

Three Colours: Blue

We used to assess each other's scripts in Poland. We'd all show each other films before they were edited or in very rough cuts. To this day, in fact, I discuss every script with Edek Zebrowski or Agnieszka Holland. With *Three Colours (Barwy)*, which I wrote together with Piesiewicz, we did it more professionally. They agreed to be my script advisors and were paid for it. We'd spend two days on each script, more or less, talking about it. We sat at the first for two days, spent two days on the second, then over two days on the third.

Then the actors come along. Then the cinematographer. And they change a lot of things again. A lot of things are changed before filming. I write another version of the script before the shoot. Then masses of things are changed during the shoot. The actors very often change the dialogue, too; or they tell me that they want to appear in some other scene, because they think that they ought to do or say something else. If they're right, I agree with them.

from *Kieślowski on Kieślowski*,
ed. Danusia Stok, Faber and Faber, 1993

The scripts of the *Three Colours Trilogy* which Krzysztof gave me to translate are the fourth versions.
Danusia Stok, 1998

CREDITS

CAST
 JULIE
 OLIVIER
 SANDRINE
 LUCILLE
 JOURNALIST
 ESTAF AGENT
 PATRICE
 MOTHER
 COPYIST
 FLAUTIST
 ANTOINE
 Yann Tregouet
 Juliette Binoche
 Benoit Regent
 Florence Pernel
 Charlotte Verry
 Helene Vincent
 Philippe Volter
 Claude Duneton
 Emmanuelle Riva
 Florence Vignon
 Jacek Ostaszewski
 Yann Tregouet

CREW

Director
 Krzysztof Kieslowski
 Krzysztof Kieslowski
 Krzysztof Piesiewicz
 Stawomir Idziak
 Jacques Witt
 Claude Lenoir
 Zbigniew Preisner
 Jean-Claude Laureaux
 William Flageollet
 Executive Producer
 Yvon Crenn
 Producer
 Marin Karmitz
 Tor Productions/MK2 Productions
 SA/CED Productions/France 3
 Cinema/CAB Productions
 Production Companies

EXT. MOTORWAY. DAY (DUSK)

A crowded motorway. Eight lanes of cars speeding in both directions. The rumble of lorries, roar of engines, drone of motorbikes as they weave their way among the cars. Hell.

Against this background: TITLE CREDITS.

The camera tracks downwards and slowly but clearly picks out a speeding navy blue BMW. When the BMW is very near, below the camera – stop frame. Silence. This lasts a second, enough to see – out of focus – a fragment of a man's face at the steering wheel, a woman, also out of focus, laughing at his side, and the outline of a child's face between them in the back. After a second, the image moves, more cars drive past.

EXT. ROAD. DAY (DUSK)

A young man, Antoine, is sitting on his rucksack at the side of a tree-lined, provincial road. His head is tilted as he tries to impale a wooden ball on to the stick which is attached to it with string. A large, professional skateboard is strapped to the rucksack. Antoine has been waiting a long time, he has lost hope of hitching a lift that day. A navy blue BMW approaches from afar at great speed. Antoine, without expectations and without getting up from his rucksack, waves in the direction of the car. The car passes by without slowing down. Antoine nods knowingly. He goes back to his game with the wooden ball which he had interrupted for a moment. A few attempts and, with a dry crack, the ball jumps into place. At that moment we hear a loud crash. Antoine looks away from his ball. He turns around. A few hundred metres in front of him, at the road's bend, a navy blue BMW is wrapped around a roadside tree. Dust starts to descend from the side of the road. The BMW sways for a few moments, then comes to a standstill, surrounded by steam from the shattered radiator. A branch falls from the tree, torn by the crash. Antoine, skateboard under his arm, runs quickly in the direction of the accident. From a distance, we see him approach the car and try to open the door.

Younger Doctor and a Nurse are leaning over one of them. The body they are watching is functioning normally. They look at the monitor intently for a moment.

OLDER DOCTOR

I'm going in to see her.

He leaves the room. The Younger Doctor and the Nurse stay by the monitor.

INT. HOSPITAL. DAY

The Older Doctor leans over Julie. He looks at her intently, anxiously. Julie's shoulder is immobilized by an armour-like plaster-cast and her eyelid is lacerated.

OLDER DOCTOR

How are you?

Julie nods, not bad. She looks all right, despite the pipes and intravenous drip attached to her. The Doctor doesn't leave his place by her head. He takes a deep breath.

During the . . . were you conscious?

Julie nods again, yes, she was conscious.

I have to . . . You know?

Julie confirms with a weak nod. The Doctor, however, wants to be certain that Julie does indeed know what she should.

Your husband died in the accident.

Julie indicates, lowering her eyelids, that she knows. Then she suddenly opens her eyes and fixes them sharply, anxiously, at the Doctor's face. The Doctor bites his lips.

You must have been unconscious some . . .

JULIE

I don't know . . . Anna?

4

The Younger Doctor and the Nurse watch the quivering line anxiously.

INT. HOSPITAL. DAY

OLDER DOCTOR

Yes. Your daughter too.

Julie closes her eyes tightly. The Doctor observes her for a while, then leaves. The sound of a door closing; Julie keeps her eyes closed.

INT. HOSPITAL. DAY

The Older Doctor enters the room. He approaches the Younger Doctor and the Nurse who are leaning over the monitor. The quivering lines on the screen slowly calm down and then, alarmingly, take off again.

OLDER DOCTOR

It's normal.

The Younger Doctor nods.

We'll take her off in the morning.

INT. HOSPITAL. NIGHT

Julie gets up from the bed and, still somewhat clumsy in her movements, removes the flowers (a beautiful blue bouquet) from a vase on the table. She judges the weight of the vase in her hands – it is heavy enough. She leaves the room carrying the vase. Night, the corridors are empty. Julie sees the light on in the nurses' room and, beyond the light, a bend in the corridor. She walks past the nurses' room, stooping a little. She sees the Nurse leaning over a tray used for preparing medication. She follows the bend in the corridor, passes the toilet. Around the corner there is another corridor leading to a window. Julie approaches the window, stops at the appropriate distance, and with difficulty – because of the plaster-cast – takes a swing, throwing the vase at the glass. A crash, the shattering of broken glass. Julie backs away to the toilet. Through the half-open door, she sees the Nurse run past. She leaves the toilet and enters the nurses' room. She looks around, finds the medicine cabinet. It is locked. Julie looks around, sees a small key beside the medication tray. The key fits

5

the cabinet. Julie opens the cabinet, finds a bottle of Rohipnolem. She empties out a handful of pills. She is in a hurry now. She locks the cabinet and puts the key in its place. She hears the nurse running towards her. She stands beside the door. The Nurse bursts into the room. Excited, she does not notice Julie. She grabs the telephone and dials. She speaks a little too loudly.

