

UNTITLED SCREENPLAY.

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13A, Regents Park Road,  
London, N.W.1.

FADE IN.

1. INT. AN EMPTY STONE-FLOORED ROOM. DAY OR NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT: Filling the frame, a man's back shivers slightly, heaving slowly with frightened breaths. A hand, dirty-fingernailed, comes into frame; it holds a cut-throat razor. Slowly, with careful dedication, it makes a short, deep cut into the back - which stiffens with the pain.

CUT TO:-

2. INT. A PHOTOGRAPHERS STUDIO/FLAT. DAY.

CLOSE SHOT ON A PHOTOGRAPHER: Camera raised to his eye, he rattles off shot after shot amid the sound of pop music that fills his studio.

This is MARTIN - professional, bored, cold MARTIN, a photographer turning thirty years of age.

CAMERA PULLS BACK: MARTIN'S camera records a dull model. Dull poses in a dull moment of each other's lives.

CUT TO:-

3. INT. MARTIN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT DAY.

MEDIUM SHOT: MARTIN and THE MODEL lie together in bed. They have just made love in the darkened room. Now he smokes a cigarette and stares at the ceiling, while she looks down at him.

Raising herself on an elbow she risks a caress across his chest - seeking the response he now refuses in brushing her hand away. She looks at him for a short while, before throwing back the blankets in annoyance and leaving the bed.

CAMERA TRACKS CLOSER ON MARTIN: he neither moves or re-arranges the blankets. Puffing his cigarette, his eyes still stare at the ceiling - distant and bored. The door slams out of picture, and MARTIN takes a deep breath and rubs his face with both hands.

CUT TO:-

4. INT. AN EMPTY- STONE-FLOORED ROOM. DAY OR NIGHT.

CLOSE SHOT(as in Sc. 1): blood drips from the short

cut in the man's back.

With equal dedication, the same hand now makes an identical cut two inches above the existing one.

CUT TO:-

5. INT. A LIBRARY. ARLES (FRANCE). DUSK.

CLOSE SHOT: Piles of reference books, and dusty old volumes are heaped around the table at which STEPHEN is seated - also turning thirty years of age, STEPHEN has become as dry and as thin as the volumes he studies. He inhabits a ~~world~~ world of ancient books and ancient thoughts.

CAMERA TRACKS BACK ~~SLWOLY~~ as he comes across a pressed flower that has lain there, undisturbed for years. Unable to concentrate, STEPHEN stares through the flower into the space of the huge, empty library. Outside, the toll of the angelus filters through.

CUT TO:-

6. INT. STEPHEN'S HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

~~DARKNESS~~ Darkness: STEPHEN'S hand switches on the bedside lamp (CLOSE SHOT).

CAMERA PANS ONTO STEPHEN'S FACE: he listens, eyes shifting to the sounds of the nights that filter through his walls.

Suppressed giggles, sighs, the sound of love-making and secret whispers.

He shuts his eyes tightly, violently rubbing the bridge of his nose. Then STEPHEN clambers out of bed, walking across the disorganized, messy hotel room - piled high with papers and books - to the door.

CAMERA PANS WITH HIM as he arrives at the door. The sound of it ~~opening~~ opening cuts across the sounds of the night and there is sudden silence as STEPHEN stands framed in the doorway, staring out into the passage.

CUT TO:-

7. INT. AN EMPTY STONE-FLOORED ROOM. DAY OR NIGHT.

MEDIUM CLOSE: the top half a man crashes up into frame. He chokes violently and gasps for breath. His face is bruised and bloated, one eye painfully swollen and his chest is patterned with bleeding cuts from the razor.

SCENE NO:  
7(cont).

PAGE NO: 3.

Two hands grab him by the hair and pull him down through frame again. There is gurgling and spluttering for a second, before the face reappears, gasping and retching out the water in which he has been almost drowned.

This man is XAVIER - again, he is about thirty years of age,

The lower half of another man's body comes into frame, circling round XAVIER from the back.

Almost gently he addresses XAVIER in a low voice.

THE MAN (OOP)  
Come é? Já chega?

Wearily XAVIER shakes his head. THE MAN sighs, puts his hand, which holds a lighted cigar, on XAVIER'S shoulder - giving it an amiable stroke.

THE MAN(OOP)  
Ainda não? Não vai falar, não?  
...Hum...! Vamos ver.

XAVIER watches the glowing tip of the cigar, starting to shiver violently. THE MAN slowly taps the ash on the floor and, holding XAVIER under the neck, ~~his~~ casually begins to press the glowing butt into the back of his neck.

XAVIER'S eyes stare wide and he opens his mouth to scream, shaking more and more as the pain burns deeper.

But instead of a scream, the high-pitched, screeching chattering of a massed flock of starlings fades up on the sound track, ~~drowning~~ drowning the sounds of XAVIER'S pain.

CUT TO:-

8. EXT. THE PLACE DU FORUM.ARLES.FRANCE.DUSK.

The sound of the starlings carries over into ~~an~~ an AERIAL SHOT DOWN ONTO A SMALL, TREE-LINED SQUARE IN ARLES - an ancient town in the South of the France, capital of the Camargue.

CAMERA PULLS BACK FROM THE SQUARE, SWEEPING LOW ACROSS THE ROOFTOPS OF ARLES?

FADE UP MAIN TITLES .

CONTINUE TITLES AS IMAGE DISSOLVES TO: a series of shots which pull back and away from various landmarks in the area.



The sound of the starlings continues over all this - overlapping waves, beginning and increasing with each new image of the dissolves.

THE CAMERA SWEEPS BACK FROM LES BAUX, ACROSS THE MARSHES OF THE CAMARGUE, OVER LES SAINTES MARIES AND THE WALLED CITY OF AIGUES-MORTES. IT PASSES OVER HERDS OF BULLS AND FLOCKS OF PINK FLAMINGOES, SWEEPING BY THE WILD WHITE HORSES UNTIL IT COMES TO THE HUGE, DESERTED BEACHES AND THE EDGE OF THE SEA.  
END MAIN TITLES DISSOLVING TO:-

9.INT. STEPHEN'S ROOM. DAWN.

MEDIUM CLOSE ON STEPHEN: he stares into space, his tired face illuminated by the pale light of dawn. A clock strikes the hour somewhere in the town.

CUT TO: STEPHEN walks up to the window. He is naked, and he gazes out at the town. He hears the distant, sad whistle of a train.

CUT TO:-

10.EXT. THE STATION AT ARLES.DAWN.

A train rumbles across the ~~from~~ foreground to reveal in MEDIUM SHOT the solitary figure of XAVIER standing on the platform. He stands looking at a battered old postcard, a wooden box serving as his suitcase lying on the ground beside him.

He raises his head, looking up at the signs of ARLES ~~on~~ above the platform, before picking up his case and walking away. He shows no apparent signs of the brutal treatment he has, at one moment in time, received.

CUT TO:-

11. ~~INT/EXT~~ <sup>INT/EXT</sup> THE ROAD TO ARLES. DAWN.

MEDIUM CLOSE: MARTIN races his Landrover towards Arles. Sagging eyes, bloodshot with the flask of whiskey he holds in one hand, MARTIN has driven through the night.

Glancing to his left through the closed windows, MARTIN ~~EXONEXON~~ slows down to a halt.

EXT MEDIUM LONG SHOT:~~XTHE~~ The Landrover halts on the bridge over the Rhone. On either side of the banks; the town of Arles rises up, still encased in shadow.

CAMERA PANS ROUND ONTO THE LANDROVER: engine ticking over.

SCENE NO:  
11(cont).

PAGE NO:  
5.

MEDIUM ON MARTIN: he surveys the scene, draining the last drop of whiskey from the bottle. Then he puts the car into gear.

RESUME EXT MEDIUM LONG SHOT: The bottle is thrown through the window smashing into smithereens against the bridge as MARTIN drives away.

CUT TO:-

12.EXT. THE MAIN SQUARE. ARLES. DAWN.

CLOSE SHOT: XAVIER'S spectacles lie on the border of the fountain, dominating the centre of the imposing main square of Arles.

CAMERA PANS WITH XAVIER as he picks them up and replaces them, his face wet with the waters of the fountain. He brushes his hand across his beard, raising his eyes to the sound of footsteps.

NEW ANGLE LONGSHOT: STEPHEN, coming down from a side street, enters the square in the distance. XAVIER, in foreground, watches him. At the same time, MARTIN'S Landrover races into the square.

MEDIUM SHOT: STEPHEN stands momentarily paralyzed in the path of the Landrover, which swerves to miss him. STEPHEN jumps out of the way, ~~fax~~ sprawling across the kerb.

MEDIUM SHOT ON XAVIER: Beyond him, the Landrover slows down at the other end of the square. He moves quickly towards STEPHEN.

MEDIUM ON STEPHEN: he lies there for a second, staring after the Landrover. Then looking up he sees the approaching figure of XAVIER, who ~~hàts~~ stares down at him.

STEPHEN picks himself up quickly, dusting himself down, after an embarrassed smile to XAVIER, at whom he looks once more. STEPHEN turns away from the stare he meets and walks ~~xx~~ briskly on his way.

XAVIER picks up his case, as MARTIN reverse his Landrover back, halting by XAVIER. MARTIN looks beyond XAVIER at the retreating figure of STEPHEN - and then catches XAVIER'S ~~xx~~ eyes, which now direct their stare onto him. He meets the stare for a moment before revving the engine and driving on.

XAVIER pauses for a second and then picks up his case and passes out of frame.

CUT TO:-

12.INT. AN ELEGANTLY APPOINTED OFFICE. ARLES. DAY.

STEPHEN stands almost silhouetted by the large windows of GUIDO'S office. A well-preserved man ~~in his~~ approaching the autumn years of his life, GUIDO is tasteful possibly to the point of fussiness. He addresses someone beyond camera.

GUIDO

Of course the subject is so fascinating one hardly knows where to begin. Greek, Roman, Saracen, Celto-Ligurian.... they've all been here. The land has become a repository ~~of~~ for their cultures - a glass of wine?

He pours a glass of chilled white wine into a fragile glass.

CAMERA TRACKS BACK TO INCLUDE MARTIN, who is seated in a chair.

MARTIN(accepting)

Thank you -

GUIDO

- I think you'll enjoy it.

MARTIN

I'm sure -

GUIDO

- For Stephen there's been so much to research and now, for you, there's so much to photograph - how do you ~~XXXXXX~~ find it?

MARTIN looks up from his wine.

GUIDO(sipping some himself)

Young - but not too young. In its prime - like you..

MARTIN

Very nice -

GUIDO

\*- Everything you asked for has been arranged. Mayors, curators, the syndicat d'initiative - I've spoken with them all.

MEDIUM ON STEPHEN: he half-watches MARTIN from the window  
- brooding and antagonistic. GUIDO continues.

GUIDO (OOP)

They're all on this list, complete  
with telephone numbers.

MARTIN (OOP)

What about a darkroom?

GUIDO(OOP)

Yes - A local photographer, Monsieur  
Puech - a weddings and receptions man,  
you know, - will be perfectly willing -

STEPHEN interrupts from the window, scarcely turning to  
MARTIN.

STEPHEN

- You don't know the area, do you?

MEDIUM ON MARTIN and GUIDO.

MARTIN

I'm not the ~~expert~~ expert I'm told  
you are -

RESUME ON STEPHEN:

STEPHEN

It doesn't present itself on a plate.  
But I dare say you'll manage.

RESUME ON MARTIN AND GUIDO: there is a moment's silence  
as MARTIN observes this thinly disguised hostility.

MARTIN(to GUIDO)

You were saying?

GUIDO

Yes, Monsieur Puech... a discreet  
compliment here and there ...

MARTIN

Professional jealousy?

GUIDO

It always helps.



MEDIUM CLOSE ON STEPHEN: he turns in from the window.

STEPHEN

I don't know why the publishers begin to bother - its not a picture book.

MEDIUM CLOSE ON MARTIN:

MARTIN

Maybe they thought it deserved some.

MEDIUM SHOT ON ALL OF THEM:

STEPHEN

You think?

MARTIN (shrugging)

What do you?

STEPHEN

That its not as if anyone is going to read it. I don't know why they bothered - a waste, just another waste of time...

MARTIN

They pay for the waste...

CLOSE ON STEPHEN: he looks down at MARTIN with contempt.  
CAMERA PANS AS HE CROSSES BEHIND GUIDO.

GUIDO (to STEPHEN)

Its good, Stephen, its good  
(turning to MARTIN) - very good.

MARTIN

So are my photographs.

CUT TO:-

~~13XEXTINTXZTHEZMUSEONXARLXTXONZDAY.~~

~~STEVENZANDZMARTINZcontinneztalkinzasxtheyzleavexGUIDO's  
officexandzwalkxthroughxthezstarredxpassagexofzthezmuseum  
GUIDOxmuzzx~~

## 13.EXT. THE BOULEVARD DES LICES. ARLES. DAY.

The boulevard transforms into a huge open market for the duration of ~~the~~ saturday.

A noisy colourful eruption of activity.

Everything is sold ~~under~~ brightly parasoled stalls - squirrels, foods, antiques. The place is thick with people and traffic.

Farmers cluster on the edge to discuss business, wearing their sober grey suits.

FOLLOWED ON A LONG FOCUS LENS, XAVIER wanders through this market. He stares at the suspended chickens and turkeys, ~~their heads dizzy with blood~~ hanging by their legs, heads dizzy with blood. He peers close to the caged doves, perceives the shivering whiskers of the pink eyed rabbits.

CUTTO:-

## 14.EXT/INT. THE MUSEON ARLATEON. DAY.

CAMERA TRACKS WITH STEPHEN AND MARTIN as they leave GUIDO'S office in this museum and walk down the cloistered passages of the inner courtyard.

STEPHEN

Before you start, you'll want to read my material.

MARTIN

Read it?

STEPHEN

Yes, read - you can read, I presume.

MARTIN halts and looks at STEPHEN, hardly respressing his anger.

STEPHEN

Well...?

MARTIN(quietly)

Yes, I'll do that on monday.

CLOSE ON STEPHEN: he wants the work to start now.

~~But~~ STEPHEN

This isn't the Riviera, ~~not~~ are we on holiday.

MARTIN

I do my job between mondays and fridays. Today is saturday. Tomorrow I shall drive to the sea. On monday, I'll be ready. Today I'm not. Its as simple as that.

STEPHEN

Not for me it isn't. Not after twenty months of sweating ~~away~~ it out on this book. I want it finished. I've done my stint, you see. All I ask ~~xxxxxxx~~ now is that you do your's. Its called "Being professional".

MARTIN

I know what its called - I've been "being professional" for quite some time. I'm going to be "being professional" with all these little ruins of your's your publishers want photographed. On monday:and it won't take me twenty months! Just a certain amount of patience ~~with~~ ~~xxxxxxx~~ as it appears you have made up your mind to be a bloody-minded bore. I don't know you from Adam so until you have reason, vent your anger elsewhere. Not on me - alright?

STEPHEN avoids MARTIN'S ~~xxx~~ eyes.

STEPHEN (brusquely)

You're quite right. I'm sorry....

MARTIN

Forget it. Monday?

STEPHEN nods.

MARTIN slaps him on the shoulder and they part in opposite directions.

CUT TO:-

15.EXT. A NARROW SIDESTREET.ARLS. DAY.

LONG SHOT: XAVIER walks up the sunlit street at a relaxed pace, chewing an orange.

MEDIUM SHOT: THRE KIDS about eight years of age, peer

with furtive excitement around the corner from a hiding place in an arched alley-way leading off the street .

CAMERA PANS ROUND TO REVEAL ~~ANOTHER~~ A FOURTH KID lying, face-down, across the pavement into the gutter. He doesn't move an inch.

In the background XAVIER pauses as he notices the child, before advancing rapidly towards him.

TIGHT THREE SHOT OF THE KIDS: they contort in silent delight from their concealed position.

MEDIUM CLOSE: XAVIER crouches down by the child on the street - shaking him gently. There is no response.

~~XXX~~ XAVIER tries again, his expression worried.

XAVIER  
Qu'est-ce qu'il y a?

CLOSE ON THE FOURTH KID: he doesn't move.

CLOSE ON THE THREE KIDS: they hold back their glee.

CLOSE ON XAVIER: he looks very concerned..

Suddenly, THE FOURTH KID bursts into life.

CLOSE ON THE THREE KIDS: screaming with laughter, they jump out from their hiding-place, joining their friend.

CAMERA PANS WITH THEM ALL as they run off past XAVIER on whom CAMERA STAYS. His expression changes into one of disturbed horror. He trembles slightly.

CAMERA TRACKS ROUND TO SHOW THE KIDS RUNNING OFF DOWN THE STREET. At the end they almost bump into STEPHEN who is crossing by. He looks in the direction from which they run, immediately noticing XAVIER.

CLOSE ON STEPHEN, watching XAVIER.

~~STEPHEN~~ STEPHEN'S POV ONTO XAVIER: XAVIER stands quite still, propping himself with one arm on the wall, looking down at the ground as if he were about to be sick.

CLOSE ON STEPHEN: he is uneasily fascinated, but moves out of frame. CAMERA PANS BACK ONTO THE SOLITARY FIGURE OF XAVIER.

HOLD AND CUT TO:-



## 16.INT.MARTIN'S HOTEL ROOM.NIGHT.

CLOSE SHOT: a tape spins back on rewind - a sound not dissimilar from chattering starlings - when MARTIN'S hand comes into frame and sets it to forward motion.

CAMERA TRACKS BACK TO SHOW A RESTLESS MARTIN, pacing aimlessly about his room, ~~xxxx~~ a more expensive hotel room than STEPHEN'S.

In one hand he holds a glass of scotch and ice, and he chinks the ~~exg~~ ice around in the glass as he meanders around the room. The tape he plays records a television news programme and over it are the voices of a man and a girl - Its obviously his voice that woos the girl whose giggles and resistance weaken to his persuasion. The news drones on.

MARTIN rubs his brow and paces like a caged animal.  
CAMERA ENDS IN MASTER SHOT OF THE ROOM.

