

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(with a big smile)

Oui. (and adds) Tu pourrais m'apporter des cigarettes ?

Yes. *(and he adds)* Could you get me a pack of cigarettes ?

JANE BIRKIN

Non.

No.

80. INT. AMERICAN HOSPITAL - BEDROOM – SUNDOWN

A pretty nurse, very sure of herself, quickly passes the bedroom door. She observes him a second, thinking that he's asleep.

Serge Gainsbourg, who has been stalking his prey like an old crocodile, fools about. Opening one eye, he says softly :

SERGE GAINSBOURG

I thought nurses always wore horrible plastic sandals. Your clogs, heeled and varnished aren't half bad. What's your name ?

NURSE

(chuckling)

Go to sleep, silly.

She leaves. He doesn't sleep.

Sound of knocking at the window « KNOCK ! KNOCK ! », the window opens and Ugly Face looms in, pale, he enters the bedroom in the middle of the night.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(from his bed)

I told you I don't want to see your ugly face anymore.

Ugly Face approaches the bed, smoking heavily in the sick man's bedroom.

UGLY FACE

I've brought you presents.

The creature opens a suitcase overflowing with Gitane cigarettes that spill out onto the hospital bed.

UGLY FACE

The necessary for smoking the pipe of peace.

Gainsbourg and Ugly Face are sitting on either side of the mattress. Both are puffing away.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

If the nurses smell the smoke, we're done for.

UGLY FACE

I brought some deodorant, it'll hide the smell.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Guerlain ?

UGLY FACE

Of course.

81.INT. AMERICAN HOSPITAL – BEDROOM – NIGHT

Serge Gainsbourg and his Ugly Face have smoked quite a few cigarettes; the perfusion is still attached to his left arm.

They are both smoking, whispering so as not to be heard by the nurses.

UGLY FACE

(whispering)

Quick, lets get out of here...

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(whispering)

That's already planned.

He lays back on the bed.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(whispering)

Convalescence in the countryside, with just the family.

Ugly face folds his arms, puts his hands on his knees and frowns. It's quite clear that a bucolic convalescence isn't his idea of fun.

UGLY FACE

(whispering)

Great, early to bed, early to rise and feed the ducks !

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(whispering)

It's for my heart...

UGLY FACE

(whispering)

You should be ashamed of yourself.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(whispering)

Hey ! I almost bit the bullet !

UGLY FACE

(sneering)

So, all the more reason for you to go to Normandy and bury yourself alive?

UGLY FACE

Come on ! Pack your things; we're out of here.

Ugly Face gets the suitcase out and begins to pack.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

No. *(ecstatic)* They're taking a photo of me on my sick bed tomorrow. For Paris Match my boy.

Ugly Face has a sudden change in attitude; he wears his largest grin and holds his arms out like General De Gaulle during a speech.

UGLY FACE

You should have said before! I wouldn't miss that for anything, the Martyr of San Sebastian !

SERGE GAINSBOURG

And camera flashes in guise of arrows!

82. INT. AMERICAN HOSPITAL - BEDROOM – DAY

Same decor. In bright daylight. Four photographers take shots of Gainsbourg. Camera flashes. Gainsbourg is quite content with himself.

83. INT. UGLY FACE BISTRO – EARLY MORNING

Serge and Ugly Face are taking advantage of their freedom. They're sitting at a bar.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Two 51's.

UGLY FACE

Doubles.

Two girls walk over to them. Gainsbourg, charming as ever, smiles at them.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

I think I am going to increase my consumption
of alcohol and cigarettes.

They empty their glasses, exchange a few words that we don't hear and laugh.

84. EXT. RUE DES BEAUX-ARTS– ART GALLERY – EARLY MORNING

They come out onto the street (rue des Beaux-Arts), smoke a cigarette on this agreeable morning and look up at the sky. Then they walk past a modern art gallery where a vegetable is sitting in the place of a head on a bronze sculpture: the piece is called « Man with cauliflower head ».

Gainsbourg stops to look at the sculpture.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Hey, that's not bad !

UGLY FACE

(laughs) Yeah... he looks like you.

