

LAST TANGO IN PARIS, grieving at the wake

Grieving at the Wake: Anguished, middle-aged American widower Paul (Marlon Brando) mourned the suicidal death of his wife Rosa (Veronica Lazar), speaking to her as she laid in an open coffin next to him during her wake. He raged at her and criticized her for taking other lovers and for not revealing herself to him ("Who the hell were you:

You look ridiculous in that make-up. Like the caricature of a whore. A little touch of mommy in the night. Fake Ophelia drowned in the bathtub. I wish you could see yourself. You'd really laugh. You're your mother's masterpiece. Christ. There are too many f--king flowers in this place. I can't breathe.

You know on the top of the closet? The cardboard box, I found all your, I found all your little goodies. Pens, key chains, foreign money, French ticklers, the whole shot. Even a clergyman's collar. I didn't know you collected all those little knick-knacks left behind.

Even if a husband lives 200 f--king years, he's never gonna be able to discover his wife's real nature. I mean, I, I might be able to comprehend the universe, but I'll never discover

the truth about you. Never. I mean, who the hell were you? Remember that day, the first day I was there? I knew that I couldn't get into your pants unless I said, uh, uh, what did I say? Oh, yeah. 'Uh, may I have my bill, please? I have to leave.' Remember? Last night, I ripped off the lights on your mother. And the whole joint went bananas. All your guests as you used to call them.

Well, I guess that includes me, doesn't it? Huh? It does include me, doesn't it? For five years, I was more a guest in this f--king flophouse than a husband, with privileges, of course. And then, to help me understand you, you let me inherit Marcel. The husband's double, whose room was the double of ours. And you know what? I didn't even have the guts to ask him. Didn't even have the guts to ask him if the same numbers that you and I did were the same numbers you did with him.

Our marriage was nothing more than a, a foxhole for you.

And all it took for you to get out was a 35-cent razor and a tub full of water. You cheap, goddamn, f--king, god-forsaken whore. I hope you rot in hell. You're worse than the dirtiest street pig that anybody could ever find anywhere, and you know why? You know why? Because you lied. You lied to me and I trusted you. You lied. You knew you were lying! Go on, tell me you didn't lie. Haven't you got anything to say about that? You can think up something, can't you? Huh? Go on, tell me something! Go on! Smile, you cunt. Go on, tell me, tell me something sweet. Smile at me and say - I just misunderstood. Go on, tell me. You pig f--ker. You goddamn, f--king, pig f--king liar.