CUT TO:-

## 17.INT.STEPHEN'S ROOM.NIGHT.

Different whisperings, different secret laughter filter into STEPHEN'S room. Sounds that turn into a angry explosion between a man and a woman - fighting one another verbally and physically.

LONG ~~X~~HIGH SHOT DOWN ONTO STEPHEN: he lies on his bed - eyes watching the ceiling. By the bedside, the lamp has been covered with a handkerchief to reduce the light.

CUT TO:-

## 18.INT.XAVIER'S HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

MEDIUM SHOT: XAVIER stands alone in his small, sparse hotel room. On the table in front of him lie a lot of postcards.

He picks up one - a battered old card of Van Gogh's The Chair. He looks at it awhile, before turning abruptly and placing it in the frame of the mirror. He returns immediately to the table, collecting up the other cards rapidly and forcibly - not through hurry but through a violent impatience within himself. He quickly snaps on a rubber band and throws the stack into his wooden case which he shuts.

Then he picks up a small leather case, tied at the top with strings.

Exasperated, he tries to undo the knot - failing that,

he tries to break it, using his teeth. In every case he is unsuccessful.  
In frustration, he smashes it down on the table - pausing to recompose himself before taking it and going to the door.

CUT TO:-

19.INT. THE HOTEL CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

LONG SHOT: STEPHEN is walking down the corridor as XAVIER steps out, facing him in foreground. They both freeze and stand staring at another for a second.

STEPHEN(almost an apology)  
Je ne pouvais pas dormir...

REVERSE ANGLE LONG SHOT.

XAVIER  
Étranger..?

STEPHEN  
Oui, je suis anglais

XAVIER(in good English)  
I thought so ...

A pause.

CLOSE ON STEPHEN: he smiles uncertainly - nervously.

RESUME LONG SHOT:

XAVIER(quietly)  
Please - Can you help me -?

CLOSE ON STEPHEN:

STEPHEN(nervously)  
- Help..?

MEDIUM LONG SHOT:

XAVIER  
No - I need some help...

STEPHEN  
I - I don't see how..I was just on my way downstairs -

XAVIER  
No. You don't understand -

STEPHEN

- Perhaps the night porter -

XAVIER

You don't understand: its this case....

He holds it up.

MEDIUM ON STEPHEN: he pauses.

XAVIER

I can't undo the knot...And my knife's inside...

A brief silence.

MEDIUM CLOSE ON XAVIER:

XAVIER

I just need something to cut the string  
... a pair of scissors or something.

He has advanced towards STEPHEN, who is still reluctant.

STEPHEN

I don't -

XAVIER

- Or a razor?

TWO SHOT: STEPHEN hesitates.

STEPHEN (quietly)

It must be important - I mean, to  
open it now...at three in the morning.

XAVIER

I couldn't sleep. I couldn't  
remember what's inside....You see..?

hold and cut to:-

20. INT.A NIGHTCLUB.MRLES. NIGHT.

MEDIUM SHOT: Underneath the drowning noise of pop music,  
MARTIN - discreetly dressed in the latest gear - chats  
up a pretty girl. The outcome has already been dedided  
- before they even met.

CUT BACK TO:-

## 21.INT.STEPHEN'S ROOM.NIGHT.

MEDIUM SHOT: XAVIER sits at STEPHEN'S table - the contents of his leather bag spread before him, amidst the books and papers that STEPHEN is busily tidying in an involuntary way.

CLOSE ON XAVIER: his eyes concentrate on scanning the objects before him.

CAMERA TILTS DOWN TO REVEAL THE CONTENTS: a clasp knife, a key ring with two keys, a strip of photos of XAVIER taken in a photo-booth, a broken pocket watch, a medallion and a ring held on a worn piece of string and a Travel Document.

CLOSE ON STEPHEN: he makes uneasy conversation.

STEPHEN

Everything there? Found what you're looking for...

CLOSE ON XAVIER'S hands: they sift slowly through the objects and he picks up the Travel Document.

STEPHEN(OOP)

Things get ...mislaid so easily...

CAMERA PANS UP ONTO BIG CLOSE SHOT ON XAVIER: his eyes pierce into the object he holds. Then he looks up at STEPHEN.

XAVIER

Yes...

TWO SHOT: XAVIER starts packing the things away, as STEPHEN walks around the room, tidying as he goes.

STEPHEN

I'm glad everything's there...At first I thought it was something more serious...I thought something serious had happened...

XAVIER looks up from the table.

XAVIER(directly)

You're very nervous.

MEDIUM CLOSE ON STEPHEN: he hls, half turned away from CAMERA.



STEPHEN

No...No...(then turning)  
I'm something of an insomniac right  
now - Its the work. So much of it  
and I - I want to finish it as  
quickly as possible, you see ....

MEDIUM TWO SHOT: XAVIER looks through the books and the  
papers as STEPHEN continues to explain.

STEPHEN

Research mainly - collecting and  
translating - myths, poems, stories.  
For a book. Medieval most of it  
... in provencal - a dead language,  
my particular obsession, the language  
of the troubadours...Really, its  
of no interest to anyone...

MEDIUM CLOSE ON STEPHEN: He walks across to the table,  
CAMERA PANNING WITH HIM. XAVIER has picked up a piece  
of paper.

STEPHEN

Oh, that's just a rough translation  
of a poem. Unfinished - I'd prefer -

XAVIER(interrupting)

- You can help!

He rises from his chair, and strides to the door.

XAVIER(exiting)

Hold on.

CUT TO:-

22. INT. XAVIER'S ROOM. NIGHT.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT: XAVIER takes the Van Gogh card  
down from the mirror.

CUT TO:-

23. INT. STEPHEN'S ROOM. NIGHT.

CLOSE ON STEPHEN: he holds the card. CAMERA TRACKS BACK.

STEPHEN(looking at the picture)  
 Van Gogh. The chair . His room in  
 Arles.

XAVIER reaches and briskly takes the card, placing it  
 on the table alongside STEPHEN'S work. On the back  
 there is ~~a~~ some writing.

XAVIER(~~and~~ briskly)  
 Look.

STEPHEN comes round to look over XAVIER'S ~~sh~~ shoulder,  
 pausing as he notices something about XAVIER'S neck.

STEPHEN'S POV CLOSE ON BACK OF XAVIER'S head: there  
 is an ugly scar protuding through the hair on the back  
 of his neck.

CLOSE ON STEPHEN:he is momentarily suspended.

SHOOTING OVER XAVIER ONTO THE CARD: The writing is  
 a text in provençal. Two lines and the signature "M".

XAVIER  
 Look.

CAMERA SCANS FROM THE CARD TO A PAGE OF STEPHEN'S WORK:  
 There are the same lines.

CLOSE ON XAVIER'S FACE:he looks curiously violent.

CLOSE ON THE CARD: THE LINES READ:

" ~~Tot quant es de la m'agensa~~  
 " TOT QUANT ES DE LA M'AGENSA  
 QU'OM NO SAP TAN DOUS REPAIRE".

CLOSE ON STEPHEN, CAMERA PANNING DOWN ONTO XAVIER AS  
 HE TRANSLATES.

STEPHEN(matter of fact)  
 Everything... er..All that I  
 know of her is to my ... taste...  
 Who knows of..such - such a sweet  
 resting-place. (repeating) All that  
 I know of her is to my taste, Who  
 knows of such a sweet resting-place.

XAVIER stares at the card rigidly.



28. EXT. THE BEACHES OF THE CAMARGUE. DAY.

~~THE~~ CAMERA CONTINUES PULLING BACK (from sc 26) away from XAVIER, until he is almost a speck in the distance. Only the sound of the breeze and the waves on the shore.

CUT TO:-

MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT: MARTIN'S LANDROVER ROARS DOWN THE PISTE IN THE MIDDLE OF THESE BEACHES.

CLOSE ON MARTIN: he drives aggressively enjoying the space and the speed.

MARTIN'S POV: the distant figure of XAVIER, unrecognizable, is seen through the windscreen.

CLOSE ON MARTIN: He changes gear and slows down

MEDIUM LONG SHOT: ~~THE LANDROVER~~ on the Landrover on the piste and XAVIER by the seashore.

MEDIUM ON MARTIN: he raises a camera, equipped with telephoto lens, and peers through the viewfinder. He lowers the camera, staring intrigued in the direction of XAVIER. Then he raises it again.

POV THROUGH THE CAMERA LENS: it focusses on the back of XAVIER - only in his swimming trunks, the patterned scars on his back revealed. An unpleasant sight.

CLOSE ON MARTIN: The camera has a battery-operated wind-on system. MARTIN has his finger on the shutter and ~~and~~ the camera takes shot after shot.

The sound overlaps into:-

29. INT. STEPHEN'S HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

CAMERA PANS WITH STEPHEN as he circles round his table, revealing XAVIER seated in a chair. STEPHEN pours a glass of wine, from a tray on which there is an unfinished meal.

STEPHEN

Yes - its going well. My mind wanders though... This insomnia - I can't concentrate (smiling in a forced way) - I don't seem able to remember anything I've just read....

There is a brief silence.



STEPHEN becomes uneasy.

MEDIUM CLOSE ON XAVIER: he looks up at STEPHEN

XAVIER(with quiet urgency)  
I remember nothing.

CLOSE ON STEPHEN: he swallows nervously.

CLOSE ON XAVIER: he looks down.

XAVIER  
I can't

He looks up at STEPHEN:

CUT TO:-

30.EXT. THE BEACHES OF THE CAMARGUE. DAY

CLOSE ON MARTIN: he stares amazed towards where XAVIER would be.

MEDIUM SHOT: XAVIER, in foreground looks out towards the sea.  
Beyond him, with his feet appearing first in frame, MARTIN casually approaches. He is in swimming trunks too. The scars are sharply visible, but MARTIN only glances at them briefly. They are violent and badly-healed. He pauses a few feet away and nods a 'hallo', which XAVIER returns.

MARTIN smiles and looks out to sea, before wading in through the shallows.

XAVIER rises and puts on his shirt.

MEDIUM ON MARTIN: at a ceryain distance he turns and looks back - trying to ~~puzzle~~ puzzle XAVIER'S story out to himself.

MARTIN'S POV: XAVIER pulls on his trousers and starts walking away at a slow, measured pace.

MEDIUM CLOSE ON MARTIN: he watches him go.

CUT BACK TO:-

31.INT. STEPHEN'S HOTEL ROOM.NIGHT.

CAMERA ~~XXX~~ PANS WITH XAVIER who walks in agitation around STEPHEN'S room.

STEPHEN listens in still silence.

XAVIER

Nothing! I have scars all over my body but I don't know how they got there. Some possessions - I don't know how I got them. My name, a Travel Document, its number - that's all. No country, no home, no place of birth, no memory! A few things belong to me - but where, to whom, to what do I belong?

CLOSE ON STEPHEN: he is very still.

XAVIER(continuing)

Every place is foreign!  
Every thing is new!  
Time is very difficult...

STEPHEN

And the card...? Who's 'M'?

XAVIER

A clue - a key...

STEPHEN

No others...?

XAVIER shakes his head.

XAVIER(a quiet plea)

Someone here knows me.  
I need help...

CUT TO:-

32.EXT.THE BEACHES OF THE CAMARGUE.DAY.

MARTIN'S POV THROUGH THE WINDSCREEN: he drives back down the beach along the piste.

Coming into picture, is the figure of XAVIER - his hand thumbing for a lift as he walks.

CAMERA PANS ONTO HIM AS THE LANDROVER PASSES.

MEDIUM SHOT: The Landrover halts, and XAVIER hastens towards it.

MEDIUM CLOSE TWO SHOT: MARTIN glances at XAVIER as they drive along, thinking of a way to break the ice.

MARTIN(apology)  
I...er...I...(smiling )  
Me ne parles francais...

XAVIER turns to him, and almsot laughs. MARTIN'S attempt has amused him.

XAVIER  
You don't have to.

MARTIN appreciates the sound of his native tongue.

MARTIN  
You intrigue me even more in that case

XAVIER  
I do?

CUT TO:-

33.EXT. THE CHURCH BATTLEMENTS.LES SAINTES MARIES.DAY.

CAMERA ZOOMS BACK FROM THE SHIMMERING PLAINS AND THE BEACHES OF THE CAMARGUE TO INTRODUCE XAVIER AND MARTIN @looking at\*the view from the church battlements.

MARTIN  
Here you are busy trying to remember something when ~~xxxxxx~~ the rest of us are all busy trying to forget.

XAVIER  
Are you?

MARTIN(light candour)  
Why not?

XAVIER  
Then you should put away your camera.

MARTIN  
I should. You're right. We could make a swop...

MARTIN smiles and looks away from XAVIER.  
Below them in the town, there is the sound of a car

braking, followed by a heavy thump.

XAVIER  
You have no idea...

MARTIN  
Tell me then...

XAVIER(slightly troubled)  
Its the space just behind your  
head - not dark, not light. Just  
an invisible space that's always  
there...

MARTIN'S smile fades as he feels this image.  
XAVIER turns away.

CUT TO:-

34.EXT.A COBBLED STREET. LES SAINTES MARIES. DAY.

MEDIUM SHOT: An ambulance pushes its way through the  
pedestrians, siren blaring.

CAMERA PANS WITH IT ONTO MARTIN AND XAVIER: MARTIN is  
automatically setting his camera.

MARTIN  
How long has it been?

XAVIER  
I'm sorry?

MARTIN  
Since you lost your memory?

XAVIER  
Eighteen months.

CUT TO:-

35.INT. STEPHEN'S ROOM.NIGHT.

TWO SHOT,FAVOURING STEPHEN: outside the mistral wind  
is blowing.

STEPHEN  
Eighteen months? And I've been  
working on this for two years  
almost ..Digging up the remote,  
charting other people's thoughts

STEPHEN(cnt)

- putting an arbitrary meaning to experiences of which I was never a part. Dead people in a dead tongue. Two years and I couldn't even begin to help you. I wonder what that makes me....?

CAMERA HAS TRACKED BACK INTO MEDIUM LONG SHOT: STEPHEN stares out of the window. Outside, a shutter bangs and a tile slides from the roof, smashing onto the ground below.

CUT TO:-

36. EXT. MAIN SQUARE. LES SAINTES MARIES. DAY.

TRACKING SHOT: MARTIN AND XAVIER are caught up in a crowd of people rushing towards the ambulance. They are carried along with them.

MEDIUM SHOT: XAVIER and MARTIN arrive on the edge of a group around the ambulance, peering through and jostling to get closer.

MEDIUM SHOT: AN AMBULANCEMAN covers someone on a stretcher with a blanket.

CAMERA PANS UP AS MARTIN goes to one side, in order to photograph the event.

CLOSE ON MARTIN: he discreetly cocks the camera and takes a shot. The click of the shutter provokes the questioning look of a bystander.

CLOSE ON XAVIER: He looks down from the other side - his expression taut and cold.

XAVIER'S POV: A boy of ten has been hit by the car. Although badly wounded and bleeding from the head, he is still conscious. On the far side, his MOTHER holds him anxiously as the stretcher is made ready. Suffering in that immobile silence, THE CHILD stares up in the direction of XAVIER, MARTIN can be seen on the other side of the group.

CLOSE ON XAVIER: he starts breathing quickly, as THE SOUND OF THE STARLINGS FADES UP SLOWLY TAKING OVER FROM THE NATURAL SOUNDS.

XAVIER'S POV: as the ambulance's stretcher is lifted into the ambulance. THE CHILD, pale white faced stares



through XAVIER.

MEDIUM CLOSE ON MARTIN: he lowers his camera as he notices XAVIER.

MARTIN'S POV ON XAVIER: XAVIER stares across - and it seems he is choking. The ambulance doors are closed. XAVIER turns away abruptly, forcing himself to go.

THE SOUNDS OF THE STARLINGS FADE AWAY TO BE REPLACED BY NATURAL SOUNDS.

MEDIUM ON A TROUBLED MARTIN: he watches XAVIER go, bystanders crossing in front of him as they depart.

CUT TO:-

~~SCENE~~ 37.INT.STEPHEN'S ROOM. NIGHT.

CAMERA TRACKS BACK PANNING INTO TWO SHOT:

XAVIER  
Don't people help people!?

STEPHEN is silent - unwilling to allow himself to be ~~drawn~~ drawn into this man's predicament. Outside, the mistral is blowing hard and another tile crashes to the ground.

XAVIER  
Should it be so difficult?  
You know a lot -

CLOSE ON STEPHEN:

STEPHEN(openly self-deprecating)  
- I've read a lot of books ...

CLOSE ON XAVIER: he looks at him. The wind outside, blows more fiercely, shutters creaking and banging.

MEDIUM SHOT: STEPHEN looks out of the window.

STEPHEN  
Midnight and the mistral is  
blowing - "le vent des fous"  
- the madman's wind.

XAVIER(relaxing)  
Perhaps it'll blow me back my memory.

STEPHEN(turning into the room)  
It might. Strange things happen in  
the mistral...murders and magic....

He walks across and takes up a glass of wine from the table.

STEPHEN(smiling)  
And it begins with the letter "M" ..

XAVIER  
So does murder...

CLOSE ON STEPHEN: he pauses.

STEPHEN  
And magic...

CLOSE ON XAVIER: he stares ahead of him.

CLOSE ON STEPHEN: he looks down at XAVIER.

STEPHEN  
And memory...

Outside, a car roars up to a halt. There is a toot on  
the horn and MARTIN'S voice calls up.

MARTIN(OOP)  
Stephen!  
STEPHEN goes to the window.

CUT TO:-

38.EXT. STEPHEN'S HOTEL. NIGHT.

CAMERA SHOOT PAST A FAIRLY DRUNKEN MARTIN, staring  
up at the windows,

MARTIN  
Stephen?  
STEPHEN appears at the window.

MARTIN  
Hi!

STEPHEN  
You drunk?

MARTIN laughs at himself.

MARTIN

Yes! As a matter of fact -

STEPHEN

Then I should go to bed, if I were you.-

MARTIN

- Oh - come on! - Don't be such a tight-arsed Englishman - I've found this marvellous place. You've got to come!

