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You Ain't Seen Nothin' Yet

By Alain Resnais

YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET!

Hello?

- Hello?

- Yes?

- Lambert Wilson?

- Yes, speaking.

I'm calling

with some unpleasant news.

What's happened?

Your friend Antoine d'Anthac

has just died.

It can't be true...

Before his death, he left

some very precise instructions.

He asks you to travel urgently

to his house in Peillon

to attend the reading of his will

and the funeral ceremony

that will follow.

I'm sure you'll respect

his last wishes.

- Hello? Pierre Arditi?

- Yes, speaking.

I'm calling

with some unpleasant news.

Your friend Antoine d'Anthac

has just died.

Hello? Anne Consigny?

Yes, speaking.

I'm calling

with some unpleasant news.

Your friend Antoine d'Anthac

has just died.

Hello? Mathieu Amalric?

Yes, speaking.

I'm calling

with some unpleasant news.

Hello? Anny Duperey?

Yes, speaking.

I'm calling

with some unpleasant news.

Hello? Michel Piccoli?

Yes, speaking.

I'm calling

with some unpleasant news.
Hello? Michel Vuillermoz?
I'm calling
with some unpleasant news.
Your friend Antoine d'Anthac
has just died.
Hello? Hippolyte Girardot?
Speaking.
Hello? Jean-Nol Brout?
Yes, speaking.
I'm calling
with some unpleasant news.
Hello? Michel Robin?
I'm calling
with some unpleasant news.
Hello? Grard Lartigau?
I'm calling
with some unpleasant news.
Hello?
Jean-Chrtien Sibertin-Blanc?
Yes, speaking.
I'm calling
with some unpleasant news.
Hello? Sabine Azma?
I'm calling
with some unpleasant news.
Your friend Antoine d'Anthac
has just died.
Before his death, he left
some very precise instructions.
He asks you to travel urgently
to his house in Peillon
to attend the reading of his will
and the funeral ceremony
that will follow.
I'm sure you'll respect
his last wishes.
Yes.
Antoine has always had
wonderful homes.
He couldn't help himself.
If he liked a place,
he had to buy a house there.
With age, it only got worse.

He ended up thinking
that buying a new house
was likely to solve every problem.
Taste was the only area
where one could trust Antoine entirely.
Antoine's system
and that of his buildings
was based on total
compartmentalization.

When,
after a few unhappy love affairs
that left him the owner
of a mansion in Versailles,
a castle in the Prigord,
a villa in Cannes
and, more originally,
a houseboat on the Seine,
he finally settled on that young woman
25 years his junior,
he felt a sudden need for altitude.

When that young person
left him last year,
the spring must have gone
out of his life.

He saw no need to buy a new place
for the lonely months he had left.

Poor Antoine!

I wept every tear in my body
when I heard.

My eyes are dry
for the rest of my life.

Sabine!

What an extraordinary house!

It's so like him.

Poor Antoine...

Cleaning his hunting rifle,
all alone, at five in the morning,
in the rising sun.

He knew guns well.

Personally, I have no doubt
that it was an accident.

The only thing that shocked me
were the strict orders that he left
for the staff and myself:

Not to let anyone know,
bury him first,
then call Paris afterwards.
Azma's going to yell at me...
Piccoli!
They called you too?
What happened?
How are you?
Like a true master of ceremonies,
the butler assigned rooms
and served refreshments.
He then asked them to go
to the living room.
We sit anywhere?
I'll sit here.
You take a dog.
Cut off its head and tail
and you have a little bench.
What are you talking about?
Take a dog, cut off its head and tail
and you have a little bench.
Once they had crossed the bridge,
the ghosts came to meet them.
We are here to fulfil
the sacred wish of Antoine,
who wanted us all present
for the laying of his gravestone
at his final resting place.
However, Antoine first wanted
to address you all directly.
How odd...
My dear friends,
thank you for accepting
my invitation.
All of you,
at different times in your lives,
have performed my play Eurydice.
Over the years,
some have even played several roles.
Mysterious spirits...
Thank you.
Thank you, Sabine Azma,
my first Eurydice.
I see you as a slip of a girl,

a little pale, trembling and vibrant.
You're sad now
but black suits you.
Thank you, Anne Consigny,
my other Eurydice,
torn by your contradictions.
Anny Duperey,
Eurydice's intransigent mother.
Pierre Arditi, Lambert Wilson,
you who succeeded each other
as Orpheus.
Thank you,
vulnerable enchanters.
And Michel Piccoli,
wonderful and pathetic
as Orpheus's father.
Thank you, Hippolyte Girardot,
an unsettling agent,
and Mathieu Amalric,
a funereal Monsieur Henri.
Thank you.
Jean-Chrtien Sibertin-Blanc,
a discreet civil servant.
Jean-Nol Brout,
an inconsolable lover,
and Michel Vuillermoz,
an imperial tragic actor.
Thank you, Grard Lartigau,
a heartbreaking stage manager,
and Michel Robin,
a Chekhovian waiter.
Thank you for coming to this
odd meeting that I shall not attend.
Today, I turn to you
with the utmost insistence
to act as my executors.
Let me explain.
A few weeks ago,
a young stage company,
the Compagnie de la Colombe,
contacted me to request permission
to stage Eurydice.
The director sent me
a recording of their rehearsals.

Given the situation,
I am asking you to judge
the validity of this request.
Marcellin, over to you.
More than 2,000 years ago,
the Greeks delighted in the tale
of a musician, Orpheus,
and his companion Eurydice.
Thanks to Antoine d'Anthac,
we shall hear their story
again tonight.

ACT ONE:

- Son?

- Father?

Do you expect your old father
to beg in a station buffet?

I'm playing for myself.

A station buffet with just one customer
pretending not to listen.

How time passes...

Back in my heyday,
who'd have thought

I'd pluck my harp in cafs?

Who'd have thought I'd be reduced
to begging with a tiny saucer?

Mother.

Every time

you were fired from a job.

- You're carrying on?

- Does it bother you?

I can't concentrate.

Eight times seven.

Fifty-six.

- Are you sure?

- Yes.

Funny.

I hoped it would be sixty-three.

