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Camille Rewinds

By Maud Ameline

Final checks, then we shoot.
We're almost done.
It's fine.
The bathrobe.
Silence on the set.
Lie back.
Pull this up.
Not too high, or...
Like that.
Let's go.
It's fine.
Can we start rolling?
Roll camera. 54/5...
Slate.
Rolling.
Raise the sheet.
Not too much because...
Action!
Blood! Blood!
Pump! Pump!
Blood, more blood!
Eyes bulging.
More, more...
Nice. Go back down.
Fall back.
Keep it pulsing.
Cut!
We've cut.
It's fine...
It was good.
Change the sheets.
It's still squirting.
The other girl. Same thing here.
That's gross. Get Carole please.
Go get changed.
Take the actress to change.
What next, Guillaume?
She got it all over.
Very nice pulsations.
Not the world's best actress, but...
Have any lines?
Same here.
How many days?
One.

Me too.

I'm not getting work.

Me neither.

Carole, you're on in 5.

Okay, Olivier?

CAMILLE REWINDS:

You, here?

- Waiting for the realtor.

- Realtor?

- I left messages.

- Never got them.

Oh yes, you did.

I got the month wrong.

You keep saying to wait.

Now I can't wait.

She's pregnant? That's wonderful.

Congratulations.

Shut up.

You take some decoding.

I'll think it over = So long.

I need time = She's 20.

I need my share back = Get out.

"I can't wait" was obvious.

I'm not here to talk.

I know. No more talk.

We're selling this place.

You said so. In your letter.

When I left, I suggested we talk.

You said no.

This letter is very weird.

I still feel it's not you
who wrote it.

Check if it was you.

It was me all right.

Listen.

"Your poison pervaded the place. "

Excellent alliteration!

"I'd never have expected this.

I've surely made mistakes. "

Hear that?

Did you ever apologize?

Or even try to stop drinking?

No, I drank twice as much.

For years you pushed me out.
I stayed too long. I was dumb.
I've started my life over.
I need the money.
For years
I pushed you out?
You're slow.
You've always been slow.
Even for packing a crate!
Learn to speed up.
Keep up with youth.
Look.
Even your shoes outrun you.
Come in...
Make yourself at home.
I'll do the same
because it's my home too.
- Want a drink?
- No thanks.
You, Eric? Nothing either?
To the sale!
My husband's in a rush.
He can't move in with his girlfriend.
She's still with her parents.
Sit here quietly
while we look around.
You'll see.
A bit poisonous, but such charm!
We're facing north here. There too.
Never any sun.
An icebox in the winter.
It doesn't matter
because it's welcoming.
You can hear absolutely everything.
Upstairs.
Below.
When do evictions resume?
In April?
So call the cops because
I won't leave before.
I feel so great in this place.
Drink yourwhiskey
and leave us alone.
Want to see the bathroom?

Quickly.
We're gone.
Here.
Happy New Year!
You recognize
what we've become?
Did you recognize him?
Scary, isn't it?
No chance
we'll be getting back together.
I'll see him a few more times
in my life.
You and I will keep doing what we do.
We'll say
good morning and good night.
We can have dinner together at night.
Mom?
Wear this. I love it.
It was my mom's.
I know.
I can't go dressed as my mother.
I wish you'd met.
You'd have gotten along.
I'm sure.
She never knew I was pregnant.
No time to tell her.
I did a test.
She died the next day.
She fell.
Like this, all of a sudden.
I know, Mom.
Don't think about it.
I loved her voice.
She had a pretty voice.
Time to get up.
Get out of bed.
You've slept enough.
Get up, you have school.
A gentle voice.
Clear.
I can't imitate it.
Lost that too.
It's not lost
if you can talk about it.

You're beautiful in this dress.

It looks great on you.

- Sure you won't come?

- I can't.

Where are you going again?

I forget everything.

Yeah.

Come.

I really can't. Another time.

I'll leave you the address.

Love you.

Are you open?

People always stop by.

What can I do for you?

Think it can still work?

Maybe it just needs a new battery.

But do I have any of these left?

Where are all you old batteries?

I throw nothing away.

I just found it.

I'm very fond of it.

It's a souvenir.

My parents gave it to me

on my 16th birthday.

They're dead now.

No more parents.

No one above anymore.

It creates a void

and the void sucks you in.

It's working.

I'll set the time,

minus one second.

Why?

Clocks

are one second faster

than the movement of the planets.

So today

we set them right.

When it's 11:

one second later,

it will still be

And one second later...

it will be midnight.