STEPHEN

What place?

MARTIN

This place I've found, goddammit! Full of gypsies all, you know, all doing whatever ~~xxxxxx~~ gypsies do...

STEPHEN

Have you any idea -

MARTIN

- Time! What's the matter with you, for God's sake. Give yourself a break! Come on?

CUT TO:\*

39.INT. STEPHEN'S ROOM. NIGHT.

SHOOTING PAST ~~MARTINXONTE~~ STEPHEN DOWN ONTO MARTIN:

MARTIN

Besides I need company. I don't know anyone in this godforsaken hole except some freaky cripple with scars all over his back like someone's bloody knitting patterns -

CAMERA TRACKS BACK as STEPHEN swivels round and looks at XAVIER.

STEPHEN(almost an apology)

My photographer - he's drunk!

CAMERA PANS ONTO XAVIER: he looks up and smiles - why should he mind anymore.

CUT STRAIGHT INTO:

## 40.INT. A SMALL RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

A cekar -type restaurant on the Rhone banks.  
Not so many tables and the place is crammed.

~~From~~ Dominating the room is a group of gypsy musicians  
- dark-skinned Manouches, ~~not~~ authentic gypsies.

~~XX~~ A CLOSE SHOT OF THE SINGER, his voice dominating  
everything, opens the scene. He sings a fast, flamenco  
song.

CLOSE ON THE PRINCIPAL GUITARIST: his fingers work at  
great speed over the strings.

TIGHT SHOT ON THE GUITARISTS: the place is hot and  
their shirts are soaked with sweat.

MEDIUM SHOT, SHOOTING THROUGH ONE TABLE ONTO XAVIER, STEPHEN  
AND MARTIN AT ANOTHER. MARTIN is pouring everyone another  
glass of wine.

CLOSE ON THE SINGER: there is a certain violence in  
his singing.

CLOSE ON XAVIER: fascinated and still.

TWO SHOT MARTIN AND STEPHEN:

MARTIN(leaning forward to be heard)  
You see - I'm not a complete idiot  
- I told you.... Xavier?

MARTIN leans across the table and taps XAVIER on the  
arm. He turns.

~~XXXX~~ MARTIN

Alright?

XAVIER is perplexed by their concern - nothing's the  
matter with him. He nods and smiles, before turning  
back to the music.

The song comes to an end; people clap and STEPHEN  
immediately resumes his discussion with MARTIN.

STEPHEN  
As Guido said, the land is a watershed.  
There are a million myths and for  
every~~xxxxxxx~~ one, there's a landmark,  
a monument. That's what I want -

MARTIN  
Ruins?

STEPHEN  
Call them that if you want.

To one side of them, XAVIER becomes bored and restless

in an agitated way. He plays with the knife on the table, becomes impatient.

MARTIN

Who wants ruins?

STEPHEN

Ruins are testimonies, memories.

XAVIER pauses.

MARTIN

Ruins are for postcards.

XAVIER stands up and leaves the table.

STEPHEN AND MARTIN look up.

THEIR POV: XAVIER goes towards the door.

TWO SHOT: MARTIN AND STEPHEN look alarmed.

MARTIN(hurriedly)

You go - I'll pay.

They rise from the table.

CUT TO:-

41.EXT. THE RESTAURANT.NIGHT.

MEDIUM LONG SHOT: STEPHEN steps out into the night and looks around. Behind him, the sound fo the gypsy musicians starts up again.

STEPHEN(quietly)

Xavier?

He walks a few more paces. The door of the restaurant opens and the music swells up as MARTIN comes out carrying a couple of bottles of wine.

STEPHEN

I can't see him...

MARTIN

Xavier! .. (to Stephen) There he is...

CAMERA PANS WITH THEM AS THEY CROSS TO THE EMBANKMENT OF THE RHONE, HWRE XAVIER IS STANDING.



Alright? STEPHEN(as they come close)

XAVIER(terse)  
Why do you keep asking?

MEDIUM SHOT OF THE THREE, FAVOURING XAVIER: STEPHEN and MARTIN pause.

XAVIER(coldly)  
How are you!?

STEPHEN(uncertainly)  
Fine ...

MARTIN  
A bit drunk perhaps.....

XAVIER(a sneer)  
You think so..?

He turns a few steps away.

CLOSE ON STEPHEN AND MARTIN:MARTIN shrugs,STEPHEN looks uneasy.

STEPHEN(quietly)  
Then what do you think...?

CLOSE ON XAVIER as he turns:

XAVIER  
You really want to know?  
I think you're not drunk enough  
- that's you'll never be drunk  
enough. ~~You'll~~ You'll always be  
sober and you'll never know why!

REVERSE TWO SHOT: MARTIN AND STEPHEN receive this attack in silence,concern for XAVIER mixing now with recognition of his accuracy.

CLOSE ON XAVIER: he calms down.

XAVIER  
I'm sorry...I'm becoming obsessed  
with my own problem. It blurs my  
vision of others'.

STEPHEN  
Its the wind...

XAVIER  
Perhaps...

He rejoins them, smiling an apology.  
MARTIN tries to make amends.

MARTIN  
Talking of drink, have one...

He offers some wine.

MARTIN  
Keeps the cold out.

XAVIER  
I'm sorry. After all, there's not  
much one ~~can~~ can do....

He takes a long swig from the bottle.

HOLD AND CUT TO:-

42.EXT.THE PLACE DU FORUM.EARLY DAWN.

LONG SHOT: The North side of the Square. Light just  
skimming the rooftops.  
The incipient shimmering sounds of the starling dawn  
chorus in the trees.  
The muted mistral blowing.  
Somewhere, footsteps and voices - laughing and talking.  
CUT TO:-

~~43.EXT.THE WEST SIDE OF THE SQUARE~~

LONG SHOT: The ~~E~~ West side of the Square. Everything  
still.  
The dawn chorus and the approaching voices.

LONG SHOT: The South side of the Square. The voices  
and ~~footsteps~~ footsteps comes closer. The light is higher.

LONG SHOT: ~~THE EAST SIDE OF THE SQUARE~~ The East side of the Square.

The Three drunken figures of MARTIN, STEPHEN and XAVIER  
wander into the square, walking up to the middle where  
the statue of the poet Mistral stands.

STEPHEN(declaiming)  
"Canto uno chato de Provence,  
Dans lis amour de sa jouvenco - "

MARTIN

- Now what's he on about...?

STEPHEN

" A través de la Crau, vers la mar, dins li bla,,  
Umble escouran dóu grand Oumero,  
Léu la vole segui..."

MEDIUM CLOSE ON STEPHEN: he points up at the statue of Mistral.

STEPHEN

Mistral - ~~poet~~ poet!

MARTIN(looking around)

Wind!

The mistral wind blows through the square, combining with the chattering sounds of the birds in the trees. Rubbish is swept across the square. A bottle rolls lunatically in the gutter.

CLOSE ON XAVIER: he looks up at the statue and into the trees, the screechings of the birds filling his head.

STEPHEN

" I sing of a young daughter of Provence,  
I would like to follow her, in the loves  
of her youth, as she crosses the Crau,  
through fields of wheat, towards the sea -"

MARTIN

Bloody hell: a breakfast recital!

CLOSE ON XAVIER: he is becoming increasingly upset, the volume of the birds increasing.

CLOSE SHOT: MARTIN  
This wind!

CLOSE ON XAVIER: he begins to tremble violently.

CLOSE ON STEPHEN AND MARTIN.

STEPHEN

Dammit: its good!

He then notices XAVIER.

CLOSE HAND-HELD SHOT OF XAVIER: he claps his head and staggers a few paces to a tree. He breathes heavily, his insides violently disturbed.

TWO SHOT ON STEPHEN AND MARTIN: STEPHEN motions MARTIN to stay where he is.

CLOSE ON XAVIER: it is the most violent attack he has had. Everything swims; he chokes and lolls his head ~~again~~ against the tree.

The sound of the starlings screams over everything.

CLOSE ON STEPHEN: he watches, disturbed but wishing to be out of it.

The sound of the starlings overlaps into:-

43.EXT. THE HEART OF THE CAMARGUE.DAWN.

CLOSE ON STEPHEN driving.

CUT TO:-

The sound of the starlings fading as The Landrover swishes over CAMERA and races away into the plains of the Camargue.

CUT TO:-

44.INT.STEPHEN'S HOTEL ROOM. DAWN.

MEDIUM SHOT: With back to Camera, MARTIN holds himself against the bedstead and is violently sick over the floor.

CAMERA PANS ONTO STEPHEN: he watches a moment in disgust.

Oh, God...  
MARTIN

STEPHEN turns out of frame.

CUT TO:-

45. EXT/INT. THE HEART OF THE CAMARGUE.DAWN.

MEDIUM ON STEPHEN: he drives past the herds of black bulls, across the desolate landscape.

CUT TO:-

46.INT. XAVIER'S ROOM. DAWN.

MEDIUM ON THE BED: XAVIER flops down, lying limply on his back.

MARTIN proceeds to undress him, taking off his shoes, rolling him onto his stomach as he takes off the shirt.

He pauses to look at the scars.

MEDIUM ON STEPHEN: he looks at them too, reacting in silence.

MARTIN

Jesus, what a mess!  
Unbelievable.

STEPHEN steps closer.

MARTIN

These were no accident.

STEPHEN

And it wasn't the drink

MARTIN looks up.

STEPHEN(explaining)

That upset him...

CAMERA PANS DOWN ONTO XAVIER: lying on his side, a mass of scars

CUT TO:-

47.EXT/INT. THE CAMARGUE. DAWN.

STEPHEN has turned off the roads, driving now across the beaten tracks - through the marshes, past the sanctuaries of ~~pi~~ pink flamingoes and wild boar that are found in the Camargue's centre.

Finally he arrives on the dunes overlooking the empty, wide beaches.

He stops the car.

MEDIUM ON STEPHEN: he rubs his tired eyes, gazing through the windscreen.

CUT TO:-

48.EXT. A SIDE STREET. ARLES. NIGHT.

MEDIUM LONG SHOT: STEPHEN AND MARTIN argue under a street light, while XAVIER strolls slowly ahead.

STEPHEN

I don't expect you to understand.  
Two years of work have taught  
me that ~~all the things I love~~  
I can't bring it all to life  
again. I wanted to - I haven't.  
I can't. I can't recover the past  
anymore than he can recover his memory!



MARTIN takes a swig from the bottle and hands it to STEPHEN.

MEDIUM CLOSE: Further up the street, XAVIER turns back and watches them.

MARTIN

I have an instant device. All it needs is the right aperture, the right fraction of the second, a finger to press the button - no pain, no torment, no nothing. Just a click and there you are: the past made ~~instant~~ instantly. Professionally!

CLOSE ON MARTIN AND STEPHEN: MARTIN laughs at himself.

MARTIN

That's why I'm here. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~  
~~xxxxxxxx~~ Isn't it..? Bring it all to life - say it in pictures - no sweat....

MEDIUM SHOT: Two shutters open above them and a woman pokes her head out.

WOMAN

Vous avez fini? Ah, ça suffit!

~~zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz~~ She blabbers on.

MEDIUM SHOT STEPHEN AND MARTIN: they look up.

MARTIN

What the hell does she care!

MEDIUM LONG SHOT ON XAVIER: He waits for them a moment and then continues.

CUT TO:\*

49.EXT. THE BEACH DUNES. DAWN.

MEDIUM CLOSE ON STEPHEN: he thinks a moment more, before stepping down from the Landrover.

MEDIUM SHOT: STEPHEN steps out of the Landrover and walks down the dunes onto the beach.

LONG SHOT SHOOTING TOWARDS THE DUNES: STEPHEN looks around him. Then he slowly strips off his clothes and walks naked towards the sea.

MEDIUM LONG SHOT: SHOOTING TOWARDS THE SEA. STEPHEN'S walks turns slowly into a run. The sound of the wind and the sea cover the image gently.

MEDIUM ON STEPHEN: he plunges into the sea. He dives under the water, thrashing about.

MEDIUM LONG SHOT: STEPHEN, a distant figure in the sea.

After some moments, there is the sound of horse tackle and the snorting of a horse.

A white Camarguais pony and its rider come through front of frame, pausing to watch this spectacle. The rider has her back to Camera, and her hair blows in the breeze.

MEDIUM ON STEPHEN: he plunges in and out of the water, venting all his frustration and confusion on the water. He ducks in and out of the water. As a wave approaches he tries to throw it back as if it were a table.

CUT BRIEFLY TO:

49A: INT. STEPHEN'S ROOM. DAY.

THE SOUND OF THE SEA AND WAVES OVER THE IMAGE OF STEPHEN THROWING OVER HIS DESK, WITH ALL HIS WORK AND PAPERS. THE TABLE IS HALF OVER WHEN IMAGE CUTS BACK TO:-

SCENE 49 (resumed) : STEPHEN hurls himself into the water.

MEDIUM CLOSE ON THE GIRL RIDER: she is exceptionally beautiful. In her 'twenties, she watches through her amused eyes. Dark haired, she is not without a sense of mischief and a certain inquisitive intelligence,

MEDIUM ON STEPHEN: as he raises out of the water, he pauses - staring towards her.

STEPHEN'S POV: In the distance, THE GIRL sits immobile on her horse.

CLOSE ON STEPHEN: he watches through squinting eyes.

RESUME LONG SHOT? SHOOTING FROM BEHIND HIM: he stands there watching, the waves washing around him.

QUICK FADE OUT.

CUT INTO SAME LONG SHOT: a slight increase in light, but STEPHEN watches from the same position.

QUICK FADE OUT.

CUT INTO MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT ON STEPHEN: the same position and the same watching.

LONG SHOT FROM BEHIND STEPHEN: after some moments, he begins to wade out of the water - pausing on the edge of the sand.

CLOSE ON STEPHEN: he stares past CAMERA towards THE GIRL.

STEPHEN'S POV: THE GIRL slowly steers her horse down the dunes and onto the beach, trotting towards him.

STEPHEN comes over ~~XXX~~ CAMERA slowly advancing towards her.

She reins her horse a few yards from him.

MEDIUM CLOSE ON THE GIRL: she looks down at STEPHEN - the traces of amusement on her face - the sound of the sea and wind all around them.

REVERSE ANGLE ON STEPHEN: he ~~is~~ is very struck by this apparition and stares up at her.

CLOSE ON THE GIRL: she meets his gaze for a second, then quickly turns her horse and moves out of frame.

MEDIUM LONG SHOT: STEPHEN turns to watch her go.

Beyond him, THE GIRL gallops away down the beach.

HOLD AND CUT TO:-

50. INT. THE HOTEL CORRIDOR. DAY.

Six or seven HOTEL GUESTS are clustered around XAVIER'S ROOM. By the door, The PATRON of the Hotel ~~is~~ is doing some dramatics.

His voice is subdued, but he talks rapidly and agitatedly to an efficient-looking BULL-NECKED FRENCHMAN and his LONG-NECKED WIFE. She peers into the room, while he tightens the belt on his dressing-gown and stands by to take control.

Further down in the corridor, A YOUNGISH COUPLE ~~ARE~~ advance towards the scene, passing a tall, THIN FRENCHMAN with crew-cut and rimless spectacles who stands in vest and pajama bottoms in his doorway. As they pass he steps back into his room and the door opposite opens and a bleary-eyed MARTIN looks out.

~~XXX~~ CAMERA PANS WITH THE YOUNGISH COUPLE ONTO THE DOORWAY OF XAVIER'S ROOM AND THE CORRIDOR: coming up onto the landing is STEPHEN. He glances at THE YOUNGISH COUPLE and then over their shoulders into the room.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT FROM THE ROOM ONTO STEPHEN : MARTIN joins him by his side and peers in also. All the while, THE PATRON is explaining what has happened.

MARTIN

MARTIN exchanges a look with STEPHEN - a reaction to what they see.

THEIR POV INTO THE ROOM: the room has been turned upside down - chairs on their sides, bedclothes all over the floor, a smashed vase, belongings strewn everywhere - the place looks as if a hurricane has passed through. In the middle stands THE PATRON, holding up objects that have been damaged, trying to figure it all out himself. He has been joined by THE BULL-NECKED FRENCHMAN and his wife, who advocate calling the police.

MEDIUM CLOSE ON STEPHEN AND MARTIN: THE THIN FRENCHMAN appears behind them, polishing his spectacles and squinting for a better view.

STEPHEN(quietly)

They're talking about the police...

MARTIN(shaking his head)

Ah-ah.

STEPHEN steps forward, passing THE YOUNGISH COUPLE. THE THIN FRENCHMAN, towel over arm passes on his way. MARTIN steps into the room also.

CUT TO: -

51.INT. XAVIER'S ROOM. DAY%

MEDIUM SHOT: STEPHEN goes up to the PATRON, while MARTIN wanders slowly around the room.

STEPHEN(to THE PATRON)

Qu'est-ce que ~~passexixxxxix~~ se passait...?

MARTIN joins him, as THE PATRON explains.

MARTIN(quietly)

Tell him I'll pay...

STEPHEN turns to MARTIN, surprised. MARTIN shrugs.

MARTIN

Make some excuse...

THE PATRON finishes his narration and stands enquiringly before STEPHEN and MARTIN.

STEPHEN(to THE PATRON)

Un instant - je vais expliquer

STEPHEN turns to MARTIN.

STEPHEN

You must have heard it all -  
he says there was a great noise,  
things crashing to the floor. He  
came up and this is what he found -

MARTIN

And Xavier?

STEPHEN

Gone.

MARTIN (repeating himself)

Tell him I'll pay...  
Fabricate some story...

MEDIUM CLOSE ON THE PATRON AND THE BULL-NECKED FRENCHMAN,  
who stands like a heavy protector behind him.

CLOSE ON STEPHEN: he takes THE PATRON aside, CAMERA PANNING  
WITH THEM. THE BULL-NECKED FRENCHMAN keeps his eyes  
open for any trouble.

