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Un Coeur en Hiver

By Claude Sautet

A HEART IN WINTER

Maxime and I had known each other
so long, we didn't need words
We work together, but he's the boss
In this family business...
... Maxime maintains tradition,
musicians are at ease with him
He knows their repertoire,
invites them to lunch
He listens, he calms their fears
No, you did play it with
the Vienna Philharmonic
They entrust us with their most
precious possession, their violin
You hear the lack of clarity?
Yes, a lack of brilliance on the E
Maxime sees them more as patients
than clients
For more extensive treatment,
Maxime steps aside
Is it just unglued, or more serious?
Perhaps I should hear you
Maxime preferred musicians
At concert he shared
in their emotions...
... and shared in the applause,
genuinely moved
Maxime needs to expend himself
He is at one with his body.
He so loves to win...
... that losing for me
becomes a pleasure
He has appetites, but no qualms, ;
life hangs lightly on him
If he has to lie,
he does it effortlessly
I'm a willing alibi for his
nocturnal pastimes
I no longer go along, but he tells
me everything the next day
Work done, each of us lives
his own life
Maxime never asks where I go or
who I see when we aren't together...

... which is fine by me
Your table will be ready
in two minutes
See you later, after coffee?
- Do you know who I was talking to?
- Rgine Oblet
No, the other one. Know her?
You've heard her... Camille Kessler
The Debussy recital;
a bit dry, you said
No, it was good
She's coming as a customer
A Guarneri is to be sold in Geneva
Magnificent, but a ruin, much broken
You'll have a ball
- Don't you want to go?
- Me? What an idea
- Go somewhere for once
- No
Something has happened to me...
...something important
But if you smile like that...
It's gone
I've met someone
You're facing her
When was this?
Two months ago
And you didn't tell me?
That was her
She was afraid... I didn't want
to rush her
How did it happen?
I was following her concerts
I went to see her after one
she was displeased with
I mentioned a dry patch she played
with a lot of emotion
I must have hit the spot.
We had dinner
And you saw her home?
She's not like that
Besides, she lives with Rgine,
so it's not easy
So you came between them?

It's not like that. She's not
just her agent...
...but her mother's best friend
And her career comes first
One night, meeting me here,
she was late
I felt ill and nearly left, but
she arrived looking anxious, lost
Seeing her like that...
...I realize it can happen,
loving someone
And your wife?
There was a difficult moment
But it had long been over
You don't spend your life with a pal
It's better for her, too
You don't leave her much choice
Someone always suffers
And now what?
We'll live together.
I've rented a studio
I think you're awaited
See you later
Can you believe that guy? Wants to
buy the bookshop for a boutique
Lermontov... he's like you,
dry as a whip
The guy was propositioning me.
Are you listening?
Look at a man touched by grace
Say, she's...
Wonderful
Come and see this marvel, Madame
I had the harpsichord and cello,
only this missing
Magnificent. Was it you?
Maxime... he found it in Hungary
He repaired the mechanism.
Were bits missing?
Two. I had fun making them
Are you staying to dinner?
I'm afraid I've work that's overdue
You work a lot?
Never tire of it?

You're lucky
Is Vincent Madame Amet's nephew?
How old is he?
Five, I think
Camille Kessler... was she your pupil?
Years ago. I heard her play at Aix
last summer
- We're to have her as a customer
- Maxime told me
I remember a hard, polished little
girl who kept you at a distance
But a real temperament, you felt
No, in here!
Isn't Vincent here?
Do you hear that G, how rough it is?
- You've had it how long?
- Three years
It's a Villaume, sounded superb then
We have recordings coming up
The playing must have soul
The bridge is slightly warped
Can you change it quickly?
Checking the fret may take a few days
- But we've a rehearsal
- You said that
I could lend you another
I've got a spare
You are to record...?
The two Ravel sonatas and the trio
I'll try for the day after tomorrow
We're counting on you
We're already late for the Lambertis
You can go, Brice
Sorry, Christophe. Again
I'm not with it at all
I thought it was good. Let's go on
It's me, not you
I don't agree
I'm no use today
Is it the violin?
Water, please, Rgine
Maybe a little more work on it?
No, it's exactly right; it's me
I have to go