We can say Happy New Year.
Look... I'd like...
to take off this ring, but...
I can't. Can you saw it?
I know this ring.
I think I may even be
the one who sold it.
I can make it bigger.
I won't wear it anymore.
- What do I owe you?
- Nothing.
Some champagne?
Not one sip in 25 years!
Just tea.
You came!
It's been so long!
Look who's here.
Louise!
Come... Camille is here.
I can't see you.
I lost my sight 5 years ago.
Pitch black.
I have 2 kids.
And a husband.
Are you still acting?
I'm trying.
Is Eric here?
We're divorcing.
But I'm happy.
Come on!
It's almost midnight!
It's now!
Happy New Year!
- Better, are we?
- Where am I?
- My clothes?
- Can't wait for our parents, can we?
My parents are dead.
They were contacted.
Underage, aren't we?
You kidding?
Dad came by before.
They're on their way back now.
Why am I here?

It must have been some party.
Boy make you drink?
I need a cigarette.
No smoking here, young woman.
Aren't we a bit young?
I've been smoking for so long,
I can't stop.
Overdoing it, aren't we?
It's you.
You're not better?
Is it really you?
Sure it's us.
Mom was worried sick.
Ever think of that?
At her age, we think after.
Spare us your drunken displays,
please.
I'm dead or dreaming.
Imagine being called at 7 a. m.
to hear you're in hospital,
dead drunk.
You're hurting me!
You're so young, Dad.
How nice for me.
This year's starting great.
Go get dressed.
Here, kid.
I feel strange.
Close the door.
My cat...
Tell me what I'm doing here.
I'm glad we're all having dinner.
Eat. I have to go.
- Where?
- Where else? I'm on duty.
Can I come with you?
Put her to bed. She's lost it.
Just me and you.
It'll be nice.
Are you crazy?
Yesterday wasn't enough?
You drink now?
Since Mom died.
Think that's funny?

I didn't mean that.
If having a glass
means finishing the bottle,
stop drinking, period.
Promise me.
I promise.
Not eating?
I remember this ratatouille so well.
I can't eat a thing.
Go to bed.
It's time.
Out of bed. You've slept enough.
You have school.
It's starting again.
I'm dreaming about you, Mom.
Never drink like that again, honey.
Get up.
You really think
I'm going to school?
You slept too long, sleepy-head.
I wanted to wake you
but Dad said not to.
I have no intention
of going to school.
It's like that after every break.
I'm not going.
Been there, done that.
Come on, chin up.
You came here to keep warm.
You're too close to the pipe.
You'll dry out.
Come here, little bee.
You're all drowsy.
What are you doing here in January?
If you stay here, you'll die.
So I'll put you outside...
At first you'll be very cold.
But there are places to warm up.
Go find your hive.
Good luck.
Still not dressed?
What are you doing?
I'm taping your voice. Talk again.
It's late. I made you toast.

Eat or it'll get cold.
Enough. Stop acting like a kid.
Remember your report card.
"Should give up scholastic tourism. "
Start offwell this semester.
What year am I in?
You have good teachers,
interesting subjects.
You say so yourself.
Too late
to turn my life around.
It's barely begun.
Don't be so sure. It's behind me.
What about me then?
I know it's a tough time for you.
You're growing up, asking questions.
You need to start seeing
a gynecologist.
And a shrink...
You want to see a shrink?
What do I need again?
Your bag... your notebook.
See you tonight.
My big girl...
Your gym clothes!
Hurry up!
Come on.
I'm glad to see you all.
Chill, girl!
Vacation is over.
Hand in your assignments.
What was it on?
Military and economic conflict
between the USSR.
and the United States.
I'm waiting.
I'm sorry. I didn't do my assignment.
Why not?
I was elsewhere.
Personal problems.
Remember what I said?
Hand in your papers.
Stop talking.
Why are you out here?

- I forgot my homework.
- Notebook.
Write it 300 times.
Study hall.
Do I know you?
Psycho.
She'd get...
She takes tiny feminine steps.
You have 16 in femininity.
A six-point difference?
You find her feminine?
Your body has a major problem.
I don't know what. It's weird.
Maybe your ass is flat.
Show us your ass.
That's it. Totally flat.
Too flat for your boobs.
They're gigantic.
So weird!
Tits and ass don't match.
You were misassembled.
I know.
I give you 2 for ass.
That's a 4.5 average.
It's the look too.
Show yourself off!
You lose femininity points.
Can I go? Anything else?
Don't get upset.
I'd forgotten how awful this age is!
I get badmouthed by kids and I'm...
Don't give in.
There are exercises.
Right, Louise?
Tell her what to tell that bitch.
Bitch.
Go on!
Bimbo!
Dirty whore!
Fuck yourself, floozy!
I'll make you eat your scores,
shit bag!
Pathetic show-dog poodle!
I'll parade you naked at school