After all,

eight times nine is seventy-two.

We're nearly broke.

I know.

That's all you can say?

Yes, father.

Good, I'm used to it.
Eight times seven?
Fifty-six.
Fifty-six.
You shouldn't have told me again!
We ate well tonight for 12.75 francs.
No, father.
If you'd chosen right,
instead of vegetables,
you'd have had a second dessert.
You see, son...
We ate better this evening
for 12.75 francs
than yesterday for 13.5 francs.
True. They had cloth napkins...
True, they had cloth napkins,
not paper ones.
That place was trying...
That place was trying to look posh
but was no better.
Once, son...
You know, son,
once I was invited to Poccardi's,
near the Opera.
They brought me the platter...
You've told me
ten times already, father.
All right, I won't insist!
That's a sad tune you're playing.
My thoughts are sad too.
Thoughts about what?
You.
Fancy! What now?
Since mother died...
Since mother died, I follow you
to cafs with my violin.
I see you struggling
to do your accounts.
I listen to your talk
of fixed price menus,
then I go to bed
and get up the next day.
At my age,
you'll see that's what life is.

I dream about what might part us.
But we get along so well.
By George, you make me laugh!
At your age, I found life magnificent.
I'm going out to the platform.
Our train's in an hour.
Excuse me...
Was someone playing the violin here?
Excuse me...
Was someone playing the violin here?
Excuse me...
Was someone playing the violin here?
Yes, Mademoiselle.
That was my son. My son Orpheus.
He played so prettily.
Yes, Mademoiselle.
That was my son. My son Orpheus.
He played so prettily.
He played so prettily.
Eurydice!
There you are!
It's so hot!
I hate waiting in stations.
Yet another badly organized tour!
The manager should make sure
the leads never have to wait.
There's only one train, mother.
It's not the manager's fault.
You always stand up for fools!
Should we have something to drink?
Now you're sitting down, you should.
A coffee.
Stand up straight.
How come you aren't with Mathias?
He's like a lost soul.
Don't worry about him.
You shouldn't infuriate the boy.
He adores you!
First, you were wrong
to take him as your lover.
I told you that at the time
but what's done is done.
Eurydice, my dear,
you can confide in a mother,

especially when...

Especially when she's your own age.

I mean when she's young.

Tell me, what has he done to you?

Tell me, what has he done to you?

Sit up straight.

Nothing, mother.

Nothing, mother.

Nothing, mother.

"Nothing, mother"

doesn't mean a thing.

He certainly adores you.

Maybe that's why you don't love him.

We're all the same. We won't change.

Is that coffee good?

Have it. I don't want it.

You don't love him anymore?

Who?

Mathias.

You're wasting your time, mother.

You're right, one must follow

one's instincts above all.

I've always followed mine

like the real stage animal that I am.

But you're not much of an artist.

Sit up straight!

Here's Vincent!

He looks furious.

My dear,

I was looking all over for you.

- I was here, with Eurydice.

- That manager fellow is impossible.

We have to wait here

an hour or more.

We'll perform without eating.

Last night's storm wasn't his fault.

Why must you always stick up

for that young fool?

A dead loss.

He's a dead loss!

Why does Dulac keep

someone so useless?

Where are you going?

I'm going outside, mother.

Hello, Mathias.
Where's Eurydice?
She just went outside.
Poor boy. He's mad about her.
Must that fool keep grating his violin?
It's annoying.
He's waiting for the train.
That's no reason.
Do you remember
the Grand Casino in Ostend?
You were so handsome!
Do you remember the first day?
"Madame, may I have this tango?"
"But. Monsieur.
I don't dance the tango. "
"It couldn't be simpler. Madame.
"I'll hold you.
"All you have to do is relax. "
The way you said that!
You held me so tightly
that my dress seams
left their mark on my skin.
The uncertain, unsettling first day.
The seeking, sensing and guessing
before we know one another,
already aware
that it will last a lifetime...
Why did we part two weeks later?
I don't know.
I can't remember.
Were you playing earlier too?
Yes, I was.
You play so well!
You think so?
What's the name of that tune?
I don't know. I make it up...
Eurydice! There you are!
Yes!
I've just seen Mathias.
He's looking for you.
Yes!
Your eyes...
are pale blue.
Yes.

One can't tell what colour yours are.
They say it depends
on what I'm thinking.
Right now, they're dark green.
They say that's when I'm very happy.
Who are "they"?
Others.
Eurydice!
Yes!
Don't forget Mathias!
Yes.
Do you think you make me
very unhappy?
I don't think so.
I'm not afraid of being unhappy
as I am now.
That hurts...
but it's a good thing.
What I'm afraid of
is being unhappy and alone
after you leave me.
I'll never leave you.
Do you swear?
Yes.
On my life?
Yes.
I like it when you smile.
Don't you ever smile?
Never when I'm happy.
Weren't you unhappy?
You don't understand a thing.
What a business!
The two of us are in a fine mess.
Standing here
with all that's going to happen to us
already waiting at our backs.
Are a lot of things
going to happen to us?
Everything. Each thing that happens
to a man and a woman on this earth,
one by one.
Things that are amusing, sweet
or terrible.
Shameful things,

dirty things too...
We're going to be very unhappy.
How wonderful!
You see, my dear,
on this earth where everything
crushes or hurts us.
It's wonderful to think
that we still have love.
My big pussycat...
We're often misled in love,
often hurt.
Often unhappy, Lucienne,
but we love.
And, from the edge of the grave,
we turn to look back and say,
"I've suffered. I've been wrong at times
but I've loved.
I lived this life,
not some being
born of my pride and boredom!"
Bravo, my big pussycat, bravo!
- Was that Musset?
- Yes, my pussycat.
Make them shut up, for pity's sake.
Make them shut up.
For pity's sake, make them shut up!
Monsieur, Madame,
you may not understand.
This will seem very strange.
I'm afraid you must leave.
Leave?
Yes, Monsieur.
- You're closing?
- Yes, Monsieur. For you.
Really, Monsieur...
He doesn't work here.
He had the violin.
You must vanish immediately!
Something very serious
is happening here.
The boy's mad!
Confound it, Monsieur, that's absurd.
This caf is open to all.
Not anymore.