Will you hand them up?
I think she's starting to hate me
- Which gives you a certain pleasure?
- It's an interesting development
Odd that three-quarters of these
books are about love
Airport novel, masterpiece,
cookery book...
...always the same vocabulary,
a deluge
- You find it obscene?
- No, as written it's often beautiful
Yes, Maxime, we're ready;
be right down
What are you doing?
- No good, is it?
- It's fine. Hurry, Maxime's waiting
Let him wait
I'm not ready. Half-an-hour
looking for that score
I didn't ask you to
But you let me hunt, then said
Christophe took it
Stop it... we have to go
Well, I'm not going!
That's ridiculous
You'll be with Maxime,
you don't need me
I hate playing chaperone
All right, don't go
Do you realize what you're
doing to me?
I put myself out so that you
can play at your best...
...and you don't give a damn
Forgive me
No, Vincent, knives to the right,
not left
Are you sleeping here tonight?
Nasty... really?
I remember the exact words
"Your bow scratches like a pumice-
stone rubbed on a parquet floor"
If I said that, it's what I thought

- You were that cruel?
- Aren't you ashamed?
Saying it to a mediocre pupil
would be cruel
I never said it to Maxime, the idler
True, I did little,
and have no regrets
Regret is always an illusion
What about Stphane?
Stphane... that's something
else again
Not emotion, that's suspect;
it's hard work that impresses me
- I know, I read your book
- So you've one reader at least, Daniel
What upsets me, as I wrote, is that
on the pretext that it's all culture...
...some rate a pop video alongside a
Claudel play, a Piero Della Francesca...
...or a Ravel sonata and
Madame Amet's apple pie
Would you prefer fresh fruit?
No, but it's all lumped together,
pell-mell
People can still choose
Yes, but with everything meriting
equal attention...
...consensus of opinion becomes
a woolly horror
I believe in a certain mental
vigilance. Is that pompous?
No, we're listening to
the voice of tradition
- Severe
- But courageous
Tradition! So I'm a reactionary
No, you speak for an anxious lite in
a world threatened by democratic excess
I've fought litism all my life.
There's too much bleating today
There's confusion, I agree
If culture is still a privilege...
...it isn't reserved for
quite so few

It's worse, all these clueless
clodhoppers in the museums
But if a clodhopper's life is changed
by a work of art, isn't that something?
It's always been so
I don't think so
You almost agree
For you, too, there's the sensitive
individual in the blind masses
I didn't say that
No, you said there's a natural
selection of people destined...
Not at all
You said some things that others don't
That's what you said
Yes, but... I exclude no one
Neither do I
You have no opinion?
None?
He's above debate
I hear arguments, all valid
If we cancel each other out,
we can't talk
A tempting prospect
I don't share your goodwill
Fine, we'll respect your silence
Speaking, one risks sounding stupid
Not speaking, one may
appear intelligent
Maybe one is simply afraid
Afraid of what?
Of yourself, perhaps
That must be it
You worry me
Don't discourage such revelations.
I think you're becoming complacent
- He's trying to move us
- Some attempt
Mission impossible
I withdraw what I said: Madame Amet's
apple pie is a work of art
Delicacy of flaking pastry
- A touch of...
- Cinnamon

Is it long since Lachaume taught?
Seven or eight years
He has an odd relationship
with Stphane
We'd never met socially...
he's so disagreeable
You have to know him; it's all
a game he's playing
You'd have to defend your friend
I'm not trying to;
I accept him as he is
And you?
No, you're not disturbing me
She's asleep
You think so?
Maybe. All right, I'll tell her
That was Stphane
What did he want?
To talk to you
On reelection, he thinks he can
do better by the violin
He'll come to your rehearsal
Why? The violin's perfect
He knows what he's doing. Trust him
It's a small thing, but...
if you don't mind
Yes, it's different...
better, isn't it?
Purer
It didn't strike you before?
Yes, but... it takes time to...
It didn't seem the right moment
to mention it, then later...
All right?
Yes, but...
Weren't you playing a bit fast?
You want to check the pacing?
Yes, if you don't...
It's lovely
You're going already?
Have you others to see?
No, but I must let you work
Odd how the oldest varnish
has kept its colour