on a leash!
I'll swap your face with your ass
and see what score you get.
Not bad.
See? It just takes some training.
My problem's the opposite.
I'm not gentle.
Want to be gentle?
Sometimes.
That's easy.
When you light a cigarette...
The pack.
Don't lunge for it like a brute.
Do it gently.
Almost like a caress.
Then open it,
like a fancy jewelry box.
Then you choose the cigarette.
Like you're voting for the best one.
Take it, gently.
Light it.
Pause for a second.
Very important.
Take a deep breath
demurely looking away.
Gentlest girl in the world.
You make me want to try.
Too bad I don't smoke.
Look...
I make love to my cigarette.
The two of us
are head-over-heels in love.
Like two birds...
so beautiful, so delicate, rubbing...
the tips of their wings.
I'm gentle now.
Let's split.
Just don't talk to me.
Psycho.
Lock-tease?
Will you unlock my bike?
Now?
Too bad. They got along.
They've been chatting away.

Shop talk, bike to bike.
But friendly.
Listen...
You're there. I'm here.
You go that way. I go this way.
- What did I do to you?
- You ruined my life.
- Who's he?
- Forget it.
Is he out to get you
or vice versa?
I feel something.
Think I have a chance with her?
- Change your jokes.
- The bike?
Lock-tease.
Not with a girl like her.
She's a Mathilde de la Mle.
Haughty, proud, capricious.
A nightmare.
Who?
"The Red and the Black".
In the book
there's Mme de Reynal,
gentle, maternal and passionate.
And Mathilde de la Mle.
Young, proud,
passionate too, but a pain.
She hates me? Not a chance?
On the contrary.
Each time she sees you,
she loses it.
She likes you.
It's Mathilde's immature side.
Are you sure?
She likes me?
Hold on!
Are you kidding?
It's the last time.
Who is this one for?
For Mom.
- This one?
- You.
I got it.

Guess I'm King.
There's the cat.
You're my king.
Now kiss.
Want us to dance too?
Talk.
- Like what?
- Whatever...
Here we go again.
We're having a King Cake.
Was it good?
Very. Better than last year's.
Thank you. That's all.
Goodness.
Anything wrong?
My head...
I need an aspirin.
Dr. Goujon?
It's Mrs. Vaillant's daughter,
Camille.
My mom's having frequent headaches.
She needs a CAT scan.
I'll call you back.
What are you up to?
Don't look in my bag.
You need to do a CAT scan.
Nonsense.
A CAT scan.
I've heard it all.
Camus.
The Plague.
You have oral reports to do today.
Female.
Go on, miss.
So...
The author is saying...
You didn't work on your report
at home, as I asked?
I did, sir.
Are you sure?
You didn't spend your time
writing to your dear diary?
Confessing the tribulations
of an hysterical virgin

in blue marine ink
with little hearts doodled all over?
I don't like how you talk.
- Excuse me?
- I'm going.
I decide. What the hell?
Back to your seats!
We'll let her hormones cool off
and not get distracted by...
I don't agree either.
If you keep it up,
I won't come either!
It's a revolution, sir!
Shame on you, uncouth man!
Total class.
Mathilde de la Mle.
I am a super virgin!
You are a super virgin!
- You, Virgin Queen!
- To die for!
Not into guys?
- Virgin in your head too?
- I have a disease.
I do it all the time, nonstop.
I think you're totally sexy.
A sex bomb. Guys are going to feel
your sex vibes.
It'll turn them on.
Super virgin... And you?
I had sex with...
Jacques Higelin.
In a piano bar.
It was good but he was drunk.
He puked after.
Then I slept... with Christophe.
Graziani?
The singer! Are you crazy?
How was it?
Amazing.
He's so gentle, sensual, tender...
We made love all night long.
He wore his sunglasses. He's shy.
They fell off once.
I saw his eyes.

Very, very blue.
I experienced true love.
A very long relationship, 25 years.
Drawn together like magnets.
When we made love, we were one.
I was his other half...
and he was mine.
When we were apart,
we felt incomplete.
We made love at least...
Each time was like the first.
And he died.
What of?
- He disappeared.
- Where to?
He just...
disintegrated.
Now I'll sleep with tons of guys.
Big change.
"The Lovers" by Goldoni
Auditions for Eugnie
Today at 2 p. m.
Alice...
Eugnie and Fulgence bicker,
but are in love.
It's a lovers' spat. Understand?
And talk a lot louder!
But I can't!
That was perfect!
I'm screaming. And if I scream,
I can't act. I can't be natural!
Hardest thing in theater:
projecting your voice
while remaining sincere.
Once more.
Where's Fulgence?
I shan't give you reason to be irate.
Poor me.
I regret you spent time
with a madwoman.
But take heart.
You can sleep soundly now.
Listen to me.
We can't hear you!