NURSE

Mr Leroy, call the police. Somebody's smashed the window in corridor B on the first floor. And come right away . . .

JULIE

Come closer, please.

The Nurse approaches. Julie shows her her open palm full of pills.

I took them . . . But I can't. I'm unable to . . .

The Nurse gently takes the pills, one by one, from Julie's hand. Julie does not look at her. After a while she opens her eyes.

I broke the window in the corridor.

NURSE

Don't worry. They'll replace it.

JULIE

I'm sorry.

The Nurse goes up to the door, opens it. She turns to Julie.

NURSE

I'll keep the door open.

Julie nods, but when the Nurse leaves she gets up and quietly closes the door. Then she goes back to bed and buries her head in the pillow. By the trembling of her shoulders we can see that she is crying. The

telephone on the table rings. Julie does not react. The telephone rings a few times, then finally falls silent. Julie sobs desperately.

INT. TELEVISION SHOP. DAY

A Saleslady in the television shop is unpacking a miniature television set from a box. She plugs the TV in and shows it to Olivier. Olivier is thirty-five and has a quiet face. The Saleslady plays with the aerial to get a good picture.

SALESLADY

You change channels here. Brightness, colour, volume . . .

The Saleslady shows Olivier the respective knobs. Olivier listens attentively for a moment, then suddenly turns his eyes away. He blinks, as if buying the television is causing him pain.

INT. HOSPITAL. DAY

Julie is asleep. She wakes with the feeling of somebody watching her. Olivier is sitting by the bed. He leans towards her hand and touches her palm. Julie looks at his lowered head; does not withdraw her hand. Olivier gets up and for a moment longer holds Julie's palm in his hands. Then he reaches into his pocket, takes out the tiny television set and hands it to Julie. Julie does not know much about technical things and does not know what it is for. Olivier presses a button and, for a moment, on the small screen we see a contest of brightly coloured climbers on a rock face. Realizing the obvious inappropriateness of the image, Olivier turns the television off. Julie looks at him questioningly.

JULIE

Is it today?

Olivier nods.

OLIVIER

This evening . . .

Julie holds on to the television. Olivier, sensing that his visit is over, gets up and moves towards the door.

Is there anything I can do?

JULIE

Take the phone.

Oliver goes back, takes the telephone from the table, unplugs it, carefully winds the cable around it. He thinks it over for a moment then replaces the telephone and plugs it back in.

OLIVIER

You might need it.

INT. HOSPITAL. NIGHT

Julie's hand reaches out for the tiny television lying on the table. Moving the arm which is poking out of the plaster armour with difficulty, she pulls the quilt over her head. In this way, she has built herself a kind of tent. Under it, she turns on the television. She moves it around a little and the picture becomes clear. We see a report from the funeral. Two coffins, a large one and a small one, stand on the catafalque. A cushion with orders and awards lies beside the large one. A sextet of young musicians is playing a touching melody.

COMMENTATOR

(TV voice-over)

This is a march by the deceased's favourite composer, Van den Budenmayer. It is being played by students from the Academy of Music who bid their professor farewell.

The Minister of Culture steps forward. The music fades to silence.

MINISTER

(on TV)

Ladies and gentlemen. Today we bid farewell to a man and composer whom all the press, on writing about his death, described as 'the greatest'. World music will not recover quickly from this unnecessary and unexpected death. We, who were honoured with his friendship, can but bow our heads over the injustice of his death. Patrick . . . The entire world, and especially we here in Europe, awaited your music . . .

Julie is not listening to the speech. She is looking at the coffins and, with her finger, touches first the larger, then the smaller one on the screen.



She frames the screen with her fingers so that she sees only the smaller coffin. When the Minister of Culture pronounces her husband's name, she turns the television so that the picture wavers and blurs and then quivering black and white dots cover the screen. Julie looks at the screen now with a clear decision in her eyes.

INT. HOSPITAL. DAY

There are no traces of the accident on Julie's face anymore. A bandage has taken the place of the plaster armour around her shoulder. Julie is sitting in the doctor's consulting room. She reaches for the packet of cigarettes on the table.

JULIE

May I?

DOCTOR

Are you asking me as a doctor? Or as the owner of the packet? Julie does not smile at the joke, although she should. She pulls out a cigarette.

You shouldn't . . .

Julie nods. She lights up without particular pleasure, inhales and, after a moment, stubs it out in the ashtray. The Doctor is looking through his notes.

Today *La Sept* and *L'Événement du Jeudi* called. That makes it the thirteenth and fourteenth request for an interview . . .

Julie shakes her head.

I'm not asking, just telling you. I said you'd probably say no.

JULIE

Quite right.

DOCTOR

I'd like you to make one exception. She's an intelligent woman. I know she's not looking for anything sensational.

You should meet her.

JULIE

No.

DOCTOR

It would be a good idea from a medical point of view. You can't lose touch with people completely . . .

Julie answers quickly and decidedly, without raising her voice.

JULIE

I said no.

INT./EXT. HOSPITAL, DAY

Julie is lying on the terrace in a comfortable deckchair. The door to her room is open. The terrace is quite large, partitioned by high balustrades made of blue glass. Julie is looking somewhere in front of her, she has put the book (published by Laffont) she is reading aside. A ray of sunshine pierces the blue glass and falls on her face. She closes her eyes. At that moment, loud music resounds. It seems to last only seconds. When she opens her eyes, sensing somebody's eyes on her, the music stops. Learning over the balustrade from the neighbouring part of the terrace, and tilting her head, an older, well-dressed woman is looking at her. When the woman speaks in a friendly tone, Julie recognizes her. The woman is a journalist.

JOURNALIST

Hello . . .

JULIE

Hello.

JOURNALIST

I know you don't want to see me . . .

JULIE

No.

The journalist is obviously prepared for such a turn in the conversation.

JOURNALIST

That publisher . . .

Julie looks at the book she has been reading and which the journalist is indicating.

JULIE

Laffont . . .

JOURNALIST

Laffont. They are proposing you write a book – *My Life with Patrick*. You won't, I know. Even if they paid you a million.

JULIE

No, I won't.

JOURNALIST

They asked me to ask you.

JULIE

So now you've asked.

Julie gets up from the deckchair, closes her book. The journalist stops her.

JOURNALIST

Julie, it's not for an interview.

JULIE

What then?

JOURNALIST

I'm writing an article about your husband for *Le Monde de la Musique*. I won't write that I've talked to you. There's one thing I don't know . . .

JULIE

What?

JOURNALIST

What state is the Concert for the Unification of Europe in?

Julie looks at the Journalist for a moment.

JULIE

It doesn't exist.

JOURNALIST

You've changed. You were never so abstruse or unpleasant.

JULIE

Maybe . . .