85. INT INT.BOBINO CIRCUS – NIGHT

The public applaud. The curtains go up, we see a chair, a bass player to the rear and George Brassens arriving on stage. The bass player starts to pluck notes. George Brassens puts a foot on the chair, plays three notes, and starts to sing « **J'ai rendez-vous avec vous** ».

The four Gainsbourgs watch grinning.

GEORGES BRASSENS

Monseigneur l'astre solaire

Comm' je n'l'admir' pas beaucoup

*M'enlèv' son feu, oui mais, d'son feu, moi j'm'en
fous*

J'ai rendez-vous avec vous

La lumière que je préfère

C'est cell' de vos yeux jaloux

Tout le restant m'indiffère

J'ai rendez-vous avec vous !

During the song, sitting on the front row, Serge's mother has fallen asleep. Serge and Ugly Face glance tenderly at the old woman. Brassens notices and a small smile

appears on the corner of his lips, he exchanges a look of complicity with Gainsbourg who holds his mother with both arms.

The father is subjugated by Brassens, in total admiration, like a kid that has been taken to a show. The camera stays with the old Russian man, so happy to be at the Bobino circus with his son who only has eyes for his mother.

86.INT. APARTMENT RUE CHAPTAL – LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

The father has taken his coat off, he's undoing his bow tie. He starts to sing Brassens' song in his own way, with his Russian accent, slightly mixing up the words. As he sings them he goes over to the piano, starts playing with one finger before sitting down.

THE FATHER

Monseigneur l'astre solaire

J'ai rendez-vous avec vous

La la la la

J'ai rendez-vous avec vous,

J'ai rendez-vous avec vous !

He sits down and plays the song on the piano.

Suddenly a drop of blood pearls on his nose. He pauses. He touches his nose with his finger, then collapses, his head falling onto the piano with a loud cacophony of notes.

The camera pulls back, we see that he is dead.

87.INT.- APARTMENT RUE CHAPTAL- BEDROOM – NIGHT

During this time, in the bedroom, the mother is taking her hairpins out. She hasn't noticed anything and looks at her reflection in the mirror.

CUT.

88.INT. APARTMENT RUE CHAPTAL – LIVING ROOM- – NIGHT

One steady shot. We first see the piano, lid closed. Then a close-up on the father's peaceful face. He is lying on the floor, lit up by a candle that has been placed above his head. Gainsbourg is crouching next to his father, shattered.

89.EXT. RUE CHAPTAL- IN FRONT OF THE BUILDING- NIGHT

Serge has left the nocturnal ceremony and is sitting on the curb in front of his parents' building. Holding his head between his hands, he breaks into tears. Ugly Face, sitting next to him, tries to shake him into his senses.

UGLY FACE

Come on Serge, we're in a rush, you'll blub on stage.

He continues to cry, then suddenly stands up and lies down on the tarmac in the

middle of the road. Ugly Face tries to drag him away but can't.
Jane arrives, running.

JANE BIRKIN

Arrête ! Tu veux te faire écraser, c'est ça que tu veux ?

Stop it ! You're going to get run over, is that what you want?

Serge, still lying down, lights up a cigarette and shuts his eyes.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

J'attends le taxi.

(Imperturbable)

I'm waiting for the taxi.

We see headlights, a big car that arrives at high speed, Jane jumps into the middle of the road and waves her arms and stops a police van that breaks hard not to run Gainsbourg over.

Three policemen get out.

COPPER

Sir, are you okay ?

COPPER

Bloody hell, it's Mr. Gainsbourg.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(teeth still clenched)

The boy's in blue, right on time.

COPPER

What are you doing on the ground?

SERGE GAINSBOURG

I'm singing at the Mogador in half an hour, and I've sold my Roller, so I don't know how to get there. All that I've got left is this radiator cap, look.

He takes out the Silver Ghost that symbolises his Rolls Royce.

COPPER

Don't you worry yourself, we'll get you there.

90. INT/EXT. POLICE VAN - STREET- NIGHT

As soon as they are in the van, the rhythm of the images accelerates, and we hear a Rock intro.

Gainsbourg and Jane are sitting in between the three policemen, next to the wheel. He's starting to act the bad boy.