This is too much!
Waiter, excuse me!
Don't call. Go.
I'll pay for your drinks.
Come, he's not in his right mind.
I shall complain to the stationmaster!
They were so ugly, weren't they?
So ugly, so stupid!
Forget about them.
When I was playing.
You walked by and I didn't know you.
Now, everything has changed.
I know you.
They were so ugly, so stupid!
Forget about them.
When I was playing,
you walked by and I didn't know you.
Now, everything has changed.
I know you.
Swear you'll never leave me.
I swear.
Yes, but that's an easy vow to make!
I hope you don't intend to leave me.
If you want me to be happy.
Swear you'll never want to leave me.
Even later. Even for a minute.
Even if the world's prettiest girl
looks at you,
I swear that too.
How false you are!
You'll stay even if the world's
prettiest girl looks at you?
But to know she's looking,
you must look at her too.
My God, I'm so unhappy!
You begin loving me
and already think about other women!
Swear to me...
you won't even notice
that silly girl, my darling.
I'll be blind.
Even if she looks like me?
Even then.
I'd be wary of her.

Do you swear willingly?
Yes, willingly.
All right.
And on my life?
On your life.
If you swear on someone's life.
That other person will die
if you don't keep your oath.
I'm aware of that.
All right. I believe you.
Besides, I'm so easy to mislead,
so unwary.
I'm happy. That's enough.
For some reason, I'm afraid
of being hurt all of a sudden.
Mathias is in the waiting room!
Unless you want more trouble,
you should go there!
- Who's Mathias?
- No one, my darling!
It sounds urgent.
He's a boy in the company.
Perhaps he just needs
to tell me something.
Who's Mathias?
I don't love him, my darling,
I never did.
Is he your lover?
It's too easy to sum things up
in a single word.
But I'd rather tell you
the truth now, willingly.
Everything must be clear between us.
Yes, he is my lover.
No, don't back away!
I wish I could have told you:
"I'm a little girl,
I've been waiting for you.
Your hand will be the first
to touch me. "
I wish I could have said...
It's so silly
but I feel that's how it is.
Has he been your lover long?

I don't remember.
Six months perhaps.
I never loved him.
Why then?
Why?
Don't ask such questions.
Before we know each other well,
and know nothing of each other,
questions can be terrible weapons.
Why? I want to know.
Why?
He was unhappy.
I was bored. I was alone.
He loved me.
And before?
- Before, my darling?
- Before him.
Before him?
No other lovers?
No. Never.
So...
He taught you about love?
Answer me.
Why don't you say anything?
You wanted only the truth between us.
Yes.
I'm trying to hurt you
as little as possible.
Whether it's him, whom you may meet,
or another, a long time ago,
whom you'll never know...
I'll try never to think of them.
Yes, my darling.
I'll try never to imagine
their faces near yours,
their eyes on you,
their hands on you.
Yes, my darling.
I'll try not to think
that they've already held you.
This is a new beginning.
I'm holding you.
It's so nice in your arms.
It's like being

in a small, secure house
that no one can ever enter.
In this caf?
In this caf.
Our witness will be
a little man in a raincoat
who is pretending not to see us
but I'm sure that he does.
Leave me now.
I have something left to do.
Ask no questions.
Step outside a minute.
Come in, Mathias.
You saw me?
I kissed him.
I love him.
- What can I do?
- Who is he?
I don't know.
You're mad.
Yes, I'm mad.
You've fled me all week.
I've fled you all week, yes.
But I only met him an hour ago.
What are you telling me?
You know, Mathias.
You know, Mathias.
I can't live without you.
I know, Mathias.
I love him.
I'd rather die
than carry on without you.
I love him, Mathias.
Stop saying that!
I love him.
Enough.
Mathias!
Try to understand.
I'm fond of you but I love him.
Mathias!
Try to understand.
I'm fond of you but I love him.
The train's been announced, son.
Platform two.

Are you coming?
I'm not leaving, father.
I'm not taking that train.
That's a good one!
Listen, father...
I'm fond of you.
I know you need me,
that it'll be hard,
but it had to happen one day.
I'm leaving you.
What are you saying?
Don't make me repeat it
so you can turn on the fake pathos!
Don't hold your breath to turn pale.
Don't start pretending to tremble!
I know all your tricks.
They won't fool me.
I'm leaving you, father.
I'm old, Orpheus...
I can't help you. Take the train.
You said earlier
you couldn't leave me!
Earlier, yes. Now, I can.
Hurry up!
I curse you!
You'll pay for this.
For Bziers, Montpellier,
Ste and Palavas-les-Flots,
the train is about to arrive.
Hurry now.
I'm happy, you know, father.
I love her.
I'll write to you.
Be pleased for me.
I can't carry everything alone.
I'm happy, father.
This will kill me!
Hurry, father!
Hurry!
There.
It's done.
It's done for me too.
Forgive me.
He's a little ridiculous.

That was my father.
Don't apologize.
That lady gurgling about love
a short while ago
was my mother,
I didn't dare tell you.
I'm pleased that you were ashamed too.
In a way, it makes us resemble
two little brothers.
For Toulouse, Bziers,
Carcassonne, platform 7.
The train is about to arrive.
Close the door.
There.
We're alone in the world now.
Passengers for Toulouse, Bziers,
Carcassonne, platform 7.
The train is about to arrive.
Someone jumped under the express.
A young man!
There was nothing I could do.
I loved you and I didn't love him.
He jumped under the engine.
He died instantly.
How awful!
No.
He chose a good way.
Poison is slow
and causes a lot of suffering.
You vomit, you writhe around,
it's dirty.
It's like barbiturates.
People think they'll sleep. What a joke!
A death with hiccups and bad smells.
The easiest way, when you're tired,
when you've had the same idea
for a long time,
is to slip into water as into a bed...
You choke for a second,
with a plethora of images.
And then you fall asleep.
Finally!
You think he didn't suffer
when he died?