STEPHEN

Écoutez, m'sieur ... Nous pouvons  
vous faire réparation pour toutes les  
choses il a cassé, mais il était un  
peu distrait, vous voyez... Sa femme  
vient de mourir il y a une quinzaine  
et ...

THE PATRON (sympathetically)

Ah... Il était marié...?

STEPHEN

Oui... Elle était très jeune, très  
belle. C'est une histoire affreuse -

THE PATRON (thinking it over)

Bien sur, mais... Alors, si vous  
voulez... moi, j'en préférerais -  
je n'aime pas les police... Enfin  
D'ailleurs.... Ça va, ça va...

THE PATRON is persuaded .

He starts to usher everyone else out of the room,  
explaining why everything has happened.  
STEPHEN is left facing MARTIN.



MARTIN

Well?

STEPHEN

I said his wife had just died  
and that we'd pay for any damage.

MARTIN smiles.

STEPHEN

An appeal to the sentiments and  
the pocket usually works.

He strolls around the room, righting chairs, picking  
up belongings - a mechanical gesture.

STEPHEN.

We hardly know him either....

MEDIUM CLOSE ON MARTIN:

MARTIN

I'm paying... What do you suppose  
happened?

MEDIUM CLOSE ON STEPHEN: he tidies up the pieces of a  
postcard, ripped into small pieces.

STEPHEN

Postcards everywhere....

MARTIN

Perhaps he collects them...

STEPHEN

Perhaps...

He throws the pieces into the waste-paper basket, which  
has stood neatly in its place - untouched during XAVIER'S  
outburst.

~~XAVIER~~ CAMERA STAYS ON THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET as STEPHEN  
climbs to his feet.

TWO SHOT: STEPHEN looks around.

STEPHEN

So what do we do?

MARTIN

Nothing - as you say, we hardly  
know him...What more can we do?

CLOSE ON STEPHEN: he isn't sure.

CLOSE ON MARTIN:

MARTIN

~~xxxxxxxwork~~

Besides, its monday:remember?  
Beginning of the working week.

STEPHEN

I'm tired -

MARTIN

- I work alone.

CLOSE ON STEPHEN: he looks at MARTIN for a moment.

STEPHEN

Alright...

MEDIUM SHOT: THE CHAMBERMAID appears at the door, they allow her in, moving past her to leave.

STEPHEN

He's not our responsibility.  
You're right - Each to his own  
business.

They leave the room, MARTIN going off one way, STEPHEN in the other - to his room.

MARTIN

See you around...

There's no reply, as CAMERA PANS BACK INTO THE ROOM, where THE CHAMBERMAID busily tries to put things back into order.

She pushes the table to one side, placing the waste-paper basket neatly in a corner.

HOLD AND CUT TO:-

52.INT/EXT. THE CLOISTER OF ST TROPHIME. DAY.

A fine Romanesque cloister, vaulted ~~arches~~ roofs,carved arches around a small garden.

A game, also, in acoustics - every sound reverberating and disguising its direction.

CLOSE SHOT: THE HEAD OF A SAINT CARVED INXX STONE, ~~MAN~~  
A ~~THE~~ CORNER OF ~~IN~~ THE CLOISTER: two blank, stone eyes  
stare out. Across one of them, an ant crawls back  
and forth.

The sound of soft-soled shoes, and a shadow falls  
across the carving.

CLOSE UP ON MARTIN'S FACE : his eyes stare up at the  
statue, then he raises his ~~EMATEX~~ camera.

The click of the shutter overlaps into :

CLOSE SHOT OF A GARGOYLE: staring through CAMERA.

MEDIUM LONG SHOT: Another click echoes down one side  
of the Cloister, where MARTIN stands ~~on~~ photographing  
the stonework.

MEDIUM CLOSE ON MARTIN: he winds the ~~EMATEX~~ film  
on.

Out of picture, there is the ~~HEAVY~~ sound of a heavy  
door opening - a sharp grinding of the iron hinges.  
Clear footsteps, that echo through the building.  
The ~~footsteps~~ footsteps pause.  
MARTIN has looked in their direction.

MARTIN'S POV ONTO THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE CLOISTER:  
no-one can be seen - just the row of arches, with the  
sun falling on them.

MEDIUM CLOSE ON MARTIN: his eyes glancing in the direction  
he heard the sound.  
The footsteps start again - echoing so that their direction  
is uncertain.

CAMERA PANS WITH MARTIN as he moves, on rubber-soled ~~a~~  
shoes, off down one side of the Cloister.  
The other footsteps continue, as MARTIN disappears round  
the corner.

NEW ANGLE LONG SHOT: MARTIN walks away from CAMERA  
down an almost identical side of the Cloister.  
The other footsteps come closer.

MARTIN pauses at the end, looking round the corner into  
the next side.

Coming through front of frame is the back of a ~~GIR~~ girl's  
head. She pauses. The footsteps stop.

MARTIN turns to look.

MARTIN'S POV: The sunlight falls across the girl's body,  
but her face is in shadow.

CLOSE ON MARTIN: he is struck by the shape, and doesn't realize he is staring.

MEDIUM CLOSE ON THE GIRL: From the safety of the shadow, she watches MARTIN too. ~~THE GIRL is in the same~~  
~~one~~ It is the same GIRL that STEPHEN has seen that morning.

CAMERA PANS WITH HER as she steps forward into the sun, seating herself between two of the arches.

MEDIUM ON MARTIN: he looks away - resetting his CAMERA. But he glances in her direction.

MEDIUM ON THE GIRL: she watches with cool interest, passing one hand through her hair.

LONG SHOT: THE GIRL in foreground and MARTIN in the distance. He raises his CAMERA to take a shot: ostensibly of the Cloister. The click echoes ~~down the~~ through the vaulting.

CLOSE ON THE GIRL: she is momentarily still, ~~quite~~ quite aware that she has been included in this shot. With a bored expression, she turns to ~~look behind her~~ glance behind her - as if she were looking at what he has been photographing. When she looks back, her expression is marginally cold.

CLOSE ON MARTIN: he winds back the film he has just finished, glancing at her as he does so.

CLOSE ON THE GIRL: she meets his stare quite impassively. Once again there is the sound of approaching steps and THE GIRL ~~XXX~~ rises, glancing once more at MARTIN before turning to meet A PRIEST whom she has come to see.  
~~THE~~ CAMERA TRACKS BACK TO MEDIUM SHOT as THE PRIEST comes around the corner.

THE PRIEST(in low voice)

Excusez-moi: je suis ~~enxxxxx~~ retard.

THE GIRL smiles: there's no need for apology.

THE GIRL(quietly)

Mais non...

MEDIUM ON MARTIN: he slows his actions as he watches her.

TWO SHOT: THE PRIEST is still apologizing: she smiles once more and takes his arm - insisting that there's no need at all for an apology.

They go round the corner.

CUT TO:-

53.INT. STEPHEN'S ROOM. DAY.

CLOSE ON STEPHEN: he sleeps deeply, his mouth slightly open.

~~AMERAX~~ CAMERA PULLS SLOWLY BACK INTO THE SHUTTERED ROOM. Outside, the noises of the day.

CUT TO:-

54.INT. MARTIN'S HOTEL ROOM. DAY.

MEDIUM SHOT: MARTIN sits on his bed, surrounded by his equipment: he finishes cleaning a lens, snaps open the back of the camera, checks the inside for dust, and irritably reaches for a new roll of film. He tears open the outside container, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ flips off the plastic top to the inner container and slots the cassette into the camera - pulling out a couple of inches of film.

Exasperated and impatient, he has difficulty performing the simple task of threading the film - In a gesture of extreme ~~xxx~~ irritation, he whips the film out of the ~~xxxx~~ cassette and throws across the room.

CAMERA TRACKS INTO CLOSE SHOT: he sits there, rubbing his eyes .

LONG SHOT: MARTIN stares into the space of his sterile hotel room.

HOLD AND CUT TO:-

55.EXT. LES BAUX. DAY.

The massive rock formation of Les Baux, foundations for the once powerful rulers of Provence, towers over the valleys and plains leading to the Camargue. An eagle's nest.

LONG SHOT: THE CAMERA PANS ACROSS THE PLATEAU ON THE TOP OF THIS MASSIVE ROCK ONTO THE VILLAGE THAT CRAWLS UP ITS SIDE.

Floating through the wind, is the growing sound of a band.

CUT TO:-

56. EXT. MAIN STREET. LES BAUX.

Watched by tourists and visitors, a pipe and tabor band leads a procession up the steep, cobbled streets..

The musicians are dressed in local costume - black velvet jackets and breeches, red scarves and white shirts.



With one hand they play the pipe, while with the other they tap out the rhythm on the tabor. Following them are a group of dignitaries, dressed in best suits and hats.

A MONTAGE OF THE PROCESSION.

- The musicians, the dignitaries, the gaping crowd.
- A festive occasion, which everyone enjoys.
- They make their way through the narrow streets. People watch from doorways and windows.
- They are seen at close quarters and from afar: a weaving column mounting towards the plateau.
- As they approach the top, they pass beneath a huge, granite rock into which ancient homes and vast hallways have been carved.

LONG SHOT: The procession passes beneath this rock. One hundred feet above them, a solitary figure looks down.

SHOOTING DOWN FROM THE ROCK: The procession passes beneath towards the plateau. CAMERA PANS UP FROM THEM REVEALING STEPHEN WATCHING FROM THE ROCK. Beyond him, the plains stretch away to Arles and the Camargue.

STEPHEN moves past CAMERA.

MEDIUM SHOT: STEPHEN descends as quickly as he can - running down the precarious stone steps cut into the rock itself.

~~CUT~~ MEDIUM LONG SHOT: The procession moves across the plateau towards a statue, perched on the end, facing out over the land.

CLOSE PANNING SHOT ON STEPHEN: he runs through the ruins & towards the procession.

MEDIUM ON THE PROCESSION: THE musicians arrange themselves to one side of the statue - a 19th century gentleman who gazes stonily through it all.

Visitors cram to get a better view.

The dignitaries look dignified and official.

MEDIUM ON STEPHEN: he arrives on the edge of the crowd, pushing his way through. A voice calls him and he looks round.

MEDIUM ON GUIDO: He pushes his way through towards STEPHEN. In immaculate suit and tie, GUIDO is taking part in the ceremony.

GUIDO

Forgive me - I should have told you -

STEPHEN(smiling)  
- I ~~amxxxxxx~~ made it anyway -

GUIDO  
So pleased. I completely forgot -

STEPHEN  
Don't worry Guido. You can't remember everything -

GUIDO  
- Not that its essential to your work, but its has a certain charm. "Of custom and ceremony are innocence born"  
- Yeats, I believe - How's it going - how's Martin - ? Quite a crowd this year...!

CLOSE ON STEPHEN: he looks past GUIDO towards someone.

STEPHEN( vaguely)  
Yes....

TWO SHOT: GUIDO turns to see ~~whomx~~ at whom ~~STEEN~~ STEPHEN ~~is~~ is looking.

MEDIUM SHOT: THE GIRL can be seen through the crowd. She is looking in their direction, as if waiting to be called across.

RESUME TWO SHOT:

GUIDO  
I must warn you, Stephen - she's absolutely lethal. ~~xxxxxx~~  
~~xxxxx~~ We scholars -

STEPHEN(not unkindly)  
- You're prejudiced Guido - who is she?

GUIDO(fractionally hurt)  
A very dear friend, if you must know.

MEDIUM ON THE GIRL: she decides to wait no longer and walks towards them.

GUIDO  
Ah, ma petite amourette - permets-moi de vous présenter Monsieur Stephen Mercer - (turning to Stephen) - Mademoiselle Seranon. In fact, she already knows about you, don't you - I've described your work, what you're doing and so on...

CLOSE ON THE GIRL: she shakes hands with STEPHEN.

GUIDO

So now you've met ~~xxxx~~ and she's  
seen everything.

CLOSE ON STEPHEN: he is embarrassed by this last remark.

CLOSE ON THE GIRL: she hardly smiles, but her eyes  
are amused.

THE GIRL

How very true...

MEDIUM SHOT: GUIDO smiles, looking around to see what's  
happeneing.

GUIDO

THE GIRL(to ~~STEPHEN~~)

Stop being so nervous, Guido:  
they won't start without you.  
(to STEPHEN) - Guido's big moment -

GUIDO

So disrespectful -

THE GIRL

- Not to you -

GUIDO

- Of tradition, I mean!

THE GIRL smiles.

The band stops.

GUIDO

Ah, its beginning. You must excuse me  
- I must take my place.

He hastens towards the statue.

CAMERA TRACKS CLOSER ONTO THE GIRL AND STEPHEN.

THE GIRL

What brings you to this curious little  
ceremony - apart from that ~~dedication~~  
dedication to our culture Guido has  
told me so much about.

CLOSE ON STEPHEN: he is unsure whether she is mocking  
him or not.

STEPHEN(unsurely)

Chance...

She n ods to herself.

And you...? STEPHEN

I live here. THE GIRL  
Its my land.

But she smiles and adopts a warmer attitude.

No - I'm part of it. Somehow I  
became part of it all. THE GIRL

Part of it? STEPHEN

THE GIRL(smiling)  
La Société pour la Préservation  
des Grands Traditions Provencal  
... ~~anyone making the membership~~  
~~limited~~ Très snob, I assure you...

STEPHEN smiles.

THE GIRL(cynically)  
Today we are paying our respects  
to a stone statue - a hero of  
Provence. An act of considerable  
significance, as I'm sure you will  
agree... I know Guido does. We  
do it every year.

STEPHEN(equally cynical)  
How nice for you.

THE GIRL looks at him and drops the pose, smiling an  
apology.

~~THE GIRL~~  
THE GIRL  
Guido's right: I have no respect...

She stands closer to STEPHEN as the ceremony begins.

MEDIUM LONG SHOT: The dignitaries, including GUIDO,  
are lined up by the statue in a semi-circle.  
There is a beat on the tabo and they all take their hats  
off, standing to solemn attention.

TWO SHOT : THE GIRL AND STEPHEN: she smiles and so does  
he.

Impressed? THE GIRL

He smiles his reply.

THEIR POV: there is another beat on the tabor and everyone replaces their hats - breaking loose from their stiff positions, turning to shake hands with one another, smiling with pleasure. GUIDO figures proudly among them all, slapping companions on the back. The crowd applauds.

TWO SHOT: STEPHEN watches it all, an amused expression his ~~face~~ face, while ~~THE~~ THE GIRL studies him. He turns to her, a perplexed expression.

THE GIRL

Yes - that's all. Except  
for the speech, of course.

MEDIUM ON THE DIGNITARIES: a small BALDING DIGNITARY steps forward and stands in front of the statue. He clears his throat and launches into a speech. His voice, pitched at high tenor, is virtually lost in the wind that sweeps across the plateau.

Cavorting about in front is an equally small, dark photographer (PUECH) - clicking away with fanatical self-importance..

THE BALDING DIGNITARY pauses in a sentence and addresses his profile to MONSIEUR PUECH.

MEDIUM ON GUIDO: he listens to the speech with barely disguised hostility.

MEDIUM TWO SHOT: THE GIRL AND STEPHEN.

THE GIRL(examining STEPHEN)

From what Guido told me, I  
didn't expect a naked swimmer.

STEPHEN(embarrassed)

I don't..er..usually -

THE GIRL

I expected something rather more ancient -

STEPHEN

- I usually wear .. you know...

CLOSE ON THE GIRL: she stares a brief second and then smiles.

THE GIRL

Not without



THE GIRL(not without provocation)  
It was quite ~~pretty~~ a pretty sight.

CLOSE ON STEPHEN: he is even more embarrassed.

CLOSE ON THE GIRL: quickly changing the subject.

THE GIRL  
You're coming to the celebration afterwards?

STEPHEN  
Celebration? - I haven't been invited.

THE GIRL  
I invite you.

STEPHEN  
Can you?

THE GIRL  
Its my home.

The speech finishes and there is more applause from the crowd. THE GIRL looks at him waiting for his answer.

STEPHEN  
Thank you - I'd like to very much.

THE GIRL(quietly)  
Good.

She turns back to the ceremony.

MEDIUM ON MONSIEUR PUECH: he busily arranges the DIGNITARIES - lining them up in front of the statue. Half-facing his camera, and half-facing the statue, THE DIGNITARIES more resemble a chorus line, with their stitched smiles, than a group of worthy citizens.

"Hold it" calls MONSIEUR PUECH and they all freeze. Click goes the camera. They are about ~~to break~~ to ~~break~~ break the line, when PUECH calls for another and they are arrested mid-movement, busily recomposing their smiles. Click goes the camera and its all over. Again, another round of applause, more hand-shaking and a smug air of self-importance over PUECH'S face. The band strikes up and everyone starts to move.

CLOSE ON STEPHEN AND THE GIRL: they exchange smiles and share a sense of the absurdity of it all.

CUT TO:-

57.EXT. MAIN STREET.LES BAUX. DAY.

CAMERA TRACKS WITH GUIDO, THE GIRL, AND STEPHEN as they make their way down from the plateau. THE GIRL holds GUIDO'S arm for the way is perilously steep.. GUIDO is thrilled with the whole occasion.

GUIDO

Of course, the speech was affreux -  
~~that~~ one hardly expects anything  
else from an illiterate, but apart  
from that - what do you think? - I  
thought it went off well.

THE GIRL takes STEPHEN'S arm and whispers to him.

THE GIRL

Guido made the speech last year -

GUIDO(overhearing)

- And the year before.

THE GIRL

And the year before that.

GUIDO

I'm so pleased you could come Stephen  
- such a pity Martin wasn't here.

THE GIRL

Martin?

STEPHEN

The photographer for my book,

CLOSE ON THE GIRL: she makes a connection with the man  
she has seen in the cloister, ~~but~~ broods on it for a  
moment and then dismisses it from her mind.

THE GIRL

Never mind, Guido: I'm sure  
Puech -

GUIDO

- And there he is, dreadful little  
man!

MEDIUM SHOT: PUECH is taking an informal shot of the  
BALDING DIGNITARY, HIS WIFE and A LAWYER AND HIS WIFE.