SERGE GAINSBURG

Could you give me a revolver?

COPPER

We're not allowed.

SERGE GAINSBURG

Oh ! Come on, handcuff me !

The music is getting louder and louder.

COPPER

If you knew who's worn these, you wouldn't want them on your wrists.

SERGE GAINSBURG

Well give me a national police badge then !

The policeman hands him a badge that he attaches to the inside of his jacket.

SERGE GAINSBURG

(shouting)

Come on Mr. Police man, we're young and we're crazy, so put your foot down, And shit !
lets get those blue lights going!

We hear the police siren, the rock music blasting and the applause of an impatient crowd. (intro of the song « **Nazi Rock** »).

91. INT-MOGADOR STAGE – NIGHT

We see Gainsbourg, black sunglasses, and police star on his shirt, come out on stage and sing « Nazi Rock ». The crowd is in exultation.

SERGE GAINSBURG

Voici venir la nuit des longs couteaux

Enfilez vos bas noirs les gars

Ajustez bien vos accroche-bas

Vos porte-jarretelles et vos corsets

Allez venez ça va se corser

On va danser le

nazi rock nazi

nazi nazi rock nazi

On va danser le

nazi rock nazi

nazi nazi rock nazi

He's on fire, full of energy, the public are loving it.

91A. INT. RUE DE VERNEUIL- PRIVATE MANSION – LIVING ROOM – DAY**

Devastated, Serge Gainsbourg is sitting next to the corpse of his dog. His mother is watching over him, trying to comfort him as best she can.

THE MOTHER

Serge, even the girls haven't cried about that dog as much as you. *(she shakes him a little)*
Come on, what is this? You're crying more for your dog than for your father!

Serge breaks down again, sobbing more violently, his head resting on the plate. His mother holds him by the shoulders and shakes him.

THE MOTHER

Can't you see what a state you're getting into?
Come on, snap out of it!

She gets up and takes a hairbrush and comb. She stands behind her son.

THE MOTHER

You're going to brush your hair.

She starts to comb his hair as if he were still a small boy.

THE MOTHER

Do you want little Charlotte to see you like this when she arrives??

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(small smile)

Oh, you know, they're used to seeing me cry.

Her mother has brushed his hair. She is now wiping his cheeks with a hanky from her pocket.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(to his mother)

Is that better now?

THE MOTHER

(small malevolent smile)

Pfff... I'll never understand why you don't get your ears stuck back..

92. EXT. RUE DES BEAUX-ARTS - ART GALLERY- DAY

Serge Gainsbourg is wearing his black sunglasses, exhausted after the concert, eyes puffed with tiredness. He walks down the street with Ugly Face like before.

They pass the art gallery with the cauliflower head statue again.

UGLY FACE*(mocking)*

Hey, Gainsbarre, the cauliflower is looking more
and more like you.

Serge Gainsbourg smiles and makes his reflection coincide with the cauliflower behind the window. The kind of game you play when you haven't slept.

SERGE GAINSBOURG*(with a pasty voice)*

Oh, I'm the cauliflower head man, half
vegetable and half man.

By insisting too much, a real cauliflower appears in the place of his face. His eyes disappear; he's got cauliflower leaves all over his head, like large scraps of flesh. Surprised, he turns his head towards his puppet to show him.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Look what's happening to me !

But Ugly Face has gone.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Fuck, I can't see my Ugly Face anymore!

He staggers down the road, holding on to street lamps, and then grabs hold of a well to do old ladies arm from the 7th arrondissement, dressed in Sonia Rykiel.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Hey, help me, I can't see my ugly face
anymore!

He tries to brush the cauliflower leaves off his face, but he can't see anything anymore.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

I think I'm going blind !

OLD LADY

No no, you've just got leaves covering your
face.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

You think that's the cause of it?

OLD LADY

Oh yes. If I were you, I'd get them trimmed.

93. INT. HAIRDRESSER – DAY

We hear the front door bell ring as Serge, still a vegetable head, staggers into the hairdressers. He's the sole client.

A full-bodied woman, the hairdresser, takes him by the arm, we hear the instrumental – « **L'homme à tête de chou** » (The cauliflower Head).