No one ever suffers when they die.
Death never hurts. Death is sweet.
The suffering with certain poisons,
certain clumsy wounds,
comes from life.
It's the remnants of life.
One must entrust oneself to death
as to a friend.
A friend with a dainty yet strong hand.
We had no choice.
We love each other.
Yes, I know.
I've been listening for a while.
But, Monsieur, we don't know you.
But I know you.
I'm delighted you've met.
Are you leaving together?
There's one more train this evening.
To Marseille.
My love.
My dear love.
- My love.
- My dear love.
Our story is beginning...
I'm a little scared.
Are you kind? Are you mean?
What's your name?
Orpheus. And yours?
Eurydice.

END OF ACT ONE:

It feels strange!
- It's funny.
- Yes, it's good.
And now?
It's so different from what we did.
What happens now?
Shall we carry on?
Yes.

ACT TWO:

This might never have happened,
if you'd turned right and me left.
I'd be scraping my violin in Perpignan

with my father.
And I'd be performing
"The Two Orphans" on stage in Avignon.
Mother and I are the two orphans.
I was thinking of a boy and a girl
who set off
one fine day, years ago,
for that country station...
What if we hadn't recognized
each other or picked the wrong day?
Or met each other too young
with parents
who could have forced us apart?
But, luckily, we weren't wrong.
We're good!
Yes, my darling.
Now we have memories to defend us.
Now we have memories to defend us.
A whole evening,
a whole night,
a whole day...
How rich we are!
Yesterday, we knew nothing
and we entered this room by chance,
watched by that foul waiter
who knew we were going to make love.
We started undressing rapidly,
standing, facing each other...
We stood there for a long while
without daring to speak,
without daring to move...
We were too poor, too naked.
It was unfair
having to risk everything at once.
Until that sudden tenderness for you
that gripped my throat.
After, everything became so easy.
I felt as if we were lying naked
on a beach...
with my tenderness as a rising tide
slowly covering our reclining bodies.
My darling. You thought all that
and you let me sleep.
You told me things in your dream

that I couldn't answer.
I talked?
I always talk in my sleep.
You didn't listen. I hope?
I did.
See what a traitor you are!
Instead of sleeping like me,
you spy on me.
How can I know what I say when I sleep?
I only understood three words.
You heaved a heavy sigh.
Your mouth grimaced slightly
and you said,
"It's difficult. "
It's difficult?
It's difficult...
What was so difficult?
I don't know, my darling.
I was dreaming.
You rang, Monsieur?
No.
I thought you rang, Monsieur.
Forgive me, Monsieur.
He doesn't seem as worthy
as our waiter at the station.
This one is more mysterious.
Too much so.
I hate people who are too mysterious.
He scares me a little. Not you?
A little, but I didn't dare say so.
Oh! My darling!
Let's hold each other tight!
Luckily, there are the two of us.
We already have lots of characters
in our story.
Two waiters...
in two cafs.
And the station employee.
- With the stutter!
- The lovely man with the stutter.
He was so small and so kind.
But that brute of a conductor...
Ah! The idiot.
Too dim to realize

that we just wanted to pay extra
to go to Marseille.
Yes, him. He was so ugly!
Our first repulsive character.
Our first traitor.
All happy stories have plenty.
But I refuse that one.
I don't want him
in my memories with you.
Too late, my darling.
We're not allowed to dismiss anyone.
So, for the rest of our lives,
that fat, filthy, self-satisfied man
will be part of our first day?
Exactly.
So, just suppose...
If we have seen a lot of ugly things
in our lives,
do they all stay with us?
Yes.
All the nasty images,
all the people,
even those we've hated,
even those we've fled?
All the sad words overheard,
do we keep them deep down inside?
And all the gestures made,
our hands still recall them, you think?
Yes.
Are you sure...
that even the words
we spoke without meaning to
and that we couldn't hold back
are on our lips when we speak?
Yes, my mad fool.
Just a second. Don't kiss me.
Explain instead. Are you sure of that
or do you alone think it?
I'm sure.
We're never alone then,
with all that around us.
We're never sincere,
even when we try with all our might.
If all the words are there,

all the unpleasant laughter,
if every hand that has touched us
is stuck to our skin,
can we never become someone else?
What are you talking about?
I think it's better to say nothing.
Or when everything is simple,
like for us yesterday,
say everything, of course, like me.
You rang, Monsieur?
No.
Forgive me.
I must tell you, Monsieur,
the bell doesn't work.
Rather than ring,
Monsieur should call.
All right.
The double curtains
do work though.
We can see that.
In other rooms, the bell works
but the double curtains don't.
Should Monsieur wish to use them later
and they didn't work,
Monsieur would just need to ring...
Well, call because,
as I just told Monsieur, the bell...
He's our first odd character.
We'll have others.
Did you see he kept staring at me?
You're dreaming.
Forgive me.
Monsieur is needed downstairs
to fill out his registration.
We have to send it off.
I have to come down now?
Yes, Monsieur. If Monsieur can.
All right, lead the way.
A letter to be delivered in person.
I lied about registration.
There's only one floor.
You have half a minute.
Not in the basket!
- Have you known each other long?

- One day.
Usually the best time.
Usually, yes.
You're still here?
No, Monsieur. I'm leaving.
No one was there.
Never mind, Monsieur,
you can do it later.
What was he doing?
Nothing.
He was telling me...
about all the couples
he'd seen in this room.
Wonderful!
Sometimes he feels
that he can see them all.
The room seethes with them.
You listened to such nonsense?
Perhaps it isn't nonsense.
You know everything and you said
all the people we've known
live on in our memories.
Perhaps the room remembers too.
All those who passed through here
are around us,
in each other's arms.
My mad fool!
The bed is full of them.
Actions can be so ugly.
Let's dine
in a place that reeks of garlic,
with glasses a thousand mouths
have drunk from
and a dip in the bench
formed by a thousand backsides
where you'll be comfortable
all the same. Let's go.
You laugh, you always laugh.
You're so strong.
Come, let's leave this room.
For me, it's not so nice anymore.
It's been so short...
You're trembling.
Yes, I'm trembling.