If you effect a sale, will I owe you?
No commission, just my appraisal fee
I think I have a buyer for you
Will you excuse me a moment?
Did you say Kornfeld wanted
a Gagliano?
- Has he found one?
- I don't think so
I can still catch him
- Isn't that too tight?
- It usually is; you must enlarge it
Two little restorations,
otherwise perfect
Can you come to Amsterdam?
Not the day after tomorrow.
Friday, if you like
All right, Friday
That was the price, Monsieur Kornfeld
Hold on, please
Give me five minutes
We'll be with you by eleven a.m.
Perfect
- Now what do you do?
- Adjust the heel
- I think it's...
- That's good
Very good, in fact
You did it, didn't you?
Tomorrow we'll glue it
Maxime's busy, so...
You were there? You should have spoken
I didn't want to disturb you.
Is he your apprentice?
And this violin?
He's making it; his first instrument
- How long does it take?
- A month or so; eighty pieces
A drink?
Yes, I'd like that
While we wait for Maxime
Please sit down
- Fruit juice? Whisky?
- Whisky
- With water?

- No, neat

I needed that; I've had
a rather difficult day

- Rehearsals?

- No, they're going well

No, it's not that

Not Maxime, is it?

No, not Maxime

I quarrelled with Rgine

Horrible things were said

About what?

I don't want to say

It got to me, though

I thought she knew me

better than that

- How long have you known her?

- Ten years

Without her, I'd never have

achieved what I have

She stopped me from giving up

in despair. I owe her everything

Maybe you resent that

She's protection for you

Which I needed...

...but it's become a

sort of dependence

Which you can no longer accept

Yes, that's it, exactly

It seems simple, but

it's hard to accept

But you already knew this

Yes, but I've never

spoken of it before

Oppportunity

Am I in the way?

Quite the contrary

- When are you recording?

- On Monday

Couldn't get away from my Dutchman

A bit austere, isn't he?

Sorry, we're late; see you tomorrow

So, not just conversation,

but real intimacy?

She came to me

But it's what you expected
Let's say, what I hoped for
Are you in love with her?
I know you bristle at the word
No, it disorientates me.
Let me think
No, I don't think I am
Anyhow, it's Maxime she loves
At one point I did get the impression
that she'd rather have dinner with me
An impression
Could you be jealous of Maxime?
I never have been, and doubt
I could be
You win. I'm playing well, too
- You can have your revenge
- No, my flight's in two hours
I'll leave you drunk with victory
- Will you be back tonight?
- Yes, the nine o'clock flight
I'm glad you two are getting on;
I was a bit worried
And you're relieved?
Yes, selfishly I prefer it that way
I wonder if we shouldn't have got
better musicians to back her
I think they're fine
The cellist?
Christophe? No, he understands her;
they complement each other perfectly
- What bothers me is, he loves her
- Don't say you're worried
No, it's her, fending him off but
trying not to hurt him. Energy wasted
I've never before admired
someone I love
So I'm forced into greater rigours...
...excising lazy habits
- You manage it rather well
- It's exhausting
A healthy exhaustion
She's guarded if you question her,
not for coquettish reasons
In fact she reveals herself

only in her playing

- Does that bother you?

- On the contrary

- Time's tight, but want a lift?

- No, I'll walk a bit

Very, very good

Shall we take a break?

You were here?

You heard?

- Yes, the end

- And what did you think?

- Excellent

- Really?

I was floundering earlier, though

Have you time for a drink?

It's a short break, but...

We can go to the caf

- I think...

- Let's go

- Did Maxime ask you to come?

- No

- It seems less heavy

- Shall we run for it?

- Won't you freeze?

- No, I'll be fine

- How about something to eat?

- A sandwich?

No, your cheese plate

and a half of beer

How are things with Rgine?

Better. She has 'flu, a raging fever,

so I'm busily mothering her

My fingertips are stinging

Why did you give up

at the Conservatoire?