She lies him down on a couch to wash his hair.

She plunges his leafy head into the basin, and starts to mass his skull and shower it, and like in an alchemical cauldron a transmutation seems to be preparing itself.

Then she helps him get up and sits him down on the hairdresser's chair (all of this has the allure of Frankenstein's laboratory).

The scissors turn around Gainsbourg's head, and from a subjective point of view we see the flesh coloured cauliflower leaves fly around his face.

Then a burning hot towel is placed over his head, as if he had just been shaved, and then the hairdresser takes the towel off and brings produces a large round mirror.

She shows him the reflection of his head as if she had just performed plastic surgery.

HAIRDRESSER

How do you like the cut ?

Beneath the leaves, where his face should have been, Serge discovers a completely new head, a mix of Gainsbourg and Ugly Face : a huge nose, oversized ears, hair sticking up. It's the ultimate transformation of a singer that has been wearing a mask for fifty years and that mask has finally stuck to his face. We discover "Gainsbarre" – the public image of the older, decadent Gainsbourg

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(losing his temper)

What the hell have you done ?!

HAIRDRESSER

Well at least you'll be able to see better...

Serge is shattered. He gets up, his legs trembling, and stumbles out of the hairdressers, completely crushed by what has just happened.

(Note concerning this transformation: in the mirror at the hairdresser's, Serge sees an aged version of Ugly face, as though he had actually become this creature. In reality though, it is just his perception because from this moment on in the film, he is going to be continually drunk. His face has indeed changed, and he has become the "gainsbarre" that we know, except that he is not as monstrous looking as he is in the mirror. But from now on, every time that his eyes meet a mirror, a window, a glass door, or the surface of the water, he will see Ugly Face's reflection rather than his own.)

94. SCENE DELETED

95. SCENE DELETED

96. EXT. PARIS STREET – BAR – NIGHT

We now see him wandering down a street alone. He's wearing his dark sunglasses. He's about to enter a bar. Clients on the street recognise him.

A MAN

Hey, that's Gainsbourg...

Serge nods, swaying, he holds his pack of cigarettes out. One of the guys takes one, Gainsbourg disappears into the bar.

97. INT – RUE DE VERNEUIL- PRIVATE MANSION – LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Charlotte and Kate are playing secretly with Serge's artefacts. This scene reminds us of the beginning of the film, when Lucien and his sister invented stories in the living room, rue Chaptal.

The little girls are in the middle of a heteroclite collection of objects that Serge has accumulated in the large room : puppets, small bottles, a few guns, and police badges. The scene is dominated by a medical sectional view, a paperboard cut out of an emaciated figure whose posture is borrowed from the famous Houdon statue. In the moonlight, in silence, the girls are playing, careful not to damage anything.

They jump when a key turns in the front door lock. It's Gainsbourg coming home in the middle of the night. Totally drunk. Hair sticking on end. His huge stupefied head floats through the dark space of the room. He ends up by making out the children and mumbles:

SERGE GAINSBOURG

What are you doing up ?

CHARLOTTE

And you ?

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(starting to shout)

Put everything back into place ! And you're going back to bed, shit ! And if you want to play, play in your bedroom, this is my living room!

CHARLOTTE

(in tears)

Your objects are disgusting anyway and they're scary!

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(sorry, with a soft voice, holding onto the cardboard body)

You're scared of Professor Flipus ? Don't be, he's made out of cardboard.

CHARLOTTE

Why's he called Flipus ?

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Because he looks like my brother and when I think about it, I flip out.

CHARLOTTE

You don't have a brother.

Serge sits down next to the children, and places them on his knees.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Before I was born, mum had another boy. He didn't make it very long. But all my life I've had the impression that he's been looking at me from his grave.

KATE

He's been looking at us too. Because of him, I don't dare go to the loo at night.

CHARLOTTE

So she pees on the carpet.

KATE

That's a lie!

Serge laughs.