It must be the acoustics.

Only explanation!

I don't want to anymore.

I give up.

Marlon Brando!

There's her.

Do you want to try out?

She wants to be an actress.

Coming?

No.

- Why?

- Because.

- Because what?

- Bad play.

- Liar.

- I won't act with you.

Act like it's not me.

Yes or no?

Yes.

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"Enough comedy. "

- Enough comedy!

- What comedy?

You're the comedienne, not I.

- The knife.

- Never.

Don't make me angrier.

The knife!

Step forward... And you, back!

- What will I do with it?

- No idea.

I want to...

peel an apple.

Fulgence.

Leave me.

- Fulgence.

- Leave me.

For pity's sake.

For me, there is no pity,

no love, no compassion.

One word for you.

- Speak it.

- Just one.

So say it.

Calm down
if you want me to speak.
Give me that knife.
I beg of you.
If only for the love you feel for me.
Or the love you felt.
Drop the knife.
Pick it up and throw it away!
Damned knife!
Now you kiss Fulgence.
A make-believe kiss.
Come on, it was great up to now!
I feel as if I'm dying.
Am I so loathsome?
You'd rather die than love me?
We'll stop here.
You know the part.
I acted it before.
You're a godsend.
- Acting with you is great.
- I'm so glad.
I knew it. I was sure.
- Sure of yourself.
- Of you.
Will you remember
when you call me a ball and chain
and find someone else?
Now that's Eugnie.
Mean, jealous,
always hurt, never satisfied.
Yet she doesn't give up,
she wants more,
because she's in love!
We found our actress.
This won't end well.
I have a bad feeling.
A lamp.
I made it. It's for you.
Very nice.
You seem disturbed.
I found your note in my box.
"You were absent yesterday.
I thought about you.
Does anyone help you?"

It's not what you think.
I'm not a lesbian.
One day you asked
if I had family trouble.
Well, I do.
My mom's in the hospital.
Mentally ill.
She may never leave.
My dad is too selfish.
He can't raise a kid.
I asked around.
Parents can give up parental rights.
I'm sure mine will agree to.
And you can adopt me.
Your parents won't abandon you.
They...
love you. I'm sure.
You can't know.
You're not in my shoes.
- You don't live my life.
- True, but...
It's not possible.
So you don't want to?
Josepha, it's impossible.
You won't regret it.
Want to sleep over?
Yeah, I do.
I'll adopt kids later.
I'll have some too,
but I want to adopt.
But I don't know
if I want to have a kid first...
or start by adopting.
I'll live in the country,
grow my own vegetables.
If it doesn't happen, fuck it.
I'll visit with my daughter.
I'll have one.
Want just one?
I don't know...
I don't know... if it's my choice.
At this rate,
you won't ever choose your life.
Want to psychoanalyze me?

Sure thing.
First thing that pops into your head?
Does life destroy love
or does love have an end?
Is love hot air?
Imagine...
just for the sake of it...
if you knew
everything that would happen,
if you knew...
what would happen to you
and to everyone you know.
If you knew your life in advance.
What would you do?
I'd commit suicide.
Bullet in the head.
Here he comes.
Want to come to a party on Saturday?
I have other plans.
Madame...
You want to come?
Do you?
And you?
- Is it still no?
- It's no.
Josepha.
- Vincent.
- Louise, Alice.
And Miss?
Romy Schneider in crisis mode.
And in real life?
Camille.
Vincent. See you Saturday.
You have another party?
No, it's that guy.
Her name is Camille.
She said she won't come
but I think she will.
I won't do the play
but I'll do it.
But I won't go to the party.
Your analyst says
go to the party.
You've chosen to go it alone.

Stay in the group.
You're all wrong.
We choose our lives
every second of the day.
Think you're stronger alone,
smarter alone?
Alone you reason poorly.
You're weak.
Come to the fucking party.
Can I talk to you today?
- You like sangria?
- Yeah, a lot.
I like the color of your eyes.
That's 10.
Lovely conversation.
Charm her first.
- So?
- He's seeing her home.
- She wants that?
- Can't say.
You want that?
I know what happens.
On the way he says
"Next lamppost I kiss you. "
He won't do it. Twice.
But at the third lamppost...
he'll kiss me.
You don't have to have sex.
She doesn't have to.
So what if he walks you home?
He's cute.
Maybe she's scared.
We'll follow behind.
I have to avoid him.
I know it.
Like him or not?
I like him!
Okay, one more kiss.
Then I'll quit.
What did she say?
One more kiss, then she'll quit.
Next lamppost I'll kiss you.
- Think so?
- You'll see.