JOURNALIST

What's happened?

JULIE

Don't you know? We had a car crash. My daughter was killed. So was my husband.

Julie turns away, moves towards the door of her room, her book and blanket under her arm. The Journalist lifts a small camera to her eye and snaps. Julie disappears into her room and closes the door.

INT. DEAN'S ROOM AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC. DAY

Olivier clears the desk in the dean's office at the Academy of Music. He puts all the papers, letters and documents found in the desk drawers into a folder. For a moment he hesitates whether to put a series of photographs he has found at the back of the drawer into the folder too. A forty-year-old man (Patrick) with a young woman (Sandrine) appears on them. Olivier makes a decision, puts the photographs in with the rest of the papers and fastens the now crammed folder.

INT./EXT. HOSPITAL. DAY

Julie says goodbye to the Doctor in his consulting room. Olivier, with his crammed folder, and the Lawyer, who have obviously come to collect her, are also present. Julie is dressed in her own clothes; she has evidently been discharged. She shakes hands with the Doctor.

DOCTOR

I think that check-ups are absolutely necessary over the next six months. Every month, then less frequently. You ought to take up some sort of sport.

JULIE

I'll call.

In turn, Olivier and the Lawyer say goodbye to the Doctor. In the meantime, Julie glances outside, no doubt wanting to see what the few photographers, some with microphones and several journalists with tape-recorders in front of the main entrance to the hospital. She turns to the Doctor.

Call the police, please.

The Doctor shrugs helplessly.

DOCTOR

I did ask them . . . But they've got a right to stand there.

Julie thinks it over for a moment.

JULIE

Excuse me.

She goes out of the consulting rooms leaving the three men there. A moment later Olivier catches up with her in the corridor.

OLIVIER

Wait here. I'll get rid of them.

JULIE

I'll manage.

She moves away, but Olivier calls after her.

THREE COLOURS TRILOGY

OLIVIER

I'll get rid of them!

Julie turns into a side corridor and reaches some stairs marked 'Emergency Exit'. With her light bag slung over her shoulder, she runs down the stairs.

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE HOSPITAL. DAY

Julie exits by the hospital side entrance. A taxi is standing in front of it with its motor running. Beside the taxi, the same female journalist smiles at a surprised Julie.

JOURNALIST

I called you a taxi.

JULIE

Thanks.

She gets inside the car, leans out of the window.

Do you want a lift?

JOURNALIST

I've got my car. Thanks.

Julie gives the driver an address and the taxi moves away from the hospital.

EXT. JULIE'S HOUSE. DAY

The taxi stops in front of the drive of a house surrounded by a garden. Julie pays and gets out. She crosses the garden. The Gardener turns off his hedge-trimmer. Surprised by her sudden appearance, he nods in greeting and does not quite know what to do. He stands helpless, with the now redundant machine in his hands. Julie walks up to him.

JULIE

Good morning. What're you doing?

GARDENER

Good morning. I wanted everything to be . . .

JULIE

No need.

14

BLUE

GARDENER

We're all deeply sorry . . .

JULIE

I know. Thank you.

She leans over towards the Gardener and asks.

Have you cleared out Anna's room? Like I asked?

The Gardener lowers his head.

GARDENER

Yes.

JULIE

You've got rid of everything?

GARDENER

Everything.

Julie moves towards the house. The Maid opens the door for her.

INT. JULIE'S HOUSE. DAY

The Maid is a big woman with a calm, severe face. She is about fifty. She opens the door and greets Julie without a smile. She shows her a piece of paper covered in writing lying on the table.

MAID

I noted all the phone calls . . .

Julie shrugs.

There's a whole tape of messages on the answering machine.

Julie goes up to the telephone, removes the tape from the answering

machine, picks up the annotated slip of paper lying next to the

telephone, tears it up and throws everything into the rubbish bin in the

kitchen. The Maid follows closely behind her. She does not react to

anything that Julie does and stops at the bottom of the stairs when Julie

goes upstairs. Feeling her eyes on her, Julie runs lightly up the stairs. At

the top, she slows down. She approaches the open door of the nursery.

For a moment she looks at the empty room, painted blue, and at the

round lamp of the same colour hanging from the ceiling, and

15

immediately pushes the door shut. She enters the bedroom, which is in perfect order. She goes through the bathroom into a large study. There is a huge grand piano there, an ordinary piano and a number of electronic instruments. Julie looks around for a moment, searches for something on a shelf stacked with files of musical scores, does not find it. On the piano she notices a piece of paper with one line of notes written on it. She reads them briefly, folds the paper in four and hides it in her small bag. A sound stops her. She listens carefully. It is an almost silent weeping, coming from a distance. Julie leaves the study and, looking for the source of the weeping, quietly goes down the stairs. The weeping gets louder, yet there is nobody in the kitchen. She sees the door of the small larder slightly ajar. Trying not to make any noise, she approaches and opens the door a little wider. With her back to her, so large in the tiny larder, stands the Maid. Learning her head on a shelf full of jars, she cries wretchedly. Julie watches her for a moment without any expression.

JULIE

Why are you crying, Marie?

MAID

Because you're not.

Julie hesitates for a moment, taken aback by the simplicity of the answer, then holds out her arms. The Maid immediately puts her arms around her and now they both stand in the cramped larder. The Maid, nestling close, cries like a child. Julie's eyes are dry and she looks somewhere into the distance. She delicately strokes the Maid's wide shoulders, slowly calms her down.

I remember them, God, I remember everything . . . When will I ever forget?

The Maid's sobbing, growing quieter, can still be heard as Julie heavily returns upstairs. She sits down on the top stair with her legs apart. Through the corner of her eye she notices that the door to Anna's room is still ajar. She stretches out her arm and slams it shut with all her might. The crying downstairs grows silent. Julie now sits with her head in her hands. She hears an approaching car, a door slamming, the bell. She hears the Maid's shuffle, the front door opening. Julie does not move, does not change her position.

Oliver and the Lawyer enter the drawing-room.

MAID

(from the door)
Would you like something to drink?

Both men thank her, they don't want anything. The Lawyer places his large briefcase on the table, Oliver has the crammed folder in his hand. They sit down on the edge of their armchairs, without making themselves comfortable. They both become aware of this at the same time. The Lawyer smiles faintly.

LAWYER

Shall we sit comfortably? This could take a while.

He sits deeper into the armchair. Oliver stays as he was. For some time they sit in silence. Oliver gets up with the folder in his hand.

OLIVIER

Excuse me.

Julie is still sitting motionless on the stairs with her head in her hands. After a while we hear light footsteps approaching. From the bend in the stairs Oliver emerges, the folder in his hand. Surprised by her presence, he stops. They look at each other. Feeling that he has seen something he should not have, something indiscreet, Oliver backs away without taking his eyes off her. Julie continues to sit for a moment, sighs, gets up and goes downstairs. Oliver and the Lawyer get up from their armchairs in the drawing-room. Oliver shows her the folder he is holding.

