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# Four Adventures of Reinette and Mirabelle

By *Éric Rohmer*

**FOUR ADVENTURES:**

OF REINETTE AND MIRABELLE

**THE BLUE HOUR:**

Excuse me!

Is there a garage around here?

Yes, 5 miles away.

I think I've got a flat.

May I see?

Can you hold this?

Got any patches?

Yes, but how do you find the hole?

You never repaired a tire?

I'll fix it for you.

Got the cap?

Guess not.

This way.

See the bubbles?

That's where the hole is.

You put your finger on it,  
like that...

You dry it a bit...

Can't put the glue on yet...

I'll do it...

I get out the emery paper...

Scrape a bit...

Wanna try?

So it holds better.

You take the glue and the patch...

The tube's new...

There's a way...

They make these things so hard to open...

We need a sharp thing to puncture it.

A needle...

- I'll get one.

- Maybe a fork.

- Need more?

- That's enough.

I'll put some on the patch, so it...

So it holds...

- I glue that...

- It's not on properly...

It'll do.

Press hard!

So it doesn't come off.

Then you remove the paper?

I'll let it dry over there.

- What is this?

- Where?

This place.

It's my home.

Where do you live?

There!

This is my kitchen...

And up there's my room.

- It's a house?

- What else?

It's more like a hayloft.

It used to be.

We made it into a room...

Want to visit?

Watch out for the thistles.

I love grass growing wild.

So much nicer.

Me, too. Too bad

the neighbor'll cut it for his goats.

What a fabulous tree!

It's my great-grandmother's.

Lovely, isn't it?

Your great-grandmother's?

It was planted the day she was born,  
over 100 years ago.

That's a pear tree.

Come, it's over there.

The little green door.

- Go in, miss.

- Thank you.

Ignore the mess...

it's a storeroom.

Stairs are there...

Don't worry, they're solid.

- You live alone here?

- Yes.

My mom has a grocery store  
in Rebais.

I love coming here summers.

- You have a cute place.

- Thank you.  
You paint?  
I try to.  
What do you do?  
- I'm a student.  
- What field?  
Ethnology.  
What's that?  
The study of ethnic groups.  
What groups?  
Ethnic...  
from the word "ethnos".  
In Greek that means "people".  
I see,  
what's your name?  
- Mirabelle.  
- I'm ReINETTE.  
Can I look at your paintings?  
Sure, go ahead.  
That one's called "Breakaway".  
It goes like that...  
Stand back to look at this one.  
It's "Refusal".  
Really? Why?  
You refuse to open  
or close your eyes.  
You select a face for that body.  
And you put in on.  
Right.  
And this?  
That's...  
Can I put it here, is it OK?  
You have to look at that one  
from a distance.  
I don't know...  
It just comes to me.  
Don't try to figure it out.  
A lot, like a comic strip!  
The only comic strips I know are...  
Grimm and Perrault.  
They did comic strips?  
It's not far off.  
Want to see my favorite?  
First this one...

Wait, there's one that's fun,  
that I like...

**It's called:**

Is that the extra inch?  
No, because this one's smaller  
than that one.  
It's my favorite ant.  
You painted lots?  
I love ants.  
I like that picture  
because the ant came out well.  
It all takes place on the moon?  
In a way...  
Want to see my sunset?  
I'll show it to you.  
There you can see  
the "extra inch".  
I like it.  
It's the prettiest part of a woman.  
That's why I often place it  
in the center.  
It's so round,  
it's lovely.  
Your work is very surrealistic.  
Yes, it's very surr...  
Next year I'll go to Paris  
to study art.  
You're really lucky to be here.  
It's so lovely.  
Where do you live?  
Paris.  
You didn't come from Paris now?  
No.  
My parents have a cottage  
near here,  
with gravel paths, a lawn,  
and flowers...  
Get the picture?  
The house next door  
is no different.  
But I've never been  
in countryside like this.  
It's completely wild.

So stay here.  
I didn't mean it that way!  
You can stay.  
I've got a cot.  
- I hate to impose...  
- Look, I wouldn't have said it.  
I just finished a painting.  
After that I love to chat.  
If I talk too much,  
you can leave.  
No, my parents are expecting me.  
I have to go.  
Phone them.  
Got a phone?  
The neighbors do.  
Shall we?  
This silence is wonderful.  
It's never like this in Paris.  
Always a car driving by,  
or a neighbor's hi-fi,  
it's a steady drone.  
But this isn't real silence either.  
Listen...  
Lots of sounds...  
Silence doesn't exist in nature.  
Maybe on mountain tops.  
Ever been on a mountain top?  
Never.  
You get it here too.  
Maybe at night.  
No, the night's full of noises.  
Cats serenading, owls.  
I didn't mean at night.  
Heard of the blue hour?  
Blue hour?  
It's not an hour...  
a minute, really.  
Just before dawn,  
there's a minute of silence.  
The day birds aren't up yet,  
and the night birds  
are already asleep.  
Then...  
There's real silence...

