



The Flautist takes a deep breath and falls asleep. Julie gets up and walks away without looking. Round the corner she shrugs, feeling that – maybe – she has done something foolish.

INT. JULIE'S FLAT. DAY

Julie under the shower. She surrenders herself to the strong jet of water. She turns the water off and for a moment longer stands motionless, holding her head back with pleasure, feeling the drops of water trickle from her hair down her back.

Wrapped in a towel, her hair still wet, Julie chooses a pair of knickers from her drawer. She ponders over the colour of the tiny pants. She opens another drawer and, under the light, examines various types of tights.

Dressed in jeans with a blouse thrown over her, she pours herself a full cup of coffee. These daily activities which she can now perform exactly as she pleases give her satisfaction. The doorbell, too, gives her pleasure. She opens the door and there stands Lucille. She is holding a small bunch of flowers in her hand. She presents it to Julie.

BLUE

LUCILLE

Thanks.

Julie takes the flowers, uncertain of whether she is doing the right thing.

JULIE

What for?

Lucille walks in without embarrassment.

LUCILLE

I'm staying. They needed everyone's signature to kick me out. So I'm staying. It's nice here . . .

She looks around the flat which Julie has managed to tidy up. She stops in the middle of the room. She looks up, smiles.

I had a lamp like that when I was little. I'd stand under it and stretch out my hand . . .

She pauses. Julie looks at her with curiosity.

I dreamt of jumping up and touching it. Then I grew up and forgot all about it . . .

She stretches her arms up and touches the lamp with her palms.

Lucille, just as informally as she had walked in, speaks familiarly to Julie.

Where did you get it from?

JULIE

I just got it.

LUCILLE

Is it a souvenir?

Julie nods. Lucille submits easily.

You live alone?

JULIE

Yes.

LUCILLE

I couldn't stand one night alone.

THREE COLOURS TRILOGY

She looks at Julie closely.

Something must have happened. You're not the type
somebody dumps . . .

Julie does not answer.

Sorry. I talk too much.

She goes up to the window and looks down.

Poor guy.

Who? JULIE

LUCILLE
He was asleep last night when I came home. Now he's gone,
but his flute's still there.

*Julie goes up to her. She is right, the Flautist is not there but his small
flute-case lies by the wall.*

EXT. PARIS SUBURBS. DAY

*Julie leaves the building. She approaches the flute-case. It is still early in
the morning, the traffic quieter than in the middle of the day. She leans
over, opens the case. Inside lies the untouched flute and inside the lid is
attached a small card with a name, address and telephone number. Julie
picks up the case and goes to the nearest telephone box with it. Holding
up the open case so as to see the number, she punches out the successive
digits. A woman's voice answers.*

Is that 43 07 92 74? JULIE

WOMAN'S VOICE
(off)

Yes.

JULIE
I found this number in a flute-case . . .

BLUE

WOMAN'S VOICE
(off)

That's right.

JULIE
Somebody left it in the street.

WOMAN'S VOICE
(off)
That somebody got drunk. And forgot his instrument. It
happens. He came home in the early hours and is now
sleeping next to me. Maybe he slept next to you last night . . .

JULIE
No. I found the flute in the street. That is . . .

WOMAN'S VOICE
(off)
I know where he plays. Could you look after it?

JULIE
No. I'll put it back. I haven't got time.

WOMAN'S VOICE
(off)

I'll come and get it. Thanks.

*Julie replaces the receiver. She closes the case and goes back to the
pavement with it. She puts it back where she found it and, walking
briskly, returns home. At the gate, she looks back. Surprised, she sees
that the case has disappeared. Among other people in the street she
notices a tall, unshaven Guy who, walking at a leisurely pace, is
holding his jacket as if he were hiding something. Julie, running now
and again, quickly catches up with him. At the corner of the round
plaza, she grabs him by the sleeve of his jacket. The Guy does not slow
down. Julie says quietly.*

JULIE
You stole the flute.

*The Guy turns around surprised. It looks as if he does not know what
she is talking about. Julie repeats with determination, louder.*

You stole the flute!

THREE COLOURS TRILOGY

She starts tugging at his sleeve. Several people stop near by. The Guy smiles sweetly and easily frees himself from Julie's grasp.

GUY

I haven't stolen anything.

He reaches under his jacket, takes out the case, hands it over to Julie and calmly, slowly walks away. Julie opens the case, the flute is inside. Once again Julie takes it back to its place by the building. For a while, she stands beside it and then, looking behind, sits at the table of her street café. The Waiter appears.

WAITER

The usual?

JULIE

No. Only coffee. I haven't had time for a coffee.

She leans out so as not to take her eyes off the case for a single moment but nothing happens – the case lies peacefully, people walk by. Suddenly Julie hears her name spoken out loud. She turns around. Two paces away from her stands Olivier. Julie looks at him, completely taken aback. Olivier looks at her tensely. The Waiter approaches, places the coffee in front of Julie. Olivier raises his hand.

OLIVIER

Coffee, too.

Without waiting for an invitation, or rather so as to show the Waiter where he's going to have his coffee, he sits opposite Julie. The Waiter nods, walks away.

I've been looking for you . . .

JULIE

And?

Olivier smiles.

OLIVIER

I've found you.

JULIE

No one knows where I live.

BLUE

OLIVIER

No one. It took a couple of months, then by chance it turned out to be very simple. My cleaning lady's daughter's seen you in the area. I've been coming here for three days . . . I wasn't far when you caught the thief.

JULIE

You're spying on me.

OLIVIER

No. I miss you.

JULIE

Oh, God . . .

OLIVIER

Yes.

The conversation dies for a while. Julie lowers her eyes; Olivier, on the contrary, fixes his eyes on her face. The Waiter puts Olivier's coffee down, but this doesn't change anything; it is as if neither of them has noticed.

You ran away?

Julie does not answer.

Tell me . . . Did you run away from me?

Julie, with a little smile, slowly shakes her head. Olivier turns silent. Julie notices a large car stop by the kerb near the flute-case. The Flautist clambers out of the back seat. A well-dressed woman lets him by, getting out for a moment herself. The car drives away and the Flautist takes the instrument out of its case, sits and begins to play his fine melody. Following Julie's eyes, Olivier, too, watches the scene.

JULIE

Do you hear what he's playing?

Olivier listens carefully. His face brightens up.

OLIVIER

It sounds a bit like . . .

THREE COLOURS TRILOGY

JULIE

Exactly.

Both of them listen to the music of the flute for a while. Olivier gazes at Julie all the time.

OLIVIER

That time during the night . . . you thought I was asleep. But I wasn't. I heard what you said.

JULIE

Good. Now you know.

Olivier looks at her with despair in his eyes.

OLIVIER

I've seen you. Maybe that'll do for now. I'll try.

He gets up. He has not touched his coffee. He takes out some change and leaves it on the table. He leaves, gets into his car parked close by and drives away. Driving past Julie, he raises his hand in goodbye and Julie does the same. With unexpected greediness she drinks her coffee and immediately afterwards drinks Olivier's, both cold by now. She grimaces. She gets up from the table and leaves the café. She passes the Flautist, remembers something, goes back, leans over him. The Flautist calmly continues his music to the end of the phrase, ignoring Julie's presence. When he has finished the phrase, he tears the flute away from his lips.