I almost kissed you.
Did you feel it?
Maybe.
There I thought so hard
of kissing you
I forgot to do it.
Chaperons fast behind.
They'll go away.
Is she a medium?
She's making fun of us.
Inviting us to the show!
Should we clap?
- Maybe she's in love?
- She lost it!
I can tell
he'll screw things up among us.
Yeah well
I wish I were in her shoes.
You're madwomen.
Sorry, I prefer to stay sane.
Later, madwomen!
It's here.
Can I...
I have to be careful.
You have to be careful.
If I kiss you,
I'll never stop.
If you kiss me,
you'll never stop.
If we make love,
I'll get addicted.
If we make love, you'll get addicted.
You'll become my life
and when you leave...
I'll be devastated.
My life will be ruined.
I'll become your life
and when I leave...
you'll be devastated...
Stop.
It's not funny.
I'm not in love with you
anymore.
- Because you were?

- Yes, I was.
Really?
I didn't know.
- In another life?
- Exactly.
- Explain.
- It would serve no purpose.
I want to meet others guys.
Learn to live without you.
What do I do?
You leave.
It's better this way.
I swear it is.
- You're crazy.
- Yeah, right.
Get going.
- Hit on other girls.
- You bet I will.
What's going on?
Why do you all look depressed?
I can go tell him off.
I broke up. Fair game.
- Have sex?
- We did nothing.
Come on, we saw you.
We just kissed.
Now it's over. I broke up.
- He's eyeing me.
- He's a sophomore. A baby.
Think he's taken?
Looks like a virgin to me.
- I'll ask him.
- I dare you.
How are you?
Fine.
I saw you staring.
You're not very discreet.
You don't like it?
I do. On the contrary.
There you go.
You seem into me.
You want to have sex?
Don't want to?
I don't know.

I need to think it over.
This is happening too fast.
Think it over and get back to me?
Can I run normally, to think?
Go on.
Can I talk to you in private?
I thought it over. Okay.
Cool.
When?
Later, at my place.
My mom won't be home.
Want the address?
Amazing. I'm impressed.
It's hot here.
Burning hot!
Want to take that off?
Is that why the heat's on?
To make girls undress?
Not bad... not bad at all.
Take off your sweater.
Take something else off then.
You're handsome.
I don't know...
Under the covers?
It's so hot.
Your skin is so soft.
And your ass.
Nicest I've ever seen.
Please keep quiet.
I can't get it in.
Keep calm.
I'm calm.
Very, very calm. No problemo.
Hold on.
Gently...
But you're a total sex freak.
Nymphomaniac! You need help.
What? Stop laughing.
Want to take control?
Don't laugh! You took control.
You take control,
wiggling like you're in heat.
It's not my thing.
Too brutal, too sexual.

I didn't mean to be brutal.
We didn't get on.
So what?
Hurry, I'll see you out.
Just a sec. I can't go out naked.
Hurry up!
My mom will be home soon.
My mom took me to the eye doctor.
He said something weird.
I'm going blind.
It's a genetic disease.
There's nothing to do.
When?
He doesn't know.
He's sure it will happen,
but he can't say when.
Maybe he's wrong.
We'll go see other doctors.
You're not going blind.
He's just crazy.
My mom says not to trust doctors.
And lots of them make mistakes.
Can you see me with a white cane?
Out of the question.
At least I won't need glasses
anymore.
We've all observed the sky
on a moonless summer night.
We feel lost in the immensity
and depth of space.
We surprise ourselves pondering
our place in the universe.
Our origins.
The origin of the world.
Our lives.
What came before us
and what will come after.
Observing the cosmos
is a metaphysical experience
that makes us feel our existence
in vertiginously enormous spaces
and infinite time.
Light from Andromeda,
the galaxy closest to ours,

takes 2 million years to reach us.
For distant galaxies,
A signal of light
that reaches us today
after travelling
that is, the age of Earth,
was emitted by a star contemporary
with the birth of Earth.
It witnessed our birth, if you will.
And so, as we look
further and further into space,
we look further and further
into our past.
It was very interesting.
Can I ask a question?
You say we can look into the past.
Can we also travel into the past?
Imagine... that this flame
is far, far, far.
Very far.
And its light...
takes a long time
a very, very long time
to reach you.
You still see it.
even though...
the flame has gone out.
The past has passed.
You can't go back.
It no longer exists.
Do you have time?
I have some more questions.
- I thought Physics bored you.
- It used to.
We can go have coffee.
Your place? I know people
at the caf. They'll stare.
This makes me uncomfortable.
Impossible.
Miss Vaillant.
I won't ask you in for coffee.
I'm sorry.
It's because of something you said.
I think that maybe... I don't exist.