You're so pale.
Yes!
I've never seen that look before.
Don't look at me!
I've been looking at you
since yesterday.
You're a traitor.
You gently scratch my head.
I purr.
I fall asleep.
Then you say, "It's difficult. "
My darling!
What?
I fear it may be too difficult.
What?
Perhaps you thought I was different.
But when you see me as I truly am...
I've been looking at you.
I hear you talk in your sleep.
Yes...
But I didn't say much.
Suppose I fall asleep tonight
and say everything?
What do you mean, everything?
The messy old words, the old stories.
What if one of the characters
told you...
What can they tell me?
Now I know you better than they do.
You think so?
Yes, my love.
Yes, you're right.
She's the woman for you.
Mademoiselle Eurydice, your wife...
I salute you!
Now will you finally come and eat?
Turn the light on now.
Brightness everywhere!
Floods of light! Exit the ghosts.
My darling.
I don't want to see people
in a restaurant.
If you want, I'll go down,
I'll buy a few things

and we'll eat here.
In this room, seething with people?
Yes.
That doesn't matter now.
That will be fun. I'll come too.
No.
Let me go alone.
It will make me happy to shop for you,
just once,
like someone decent.
Buy a lot of things then.
Yes.
Make it a festive meal.
Yes, my darling.
As if we had money.
That's a miracle
the rich can't understand.
Yes, my darling.
Buy flowers for dinner too.
Lots of them.
We can't eat flowers.
You're right.
We'll put them on the table.
We don't have a table.
Buy flowers all the same.
And buy fruit too!
Peaches! Juicy vineyard peaches.
Hurry, I'm starving.
Adieu, my darling.
You say "adieu",
like in Shakespeare?
Yes.
Eurydice!
She just went downstairs.
Don't you remember me?
We met at the station buffet
just as that accident occurred.
We're neighbours.
I have room eleven.
I spoke to you
rather freely yesterday but...
you were both so touching,
there in that deserted room.
A beautiful setting, wasn't it?

Red and dark,
with night falling to a background
of station noises...
Little Orpheus
and Mademoiselle Eurydice...
It's rare to have such a windfall.
I usually don't speak to anyone.
Why bother?
- Are you a musician?
- Yes.
I like music.
I like everything
that is sweet and happy.
In fact, I like happiness.
There are two types of men.
The numerous, fertile, happy ones,
a mass of dough to be kneaded,
that eat sausage, make children,
work, count their money,
year in, year out,
despite epidemics and wars,
until their time is up.
People for everyday life,
people that one cannot imagine... dead.
And then the others.
Those one can easily imagine
stretched out, pale,
a red hole in their heads.
Has that never tempted you?
Never. And this evening
less than ever.
That's a pity.
One mustn't believe too much
in happiness.
Monsieur, there's a gentleman asking
for Mademoiselle Eurydice.
I said she was out
but he doesn't believe me.
He insists on seeing you now.
Shall I send him up?
I'm already here.
Where's Eurydice?
She's gone to buy our dinner.
She may have gone to buy your dinner

but she was supposed to join us
at the station to take the train.

Who are you?

Alfredo Dulac.

Eurydice's agent.

Where is she?

- What do you want her for?

- And you?

Eurydice is my mistress.

Since when?

Yesterday.

She happens to be mine too.

For a year now.

You're lying!

She forgot to tell you?

She told me everything.

She was the mistress of that boy
who jumped under the train.

How stupid can you be!

She slept in your bed, not mine.

So what?

You're a child, old chap.

You have to put up with her whims.

She also slept with the fool
who killed himself.

You, at least, I understand.

You have nice eyes.

You're young...

- I love Eurydice, she loves me.

- She said so?

Yes.

An extraordinary girl.

Good job I know her.

Suppose I know her better?

- Since yesterday?

- Yes, since yesterday.

Look, I'm not acting smart.

But there are two things I know well:

First of all, my job...

And Eurydice?

No, I can't claim that.

I'll be more modest: Women.

Eurydice may be an odd girl,
like I said,

but we've both seen the way she's built
so you'll agree she's a woman.
You're lying.
Eurydice has never been yours!
You've been her lover?
So have I.
- Shall I describe her to you?
- No.
What's yours like?
Hard to wake first thing?
Always with her thrillers
and cigarettes?
Always with a cigarette jammed
in her mouth like some hoodlum?
Did she find her stockings
this morning?
Admit it.
I bet her blouse was on the wardrobe,
her shoes in the bathtub.
Her hat under the armchair
and her bag nowhere to be found.
I've bought her seven.
- You're lying.
- It's true, old chap.
Eurydice is a rare being,
there's no denying that.
But she's like any petty little woman.
That's not true!
Nothing is true for you.
You're odd!
- How long ago did she leave?
- Twenty minutes.
- That's true?
- Yes.
- She insisted on going alone?
- Yes.
It amused her
to go and buy our dinner alone.
- Is that true too?
- Yes.
Well, I sent her a letter
five minutes earlier,
summoning her to the station.
She couldn't have had a letter.

I never once left her side.
Are you sure of that?
What did the note say?
That I was waiting for her.
I knew she would obey.
But she didn't come.
True, she didn't.
But my Eurydice is always late.
I'm not worried.
Did you give yours
a lot of shopping to do?
Flowers and fruit.
You say she left twenty minutes ago?
Could your Eurydice
possibly be late too?
I'm going to the station!
You think she might have wanted
to join us?
I'm staying here.
If she's at the station, I was right.
You'll have nothing more to say to her.
I'll tell her
she isn't how others see her
but how I know she is!
Too complicated for station smalltalk.
Hurry, I'll be a good sport.
Bring her back here.
She'll soon tell us who she is.
Monsieur...
What is it?
There's a policeman here
with his van...
What does he want?
He's asking if someone was related
to the young woman.
She's had an accident, Monsieur.
On the Toulon bus...
Is she hurt?
Is she downstairs?
Why was she on the Toulon bus?
No one will ever know that.
She isn't hurt. She's dead.
On leaving Marseille,
the bus hit a tanker.

The other passengers
only suffered minor cuts.
I saw her laid out
in the back of the van.
She only has a light wound
on her temple.
She seems to be asleep.
Tell them to prepare my bill.
I'm leaving this evening.
Tell them to prepare my bill.
I'm leaving this evening.