98. INT. RUE DE VERNEUIL- PRIVATE MANSION- LIVING ROOM – DAWN

One hour later... Jane, half asleep, comes into the room. She's just stepped out of bed. Gainsbourg is sitting on the floor with the kids. They've laid the professor Flipus down and have demounted his stomach. His entrails spread across the floor. Around him, they've placed all of Serge's toys, like in a very elaborated diorama. They've even set up an electric train that goes round them and then under the mutilated models bum.

The coaches transport syringes, scalpels, a bottle of whisky.

JANE BIRKIN

Qu'est-ce que vous fichez?

What are you doing ?

CHARLOTTE

Chut ! Le professeur Flipus est malade. On l'opère.

Quiet ! Professor Flipus is sick. We're operating.

JANE BIRKIN

Il a quoi comme maladie ?

What's his illness?

KATE

C'est très grave. Il est mort.

It's very serious. He's dead.

SERGE GAINSBURG

*Docteur Charlotte, passez-moi le scalpel.
Docteur Kate, versez-moi un verre, j'ai besoin
de toute ma lucidité.*

Doctor Charlotte, pass me the scalpel. Doctor
Kate, pour me a drink, I must keep total lucidity.

CHARLOTTE

Il va s'en sortir, docteur ?

Is he going to make it, doctor?

SERGE GAINSBURG

*Non, je crois que c'est foutu. Il faut abréger ses
souffrances.*

No, I think he's done for. We must put him out
of his pain.

At this instant, Gainsbourg grabs a Luger revolver, points it at the head of the model and fires. The gun was loaded. The detonation is deafening, a flash of light illuminates the room. The two girls remain silent, then giggle nervously.

JANE BIRKIN

(exploding with anger, shouts, insulting him)

Mais tu es complètement connard, oui !

You're a stupid bloody idiot !

SERGE GAINSBURG

(drunken slur)

Du calme ma p'tite cocotte.

Keep your calm, my lil' pumpkin.

Gainsbourg lies down next to the skinless cardboard man. The camera stays very close to his face while Jane loses her temper and sends her children back to their bedroom. Of Jane and the girls, we only see their naked feet pounding the wooden floorboards. Serge closes his eyes and nods off. The last image he sees is that of the damaged skull in mashed up cardboard.

99. EXT. KINGSTON BEACH – JAMAICA – DAY

Serge Gainsbourg is on the fine sand of Kingston beach. His head seems on the brink of toppling off his skinny shoulders. He's sitting facing the sun. Shirt open, bare feet in the sea. The morning sun makes him blink, cutting up his carnival face into orangey prisms. He doesn't look like he's slept. Empty bottles surround him: agricultural rum. At a small distance, oil installations on the port, the purring of machines. In the turquoise sea, a cargo ship navigates out to sea.

Serge contemplates the sheets of paper spread around him. Each one has a title of a song written on it : « **Lola Rastacouère** », « **J'ai des locataires** » etc... A pen and blank pages for him to write the songs, but he doesn't write anything. He smokes. He starts to draw kids playing on the beach.

He gathers the sheets of paper, gets up, flicks his cigarette stub and immediately replaces it by another gitane cigarette.

He sees that the kids have picked up his smoking cigarette stub and are fighting to finish it.

Does he remember the little boy at the beginning of the film ? Serge pulls out a pack of Gitanes from his revolver pocket and gives it to the children. A shocking image of the singer who gives the children a light, lighting up their cigarettes with the red tip of his own cigarette. He speaks to them like they were little dogs :

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Come on now, little doggies, no scrapping.

Gainsbourg and the kids smoke together. Of course this scene echoes the first scenes of the film.

One of the children points out the sketches that Gainsbourg has drawn.

KID 1

Sir, you make drawings ? You famous painter ?

KID 2

Picasso ! Picasso !

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Non, petit gars. I am French singer. You know French songs ?

KID 1

I know « Je t'aime ». *(He starts to sing « Je t'aime moi non plus »)*

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(very proud of himself)
I did that!

KID 2

I know Brigitte Bardot.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

I fucked her !

KID 3

I know « La Marseillaise » !

All the children start to hum the Marseillaise.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

I wrote that song.

KIDS

Hooooo ! You are very famous !