JULIE

You fell asleep here yesterday . . .

The Flautist nods, pleased.

I leant over you.

FLAUTIST

I can't remember.

Considering the conversation finished, he brings the flute to his lips.

JULIE

Where do you know that from? The music?

BLUE

FLAUTIST

I make up lots of things. I like playing.

Not waiting for a response, he starts playing. Julie listens a while longer, squatting down beside him. She takes out a coin from her trouser pocket and drops it into the case. The Flautist gravely thanks her with a bow.

INT. JULIE'S FLAT. DUSK

Julie turns the light on in the hall of her flat and freezes mid-movement with a broken scream. She has caught sight of a mouse in the corner of the hall. The mouse is sitting strangely huddled against the wall, motionless. Julie, too, for a moment stands paralysed. She does not know what to do, so she moves a little, convinced that the mouse will run away, but the mouse remains motionless. She takes a step forward, but the mouse only looks at her with completely motionless eyes. She goes out into the kitchen and finds a long broom. She returns, stands over the mouse and raises the broom. She closes her eyes before striking, but opens them at the last moment – she wants to be sure of her aim. She notices, with amazement, something she had not noticed before. She leans over and retreats, lowering the broom. She realizes now that the mouse has a very good reason for not moving. She is giving birth. Julie stands utterly fascinated. Not long afterwards several tiny mice appear next to the mouse – it looks like a miracle and Julie watches it as if it were. Slowly, very softly, she backs out of the hall. Just as softly, she closes the door. Once in the room, she leans back against the door and listens. She smiles a strange, pained smile.

INT. OLIVIER'S FLAT. DUSK

Olivier turns to the telephone with a sudden decision. He quickly punches out a number. For a long time nobody picks up the phone. Finally a man's voice answers.

OLIVIER

It's Olivier. Not disturbing you, am I?

The man's voice is a bit sleepy.

THREE COLOURS TRILOGY

MAN'S VOICE

(off)

You are a bit.

OLIVIER

I'm sorry. I thought I'd try to finish it. Phone them if you would. It's not too late, I hope.

MAN'S VOICE

(off)

I don't think so. They gave us till yesterday. I'm glad you've decided. Good. I'll give them a buzz.

Olivier replaces the receiver.

INT. JULIE'S FLAT. NIGHT

Julie cannot sleep. Maybe affected by what she had seen that evening or perhaps worried that something will have to be done about it, she is lying with her head inclined to one side. She gazes somewhere into the distance, into space. Her eyes focus when she hears the mouse scratching as it moves around in the hall; she sees its shadow in the opening of the door. She backs away a bit, thinking that the mouse is getting through the opening into the room. She is not sure whether it has slipped into the kitchen. No doubt it has because she thinks she sees it going back to the hall. After a while, when everything grows quiet, her gaze melts into the distance again.

INT. JULIE'S FLAT. DAY

In the kitchen, Julie cuts several pieces of cheese, then, after some thought, adds a piece of sausage. She makes her way towards the door leading to the hall, but stops just in front of it, thinks for a moment and returns to the kitchen. She pours herself a mug of coffee and for some time, agitated, paces around the flat with it. Once again she stops in front of the hall door. We can see by her expression that she is making a decision. She puts the mug of coffee down and slips on her jacket.

INT. ESTATE AGENTS. DAY

The Proprietor is just as charming and well dressed as he was the first time. He has a small plaster on his right cheek.

BLUE

PROPRIETOR

(surprised)

Aren't you happy with your flat?

JULIE

On the contrary. I'd like to change it for another one just like it.

The Proprietor leans over his computer, presses the keys. He smiles.

PROPRIETOR

I think I can find you one. But it'll take some time.

JULIE

How long?

PROPRIETOR

Two or three months.

Julie studies him.

JULIE

You've cut yourself shaving.

The Proprietor touches the plaster on his cheek. He pulls it off, grimacing a bit.

PROPRIETOR

The cat scratched me.

INT. STAIRWELL OF JULIE'S FLAT. DAY

Julie energetically knocks on one of the doors of her stairwell. She knocks again. The door opens and the Neighbour appears. He is astonished and uneasy for a moment, but smiles. He makes a gesture of invitation.

NEIGHBOUR

I'm glad to see you. Come in . . .

Julie does not move from the threshold.

JULIE

I've got a favour to ask.

THREE COLOURS TRILOGY

NEIGHBOUR

Come on in. My wife's gone out . . .

JULIE

Can you lend me your cat?

NEIGHBOUR

I beg your pardon?

JULIE

Your cat.

The Neighbour scrutinizes her, uncertain as to whether she is joking. Julie has obviously decided.

I need a cat. For a couple of days.

NEIGHBOUR

He's not been neutered and is aggressive. I'm not sure he likes you.

JULIE

It doesn't matter.

The Neighbour nods and, with an expression of 'as you like', goes into his flat. He returns with the cat under his arm. He hands it over to Julie and closes the door. Julie, the cat under her arm, climbs up to her floor. She stops at the door. The cat watches her with hostility. Julie unlocks the door to her flat, only half opens it and pushes the cat inside. Then she abruptly slams the door and, her heels resounding against the floor, quickly runs down the stairs.

INT. SWIMMING POOL. DAY

Julie swims to the end of the pool, turns and moves off again. She is swimming very fast, is already tired. She swims fifty metres, wants to turn but notices somebody at the poolside. She grabs the edge. Just by the edge of the pool, splashed with streams of water, squats Lucille. She wipes the drops of water from her face.

JULIE

What're you doing here?

BLUE

LUCILLE

I saw you from the bus. You were running like crazy . . . Breathless, there was a film like that. That's just how you were running.

JULIE

I saw it.

LUCILLE

Are you crying?

JULIE

It's the water.

She wants to change the subject, she is finding it difficult to hold back the tears. Just above her are Lucille's legs. She looks at them.

You don't wear knickers?

LUCILLE

Never.

She smiles pleasantly. Julie also tries to smile and that brings back the tears. She hides her face in her hands. Lucille takes her hand and helps her climb out. She puts her arms around her, completely wet, hugs her. They remain like that for a while.

JULIE

I borrowed the neighbour's cat to eat the mice. It had babies . . .

LUCILLE

It's normal, Julie. You're afraid to go back?

Julie nods.

Give me the keys. I'll go and clear up.

Julie approaches the bench at the poolside and takes out a key from the trousers lying there.

I'll wait for you at my place.

She leaves. Julie approaches the edge of the pool. She wants to dive in and lifts her arms. At that moment dozens of little girls dressed in white

THREE COLOURS TRILOGY



bathing suits run in. Laughing, screaming, they jump into the pool. Julie lowers her arms, goes back and sits on the bench beside her clothes.

INT. OLIVIER'S FLAT. DUSK

Olivier places ten francs in the palm of an elderly man wearing a motorbike helmet and, holding a very large, stiff envelope, closes the door behind him. He approaches a table full of papers. He clears everything, places the telephone on a small stool. Celebrating the moment, he carefully cuts the edge of the envelope with a pair of scissors and pulls out some large music scores. He spreads them out on the table, leans over. He is looking at them for the first time. They are the same scores as the ones which Julie threw into the rubbish truck after collecting them from the Copyist. He carefully examines the scores and the corrections made in a blue felt-tip pen which accompany practically every line. He goes back to the first page. He picks it up and goes to the piano. The first few bars on the keyboard.