I need to talk to you.

- What would you like?

- Whiskey.

No way.

Wait in there.

Go on.

It's not easy.

You won't believe me.

What's your name?

Alphonse.

Yes, Alphonse. Hard to forget.

Do you live alone?

I mean, are you married?

- Divorced.

- Me too.

Do you have children?

Two boys, twins. 8 and 8.

- Not interested in Physics?

- I am.

Time.

Why? Are you writing science fiction?

I should.

Miss Vaillant.

I'm sorry.

I really needed some whiskey.

I'm from the future.

I was projected into my past.

I'm living it over again.

I'm 40 years old. Not 16. I'm 40.

You don't look it.

- My daughter is 23.

- Is she well?

Last time I saw her

was December 31, 2008.

I have to work.

So go on home now.

You don't believe me.

Normal that you don't.

It's hard to believe. But it's true.

You have to go now.

My mom is going to die.

In 39 days.

I know she will. Of a stroke.

She needs a CAT scan.

I called her doctor.
He blew me off.
- Can you help?
- What is this?
Even if you don't believe me?
Why do you think she'll die?
I know it.
I've already been through it.
If I get a specialist to see her
would you feel reassured?
Give me your number.
I'll call with the appointment.
You'll do it?
I don't know why, but yes.
I'll go.
Perfectly normal.
Maybe it's hard to see.
There can always be something
but I can do no more.
Everything's fine. We'll let you go.
The trouble's in my daughter's head,
not mine.
Stop. You have too much imagination.
You scare me.
Can I talk to you?
Maybe you saw me with a girl
I'm not into.
Maybe there's a guy you're into.
- I'm not into other girls.
- Just wait.
I'm only into you.
- You crazy?
- Get me time with Camille.
Ask her yourself.
She runs away,
plays hard to get.
And you're all always together.
The pool one night.
When?
I'll tell you.
- Bringing your pal?
- Why?
Fair is fair.
Okay. But don't tell.

We both don't tell.
Well, I'll be.
Yeah right.
Don't even bother.
Surprise, surprise.
Come on!
I won't stay long.
It's her birthday.
I know.
- How do you know?
- I'm a super-spy.
Happy birthday.
Open it.
I don't know this picture.
What?
I don't know it.
Pretty, isn't it?
Look.
Your cheekbone.
That sad look in your eyes.
You're about to start walking fast,
far.
Full of movement.
What are you doing?
Come on.
Out of the pool!
I was committing suicide.
She saved me. She's a hero.
It's embarrassing but I'll say it.
I feel we're made for each other.
Like a force pushing me towards you.
I think of you when I go to bed,
when I sleep, when I wake up.
That time we kissed,
a voice in my head told me
we were meant to be together.
Planets attracted to each other.
No use fighting it.
I think you feel it too.
I'm sure of it.
When I saw your face in the picture,
it was as if I'd always known you.
Since before I was born.
Like I was 1000.

And I'd known you for 1000 years.
When I look at other girls
they're like silhouettes,
all the same.
You're the only one I see.
- You never told me this before.
- Not something you say often.
- What if you're wrong?
- I know I'm not.
And if ever you cheat on me?
Why not give me a chance?
You kissed me the last time.
Why not again?
I'll become a photographer
and you, an actress.
But first, I want to travel
the world. You'll come along.
Was it your first time?
I can't hear you.
I thought I knew you.
You didn't know me.
You've changed.
Or I have.
Where were you?
We were worried.
You should have called.
I'm sorry. I forgot
we were celebrating my birthday.
Happy birthday, honey.
From Dad and me.
Now you'll be on time.
So you like it?
Yes. A lot.
Just a little.
Sweet sixteen!
I wish you'd never die.
Swear you never will.
Come now.
Promise!
I swear I'll never die.
Your turn.
I swear I'll never die.
Now spit.
On my honor.

Now we're immortal. Is that better?
Blow out your candles.
How about a prayer?
Are you crazy?
Not a real prayer. A song.
Okay, a song. What song?
"Little Ditty".
I'll get the tape recorder.
We're too soft on her?
Especially you.
A little ditty
on my fingertips
Haunting and clumsy
rises to you
A little ditty
That we both used to play
Alone I make it sound a pity
Ti mi la re so do fa
This little ditty, fa so do fa
Sounded oh so pretty
when it was you
They flowed quick and breezy
Happy on your fingertips
When I play it sounds uneasy
Ti mi la re so do fa
I didn't call first.
I thought you'd be back.
I was expecting you.
I even prepared two glasses.
I'm no good at reading the future.
They've been here
for a month.
Mind if I talk to you?
My problem is since the last time,
I want you to talk.
Still come from the future?
To the future. What's it like?
The President of the United States
is black.
With you
I don't know what will happen.
I didn't experience this before.
I'm not allowed to kiss you.
You think you're misbehaving.