100. INT. RECORDING STUDIO – KINGSTON – DAY

Before entering the recording studio, Serge contemplates his supernatural reflection in the glass door.*

The Dynamic Sounds recording studio in Kingston. Sly Dunbar, all of Peter Tosh's musicians, Bob Marley's chorus-singers. The studio is under a shabby corrugated iron roof. The holed breeze blocks making up the walls allow us to perceive the sea side and the goats that pass by here, in the middle of rusty banged up cars.

Serge is bare footed, wearing a small white t-shirt with a lion. He looks totally pissed, and the musicians aren't exactly full of confidence.

Serge Lerichomme, his arranger, tries to gather the information needed for the Rasta musicians to understand what is expected of them.

LERICHOMME

They're wondering what you want them to sing.
You'd be better off not explaining the words to the sexual songs.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Why ? Don't they ever fuck ?

LERICHOMME

Reggae isn't a laughing matter. It's like sacred music to them.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Tell them that they're going to sing the Marseillaise.

LERICHOMME

How do I explain that ?

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(addressing them all)
It's a French war song.

101. INT. RECORDING STUDIO - KINGSTON- DAY

The Rastas are playing la Marseillaise. Gainsbourg is singing. Make it apparent that he's perfecting the recording, that he is concentrated. Make it very plain that he is doing everything to make it the best possible version of the national anthem. Be it on a rhythmic, melodic or vocal level, the spectator must really be transported by this reggae version of La Marseillaise.

102. INT. CARAVAN – NIGHT

A very sudden change in atmosphere. We're in Gainsbourg's dressing room, just before the Strasbourg concert. The dressing room has been set up in a caravan. Gainsbourg is deathly pale. He's drinking and smoking. A feeling of sheer terror has dissipated the joy of Kingston. We can hear worrying vociferations of military

parachutists. His big head has never seemed so heavy.

Phiphy, the singer's loyal bodyguard, comes into the caravan. It's obviously already complete havoc outside.

PHIPHY

You have to cancel, Mr. Gainsbourg, the musicians won't come.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Where are those bloody idiots ?

PHIPHY

There's been a bomb scare at their hotel. They freaked out. They've taken their coach.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

You've got to stop them !

PHIPHY

I reckon they're in Belgium by now.

The caravan door opens again, Jane Birkin slips in. She's out of breath. She had to fight her way through, in spite of the police.

JANE BIRKIN

Serge, you've got to cancel.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(chain smoking)

Yep, that'd be the reasonable thing to do...

JANE BIRKIN

You'll sing the Mareillaise some other time.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

No, I'm a patriot.

He gets up.

JANE BIRKIN

Serge, if you go out there, you're going to get hurt.

Serge leaves the caravan, escorted by Phiphy. Jane is distressed.

103. INT. CONCERT ROOM – STRASBOURG – NIGHT

The concert room is overflowing with spectators : hostile parachutists, a police line, and young excited Serge Gainsbourg fans. Microphones are held out to Serge as he squeezes through the crowd onto the stage, followed by Jane. A chair is thrown. The tension is palpable. Close shots of the parachutist's sinister faces. A riot is just waiting to be sparked off.

In the tumult, Serge's fragile voice echoes through the microphone. Listening to his

voice we hear all his fragility and vulnerability and courage and rage. His face is deathly white. A cold sweat on his brow. In the middle of this human sea, his huge Jewish head seems like an easy target.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

My Jamaicans got scar... it's not their problem. They've come from Kingston. They were frightened by the deployments of the police force and *(suddenly he shouts)* by the bomb alerts *(whistling in the crowd)* that took place in all the hotels in town. I am un-submissive. And have given the original meaning back to La Marseillaise ! I ask you to sing along with me.

(he begins to sing accapella)

Allons enfants de la patrie, le jour de gloire est arrivé.

The soldiers don't know how to react. The crowd begins to sing the Marseillaise with Gainsbourg.

...Contre nous de la tyrannie, l'étendard sanglant est levé, entendez-vous dans nos campagnes...

The parachutists also begin to sing La Marseillaise, they look pretty stupid.

...mugir ces féroces soldats...