EXT. SMALL RAILWAY STATION NEAR PARIS. DAY

A suburban train stops at the station. The only person getting off is Julie. The train pulls away and Julie, obviously knowing her way,

BLUE

walks along a tree-lined alley in the direction of a block of buildings. She passes the gate, then the front door and approaches a fine building on the side of a well-kept park. She nears the open window of one of the rooms. She stands at the window and smiles.

JULIE

Mum . . .

INT. ROOM IN A REST-HOME. DAY

An old woman in a comfortable armchair studies Julie with effort. It is Julie's Mother. Maybe it is because of the light – Julie is standing with the sun behind her – that the old woman cannot recognize her. Her face suddenly brightens up.

MOTHER

Marie-France . . .

JULIE

No, Mum. It's me, Julie.

MOTHER

Julie . . . Come closer.



THREE COLOURS TRILOGY

Julie disappears from the bright window-frame; her Mother tries to concentrate. Her face shows that she is obviously struggling with her memory, with returning to reality. Julie appears in the doorway. She snuggles up to her Mother who embraces her warmly without getting up from the armchair.

They told me you were dead.

She studies Julie.

You look well. Young.

JULIE

Yes, Mum.

MOTHER

Very young. You were always younger than me, but now you look thirty . . . When we were little . . .

JULIE

I'm not your sister, Mum. I'm your daughter. I'm thirty-four.

MOTHER

I know, I know. I'm only joking. I'm fine. I've got everything here. I'm watching . . .

She indicates the TV, which is turned on. Colourfully dressed men and women jump from a high bridge and then, tied by a bungee cord, swing over an abyss. Julie's Mother watches with great interest.

They show you the whole world.

She turns away from the TV with regret.

Do you watch, too?

JULIE

No.

MOTHER

That's what I thought. Do you want to tell me something? About your husband, your home, the children. Or about yourself?

BLUE

JULIE

My husband and daughter . . . are dead. I haven't got a home.

MOTHER

Yes, they told me. Poor Marie-France . . .

She extends her arm and strokes Julie's hair. Julie submits to this caress. After a short moment of concentration, the old woman, still stroking her daughter's head, raises her eyes beyond Julie, towards the TV. Julie realizes that her Mother is not present; maybe that is why she starts talking.

JULIE

I was happy, Mum. I loved them. They loved me, too. I didn't rebel . . . That's how it would've been for the rest of my life. But what happened happened and they're not here any more. I . . . Are you listening, Mum?

Her Mother does not take her eyes off the TV.

MOTHER

I'm listening, Marie-France.

JULIE

I realized that, since that's happened, I'll only do what I want to now. Nothing. I don't want any memories or things, no friends, love or ties . . . They're all a trap . . .

When Julie starts saying she does not want anything, her Mother frowns and turns her eyes away from the TV. Focused, she now studies her daughter.

MOTHER

Do you have any money, my child? To get by?

JULIE

I do, Mum.

MOTHER

That's important. You can't give up everything.

JULIE

Yes.

THREE COLOURS TRILOGY

Her Mother, reassured, nods and immediately loses interest in Julie. On TV another daredevil is getting ready to jump. With a movement of her head Julie's Mother helps him make the decision and watches the fall with pleasure.

Mum . . .

MOTHER

Yes?

JULIE

Was I scared of mice? When I was little?

MOTHER

No, you weren't. It was Julie who was scared.

JULIE

I'm scared now.

MOTHER

They've finished.

On TV, the picture of a young man swinging upside down on a bungee cord slowly darkens.

EXT. PARIS SUBURBS. DAY

Julie emerges around the corner of her street. The Flautist is at his spot, playing. Everything is as it should be. Julie walks along lightly, listening to the fine voice of the flute, amused. She passes the Flautist, walks away, swinging her handbag and swaying to the rhythm of the music, if the music has rhythm. The Flautist watches Julie walking away and, seeing her amusement – as an experiment – suddenly breaks off. Julie catches on and stops mid-step. She is now standing with her back to the Flautist, motionless.

FLAUTIST

Excuse me!

Julie turns around.

You want to get to know me?

BLUE

JULIE

What do you have in mind?

FLAUTIST

I don't know. Talk. Have dinner. Go to bed.

JULIE

No.

Completely undeterred by her refusal, the Flautist starts to play again. Julie moves off to the sound of the music, swinging her bag.

INT. JULIE'S FLAT. NIGHT

Julie looks at her face in the mirror. She tilts her head, tries a smile, brings her hands to her lips and pulls at them. She smiles at these efforts, and this comes naturally. The ringing telephone does not spoil her good mood.

JULIE

Hello?

LUCILLE

(off)

It's Lucille. Julie, I need a favour. Grab a taxi and come here. I'll pay you back.

JULIE

Now? It's ten at night.

LUCILLE

(off)

Now. You've got twenty-five minutes to get here. It's important.

JULIE

I can't.

LUCILLE

(off)

I beg you. I've never asked for anything. I have to now. Please come.

THREE COLOURS TRILOGY

JULIE

Where is it?

LUCILLE

(off)

Seven rue Frochot. It's a little street off the Pigalle. Third gate on the left, then it's the first door on the right. There's a buzzer. Ring and say it's for me. Will you come?

Julie thinks for a moment before answering.

EXT. NEAR PLACE PIGALLE. NIGHT

Julie walks quickly from the Place Pigalle. It is busy. She squeezes through, counts the gates. She enters the third one on the left, glancing at her watch. The doorway is hideous and stinks. She presses the buzzer, looking at her watch.

MAN'S VOICE

(on the intercom, off)

Yes?

JULIE

I've come to see Lucille.

There is a twang; the lock is released.

INT. CABARET LIVE-SHOW. NIGHT

Julie slams the door. Semi-darkness inside. Further inside, from the wings, we see a small stage revolving on which two naked girls are playing with plastic imitations of male genitals. Julie looks on for a moment, but Lucille is not there. A few more people are also milling around inside, among them a Boy in briefs. She notices the half-naked Lucille sitting with her back to her by a small bar with an espresso machine. She approaches her. Lucille is resting her head on one hand, holding a whisky glass in the other. Her eyes are red and she is wiping her nose with a large handkerchief.

LUCILLE

You came . . .

BLUE

JULIE

Yes.

LUCILLE

I'm sorry.

She hides her face in her hands again. Julie sits down opposite her.

LUCILLE

Sorry.

With one hand she reaches for a clean glass and pours some whisky. She hands it to Julie. For a while, Lucille's shoulders continue to tremble, and then she suddenly pulls the handkerchief away from her face and smiles. She is a bit drunk.

You're not angry, are you?

Julie shakes her head. Lucille holds her glass out to her and they both take a sip. The Boy in briefs comes and stands over Lucille.

BOY

We're on in five minutes. Give us a hand.

Lucille puts her hand on his briefs. She leans over to Julie.

LUCILLE

I got undressed in the dressing-room and came here for a drink. Just by chance I glanced at the audience. And right in the middle of the front row was my father.

The Boy stops Lucille's hand.

BOY

Thanks.

The Boy goes away, Lucille continues talking without stopping.