I took this from Patrick's office at the Academy. His papers, letters, photographs . . . I wanted to leave it upstairs . . .

JULIE

I don't need it.

Oliver puts the folder on the sideboard.

Take it, please.

Oliver picks up the folder again. He opens it and goes through the papers and photographs. After some thought, he closes the folder.

THREE COLOURS TRILOGY

OLIVIER

I thought it would interest you. I'm here if you need me.

Oliver smiles, shakes hands with the Lawyer and leaves, bowing to Julie. Julie pours two glasses of wine and hands one to the Lawyer. The Lawyer opens his leather briefcase, takes out a wad of documents.

LAWYER

There's a whole lot of things. I don't know if you're fit to . . .

JULIE

I am.

LAWYER

During . . . your illness, life went on as usual. We finalized the purchase of your flat in New York. Our stockbroker rightly invested quite a fair amount of money in Hungarian government debts . . .

Julie stops him.

JULIE

Good. I'll make things easier for you . . . How many digits are there in our bank account number?

LAWYER

Nine . . .

JULIE

Let's think of a number with nine digits . . .

LAWYER

I don't understand. I don't know how . . .

JULIE

It's very simple. When's your birthday?

LAWYER

Twenty-seven, six, forty-one

JULIE

That's six digits. How old is your daughter?

LAWYER

Nineteen.

18

THREE COLOURS TRILOGY

BLUE

JULIE

That's eight. Now . . . let's say, how many teeth have you got missing?

The Lawyer, worried and surprised, counts with his tongue.

LAWYER

Five.

JULIE

That gives us nine digits. The number of this secret account is 270641195.

The Lawyer cannot understand Julie's intentions. Still, because he is scrupulous, he does not stop running his tongue over his teeth.

LAWYER

Sorry, six. I've got six teeth missing.

JULIE

Right. So the number is: 270641196. Note that down. Pay all the money from all our banks into this account. I ask you for absolute discretion. No one must ever know. That's very important to me.

The Lawyer is panting. He is desperately looking for some sort of argument.

LAWYER

I've got to know the owner's name. To pay money into an account . . .

JULIE

You'll find out.

LAWYER

Yes. I'll find out.

JULIE

First, you'll pay for my mother's rest-home for the rest of her life.

LAWYER

Yes.

19

JULIE
You'll return all the advances resulting from contracts reasonably soon. We're not going to be able to honour them.

LAWYER
We can keep them, according to the contracts.

JULIE

You'll return them. Next you'll sell all our shares and also the Hungarian government debts. You'll sell the house, all our possessions and cars, the flat in New York and the house on the coast. All the money will go to the same account.

LAWYER

270641196?

JULIE

Yes.

LAWYER

To someone we don't know?

JULIE

Yes.

LAWYER

That's millions.

JULIE

Yes.

LAWYER

May I ask you why?

JULIE

No.

The Lawyer, annoyed, gets up from the armchair.

LAWYER

Would you excuse me a moment?

He leaves the room and quite obviously disappears into the toilet. Julie smiles faintly. She gets up, again pours wine into both glasses. We hear the toilet flush. The lawyer returns, smiling unpleasantly.

What will you have left?

JULIE

My own account.

The Lawyer nods with the same unpleasant smile on his face. He raises his glass, drinks a little wine, grimaces as if he does not like it much. For the first time he thinks he has an idea concerning Julie's instructions.

LAWYER

We'll have to wait for the settlement of the will. I can't do any of this before.

Julie speaks as calmly as before.

JULIE

Right, we'll wait.

INT./EXT. JULIE'S HOUSE. DUSK

In the blue light of the ending day, Julie sighs and opens her handbag. She takes out the folded score sheet, spreads it out. She looks carefully at the individual notes. Her eyes return to the first note and she begins anew. Clear, loud strokes on a piano are heard, each corresponding to the note which Julie is looking at. It is a fragment from a concerto (about twenty seconds). She takes her eyes off the sheet of paper but the music continues, perhaps the orchestration becomes even more complicated. Julie looks to the side. She sees her finger next to the rod supporting the grand piano lid. Slowly, she moves her finger towards the rod, then equally slowly pushes the lid which finally slips along the smooth surface of the grand piano and the lid crashes down. At that moment the music stops. Julie is breathing a little faster. She folds the sheet in four and puts it in her handbag. She turns on the lamp, goes up to the window, leans against the casement and looks in front of her. Through the window she sees the garden, old trees in the falling dusk, the alley and, somewhere in the distance, Paris.

The camera tracks in, losing Julie. We now see only what is beyond the window. The park slowly grows darker in front of our eyes. In a matter of a few seconds, it is night. At the same time as the park darkens, Julie's face, lit by the lamp, appears in the reflection. With the image of her face, the same music as before breaks out. Julie closes her eyes.

THREE COLOURS TRILOGY

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE COPYIST'S FLAT. DAY

Julie stops her small sports car, backs in and parks on the pavement near some cafe tables on the street. She gets out and enters the front door of the building. We can see that she knows the place.

INT. STAIRWELL. DAY

Julie waits for the lift. She realizes that somebody is using the lift because the red light is flickering steadily. Obviously losing patience, she runs up the stairs. Near the second floor, the illuminated lift, majestically descending, passes her. Julie rings at a door on the fourth floor. The door is opened by a young woman, the Copyist.

INT. THE COPYIST'S FLAT. DAY

The room is cluttered with music scores, scrolls of music paper and old etchings, which the Copyist obviously loves – they hang everywhere.

COPYIST

I hadn't started yet . . . I spread the work out the day . . .

Julie makes it easier for her.

JULIE

The day I left?

COPYIST

Yes. Then I thought I'd wait to hear from you.

JULIE

You were right.

The Copyist takes out several score sheets in large format. She spreads them out. The score is marked with a large number of corrections made with a blue felt-tip pen. The Copyist points to the blue marks.

COPYIST

A lot of corrections . . .

JULIE

Same as usual, more or less.

The Copyist hands the score to Julie. It is obvious that she is sorry to part with it.

BLUE

COPYIST

It's beautiful.

Julie smiles faintly. She nods, maybe it is. She rolls up the score.

JULIE

Any news? Have you heard from him?

COPYIST

No. In fact . . . I've got used to being alone.

Julie gets ready to leave with the score roll under her arm.

JULIE

He'll come back. They usually do.

Something suddenly occurs to the Copyist. She stops Julie.

COPYIST

You didn't bump into each other?

JULIE

Who?

COPYIST

She was here . . . she left just before you came. Ms Gaudry from *Le Monde de la Musique*. I thought you might have bumped into each other in the lift.