The camera moves back to Serge Gainsbourg. But it's no longer the old unshaven poet with his big head that is on stage. It's now the little Lucien Ginsburg, a ten-year-old boy. The same that wore a star at the beginning of the film. Facing the horde, with a brave voice, the small boy sings out :

...ils viennent jusque dans nos bras égorger nos fils et nos compagnes...

(refrain)

*Aux armes citoyens ! Formez vos bataillons !
Marchons, marchons ! Qu'un sang impur...
Abreuve nos sillons !*

(couplet 2)

Que veut cette horde d'esclaves, de traîtres, de rois conjurés ?...

Pour qui ces ignobles entraves, ces fers dès longtemps préparés ? (bis)

Français ! Pour nous, ah ! Quel outrage ! etc.

104. SCENE DELETED

105. INT. RUE DE VERNEUIL- PRIVATE MANSION -KITCHEN – DAY

Small Lucien is sitting at the kitchen table. He's drinking a coffee, smoking a cigarette. Next to him, a pile of newspapers. He picks up the Figaro, the front title

reading « Gainsbourg, Strasbourg ».

The little boy sits back, enchanted, and unfolds the newspaper. But as soon as he starts to read the article his smile fades away. We hear (off), with a raging voice, horrible excerpts from Michel Droit's newspaper article.

MICHEL DROIT (VOICE OFF)

(accusing)

« By recording a parody of La Marseillaise, Gainsbourg undoubtedly thought that he was onto a moneymaker... »

Cauliflower leaves start to bud on the little boy's face.

« when he looks at himself in the mirror, Serge Gainsbourg must dream of a society that has his face »

The leaves invade the child's face.

« Roving eye, three day beard, oozing lower lip. When I see Serge Gainsbourg appear, I find my self-becoming ecological... against the pollution that comes out of the person and his work, like something released by certain exhaust pipes.

His face has become a cauliflower. The voice has become muffled, as if the leaves blocked the voice.

« The most delicate aspect to the odious havoc he creates : the anti-Semitism. In this domain, if propagators exist, there are also, regrettably, agitators as well "

On the word « agitator », the cauliflower leaves start to fall, like a tree in autumn.

« Serge Gainsbourg provokes anti-Semitism »

The leaves have fallen and the child's face has gone. In its place, Gainsbourg's big head, fat lip, hooked nose and oblique eye that sheds a tear.

« And all of this to make a profit at the bank »

Serge Gainsbourg, old again, breaks down crying on the table.

106. SCENE DELETED

107. INT. LA MAIN JAUNE BAR – NIGHT

At La Main Jaune (The Yellow Hand), a bar where the dancers wear roller boots, Serge is sitting in the corner facing a champagne bucket. He's completely shit faced

and without friends.

GILDAS (OFF)

Serge ! Les Guignols (Spitting Image) have got a surprise for you, look !

IMITATOR (OFF)

Arrr, errr... not half bad... just a little nightcap... one for the road, it's me – Gainsbarre...

On the club table in front of him lays the head of the television puppet. He grabs it by the hair, knocks it about a bit, and talks to it. His own head is as big as the puppets. He's not speaking, but slurring.

SERGE GAINSBURG

(talking to the puppet head like Hamlet to his famous skull)

Jane, she's chucked me. Little Charlotte's living at her mum's. My mum's gone to see the stars. My dad, I wonder, is he proud of me ?

He sees double. He is finding it hard to focus on the dance floor. He eventually focuses on a tall girl with face covered in beauty spots.

108. INT. LA MAIN JAUNE BAR – LATER ON

(Important: in the bar/nightclub, there is nobody but Serge and Bambou. Even the waiter should be invisible, or blurred or ghost-like)

Bambou dances eyes shut, facing a mirror. She's wearing statutory roller boots, but is immobile, swaying lasciviously to the rhythm of the punk guitar. Bambou is far-gone. She dances. Nobody exists around her.

A waiter interrupts her solitary trance.

THE WAITER

(Carrying the tray, on his roller boots)

Excuse me, Serge Gainsbourg would like to buy you a drink.

BAMBOU

Fuck the old fart.

She continues to dance. She shuts her beautiful black eyes again. She's nobody's tonight. But Serge is standing there; his champagne bucket in one hand and two champagne glasses in the other.