Not gifted

Didn't like my sounds

- Too much the critic?

- That must be it

- It's a quality

- That's debatable

There's a table for you

You said you were at Versailles.

Where were you really?

You're always lying!
You're crazy!
- Have you always lived alone?
- Yes, mostly
You enjoy solitude?
I'm a thwarted loner, but
enjoy the company of men
- And of women, too
- That's not the same thing
I face up to things as they are
But you're a rotten coward.
Don't do that!
I fear for their future
I think he's crying
Haven't you ever been in love?
I must have been
Maxime spoke of Hlne.
What is she to you?
Someone I appreciate; we get on well
You don't like talking about yourself?
Not much
It doesn't serve any real purpose
It depends who you're with
I can stay silent for days, then
suddenly let go if it seems right
Like with Rgine, we'd slave away...
...then maybe talk all night
In Rome once we had decided to...
I can feel your attention slipping
I'm listening... seeing...
I love to watch you talk
- Will you come again?
- Of course
I'm glad you came
I'm sorry, I couldn't...
Today I don't think...
Pass me the honey, please
I must try to get up this afternoon
You're looking well
- When do you start today?
- Ten o'clock
- What's the matter?
- Nothing
I wonder if he really likes

what I do
What are you talking about?
He didn't turn up, seemed put out
when I called
- But you told him to stay away
- I'm not talking about Maxime
I'm talking about Stphane
I don't understand. When he's there,
he's there
Then suddenly it's as if
I didn't exist
I'm going to be late
Again
Funny, it's really so easy
I think I've seen it. Never mind,
I've forgotten the end
Not seeing her? Are you
proud of yourself?
You want me to push things?
Playing dead just makes it worse
for her
You overestimate my
powers of attraction
No, I don't; nor do you
When a woman gets that far,
she's unlikely to retreat
- She hasn't called again
- Which means nothing
He's usually punctual
- Who?
- Francois. I said he was coming
- The lawyer?
- Yes. Do you mind?
You never know with jealousy
- What about Maxime?
- He's fine, brimming with life
Has she talked to him?
Maybe; I doubt it
Sorry, parking problems
Hlne has told me a lot about you
It's intimidating; I know she
values your opinion
It was a bargain. I can decorate as
I like, so I jumped at it

Everything all right?
- What do you think?
- It's a nice room
You're seeing to everything?
Camille hasn't time
with a tour coming up
The bedroom
Bathroom there... the music room
That's nothing; maybe for Rgine
if she's unhappy
The kitchen will be bigger
with the partition gone
Neither of us can cook,
but there you are
She has to feel comfortable here
I must call her... let her
set her seal on it
At the apartment with Stphane
You want to speak...
Yes, it's coming on
They're painting
The recording's fine.
I heard the first mix
See you tonight. I love you
Is something wrong?
Can I have some water?
It must be the smell of paint
Is this it?
- Like a bag?
- No, thanks. What do I owe you?
Have you Chekhov's stories
in paperback?
I know it wasn't easy. Thank you,
you've restored its youth
My taxi's here. Time for me
to leave my friends
Stphane is marvellous
Landron's madly happy
Can you get me this London number?
I forgot to call.
I may have to go there
I can go if you like
- This is new
- Yes, you convinced me

If you want to, it would help me
- You must be hungry
- A bit
Is it too late to eat...
something cold?
They've been working since eight
Your call, Maxime
- When do you finish?
- Tomorrow, in theory
Maxime said you were quite pleased
I think so... I'm not sure any more
Are you all right?
Why are you avoiding me?
I'm not avoiding you
Was it something I said or did?
Not at all; I've been very busy
I thought you cared about my work
Is it because of Maxime?
You might have scruples
as he's your friend
There's no friendship between us
No friendship?
We've been partners for years;
we complement each other
It's to our mutual interest,
that's all
He thinks of you as a friend
I can't prevent that
- I don't believe you
- Why?
Because it's not something one admits
to. It's true. Are you shocked?
No, saddened
Misusing words is sad
You devalue them, and everything else
What are you protecting yourself from?
I seem to be laying myself open
You aren't like that; nobody is
It's a pose
Do you want me to invent reasons,
traumas?
Unhappy childhood, sexual frustration,
career nipped in the bud?
No, I don't see it