MEDIUM ON GUIDO, THE GIRL AND STEPHEN: as they come towards CAMERA, THE GIRL pauses.

GUIDO

Now now: leave it all to me.

He goes forward.

GUIDO

Ah, Maître! Comment allez-vous?

STEPHEN notices THE GIRL'S carefully disguised hesitation. CAMERA PANS WITH THEM as they join GUIDO and the group.

MEDIUM CLOSE ON THE LAWYER, HIS WIFE? GUIDO and PUECH in the background. AS GUIDO ~~MAKES~~ makes the introductions, there is a perceptible coolness towards THE GIRL.

CLOSE ON THE GIRL: aloof from it all, she shakes hands with everyone - a ~~polite~~ polite inference of a smile for everyone.

CLOSE ON THE LAWYER AND HIS WIFE: THE LAWYER'S WIFE merely nods and acknowledgement of THE GIRL'S presence.

TWO SHOT: STEPHEN AND THE GIRL:- she looks on, eyes fixed on space, as STEPHEN is rapidly introduced, CAMERA TRACKS BACK TO include GUIDO \* smoothing over the situation as best he can.

PUECH steps forward, camera at the ready.

PUECH(to GUIDO)

Un petit instant pour une  
photographie - soyez gentil  
- Mademoiselle Séranon aussi,  
bien sur...

MEDIUM SHOT: STEPHEN steps to one side, not wishing to be photographed, while PUECH steps back to photograph the somewhat tense group. ~~THE~~

CLOSE ON ~~THE~~ STEPHEN: he watches THE GIRL with fascination

CLOSE ON THE GIRL: she stares through the camera of PUECH - absolutely cold and aloof.

MEDIUM SHOT: ~~THE~~ The photo is taken and THE GIRL breaks from the group, leaving GUIDO to make the necessary 'good'byes'.

CAMERA PANS WITH HER as she passes PUECH to rejoin STEPHEN. He smiles ingratiatingly - her only response is a look of fiery anger that darts across her face.

THE GIRL (to Stephen)

Now we may go.

She takes his arm.

CLOSE TWO SHOT: STEPHEN frowns, smiling uncertainly. CAMERA PANS WITH THEM, as they pass PUECH. He makes a surreptitious remark just ~~in~~ after she has gone by and she turns for a moment - staring at him in cold anger, that gives way to a withering smile. GUIDO comes into frame and takes her by the other arm ~~and~~. THE GIRL, ~~XX~~ STEPHEN and GUIDO continue on their way.

MEDIUM SHOT: PUECH is joined by THE LAWYER and HIS WIFE, AND THE BALDING DIGNITARY'S WIFE. They watch the receding ~~figurexxxxxx~~ figure of THE GIRL, with obvious resentment. The remarks they make cannot be heard.

HOLD AND CUT TO:-

58. INT. A LARGE DINING ROOM. THE GIRL'S HOME. DAY.

The celebration involves a luncheon: probably the final *raison d'être* for the entire event. Over twenty people, DIGNITARIES AND WIVES are seated at one long table.

As the hostess, THE GIRL is seated at the head - with GUIDO to one side and THE BALDING DIGNITARY to the other. STEPHEN is seated a few places down.

SCENE OPENS WITH MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT ON PUECH, standing at the ~~xxxxxx~~ opposite end of the table.

PUECH ( through the noise)  
Messieurs- dames!? S'il vous plait -  
Je vous en prie?!

He holds up his hand, calling for the attention of the assembled company, his camera at the ready.

MASTER SHOT: the rows of faces down the table, converging on THE GIRL. They all turn, looking towards CAMERA. The ones furthest away lean forward so as not to be excluded from the photograph.

CLOSE ON PUECH: he looks down into the viewfinder of his Rolleiflex.

PUECH  
Un instant, ~~six~~ s'il v/ous plait!

RESUME MASTER SHOT: STEPHEN leans back shielding his face - he can't stomach this kind of thing.

Click: the tableau is immortalized. Everyone relaxes and resumes eating.

MEDIUM ON PUECH: he winds on his camera.

PUECH  
Merci tout le monde.!

CAMERA PANS WITH HIM , as he leaves the room - smiling unctuously to everyone. The door closes behind him.

CLOSE ON THE GIRL: she has watched him leave and now turns back to the meal, CAMERA TRACKING BACK, REVEALING GUIDO AND THE BALDING DIGNITARY engaged in argument. She picks at her food, hardly paying attention - her eyes moving in the direction of STEPHEN.

THE GIRL'S POV: STEPHEN joins in debate with his opposite and the people ~~in~~ around them. But he is a listener, with a ~~gains~~ glass of wine - not an active participant.

CLOSE ON STEPHEN: he appears to listen to the conversation around him, but his mind is elsewhere. He glances towards where THE GIRL would be.

STEPHEN'S POV: THE GIRL is listening to GUIDO, who is trying to gain her sympathy in his argument. From the other side, THE BALDING DIGNITARY lays his hand on her arm and solicits her sympathy also. She looks extremely beautiful.

MEDIUM CLOSE ON STEPHEN: he gazes at her, before turning back, CAMERA PULLING BACK TO SHOW THE BALDING DIGNITARY'S WIFE: she throws a bleak look in the direction of THE GIRL and her husband, leaning forward to point ~~put~~ out her present thoughts about what she sees to THE MAN at her side. He glances too, but shrugs it off.

STEPHEN is a keen observer of it all. He glances back towards THE GIRL, CAMERA TRACKING BACK CLOSE TO HIM: he smiles briefly as he catches her eye - the smile changing to a certain confusion.

MEDIUM CLOSE ON THE GIRL: she meets his gaze. But her smile is curiously sorrowful and painful.

MEDIUM ON STEPHEN: he turns back to the conversation ~~maxis~~ in which he is supposedly involved.

TRACK IN TO CLOSE SHOT ON THE GIRL: she continues to gaze in his direction, until GUIDO'S arm shakes her out of her thoughts.

At the same time there is a knock on the table.

MASTER SHOT: everyone turns towards THE BALDING DIGNITARY who has risen to his feet. Obviously, another speech is due.

THE BALDING DIGNITARY

Mesdames...Messieurs...

Everyone adjusts themselves in their seats, ~~settling~~ settling down for a long session.



THE BALDING DIGNITARY

Aujourd'hui - le quinze septembre,  
- les soupirs de l'automne dans l'air -

MEDIUM CLOSE ON GUIDO AND THE GIRL: GUIDO shoots her a look of disgust at this remark ~~of~~ about "whispers of autumn" in the speech.

THE BALDING DIGNITARY(OOP)

- Nous avons assemblé, unifié dans  
notre respect d'un grand héros - d'un  
vrai fils de notre campagne.

THE GIRL turns and looks once more towards STEPHEN.

MEDIUM CLOSE ON STEPHEN: he meets her gaze.

THE BALDING DIGNITARY(OOP)

Là-haut, j'ai déjà parlé, j'ai déjà  
refléchi sur le vrai signification de  
notre réunion. Maintenant, c'est un  
très grand plaisir....

CLOSE ON THE GIRL: she holds his gaze.

THE BALDING DIGNITARY(OOP)

...à prendre cette moment-ci d'exprimer  
notre reconnaissance à Mademoiselle  
Seranon ...

THE GIRL, smiles politely but coldly - looking down the table.

MEDIUM SHOT, WITH STEPHEN IN FOREGROUND: people exchange very quick and knowing smiles, and THE BALDING DIGNITARY'S WIFE gives a very acid smile.

MEDIUM SHOT ON THE GIRL: she preserves her poise, as the speech continues. CAMERA TRACKS IN ON HER as she lifts her eyes - an enigmatic, challenging gaze towards STEPHEN.

CLOSE ON STEPHEN: drawn to her irresistibly. ~~He~~

MEDIUM CLOSE ON GUIDO: he notices it all - and there is a ~~xx~~ certain real anxiety in his eyes. The speech drones, on and on..

CLOSE ON STEPHEN: he is so lost in thought that he almost misses the moment when they must rise to their feet and toast her health.

MASTER SHOT: ~~XXXX~~ Everyone on their feet, glasses raised, drink a toast to the GIRL.

THE BALDING DIGNITARY

Je vous propose la charmante  
Mademoiselle Seranon.

THE ASSEMBLED COMPANY  
Mademoiselle Séranon...

CUT TO:-

59.INT. THE HALLWAY.THE GIRL'S HOME. DAY.

~~XXXXX~~ MEDIUM LONG SHOT:THE GUESTS file past, shaking hands with THE GIRL as they leave.

MEDIUM CLOSE ON THE GUESTS: the men are friendly enough with the exception of a few tight-lipped old sticks, but the women are more than just reserved.

MEDIUM CLOSE ON THE GIRL THROUGH THE GUESTS: she preserves a formal politeness as they file past.

CUT TO:\*

60.INT. THE LARGE DINING ROOM. DAY.

LONG SHOT: STEPHEN wanders around in the deserted room, picking at a piece of bread as THE WAITER clears everything away.

CUT TO:-

61.INT. THE HALLWAY. ~~MAX~~ THE GIRL'S HOME. DAY.

LONG SHOT: GUIDO stands with THE GIRL by the door. He is the last to go. He speaks to her in a low voice - cautioning her in an avuncular way, it would appear. She kisses him lightly on both cheeks and he leaves. She shuts the door.

CUT TO:-

62. INT. A DRAWING ROOM. THE GIRL'S HOME. DAY.

MEDIUM ~~XXXXX~~ SHOT: THE GIRL ~~is~~ comes into frame, settling ~~maxxx~~ on a sofa, arms stretched out behind her.

THE GIRL(directly)  
Well?

CAMERA TRACKS BACK TO INCLUDE STEPHEN who sits opposite her.

THE GIRL  
Or shall we just sit here in silence..?

STEPHEN  
It might make a change...

Alright... THE GIRL

CLOSE ON THE GIRL: she stares at him in silence.

CLOSE ON STEPHEN: he looks down, doesn't like playing this game.

CLOSE ON THE GIRL: she begins to laugh, repressing it to a certain extent.

CLOSE ON STEPHEN: he feels wounded.

CLOSE ON THE GIRL: she looks up at him amused.

THE GIRL  
~~isn't keeping you~~ I'm keeping you  
from your work?

MEDIUM SHOT:

STEPHEN  
No ...

THE GIRL  
Guido says its very important  
to you -

STEPHEN  
- That's what Guido says -

THE GIRL  
- He's wrong? -

STEPHEN  
- Yes -

THE GIRL  
- Guido? -

STEPHEN  
- Why should he know? -

THE GIRL  
- You're alike -

STEPHEN  
- Are we?

A pause.

THE GIRL  
All of you - ~~murderers~~ vampires.

STEPHEN doesn't quite understand.

STEPHEN(smiling)  
Vampires?

THE GIRL  
You drink the blood and leave the bones.

STEPHEN  
Guido?

THE GIRL  
Guido, all of them, Puech, you saw them -

STEPHEN  
- Yes... I saw them.

THE GIRL gets up, crossing to the mantelshelf to take a cigarette.  
STEPHEN gazes out of the window. When she turns back, she perceives his pain.  
She comes and sits on the low table, by his chair - her attitude softening. She smiles warmly to him.

STEPHEN(quietly)  
What do they have against you?

THE GIRL smiles and shrugs.

THE GIRL  
Everything they haven't done,  
everything they will never do, ~~and~~  
everything they long to do and  
everything they imagine I've done.

STEPHEN  
Like?

THE GIRL(shrugging)  
They imagine! I am an indispensable part of their fantasies. They bore me! ~~and~~

STEPHEN  
Since I'm one of them, then I must bore you too...

THE GIRL  
That's up to you.

STEPHEN

I'm as bored with myself as I was  
with that speech.

CLOSE ON THE GIRL: she laughs, not unsympathetically.  
She leans across and takes his hand.

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

THE GIRL (softly)

Forgive me: I'm a bitch ....

CAMERA CIRCLES ROUND ONTO CLOSE ON STEPHEN: she looks at  
her, both bemused and attracted by her candour.  
CAMERA CONTINUES CIRCLING BACK ONTO HER:

THE GIRL

I play the expected role ...

CUT TO:-

63. INT. ANOTHER ROOM. DUSK.

The room is in dusky shadow.

CAMERA CIRCLES CLOSE AND QUICKLY ON THE GIRL AND STEPHEN;  
they kiss with passion and urgency.

CUT BACK TO:-

64. INT. A DRAWING ROOM. THE GIRL'S HOME. DAY.

MEDIUM LONG SHOT: The light is about to fall, lengthening  
the shadows that are made by the long windows.

STEPHEN strolls into frame, pausing by the windows.

STEPHEN (recalling)

"les soupirs de l'automne..."  
the whispers of autumn...  
Guido's right: his speeches  
are stink.

THE GIRL ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ joins him. She laughs.

STEPHEN

~~What~~ How was it he described you -?

THE GIRL

In many ways -



STEPHEN

No - something about "Who  
today would deny that in her  
courtesy blossoms like the  
rose..."

CAMERA STARTS TO TRACK IN SLOWLY: THE GIRL smiles and  
turns to him.

THE GIRL

What would you have said?

STEPHEN

Me?

She nods: he shrugs.

THE GIRL

What superlative would you have  
found?

STEPHEN

I have no idea?..

THE GIRL

~~Suraklyxssaz~~ ~~No~~ ~~blinding~~  
After two years of work?  
No scholarly brilliance?

STEPHEN

Some equally corny quite, I expect -

THE GIRL

- Such as ?

STEPHEN

Oh, I don't know -

THE GIRL

- Try! -

STEPHEN

I can't think of anything -

THE GIRL

- You must -

STEPHEN

- Must I ?-

THE GIRL

I insist -!

STEPHEN

Then -

THE GIRL

- Go on!

STEPHEN (rattling it off)

Probably : "All I know of her is to my taste  
Who knows of such a sweet resting-  
place."

THE CAMERA FINISHES TRACKING CLOSE ON THE GIRL and  
STEPHEN: She is suddenly very still, and her lightness  
gives way to cold distance.

STEPHEN

First thing that came into my  
head.

BIG CLOSE SHOT OF THE GIRL: She stares through him,  
~~breathes~~ then moves abruptly out of frame.

CUT TO:-

65.INT. XAVIER'S ROOM. DAY.

CLOSE SHOT ON STEPHEN: he looks around ~~him~~ thoughtfully.CAMERA PULLS BACK AS HE ~~CROSSES~~ TO THE TABLE; REVEALING THE ROOM..

On the table, XAVIER'S possessions have been tidied up  
by the chambermaid. STEPHEN peers through the objects  
- looking at the Travel Document.

He ~~dresses~~ to the wardrobe and pulls out the case  
which he places on the bed. Opening it, he finds,  
amongst a few clothes, a ~~xx~~ bundle of postcards held together  
by a rubber band. He takes them and crosses back to  
the table, where he seats ~~himself~~ himself.  
CAMERA TRACKS WITH HIM INTO MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT.

He removes the rubber band and sifts through the cards.  
They come from different parts of Europe - no stamps,  
no messages, nothing but a series of numbers on the  
back. He pauses, glancing at the card of ~~THE~~ Van Gogh's  
~~The Chair~~ The Chair - glancing at the message written  
on it. This reminds him in turn of the ~~xxxxxx~~ torn  
up pieces of card he has put in the waste-paper basket.  
He looks under the table.

INSERT SHOT: The Waste-paper basket. By freak chance,  
the Chambermaid hasn't emptied it. STEPHEN'S hand comes

into frame, fishing the torn ~~XXXXXX~~<sup>pieces</sup> of card from the basket.

CLOSE ON STEPHEN: he sorts the pieces out on the table.

INSERT ON THE TABLE: His hands ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ quickly piece the card together. There is some writing on it

CLOSE ON STEPHEN: his face becomes more interested.

INSERT ON THE TABLE: there is a quote - laboriously written - in provencal. Words have been crossed out, and the writer has obviously had difficulty in recalling the lines.

STEPHEN'S hand places the ~~xxxxxxxx~~ Van Gogh card by its side : the writing is different and ~~xxxxxx~~ the torn card ~~xxxxxx~~ has neither stamp or address.

The hands pause.

CUT TO:-

66.INT. STEPHEN'S HOTEL ROOM. DAY.

CLOSE SHOT: STEPHEN rips off a piece of scotch-tape, CAMERA TRACKING BACK to show him sticking the card together,. He holds it up.

INSERT OF THE CARD: Misspelt, but reading:

" I'EU M'EN VAU, L'AMO RAVIDO  
D'AGNE PANTAIA MA VIDO..."

CAMERA PANS UP ONTO STEPHEN: his expression registers some alarm.

CUT TO:-

~~66~~ 67.INT. THE GIRL'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

STEPHEN and THE GIRL make love.

~~xxxxSTEPHEN~~ The long frustrated seclusion of STEPHEN now explodes outwards. In a sense, he is violent with her - too impatient, too urgent.

SHOOTING OVER STEPHEN ONTO THE GIRL: Her hands hold his back, the nails occasionally pressing into his flesh.

She opens her eyes - wanting him to be more gentle with her.

Her nails dig into his flesh,

THE GIRL(whispering)  
Wait! - Wait....

STEPHEN quietens down.

Her gaze steadies and she smiles to him.

CLOSE ON STEPHEN: a slight unsureness in his eyes begins to disappear. She strokes his neck, and he leans forward to kiss her.

TIGHT TWO SHOT; FAVOURING THE GIRL : they kiss tenderly.

CLOSE SHOT: she links one of her legs over his back, raising her body up to his.

CLOSE SHOT: ~~Her hand glides across his back, her nails scratching him gently.~~ Her hand glides across his back, her nails scratching him gently.

THE GIRL(whispering)

So impatient....

CAMERA PANS ONTO TWO SHOT:

STEPHEN

Am I...?

THE GIRL( a brief laugh)

~~Andxxxxxxx~~ You were hurting me...

STEPHEN

I'm sorry...

She lies still, looking at him for a moment, then she smiles.

THE GIRL(quietly)

No...it was fine...