I'm the one who is.
Following you, seducing you,
because I'm into you.
I'm into you.
Then I see that man,
still a boy.
Who? None of my business.
The husband
I spent my life with.
I want to avoid him.
Not screw up again.
But I can't pull away.
And I'm confiding in you.
Can I call you Alphonse?
At school, "Mr. Da Costa".
I'd prefer not.
I wanted to change the past.
To save my mother.
Your mother is fine.
Nothing will happen.
She dies in 13 days.
Nothing will happen then.
I'll take you out to dinner.
I'll take you out.
I'm afraid
to be prisoner here forever.
That my daughter never exists.
If I don't get pregnant now,
she won't exist.
I'm stupid to listen to you.
If you're still from the future
at the end of the month,
you'll see a doctor.
- By then, you'll believe me.
- Then I'll see a doctor.
In the meantime...
Yes?
Can I stay like this?
You're the strangest girl
I've ever seen.
I only feel good with you.
I feel lost.
But it's infinitely pleasant.
Why didn't you show up last night?

- Your mom said you went out.
- I did.
See someone?
Who?
Can I come in?
I have a test tomorrow.
What did I do wrong?
I don't get it.
What are you hiding?
Nothing.
Is there someone else?
- What are you doing?
- Nothing.
I'm going to bed.
This is my room.
You're not asleep?
I'm having herbal tea.
Are you okay?
You seem troubled.
You're my mother.
You're my daughter.
I'm lucky.
Know that I love you
and I'm lucky.
You want something.
I just wanted to say that.
And that I'm pregnant.
Are you sure?
With a boy?
Not with my bike.
I mean...
A boy from school?
I don't believe it.
Tell Dad?
This isn't possible...
You're a child.
Go to your room.
I'm too upset.
I don't want to see you.
I'm too upset.
Go back to your room.
I don't want to see you.
I'm a bad mother.
Or you wouldn't be pregnant at 16.

Not at all.
Kids happen.
It's my life happening.
You think it's early,
but that's life.
You're the best mother possible.
Nonsense.
You're talking nonsense.
It's making you giddy.
What about the boy?
Do you love him?
- You can't be sure of love.
- Yes, you can!
I'm not sure of love.
I'm afraid for you.
I need to be alone.
Tell me goodnight.
Tell me goodnight right.
Go on.
I'll help you.
Don't bother.
Stop following me like a puppy!
- What are you doing?
- Cleaning.
You're a pain. No school today?
There's a strike.
Not a strike... teachers' meetings.
Want to do me a favor?
You really do?
Go to your room and study until noon.
You're disturbing me. I can't think.
Get out of my space.
Go on... Put that down...
Go on!
You came here to keep warm.
Too close to the pipe.
You'll dry out.
Come here, little bee.
You're all drowsy.
What are you doing here
in the middle of January?
If you stay here you'll die.
I'll put you outside...
At first you'll be very cold.

But there are places to warm up.
Go find your hive.
Good luck.
Still not dressed?
What are you doing?
I'm taping...
If you think
what I said was hot air...
if you don't believe me...
I got you this.
Not because I believe in marriage.
But because
every word I said was true.
Are we together or not?
Travel the world first.
If you come along.
You go...
and I'll have a child.
I'm pregnant.
- By who?
- You.
But don't change your life.
We're no longer together.
Here I am.
You were frightened...
I saw myself dead.
In my past.
And pregnant.
Is this yours?
Never a dull moment.
It has to stop.
You're a scientist.
Can't you help?
I can build a machine.
We'll go together.
You'll explain what changed.
When we get there,
I'll still be 45. You, 40.
We'll rent a small place...
You don't want to stay here?
I'd rather go back.
- Will you come find me?
- Sure.
I'll be 70.

No problem. I'll find you.
Make sure your number
is never unlisted.
One day I'll ring your bell.
I want to give you this.
What is it?
My mother's voice... my father's too.
For Camille...
In a very long time.
We'll choose a song.
If I go back,
until we meet again,
when you hear it, remember me.
When I hear it,
I'll remember you.
What do we listen to
in your present?
Dalida?
She's dead. Committed suicide.
In two years, I think.
Freddy Mercury.
He died too.
Why not a dead singer?
I want someone alive.
Is K-15 alive?
J-8?
Gainsbourg?
Michel Berger.
Heart attack.
What if I'm dead?
You're forbidden.
I choose... this one.
Dead too, but so what?
What a story.
Didn't you find me too young?
I changed my mind.
Great!
I hear you have an accident
and I find you here
sucking face with a teacher.
- Let her decide.
- I'll deal with you later.
You act all deep and mysterious.
Underneath, you're a whore.