As a kid, I'd ask my mom  
to wake me up then.  
Every morning?  
Not every morning.  
Two or three times a year...  
in summer when the sky's clear.  
It's hard to describe  
to someone who hasn't known it.  
But when nature's totally silent,  
it's scary.  
A bit like a courtroom,  
when they're waiting  
for the jury's verdict.  
It's either life...  
Or death.  
If the end of the world ever comes,  
I'm sure it'll be at that moment.  
Know why?  
It's the only time you feel  
nature's holding its breath.  
It's very scary.  
All farmers know  
about that moment.  
That's why they say:  
"Another day, another daybreak".  
It's true.  
Whatever happens,  
you can't stop the sun from rising.  
That's the finest lesson in humility  
you can get.  
We need nature,  
not the other way round.  
If you want,  
we can go to bed now.  
I'll wake you for the blue hour.  
- OK?  
- We'll never wake up.  
Anyway, I don't hear alarms.  
Leave it to me.  
It's time.  
Listen...  
A toad...  
That's a frog...  
An owl...

What's that?  
Dammit!  
Hurry UP!  
Don't get mad!  
A minute's very short, you know.  
See, it's gone away.  
Yes, it's gone.  
It's gone, but too late.  
It's awful!  
Stop, it doesn't matter.  
You know, it was very impressive.  
That wasn't real silence.  
Darn!  
I understood that.  
Everybody always says  
"I understand!"  
OK, a ripe strawberry's better  
than a green one,  
but until you've tasted them,  
you don't know.  
What's the use...?  
Don't cry.  
I'm fed up.  
Friends always ruin everything.  
I thought you'd heard that blue hour  
lots of times.  
Yes, but I wanted you to hear it.  
There'll be other times, OK...  
Sure, tomorrow you'll be gone,  
who knows where.  
Listen, if you want, I'll stay.  
OK?  
Really?  
I just have to phone.  
Stop crying-  
So let's go to bed.  
You're silly.  
Look at them.  
The geese...  
They always look  
like they're talking business.  
Not now!  
They're taking a walk.  
No, they're having a serious talk.



Hey, chickens!  
They won't hurt me?  
Chick, chick...  
You scare them.  
You have to be gentle with animals.  
They don't know you yet.  
Hey, rooster, come and eat!  
Don't be so proud.  
They don't come to you much.  
What's in there?  
Little goats...  
- Look, they saw us.  
- Can we visit 'em?  
Hi, goats!  
This is yucky!  
What d'you expect?  
They're adorable!  
The brown ones eat first.  
There are more of them.  
Can't be a matter of color!  
It is. If there were more white ones,  
they'd eat first. Or black ones.  
I've heard about pecking orders,  
but not for goats.  
It's to do with breeding  
and superiority...  
Maybe yours are special.  
The brown ones eat first.  
They win out. See...  
Their horns have to be cut,  
or they fight,  
and get hurt.  
See, the ones  
with cut horns are fighters.  
That old one there  
can't get around anymore.  
I'll feed her.  
Here...  
You've done a good job.  
Don't bother her!  
Shall I feed the ones at the back?  
It's might makes right.  
- We can't mess with that!  
- But I'm here today!

See that one? We had to isolate her:

she was harming the others.

She's real mean.

It's true...

- That one?

- Yes.

See how strong she is?

What's her name?

Diane.

Call her!

She's sulking.

Stubborn.

Come here!

In fall, she blends with the trees...

You're pretty!

Come here.

No chance.

I'll go over.

- Not scared of horses?

- Don't worry.

If I were you...

Do what you want...

She's nice, but...

You're disturbing her privacy...

Careful!

Hey, sheep!

You used to horses?

I like them.

She can tell...

See?

Come meet my neighbors.

Hi, Kitty.

Mr. Housseau...

A pleasure.

Mrs. Housseau...

She's from Paris,

likes the countryside.

She's in the right place!

Like what?

- Strawberries!

- They always bloom...

They're lovely!

They've been lazy.

Took 'em time to grow...

Really?  
Because of winter frost?  
Frost, maybe...  
Dampness...  
That's a rosebush?  
Yes, it blooms...  
Fabulous strawberries!  
Ripe for picking.  
- May I?  
- Go ahead.  
Excellent strawberries...  
Here, Reinette.  
I'll eat one.  
- Really ripe!  
- Not like in central Paris!  
That's summer cabbage.  
Those purple ones?  
They're in with the leeks,  
the first we get.  
Known as summer leeks.  
Why?  
They come out first,  
and you eat 'em right away:  
in 6 weeks they'll be overgrown.  
- The lettuce is big too!  
- It's chicory.  
Cooking lettuce.  
What are those big things...  
with little white flowers?  
Potatoes... no,  
maybe they're beans.  
Shall we check?  
Could be beans.  
Pretty flowers.  
What's all this?  
Will you tell me?  
Radishes, cucumbers,  
and endives...  
How do endives grow?  
Don't we eat the root?  
We gather the root  
and bury it for the winter.  
All winter?  
They grow big white heads...