ACT THREE:

Where are we?
Don't you recognize it?
I can't walk anymore...
I can't walk anymore!
You're going to rest.
Where are we?
What has happened since yesterday?
It's still yesterday.
You promised me!
Don't get up.
Rest.
Tell me where we are.
You said you wouldn't be afraid.
I'm not afraid.
But are we there at last?
Yes, we're there.
Where?
You don't recognize it?
Be patient.
Do you recognize it now?
- The station buffet?
- Yes.
You lied to me!
Sit down. No.
Don't shout.
Why did you come to my room?
I was lying on my unmade bed,
suffering.
I was almost happy,
wallowing in my grief.
I couldn't bear

to listen to you suffer.
I set my bags down
and came in to calm you.
And since nothing could calm you,
I made that promise
to keep you quiet.
I'm quiet now.
You still don't believe me?
I truly wish I could...
but, no, I don't.
You weep, moan and suffer,
but refuse to believe.
I hate suffering!
You'll soon stop crying, little man.
You'll stop wondering
whether to believe or not.
Is she coming here?
She's already here.
In this station?
She's dead!
I saw them carry her away.
You want to understand, little man?
You took my hand without trembling,
you followed me
without asking who I was,
without slowing your pace,
yet you want to understand anyway?
No.
I want to see her again.
That's all.
Aren't you curious?
I bring you to the gates of death
and all you care about
is your girlfriend, little man.
You're right.
I'll tell you a secret.
Death...
has one quality
that no one knows about.
It is good. Terribly good.
It is afraid of tears, of pain.
Whenever it can,
whenever life allows it to,
it moves quickly.

But life clings on obstinately
like a fool,
even if the game is up,
even if a man can't move
or is disfigured,
even if he has to go on suffering.
Death alone is a friend.
With the tip of its finger,
it delivers, it soothes.
I'd rather have Eurydice disfigured,
suffering, old!
Your so-called friend...
stole Eurydice from me.
With the tip of its finger,
it withered Eurydice.
Young, happy Eurydice,
smiling Eurydice...
It'll return her to you.
When?
Right away.
But listen carefully...
Your happiness was over anyway.
Those twenty-four hours,
that's all your dear life
had in store
for little Orpheus and Eurydice.
You wouldn't be weeping now
for the dead Eurydice,
but for a Eurydice who had fled.
That's not true.
She didn't go to meet that man!
She didn't return to your room either.
She took the bus to Toulon alone.
Where was she running away to?
I want to see her again.
Adieu.
She's being returned to you.
She's there, on the platform,
where you first saw her yesterday,
waiting for you.
You remember the condition?
Yes.
Repeat it.
If you forget it, I can't help you.

- I must not look her in the face.
- That won't be easy.
If I look her in the face before dawn,
I lose her again.
No questions now, you stubborn man?
No.
That's good.
Adieu.
You can start all over again.
Don't thank me.
Are you there?
Are you there?
You're there...
Yes, my darling. You took so long.
Yes, my darling. You took so long.
They let me come to fetch you.
But I can't look at you until dawn.
Are you there?
Yes, my darling. You took so long.
They let me come to fetch you.
But I can't look at you until dawn.
Yes, my darling, I know.
They told me.
Come...
We'll wait for dawn here.
When the waiters arrive
for the first train,
at daybreak, we'll be free.
We'll ask them
for hot coffee and food.
You'll be alive.
You weren't too cold?
I was. That was the worst thing.
The terrible cold.
I'm not allowed to speak about it.
I can only talk about the driver
smiling at me in the mirror
and the tanker rushing at us
like a crazed animal!
After that,
I'm not allowed to say.
Are you all right?
Oh, yes!
At your side.

It's handy coming back to life...
It's as if we'd just met
for the first time.
Are you kind?
Are you mean?
What's your name?
Orpheus.
And yours?
Eurydice.
But we're forewarned this time.
Forgive me.
You must have been so scared.
Yes.
It starts as a dull presence
accompanying you,
staring at you from behind,
listening to you speak.
Then it pounces like a wild animal.
First, it's a weight
pressing on your shoulders
and then it shifts,
it starts wearing away at your neck,
strangling you.
You look at others who are calm.
Others...
who don't have a beast on their back,
who aren't afraid
and who say "It's all right,
perhaps she missed her tram
or stopped to chat. "
But the beast starts screaming...
as it digs into your shoulder-blade.
Do people miss trams in real life?
No.
They slip,
getting off before it stops.
They are run down
as they cross the tracks.
Do people stop to chat in real life?
No.
They suddenly go mad,
they're kidnapped, they run away.
Luckily, the waiter came to deliver me
with a clear look of dismay.

When I saw you in that van,
it all stopped,
the fear left me.
They put me in a van?
A police van.
Did I look terrible?
A little blood at your temple.
You seemed to be asleep.
Asleep?
If you knew how I was running.
I was running straight ahead
like a madwoman.
You must have suffered.
Yes.
Forgive me.
There's no need.
They brought me back to the hotel
because of the letter
I wrote to you
on the bus before it left.
You got it?
No. They must have kept it
at the police station.
Will they read it?
They might.
Can't we stop them?
It's too late.
But I wrote that letter to you.
It's like being naked
in front of another man.
Perhaps they haven't opened it.
But I didn't seal it!
I was just doing that
when the tanker hit us.
And that's probably
why the driver looked at me.
I was sticking my tongue out.
It made him smile.
I smiled too...
You could smile, could you?
No, I couldn't.
You don't understand a thing!
I'd just written that letter
to tell you I loved you.

I stuck my tongue out...
to lick the glue on the envelope.
He said something funny
the way those boys do...
Oh, you had to be there to see it.
It's difficult.
It's all too difficult.
What were you doing on the Toulon bus?
I was running away.
Had you had Dulac's letter?
Yes, that's why I was leaving.
What did he say in that letter?
That he would fetch me himself.
And that's why you fled?
Yes, I didn't want you to see him.
- Were you his mistress?
- No!
He told you that I was?
I knew he'd tell you,
that you'd believe him!
I was afraid.
Why not admit it yesterday?
I never was his mistress.
It's best to say everything now.
Just don't lie to me.
Did that man tell the truth?
No!
He lied!
- You were never his?
- No.
If you're telling the truth,
it's easy to tell.
Your eyes are as clear
as a pool of water.
When you lie
or are unsure of yourself,
a darker circle
contracts around your pupils.
The new day will soon dawn.
Soon, my darling.
- You'll be able to look at me.
- Yes.
Deep into your eyes
as into a body of water.