SERGE GAINSBURG

(drunk, smiling, kind)

The old fart, has come to your table, you tart.

Bambou laughs. She brushes her long hair out of her face.

BAMBOU

I'm warning you, I'm a lost cause.

She sits down next to Gainsbourg.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

You need a sweet daddy ?

BAMBOU

I want somebody to save me.

Serge looks at Bambou, blubbers something incomprehensible and breaks down crying.

Bambou gets up, is about to go back to the dance floor, and exclaims :

BAMBOU

This is bullshit.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(shouting)

Stay put. You'll leave when I tell you to.

He lights up a gitane, regains a little composure and murmurs :

SERGE GAINSBOURG

You correspond perfectly to my aesthetic criteria.
You have the translucent beauty and despair of a tragic figure.

Bambou sits down and stares at him.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Do you understand what I'm saying ?

BAMBOU

You want to shag me.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Yes, maybe so. But I'm saying it poetically.

BAMBOU

Well seeing how pissed you are, you're not going to be much trouble.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

(stammering, barely audible)

On the horizontal side, I've had no complaints.

BAMBOU

I preferred it when you asked to be my daddy.

109. INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR – DAY

A hospital hallway. We can hear heartbeats coming from a monitoring cardiogram. A nurse and a doctor are bustling about. They enter then leave a room. To the right of the door, Gainsbourg is crouching on a chair. He appears to be devastated.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Shit !

He cries.

110. INT.HOSPITAL- BEDROOM – DAY

Serge enters the bedroom with Charlotte, with a cake of kings (Galette des rois) under his arm. Bottle of vodka, a cardboard crown (that comes with the festive cake) , and cigarette hanging from the corner of his mouth.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

You could've given me a girl, no ? *(then he looks at the baby)* You look like your mother, it's a better option.

He holds the baby in his arms. He's very touched, tear in the corner of his eye, very awkward, juggling with the baby, the cake and his cigarette.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

I brought a cake. The cake of Kings. My king.
We're going to name you after me.

BAMBOU

King Serge ?

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Lucien.

He places the cardboard crown on the baby's head.

SERGE GAINSBOURG

Lucien the second, called upon to follow his father's rule over France . And on Navarre as well. People are always forgetting about Navarre. *(he says this looking at the baby in the eyes)*.

111. INT. AUCTION ROOM – DAY

An auction room. The original manuscript of La Marseillaise is being auctioned. Serge Gainsbourg, sitting on the first row of buyers, is wearing sunglasses and a raincoat, cigarette in mouth, flanked by his famous bodyguard and Bambou, he has Lulu in her arms. The quartet clashes with the sober assembly of people.

THE AUCTIONEER

This manuscript was completely written and signed by Rouget de L'Isle. It is dated at the end of Choisy the king, August 7th, 1893. We are going to sell this manuscript of The Marseillaise which Rouget de l'Isle described as "one of my old sonnets ". Well shall start the sale of this old

sonnet at 40 000 francs.

The auction begins, Gainsbourg continuously lifts his finger. The price goes up to 135 000 francs. When the hammer comes down, the room applauds Serge like after a concert. They get up to the sound of bravos.
A journalist asks him:

A JOURNALIST

Don't you think that cost you a fortune?

Gainsbourg leans over the microphone and with a little smile answers :

SERGE GAINSBOURG

I would have bankrupted myself.

112. EXT. BEACH ON THE ATLANTIQUE – SEA WALL– DAY

Serge Gainsbourg's huge head wobbles at the back of his Rolls Royce. The singer laughs. Bambou is pressed up lovingly against him, the champagne bucket is at arms reach. Phiphy the driver pushes the car fast along a sea wall. In crystal glasses, champagne dances to the undulations of the road. On Bambou's knees, pretty dark eyes look lovingly up at his dad : it's little Lucien.

Serge shows him the manuscript, La Marseillaise, in it's golden frame. Gainsbourg chuckles. Background music, a piano, a surprisingly cheerful rendition of « **Marilou under the snow** ».

The driver has fun swerving the car left and right. The car zigzags. We could almost believe that it is going to take off.

END

Revised
July, 15th, 2008