LUCILLE

He was tired and kept dozing off, but he kept staring at the ass of the girl on stage. That lout . . .

She indicates a Big Man standing near the stage.

Son of a bitch . . . he said he doesn't care. You pay, you've got a right to watch. Who likes me? I thought. I was completely desperate. I phoned you . . .

THREE COLOURS TRILOGY

JULIE

What happened to him?

LUCILLE

Ten minutes ago, he looked at his watch and left. I realized . . . the last train home to Montpellier is at eleven-fifteen.

She smiles brightly, a little childishly.

JULIE

Why do you do this, Lucille?

LUCILLE

Because I like it.

Julie also smiles a little. What Lucille says sounds genuine.

I think that everybody likes it really, Julie . . . you saved my life.

JULIE

I didn't do anything.

LUCILLE

You came. I asked you and you came. It comes to the same thing.

JULIE

No. I didn't . . .

LUCILLE

Julie . . .

Lucille is looking a little to the side. Something has caught her attention.

Isn't that you?

Julie turns around. Above the audience there is a window to the sound cabin. The guy sitting there, bored of what he sees on stage every day, is watching TV. Julie sees on screen what Lucille had seen a moment earlier – herself in a still photograph. She's standing on a beach, embracing her husband Patrick in some southern country.

JULIE

It's me . . .

BLUE

The camera slowly zooms in on Patrick's face. Julie watches the TV, gets up, moves closer, almost to the stage itself. She does not pay any attention to Lucille who, together with the Boy in briefs, is on stage beginning her performance. Because of the glass windows of the sound cabin and the music coming through the loudspeakers, Julie does not hear the soundtrack of the broadcast.

On TV, Ms Gaudry, the female Journalist who spoke to Julie in the hospital, is talking to Olivier. Olivier is showing her large music scores and, for a moment, the camera reveals a close-up of the blue marks made with a felt-tip pen. Julie watches this, agitated. Olivier calmly points to individual notes or groups of notes and taps his finger against the blue marks. During this conversation still photographs of Patrick in various situations are cut in: Patrick writing at his desk; laughing, with a glass in his hand; entering the opera or philharmonic in a dinner jacket with Julie at his side; during an orchestra rehearsal; receiving some state award. There are private photographs of Patrick and Julie. Usually Olivier is standing next to them. There are two photographs of Julie turning her back, with a blanket and book under her arm on the hospital terrace. Then three or four photographs, obviously from a series, are briefly shown in which Patrick appears with a young, fair-haired girl.

Judging by her expression, Julie has never seen these photographs.

The camera returns to the studio and Olivier, showing more scores of music, again explains something to the Journalist. The Journalist appears convinced, turns to the camera and now speaks directly to the viewers, obviously bidding them goodbye. Credits appear against the wide shot of the studio.

Julie turns. Right next to her stands the Big Man. He is watching Lucille's and the Boy's performance – the Boy is no longer wearing briefs – with pleasure.

JULIE

Excuse me . . . is there a phone here?

The Big Man points behind him. Beside the door is a little table with a telephone on it. Julie quickly goes to it. She chucks everything out of her bag, flicks through the pages of her address book – all of them are blank. She slams the book shut, reaches for the receiver and punches out

THREE COLOURS TRILOGY

directory enquiries. She waits impatiently, tapping the edge of the table with her new address book. Finally a girl answers.

Could you please give me the number of Ms Gaudry.

GIRL
(off)

One moment, please.

Julie walks around with the telephone as far as the length of the cable lets her. She pays no attention to the way Lucille's situation on stage is developing.

(off)
Ms Gaudry's first name?

JULIE
I think it's Annette . . . or Agnes. No, it's Annette.

GIRL
(off)
And address?

JULIE
I don't know.

GIRL
(off)
I've got a Ms Annette Gaudry. But she's ex-directory.

JULIE
I'm her sister. I'm calling from the station, I've just arrived. I forgot my address book and she was supposed to come and pick me up and she's not here . . .

The Girl interrupts her.

GIRL
(off)
The number's ex-directory. I'm not allowed to give it to you.

JULIE
Could you call her and ask her to call me?

She picks up the telephone, glances at the number.

BLUE

My number is 48 34 . . .

The Girl interrupts her again.

GIRL
(off)

There's no number beginning with 48 in any of the public phones at any station.

We hear the girl replace the receiver.

JULIE
True.

She stands holding the receiver for a moment longer, then softly replaces it. Lucille, snuggled up to the Boy, is returning from the stage. She delicately touches his face, the Boy kisses her hair. Lucille lets him go and smiles at Julie.

LUCILLE
Jesus, that was good, Julie. It was real good today . . .

JULIE
You knew?

LUCILLE
What?

JULIE
That the programme was going to be on. Is that why you asked me to come here?

Lucille looks at her calmly. She carries on smiling.

Did you know?

Lucille, still smiling, shakes her head. She did not know.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF THE COPYIST'S FLAT. NIGHT

A taxi stops in front of the Copyist's flat. Julie gets out of the car without paying and asks the driver to wait for her. She swears quietly as she passes the gate.

JULIE
Shit . . .

THREE COLOURS TRILOGY

She doesn't know the code for the obviously newly fitted lock. She hears footsteps on the staircase and the door opens. An enormous dog emerges, followed by its Owner, who can barely keep up. Julie watches them and, before the door closes, slips inside.

INT. COPYIST'S FLAT. NIGHT

Evidently the Copyist was already in bed. And not alone at that – the Copyist's Boyfriend peers from the bedroom door, curious as to the guest. He retreats, embarrassed by Julie's look. He is young and cheerful and his head immediately reappears at the door.

JULIE

I'm sorry.

The Copyist smiles. She searches through her papers, turns over scores, rummages through drawers.

COPYIST

You're not disturbing me at all. Where did I put it? A pale green business card.

JULIE

(completely out of the blue)

Did you watch TV tonight?

The Boy bursts out laughing, the Copyist too. Her dressing-gown half opens to reveal a lovely, generous bust.

COPYIST

No, no way. Ah, here it is . . .

Among the mess she finally finds the pale green business card. She hands it to Julie.

Her number at home and at work.

Julie wants to copy the numbers, but the Copyist waves her hand; she is not going to need the card. She approaches Julie still closer.

Why do you want her number?

JULIE

Tonight on TV . . .

BLUE

Julie thinks for a moment. The Copyist watches her, uneasy.

Her programme was on tonight. They showed the score which I took from you.

The Copyist lowers her eyes.

COPYIST

After the accident . . . not everything was sure . . . I made a copy. I realized you'd destroy it. I kept a copy and sent it to Strasbourg . . .

JULIE

What for?

COPYIST

The music's beautiful. You can't destroy things like that.

Julie unexpectedly touches her gently on the shoulder. The Copyist raises her eyes and sees that Julie has brightened up.

You said we wouldn't see each other again . . .

JULIE

Exactly.

With a movement of her head, the Copyist discreetly gestures in her Boyfriend's direction. She asks in a whisper.

COPYIST

Do you like him?

Julie looks him over carefully. The Boyfriend looks amiable, he's obviously younger than the Copyist.

JULIE

Yes.

The Copyist lowers her whisper even more.

COPYIST

I love him.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF THE COPYIST'S FLAT. NIGHT

Julie runs past the gate and gets into the waiting taxi.