Head first.
Into the depths of your eyes!
Let me stay there!
Let me drown there!
Hold yourself tightly against me.
Warmth, yes.
Warmth other than one's own.
That's more or less sure.
One mustn't be demanding.
Tomorrow,
you'll be able to turn round.
You will kiss me.
Don't speak anymore.
Don't think anymore.
Let your hand
wander over me.
Let it be happy all alone.
Everything would be so simple
if you let it be happy...
I'm so docile and gentle
beneath its caress.
All it asks is to be here.
Don't ask anything of me either.
Accept being happy.
Please...
I can't!
Accept if you love me!
I can't.
Then shut up at least.
I can't!
Some words must still be said.
We must say every word.
And there are plenty of them!
My darling, be quiet. I beseech you!
We've been plagued by words
since yesterday!
I have to look at you now.
Wait. Wait!
Please!
What we have to do
is wait for night to leave,
It will soon be morning.
Everything will get back to normal.
They'll bring us coffee,

fresh bread...
It's too long, waiting until morning.
It's too long, waiting to be old!
Please, my darling, don't turn round!
Let me live!
You can feel me against you,
can't you?
I'm here. I'm soft.
I'm warm and I love you.
I'll give you all the happiness I can.
But don't ask for more than that.
Be content.
Please...
Please don't turn round!
Let me live! I beseech you!
I so want to live!
Live...
Live...
Like your mother and her lover?
With tender moments,
good meals, a little lovemaking
and everything's fine?
I love you too much to live.
That man held you against him?
He touched you
with his ring-covered hands?
Yes.
How long have you been his mistress?
A year now.
Were you with him
the day before yesterday?
Yes.
The day before I met you.
He came to fetch me after the show.
He blackmailed me.
He blackmailed me each time.
Admit that you followed me willingly,
you little liar.
Willingly?
Willingly?
I spat each time you kissed me.
Yes, my dove.
As soon as you let me go,
I would flee.

I would strip naked in my room,
wash and change.
You never knew that!
She's mad!
Why so familiar with him?
That's not true.
You see?
That's typical of her, young man.
You made a mistake.
Forgive me, my darling,
but this is the theatre world.
Vincent and mother are the same.
I'm not overly familiar with him.
It's not because I was his mistress.
I'm familiar with him
because we all are.
It's so difficult...
It's so difficult explaining
all the time!
You said I blackmailed you
that evening as every evening.
Blackmailed you how?
The usual way.
You believed in that blackmail
for a whole year, you little liar?
You see,
you admit you did it for a year!
How did he threaten you?
He threatened to fire me each time
from my post as manager.
He's a fool!
He loses everything!
I don't want him around!
This young man is alone
with his ten-year-old brother.
He provides for them.
You see, I have to handle
all the trunks, all the sets...
On my own.
I'll never manage it!
I'll never manage it!
He's an idiot!
That's it.
I'm dumping him in Chtellerault!

I swear he'll be careful.
Please, Dulac, I swear.
If I keep him on again,
will you be nice to me?
Yes.
And that happened every time.
Forgive me, my darling.
I was a coward.
But I didn't love you then.
I didn't love anyone.
And no one else
could stand up for him.
I'll always see you
with that man's hands on you.
I'll always see you
as he described you.
Yes, my darling.
He wasn't even jealous.

He was laughing:

"A girl like Eurydice has her whims. "
He said that?
"What's yours like?
Hard to wake first thing.
Always with her thrillers... "
He knew you were a coward.
That if he came for you,
you wouldn't stay with me.
Yes, my darling.
Defend yourself, at least!
Why don't you defend yourself?
How can I defend myself?
By lying to you?
I'm untidy, that's true.
I'm lazy. I'm a coward...
It's too difficult.
You see.
It's better if I die again.
If you loved me,
why were you leaving?
I thought I'd never manage it.
What?
Make you understand.
Why do these children

think everything's so sad?
After all, my pussycat,
we were passionate lovers,
but did that make us sad?
Certainly not!

As I always say:

A little love, a little money,
a little success
and life is good!
A little love? A lot of love!
She thinks she invented it all
with her violinist.
But we adored each other too.
We wanted to kill ourselves
for each other.
We loved each other so passionately
it could have killed us...
But did we die of it?
You poor fool,
you should have listened to me for once!
Forget it, mother,
we have no time left.
You see, my darling, we can't complain.
In trying to be happy,
we might have been like them.
How hideous!
Hideous?
Why hideous?
Why didn't you admit everything
that first day?
I might have understood.
It's too difficult, my darling.
I'd only get confused again.
And I don't have time now.
Forgive me.
Don't move.
Who are you, Monsieur?
The police inspector's secretary,
Mademoiselle.
The one who has my letter...
Give it back to me, please.
I can't do that.
But the inspector won't read it.

I have it here.
I reread it every day.
With me, it's different.
"My darling,
I'm on this bus
while you're waiting in our room
and I know
that I won't be coming back.
I'm leaving, my darling.
Since yesterday, I was afraid
and you heard me say in my sleep.
'Lt's difficult. '
You thought I was beautiful.
I mean beautiful on a moral level.
I could never have managed it.
Especially now that man is coming.
He sent me a letter.
I didn't tell you about him,
but he was my lover too.
Don't think I loved him.
You'll see, he is impossible to love.
That's why I'm leaving, my darling.
All alone.
I'm leaving
because I'm blushing with shame.
I'm going away, my captain,
and I'm leaving you
because you taught me
that I was a good little soldier. "
Forgive me, Eurydice.
Don't, my darling.
You must forgive me instead.
I have to go.
Eurydice!
Good morning, Monsieur.
It's a bit nippy today.
Can I get you something?
Yes.
Anything you want. A coffee.
Very good, Monsieur.
You're here, son?
I didn't take the train to Perpignan.
It was full.
Packed to bursting, my boy.