And now the urgency rises in her, and she holds him tight and close as they continue to make love.

CUT TO:-

68.INT.THE GIRL'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

~~Emptyxxx~~ A dark, hazy emptiness.

STEPHEN(OOP)

'The Society for the Preservation  
of the Great Provencal Traditions'  
....!

THE GIRL rises up into frame, hair dishevelled and skin damp, after ~~xxx~~ making love. She looks down thoughtfully.

STEPHEN(OOP)

Is that what we're doing now?  
- Prserving a great tradition..?

She laughs briefly.

A BRIEF INSERT: STEPHEN and THE GIRL making love - with great force and energy: ferocity.

RESEUME ON THE GIRL, CAMERA ~~RANNING~~ DOWN ONTO STEPHEN: he lies on his stomach. Her nail-marks cover his back. He turns over.

STEPHEN

Are we..?

CAMERA TRACKS BACK TO INCLUDE THE GIRL.

THE GIRL

What do you think?

STEPHEN

I think we are, yes...

STEPHEN'S POV: THE GIRL looks down at him - something sad about such stillness.

CUT TO:-

MEDIUM SHOT ON THE WINDOW: A church bell rings ~~xxxxxxxx~~ somewhere in the distance. Dawn is approaching: ~~The~~ sounds of birds and wild-life beginning~~x~~ to be heard .  
THE GIRL steps into frame, looking out of the window, before turning to gaze in the direction of the bed.

THE GIRLS' POV: STEPHEN sleeps peacefully.

BRIEF INSERT: CLOSE ON HER FACE: her mouth opening, her eyes closing tight, as he makes love to her,  
~~CLOSE ON HER LEFT: pushing into the~~  
CLOSE ON HER FOOT: pushing into his thigh.

RESUME MEDIUM CLOSE ON THE GIRL BY THE WINDOW: she draws on a g cigarette, as she continues to gaze towards STEPHEN \* ~~and~~ some exclusive sadness showing itself more and more.

CUT TO:\*

69. INT. PUECH'S DARKROOM. DAY.

CLOSE SHOT: Under the light of a darkroom lamp, the image of XAVIER'S scarred back fades up from a print in the developing agent.  
There is the sound of running water and the hum of a glazing machine.



CLOSE ON MARTIN: he watches the ~~im~~ image appear, lifts the print from the developer and plunges it into the fix.

CUT TO: MEDIUM SHOT ON A WASH-TANK: now the lights are on, and a batch of prints swirl around in the wash. TWO HANDS push them about, CAMERA PANNING OTO MONSIEUR PUECH - sorting out his prints.

PUECH pulls out several prints from the ceremony at Les Baux, as MARTIN joins him - looking for his prints. PUECH drops his back in the wash, but MARTIN notices one of THE GIRL taken at the celebratory lunch. He pulls it out.

MART PUECH(explaining)  
Réunion of La Société pour La  
Préservation des Grand Traditions  
Provençal.

MARTIN  
Who's the girl..?

~~EXXEX~~ TIGHT TWO SHOT, FAVOURING PUECH: he ~~is~~ swills his prints around.

PUECH(knowingly)  
Ah..the girl! That is Mademoiselle  
Séranon...

He gives a tight laugh.

PUECH (smugly)  
Ah oui.... la Mademoiselle...

MARTIN'S curiosity is aroused by PUECH'S insidious smile.

PUECH deliberately changes the subject - pulling out some of MARTIN'S photographs.

PUECH (looking at them)  
Pas mal, pas mal ....

They are fairly stock shots of local monuments, executed with technical expertise but little imagination.

CLOSE ON MARTIN; he doesn't like them, and is uncomfortable as PUECH looks through them.

MEDIUM SHOT: PUECH walks to a cabinet and takes out a folio.

PUECH(proudly)  
I show you some I take,uh?  
Almost identique! The same  
as you take! C'est bizarre,no?

He rests the folio on the edge of the tank - turning through the pages: drawn into a sense of comradeship with MARTIN.

MARTIN is polite but the comparison is odious however accurate.

PUECH

You see? Voilà - Le Cloître.

INSERT SHOT: he fishes out one of MARTIN'S shots - virtually identical to his rendering in his folio.

TWO SHOT: MARTIN smiles limply.

PUECH(going through)

Le Cloître encore....Les Arènes,  
voyez....Alyscamps...Le theatre  
- same as you take. Incroyable, no?  
Je suis tellement content.

He laughs, slapping MARTIN on the back, passing out of frame. CAMERA CLOSSES IN ON MARTIN: he looks down into the wash, his face registering the mediocrity of his own work.

INSERT: The Wash, with the prints swirling around. MARTIN'S Hand comes in and fishes out his shot of THE GIRL in the Cloister - a more interesting photograph than his others. CAMERA PULLS BACK AND UP ONTO MARTIN, PUECH REJOINING HIM. As he stacks up his own prints, PUECH glances over MARTIN'S shoulder at the photo he examines.

PUECH

You know her?

MARTIN

I met her..in the Cloister...  
or I saw her there..She was  
meeting a priest..

PUECH(darkly)

Elle a besoin... she need one...

MARTIN looks at him.

MARTIN

Why ?

PUECH shrugs, ~~and gestures~~ making a gesture in the air.

MARTIN

No - why..?

PUECH

Ask anyone...they will tell you  
about La Mademoiselle...

He takes some prints ,passing MARTIN,to place them  
on the glazer.

PUECH

Her father begins this Société..  
.. a man,very important - very  
fine. Very rich. Now he is dead  
and she has all the money,all  
the land - everything! She travels  
everywhere - Paris, Rome, New York,  
Africa - fine clothes,cars,beautiful  
things, vous voyez....

MARTIN

So...?

A pause. PUECH feeds the glazing machine.

PUECH(matter of fact)

Elle n'a pas honte.

MARTIN

I don't understand.

PUECH puts down his prints and comes closer to MARTIN.

PUECH(explaining)

'Honte'! - Les scandales!  
Comprenez!

CLOSE ON MARTIN: he smiles.

MARTIN

I'm getting the idea..

PUECH

Dégelasse - mais dégelasse! In the  
streets, cafés, bars - young boys,  
uh? - anyone....even with les gitanes!  
C'est une maladie - une vraie folie!

MARTIN

You exaggerate surely?

MEDIUM SHOT: PUECH concedes this with a nod of the head, as he returns to the glazer.

PUECH

A little maybe - but you may ask anyone....Take away all the fine clothes,uh? - the house, the education and what do you have uh?

CLOSE ON MARTIN: he finds PUECH small-minded and petty.

CLOSE ON PUECH:

PUECH

The only difference is that you don't have to pay...There was this one affair - with a student: no money, long hair, révolutionnaire, drugs....(he shakes his head).

She bring him back from Paris...

They laugh at everyone - all the time a big show of their affair. ~~One day I took a photograph~~  
~~xxxxxx during xxxxxxxx~~  
~~Shexxxxxxxx~~ Oh, c'était un scandale! Then one day - paf! He goes. No-one sees her. Two months, three months perhaps... Et puis? She starts again - pas d'honte!

CLOSE ON MARTIN: he starts to fish his own prints out of the wash - not responding to this gossip with anything more ~~xxx~~ than dislike.

~~xxx~~ CAMERA PANS WITH HIM as he joins PUECH by the glazer.

PUECH

For a man it is different, but when a girl...uh? Pas de tout naturelle!

PUECH starts stacking his prints from the glazer, watched by a silent MARTIN.

MARTIN

Then what's she doing ~~xx~~ in this Society or whatever it is?

PUECH

We are not savages here!  
It is her father's home - he  
was very popular. We are civilized!

MARTIN makes a wry smile, and starts feeding his prints onto the glazing machine.

PUECH pauses to look at some of them, nodding his head approvingly.

PUECH(rferring to MARTIN'S work)

Excellent...

He moves back to the washing tank, CAMERA STAYING ON MARTIN: he doesn't like his work and he doesn't like PUECH and finds it hard to conceal his irritation.

MEDIUM CLOSE ON PUECH: he pulls some more prints out of the wash - pausing as he notices something. He pulls out a particular print and looks at it.

OVER SHOULDER: it is another shot of XAVIER - very grainy.

MEDIUM CLOSE ON PUECH: he looks at it impassively, and then turns towards MARTIN.

MEDIUM ON MARTIN: he feeds his prints onto the drum.

MEDIUM CLOSE ON PUECH: He looks back at the print of XAVIER and then drops it back in the water, in silence.

INSERT: the print of Xavier slips through the water.

HOLD AND CUT TO:-

70. EXT. THE WEST WALL. AIGUES-MORTES.DAY.

Aigues-Mortes - city of the 'dead waters' - is a completely walled medieval town. No larger than Trafalgar Square, the city rises up from the salt flats of the Camargue... mysteriously bleak.

LONG SHOT: MARTIN'S landrover rumbles across the dusty track along the West Wall - disappearing through the heavy stone portals into the town.

CUT TO:-

~~71 EXT~~  
~~xxxxxx~~



70.EXT. A SIDE-STREET.AIGUES-MORTES. DAY.

LONG SHOT: the diminutive houses are dwarfed by the thick walls. The roads are still earth-tracks in places. A sombre atmosphere - a dustiness, an absence of things living.

An old woman sits on her chair by the doorstep - facing the wall that shadows out all alternative life.

MARTIN crosses into frame, looking up at the wall - at the desolate scene around him. Camera an' hung round his neck.

CLOSE ON MARTIN: he glances at the old woman.

MARTIN'S POV: she stares at him.

CUT TO:-

71.EXT.THE MAIN SQUARE.AIGUES-MORTES. DAY.

A small square, flanked by cafés. There are few people around.

The old ~~maxix~~ men sit on benches under the plane trees.

MARTIN strolls ~~xxxxx~~ across the square. People look and watch.

CUT TO:-

72.EXT. THE TOUR DE CONSTANCE?AIGUES-MORTES.DAY.

The heavy tower forms one corner of the east wall.

MARTIN comes into foreground looking up at the ~~xxx~~ tower. He moves towards it.

CUT TO:-

73.EXT/INT. THE TOUR DE CONSTANCE. AIGUES-MORTES. DAY.

There is a battlements at the top of the tower; a ~~vantage~~ vantage point.

MEDIUM SHOT: MARTIN appears through the doorway onto the small battlements. He is out of breath from the climb.

Below him lies the town. He stands there looking down - then he raises his camera - making various sightings onto the town, but he decides finally not to photograph this view.

He pauses - changes his mind - and raises the camera once more. The ~~xxxxxxx~~ battery-operated wind-on device whirrs into action, as he reels off a panoramic shot.

Turning away from the view, his attention is suddenly caught by something above him. He looks up - shielding his eyes from the sun.

MARTIN'S POV: Crowning the battlements, there is a small turret perched above the entrance, ~~xxxxxx~~ It is a conically shaped iron cage - the sentinel's look-out - in which there is standing a figure, completely silhouetted by the sun.

CLOSE ON MARTIN: he squints into the sun, unable to make out who it is.

MARTIN'S POV: The black shape looks down on him a moment longer, before casually disappearing out of sight.

MEDIUM SHOT: A moment later, THE GIRL appears around the back of the turret - to confront a surprised MARTIN on the battlements. She crosses him, smiling briefly, to look out across the land.

MARTIN watches her, thinking up his a few words of French with which to make conversation.

MARTIN(indicating the land)  
Er...Le campagne est très beau ici...

MEDIUM CLOSE ON THE GIRL: she turns.

THE GIRL(correcting him)  
"Belle".

MARTIN(repeating)  
Ah - Le campagne est très belle ici...

THE GIRL(correcting him)  
"La campagne..."

MARTIN(once more)  
Okay - La campagne est très belle ici...  
Ici, la campagne est très belle...

THE GIRL(the edge of sarcasm)  
Bravo! <sup>Le</sup> Monsieur has made himself clear

MARTIN  
Ah - La Mademoiselle speaks English?

MEDIUM CLOSE ON THE GIRL: "La Mademoiselle" is a title she doesn't like.

THE GIRL  
Yes...

MEDIUM SHOT:

MARTIN  
Good - then I can ask you what I wanted to ask you.

She looks at him enquiringly.

MARTIN

I was going to ask you to  
let me photograph you up there  
- ( he points to the iron cage)

THE GIRL looks up, then back at him.

MARTIN

The sun behind you - everything  
was black. The shape of the iron  
- you....Interesting.

THE GIRL has heard this approach a dozen times, if she's  
heard it once.

THE GIRL

A photograph..?

MARTIN nods.

THE GIRL

With the sun behind me....

MARTIN

Silhouette...

THE GIRL nods.

THE GIRL

And then..?

MARTIN shrugs innocently.

THE GIRL

You don't suggest I come to  
collect it in a few days - ?  
Have a drink maybe - dinner?  
Or does that come later?

MARTIN shifts feet and laughs hollowly.

MARTIN

Listen...I'm a professional.

MEDIUM CLOSE ON THE GIRL: she looks at him shrewdly.

THE GIRL

I'm sure you are...

MEDIUM CLOSE ON MARTIN: he hesitates, smiling unsurely.

MARTIN(taking the risk)  
I'm quite professional at that too....

CLOSE ON THE GIRL: she stares at him, appraising him quite coolly, making up her mind.

CLOSE ON MARTIN: he tinkers with his camera, smiling reassuringly.

CLOSE ON THE GIRL: she looks up at the cage, shrugs and moves towards it

MARTIN(OOP)  
It'll only take a moment, I promise.

CUT TO:-

74.EXT. EAST WALL AND MAIN GATE. AIGUES-MORTES. DAY.

MEDIUM ON MARTIN: he stands in the shade, photographing with a moderately long-focus lens.

MARTIN  
More to your left! ...  
There! ( he takes the shot).  
Good!

He changes camera, looks up - preparing to take another shot - but lowers it, frowning.

MARTIN(under his breath)  
Oh shit! Now what's she up to...

MEDIUM LONG SHOT: The shadows from the houses fall across the ~~sandy~~ sandy clearing, just leaving the orange stone of the East wall bathed in sunlight. On a stone bench, running along the wall, a line of old people sit together - heads protected from the sun. They lean on their sticks, or back against the wall - clothed in dark colours. On the right, THE GIRL stands on the stone bench. Slowly and languidly, she steps to the ground, sits down and flops herself back.

MARTIN approaches through foreground.

MARTIN  
I was just beginning to get something.  
What's the matter?

THE GIRL shrugs.

THE GIRL  
I'm tired of playing...

MARTIN  
Pity: I was beginning to get  
somewhere...

MEDIUM SHOT: She looks up at him. MARTIN looks around.

MARTIN  
Pity.... Shapes for a graveyard...

THE GIRL  
Louis IX built this town -  
Do you know what Aigues-Mortes  
means...? City of dead-waters ...  
He built it for his Crusades -  
a place to assemble his armies -  
thirty-six thousand men he brought  
here. Off they went...The ~~seemed~~  
second time, in 1248, they ~~never~~  
never reached the Holy Land. Wiped  
out by the plague in Morrocco.  
Louis also...Saint Louis...

MARTIN  
And then..?

THE GIRL  
A few people got left behind..  
She nods in the direction of the old people.

THE GIRL  
They sit and wait. I always  
think they're waiting for him to come  
back....

CLOSE ON MARTIN: he glances towards the old people.

MEDIUM LONG SHOT: the rows of old faces, the dust and  
shadow looming over them.

MARTIN  
I'm right then -

THE GIRL  
- Yes, its a graveyard for the past...  
Doesn't take too much to see that.

MEDIUM TWO SHOT: MARTIN looks at her quickly, fractionally  
stung by her last remark.



THE GIRL

Even your Monsieur Puech could  
see that - you work with him, don't  
you?

MARTIN(retort)

Not with him - I use his darkroom  
- What else has Guido been saying!

She shrugs and shakes her head. She stretches out her hand, and he helps her to her feet. She dusts herself off, looking at him with a mischievous smile.

THE GIRL

Yes...you and Puech: a rich exchange  
of ideas, sharing the common interest  
- I see it all...sunsets and postcards  
....

She laughs. MARTIN is peeved.

MARTIN

I may be second-rate, but not  
yet a Puech...

CLOSE ON THE GIRL: she apologizes.

THE GIRL(quietly)

No...I think you're probably very  
good....On y va manger?

TWO SHOT: MARTIN sighs.

MARTIN

Sounds exciting, but what does it mean?

CUT TO:-

75.INT. A RESTAURANT. CRAU-DU-ROI. DAY.

A cool, high-ceilinged hall dating from the turn of this century. Cream walls, pillars, patterned stone floors. Rows of tables, with white table-cloths and polished glasses.

MEDIUM SHOT: THE GIRL and MARTIN at a table somewhere in the middle of the restaurant. A greying WAITER, in white jacket and tinted spectacles serves them with Moules Marinière in a great tureen. He works with speed.

~~camera pans and tracks with the waiter~~

CAMERA PANS AND TRACKS SWIFTLY WITH THE WAITER, as he strides briskly through the tables, towards a long bar by the entrance, ~~xthexglass~~ which is ~~inx~~ through one huge glass-panalled wall. The place is quite busy - peoples' voices echoing in the large room.

From the bar, THE WAITER collects a bottle of wine - CAMERA TRACKS BACK WITH HIM, as he weaves his way towards their table, stopping to whisk up an empty bottle on the way.

~~Hezplonksxthexwinezdownxatxthexizxtablezandxmovesxout~~  
He dunks the wine into an ice bucket by\* their table and moves on to his next customers.

MARTIN takes the wine and serves THE GIRL<sup>1</sup> then himself.

MARTIN

You travel a lot, I hear -

THE GIRL

You hear?

MARTIN

From Puech - I think he's jealous.

THE GIRL

Perhaps.

MARTIN(smiling)

Well..its all a bit provincial, isn't it..nothing much happening...

CLOSE ON THE GIRL: she eats her moules ~~betweensexher~~ using her fingers: she says nothing.

MARTIN

They read about what's going on in the big cities - all the excitement and so on. The parties - who's doing this and who's doing that. They get an image, form an impression...Of course, its a false impression - as you know. They have no idea...