THREE COLOURS TRILOGY

INT. JULIE'S FLAT. NIGHT

Julie, holding the pale green card in her hand, quickly taps out a number. The Journalist's voice answers after the first ring.

JOURNALIST

(off)

Hello, this is 42 23 07 79. I'm not at home at the moment. Please leave a message after the tone and I'll get back to you as soon as I can.

We hear a short, electronic tone. Julie makes a move to replace the receiver, but at the last moment brings it up to her ear again.

JULIE

This is Julie, Patrick's wife. I hope you remember me. Please . . .

At that moment the Journalist herself answers.

JOURNALIST

(off)

Hello . . .

We hear the answering machine being switched off.

JULIE

Hello.

JOURNALIST

(off)

I'm here. I wasn't answering the phone. Is that you, Julie?

JULIE

Yes.

JOURNALIST

(off)

Did you see the programme?

JULIE

Yes.

BLUE

JOURNALIST

(off)

Did you like it?

JULIE

I didn't hear anything. I only saw . . .

JOURNALIST

(off)

Doesn't your TV work?

JULIE

I don't have one. I saw . . . never mind. Can you tell me what it's all about? What was it?

JOURNALIST

(off)

A programme about Patrick in which you didn't want to take part. And about the concert that doesn't exist.

JULIE

And the score? Where did you get the score from?

JOURNALIST

(off)

Olivier. He's going to finish the concert. He came to the studio with the score, photographs, materials . . .

Julie does not answer for a moment.

Are you there?

JULIE

Yes, I am.

JOURNALIST

(off)

I've had very good feedback so far. I can send you a video when you get your TV mended.

JULIE

Thanks.

We hear a rustling of papers at the other end of the line.

THREE COLOURS TRILOGY

JOURNALIST

(off)

I've just got a pen. I haven't got your address.

JULIE

Thanks. I don't need the video. Goodnight.

JOURNALIST

(off)

As you wish. Goodnight.

Julie replaces the receiver. Then she picks it up and slams the phone as hard as she can.

EXT. PARIS SUBURBS. DAY

Julie approaches the Waiter in her regular café.

She has not been here since her meeting with Olivier, so the Waiter greets her more effusively than usual. Julie immediately gets to the point.

JULIE

That guy I had coffee with hasn't been here by any chance, has he? You remember?

The Waiter nods, he remembers.

WAITER

Yes, he has. Three days ago. He sat for about an hour. He was waiting for you.

JULIE

If he comes today . . . Tell him I've gone to look for him.

EXT. NEIGHBOURHOOD NEAR OLIVIER'S FLAT. DAY

Julie emerges from the metro exit. With a sure, brisk step she crosses the square, checks the name of the street and, running a little, glancing at the ascending numbers, she makes her way along the pavement. The street forms a broad crescent at this point. Julie notices something which makes her stop for a while. From a house on the opposite side of the crescent Olivier emerges. He doesn't notice Julie. He goes up to his car, removes some leaflets from behind the windscreen wiper and throws them on the ground. Julie stands at the kerb and holds her hands up to her mouth.

BLUE

JULIE

Olivier! Olivier!

Olivier does not hear, there is the usual traffic; a fire-engine with its siren screaming passes by. Julie runs in Olivier's direction. She has still got about a hundred yards to go. Olivier gets into his car, slams the door. He fastens his seat-belt, turns the engine on and, slowly reversing, moves out from his tight parking space. Julie still has twenty yards to go. She runs faster, shouts again as she runs.

JULIE

Olivier!

Olivier, of course, does not hear; his window is closed. Another car is in his lane so he has to stop for a moment. Then he moves and at that moment Julie catches up with the car. Tired from running, she thumps the rear window and boot with all her might. Olivier, hearing the thumps, brakes sharply. Julie runs into the braking car and lies half sprawled across the boot. Olivier gets out, helps her up. Julie straightens herself. She is fine, only breathless after running.

OLIVIER

Sorry, I didn't see you . . .

JULIE

You can't do that.

OLIVIER

I didn't see you. I simply moved off . . .

Julie interrupts him abruptly.

JULIE

I'm not talking about the car. I'm talking about the concert. You want to finish Patrick's concert.

OLIVIER

I thought I could try . . . Do you want to talk in peace?

JULIE

I want you to give it up. It won't be the same . . .

She turns away to hide her tears. Olivier hands her a handkerchief. Julie helplessly accepts it and wipes her eyes.

THREE COLOURS TRILOGY

OLIVIER

I'll tell you why I agreed to try. Because I only agreed to try. I don't know if I'll finish. It was the only way . . . I thought . . . it was a way to make you want something. Or not want it. Anything. To make you run. Make you cry, run after my car.

Julie pulls the handkerchief away from her eyes, looks at Olivier angrily.

JULIE

That's not fair.

OLIVIER

No, it's not. But you didn't leave me any choice.

Julie nods slowly several times; it is true.

Do you want to see what I've done? I've started writing.

JULIE

Yes.

INT. OLIVIER'S FLAT. DAY

Olivier is playing the piano. Julie stands leaning against the instrument with her eyes shut. Her finger touches the coloured copy of the score which she had once destroyed. The marks made by the blue felt-tip pen are the same as on the original – bright, clearly visible. What Olivier plays are twenty to thirty seconds of good music. He finishes and looks questioningly at Julie. She opens her eyes, it is difficult to say whether she was concentrating only on the music.

JULIE

Did you read it carefully?

She points to the copy of Patrick's score lying on the piano.

OLIVIER

Dozens of times.

JULIE

I'll tell you the idea behind it. It's the sheer scale, unparalleled as yet. You're standing on the Etoile. There are a thousand members of an orchestra, choirs and eleven

BLUE

enormous television screens the size of a five-storeyed building in front of you. There are a thousand musicians on every one of these: in Berlin, London, Brussels, Rome or Madrid . . .

OLIVIER

I know. Patrick told me several times.

JULIE

You know . . . For a concert like that to work the music has to rise several inches off the ground. Or even higher. Imagine: twelve thousand musicians waiting for a sign from you. Crowds everywhere. You lower the baton and everywhere the music starts all at once . . .

OLIVIER

A choir in Athens.

JULIE

Yes . . .

OLIVIER

Do you know what the chorus was supposed to sing?

Julie smiles, surprised that Olivier doesn't know. She looks around the room and goes up to the extensive library.

JULIE

I thought he told you everything.

She finds a dark bound book on the bottom shelf. She flicks through for a moment, finds the right page and lays it in front of Olivier.

In Greek, the rhythm's a bit different, of course.

Olivier, reading a few lines from the book, quietly plays on the piano. He brightens up. He repeats the music a few times, muttering the incomprehensible words and, impressed by the discovery, lifts his eyes up to Julie. Julie looks at him with the expression of someone who does not see what she is looking at.

OLIVIER

Julie . . .

Julie comes to.

THREE COLOURS TRILOGY



JULIE
Who was that girl?

OLIVIER
Who?

JULIE
The girl in the photographs on the programme. She was with Patrick.

Olivier turns, surprised by the question. Julie moves from where she was standing, walks round the piano and leans over straight in front of Olivier.

I'll find out. It won't be hard.

OLIVIER
Didn't you know?

JULIE
No.

Olivier gets up from the piano, takes a few steps, stands in front of the window.