And the brutes
tried to make me pay extra.
I got off again.
Do you want a coffee?
Yes.
Yes.
I wouldn't mind one too.
I spent the night in the waiting room.
So what have you decided, son?
Now that you've slept on it.
Are you coming with me?
Yes, father.
Yes, father.
I knew you wouldn't abandon
your old dad.
Let's celebrate and treat ourselves
to a slap-up lunch in Perpignan.
I know a place there
with a fine fixed price menu.
Wine, coffee and brandy included.
Yes, my boy.
And for two euros more,
you can have lobster
instead of the starter.
The good life, my boy.
Yes, father.
Yes, father.
The good life, son, the good life.
Yes, father.

ACT FOUR:

Is this a "merveillitas"?
Yes.
A cigar like this
must cost a pretty penny.
Yes.
Don't you smoke?
No.
Pull yourself together, my boy!
Give him a "merveillitas".
If you don't finish it, I will.
When I feel sad, a good cigar...
You must get up, Orpheus.
You must get up, Orpheus.

Exactly. I'm wearing myself out
telling him that.

No.

He won't listen to his father.

You have to get up
and resume life where you left it.

We're expected in Perpignan.

Shut up!

We're expected in Perpignan.

Where's the harm in that?

I'll never go back to you.

Why wouldn't you go back to him?

I find your father charming.

Besides, you know him.

That counts for a lot.

You can tell him to shut up
or walk with him without speaking.
Imagine the ordeal of life without him.
Fellow diners' likes and dislikes.

Old ladies questioning you
with affectionate interest...

Go back to your life with your father.

He'll make his daily remarks
on these hard times,
on fixed price menus...

It will keep you occupied.

Talking of fixed price menus,
the "Jeanne-Hachette" is good.

Do you know it?

It's popular with your colleagues.

No.

I know...

A fine "Jeanne-Hachette" menu
with a good cigar.

Come to Perpignan, son.

No, father.

You're wrong, son.

That's right, Orpheus, you're wrong.

Listen to your father.

The "Jeanne-Hachette" is
the best place to forget Eurydice.

I'm not saying it's one huge blow-out.

But you eat well.

You won't find Eurydice's ghost

at the "Jeanne-Hachette" in Perpignan.
You should run there, Orpheus.
I want to forget her?
You must, old chap.
Come on.
Get up. Follow your father.
You'll have a fine career
among the living.
Life is there.
What can you do but live it?
Life is there.
Life is there, Orpheus.
Listen to your father.
I don't react to misfortune
by saying, "That's life. "
What do I care if that's life?
If a million grains of sand are crushed
along with me?
Your brothers, as they say.
I hate them all,
every last one of them.
So don't try to turn the crowd
into a loving sister.
We're alone. We're totally alone.
That's the one sure thing.
You're alone
because you've lost Eurydice.
Remember what life
had in store for you...
being alone one day
with Eurydice still living.
No.
Sooner or later,
in one year, in five years,
in ten years,
still loving her perhaps,
you would see that you and Eurydice
no longer desired each other.
No.
It would be simple.
You would be the one
to cheat on Eurydice.
Never!
Why shout so loud?

For your sake or for mine?
Imagine, if you prefer,
that you would want to cheat on her.
That's no better.
Besides, she might have
abandoned you first.
No.
Why not?
Because she loved you yesterday?
Affection can be resistant.
She might have found
a way of loving you
before going to meet her lover,
so humble, so kind,
to ensure you'd be happy in a way.
That's true.
No, not us!
You like others.
You more than others.
With the tenderness you had,
you'd have torn each other apart.
No!
It would have lasted forever,
until the two of us
had grown old together!
Life wouldn't have allowed you
to get that far. No, little man.
You're all the same.
You thirst for eternity,
yet fear from the first kiss
because of the nagging feeling
that it won't last.
When I tell you that life is wonderful!
Life wouldn't have left you Eurydice.
But Eurydice can be returned to you
for good.
You heard your father
talking about life.
Grotesque, wasn't it? Pathetic.
This farce, this absurd melodrama,
that's life.
I'm offering you an intact Eurydice
with the true face
that life would never have given you.

Do you want her?
Your father is snoring, Orpheus.
Look closely at your young father
and think of Eurydice waiting.
Where?
You always want to know everything.
But that will soon be over.
You'll see how everything
becomes pure, bright and clear.
A world for you, little Orpheus...
What do I have to do?
The night is chilly.
Leave the city
by the road that lies before you.
When the houses thin out,
you'll reach a little rise,
near a small olive grove.
That's it.
That's what?
The place for your appointment
with death.
At nine.
It's nearly time,
don't keep it waiting.
Will I see Eurydice again?
Instantly.
Goodbye...
...little man.
Come in.
He agrees?
He agrees!
Yes, he agrees.
My darling...
Please, come back soon.
My darling, please, come back soon.
He's on his way.
He won't suffer, will he?
He won't suffer, will he?
Did you suffer?
Excuse me, Monsieur.
I'll turn down the covers.
I heard Monsieur speaking.
Am I disturbing him?
I was talking to myself.

That happens to me too.
Tell them to prepare my bill.
I'm leaving this evening.
Yesterday Monsieur said...
I've been thinking.
This time I'm leaving.
Monsieur has finished with Marseille?
Yes.
What time is it now?
Nine exactly, Monsieur.
There he is.
Can he look at me?
Now, yes, without any fear
of losing you.
My darling, you took so long!
Orpheus is with Eurydice at last.
THE CURTAIN FALLS
And yet...
My dear friends...
You are all familiar
with Antoine's sense of staging...
and his love of coups de thtre...
Antoine! You're not dead?
No, I'm not dead.
Although my doctors say
I've never been so close to it.
Don't worry,
I have little faith in their prognosis.
Forgive me for this
but it let me unite you all.
I'm classified as a dramatic author,
but I have a weakness for surprises.
I wanted to see
if you were still fond of me,
and if my Eurydice
was still worth performing.
Of course we are!
Just wait till we tell Zambo!
He's so silly!
Sudden death of the playwright
Antoine d'Anthac
Can he look at me?
Now, yes, without any fear
of losing you.

Orpheus is with Eurydice...
at last.

THE END: