

MEURSAULT

by

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29 Plays Later 2016 Challenge Day 22:

Pick a famous first line and then take it somewhere else. Give it a killer ending.

Starting with the first line of Camus's *L'étranger* and taking it into Godard's *Bande à part*: mixing up *The Outsider* and *The Outsiders* with characters and plot elements from each.

CHARACTERS

MEURSAULT

ODILE

FRANCES

ARTHUR

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SYNOPSIS

Meursault learns that his mother has died. He tells Odile his mother didn't trust banks and never put any money in them so it's all in her house we just have to find it. They agree to go round.

Frances's nascent romance with Odile. Frances tells Odile M's mother's money. They decide to rip Meursault off and steal the money with Arthur. Need Arthur for his gun just in case. M&O get money, A&F take it from M&O.

Waiting: Silence, dancing, shooting (intro Arthur's gun), Louvre.

Meursault and Odile go to get the money. The break-in.

Frances & Arthur arrive in hats with their faces covered and steal the money off M&O.

Making off with the money Frances hatches a plan with Arthur hatch plan to betray Odile and steal the money and go to South America.

The three hide out from Meursault.

Frances and Odile get chummy and Frances switches allegiance to Odile so they'd both betray Arthur. But what are they going to do with Arthur?

Meursault catches up with them all three together and fights with Arthur. M kills Arthur with Arthur's rifle (Arthur doesn't know Frances has already betrayed him) and M is caught by the police.

Frances & Odile make off with the cash to South America.

Meursault is incarcerated and grasps the universe's indifference.

THE OPENING SCENE

JAZZ MUSIC

MEURSAULT: Mother died today. Or maybe, yesterday; I can't be sure.

ODILE: Meursault, that's sad. Was she alone?

MEURSAULT: She might have been alone, or there might have been others. There were usually no others.

ODILE: Did you not see much of her?

MEURSAULT: I had no reason to see her.

ODILE: Your mother? Even when she was dying?

MEURSAULT: Everyone dies. It is expected that a mother will die before her son.

ODILE: Meursault, you're depressed.

MEURSAULT: My mother just died. I'm not depressed.

ODILE: When my mother was dying, I took her flowers. A big bouquet.

MEURSAULT: Did the flowers stay alive?

ODILE: I don't think so.

MEURSAULT: Did they keep her alive?

ODILE: How could flowers keep her alive?

MEURSAULT: Then what is the point of flowers?

ODILE: It was a gesture. A nice thing to do.

MEURSAULT: She still died.

ODILE: Meursault...

MEURSAULT: Stay, Odile.

ODILE: Not if it won't do any good. You'll still die. Your mother's still dead.

MEURSAULT: Yes. She was old. Very old. She saved up a lot of money, Odile.

ODILE: Who speaks of money when his mother's just died?

MEURSAULT: A good deal of money I don't doubt.

ODILE: I'm glad you stand to profit from your mother's death. It must

make you very happy.

MEURSAULT: Money couldn't make me happy. But it is a means.

ODILE: A means? To what?

MEURSAULT: To make death a little more bearable.

ODILE: But as you say, you'll still die.

MEURSAULT: I don't think so. Odile, she didn't trust banks. She never trusted them or put a single centime into them.

ODILE: Where's the money?

MEURSAULT: I don't know. I have to find out. I can't do it alone, though.

ODILE: What will you do? What if there's no money?

MEURSAULT: There's money. On the rare occasion I'd see her she'd press cash into my hands.

ODILE: Her way of trying to give you something, as your mother.

MEURSAULT: I didn't want it. Her cash.

ODILE: Why do you want it now?

MEURSAULT: She can't spend it now. Can she? It's no use to her, and it's

hidden somewhere in that flat.

ODILE: Why do you need me?

MEURSAULT: It's her lover.

ODILE: She had a lover?

MEURSAULT: Of course she had a lover. She was French! And this man will be on his way back as we speak and when he returns he'll find it. It's not his money.

ODILE: It's not your money!

MEURSAULT: I agree. It's a nothing.

ODILE: You want for him not to have it? Just because it's him.

MEURSAULT: She was my mother.

ODILE: She's your mother now she has money?

MEURSAULT: Help me, Odile. We have to break into the flat. I never had a key. I know exactly how to do it. I'll share it with you, since I don't care for it.

