Pomme and Pierre. They’ve been together a long time. Is it still love or are they trapped in the sham that their relationship has become, in the number they perform almost inadvertently? He denigrates her. She belittles him.

It’s not so much that they can’t stand each other anymore—honestly—rather that they’ve had enough of being a couple, this specific couple. “If you don’t, I will...” as they both might be inclined to say. And yet... There are lingering impulses. They still want to believe, clinging to humdrum declarations and displays of affection. They still share a laugh like young lovers, although the joke’s beginning to wear thin.

They regularly go hiking in the forest. On one such trek, Pomme refuses to go home. No. That’s all. No! He may as well hand over the windchewer, that sweater, that bag... She’s staying. Pomme vanishes into the undergrowth. Without a noise.
/ Did you write the part of Pomme for Emmanuelle Devos?

When I was writing, I kept thinking about who else could play Pomme, but Emmanuelle was the obvious choice every time. I was very keen to work with her again. She has something eminently alive, a solidity that stems from the strength of her acting. She curls up in the characters, never spilling over despite her powerful personality. It was also a very physical, concrete and material journey despite her character's vacillations and flakiness. Emmanuelle is a very physical actress. She is rooted in reality, and I needed that for the film. She can bend but she does not snap. I needed that pliability.

/ The male protagonist plays a greater role than in your previous movies.

True, my previous movies were more concerned with portraits of women. With this film, I wanted to talk about relationships, spotlighting the more or less low-level violence of conjugality, inflexible and infuriating misunderstandings, and jealousy, perhaps imagined, as a breaking point. The breakdown of trust and self-confidence when the battle for the necessary energy becomes too hard, when vitality crumbles and one won't, or can't, show it. From the first draft of the script, the male protagonist played a very important but elusive role. When Mathieu Amalric agreed to do the movie, I immediately sensed that his mysteriousness—in the sense that he is indecipherable—would connect with Pierre, and that was crucial for me. Knowing it would be Mathieu, I reworked the role, playing on his opacity, charm and power of seduction. While making Pierre unfathomable and indiscernible, he hints at the love he once had for Pomme. And perhaps still has for her. Mathieu precisely and powerfully captured that ambivalence.

/ And a larger, more mysterious space opens up to her, territory without doors, full of depths and heights, demanding other constraints that concern only her. She has to think and act for herself, beyond the conjugal confines and relationship with her son that fence her in all the time.

It’s a backdrop into which she decides to topple, lose herself almost. She veers off the beaten path. And something she’d forgotten or lost resurfaces. She has to reconnect with things—cold, hunger, fatigue. Even so, I didn’t want to overplay the character's physical struggles, which are off topic. The forest may be a place where she must survive, but the real threat to her survival is Pierre, not life out in the wild. I wanted Pomme to be in a place with no human interactions. In the middle of nowhere, she can’t talk a great deal. I was interested in seeing what happens when there is no one to talk to.

/ Pomme removes herself from her conjugal environment, where her inspiration has dried up, and camps out in the fairytale environment of the forest. She emerges from the woods and returns to society when she has something to tell: she saved a chamois.

She did, she really did! Their relationship has long since stopped generating stories to be told, things to say... Pomme’s first attempt to go back takes her to a small hotel on the edge of the woods, where a group of musicians is staying. It’s a microcosm of society that Pomme joins, which merely provokes the realization that she is absolutely not ready to go back.

/ Pomme goes back to town, back to Pierre, resolute but unsure...

Yes, she plays it by ear. Actually, the final scene is a single shot driven along by the words and feelings that come to her, and to him also, although he basically hasn’t changed. She has. When she leaves Pierre, she appears to us fully. When she’s alone in the forest, we forget about him. And when Pomme closes the door of their apartment behind her, we want to go with her, leaving the final shot to Pierre alone. Of the two of them, he embodies solitude. But for both of them, there’ll be an afterwards.

/ In Good Girl, Fontaine Leglou couldn’t bring herself to say "yes" to the man proposing to her. In this film, while hiking in the forest, on the conjugal treadmill, your heroine says "no!" It’s not about saying yes anymore...

No, it’s not about saying yes anymore! As a couple, they have stopped inventing themselves. They were. It’s important for the audience to understand that they loved each other. They weren’t fooling themselves or each other, or fooling around on each other even. The film questions and shows what has become of their love. They both lost whatever brought them together long ago. There may be lingering impulses, but they are truncated, as if slamming into a brick wall. Alone in the forest, away from him, away from his eyes, Pomme relocates herself.

Paris, January 2014