They're called endives.  
And the leaves?  
Rabbits eat them...  
No leaves.  
I'll make you bloom!  
I'll put some in your pocket...  
a buttonhole!  
Pink and blue's pretty.  
Where do cows go  
during the day?  
Down to the meadow...  
We've made a path  
so they can reach the woods.  
- This way?  
- Yes, by that path.  
So this is the way to reach them?  
You can take the other route, too.  
They have a shelter for when it rains.  
It's not a nice day.  
Think it'll rain?  
Those mean nothing...  
I think it'll rain.  
I'll get my raincoat.  
You never know.  
Stitch in time saves nine!  
Can't always be right.  
Lovely poppies!  
Can we pick some?  
But they die in vases.  
It's starting to rain hard.  
Got a hood?  
I love rain.  
It's good for the hair.  
We keep going?  
Too bad it's raining today.  
Doesn't matter. I'll have seen  
the countryside in all weather...  
You graduate high-school?  
Last year.  
And I never went to school.  
Then you did it by correspondence.  
I liked that...  
In school I always had problems.  
It's so dumb!

Their schedules!  
You study a new subject every hour!  
- I know, I went!  
- It's idiotic.  
So what's next?  
Next year I'm applying  
to the Art Institute. When I draw...  
I know when it's wrong,  
but I don't know why.  
I think I could improve my technique...  
There I'll admit school could help.  
But otherwise!  
It's true, technique helps.  
Where'll you live?  
I have cousins in Sartrouville.  
That's a long way away.  
20 minutes from Paris.  
That's an hour's travel every day!  
I like trains.  
I'll try it.  
My cousins are so nice...  
I share an apartment with a girl  
who's leaving in September.  
If you want  
you could share it with me.  
So you'd really be in Paris.  
If that suits you.  
I'm very independent.  
We'll each have our own room.  
I could fix mine up as I want?  
Sure, we'd be sharing fifty-fifty.  
And you're on your own...  
Bring home who you want...  
Do what you want...  
I have a boyfriend  
but he doesn't live with me.  
So he comes over.  
You got a lover?  
That's a secret,  
it's my private life...  
If I talk about it,  
it's not private anymore!  
You dance well!  
I don't know how!

Doesn't show.  
Dancing comes naturally.  
I never learned.  
I've never even tried.  
- I've never been to a disco.  
- Really?  
That's nonsense,  
saying you can't dance.  
I've traveled.  
I've been to Mexico...  
To Tunisia, Greece  
and the Caribbean.  
We ought to go to bed  
or we'll miss the blue hour.  
Live for the moment!  
Like a Parisian!  
A Parisian must dance well!  
We'll miss the blue hour.  
You really want to?  
It was for you...  
If it's for me,  
let's dance till midnight. OK?

**THE WAITER:**

- Leaving already?  
- I'm late.  
- When do you get out?  
- 3 P.M.  
We could meet...  
in Montparnasse.  
Meet me at school.  
A cafe's handier. There's one  
called "Equality" or something.  
What's the address?  
Near the Montparnasse tower.  
Gat St.  
- Know where it is?  
- No, but I'll find it.  
What number?  
I don't know, but it's a caf...  
It's near a square  
with a subway station.  
What station?  
I don't know. Doesn't matter

since you're walking there.  
Take Grande Chaumire St.,  
keep going straight...  
Cross one avenue,  
then another...  
There's a little street between.  
The square's at the end.  
The caf faces the station.  
OK, Gat St.  
If I can't find it, I'll ask.  
You can't miss it.  
See you later.  
Excuse me, sir...  
Where's Gat St.?  
You're in luck.  
I was just there, or almost.  
It's left of Maine Ave.  
- Maine Ave.?  
- It's a broad, tree-lined avenue.  
Now where Gat St. starts there aren't  
any trees, the avenue goes underground.  
Keep going, take a right, then left,  
left again, twice left, and you're there.  
Got it?  
Need help, miss?  
I'm looking for Gat St.  
It's close. I was just there, or almost.  
It's that way!  
Gat St?  
Yes, turn right, follow the cemetery,  
then right again.  
It's to the left! It is if you take  
Maine Ave., and shorter!  
That's a big detour!  
What? Maine Ave.'s to the left,  
and so is Gat St.!  
That Way's much shorter.  
The rear window of Gat St.  
overlook the cemetery.  
Friend of mine lived there.  
Damn your friend.  
It's tasteless to send her  
to a cemetery  
to reach Gat St.

when it's that way!  
All roads lead to Rome,  
but don't cross cemeteries!  
Not cross, follow...  
That's simpler  
than taking your...  
huge detour.  
There it is!  
...not through, alongside...  
What's the difference,  
the cemetery's square!  
No, it isn't!  
Are you from here, sir?  
Not really. And you?  
Not at all.  
But I know Montparnasse.  
And this young lady...  
They're hopeless...  
Here you are.  
Pay me now, please.  
Sure. How much?  
There's the check.  
Can't you read?  
4.30 francs, that it?  
That's it.  
Here.  
You kidding me?  
A 200-franc bill?  
- Sorry, I've no change.  
- Me neither.  
Nobody ever has change.  
So how can I have any?  
- Look for it.  
- Sure, but where?  
You must have 4.30 fr.  
1.30. 1.40...  
1.50... 1.60.  
All you've got is 1.60?  
People don't go around  
with only 1.60 francs in their pocket!  
- I've 200 francs.  
- Hell with that!  
If you've no money,  
don't go to cafs!



This is money, mister.  
I'm waiting for a friend.  
Maybe she'll have change.  
So you say.  
Waiting for a friend...  
my foot!  
I know that trick:  
I turn my back and you're gone!  
I'm alone here.  
I wait on the terrace and the inside.  
So as soon as I turn my back,  
people can vanish.  
Can they really? No...  
because I've got my eye on them!  
It's not always easy.  
A girl split on me the other day.  
Looked like you!  
I've never been here before!  
I'm only saying she looked like you...  
a dead ringer!  
I remember faces.  
I'm not falling  
for the "friend" bit twice...  
- So watch it!  
- I wasn't me, I tell you!  
I don't have to believe you,  
whatever you say! Just watch it!  
Coming!  
He's crazy!  
95 francs...  
Here you are.  
You do too have change!  
For customers!  
People like you are a waste of time!  
Sit here for two hours  
over one lousy coffee!  
It's been 5 minutes!  
You'll stay, I guarantee you...  
You'll wait till I get change...  
maybe all afternoon!  
Don't try to split,  
I'm alert!  
I'm waiting for someone!  
What do I know?

You can't hog two seats all day  
for 4.30 francs!  
There're plenty of empty tables!  
Yeah, things are slow today.  
People like you who take  
one coffee... I could starve!  
You won't believe me?  
I wouldn't get far  
if I believed everybody.  
I fell for the "friend" bit once.  
Not twice!  
I'm watching now... I'm watching!  
What'll you folks have?  
A big foamy hot chocolate.  
Hi!  
Don't!  
Leave that chair where it is!  
- How can I sit if I have no chair?  
- I removed it.  
So don't touch!  
You're going to stop me  
from sitting on the terrace of your caf?  
So you're the friend!  
Who's? Hers?  
What of it?  
He didn't think you'd come,  
so he took the chair.  
I'm here, so I'll take it back.  
Go ahead, take it.  
- What'll you have?  
- Coffee.  
- You, too?  
- What?  
OK, you'll get your coffee.  
Damn right I'll get my coffee!  
We can go elsewhere.  
There're lots of cafes in Paris.  
Stay!  
- What a face!  
- Stay, but pay first!  
- I've had nothing!  
- Not you. Her!  
Pay and let's go.  
Got 4.30 francs? I've no change.

All I have is a 500-franc bill.  
Make change for her.  
You kidding? First 200, now 500...  
Who do you think you are?  
What? How about  
the cash register inside?  
I have no change, so there!  
- Too bad! We're off.  
- First you pay!  
We're trying to pay you!  
Here the customer must have  
the exact change!  
That's news to me!  
I'm studying law, and I know...  
The customer should have exact change  
on the bus and subway,  
but not in shops and cafs.  
Listen, kid...  
Don't talk to me like that!  
You can go,  
but she stays until I get change.  
No matter how long it takes.  
And don't try to run out on me!  
If you do...!  
He's a maniac!  
What a creep!  
Let's go. To hell with this!  
You got 4.30 francs?  
I hate to...  
No I don't.  
He's not here, so come on.  
Wait a bit!  
Come on, hurry up!  
I was sure they wouldn't pay!  
Yet I was watching...  
4.30 francs isn't much,  
but it still makes me sore!  
See you later.  
Don't wake me when you come in.  
I'll be home before midnight.  
I'm going to bed early  
so I can go pay the caf.  
You're crazy...  
for 4.50 francs.

It's not the 4.50 francs.  
It's that I did what he said I'd do:  
leave without paying.  
No, I always get into these fixes.  
It must be my face.  
No one believes me.  
Right away they think  
I'm gonna pull a fast one...  
Like at the dentist's:  
I had an 11 A.M. appointment.  
I got there at 11 on the dot,  
walked in,  
said "good morning":  
no reply.  
I waited 5 minutes...  
10 minutes...  
No one.  
I asked the secretary  
why I hadn't been called.  
She said,  
"You've got the wrong day, miss."  
I check my date book: 11 A.M.  
I said, "I have it marked down...  
- "it can't be a mistake".  
- "Yes it is"!  
Everyone laughed.  
They thought I was trying...  
to get in without an appointment.

**She said:**

an appointment,  
"you'd have it on a card  
in the doctor's handwriting".

**I said:**

but I'm scared of losing cards,  
"so I copy it all in my book".  
"Impossible", she said.  
I got mad,  
grabbed my huge purse,  
searched it, and what did I find?  
The card.  
I took it out and said,  
"Did I write this?"

They all looked dumbfounded.  
But at first no one believed me.  
Then they had to admit...  
I wasn't lying.  
I want that caf waiter to know  
I was telling the truth, too.  
Where's the waiter  
who was on yesterday?  
He was just a fill-in.  
What's it about?  
I owe him 4.30 francs...  
my coffee.  
- You take it?  
- Sure thing.  
No problem.  
She came back just for that!  
THE BEGGAR, THE  
KLEPTOMANIAC, THE HUSTLER  
Why not handout for him?  
He didn't look nice enough.  
You only give  
to people who look nice?  
I can't give to everybody!  
But he needed it.

**His sign said:**

There're 15,000 of them,  
in the subway, on street corners,  
they're all hungry,  
they all need money.  
That's it.  
It's not right to let people  
starve to death  
when we have plenty to eat.  
Why don't you  
go to Africa as a...  
medical missionary...  
go ahead.  
What are you doing here...  
living in an apartment?  
A franc or two,  
it's the least we can give.  
You give to everybody?  
Not if they play music

I don't like,  
or if I think they're really faking...  
Otherwise, I give a little,  
not much, what I can afford.  
To all the guys in the street?  
I give to all the ones  
I think really need it.  
Mr Berthier,  
you're wanted at the door.  
The lady with...  
Your bag, please.  
You nuts?  
What do you want?  
May I inspect your bag?  
What for?  
There's a second bag.  
Where is it?  
Someone else, then?  
Had to be...  
I'm sure there was something...  
You're not eating out tonight?  
No, where'd you get that idea?  
I didn't buy anything.  
Doesn't matter...  
There's really nothing?  
Not much!  
You bought a bag?  
I've some lemons.  
You never know...  
I don't know  
what we'll use 'em with.  
Champagne!  
Not much of a mixture.  
Canned duck?  
And salmon?  
You remembered  
it was my birthday!  
Thank you!  
At home no one ever remembered.  
We'll make a real birthday.  
I'll put this on a plate  
and heat this up.  
We'll have flowers, everything...  
OK?

Can I use your bouquet?  
You don't owe any of this to me.  
What?  
You don't owe any of this to me.  
To whom, then?  
To a beautiful young brunette.  
Do I know her?  
With big eyes, blue or green,  
I dunno, and hair very...  
Can't be Agatha,  
she has black eyes...  
Can't be her...  
You don't know her.  
Neither do I.  
I'll tell you.  
After class, I went  
to the supermarket to buy cookies.  
In the pastry section  
I saw a woman...  
the tall brunette...  
pushing her cart  
at the end of the aisle.  
I also saw a guy and a chick,  
both shady-looking,  
watching her...  
and I wondered why.  
So I followed her...  
And I saw her...  
she had this bag in her cart.  
I saw her put  
some smoked salmon in it.  
So I kept on following,  
and so did the other two.  
I figured they must be store cops.

**It was funny:**

the cops watching the woman,  
who didn't suspect anything.  
I followed her.  
She swiped champagne,  
duck... and so on.  
Then she got in the checkout line,  
to pay for some trifle.  
I got in the line alongside.

She was here, I was here.  
I saw the cops  
hide behind a pillar.  
They couldn't see me or her...  
They waited for her  
to leave with the bags.  
She put her blue bag down  
between the 2 cash registers.  
I picked up the blue bag and left.  
I dunno, they must've stopped her  
and found she had no bag.  
I left and hid behind a car  
across the street.  
I saw them argue,  
then she went to her car.  
I wanted  
to give her back her bag,  
but there was  
a steady stream of cars...  
I couldn't get across,  
and she drove off.  
So we have salmon, duck  
and champagne for your birthday.  
Not bad, eh?  
Why'd you take the bag?  
Why not?  
I couldn't let her get caught!  
You should've let the cops  
do their job.  
Do their job?  
Of course.  
Why?  
Why let them do their job  
if I could help her?  
That's not helping people!  
Yes it was. If I hadn't helped  
she'd have paid a fine,  
she'd have gone to jail.  
She had...  
She should have!  
Why should she have?  
She knew she might get caught.  
So what?  
I took a risk helping her.



You might've been caught too.  
No, they didn't see me.  
That's beside the point.  
You're being silly!  
Some birthday party!  
I don't want your salmon or champagne.  
Anyway I hate bubbles.  
Why turn it down?  
'Cause it wasn't bought for you?  
No. What you did...  
is serious, know that?  
She was an adult.  
How old was she?  
Maybe 24-25, so what?  
Adults are responsible  
for what they do!  
Thieves like her are called  
kleptomaniacs. It's a vice!  
No, it's a sickness.  
Helping a depraved person  
made you depraved too!  
That's serious!  
I won't eat your salmon,  
or help the depraved!  
You sound like a nun!  
Certainly not!  
Be logical.  
The only way to help the sick,  
or people with problems,  
is to be a mirror so they can face up  
to what they're doing.  
The way to make  
that woman face up...  
is to show her that she could  
go to jail for what she did.  
I don't agree at all!  
The solution is to find the root  
of the trouble.  
Maybe what I did...  
will make her stop and think.  
No, she'll steal bigger.  
Then she won't get one year in jail...  
she'll get 10!  
A year in jail for a salmon!

If she's got luxurious tastes,  
she must have money.  
Sorry, but I don't get it!  
Money has nothing to do with it.  
The problem is  
you don't know why she steals.  
Neither do I.  
That's what I've been saying!  
You can't accuse someone  
whose motives you don't know.  
I want to know why you helped her.  
Because my own little problem  
is that life is boring  
these days...  
Our little daily lives, anyway...  
wandering around town...  
none of it's much fun.  
The fun starts  
as soon as you step outside!  
Everything's fun.  
On the farm, anything can happen...  
Sunshine, birds...  
you must know what to look for.  
I mean adventure,  
the kind you read about.  
I wanted a little thrill.  
I can't get inside those people's skin.  
A thrill!  
Sure, something besides  
going to class all the time.  
That woman was in trouble.  
I wanted to help her.  
There's lots of thrills.  
I'd rather take a risk...  
to help someone worth helping  
rather than someone who's... sick...  
who's not worth it.  
You'd toss the sick in jail  
and forget 'em!  
I want to cure them!  
You said you didn't want  
to help them.  
Curing's not the same  
as helping.

I want to cure them,  
keep them from doing it again.  
Last year I went to Scotland  
with a friend.  
We took a taxi into town  
from the airport.  
She and I were talking,  
when I noticed  
he hadn't switched on his meter.  
I took a good look:  
the meter wasn't running.  
We tapped on the glass...  
British taxis have glass partitions...  
He gave us a really weird look,  
not like someone who'd forgotten...  
He finally switched it on, grumbling.  
That had to be a scam...  
He wanted to jack up the price.  
When we reached the center of town,  
I was careful to look at the meter  
and gave him exactly what it said.  
The guy gave me a sour look...  
He knew...  
I was on to him.  
He took the money  
and turned away.  
I'm sure he won't do it again,  
that's what counts:  
thinking of the next person.  
I helped someone there.  
Think so?  
Sure.  
He won't try that scam again...  
because his dirty trick backfired.  
I'd have been  
more honest than you.  
I'd have calculated  
how much I owed him,  
since you only paid  
for half the ride.  
What counted was my aim:  
to keep him from trying it again,  
from doing that  
to someone else.

That's what counts!  
You want to play judge  
and punish people yourself.  
We're all judges...  
you are, and so am I.  
Now you've lost me.  
You were talking  
about putting people in jail  
and criticizing me  
about what I'd done,  
and now you're doing  
your own little things.  
It's medieval,  
we all make our own law.  
You weren't meting out justice.  
I believe in self-discipline!  
I wanted that driver...  
He wasn't about to learn  
self-discipline...  
He won't do it again!  
If you believe in self-discipline,  
you trust him.  
Otherwise, it doesn't work.  
Excuse me,  
but my purse was stolen,  
I've no money  
and I must get home.  
I don't need much:  
6.70 francs.  
Want me to give it to you?  
I don't know...  
Yes, I can...  
here you are.  
Excuse me,  
you wouldn't have...?  
Excuse me,  
would you have any change?  
Can you spare 2 francs?  
One franc?  
Excuse me, do you have change...?  
I need two...  
I don't speak French, sorry.  
Excuse me, can you change this...?  
My purse was stolen

and I need 6...  
I need 6.70 francs to get home,  
it's not much...  
- How much?  
- 6.70 francs.  
I can help you.  
You're very kind.  
That sounds familiar.  
Still going home? Still 6.70 francs?  
She just hit me for it.  
That what you do, ask for things?  
You were lying?  
Ignore her.  
That's a new trade.  
I need the money...  
Profitable, eh?  
Listen, I'll give it to you,  
because if you hadn't come along...  
You need a new trade, no?  
Are you a cop?  
No, but anyway...  
Then mind your business!  
OK, I will.  
Give me back my money.  
Come on...  
Look, I'm sorry...  
What do you care?  
It's not the money.  
The station's full of idiots you can milk.  
I hate fraud!  
Give me my money!  
I will not!  
And right now!  
I won't let you go until you do!  
Won't let me go?  
What do you mean?  
Aren't you ashamed?  
Do you realize what you're doing?  
If you need money, find a job,  
do something, but... can't you see?  
Get off my back!  
I mean...  
You don't know how I live,  
if I need money...

You're being dishonest!  
Listen, get lost...  
Sorry, I want my money, now!  
I'll report you, do anything  
to make you give it back!  
What have you got against me?  
You stole my money!  
I didn't steal it!  
I asked you for 6.70 francs...  
I did you a favor  
because of your sob story...  
That's called fraud!  
That's your notion,  
but I need money, I'm broke...  
nowhere to live,  
I'm all alone...  
I need money and...  
Why not say so?  
I am saying so...  
You see?  
You can go see a case worker,  
I don't know...  
Listen, keep it...  
Stop, I can't stand seeing  
people crying, it doesn't help.  
I'll take my train,  
you keep the money...  
I haven't made much.  
I'll take a franc for the phone.  
Go have a coffee,  
cheer yourself up, OK?  
Bye.

#### SELLING THE PAINTING

You haven't paid the rent yet.  
This month's your turn.  
I hoped they'd wait  
a little while.  
Impossible! You can't fool around  
with the rent here,  
and if you're late  
you pay a collection fee.  
I'm going back to the country.  
What?  
I can't live in Paris without money.

Didn't your grandmother  
leave you some?  
Sure, but it's dragging on,  
it's still not settled.  
And your mother?  
She hasn't even enough for herself.  
No, I'm going home.  
You're not that broke,  
you can do something.  
I thought I'd found a job  
with a grocer.  
But that fell through.  
So I'll go back home.  
You can find a better job  
than that.  
Look at me when I talk to you!  
You can find better.  
Like what?  
You know Spanish,  
you can give Spanish lessons.  
Or French lessons.  
I don't know grammar.  
Won't matter,  
they're little kids.  
They ask the most questions!  
I gave a little kid  
Italian lessons...  
I didn't speak a word of it,  
but he had a book that gave  
the pronunciation, translated  
everything... no problem.  
Now I speak a little Italian.  
You can do that.  
I taught myself all I know.  
I can't learn from others.  
So how can I teach them anything?  
You defeatist!  
I still have one small hope.  
You know Gontran?  
The guy who came by  
the other day?  
He knows a lot of people  
in the art world.  
Claims to know a gallery-owner

who backs young painters.  
He says that painting  
might interest the man.  
Great! One more reason to stay  
in Paris. Don't panic!  
I'll Call him.  
Darn,  
it's an answering machine!  
Hello, this is ReINETTE...  
I'm calling about the gallery.  
I'll be home tonight.  
Goodbye.  
I can't do anything but paint.  
When I'm not painting,  
I feel I'm wasting my time.  
I think I was born for that...  
maybe I'm gifted  
for other things...  
Working with my hands,  
for example.  
It's wrong  
to look down on that.  
We need that as much  
as we need people who work  
with words, like teachers, lawyers...  
I like paintings  
because you don't have to talk.  
I don't like to talk!  
Yet you talk a lot about your paintings,  
always giving them titles,  
explaining them...  
always talking about what they mean.  
Maybe, but afterwards.  
When I paint, I don't think,  
don't try to explain anything.  
I really try to be  
an open door to my emotions,  
to let my heart talk.  
And the only way to let my heart talk  
is silence.  
That's the only area...  
where they can...  
where you can be  
really truthful!



Words always cheat.  
they're a... a code.  
When someone likes my paintings,  
I'm sure he likes me, too.  
Because it's...  
emotion to emotion...  
It's direct...  
it's... heart to heart.  
When you look  
at my paintings,  
you mustn't talk.  
For it to get through...  
you need silence!  
Don't you think?  
I believe you.  
You're laughing.  
Because you're talking  
about how you don't talk.  
I have to explain!  
No you don't,  
I understand.  
You go on explaining  
after people have got the message.  
People who don't know you  
might think  
you get them for idiots.  
Not at all!  
It's just the opposite!  
I'm trying to be truthful  
to be honest  
with whoever I'm talking to.  
So I search for the right words.  
Careful, that can be annoying.  
As a kid, it drove me nuts  
when my folks kept repeating things.  
If you didn't obey them...  
That has nothing to do with it!  
My mother had this habit...  
of saying everything twice.

**Like she'd say:**

"Wear you white shoes.  
Wear your white shoes."  
All the adults did that.

Childish as I am,  
I don't do that.  
No, I don't do that.  
I may talk a lot,  
but I don't repeat myself.  
I try to be precise.  
I don't repeat, I don't repeat.  
See?  
See what?  
What?  
You do repeat.  
You just said  
"I don't repeat" twice.  
That's unfair!  
You didn't answer!  
I'll leave if I talk too much!  
I can even not talk at all.  
As a kid, I challenged myself  
not to talk for days.  
No one noticed.  
Not even my mother.  
In Scotland I didn't know  
a word of English.  
I managed anyway.  
We all talk too much,  
we all talk too...  
Very funny.  
Tomorrow, I bet you  
I won't say a word all day.  
If you want.  
Anyway, if you talk,  
I won't know.  
I can't trail after you all day.  
Why not?  
You don't have classes.  
OK. I can't lose.  
You won't last more than an hour.  
But not a word, not even a sigh.  
We're on!  
Cross my heart  
and hope to die!  
Hold on.  
It's for you.  
Gontran?

Fine.  
Tomorrow?  
Can we make it another day?  
I see, I see...  
No, no,  
it's OK, it's OK.  
Tomorrow, fine.  
Thanks. Bye.  
Was it about the gallery?  
We'll put the bet off.  
No, I always stick to my word.  
That's silly, you'll blow your chance.  
OK, let me talk for you.  
That's not fair.  
This'll bring me luck.  
I don't see how!  
Leave it to me.  
You come too,  
but act like you don't know me.  
Just the opposite, you'll see.  
Do as I say,  
you'll thank me for it.  
Why? You think it's...  
No, believe me.  
Call me at the end of the week.  
I can only say  
what I've already said.  
I have to go, there are people  
coming in. I'll get back to you.  
Think it over.  
See you soon.  
It's you.  
- Who?  
- It's to show your work.  
No, I came to look.  
I'm expecting a girl to come  
with her paintings. My mistake.  
That's OK.  
Take your time, miss.  
It's you.  
Gontran sent you?  
That must be a painting  
you've got there.  
You'd rather I saw

your portfolio first?  
Notice I say "portfolio"  
and not "book".  
I hate jargon!  
Come here.  
"Books" are for cover girls.  
I said "cover girls"...  
Sit down. And not models.  
Sheer contempt...  
Interesting...  
Not bad at all.  
I wouldn't call it naive.  
Amazing for a girl your age.  
How old are you?  
Over 15, at least, no?  
I bet you're older  
than you look.  
Not quite 20, though?  
19,18,17?  
These are closer to mature  
male fantasies. Very mature!  
My reaction must sound old hat.  
Never mind...  
You can opt for any approach...  
I'm not too happy  
with the technique.  
Another question,  
but you don't have to answer.  
In art school, you're told  
it's the finished product  
that counts, right?  
An expert can see  
you're self-taught.  
Why not?  
That's your strength.  
Can't call you "naive" either.  
I mean in the sense of form.  
One detects influences...  
May I ask whose?  
You must resent that question!  
At your age,  
you hate being derivative.  
Even so, Magritte  
wouldn't be far off, no?

Dali?  
No? How strange!  
I don't dare mention  
Labisse or Delveau...  
You may not even know them...  
You do,  
and they've influenced you?  
But you do like Magritte?  
Dali?  
That's talking frankly!  
Irreverence...  
Good for you!  
Let's see the painting.  
Pick it up.  
I like it!  
Amazing! The photo  
falsified the colors... I like it a lot.  
I must say  
the composition is pretty shaky!  
Let me explain, don't interrupt.  
That empty space, there...  
at the bottom right...  
creates an imbalance.  
Don't tell me.  
You'll say it's to accentuate  
the central theme,  
which is perfectly centered.  
Don't tell me  
all that's not cunningly planned!  
Don't deny it,  
I get your message.  
I assume this is the painting  
you want to leave with me.  
I'll take it  
on the usual basis.  
What do you want for it?  
2000 francs?  
Sounds good.  
You'll get 50%.  
You disagree?  
Not happy?  
You set the price.  
I'd raise it but you won't find a buyer.  
You want the money now?

You're out of your mind.  
I can give you 200 francs at most,  
if it'll help.  
2,000 francs!  
I'm doing you a favor!  
I'm not even sure  
I can sell it for that.  
1,700, even 1,500  
would be more realistic.  
I don't want to be mean,  
but it's very anecdotal.  
Rather tritely so at that!  
I won't say you don't have talent,  
but it's hardly painting.  
If it were well painted,  
it'd be photographic.  
With a pretty model,  
it might sell well as an erotic postcard.  
Now she's crying.  
That's awful!  
Don't cry, miss!  
Just my luck,  
when I'm in a hurry.  
Don't Cry!  
I didn't mean all I said.  
I like your paintings.  
It's fine,  
I just can't pay you cash.  
Leave it with me.  
It'll sell.  
Things'll work out.  
What's the matter?  
Stay! This guy bugs me.  
He won't get away with it.  
He upset you?  
What did he say?  
You can't talk?  
You're mute?  
- That's it, she's a mute!  
- What?  
Mute, you know what that is!  
What do you mean?  
No one's mute.  
There are 350,000 deaf-mutes

in France.  
What're you talking about?  
That's right.  
She's not deaf.  
She understood every word I said.  
She read your lips.  
Even if she is a deaf-mute,  
she has a language all her own.  
You know that language?  
Then how can she use it with you?  
She could write,  
or bring someone with her.  
I'm not running a charity  
for all the cripples in the world!  
Watch what you say, sir!  
Such talk in front  
of a poor deaf girl!  
- She can't hear me!  
- I said she can read lips.  
Her back's turned.  
Anyway, she's getting on my nerves.  
What she wants is 2,000 francs.  
She said so.  
She made it clear, anyway.  
It's no dice! I'm the boss here!  
The others listen and shut up!  
Shut up yourself!  
You've been going on for hours,  
not letting others get a word in.  
Let her explain!  
Explain? But she can't talk!  
You're using that  
to take advantage of her!  
Exploiting her handicap!  
That's cowardly  
and dishonest, sir!  
I'd let her express herself  
if she'd just talk!  
If I were she, mute or not,  
and you know she is...  
I'd have acted just like her.  
- What are...  
- Don't interrupt!  
If people do that,

I just shut up.  
That's all!  
When someone talks all the time  
to hear himself talk,  
I don't feel like saying a word!  
Let me just say...  
Talking makes me sick,  
I can't stand it.  
Don't you think  
talking is repulsive?  
Especially about painting!  
It's sacred...  
words profane it!  
You're... This is...  
Silence is the only attitude  
to take with painting!  
This is incredible!  
It's silence, sir!  
Excuse me.  
That's interesting.  
Is it for sale?  
4000 francs.