BLUE

OLIVIER

Everyone knew . . .

Julie goes up to him.

JULIE
Just tell me. Were they together?

OLIVIER
Yes.

JULIE
Since when?

OLIVIER
A few years.

What Julie suspected when the photographs of Patrick with the fair-haired girl flashed across the TV for a few seconds is confirmed.

JULIE
Who is she? Where does she live?

Olivier remains silent for a moment, but knows he cannot avoid answering.

OLIVIER
Somewhere in Montparnasse. They often met at the courts. She's a lawyer, or works for one. What do you want to do?

Julie smiles, she wants the smile to be natural but somehow does not manage it.

JULIE
Meet her.

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE PALACE OF JUSTICE. DAY

Julie runs up the wide steps of the Palace of Justice. She stops at the top and looks down. It is quite busy. She looks carefully and methodically at the faces of people going up and going down. She moves her position in order to see better. Obviously giving up, she goes inside.

THREE COLOURS TRILOGY

INT. PALACE OF JUSTICE. DAY

Just as she did on the steps, Julie studies those around her as she crosses the huge hall of the Palace. It is the first time she has been here. She catches sight of an arrow pointing towards the bar and goes in that direction.

Julie crosses the bar. Quite unceremoniously she looks at the faces of people sitting at the tables. She approaches the Barmaid.

JULIE

A packet of Marlboro, please.

The Barmaid disappears into the back. Julie studies the customers' faces again. She takes the cigarettes from the Barmaid and, without looking, hands her the change.

Julie lights a cigarette at the crossing of two wide corridors with dozens of doors leading to courtrooms. It is a good observation point. She now inhales with obvious know-how and pleasure. Using the ashtray there as a pretext, she watches both corridors. For a moment, her attention is drawn by a young man in slightly too long trousers who is moving along the corridor nervously. He is obviously lost and for a moment makes Julie laugh. It is Karol – the main character from Three Colours: White. He runs off down the corridor. After a while, at the end of the small corridor, Julie catches a brief glimpse of a young, fair-haired woman. She immediately goes in that direction. She turns the corner and sees Sandrine on a bench by the window. She is in the company of an elderly, solemn lawyer in a gown. They are talking to a young woman, obviously their client. It is Dominique, one of the characters in Three Colours: White. Sandrine is sitting with her back to Julie and although Julie does not see her clearly, she is sure she is the woman she is looking for. The entire group gets up and disappears through the door of a courtroom near by. Julie waits for a moment then approaches the door. There on the cause list she finds the names of the parties and lawyers. Among them she finds Sandrine's name. Julie quietly opens the door and goes in.

INT. COURTROOM. DAY

Julie sits on a back bench watching Sandrine. Karol is testifying in front of the court. Obviously nervous, he raises his voice.

BLUE

KAROL
(in Polish)

Where's the equality? Is it because I can't speak French that the court won't listen to my case?

In a monotonous voice, a Translator translates this into French. The Judge studies Karol carefully. We, however, only see this trial fragmentarily, from Julie's point of view. We mainly observe Sandrine who, taking notes, exchanges short comments with her patron. Julie leaves the room.

(Note: The scenes from the Palace of Justice are described in detail. This is due to the necessity of describing characters and situations important for Three Colours: White – in the film the scenes will be short, concise and rhythmic.)

EXT. PARIS STREET. DAY

Julie follows Sandrine, her patron and two other acquaintances. Keeping a distance of a dozen steps or more, Julie notices that Sandrine's gait is somewhat heavy. The entire group disappears in the door of a restaurant near the courts. Julie follows them.

INT. RESTAURANT. DAY

The restaurant is crowded at this time of day. Julie finds a place a few tables away from Sandrine, sits down and lights another cigarette. Sandrine laughs loudly at some joke which the elderly lawyer has made. Julie grimaces a little. Still laughing, Sandrine squeezes by and goes to the washroom. Julie, without thinking twice, gets up and follows her.

INT. RESTAURANT WASHROOM. DAY

Julie waits by one of the mirrors in the spacious washroom with a cigarette in her mouth. Sandrine emerges from one of the cubicles and it is only now that Julie realizes that Sandrine is in the last weeks of pregnancy. Sandrine rinses her hands under the tap, shakes them out instead of drying them under the drier and opens the door.

JULIE

Excuse me.

THREE COLOURS TRILOGY

Sandrine stops, surprised.

SANDRINE

Yes?

Julie shakes her finger, looking Sandrine straight in the eyes and Sandrine, still surprised, takes a few steps towards her.

Yes . . .

JULIE

You were my husband's mistress?

Sandrine looks at her carefully, recognizes her. She smiles.

SANDRINE

Yes.

She says this so naturally that the tension between them disappears.

JULIE

I didn't know. I just found out that . . .

SANDRINE

It's a shame. Now you'll hate him, and me, too.

JULIE

I don't know . . .

SANDRINE

Yes, you will.

Julie looks down at Sandrine's swollen belly. Sandrine, sensing her eyes, puts her hand over her belly.

JULIE

Is it his . . . ?

SANDRINE

Yes. But he didn't know. I only found out after the accident . . . I didn't want a child, but it's happened. Now I want to keep it.

At that moment, a middle-aged woman walks into the washroom. Julie and Sandrine fall silent; they do not move. They hear muffled noises from the cubicle. Sandrine smiles knowingly at Julie, who cannot help

BLUE

but smile too. The woman flushes the chain, emerges from the cubicle and, smiling, rinses her hands. For a while longer she makes a noise with the hand-drier and leaves.

Do you have a cigarette?

Julie takes out her packet and offers one to Sandrine. She nods at her belly.

JULIE

Isn't it bad for . . . ?

Sandrine smiles gently and lights her cigarette.

SANDRINE

Do you want to know when and where he slept with me? How often?

JULIE

No . . .

SANDRINE

You want to know if he loved me?

JULIE

Yes. That's what I wanted to ask you. But now I don't have to. I know he did.

SANDRINE

Yes. He did.

Julie makes her way towards the door. Sandrine stops her.

Julie . . .

Julie looks at her.

Will you hate me now?

Julie makes a vague movement with her head and, leaving the washroom, loudly closes the door.

INT./EXT. METRO STATION. DAY

A ticket is inserted and spewed out by the machine. Julie's hand takes the ticket.

A low-level camera photographs the crowd on the platform for a second. With a tremendous din, an underground train speeds towards the camera and 'runs over' it, the carriages roll by. The train stops, after a while it moves off.

The carriage is crowded. We scan a number of faces before we reach Julie, standing, squashed in the crowd. The train emerges from underground. An unnaturally bright, busy town. Julie's face equally bright.

EXT./INT. REST-HOME. DUSK

Julie passes through the gate of the rest-home which we already know. She passes the building, approaches the window from the park side. She presses her face against the glass. Inside, her Mother, in a comfortable armchair, is staring attentively at the TV. Julie glances at the programme which her Mother is watching. She sees the acute slant of the screen, which stands straight in front of her Mother. On TV we see the well-known cityscape of Manhattan. Only after a while does Julie realize what the subject of the programme is. A rope is attached to the tops of two skyscrapers. Dozens of storeys above the street, a man steps on to the rope and, balancing himself, moves forward one step at a time. Julie's Mother, tense, leans towards the TV. Julie, her eyes glazed over with tears, watches her a moment longer then moves away from the window. She passes the gate and disappears into the tree-lined avenue, dark at this time of day.