JULIE

No . . .

She goes up to the window and looks out at the street but nothing attracts her attention. She sees her car and the coloured paragraphs of the cafe. The usual traffic. She does not see the Journalist.

COPYIST

She wanted to talk about my work, but while we were talking I realized that she was after something else.

JULIE

This?

She indicates the score roll. The Copyist nods, yes that.

Did you tell her?

The Copyist shakes her head.

COPYIST

They're delicate matters.

JULIE

Thanks. I don't know whether we'll see each other again . . .

She holds out her hand to the Copyist. The Copyist shakes it, smiles.

COPYIST

Don't bank on it.

INT. STAIRWELL. DAY

Julie runs down the stairs with the score. On the landing, the view from the window on to the yard stops her. Dustbin men are dragging rubbish bins to the drowning rubbish truck in the middle of the yard.

EXT. YARD. DAY

Julie, with the score in her hand, runs up to a dustbin man who is dragging a plastic bin. Just before he puts it into the clasps of the rubbish truck, she throws the roll into the bin. The dustbin man smiles at her haste and pulls the handle. Julie stands for a while and watches as the truck grinds the contents of the bin with an unpleasant crunch.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE COPYIST'S FLAT. DAY

Julie walks up to her car and notices the Journalist, Ms Gaudry, sitting in the café. The Journalist smiles at Julie as if she has been waiting for her. Julie hesitates, opens then closes her car door. She approaches the smiling Journalist, greets her, but does not sit down.

JOURNALIST

Funny coincidence, isn't it?

JULIE

It is.

She looks around. She is sure that the Journalist could not have seen her throwing the score into the rubbish truck.

JOURNALIST

I thought you'd come here. Then when I left and saw your car, I thought my intuition's pretty good.

Julie nods at her intelligence or shrewdness.

JULIE

It's not the interview or the book?

JOURNALIST

No.

JULIE

What then?

JOURNALIST

Give me half an hour and I'll explain.

JULIE

I won't.

She makes a move to leave immediately. The Journalist's voice stops her.

JOURNALIST

A scar.

JULIE

I'm sorry?

JOURNALIST

There was a scar on the inside of his thigh.

She pulls the chair back, sits down.

JULIE

How do you know?

JOURNALIST

Will you give me a moment?

JULIE

How do you know?

JOURNALIST

Don't worry. We used to play in the sandpit together. Then I

read about him, then I wrote. There's no more to it than that.
 JULIE
 What do you want to know?

JOURNALIST
 How the talented young man became outstanding.

JULIE
 That's a lot.

JOURNALIST
 I know you organized his life. You paid his taxes, drew up his contracts. He didn't have to think about deadlines, tickets or meetings. That was reflected in his will. You've inherited everything.

JULIE
 You know a lot.

JOURNALIST
 Yes. I've spoken to a lot of people. Including Olivier.

JULIE
 Olivier?

JOURNALIST
 Olivier. I noticed he enjoyed talking about you. He worked with your husband long enough, so he knows. He said you had a good marriage. That you're calm, warm . . .
Julie does not say anything, looks away. The Journalist leans towards her.

JULIE
 Did you love each other?

JULIE
 Yes, very much.

JOURNALIST
 And that was enough? Love?

JULIE
 I guess . . .

The Journalist looks at Julie closely, intently.

JOURNALIST
 What I really want to know is, did you write Patrick's music?
 JULIE
Julie doesn't hesitate for a moment.

No.

INT. JULIE'S HOUSE. DUSK

There is no longer any furniture in the house. In the light of a lamp usually finds in a woman's bag. Carefully she sorts it out, making two piles, one with the things she has decided to keep (her passport, the folded music score, a manicure set) and a separate pile with what she has decided to throw away (various keys, an address book, small notes, the tiny television set she got from Olivier). She brings a waste-paper basket over and puts everything she wants to throw away into it. She shakes the handbag out upside down. Some dust floats out and a coloured lollipop. Julie stops motionless. She bends over and picks up the lollipop. A rustle of cellophane. She closes her eyes, then, after a while, opens them. She takes off the cellophane and tastes. She licks the surface of the lolly several times then suddenly, with a crunch, bites it to pieces and swallows it. She puts the handbag aside and reaches for the telephone. She takes the address book from the waste-paper basket, finds a number. She punches out the number and, waiting for the tone, throws the address book back into the basket. A man's voice answers on the other end of the line.

OLIVIER

(off)

Hello . . .

JULIE

It's Julie. I wanted to ask you . . . Do you love me?

A moment's silence.

OLIVIER

(off)

Yes.

JULIE

Since when?

INTERCUT WITH OLIVIER'S FLAT, DUSK

Olivier in his flat with the telephone receiver at his ear. In the background we can see a grand piano. It is a large, decent flat.

OLIVIER
Since I started working with Patrick.

He wipes his sweaty palm on his shirt then reaches for a cigarette.

INT. JULIE'S HOUSE, DUSK

JULIE

Do you think I'm wonderful?
(on the telephone)

OLIVIER

(off)

Yes.

Fascinating?

OLIVIER

(off)

Yes.

Do you think of me? Will you miss me?

JULIE

OLIVIER

(off)

Yes . . .

Then come.

JULIE

OLIVIER

(off)

Now?

28

BLUE

JULIE

Yes, now.

For a moment Olivier remains silent on the phone.

OLIVIER

(off; emotionless)

Are you sure?

Now it's Julie who does not reply immediately.

JULIE

Come.

INTERCUT WITH OLIVIER'S FLAT, DUSK

Olivier puts down the receiver. We see the mist of sweat from his palm slowly disappear from the black plastic.

INT. JULIE'S HOUSE, NIGHT

It must be pouring outside because Olivier stands in the door completely drenched. His hair is plastered down with rain, his coat heavy with water and the right side of his trousers muddy. Julie looks at him, tilting her head. She is wearing a short, dark, stretch dress and is barefoot.

OLIVIER

I slipped and fell . . .

JULIE

Take it off.

Olivier, without taking his eyes off Julie, unbuttons and takes off his coat, looks around for somewhere to hang it, but there is no furniture in the house any more. Encouraged by Julie's gesture, he simply drops the coat on the floor. The tension between them, present from the beginning of the scene, increases.

And the rest . . .

Olivier unbuttons his shirt and pulls it out of his trousers. He does not feel comfortable undressing under Julie's eyes. In order to undo his trouser belt, he has to look down. At that moment, Julie pulls her dark,

29

stretch dress over her head with one move and takes it off. Olivier, his hand on his trouser belt, lifts his eyes, stops short. Julie lets him look. They've already taken the bed. Only the mattress is left.

She goes up to Olivier and cuddles up in such a way that Olivier naturally picks her up in his arms. Julie has her arms around his neck. Olivier moves in the direction of the mattress and slowly lays Julie down.

INT. JULIE'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Julie watches Olivier's sleeping face. After a while she speaks in a whisper.

JULIE

Olivier, are you asleep? Olivier . . .

Olivier does not answer or move. Julie shifts her eyes, and looks ahead somewhere into the distance. She continues speaking in a whisper.

It could even be like this. But it won't.

Olivier does not move. Julie, her head resting on her arm, closes her eyes. She takes a deep breath and for a moment holds the air in her lungs, does not let it go, just as one does when one wants to swim under water as far as possible.

INT. JULIE'S HOUSE. DAWN

Julie, dressed in jeans and a shirt, places a cup of coffee by the mattress. Olivier, smelling the hot coffee, opens his eyes. Still not completely conscious, he sees Julie in front of him ready to go out.

JULIE

I appreciate what you did for me. I take it you won't miss me. You must have noticed there's nothing to miss. I'm just like any other woman. I sweat. I cough at night. I had a toothache in the early hours. I've got a cavity.

She smiles faintly, picks up a large, leather bag and leaves the room. She throws it at him from the door.

Shut the door when you leave.



She disappears through the door so quickly that Olivier does not manage to do or say anything. Only after a while does he realize what has happened. He looks for his trousers, finds them quite a way from the mattress, pulls them on and runs up to the window. He opens it. He sees Julie's sports car in front of the house and Julie herself disappearing through the open gate. She cannot hear him shout any more.

OLIVIER

Julie!

EXT. IN FRONT OF JULIE'S HOUSE. DAY

Julie walks briskly alongside the wall of her house. She brings her clenched fist against the wall and drags the knuckles along it. This lasts for a while. She stops. She pulls her fist away from the wall. Torn skin, blood collecting. She hisses with pain, tears in her eyes. Instinctively, she brings the injured knuckles to her lips. She continues towards the busy crossroads visible ahead.

INT. METRO STATION. DAY

Julie gets off at the last metro station. She is wearing jeans and has a small rucksack on her back. All the passengers get off, it is obviously the last station. Julie makes her way in the crowd towards the exit.

EXT. PARIS SUBURBS. DAY

Together with the crowd, Julie emerges from the station. She looks around, pleased. The buildings here are not as tall as in the centre of Paris; a market square full of little shops, fruit and fish stalls, a lot of people, many of whom know each other. A buzz. For a moment Julie disappears from our eyes, then we find her again, looking at the houses, shops, people. She stops in front of a small display of notices about apartments for sale. She looks at them, goes in.

INT. ESTATE AGENTS. DAY

The Proprietor is well dressed, thirty-something. He takes advantage of his good looks with a certain dignity. He now listens carefully to Julie.

Not large, three rooms, can be on the top floor. Can be without a lift.

JULIE

The Proprietor considers this.

PROPRIETOR

A bit of exercise?

JULIE

You could put it that way. I'd like a terrace. Or a big

balcony . . .

PROPRIETOR

I've got what you're looking for. . . Excuse me, but it would be easier for me to advise you. What do you do?

JULIE

Nothing.

PROPRIETOR

Nothing at all?

JULIE

Nothing at all.

The Proprietor gently rubs the tip of his nose. The gesture suits him. Julie smiles innocently. The Proprietor takes out a pen.

PROPRIETOR

Your name, please.

JULIE

Julie de Courisy.

The Proprietor starts to note this down.

JULIE

Sorry, that was automatic. I'm going back to my maiden name. Julie Vignon.

INT./EXT. JULIE'S FLAT. DUSK

Julie looks over the district from the terrace of her new flat. We see rooftops and neighbours' apartments. Julie stretches; she is in a good

mood. In the window opposite, someone with their back to her is sitting in an armchair watching TV. On TV we see a mountaineering competition. The contestants, colourfully dressed, make use of every crevice in the artificial rock. Julie turns away from the TV. She goes back inside through the open balcony door. The flat is still completely empty, redecorated, the walls clean. In the furnished kitchen, Julie finds a stool. She places it in the middle of the room, climbs up on to it. She stretches up to see if she can reach the hook in the middle of the ceiling. The stool is high enough. From the bag standing on the windowsill, Julie pulls out the blue globe of the lamp which we already know. She climbs on to the stool again and hangs the lamp. From the bag she also pulls out a black jumper and a skirt on hangers. She hangs them on the door. She approaches the window, puts the empty bag back on the sill. Within the cityscape she sees the dome of a swimming pool. She smiles, nods.

INT. SWIMMING POOL. NIGHT

The pool is empty at this hour. The blue light reflects against the surface of the water. Julie dives in. With calm strokes, she conquers the entire length of the pool.

EXT. PARIS SUBURBS. DAY

Julie is sitting under a cafe parasol. The streets and market place are crowded. A Waiter walks past.

WAITER
(in passing)

Okay?

JULIE

Okay. And you?

The Waiter nods, he is okay too. On his way back, he slows down a little alongside Julie.

WAITER

Same as usual?

JULIE

Same.

The Waiter goes and, as she waits, Julie leans over to see what he usually evidently observes from this spot. A man wearing a coat stops beside a wall, pulls out a flute and begins to play, thinly. The Waiter brings ice-cream and coffee. Julie pours a little of the coffee into the ice-cream cup and eats, listening with pleasure to the Flautist. When the Waiter walks past, Julie signals to him and gives him a coin. The Waiter puts down his tray and takes the coin over to the musician. Julie sees the Flautist thank the Waiter with a slight nod.

INT. JULIE'S FLAT. DAY

It is raining outside. Julie, at the window, is staring at drops trickling down the pane. We can also make out soft shadows of rain on her face. In the room, all the furniture is in place, there is order. She attentively follows one drop of water with her eyes. The drop, hesitating and turning, trickles down. It gets through a gap in the window frame and appears on the sill. It swells. With her finger, Julie helps it trace a route, leads it to the edge of the sill. She takes a glass from the table and stands it under the sill. The drop falls into the glass. Julie smiles as if something important depended on this drop falling into the glass. Maybe she was predicting whether it is possible to live the way she is and the drop has confirmed that possibility.

EXT. JULIE'S HOUSE. DAY

Oliver stands leaning against his car in front of Julie's house, which is now totally deserted. The shutters are closed, grass is appearing between the cracks in the pavement. Oliver is waiting for something, he lights a cigarette. One half of the door opens. A large mattress squeezes through it with difficulty; only after a while do we realize that the mattress is being carried out by the Gardener. He stands it up and looks questioningly at Oliver.

GARDENER

Is this the one?

Oliver looks at the mattress carefully.

OLIVIER

Yes, it is.

It is the same blue mattress on which Oliver and Julie made love.

THREE COLOURS TRILOGY

Olivier approaches the Gardener and together they carry the mattress to Olivier's car where the boot is open and back seat lowered. With difficulty, they both place the mattress in the car.

GARDENER

What do you need it for? An old mattress?

OLIVIER

It'd go to waste . . .

Olivier takes 300 francs from his wallet and hands them to the Gardener. He gets into the car and drives away, the mattress sticking out of the boot is tossed up and down on the potholes in the driveway.

INT. HOSPITAL. DAY

The Doctor glances once more at the results of the tests and puts them away in the case file. Julie emerges from behind the screen, buttoning up her blouse.

DOCTOR

Everything's fine physically and you're in good spirits, too. You're on good form. Do you jog?

Julie smiles.

JULIE

I swim. In a month then?

DOCTOR

Maybe two will do . . .

He is interrupted by the phone ringing. He picks up the receiver and listens for a moment to the person on the other end. He then holds the receiver out to Julie.

It's for you.

Julie, surprised and uneasy, holds the receiver to her ear.

JULIE

Hello . . .

Through the receiver she hears the unfamiliar voice of a young man.

36

BLUE

MAN'S VOICE

(off)

Hello. My name's Antoine . . . you don't know me.

Julie is tense. She replies dryly.

JULIE

No, I don't.

MAN'S VOICE

(off)

I know. But I'd like to meet you. It's important.

JULIE

Nothing's important.

MAN'S VOICE

(off)

It's about an object.

JULIE

What object?

MAN'S VOICE

(off)

A chain and cross.

Julie automatically touches her neck where there is no chain or cross.

For a moment, she says nothing.

JULIE

All right. Four this afternoon at Weher's cafe, Place Clichy.

Julie replaces the receiver, looks at the Doctor.

DOCTOR

Nice man. He was here a couple of times when you were still in hospital. Then he kept trying to look you up in the phone book. I agreed that he could ring at this time today. I'm sorry.

JULIE

That's okay.

She takes a step towards the door, but turns back. She speaks with determination.

37

I wanted to thank you for everything. And I wanted to take my file.

Julie holds out her hand; the Doctor, who perhaps would have liked to have asked the reasons for her decision, sees her determination and hands her the file in which he had previously hidden the test results.

INT. WEFLER'S CAFE. DAY

Antoine puts a gold chain and cross into Julie's hand. We recognize him; it is the hitchhiker who ran towards the crashed BMW at the beginning of the film. Julie looks at the chain with surprise.

JULIE

I'd forgotten I had it . . .

ANTOINE

I found it five yards from the car. I took it . . . Then I didn't know how to handle it . . . It was stealing . . .

He smiles a charming, still childish smile. Julie keeps looking at the chain. Then she closes her hand over it, but does not lift her eyes.

Don't you want to know anything? I got there just after . . .

Julie interrupts quite sharply.



BLUE

JULIE

No.

Antoine lowers his head, disheartened by her tone. Julie realizes that she interrupted him a bit too sharply. She touches his wrist.

I'm sorry.

Antoine raises his head. The affair with the chain and perhaps what he saw during the accident must have shaken him up a great deal.

ANTOINE

I was looking for you because of the chain, of course . . . but I wanted you to explain something . . .

JULIE

Yes?

ANTOINE

When I opened the door, your husband was still alive. He said . . .

He pauses. Julie listens attentively.

ANTOINE

He said . . . I don't understand. He said: 'Now try coughing; Julie looks at him attentively for a while longer, then starts giggling. She giggles, cannot stop laughing. Antoine looks at her, totally unable to understand her reaction.

JULIE

(still laughing)

My husband was telling us a joke. He'd read some book and there was this joke. A woman has a terrible cough. She goes to the doctor and the doctor gives her some pills. 'What sort of pills are these?' the woman asks, swallowing one. 'It's the strongest laxative I know,' the doctor replies. 'Laxative?' The woman's surprised. 'Yes,' the doctor replies. 'Now try coughing.' It made us laugh. Then the car crashed . . .

Antoine smiles at the joke. Julie turns serious.

My husband was one of those people who always likes repeating the punchline.

Julie looks at the boy attentively. Then she opens her hand, which she had held clenched around the chain all this time. She lifts it.

You've returned it?

Antoine agrees with a nod. He automatically opens his palm when Julie shifts the chain in his direction.

Now have it as a gift.

Julie lowers the chain until it falls into Antoine's hand. She leaves the café before Antoine has time to react.

INT. SWIMMING POOL, NIGHT

Julie swims the width of the pool with violent strokes. She turns under water and with equal energy swims back. Sprays of water. Tired, she swims to the poolside. She breathes heavily. She submerges her head so as to arrange her hair, shakes it out, grows calmer. She reaches for the side of the pool to get out of the water and freezes. The soundtrack resonates with loud music. Julie heard this music some time ago when she looked at the sheet of paper with a stave of notes jotted on it. She listens to it for a moment, then suddenly submerges her head in the water. The music stops. The water, agitated by Julie's movement, eventually grows calm.

INT./EXT. JULIE'S FLAT, NIGHT

Julie is awoken in the middle of the night by a noise. She sits up, shaken out of her sleep. She realizes that the noise is coming from the street, runs up to the window, pulling on her dressing-gown on the way. There's a fight on the opposite side of the street. It is difficult to see in the dark quite what is going on. It looks like three men against one. The one, in a light-coloured shirt, is strong and agile; he falls and picks himself up several times. When the others finally get to him, they knock him down and kick him mercilessly. The man in the light-coloured shirt huddles up, sheltering his head. Suddenly he springs up and butts one of his opponents in the stomach with his head. The opponent falls. The man, staggering, runs across the street, disappears from Julie's field of vision. Julie opens her window to look down. The three regroup and go after him. They are stopped for a moment by a long lorry driving past. After a while, Julie hears fast, uneven steps on the stairs and a desperate

thumping on the door below. Nobody opens. The steps approach her floor. The running man tries to knock on the neighbour's door. Finally he gets to Julie's door. It is the last floor and his last chance. The hammering at the door is completely desperate. Julie does not move from her position near the window. She turns pale. She stops herself from running to the door and opening. She hears more fast steps on the stairs, blows, the noise of a body falling and rolling down the stairs. Then silence. Julie waits a while longer. Only then does she approach the door and open it.

INT. STAIRWELL OF JULIE'S FLAT, NIGHT

There is nobody outside the door. Julie switches on the light in the corridor – the stairs are empty. She goes to the floor below and looks down – the stairwell looks as if nothing had happened there. At that moment, a door slams loudly. Julie quickly turns her head, she knows. The draught has slammed her front door shut and she, in the middle of the night, has been left alone on the stairwell wearing nothing but a flimsy dressing-gown over her naked body.