ODILE: You don't care for it enough to burgle your dead mother for it.

MEURSAULT: Ironic, isn't it? So you'll join me, Odile?

ODILE: Meursault, let me think about it.

THE SCENE WHERE ODILE TELLS FRANCES

FRANCES: Odile! What's wrong?

ODILE: Frances!

FRANCES: Sit down and tell me. Is it that beastly man?

ODILE: Yes. No, no a different beast. Do you remember Meursault?

FRANCES: Meursault? Cold dead eyes? Doesn't piss. Returns library books. Goes for walks in a long coat. He's terrible. Why were you talking to him?

ODILE: Meursault has a sweet charm. He's different.

FRANCES: He's a psychopath.

ODILE: His mother just died.

FRANCES: What? When?

ODILE: Today. Or yesterday. He didn't know.

FRANCES: He didn't know when his own mother died?

ODILE: They weren't close.

FRANCES: So I see. Is she definitely dead?

ODILE: They're going to bury her in a few days.

FRANCES: Even if she's still alive?

ODILE: Frances.

FRANCES: The man didn't love his mother! It's stretching my sympathy, I'll be honest.

ODILE: Yes, but he asked me something. He said she had money.

FRANCES: Everyone has money in that generation. They all saved and skimped and jizzed it all into accounts rather than enjoying the good things. How futile!

ODILE: Not accounts. She left all the money in her flat. Just, I don't know, under mattresses or in armoires or whatever they did in those days.

FRANCES: Didn't like banks, eh? I sympathise with that at least.

ODILE: The money's there but he can't get to it.

FRANCES: The law will give it to him. I assume there was a will.

ODILE: He thinks her lover will take it all.

FRANCES: She had a lover?

ODILE: Of course she had a lover. She was French!

FRANCES: He takes the money, so what? That's what happens. It's not like he earned it.

ODILE: Earned it?

FRANCES: I bet he didn't visit his old mother.

ODILE: No.

FRANCES: Or send her flowers when she was ill?

ODILE: Not as such.

FRANCES: He's no son. Why should he have the money?

ODILE: I'm not arguing with you Frances. This is the thing, he wants me to help him get the money. And he'll share it. A great deal of money.

FRANCES: So share it. Share the monster Meursault's mother's money.

ODILE: Yes, but he doesn't consider it his money either. He only seems to want it so his mother's lover doesn't get it, and, from what I can gather, just purely to be ironic.

FRANCES: Ironic? His mother dies and he wants her money but only to be ironic? That's sick.

ODILE: I said I'd help.

FRANCES: You're sick too! The both of you.

ODILE: Frances, listen. I've got an idea. We could take the money off Meursault. When he and I come out with the money, you take it off us. Wearing face masks, with baseball bats, whatever. Then we split the money, and Meursault doesn't get any of the money he doesn't want anyway.

FRANCES: Odile?

ODILE: Seriously.

FRANCES: I love you, Odile. We're going to need Arthur in on it.

ODILE: Arthur? This could be for us!

FRANCES: Odile, I'm not an experienced mugger any more than you're a burgler. We're going to need a little male muscle - and a little one. But Arthur... has a gun.

ODILE: That's a bit serious isn't it?

FRANCES: I'm not saying kill Meursault.

ODILE: He'd like that.

FRANCES: You come out with the loot, and Arthur and I rob you. It'll need two of us. I imagine that cold bastard is brutal in a fight. Eurgh, I'm going off the idea.

ODILE: It's great! It's perfect! When can we meet Arthur?

THE SCENE WHERE ODILE AND FRANCES TELL
ARTHUR

ARTHUR: Throughout the entire play the dialogue just consists of lines like HIM: Dialogue. HER: Response. HIM: Furious action. HER: Feelings. There are long sections where the surtitles just say ACTION and CHANGE OF FORTUNE and ONE CHARACTER BETRAYS ANOTHER INTERCHANGEABLY. At the end -

FRANCES: Don't give away the ending, Arthur!

ARTHUR: There's no ending! He says DIALOGUE and she says FEELINGS and he says DIALOGUE RESPONSE and then there's a surtitle: THE WAVES OF ETERNITY RIPPLE

AGAINST THE BARREN WRECKAGE OF HOPE. FIN.

ODILE: It sounds awful.

ARTHUR: It's amazing. You've got to see it!

