
Les bonnes répliques de ceux qui nous ont quittés Frank Sinatra (1915-1998)

Number 197, July–August 1998

URI: <https://id.erudit.org/iderudit/49191ac>

[See table of contents](#)

Publisher(s)

La revue Séquences Inc.

ISSN

0037-2412 (print)

1923-5100 (digital)

[Explore this journal](#)

Cite this document

(1998). Les bonnes répliques de ceux qui nous ont quittés : frank Sinatra (1915-1998). *Séquences*, (197), 7–7.

Les bonnes répliques de ceux qui nous ont quittés

FRANK SINATRA (1915-1998)



Avec Laurence Harvey dans *The Manchurian Candidate* (1962)

- dans *From Here to Eternity* (1953) de Fred Zinnemann (scénario de Daniel Taradash, d'après le roman de James Jones):

(les dernières paroles du soldat Angelo Maggio/Frank Sinatra à son ami Prewitt/Montgomery Clift lui suggérant de se méfier du brutal Fatso/Ernest Borgnine):

Prew, Prew, listen. Fatso done it, Prew. He likes to whack me in the gut. He asks me if it hurts, and I spit at him like always – only yesterday it was bad. He hit me. He hit me. He hit me. I – I hadda get out, Prew. I hadda get out... They – they gonna send you

to the stockade, Prew... Watch out for Fatso. Watch out for Fatso. He'll try to crack you, and, if they put you in the hole, don't yell. Don't make a sound. You'll still be yelling when they come to take you out. Just lay there. Just lay there, and then be quiet, Prew.

- dans *Suddenly* (1954) de Lewis Allen (scénario de Richard Sale):

(le tueur à gages Johnny Baron, dont la mission est d'assassiner le président des États-Unis de passage dans une petite ville pour une partie de pêche):

Show me a guy who has feeling, and I'll show you a sucker.

Funny thing... In the war, you do a lot of chopping and you get a medal for it. You come back and do the same thing and they fry you for it.

- dans *Young at Heart* (1955) de Gordon Douglas (scénario de Julius J. Epstein et Lenore Coffee, adapté par Liam O'Brien, d'après *Four Daughters*, un scénario de Julius J. Epstein et Lenore Coffee, et *Sister Act*, une nouvelle de Fannie Hurst):

(expliquant sa destinée à Doris Day):
*The fates, the Destinies – whoever-they-are that decide what we do or don't get... They've been at me now nearly a quarter of a century. No letup. First, they said, "Let him do without parents. He'll get along." Then they decided, "He doesn't need any education – that's for sissies." And, right at the beginning, they tossed a coin. Heads, he's poor; tails, he's rich. So they tossed a coin – with two heads. **S***