She returns to her own floor with slender hope. Vainly, she pushes the door, wrenches the door handle, looks for a weak spot in the doorframe. She closes her eyes, furtive with herself. She clenches her fists. She takes control of herself and starts to act rationally. Through the window on the stairwell, she can see her terrace but it is quite a distance and the ledge does not look very solid. Julie opens the window and half goes out, her leg searches for the ledge which is much lower, and does not find it, so she goes back inside. She closes the window, the light goes off. She switches it back on and, having decided to wait until morning, sits on the stairs. Only now does she realize how cold it is; she huddles up, hugs herself. The light goes off again. Julie, cold and helpless, her eyes glistening, now sits in the dark. Tired, she lowers her eyelids and at that moment we hear a beat of music. Julie immediately opens her eyes; the music stops. After a while, now consciously trying, she closes her eyes. The music resonates as before – with a strong beat – and develops. It is the piece from the music score which we heard before at the swimming pool. Now it lasts twice as long (about forty seconds).

We do not know how long she has been sitting there when the light on the stairwell goes on again. The music stops immediately. Julie opens

her eyes, unconscious, not quite knowing at first where she is and what she is doing there. She hears footsteps approaching from below. She sees a young woman open the door to her flat on the floor below. She is called Lucille. Before going into her flat, Lucille softly scratches her finger against her neighbour's door and disappears. Julie does not quite understand this scratching. The light goes off. The door which Lucille scratched opens, and the mystery is explained. The Neighbour, trying not to make a noise, a shirt thrown over his trousers, slips through the girl's door. She has obviously left the door open because he goes in without difficulty. Julie smiles, it is obvious. She gets up and leans over the banister. She goes down a few steps, but quickly has to return to her old spot because Lucille's door opens and the Neighbour appears on the stairwell. Sensing somebody's eyes on him or hearing a rustling, the Neighbour turns on the light and looks up, sees Julie sitting on the stairs.

NEIGHBOUR

Hello . . .

JULIE

Hello.

The Neighbour opens the door to his flat. Through a gap below, a large, beautiful, well-tended cat emerges.

NEIGHBOUR

Locked out?

Julie nods. The Neighbour tries to talk quietly.

I forgot my keys once. Sat it out on the stairs till morning, too. You don't want to wake the caretaker?

JULIE

No.

NEIGHBOUR

My wife's asleep. A cannon wouldn't wake her . . . Would you like to sit it out at my place? Or sleep?

She does not know why, but somehow Julie senses some ambiguity in his proposal.

BLUE

JULIE

Thanks, I'll sit here.

The Neighbour calls his cat which, tail held taut and high, disappears back into the flat. He winks knowingly to Julie and closes the door. Julie smiles bitterly to herself. The Neighbour's door opens again. He is carrying a blanket and mug of tea.

NEIGHBOUR

At least have something to drink. It's hot.

He hands her the blanket and mug.

You can give them back to me tomorrow.

He winks again, goes down and disappears into his flat. Julie wraps herself in the blanket and brings the mug of tea to her lips. She smells the blanket, frowns and pushes it away from her face.

EXT. PARIS SUBURBS. DAY

Julie in a park. She breathes the sharp air in deeply, with obvious pleasure. She closes her eyes, absorbing the sun. Perhaps she wants to hear the music which sometimes resounds in her thoughts, but this time there is complete silence. Julie does not notice the neatly dressed Old Woman approaching a green, metal container for recycling glass with a large glass bottle in her hand. The Old Woman gets up on her toes and tries to put the bottle into the container. She is too old and too humpbacked to reach. She jumps up awkwardly, in vain. The bottle is stuck halfway through the rubber collar of the container. The Old Woman leaves. Julie, inclined a little unnaturally towards the sun, with a slight smile on her face, does not open her eyes. She shakes her head, wakes from her sunny trance. She stretches, gets up.

EXT. STREETS OF PARIS SUBURBS. DAY

Julie walks in the direction of her flat with pleasure, adapting her pace to the rhythm of the Flautist's music as she passes him. Without changing her pace, she disappears in the gate of her building. The Flautist does not pay any attention to Julie; he continues playing. He looks in the direction of the café. At the table where Julie usually sits, now sits Olivier. He has a glass of wine in his hand. The Waiter brings

another glass which has obviously been ordered earlier. Olivier indicates the Flautist to him. The Waiter shrugs, approaches the Flautist, hands him the glass.

INT. JULIE'S FLAT. DAY

Julie rearranges the furniture in her flat. What used to be the large room is now her bedroom. She eases the bed through the narrow doorway. She squeezes between the upturned bed and the doorway and from the other side, using all her strength, she pushes the bed with her legs; it falls to the floor with a thud. The doorbell rings. Julie straightens herself, she is not expecting anyone. She opens. A pleasant forty-year-old woman with the face of a teacher stands in the doorway. She is holding some documents in her hands. It is the Neighbour's Wife. Julie smiles, opens the door wider.

JULIE

I'm sorry about the noise. I've almost finished.

NEIGHBOUR'S WIFE

I didn't hear anything . . . May I?

She goes in, looks around at the mess. She spreads her papers out on the table, which is standing askew, after first wiping it with her hand, uncertain of whether it is clean.

I heard you got locked out last week?

(kindheartedly)

JULIE

Yes. Your husband lent me a blanket. I was sitting on the stairs.

NEIGHBOUR'S WIFE

I wanted to ask you to sign this.

Julie goes up to the table and looks through the papers. Surprised, she looks up.

JULIE

What is it?

NEIGHBOUR'S WIFE

Everyone's signed already. We don't want women who entertain men living in our building. The young person below you . . .

JULIE

I'm sorry. I don't want to get involved.

NEIGHBOUR'S WIFE

She's a whore.

Julie raises her voice a little, although she remains calm.

JULIE

That's nothing to do with me.

The Neighbour's Wife looks at her coldly. Julie, not worried by it, leans over the bed and drags it to the corner of the room. The Neighbour's Wife, furious, impulsively follows her, then suddenly leaves the flat. Julie, tired with the effort, leans against the bed and quietly giggles.

EXT. PARIS SUBURBS. DUSK

Julie returns home with her shopping. She turns the corner and does not hear the usual flute music. She slows down, stops. On the pavement by the wall where he usually sits and plays, lies the Flautist, beside him a closed flute-case. Julie approaches and stands over him. Obviously drunk, a thin stream of spittle trickles down his chin. With her foot, Julie pushes the flute-case closer to his head. The Flautist wakes up and not recognizing Julie, stares at her. Julie pushes the case even closer to his head. The Flautist lifts his head and, content, settles it on the case. He murmurs something. Julie cannot understand the words. She leans over.

JULIE

Did you say something?

FLAUTIST

You always gotta keep something.

JULIE

I don't understand.