FRANCES: That sounds like an ending. Of sorts.

ARTHUR: It stops. That's an ending.

ODILE: Pretentious.

ARTHUR: What's wrong with that?

ODILE: I have no answer.

FRANCES: Arthur, Odile has a little drama of her own she wants to bring up.

ARTHUR: You're pregnant?

ODILE: No!

FRANCES: Not a personal drama. An unfolding drama. A proposition.

ARTHUR: You need a visa?

FRANCES: Arthur, this is not one of your cheap dramas. This is a real thing, with real stakes. We're going to need your help.

ODILE: And your gun.

ARTHUR: I don't have a gun!

FRANCES: Maybe the gun. Some muscle. Small muscle. Will you help?

ARTHUR: A shotgun wedding?

FRANCES: It's not some tawdry scheme, it's just a simple burglary followed by a bit of mugging.

ARTHUR: What the hell?

ODILE: It's Meursault.

ARTHUR: That cold dead-eyed bastard whose mother just died?

ODILE: You know him?

ARTHUR: I know of him. He once crossed the pavement in front of me and when his shadow passed over me it gave me pneumonia and bed rest for a fortnight.

ODILE: That's Meursault.

FRANCES: His mother died and left a sizeable amount of cash in her flat.

ODILE: He asked me to help him break in and get it.

ARTHUR: And then you want me and Frances to rob you and then we'll split the emotionless bugger's dead mother's loot and go off to South America?

ODILE: Something like that.

FRANCES: Exactly like that.

ARTHUR: I'm in.

JAZZ CAPER MUSIC

THE MINUTE'S SILENCE SCENE

CAFE INTERIOR

FRANCES: What time is it?

ODILE: It's early.

ARTHUR: When are you going to meet Meursault so that we can rob you both of Meursault's mother's money?

ODILE: You make everything sound so cheap and capitalistic. Have you no style?

ARTHUR: It's a transaction, isn't it?

ODILE: We must wait until nightfall.

FRANCES: Thus respecting the tradition of bad B movies.

ARTHUR: It's so boring. It's hours!

FRANCES: How can we kill the time?

ARTHUR: We could have a minute's silence.

ODILE: Why?

ARTHUR: For the Unknown Soldier. We'll imagine there are no more questions because there are no possible answers.

FRANCES: Good. Let's have a minutes silence if you've no better ideas.

ODILE: Sometimes you're just stupid.

ARTHUR: A minute's silence can be very long. A real minute can last an eternity.

THEY SPEND A MINUTE'S SILENCE

FRANCES: That's enough. Bye.

SHE LEAVES

ARTHUR: I'm fed up. Why can't Meursault rob his own damn mother and we can rob him? Why do you have to go?

ODILE: So we know where the money is and you can find us and take the money.

ARTHUR: Where's Frances? We should be planning this in tiny details.

ODILE: Arthur, you go after Frances. Try to relax her.

ARTHUR: If she relaxes she'll get melancholy.

ODILE: So wind her up then. Do something. I'm going to try and get someone to buy me a drink.

ARTHUR: A man?

ODILE: A man, a woman, what does it matter?

ARTHUR: I'll find Frances.

THE SCENE AT THE FUNFAIR

SOUNDS OF FUNFAIR

FRANCES: Funfairs bore me. I can't be fun on demand like that. Noone can.

ARTHUR: You must like fun! Everyone likes fun!

FRANCES: Fun things make me sad.

ARTHUR: I like fun. But the pursuit of fun takes all the fun away.

FRANCES: You're like a poet. Whats your surname, Arthur?

ARTHUR: Rimbaud, like my father.

FRANCES: Was he the little old man who spied on us?

ARTHUR: Thats my uncle; my father is dead.

ARTHUR: Hey, how much is it to shoot the ducks?

CARNY: Two Francs.

CLICK OF GUN AND BREATHING AS HE AIMS IT

FRANCES: What if you had a living person in your sights?

ARTHUR: If I had he'd be a dead man now.

ARTHUR SHOOTS THE GUN

CARNY: You win!

ARTHUR: Forget it. Let's go. I've got a real gun at home.

FRANCES: No, you haven't!

ARTHUR: A real one.

FRANCES: Give it to me

ARTHUR: This one? Or the real one?

FRANCES: I'd like to know what it's like, will you show me what it's like to kill a man?