INT. OLIVIER'S FLAT. NIGHT

Dark. The front door bell. The bell rings again – for a long time; the door opens. In the bright rectangle of light we see Julie in Olivier's doorway.

OLIVIER

Come in. Please . . .

Julie does not move from the door.

Has anything happened?

Julie shakes her head, but does not move.



You met her?

JULIE

Yes.

Olivier waits, thinking that Julie will want to tell him about the meeting. Julie is waiting, no doubt, for some sort of reaction from Olivier as to what she has found out, but he has known for a long time. Nothing happens.

Have you made any headway? With the music.

OLIVIER

Yes.

JULIE

Will you show me?

OLIVIER

I will . . .

Julie enters, throws off her jacket and goes straight to the piano where scores, writing materials, coffee, cigarettes are spread out. Olivier makes

THREE COLOURS TRILOGY

a gesture as if to offer her something to drink, but Julie shakes her head.

JULIE

Once . . . You asked me to take Patrick's papers.

OLIVIER

You didn't want to.

JULIE

No, I didn't. If I had . . . Were the photographs among them?

Olivier nods.

If I'd taken them, I'd have known then. If I'd burnt them without looking, I'd never have known.

OLIVIER

That's right.

Julie smiles unexpectedly, lights a cigarette.

JULIE

Maybe it's better this way. Will you play it for me? The bit you composed?

Olivier sits at the piano and plays the first few notes. Julie leans forward to see the score on the stand. Olivier passes the score to her.

OLIVIER

I remember it all.

JULIE

Right. You always remembered everything.

Julie looks at the lines of the score, densely filled in in tiers. We hear several bars of the introduction and Julie's question.

(off)

Are those the basses?

OLIVIER

(off)

The altos.

BLUE



JULIE

(off)

Again please? From the beginning . . .

Olivier (on soundtrack) stops and we see Julie's finger returning to the beginning of the line. We hear the sound of altos and Julie's hand moves along the staves with the developing music. This lasts – let us say – seven seconds.

OLIVIER

(off)

And now . . .

At this moment Julie's finger comes up to the place where notes start on all the staves of the score. The entire orchestra resounds with tremendous impact (on soundtrack). It sounds good and strong – especially as we continue to watch details of the score on screen. We listen to a dozen or so seconds of music in this way. At a certain moment, of course – when the audience has understood the principle by which the music is being introduced – we leave the details of the score and also see Julie and Olivier.

THREE COLOURS TRILOGY

JULIE
(interrupting)

Wait a moment . . .

As soon as Olivier lifts his fingers from the keyboard the entire huge orchestra immediately falls silent.

What if we tried it a bit lighter? Without the percussion . . .

Olivier hits the keyboard and the orchestra (on soundtrack) takes off – but this time it sounds simpler, clearer. We do not hear the previously booming brass. They both listen closely.

And without trumpets?

The trumpets disappear from the music (on soundtrack).

No. Leave one.

One trumpet resounds in the orchestra.

Violins a bit quieter. Sul-poticello . . .

We hear the violins play much more sharply.

Or sul-tasto.

Now the violins sound wonderful. The music is much nobler, purer. Julie listens, gently moving her hand as if she were conducting.

Let's change the piano.

OLIVIER

For what?

Julie thinks, listening.

JULIE

A flute. From the letter 'A'.

The music falls silent, Julie's finger moves back a few bars and moves forward again, this time with a flute as leading instrument. It sounds like the one that they had once listened to together in the café. The Flautist played like this. Now, together with the orchestra, he sounds disquieting, yet beautiful.

And now . . . A pause.

BLUE

The music falls silent.

Ah . . . can you hear it? Silence.

At a signal from Julie, the orchestra starts again, playing another dozen or so seconds before Olivier breaks off.

OLIVIER

That's as far as I got.

JULIE

And the finale?

OLIVIER

I don't know.

JULIE

There was a slip of paper . . .

Olivier looks through the scores with blue marks on it, which lay on the side all this time. Of course, there's no slip of paper there. Julie realizes that it cannot be there. The Copyist did not get hold of it, so she could not have copied it. She interrupts Olivier's search.

It's not there. I've got it. I forgot.

She takes it out of her handbag and straightens out the slip of music folded in four.

It was a counterpoint that was supposed to come back at the finale.

Olivier reads the notes. Smiles.

OLIVIER

Van den Budenmayer?

JULIE

You know how much he loved him. Not just because of his music, but because of his tragic life and his premonition of misery. He wanted to remind people of him at the end of the concert. He said it's a memento. Try weaving it back in.

Olivier raises his eyes. He holds the slip of paper out to her. Julie smiles and shakes her head. The paper remains in Olivier's hand.

THREE COLOURS TRILOGY

OLIVIER

Thanks.

Julie turns serious.

JULIE

Are you still in touch with our lawyer?

OLIVIER

From time to time . . .

JULIE

Do you know whether he's sold the house yet?

OLIVIER

I don't know. I doubt it. He'd have called me.

JULIE

Ask him to hold on.

OLIVIER

Okay . . .

He looks at her, intrigued. Julie waves her hand.

JULIE

It's not important. If you can handle all this . . .

She indicates Patrick's and Olivier's scores and the slip of music which Olivier is still holding in his hand.

Will you show me?

OLIVIER

Of course, I'll show you.

JULIE

I'd like to look at it in peace. At home. You know where I live. Top floor.

OLIVIER

I'll bring it over.

EXT. JULIE'S HOUSE. DAY

Julie in front of her house. She has not been here for a long time. She

BLUE

scans the house, obviously waiting for somebody. The Gardener opens the blinds on the ground floor. In front of the open gate a small car stops uncertainly. Someone inside checks the house number or notices Julie because the car turns and slowly drives through the gate and stops near her. Sandrine climbs out. They greet each other.

JULIE

Have you been here before?

SANDRINE

Never.

Julie nods, that is what she thought. The Gardener is now opening the blinds on the first floor, the windows gleam one by one.

SANDRINE

I didn't think you'd want to see me again . . .

JULIE

But I did. I want to show you something.

They make their way towards the house. On the steps they pass the Gardener who is just coming out.

GARDENER

There was a mattress here . . .

JULIE

Yes.

GARDENER

It's gone. Olivier came and bought it. I didn't think you'd need it any more.

Julie receives this information with a smile.

JULIE

That's fine.

INT. JULIE'S HOUSE. DAY

Julie shows Sandrine around an entirely empty house. She shows her the various rooms, halls, quarters.

THREE COLOURS TRILOGY

JULIE

This is the living-room. This the kitchen and larder. Bathroom. Stairs to the first floor. There are three bedrooms up there, and a study. Upstairs on the garden side are the guest rooms.

Sandrine does not understand Julie's intentions at all. She looks at everything that Julie shows her with increasing amazement. They stop at a first-floor window, look down – a beautiful view. Masses of greenery, the city somewhere in the distance. Julie asks quietly.

Is it a boy or a girl? Do you know?

SANDRINE

A boy.

JULIE

Have you chosen a name?

SANDRINE

Yes.



BLUE

They remain silent for a while. Sandrine does not feel comfortable in the situation. She looks at Julie suspiciously.

