







Director's Note

We all share common forgotten moments...a deafening birthday party, intrusive parents, intimate nights...that make us blush in daytime. Oaths, secretly murmured in the exhilaration of a moment, that later sound quite pathetic...

We all feel like we are the authors of own lives. That we have a choice. That we live the life we want, the way we decided it. Most of us also think that fidelity is good. That proposing is a demonstration of love. And that we can't change our parents...

Tell echoing stories.

Start from the feelings that each and every one of us can feel once in his life. Share what we know, to share a point of view. As intimate as possible.

Pursue, with this feature film, what I had started with the short film... tell a story from the sensorial point of view of a character.

Use an old and traditional story frame to keep the audience involved, in phase with what the young man feels on screen, so they can wonder about their situation at the same time.

Rhythm.

It will be very, very fast. Scene after scene. Piling up. Sometimes ten scenes in ten shots adding up...then a long scene with the young man, in an elevator going up – because for him, time stretches.

Time as he feels it passing by, always. There will be two very distinct paces.

One for the lovers encounter: probably not very talkative, calm, large shots of the two lovers, a feeling of eternity.

And one for the wedding: like a whirl.

Like if we were filming the same man relaxing in the countryside in the week-end, and working in the heart of the city in the week. Both paces should jostle all the time.

Sound.

Build it. Group scenes where everyone speaks too loud, then the relief of a tune on the radio...a duet, talking about love. Anything that can help to make the young man's feelings more concrete.

Setting.

On one side, empty apartments....The one he leaves, that needs to be emptied, and the one in which he is moving, flooded. Blank spaces.

On the other side, the parents apartment. Full. Of objects, pictures, bits and pieces of what their life has been. Loaded with the past.

And outside. People walking by, phone calls that deviate their path. French flags floating. Electric Paris.

st.

There will only be three "known figures"...the Young Man, his Sister, and his Mother. We can only identify them as "figures", just like him.

Others are "strangers".

Especially his family-in-law. Speaking a language as inaudible for us as it is for him.

In this story, both women are wonderful.

For the young man, it shouldn't be a question of person, but a question of life choices.

And above all, comedy. Because I think it is the best and most beautiful way not to struggle out. And try to push people through a reflection. Unpretentiously.

Katia Lewkowicz