My brothers and sisters did find me
naturally sly and secretive
I admit it freely
Offering this unpleasant image of
yourself is a bit facile, isn't it?
A bit. I'm sorry
You act as if emotions didn't exist
Yet you love music
Music is the stuff of dreams
Sorry, they don't want you.
They prefer someone they know
Too bad; it's their loss
I'm off. See you later
Your table's ready, Maxime
I'm feeling low
It has nothing to do with the sonatas
I've never lied to you,
and don't want to start now
What's happened?
Nothing
He's attracted to you
I sense it, I see it
I know him...
...better than he thinks
He's always hanging around
the musicians
At the apartment that day, it was
as though his mind blanked out
Like a malaise
What about you?
It's like...
...a pressure
It's there
I try to...
...but I do think about it...
...all the time
It crossed my mind, but
I wouldn't believe it
Beating him up isn't on
I need air. Like to come for a walk?
Not gone yet?
Just boarding. I'll miss Camille's
last day of recording. Can you go?
I'm counting on you

- You have a car?
- Yes
- It's long since I've been so moved
- Thanks, but it's thanks to him
You were right; I'm so pleased
Will you take my violin?
I'm going with Stphane
But we're all having dinner
I know, but no
- What shall I tell them?
- I'll leave it to you
Are you sure you...
Yes, everything's all right
Recording with Barbizet, we weren't
allowed to retake sections
I'd never played it like that
Yesterday was good, but flat.
Today, I felt inspired
- Right through to the end
- It seemed so easy
How about a drink?
- Any idea where?
- Some hotel, maybe
I played for you
I spoke to Maxime
About us
It was hard
He heard me out
I told him what happened
I want you
It's not like me, but
I had to tell you
I don't think I can give you
what you're looking for
You want it, too. I know you
and accept you as you are
I don't mind about this closed world
you built round yourself long ago
I'm here for you. Look at me
You can't go on living like that;
you must see that you're changing
You're beautiful, you're going to be
a great musician
You have almost a surfeit of gifts

So, since I'm perfect...
But you insist on seeing me
as you imagined me
I'm not that person
Don't deceive yourself;
it's so simple
I must tell you the truth
I'd decided to seduce you,
without loving you...
...probably to get at Maxime
One doesn't "decide"
You don't understand
You talk of feelings to which
I have no access
I don't love you
Don't talk, please
Don't look at me
You make me sick!
It's my life!
I've made an appointment
and you're going
No, I won't go! What can he say
that I don't already know?
Don't smoke, don't drink, don't fuck!
All right, don't go; see if I care
- Here's your book
- Don't bother, I'm sick of it
So let yourself go completely,
don't make any effort
You're into everything...
...nosing about like a bulldozer
with your big boobs
Don't be coarse
You always have to change the subject
It's for your own sake
To hell with you! I'm going out
for some air
Did you hurt yourself?
- Don't stay out here, it's cold
- Leave me alone!
You hardly slept last night
I don't sleep if you can't
We aren't tied together
I could go, if you want,

leave you alone
I never said that. Don't go on
When I got back, she'd collapsed
there; she'd been drinking
I had to carry her and she was sick
Now she's shut up in her room
He said something that humiliated her
I'm to blame, too
I should have paid more attention,
talked to her or to you
But it seemed to me...
- Is she asleep?
- I don't think so
No, I can hear her
- What's your pleasure?
- Nothing
I went to your place,
thought you might be here
Would you like some?
Who is this man, what is he?
An "ear"
A genius with his hands,
as his friend Maxime says
Friend if it suits
the interests of both
Friendship doesn't come into it
This is good wine... not that I'd know
They're nice, these little diners
Afterwards you go home...
or not, depending
I haven't heard you play, but Stphane
says you've been recording. It seems...
What is she talking about?
I'll leave you
I can't... I can't take it
We can't just leave it like this
Say something
I told you the truth
You know you didn't
At the studio that day it rained,
I didn't imagine your attentiveness
That's my job
Don't tell me I was just
any musician

- Your way of looking at me...
- I was sincere
Everything we said to each other...
But we didn't say anything
Or was it I who...
no, it's not possible
But why?
I told you why
But if it was to get at your friend,
you should have fucked me
Sordid, but at least it's life
Stop this
It's nothing! You're nothing!
Embarrassed? Let them have their fun
Old strait-lace...
...wishes he were elsewhere
It seems he loves music...
...because "it's the stuff of dreams"
and nothing to do with life
You know nothing of dreams. You have
no imagination, no heart, no balls
You've nothing in there!
I'm sorry, but I think...
What's happened to me?
What am I doing?
Don't worry, I'm going
I'm ashamed
That's it, finished
I told your mother seven o'clock
Don't forget the ladder
Is Stphane sleeping here?
Can he mend my truck?
What had you in mind?
Disrupting things...
...the pleasure of demystification?
But one can't demistify feelings
No one can boast that sort of pride
Maybe you felt unworthy of her
Calm down, my pet
It will soon pass
You'd lost your book, is that it?
I'll help you cool down a bit
You frightened me, you know
You should have called me

You want to get up?
I feel better now
Easy does it; lean on me
I thought I'd had it
- Has Vincent left already?
- School's at eight
I'm hungry
Did you sleep well?
You weren't cold?
It hasn't rained as they said
it would. The wind's changed
If the agency calls,
remember to confirm
Is Camille in?
Do you really think...
I'd like to talk to her
The Lambertis at six, then
I'm sorting things before
going on tour
I'm not here with excuses;
I wanted to see you
You're seeing me
Will you be away long?
About three months. Japan, no Germany
first. Rgine has the schedule
Can you forget the things I said?
They were true
I know I'm not nothing; I'm good at
what I do. But you were right
Something in me isn't alive
I can never manage...
I've been too late for so long
I failed you and I lost Maxime
It's myself, I destroy
No use telling myself...
...I had to tell you
You have, and now I'm the empty one
She isn't in... later this afternoon
I'll be seeing her, so I'll tell her
I must get ready
- What are you going to do?
- I don't know
Good luck
Brice, the clamp, please

- Did they come about the shelves?

- Tomorrow

You I can tell... it was

through a personal ad

He's great; full of humour, just

macho enough, reads a lot

I'm sure he has faults,

but I don't see them

- What does he do?

- Vineyards in the south-west

I'll still see you; I won't

get buried in vines

I listened to Camille's record.

It's good

Do you think of her often?

Must finish the inventory

- You've sold up?

- No, got a manager, but who knows?

Let's have dinner before you go

At Carlo's... time heals all...

or my place

The pegs are a bit tight; we'll

polish them if you leave it

For late this afternoon

You're well set up here,

nice and light

I came to see how you

pinch our customers

Landron said he was going with you

But don't worry, I'm doing fine

That's nice

- How long has it been, eight months?

- And a half

Camille's fine. Of course

there was a while...

Now she's back to normal,

working hard

She comes and goes

You know how violinists are

You sleep here?

Perhaps we could merge, as partners

not friends this time

No, you're right; better not

I went to see Lachaume

He's not well
He's suffering, doesn't talk any more
He wants to die
You know he's getting married?
- How old are you?
- Twenty-two
- So young
- How should I take that?
As a compliment. He'll stand witness?
I hope he's up to it
Your tickets, Brice
A good competition this year
Did you see the fourteen-year-old
yesterday?
So you have a workshop now?
Still looking after Camille?
We see less of each other.
She has Maxime
You know she's off to Paris?
You should go and see her
How are things with you?
I'm getting old
Do it fast
I'll send you some customers
He's been asking for three days
But I can't... I can't
He was so hard on himself...
...but when he laughed, it was...
Where's she playing tonight?
In Brussels, at the Monnaie
I'll get the car
You loved him?
The only person I did,
I've long thought
And you... are you all right?
I think so, yes
Maxime, too?
- You're playing in Paris next week?
- Will you come to hear me?
I'm glad I've seen you again
Me, too
Eng subs ripped by

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