JULIE

I thought he ought to have his name. And his house. Here.

Julie indicates with her hand what she has in mind. Sandrine smiles, looking at Julie. Julie does not understand the smile. She looks at her, surprised. Sandrine starts laughing.

SANDRINE

I knew it.

JULIE

What?

SANDRINE

Patrick told me a lot about you . . .

JULIE

What?

SANDRINE

That you're good . . . That you're so good and kind-hearted . . . And that that's what you want to be. People can always count on you. Even me . . .

She notices that Julie is looking at her coldly. Sandrine makes as if to hug her but stops short. She doesn't take her eyes off Julie.

I'm sorry.

INT. JULIE'S FLAT. NIGHT

Julie's face. She is intent and at the same time a little excited. Leaning over a large table, she lifts her head and closes her eyes, bites her lips as if she were trying to imagine or grasp something. Her lips tremble. This lasts a while, then she leans over the table again. We look over her shoulder. On the table a dozen or so pages of the score lie spread out. Julie has a thick felt-tip pen in her hand. Carefully, one step at a time, she makes her blue marks. At times she crosses out entire passages of too rich instrumentation, at times adds notes, at times changes the instruments or scale in which they will one day play. All this takes place in total silence. We hear only the rustle of paper and the sharp, irritating

THREE COLOURS TRILOGY

squeak of the felt-tip. Julie reaches the end of the score. The music now looks like Patrick's music which we have already seen several times in the film – perhaps there are even more blue marks, lines and words than there were on the other scores. Julie reaches for the telephone and this time punches out the number from memory, automatically. We hear Olivier's voice.

JULIE

It's me. I've finished. You can pick it up tomorrow morning.
Or today, if you're not too tired.

INTERCUT WITH OLIVIER'S FLAT. NIGHT

OLIVIER

I'm not tired. But I won't pick the score up.

JULIE

(off)

What?

OLIVIER

I won't pick it up. I've been thinking about it all week. This music can be mine. A bit too heavy and awkward perhaps, but mine. Or yours, but we've got to make it clear.

Julie remains silent, stunned by this piece of news.

OLIVIER

Are you there?

INT. JULIE'S FLAT. NIGHT

JULIE

Yes. You're right.

Julie puts the phone down without saying goodbye. She gets up from the table quite abruptly and moves across the room. She goes back, takes a packet of Marlboro from her bag, lights a cigarette and immediately, barely having lit it, stubs it out in the ashtray. She goes to the kitchen, searches for something on the shelf and finds a flower vase. She fills it with water and stands it on the table. Some blue flowers, still wrapped in Cellophane, lie in the hall. Julie unwraps the Cellophane and puts the flowers in the water. She smiles faintly at

BLUE

what she has just done and reaches for the phone again. She redials the number she had punched out a moment ago. Olivier answers. Julie speaks without preliminaries, but also without the previous sternness or hardness.

JULIE

Olivier, it's me again. I wanted to ask you . . . Is it true that you're sleeping on the mattress . . . ?

OLIVIER

(off)

Yes.

JULIE

You never told me.

OLIVIER

(off)

No . . .

JULIE

Do you still love me?

OLIVIER

(off)

I do.

JULIE

Are you alone?

OLIVIER

(off)

Of course I'm alone.

JULIE

I'm coming over.

She replaces the receiver. She puts on her coat and scarf, goes up to the table and gathers the score lying there. She touches the first note with her finger. At that moment we hear the music. It is that part of the concert composed by Patrick. Julie leads us with her finger to the place where the first words of the choir appear.

THREE COLOURS TRILOGY

CHORUS
(off; in Greek)

Though I speak with
the tongues of men and of angels,
and have not charity,
I am become as sounding brass,
or a tinkling cymbal.

(New Testament, 1st Letter to the Corinthians, 13)

Gathering the music under her arm, Julie switches off the light. It becomes completely dark.

INT. OLIVIER'S FLAT. DAWN

It is still dark. We hear the next verse.

CHORUS
(off)

And though I have the
gift of prophecy,
and understand all mysteries,
and all knowledge;
and though I have all faith
so that I could remove mountains,
and have not charity,
I am nothing.

Very slowly it grows lighter; we begin to sense the first signs of dawn.

Charity suffereth long,
and is kind; charity envieth not;
charity vaunteth not itself, is not
puffed up,
Beareth all things, believeth all
things, hopeth all things, endureth
all things.
Charity never faileth;
but whether there be prophecies, they
shall fail;
whether there be tongues, they shall
cease;

BLUE

whether there be knowledge, it shall
vanish away.
And now abideth faith, hope, charity,
these three;
but the greatest of these is charity.

We recognize – or rather sense where we are – in Olivier's flat. The score, thrown around negligently, lies on the piano, on the floor. We distinguish the shapes of furniture and objects. The music – now without the choir – is magnificent and beautiful. We experience what Julie was saying – it rises several inches off the ground. The camera slowly moves across the still dark objects of the flat. It discovers Julie and Olivier in bed. Their bodies and faces are barely visible in the light of the breaking day. Julie opens her eyes and, as at the beginning of the film, watches Olivier. After a little while, she realizes where she is and what must have happened that night. She frowns a little. The camera again tracks slowly . . . gets darker.

MIX TO:

INT. ANTOINE'S FLAT. DAWN

From the mix, the camera continues to track from the previous scene. The music continues. We hear the sharp ringing of an alarm clock. The camera reaches Antoine who is getting up at dawn. Still half unconscious, he sits on his bed. From his neck hangs the gold cross which Julie gave him. He touches the cross and sits as if engrossed in the music. The camera slowly moves, leaves Antoine.

MIX TO:

INT. REST-HOME. DAY

From the mix, the camera tracks to Julie's Mother sitting in her armchair, no doubt watching TV. Continuation of the music. Julie's Mother closes her eyes and doesn't open them any more, although we stay with her for quite a long time. The camera tracks.

MIX TO:

THREE COLOURS TRILOGY

INT. CABARET LIVE-SHOW. NIGHT

From the mix, the camera tracks to Lucille, who is waiting for her entry on stage. She has turned her head. We move around her and find her looking somewhere ahead, into the distance. Continuation of the music. The camera tracks, we leave Lucille.

MIX TO:

INT. SANDRINE'S FLAT. NIGHT

From the mix, the camera slowly tracks to the naked belly of a woman in the last phases of pregnancy. Sandrine's hand touches her belly, wanting to feel the baby move. From the belly, across a book, we track to Sandrine's face. She smiles. We pass her face.

MIX TO:

INT. OLIVIER'S FLAT. DAWN

From the mix, it's dawn again. Again we track across what we discern to be furniture in Olivier's flat. We come to the bed. Olivier is peacefully asleep. He is alone. He moves a little in his sleep. We leave him, the camera tracks slowly, as it does throughout the sequence. Furniture, floor, we track in a definite direction. In the music, the theme which Julie called the memento resounds. The rhythm is slower and from the music of the joyous hymn about love which – according to Patrick – could be the salvation of Europe and of the world, it becomes serious, announces something dark, dangerous. By the window, we find Julie, her face in her hands. One by one, tears appear on these hands. Julie is crying helplessly.

FADE OUT.

END CREDITS on the last passage of music.

BLUE