THE GIRL

No?

MARTIN

Well, you know what its like - you've been around....

She says nothing.

CLOSE ON MARTIN: he pauses, re-working his approach.

MARTIN

I mean, you must go to dozens  
of parties all over the place  
- you know what they're like.

THE GIRL

No: I don't usually go.

MARTIN

I have to, of course - for my  
work...Contacts ... I mean, I  
don't...er...in fact, I prefer a  
- I ~~prefer~~ prefer to ..to...

CLOSE ON THE GIRL: she looks straight at him

THE GIRL

What?

CLOSE ON MARTIN: he stumbles.

MARTIN

Er...I like a change from all that..

He looks at her.

CLOSE ON THE GIRL: she sips her wine and simply waits for  
him to carry on.

CLOSE ON MARTIN: he changes tack.

MARTIN

Did you ever do any fashion work?

CLOSE ON THE GIRL: she pauses and looks at him.

MARTIN

- You should ~~be~~: you'd be good!  
You've got a marvellous figure  
- great face...You'd be terrific.

She places her glass on the table, running her finger along  
the rim and then looking up at him, her face tilted to  
one side.

THE GIRL

What are you trying to say?

CLOSE ON MARTIN: he looks all innocent and straightforward.

MARTIN

Just what I've said!

CLOSE ON THE GIRL:

THE GIRL

- No you're not.

MARTIN

Alright: No, I'm not - What am I saying?

THE GIRL

Just about nothing!

CLOSE ON MARTIN: he is stung, angered.

MARTIN(snidely)

Didn't think that mattered much to you -

THE GIRL

- And what does that mean? -

MARTIN

- You should know -

THE GIRL

- Explain -

MARTIN

- Come off it: you're not an amateur -

THE GIRL

- And you're too damned professional!

MARTIN

That makes two of us -

THE GIRL

- You don't even know who I am -

MARTIN(meanly)

- You don't usually know who they are, do you? From what I hear, its a matter of any place at any time.

CLOSE ON THE GIRL: she is white with anger, very distant and cold. She stares at him for a moment and then delivers an almighty slap around his face.

CUT ON ACTION TO CLOSE ON MARTIN: he ~~has~~ is just about to apologize when he feels the full weight of the blow.

MEDIUM LONG SHOT: The sound echoes around the restaurant. There is a pause in conversations - clientele and waiters turn to look.

MEDIUM CLOSE ON THE GIRL: she looks at him.

THE GIRL(quietly and rapidly)

You hear? From Puech:and you listen!  
What does that make you, do you  
think - what have you to be so pleased  
about? Are you so bored and tired  
with yourself that you can think of  
nothing better to do?!

She rises from the table, CAMERA PANS WITH HER - MARTIN  
half-rises to try and stop her.  
CAMERA TRACKS WITH HER AS SHE STRIDES THROUGH THE RESTAURANT  
AND OUT OF THE DOOR.

MEDIUM SHOT, TRACKING IN ON MARTIN: he loathes himself  
as he watches her go.  
Then he reaches into his wallet and leaves enough to cover  
the bill, as he rises from the table to follow her.

CUT TO:-

76.EXT.THE QUAYSIDE. CRAU DU ROI. DAY.

The restaurant is on the edge of the quay of this typical  
fishing village. Fishing boats are moored on either side  
of the canal, the fishermen preparing for that evening's  
excursion.

MEDIUM LONG SHOT: MARTIN exits the restaurant, looking ~~xxx~~  
around for THE GIRL. He pauses as he sees her and then starts  
towards her.

MEDIUM SHOT: THE GIRL stands on the edge of the quay -  
back to CAMERA - breathing deeply.  
MARTIN comes into frame and pauses behind her. She  
doesn't turn.

CLOSE ON MARTIN: he searches awkwardly for an apology.

MARTIN(quietly)

That was a dreadful thing to have  
said....I'm very sorry....

CLOSE ON THE BACK OF THE GIRL'S HEAD: she doesn't turn  
for a moment, but when she does MARTIN sees that she has  
been crying a little.

THE GIRL( explaining simply)

I was very much in love once. We  
parted - he had to go away. He didn't  
come back. He betrayed me - perhaps  
he didn't, I don't know - but that's *how*  
~~what~~ it feels like...



She looks at him.

THE GIRL  
That's all...

MARTIN  
I'm sorry...

She smiles: he is forgiven.

MEDIUM TWO SHOT:

MARTIN(continuing the apology)  
Its terrible... I haven't even  
had the manners to ask you your  
name -

She laughs.

THE GIRL  
Marianne.

MEDIUM ~~LONG~~ SHOT: They stand there, MARTIN a little awkward

MARTIN  
Marianne....

MEDIUM LONG SHOT:

MARTIN  
Well, we could start at the beginning  
-

THE GIRL  
- At a different table...

They move back towards the restaurant.

CUT TO:-

77.INT. XAVIER'S ROOM.DAY.

MEDIUM SHOT: MARTIN comes into frame in CLOSE SHOT. He looks around the room, crossing to the bedside table. He opens the drawer - it is empty. He moves to the wardrobe and takes out the wooden case which he sets on the bed. Opening it, he finds nothing. He shuts it and moves to the table on which XAVIER'S personal possessions are lying. MARTIN lifts up the Travel Document and a folded ~~piece~~ piece of paper drops out on the table.. MARTIN picks it up and opens it.

INSERT SHOT: There is an official letterhead showing that the letter comes from Stockholm. It is written in Swedish.

MEDIUM CLOSE ON MARTIN: he can't understand it, but folds it and places it in his shirt pocket. He looks around once more and leaves the room.

CUT TO:-

78.INT. THE GIRL'S BEDROOM. ~~MAN~~NIGHT.

~~MAT~~ MARTIN and THE GIRL make love. From MARTIN there is cold technique - mechanics.  
His head lies over her shoulder - he doesn't look at her, doesn't make love with her.

MEDIUM CLOSE TWO SHOT: he kisses her on one side of the neck, moves his head across and kisses her on the other side. ~~She~~ Her expression is frustrated, wanting him to be less distant and mechanical.

She gently ~~tries~~ tries to raise his head so that he will look at her, but he simply moves across to kiss the inside of her arm.

She takes ~~him~~ his head more firmly, pulling it towards her. He ~~resists~~ resists. But she jerks it fiercely back to her - her eyes questioning him.

THE GIRL(a strong whisper)  
Look at me! Look at me!

CLOSE ON THE GIRL: she gazes at him.

CLOSE ON MARTIN: uncertain, unsure, afraid of making real contact .

CLOSE ON THE GIRL:

THE GIRL(whispering)  
Give me something of you.....  
Be with me....

She smiles softly.

CLOSE ON MARTIN: he looks at her and finds he is not afraid. CAMERA PULLS BACK INTO TWO SHOT as he gently strokes her face, traces her eyes, allows himself to be loving towards her as they begin to make love again.

CUT BACK TO:-

79.INT. THE RESTAURANT.CRAU-DU-ROI.DAY.

LONG SHOT: The restaurant is now deserted except for MARTIN and THE GIRL. ~~Waiters~~ THE WHITE-JACKETED WAITERS have finished clearing-up and would like to leave. Amid the pile of bottles and coffee cups on the table, MARTIN ~~loudly~~ is loudly holding forth.

MARTIN

Dull, lazy, unimaginative!  
 There ~~are~~ They were - side by side.  
 His photos and mine. The  
 same! Me and Puech!

THE GIRL laughs.

MARTIN

I had given up looking -  
 click, I was just taking!

CUT TO:-

80.INT. THE GIRL'S BEDROOM.NIGHT.

MEDIUM CLOSE TWO SHOT: THE GIRL rolls over on top of  
 MARTIN. They kiss - quickly and passionately - making  
 love with a certain fury and energy.

CUT TO:-

CLOSE SHOT OF HER HAND: she runs it up his back - the  
 nails pushing into the flesh. CUT TO:-

CLOSE SHOT ON THEIR MOUTHS KISSING . CUT TO:-

CLOSE SHOT: she wraps her legs around his thighs, her  
 arms around his neck, pulling him close and beginning  
 to cry out.

~~ONE BACK TO~~~~SIXTYTWO THE RESTAURANTZCRASHZBOMBZBAY~~

~~CLOSESHOTZONXTHXGIRLZXBHXLoughszGAMERXGIRLEESXARONNZ~~  
~~ONTOZMARTINZxwhoxhellisxoverzthxtablezazhit.~~

CUT TO:-

CLOSE SHOT OF THE GIRL, sitting up in bed: the dry has  
 given way to a soft laugh.  
 CAMERA TRACKS BACK TO INCLUDE MARTIN: he is also sitting  
 up in bed. He smiles. His back looks quite scratched and  
 she leans past him, ~~softly~~ MARTIN gently looking at the  
 marks.

THE GIRL

I'm sorry....

MARTIN

No....I met someone. His back  
 was covered in real scars.  
 He had no memory - just a lot  
 of scars.~~xxxxxx~~ All over his back..

CLOSE ON THE GIRL: she looks at him pensively.

THE GIRL

So do we all.

CLOSE ON MARTIN: he detects the sadness and tries to overcome it.

MARTIN

Where do you keep your's?  
They must be very beautiful...

CAMERA PANS INTO TWO SHOT: she leans back on the bed and he runs his hand across her stomach.

THE GIRL(with a smile)

I don't know - You'll have to look...

He leans over her.

CUT TO:-

81. INT. THE GIRL'S BEDROOM. DAWN.

MEDIUM LONG SHOT: MARTIN lies asleep.

CAMERA PANS ONTO THE GIRL: she smokes as she paces slowly round the room  $\frac{3}{4}$ , her hand gliding over the objects and furniture she passes.

CAMERA TRACKS IN ON HER SLOWLY - coming closer to the restless and searching expression on her face. She paces back and forth - in and out of frame.

HOLD AND CUT TO:-

82. INT. GUIDO'S OFFICE. DAY.

CLOSE SHOT: GUIDO'S hands hold a print of MARTIN'S photograph of XAVIER.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL PUECH and GUIDO. PUECH has an enquiring expression on his face. GUIDO drops the print on the desk.

MEDIUM SHOT ON GUIDO: he picks up a glass of wine, sniffs it, sips it and looks at the photo.

GUIDO

Oui, c'est lui....

PUECH

Alors, qu'est-ce qu'on va faire?

GUIDO looks at PUECH, disdain barely concealed.

GUIDO(in FRENCH)

Puech...?I know you realize  
the need for absolute discretion  
in this matter?

PUECH(in French)

It goes without saying -

GUIDO(in French)

And I know I can trust you to remain  
absolutely silent -

PUECH(in French)

Of course...Just you and I ..

GUIDO(in French)

Exactly...You see, Puech, its  
more complicated than you ~~think~~  
know. I have in my possession  
a certain document which Martin  
gave me for translation.

PUECH(~~in~~ ears pricking up)

Ah...?

GUIDO (in French)

Yes.Unfortunately all I can tell  
you is that it comes from eer~~tain~~  
hospital authorities in Stockholm -

PUECH

- Sweden?

PUECH is suitably impressed by the drama.

GUIDO(in French)

It concerns Xavier...  
For the moment, Puech, we must do  
nothing.

PUECH(in French)

I have no wish for a scandal.  
But what could I do? I saw the  
picture - its against professional  
practice, I know, but -

GUIDO(in French)

No, you were quite right to bring  
it to me, Puech...In fact, I wonder  
if you could arrange for some copies

....

MEDIUM CLOSE ON PUECH: he shams reluctance, drawing in  
his breath with a hiss. But he agrees.



MEDIUM SHOT: GUIDO rises to his feet and starts ushering PUECH to the door.

PUECH(in French)  
I'll do my best...

GUIDO(in French)  
I know you will, Bernard - I'm most grateful.

They shake hands, PUECH exiting with a sense of having struck new social horizons.

GUIDO closes the door. He stands there - obviously deeply disturbed.

~~ENTER~~ CAMERA PANS WITH HIM as he crosses to the telephone

GUIDO  
'Allo?... 'Allo!... Oui, Donnez-moi.....

And he reels off a number.

CUT TO:-

83.INT. STEPHEN'S HOTEL ROOM. DAY.

MEDIUM CLOSE ON STEPHEN: he examines the Swedish letter and a translation.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO SHOW MARTIN walking around the room. The postcards STEPHEN has found are lying on the table.

MARTIN  
Fourteen months ago he arrives in Sweden. He spends nine months in a hospital, as that letter explains, is discharged with severe amnesia -

STEPHEN(reading from the letter)  
- ' the result of severe physical maltreatment prior to the patient's arrival in Sweden ' -

MARTIN  
- Right! He's discharged - apparently fully in charge of his faculties except that he can't remember a damn thing - is granted a Travel Document issued by the French Embassy in Stockholm, arrives here five months later and promptly disappears. He's granted the Visa on the strength of that letter presumably ... I mean, he's obviously not a Swede.

STEPHEN

No, he's come here because of  
a postcard...

MARTIN looks at him in curiosity. STEPHEN turns to the  
cards on the table.

STEPHEN

All these cards are numbered. Now that I've  
seen that letter, the numbers are fairly obvious  
- they mark the months.... One to Nine  
in Stockholm, etcetera....

MARTIN looks through them.

MARTIN

Copenhagen, Amsterdam, Brussels...

STEPHEN

All the way down - but he stays  
three months in Paris - Ten to  
Thirteen, before arriving here. And  
all he's got - at least the only thing  
of use, is this -

He picks up the Van Gogh postcard of The ~~Gair~~ Chair and  
hands it to MARTIN.

MARTIN

In provençal?

STEPHEN

Yuh. "All I know of her is to my taste  
Who knows of such a sweet resting-place"  
By Peire Vidal - twelfth century.

MARTIN

Signed "M" -

STEPHEN

"M" - Mariannexxxxz -

MARTIN (picking up on this)

Marianne?

STEPHEN

Marianne - Marie...Martine,  
Marie-Claire, Mireille - any one of  
them - Well, its obviously from a girl  
- a man wouldn't send that kind of ~~xxx~~  
message -

MARTIN

- depends on the man.

STEPHEN

Yes... well....The postmark:  
Arles. The date: indecipherable...

MARTIN

So Xavier is wandering around  
waiting to be recognized by M  
- his only clue to his memory.

STEPHEN

If it was that simple, why didn't  
he place his photograph in the local  
newspaper - ?

MARTIN

"I am lost, please find me"

A pause. STEPHEN crosses to the ~~desk~~ table and picks up  
the torn postcard, which he gives to MARTIN.

STEPHEN

This was in his waste-paper basket -  
the day he disappeared.

MARTIN

Another quote.

STEPHEN

" I am going with my soul bewitched  
For I have dreamed my life away..."

MARTIN

He remembered something....

A pause.

CLOSE ON STEPHEN: he looks at MARTIN.

STEPHEN

Very few people know the provencal  
language...very few indeed...

CLOSE ON MARTIN: he looks down at the card.

MARTIN

~~He remembered~~ And then he freaked  
out...

A pause.

MEDIUM LONG SHOT: MARTIN turns to STEPHEN.

MARTIN

What do you think?

STEPHEN(quietly)

Its quite clear what happened  
to him...wherever - whenever...  
The surprise is that such things  
no longer surprise. I'm not surprised  
- hardly even shocked...maybe that  
kind of violence is no worse because  
its visible than the invisible kind we all  
seem part of.... I don't know what's  
happened to him now....

MARTIN

He wouldn't.... would he ..?

STEPHEN

He could be at the bottom of the  
Rhône for all I know...

MARTIN(optimistically)

Perhaps he's found M -  
perhaps he's perfectly alright  
and we're just making a fuss..?

A pause.

There is a knock on the door. They both look.

CLOSE ON MARTIN: he looks to STEPHEN.

CLOSE ON STEPHEN: he looks to MARTIN: they both think the  
same thing.

STEPHEN(after a moment's hesitation)

Entrez!

MEDIUM ON THE DOOR: It opens to reveal a smiling PATRON -  
carrying a letter. STEPHEN crosses to take it.

THE PATRON (handing over the letter)

Voilàx..

STEPHEN ( examining it)  
 Merci...

THE PATRON leaves.

STEPHEN  
 From Spain - marked Urgent!

MEDIUM CLOSE ON MARTIN: he waits apprehensively.

MEDIUM CLOSE ON STEPHEN: he sits down and tears the letter open.

MARTIN  
 Well?

STEPHEN looks at the signature, and his face relaxes into a smile.

STEPHEN  
 No....No - its from the Editor  
 a personal note,too - fancy that!

MEDIUM SHOT:

MARTIN  
 Oh,that means trouble for sure -  
 read it out ....

STEPHEN  
 "Dear Stephen...I have been here  
 in Granada, with Claudette and the  
 family, for the last ten days: a  
 chance to rest and relieve myself <sup>from</sup>  
~~of~~ the pressures and stress of work  
 which - comma - I fear - comma -  
 can be doing my heart - comma -  
 some - comma - if not more - comma  
 disservice!"

STEPHEN smiles.

MARTIN  
 End of the overture - up with the curtain!

STEPHEN  
 " I am writing to you now - not as  
 your editor - but as your friend.  
 As you ~~will~~ know, the work on the  
 book is well overdue and it is becoming  
 increasingly difficult for me to  
 justify the mounting expenses when I  
 I can show no results,nor, indeed



STEPHEN (continuing)

" any positive indication of a finishing date. Knowing, as I do, how important the book is to you, I have been prepared to fight for you - and believe me I have - since I have every confidence that what ~~we~~ you will produce will be remarkably fine - "

MARTIN laughs.

STEPHEN(continuing)

" However, this can't go on . Finish the book ~~and~~ and finish it soon. Unless I see some results ~~within~~~~xxxx~~ within a week, I ~~am~~ shall be obliged to write to you in more official terms. Believe me, that's the last thing I want to do but its simply not worth my job here to carry on justifying work that is both expensive and - comma - let's be honest - comma - ~~an~~ excessively lengthy in its execution. Don't let me down, Stephen, - after such a long time, it would be as painful for me as for you to see this magnificent project abandoned. Claudette sends her love and asks whether you've had a chance~~yet~~ to read Grignon's " Syntactical Variations: Petrarch under Review"....

He places down the letter and bursts into laughter.

STEPHEN

Poor old George....

MARTIN laughs too.

MARTIN

Out of luck...

STEPHEN

Oh hell - what are we ~~gon~~ going to do?

MARTIN

Tell him.

STEPHEN

" Dear George - There have been a few changes...."

STEPHEN rises to his feet. MARTIN ~~grabs his jacket~~  
grabs his jacket.

MARTIN  
Come on: let's have a drink...

STEPHEN  
Why not, for God's sake...

They move to the door.

MEDIUM CLOSE ON THE DOOR: MARTIN opens it - freezing in his tracks.  
XAVIER stands/~~there~~ virtually about to knock on the door. He looks at them.

CLOSE TWO SHOT: MARTIN and STEPHEN are too surprised to speak.

CLOSE ON XAVIER: his face is pale, his eyes tired. He just stands there.

CLOSE TWO SHOT ON MARTIN and STEPHEN: they just stand there.

CLOSE ON XAVIER: he looks at both of them.

XAVIER(quietly)  
Hullo...

CUT TO:-

84.INT.GUIDO'S OFFICE.DAY.

CLOSE ON THE GIRL: very still, stunned into silence. Her expression is very troubled, very dark.

MEDIUM SHOT: PUECH stands a few yards away from her and GUIDO is behind her chair. She notices neither of them. On her lap, are some photographs. She leans forward in her chair.

MEDIUM ON PUECH: he makes a discreet shrug to GUIDO - wondering what to do.

MEDIUM ON GUIDO: he motions discreetly with his hand to do nothing, to say nothing.

CLOSE SHOT ON THE GIRL: she gazes ahead, pain growing inside her with incredible force.

LONG SHOT: GUIDO ~~and~~ and PUECH wait for her to react.

CUT TO:

85.INT. ~~XXXXXXXX~~ STEPHEN'S ROOM. DAY.

CAMERA TRACKS BACK FROM A MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT ON XAVIER:  
he speaks firmly but quietly to STEPHEN and MARTIN<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>

XAVIER

They tried everything in Sweden -  
everyone tried to help me regain  
my memory. But I couldn't and I  
began to believe that ~~that~~ my  
past was my past and that I could  
do without it. So I tried to  
start again. You've seen those cards  
- I tried in Paris. But I found  
I couldn't forget what I had forgotten.  
That I had to have my memory. I had  
to know my past to know my future.

STEPHEN

And the other day?

XAVIER

What would you do? Wouldn't you  
keep moving, searching, looking,  
digging - anything to break the  
code of this - this obscene solitude!  
I remembered some words - I had  
to go and look and I recognize things  
here - I know them, I know this land  
but I remember nothing!

XAVIER looks down.

CLOSE ON MARTIN: he looks towards XAVIER with compassion.

CLOSE ON STEPHEN: he doesn't know what he can say.

STEPHEN(quietly)

Perhaps things only present themselves  
when ~~they're ready~~ you're ready.

XAVIER

And when is that?

STEPHEN

I don't know... Now perhaps...  
Who knows..?

HOLD AND CUT TO:-

86.INT. GUIDO'S OFFICE. DAY.

CLOSE ON A PHOTOGRAPH OF XAVIER: his scarred back, held

in THE GIRL'S hands.

CAMERA PANS SLOWLY UP ONTO THE GIRL. Her face is taut, and she begins to ~~rumbles~~ tremble - and when she speaks, the deep anger in her eyes, the violent torment she has suffered is slowly released. Her voice is low and proud, rising as all the pain and anger bursts out into the open.

THE GIRL(in French)

Are you happy now? - Are you pleased?  
Has it all turned out for the best?  
Two years... for two years you haven't  
let me forget - For two years, there's  
been no life for me here - in my home!  
In my land - which I love!

He had gone. He was the  
past and he wasn't coming back. A  
memory! But you wouldn't let go  
would you!? There was no peace here  
- no life - I had to go away. You made  
me a foreigner - La Mademoiselle! Did  
it please you? Excite you? Was it  
good for your health? Was it!?  
No life! ( she begins to cry - tears  
pouring out with her anger). Because  
you've done to me what they've done  
to him. Look at him - ? Ruined!  
Scarred! A wreck...! And now he's  
back...( she fights to check her  
violent sobbing) ...

CAMERA TRACKS SLOWY AWAY FROM HER AS SHE CONTINUES.

THE GIRL(Continuing in French)

You wouldn't let us be then and  
you won't let us be now. Look what  
you've done to him - look! You sent  
him home to Brazil! You sucked us  
dry! Now be proud!

She looks up at the silent figures of GUIDO and PUECH.  
She hilds back the sobs, as the tears continue to  
pour out - fury racing from her eyes.

CUT TO:-

87.INT. STEPHEN'S HOTEL ROOM. DAY-DUSK.

MEDIUM ON STEPHEN: he leans against his desk, looking towards  
~~CAMERA~~ XAVIER, PAST CAMERA.

CAMERA PANS AND TRACKS TO REVEAL MARTIN by the window,  
with XAVIER seated in the middle of the room.

XAVIER(quietly)  
Would I know her.. or him... if  
I saw them ? Or would I pass them by...?

MARTIN  
You would be recognized ....

CLOSE ON STEPHEN: he is painfully coming to a conclusion.

STEPHEN  
Xavier...? Very few people speak  
provençal...someone taught you...  
someone here.... a girl...

CLOSE ON MARTIN: he suddenly looks up towards STEPHEN -  
perceiving his thoughts.

CLOSE ON STEPHEN: he looks down.

STEPHEN  
You see.....

CLOSE ON XAVIER: he looks at STEPHEN.

XAVIER  
- Go on!

CLOSE ON STEPHEN: he pauses.

STEPHEN  
You see - I know everyone here  
who speaks provençal...all the  
people who have studied it here  
.... Xavier...?

CLOSE ON MARTIN: he pays attention to every gesture STEPHEN  
is making, understanding every inference .

STEPHEN  
Whoever ~~whoever~~ wrote you that card  
....I mean, I must know whoever  
wrote that card.

STEPHEN forces a smile.

CLOSE ON XAVIER: he looks at STEPHEN anxiously.

STEPHEN  
Just give me a day....

CUT TO:-



88.INT. THE PASSAGE OUTSIDE GUIDO'S OFFICE. DAY-DUSK

MEDIUM SHOT: GUIDO hushes down a confused, rather red-faced PUECH - sending him on his way with whispered admonitions. PUECH leaves, and GUIDO turns back into his office. There is time to see THE GIRL - still in the same chair - through the open door.

CUT TO:-

89.INT. GUIDO'S OFFICE.DAY-DUSK.

LOW-ANGLE LONG SHOT: the room is shadowy. THE GIRL is immobile. GUIDO closes the door silently behind him.

GUIDO

Eh bien...

THE GIRL(looking up)(in French)

Where did you get these photographs?

GUIDO(in French)

Oh, does it matter?

THE GIRL(firmly - in French)

Yes!

GUIDO(in French)

From Martin...

THE GIRL(in French)

Where's he staying?

GUIDO(in French)

Hotel Touring - Now, Marianne -

THE GIRL(in French)

- No, Guido! Don't tell me!

A pause.

GUIDO(in French)

I'm your friend....

THE GIRL rises and ~~crosses THE GIRL crosses~~ crosses to the door.

THE GIRL(in French)

Then behave like one!

She leaves.

CUT TO:-

~~90.INT. HOTEL MONTMARTRE. MARTIN IS SEATED AT A TABLE.~~

90.INT. MARTIN'S HOTEL. THE CORRIDOR. DAY-DUSK.

MEDIUM LONG SHOT: THE GIRL strides towards CAMERA, down the corridor. She stops and knocks on a door.

CUT TO:-

91.INT. MARTIN'S HOTEL ROOM. DAY-DUSK.

MASTER SHOT: THE GIRL enters - his cameras are on the bed, a few prints are strewn about, but ~~the~~ ~~room~~ is out. She leaves.

CUT TO:-

92.EXT. STEPHEN'S HOTEL. DAY-DUSK.

MEDIUM SHOT: CAMERA PANS WITH THE GIRL as she runs up the steps into STEPHEN'S Hotel.

CUT TO:-

93.INT. STEPHEN'S HOTEL ROOM. DAY-DUSK.

CLOSE ON THE DOOR: It opens brusquely, and THE GIRL stands there.

HER POV: The room is empty. The door clicks shut as she leaves.

CUT TO:-

94. EXT. A MONTAGE. DAY-DUSK.

The church bell rings the angelus. People take their evening pastis. The cafes are full. Work is finished.

- THE GIRL searches among the popular cafes.
- She ~~weaves~~ weaves through tables.
- She sees who is playing ~~pin~~ the pin<sup>3</sup>-ball machines.
- She looks through another cafe.
- And another, on the Boulevard des Lices.
- She passes a game of boules.
- She crosses the Main Square
- Strides through the passageway in the Mairie
- Noise and bustle, in which she is just one figure.

CUT TO:-

95. EXT. THE PLACE DU FORUM. DUSK.

She enters the Place du Forum. The starlings are chattering in the plane trees.

She is crossing the square, looking around her when she

stops in her tracks. CAMERA HOLDS ON HER :

HER POV: In a small cafe, STEPHEN and MARTIN have a drink with XAVIER. They face her, but XAVIER has his back to her.

CAMERA ZOOMS TOWARDS THEM: STEPHEN looks up and sees her.

MEDIUM CLOSE ON THE GIRL(LONG-FOCUS LENS): she stares towards XAVIER.

MEDIUM ON STEPHEN, MARTIN AND XAVIER: MARTIN notices STEPHEN and looks too. He sees THE GIRL and realizes everything. He throws STEPHEN a quick look.

XAVIER watches them, and turns slowly in his chair to see what they're looking at, CAMERA ZOOMING IN ON HIM. He sees THE GIRL and something registers. The sound of the starlings starts to build.

MEDIUM SHOT ON THE GIRL: she can do nothing but stand there.

CLOSE ON XAVIER: he rises from the table, brushing against the glass of red wine he is drinking. It falls, spilling over the white\* table-cloth.

CLOSE ON THE GIRL: she sees his face and she is nervous.

PANNING CLOSE ON LONG FOCUS LENS WITH XAVIER: He walks towards her, passing through the tables.

There is a screech of brakes as he crosses the road - a Citroen van narrowly avoids hitting him.

The sound of the starlings grows in intensity.

CAMERA ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ZOOMS OUT AS IT PANS WITH HIM, showing him walking in a straight line towards her.

He halts a foot or two away from her.

CLOSE ON XAVIER(LONG-FOCUS LENS): ~~THE~~ starlings are very loud, but he doesn't react. He looks down at THE GIRL, remembering her but looking at a stranger.

CLOSE ON THE GIRL(LONG-FOCUS LENS): She looks up at him - knowing him, but he's also a stranger. There is pain in her expression. She hesitates before saying anything.

THE GIRL(quietly)  
Xavier...?

And she has used the Portuguese pronunciation.

CLOSE ON XAVIER: he still stares down at her, things stirring in his mind.

XAVIER  
Mariana....

TWO SHOT: They stand there - she, not knowing what to do and he, still blank, still far away but knowing who she is.

CLOSE ON THE GIRL: She looks down and then takes one of his hands with her hand.

REVERSE CLOSE ON ~~XAVIER~~XAVIER: He watches her lift his hand and place it on her cheek.

CLOSE ON THE GIRL: she holds his hand against her cheek, leading him back to the memory of her.

LONG SHOT: They stand in the middle of the Square, ~~thexxound~~ and the sound of the starlings has slowly levelled off to its normal pitch.

MEDIUM SHOT ON STEPHEN AND MARTIN: they both look away. MARTIN looks down at his drink, and up at STEPHEN from the corner of his eyes.

STEPHEN ~~glances~~ half-glances towards him too, as MARTIN raises his glass. STEPHEN follows suit - and their glasses touch briefly as they make a subdued toast - to it all.

HOLD AND CUT TO:-

96. INT. PUECH'S DARKROOM. DAY.

CLOSE SHOT: A REGRETFUL, CONFUSED PUECH - watching MARTIN who walks back and forth across frame.

PUECH

But it was all going so well  
- I don't understand..?

MARTIN

Never mind.

MEDIUM SHOT: MARTIN tears up a lot of prints, ~~caningx~~ which hurts the very quick of PUECH, and sorts through others.

PUECH

Everything was alright here?

MARTIN

Of course. The plans have changed  
- that's all...We're doing it  
differently....

PUECH

And everything you have shot  
- you just throw it away?

MARTIN  
Most of it - why not?

PUECH is saddened.

PUECH  
I could have helped you...

MARTIN  
~~xxxxxxxx~~ I'll leave the negatives  
if you like - you can flog them as  
postcards -

PUECH  
What?

MARTIN  
Sell them!

PUECH  
They're yours!

MARTIN shrugs, packing ~~xxxx~~ his equipment into a box.  
PUECH watches him.

PUECH  
You'd have to put it in writing...?

MEDIUM CLOSE ON MARTIN: he turns briefly to PUECH -  
amused by his blatant self-interest.

MARTIN  
Ah, Puech ....

MEDIUM CLOSE ON PUECH: he frowns and doesn't understand.  
CUT TO:-

97. INT. GUIDO'S OFFICE. DAY.

MEDIUM SHOT: STEPHEN relaxes in a chair with a glass of  
wine.

GUIDO  
It seems a shame...Stephen...  
I am sad...After all this time...  
why?

STEPHEN  
Guido: I have to go and make it  
work. Its either that or I throw  
the whole thing up. But I've put  
two years of my life into it - and  
I want to make it work. Its good -  
but it has to change.



GUIDO

How? I don't see how?

STEPHEN

I've read about it all.  
I've seen virtually none of it.  
Martin and I are going to really  
look at the entire area. I can't  
stay here - stuck in that library  
until the day I die.

CLOSE ON GUIDO: he is genuinely upset and confused.

GUIDO

But all the information you need -

STEPHEN

- No, Guido...I don't need it...

GUIDO( a last angle)

And the publishers?

STEPHEN laughs.

STEPHEN

They're furious!

GUIDO pulls a smile.

STEPHEN gets to his feet.

STEPHEN

I have to go... You've been  
very kind Guido....

GUIDO

I wish I could still be of use...

CLOSE ON STEPHEN:he looks at GUIDO for a moment.

STEPHEN

I'm sorry....

They shake hands, GUIDO a little touched by it all and  
STEPHEN leaves, CAMERA TURNING ONTO GUIDO .

CUT TO:-

98.INT. A LARGE ROOM. THE GIRL'S HOME. DAY.

MEDIUM SHOT: The room is shaded against the bright sun,  
half-shuttered. There is the sound of the cicatrices,  
the sense of the heaviness of the bright afternoon  
outside.

THE GIRL sits across from XAVIER at a table.  
THROUGHOUT THE SCENE THE CAMERA TRACKS SLOWLY IN ON THEM.

She looks at him in absolute stillness. And he, also  
looks at her.

Her expression shows that there is a great distance  
between them still, made up of lost time.

His expression shows the recognition of this finality -  
that in a sense they have come together in order to say  
good'bye.

She grazes her fingers across the top of his hand, which  
lies on the table. She tries to find a smile, tries to  
be happy.

He, too, - but behind the small smiles is the sadness,  
the stillness and too much space to fill.

FADING SLOWLY UP THROUGH THIS SCENE IS THE SOUND OF A  
SNOOKER GAME IN PROGRESS - the gentle clashing of the balls  
on the table, the voices quietly calling the shots.  
CAMERA ENDS CLOSE ON HER WONDERING FACE AS SCENE CUTS TO:

99, A BILLIARDS ROOM . THE BACK OF A CAFE. DAY.

CAMERA CONTINUES TRACKING FORWARD THROUGHOUT THE SCENE,  
PASSING TABLES AND EMPTY CHAIRS ONTO THE BILLIARDS  
ROOM, WHERE STEPHEN AND MARTIN PLAY A GAME OF SNOOKER.  
CAMERA CRANES UP AND TILTS DOWN DIRECTLY ONTO THE TABLE  
AS THE SCENE UNFOLDS AND CONCLUDES.

The game is in action. The players: STEPHEN AND MARTIN.

MARTIN (calling his shot)  
Black - bottom corner left!

He shoots.

MARTIN  
What else did they say?

STEPHEN  
They threatened to sue. Usual  
story. I said I'd pay them back...  
( he calls his shot) Blue - off the  
cushion - centre left!

He shoots.

MARTIN (about the shot)  
Fancy stuff. Anyway, that's  
the publishers settled. Now the  
work.

STEPHEN  
I have a few ideas...

MARTIN

Good - (calling his shot)  
Red ball - top left!

He shoots.

STEPHEN

As long as we can make the  
words tell the story of the  
picture and vice versa - as  
long as the two become one...  
make the language one language ...

MARTIN (calling another shot)

Green - centre right!  
Well, you have all the source  
material. That's a strong base  
from which to begin...

STEPHEN

~~We~~ Then let's just see what it  
sparks off...

MARTIN

Fine...

THE CAMERA IS NOW OVER THE TABLE, STEPHEN AND MARTIN  
DISAPPEARING FROM FRAME.

STEPHEN

Good: then its settled, isn't it?

MARTIN

I think so...

MARTIN calls a shot.

MARTIN ( calling firmly)

Red ball! Bottom left!

He shoots and the ball hammers into the pocket.

MARTIN (calling again)

Yellow! Top right!

CAMERA CLOSES IN ONTO THE YELLOW BALL, SANDWICHED  
BETWEEN THE BLUE AND THE GREEN.

He shoots: THE White Ball whizzes across the table  
and crashes into all ~~three~~ three.

FREEZE THE FRAME ON THE FOUR BALLS : EXPLODING OUTWARDS  
IN MOVEMENT.  
ROLL UP END TITLES AND FADE OUT.

The End.