You're sick.
I'm sorry about your mother.
You just want to drive me crazy.
I'm not good enough?
Find an old fart? A sugar daddy?
- Mind your tongue.
- Shut up, perv!
Stop it!
You'll get expelled.
No, that motherfucker will.
Forget him!
He's got some right.
You were married to him?
You're crazy, as crazy as...
You're immature.
Look at me here.
In 5 seconds, I'm out of here.
No need to come running.
It's over.
I'm out of your life.
I'm sorry.
I want this sawed off.
Sawed off again.
So it was for you.
The boy who bought it
seemed very determined.
I'm determined not to wear it.
No reason to saw it.
I can't get it off.
With some soap and a little patience
you'll manage.
I tried soap.
But not with patience!
You shouldn't drink, miss.
Not now, you're too young...
and not later.
Give me the courage
to change the things I can change.
And the serenity to accept the things
I cannot change.
And the wisdom
to know the difference.
Why do you always wear Mom's gloves?
My hands get cold.

Next time her name will be on it.
Come on.
The answer is no.
Twice,
because your partner already asked.
I say no.
Too late.
You made a commitment.
If you can't honor it,
disaster will follow.
Obviously you can fake
a doctor's note.
I'll have to accept it.
But in anger and disdain. No choice.
Come here.
It's incredible.
She wants the same thing.
To be replaced 2 weeks before.
Obviously I said no.
You don't ask to be replaced
two weeks before the show!
It's impossible!
The fact that you even try it
makes me furious!
You can't imagine!
Stick to your commitments!
We don't speak anymore.
Acting will be tough.
You don't speak?
Now you'll speak.
Work something out.
Start speaking. In 5 minutes,
we'll start again.
Take off those gloves.
They stress me out.
They give me a headache.
You're the coldest girl ever.
An iceberg is warmer than you.
The water the Titanic passengers
died in was warmer.
Look at you.
Open this door!
I won't be humiliated by her again.
Ignore her, look down on her.

Fuck that bitch.
The audience sits.
Eugnie!
"Poor me, I'm dead. "
Poor me. I am dead.
Take her in your arms.
Eugnie, what is wrong?
Ah yes, Fulgence.
Forsake...
I do not deserve your love.
Mistreat me!
Despise me.
You may do so rightfully.
Shut up!
- Become my dear wife.
- This cannot be.
Forsake me.
You're wearing it?
Can you explain?
I'm wearing it...
because I love you. That's why.
It's you I love.
But no promises, no illusions.
Yes... No illusions.
I don't feel well.
I don't feel well at all.
You're here.
It's my apartment.
Happy New Year, friend.
Camille...
Do you remember me?
And you?
Of course.
What?
You haven't changed.
I have.
You're charming, as always.
I saw you yesterday.
And the day before.
I saw you 25 years ago.
I'm lucky.
Some comets pass by every 75 years.
After 25 years, call me Alphonse.
I thought about you often.

But I didn't think you'd come.
Every time I clean up,
I come across your envelope.
It's here.
If it hadn't been here,
I'd have doubted myself.
I saw you sitting here.
You have time?
Not running off to another century?
Can I sit here again?
- You haven't changed.
- I have.
I'm so happy.
I think I'll kiss you.
Restaurant's closed.
Haven't we been here
on January 1st?
They couldn't stand our break-up.
They should try.
Exes are allowed to eat too.
What's open?
A caf?
Pizza place by the precinct.
Do you mind if we stay here?
It's calm.
I found this picture.
In a carton
you so thoughtfully tossed my way.
It's weird.
I don't remember this picture.
You think I took it?
I remember it.
You took it.
Something strange happened
yesterday.
Like a dream that lasted weeks.
I lived at my parents'. I was 16.
And I met you.
I was obnoxious with you.
You were hitting on me.
Charming, funny.
I kept pushing you away.
Then one night
we kissed for the first time.

You remember
"Next lamppost I'll kiss you"?
It was our first kiss.
My heart was beating so fast,
much faster
than the first time.
I thought it would burst.
I wondered if I'd recognize the kiss.
And I didn't.
It surprised me.
But I recognized...
your lips.
I understood,
even if I kissed other lips,
lips that moved me,
swept me off my feet,
they'd never be like yours.
It was as if my heart,
beating so fast,
finally came to rest on your mouth.
I understood that
if I don't see you for 20 years,
even if I never saw you again,
it would change nothing.
I'll just ask for the check.