ARTHUR: I can show you myself. A man killed.

FRANCES: Haha! The dead man shoots the dead men, and they all come alive!

ARTHUR: Noone really dies. Because everyone is already dead.

FRANCES: I'd like a drink! Arthur, buy me a drink!

ARTHUR: Odile will buy you a drink. Come on.

THE DANCE SCENE

BAR, JUKEBOX MUSIC

ODILE: [SINGS] I love you yeah yeah yeah yeah!

FRANCES: Who do you love?

ODILE: The music! Who'd be silly enough to love a person?

ARTHUR: Music is like a person. A dancer dancing is an embodiment of music.

ODILE: Let's dance then! Can we dance?

THEY DANCE

THE DASH AROUND THE LOUVRE

EXTERIOR

ODILE: Look at the Louvre! Whoever painted it white should be decorated.

FRANCES: Odile, while I was gone I bought you a book to help you pass the time. It's a book of tragic art made by men who were happy.

ARTHUR: Must we wait until nightfall, just to respect the tradition of bad B movies?

ODILE: We have to kill the time!

ARTHUR: How can we kill the time?

ODILE: An American did the Louvre in 9m 45s.

FRANCES: The whole of the Louvre?

ODILE: We can do better than that!

ARTHUR: We can! Let's go!

THEY GO TO THE LOUVRE

ODILE: Wheee! The Louvre!

FRANCES: It's so maudlin. The echoing of feet reminds me I'm trapped, like the Mona Lisa behind that barrier.

ODILE: Let's see everything. Arthur, you have a stopwatch?

ARTHUR: Time is on my side!

ODILE: Okay.... One. Two. Three!

ALL: RUN!

THEY DASH AROUND THE LOUVRE AT TOP
SPEED. AS THEY RUN THEY SHOUT OUT THE
NAMES OF ARTWORKS THEY SEE. ATTENDANTS
PURSUE THEM. THEY RUN OUT OF THE
GALLERY.

ODILE: Knocked two seconds off the old record!

ARTHUR: How shall we celebrate?

ODILE: Drinks! Cognac!

FRANCES: Cognac makes me melancholy.

ODILE: Then Pernod!

ARTHUR : Can you smell that? There's a taste of ashes in the air.

FRANCES: The bridges over the river are golden. Let's drink a bottle of wine on the bridge until it gets dark.

ODILE: And then I'll go and meet Meursault and we'll grab the money, and then you'll grab the money.

FRANCES: It's perfect!

ARTHUR: To the bridge!

THE BREAK-IN

EXTERIOR. NIGHT.

MEURSAULT: My mother's flat is up there. That one.

ODILE: That one? It's sixty feet up a drainpipe.

MEURSAULT: No, that one!

ODILE: There's razor wire.

MEURSAULT: It's not that high. Once we're up there, the windows are all rotten, and we're in. Have you got the extendable ladder?

ODILE: Yes, what if someone sees.

MEURSAULT: Then I got locked out, and I'm grieving to see my poor mother's body again. You tried to stop me.

ODILE: Couldn't we just ask a neighbour to let us in?

MEURSAULT: Have you no style?

ODILE: Right. Up you go. I'll be right behind you.

MEURSAULT: I can't reach. Push me.

ODILE: Push you off I will.

MEURSAULT: Bit further.

ODILE: Use the steel ruler.

MEURSAULT: It won't give. No. I've got it. We're in.

NOISES OF ENTRY AND THEM CREEPING
AROUND

ODILE: Where should I look?

MEURSAULT: How would I know?

ODILE: Think: where would your mother hide all the money she's been saving during her long life?

MEURSAULT: How would I know? I barely knew her.

ODILE: Sigh. Let's search.

SOUNDS OF SEARCHING, TURNING THINGS
OVER, GETS MORE FRUSTRATED AND LOUDLY
CARTHAGINIAN

ODILE: What's this?

MEURSAULT: That's nothing. An old dead lady's trinket.

ODILE: No, I think it's....

SOUND EFFECT

MEURSAULT: That's it! We've found it!

ODILE: My God, she really put it away.

MEURSAULT: I told you.

CLICK SOUND

ODILE: What's that? Someone's coming.

MEURSAULT: It's that fornicating lover of hers come to steal all the money.

Quick.

SOUNDS OF RUSTLING

MEURSAULT: Come, escape! Escape from the vile woman and her vile lover! Back down! Down!

ODILE: I'll fall!

MEURSAULT: Fall if you will, I don't care, just hang on to the money. Come on!

ODILE: Meursault!

JAZZ CAPER MUSIC

THE SCENE WHERE FRANCES AND ARTHUR ROB
MEURSAULT

EXTERNAL

ODILE: How much is there?

MEURSAULT: Enough. A lifetime of miserable thrift, joyless scrimping. The poverty of the unimaginative.

ODILE: A lot of cash poverty, unimaginative or not.

MEURSAULT: I would spit in her face if I could see her now, and burn all of her useless money.

ODILE: Let's not rush into any burning now, Meursault? Huh?

MEURSAULT: We must go.

ODILE: Ooooh, Meursault. I'm still very tired. Need to rest just a few minutes more. Just a minute, maybe a few minutes ago. Damn.

MEURSAULT: You are emotional, I can see. Very well, we will rest for a moment, but I wish to put distance between myself and the terrible burden of history for which this area represents. I can feel it crushing me, pushing down on me and starving me of oxygen. Every second I feel something bad will happen any moment. It is despair.

FLOURISH. ARTHUR AND FRANCES APPEAR
COMPLETELY COVERED

ARTHUR: Give us the money!

MEURSAULT: What is this? Where are your faces?

FRANCES: Where is it?

ODILE: Meursault, don't give them the money stuffed in our coats.

ARTHUR: The coats! Give me the coats! I have a gun!

MEURSAULT: I do not fear death! Shoot me if you wish!

FRANCES: We just want the money! Take off the coat!

MEURSAULT: I will die rather than-

FRANCES: Knock him out with the butt.

ARTHUR: The what?

FRANCES: The butt. Hit him. On the head. Knock him out.

ARTHUR: Oh, knock him out.

CLANG. KNOCKS HIM OUT.

ODILE: God, you two. That was arduous. What happened to you?
Get the cash while he's knocked out and get out of here.

FRANCES: Do we need to tie you up? To look authentic?

ODILE: No, just take the money and when Meursault's about to wake
up, I'll start screaming. That's the story.

ARTHUR: Right. My God, his dead mother really put it away didn't she?

SOUNDS OF RUSTLING. A DISTANT SIREN.

THE SCENE WHERE FRANCES AND ARTHUR
PLAN TO BETRAY ODILE

FRANCES: Where is Odile? Should we go ahead?

ARTHUR: We'll wait here until Odile gets rid of Meursault.

FRANCES: She knows the place.

ARTHUR: She knows.

FRANCES: Will she come?

ARTHUR: She wants the money after all that.

FRANCES: Arthur, do you love me?

ARTHUR: What do you think?

FRANCES: It's love at first sight.

ARTHUR: Love talk is stupid.

FRANCES: What do you see in me?

ARTHUR: Or you in me?

FRANCES: Marriage?

ARTHUR : Does that really interest you?

FRANCES: Giving one's breasts, one's thighs. People always look sad on the metro. Why do people look sad?

ARTHUR: It depends on what you think. You see a man and the way he looks depends on your story. Say he's taking a teddy bear to his sick child: he's nice. Say he's carrying bombs to blow up the country: he's vicious.

FRANCES: Misery reflects misery. It is an abyss. I know you want to believe in blue skies. Sometimes I believe, too. Sometimes I believe, I admit. Till I can't believe my eyes. Yes, I am one of your sort. Like you. As grains of sand, as blood.

ARTHUR: Let's take the money. Without Odile.

FRANCES: Without Odile? A splendid wedding far away. All the money, and a beautiful azure day. Do you mean it?

ARTHUR: Yes, Frances! Your eyes shine with mine in them. I can tell you want to!

FRANCES: Where will we go? How will we get rid of Odile?

ARTHUR: Anywhere! Nowhere! Far from Odile!

FRANCES: Yes!

NOISES WITHIN

ARTHUR: Frances, shh! It's Odile!

FRANCES: Odile! Together again! Together!

JAZZ MUSIC

THE SCENE WHERE THE THREE HIDE FROM MEURSAULT

ODILE: Arthur's waiting and he wants to know how much money there is.

FRANCES: I'm still counting it. The old lady had quite a nest egg. An ostrich egg.

ODILE: A dinosaur egg? Frances, Hurry up.

FRANCES: What's on your mind, Odile?

ODILE: I didn't put the coat back. Meursault will suspect something, I'm sure of it.

FRANCES: He won't know!

ODILE: Meursault will guess it's me and we tricked him.

FRANCES: Think of something.

ARTHUR: Say it's prowlers.

ODILE: I'll leave with you and Arthur.

FRANCES: We must separate. You can either meet up with Arthur or me.

ARTHUR: Where are you going?

ODILE: South America?

FRANCES: No, north. To Jack London country. He wrote terrific books. There's one about an Indian who was a great liar. The story is...

ARTHUR: Frances thinks of everything and nothing. Uncertain if reality is becoming dream, or dream reality.

FRANCES: We'll hide out for a while. How could Meursault find us? He can't know who we are!

ODILE: It's the coat. I'm sure, it's weird. Let me check. The coat. Where's my purse? No no no no no, he's got it. If he sees it he'll figure it all out.

ARTHUR: Meursault will never figure it out. He has no empathy.

ODILE: Cold logic. That'll do it. Then he'll be after us.

ARTHUR: I'm going for a long, long walk. You two make conspiracy theories if you want. And besides... if he were to come here. I have this. I don't care for guns, but life will force your hand sometimes.

THE SCENE WHERE FRANCES AND ODILE GET
CHUMMY AND PLAN TO BETRAY ARTHUR

FRANCES: Isn't it strange to be out of the city, Odile? Nature seems to constructed in comparison.

ODILE: I like nature! The city is just beastly!

FRANCES: Look, a tire swing! Push me!

ODILE: Frances! Up you go!

FRANCES: Odile, I'm going to fall! This is too high!

ODILE: Higher! Higher!

FRANCES: I'll fall! Aaaaargh!

ODILE: Hahahaha! Lucky I broke your fall.

FRANCES: Oh, Odile.

ODILE: What, Frances? Do you love Arthur?

FRANCES: No! Do you?

ODILE: Arthur can't answer his own questions.

FRANCES: Arthur is confused by your aura, Odile. I saw too late. Is it too late? I'll go to South America if you go too.

ODILE: I don't know. Ill see.

FRANCES: I'd go if I were you.

ODILE: Why?

FRANCES: You wont hold out under the questions. They'll waterboard you. You'll give us away!

ODILE: Never!

FRANCES: Why don't we do it? Ditch Arthur.

ODILE: Frances, you're wicked. Yes, let's ditch Arthur. We'll take the money and drive south.

FRANCES: We'll go to South America!

ODILE: Frances!

FRANCES: Odile!

THE SCENE WHERE MEURSAULT FINDS THEM

ARTHUR: It's hilarious. She wakes up to find herself buried alive in an iron coffin with spikes on the inside, but then she uses one of the spikes to dig her way out and then rams it into the vampire's eye! Then at the end-

FRANCES: Don't tell us the end!

ARTHUR: They're vampires. They're undead! There's no end. The head rolls down the steps and the credits roll.

ODILE: That's awful!

ARTHUR: It's hilarious!

FRANCES: Arthur, I think waving a gun around and robbing people has made you blood simple.

ODILE: Or just simple.

ARTHUR: It's just a film. How else are you gonna get desensitized?

ODILE: I don't want to be desensitized!

FRANCES:: What's that sound?

ARTHUR: Is it him?

ODILE: Oh God it's him.

NOISE OF BREAKING ENTRY

ODILE: Meursault!

MEURSAULT: Odile, you betrayed me! In this relentlessly inhuman world, you!

FRANCES: You killed your mother!

MEURSAULT: You're getting emotional. Now where is the money?

ARTHUR: You can't have it, Meursault. People like you don't deserve such rewards.

MEURSAULT: Rewards? For putting up with the mediocrity and stupidity of civilisation I suppose. Absurd.

FRANCES: Meursault, you didn't earn that money. You never saw your mother even when she was dying. We took it fair and square.

MEURSAULT: Odile...

ODILE: I'm sorry, Meursault.

MEURSAULT: So this is how it is. Have you heard of Infinite Recurrence? It's about to happen again!

SCUFFLE

FRANCES: Arthur, put the gun away.

ODILIE: Arthur, no!

FRANCES: Stop them.

ODILE: I can't.

ARTHUR: You cold, dead eyed bastard!

GUNSHOT

ODILE: No! Why? Why?

FRANCES: You killed him!

ODILE: Meursault, you killed Arthur!

[POLICE SIRENS]

MEURSAULT: Keep the money! I don't care for it any more than I care for your hypocritical dying culture or dead ways. I'm gone, forever!

FOUR MORE SHOTS

SOUND OF EXIT

FRANCES: Odile, listen to me. Grab the money. We have to leave. Now. Now, Odilie. The police are here. They'll get that cold dead eyed bastard and us too if we don't get out of here. Odilie, now.

ARTHUR: Odile! Let me see your face one last time. You are my last thought, you are my last breath. In the dark mist falling around me I can see the bird of Indian legend. It has no feet, so it can never rest. It sleeps on the high winds and only when it falls dead are its huge transparent wings seen, its

tiny body cupped in the hands. Odile! Odile!

ODILE: Okay Frances.

DEATH RATTLE

THE SCENE WHERE FRANCES AND ODILE
ESCAPE

CAR STARTS UP. JAZZ MUSIC.

ODILE: [SINGS] I love you yeah yeah yeah yeah.

FRANCES: Shhhhhh. Do you want to get shot by the police?

ODILE: Yes I do. I'm disgusted with life.

FRANCES: Things aren't as bad as all that.

ODILE: But I feel bad.

FRANCES: Odile, I do too. Poor Arthur. Poor Meursault.

ODILE: Will the police find us?

FRANCES: They're not looking for us. They don't know about the money, do they?

ODILE: Do you trust me?

FRANCES: I don't know.

ODILE: Isn't it strange how people don't form a whole?

FRANCES: Yes.

ODILE: They never blend together. They stay separate and each goes their own way. Mistrustful.. Tragic. Even when they're together in houses in streets, or under the stars in the country. Don't you feel like talking?

FRANCES: No.

ODILE: When I said I wanted to hold you didnt you hear me

FRANCES: Yes I heard

ODILE: But you're still sad?

FRANCES: I'm not as sad as all that.

ODILE: What is it then?

FRANCES: Im just sick and tired.

ODILE: What will you do now?

FRANCES: What will you do?

ODILE: Im hesitating between north and south. You decide.

FRANCES: [SINGS] I love you yeah yeah yeah yeah. Dance with me!

ODILE: Frances!

JAZZ MUSIC

FRANCES: South! Let's go south!

DRIVING NOISE

ODILE: Can you see the sea?

FRANCES: Yes, Odile.

ODILE: It's like a theatre whose stage is the horizon: beyond, nothing but the sky in this great undulating harmony.

FRANCES: There are no restrictions! No contradictions!

ODILE: Are there lions in Brazil?

FRANCES: Yes, and crocodiles.

ODILE: Are you thinking of me?

FRANCES: Yes, I hope so.

ODILE: How do you think of me?

FRANCES: The way boys think of girls. They think of their eyes, legs, their breasts.

ODILE: That's just the way I think of you.

FRANCES: So we're in love.

ODILE: We'll soon see.

FRANCES: What an ending. Like a pulp novel, that proud moment where of life where nothing degrades or disappoints.

ODILE: Drive! Let's drive forever!

THE SCENE WHERE MEURSAULT GRASPS THE
INDIFFERENCE OF THE UNIVERSE

PRISON CELL

MEURSAULT:

I knew I'd shattered the balance of the day. I had been happy. But I fired four more shots into the inert body, and each successive shot was another loud, fateful rap on the door of my undoing. Why should I have not been entitled to the money of that dead old lady I called mother. What was it to her? What was it to me, or anyone? Money can bring nobody any good. Life can bring only death. With death so near, Mother must have felt like someone on the brink of freedom, ready to start life all over again. No one, no one in the world had any right to weep for her. And I, too, felt ready to start life all over again. It was as if that great rush of anger had washed me clean, emptied me of hope, and, gazing up at the dark sky spangled with its signs and stars, for the first time, the first, I laid my heart open to the benign indifference of the universe. To feel it so like myself, indeed, so brotherly, made me realize that I'd been happy, and that I was happy still. For all to be accomplished, for me to feel less lonely, all that remained to hope was that on the day of my execution there should be a huge crowd of spectators and that they should greet me with howls of execration.

END