

ENTER THE VOID

ST: RC
SB: Gaspar
Noe

SCREENPLAY

Director's note: The first minutes of this movie will be shot according to the principle of subjective vision whereby the camera sees everything through the eyes of Oscar, our main character. We will follow his nervous eye movements and if the practical reality imposes a breakdown within the scenes, the different shots will be imperceptibly linked when he blinks or during his rapid panoramic eye-movements.

As his mouth will be out of his field of vision, his voice will of course be heard OS, as though coming from the camera. The action will pass in real time as perceived by Oscar. So during the first minutes of the movie there will be no ellipses (except when he passes out), no variation in the shooting speed and no change in focal.

In order to transmit this cinematic bias, the screenplay has been written in the first person, as the use of "I" is better for describing the actions of the characters as perceived by Oscar, thus the spectator.

1 - SUBJECTIVE VISION (EXTERIOR BALCONY, DUSK)

The full movie credits (production, direction, cast, technical crew) appear on the black screen as succinctly as possible.

Then a date, 27 September 1999, that finally disappears.

A dramatic rumbling grows...

As it explodes into a roar, a word written in huge white letters appears over the whole breadth of the screen:

ENTER

At the same time, a magnificent twilight sky appears behind these letters. Heavy orange, white and purple-hazed clouds scudding over a bright red sky.

The word disappears off the top of the screen.

High rise buildings and apartment blocks, modern or not, with terraces covered in billboards tower in the distance under the clouds. A small light gray airplane crosses the sky and silently rises up towards the clouds. A white fluffy line trails across the sky in its wake.

Me - Do you like flying?

Moirra (OS) - No...

Me - Why not?

I turn to my sister Moira. We are leaning over the railing of my balcony, watching the dense, multicolored sky in the mild late-summer dusk.

Moirra is young but her self-confidence belies her age: 20. Her opulent bust is squeezed into a slightly worn golden yellow dress. Her hair is black and her broken nose makes her face look masculine. She is beautiful. The sun casts its pink and orange rays over her.

As I haven't been given an answer I turn back to look at the plane.

Moirra (OS) - ... I'm scared...

The plane disappears into a cloud.

Moirra's light-colored eyes go off into a daze.

Me - ... Scared of what?

Moirra - ... well... of dying.

Moirra catches my eye for a second then looks down. The wind suddenly picks up.

She shivers, crosses her arms over her half-bared breasts and leaves the balcony. I follow her.

Me - ... They say you fly, when you die...

Moirra doesn't seem to have heard me.

We go into our bedroom, brightly colored but pretty dirty and messy.

2 - SUBJECTIVE VISION

(INTERIOR STUDIO, DUSK)

Moirra picks up a white cardigan and some sexy clothes from one of the two single beds and puts them into a bag. The room is littered with both our belongings.

Moira puts her cardigan on and checks the time on the alarm clock. Then she picks up her bag and hurries over to the door.

Moira - See you later.

She turns round in the doorway and smiles at me. But my eardrums suddenly block and the sounds all disappear.

Silence. We look at each other.

Then the sounds come back.

I snap to and look away.

Me - See ya.

The door closes behind Moira.

I go over to my bed and sit down.

I look for a stub of a joint in an ashtray I swiped from a bar.

I light it.

I stretch out and smoke it, staring at the ceiling.

A few seconds later I stub the filter out in the ashtray.

Then my hand gropes for the light switch on the wall and flicks it.

The light goes out.

Blackness.

Street sounds breeze in through the window. People talking. A song in the distance. A truck rumbling by. Steam outlets belch out sweaty puffs against the wall of my room. And from somewhere further off come the droning vibrations of the neighboring dressmaking workshops.

The sounds slowly disappear...

3 - DREAM

(INTERIOR DREAM TOILET STALL, NIGHT)

An image with a dark, badly-defined outline forms...*

I open a door and go into a recess with peeling walls. A slab in the middle with a hole bored in it evokes a squat-down toilet. The slab is splattered with purplish stains and dribbles. I step back towards the door but it has disappeared, now replaced by a smooth wall. The stains seep outwards, as though absorbed by the walls. My eyes are drawn back to the hole in the middle of the slab. It has grown.

Above me, a white light bulb starts vibrating, as does the whole room. This phenomenon is accompanied by a loud whistling sound.

I fall down on the ground with my head at the edge of the hole. Looking down it I suddenly see the foundations of the building receding further and further away, as though a strange force had abruptly wrenched the room away from the building it was in. It's like the room is soaring vertically at great speed. The lights of the city disappear dizzily beneath my eyes. The axis of the room starts to tilt. I suddenly look away: two hands grab me by the feet and pull me towards the door that has reappeared and is now open...

A phone rings loudly somewhere.

The dream dissolves...

* Director's Note: During this dream sequence, Oscar will, like in most dreams, perceive the silhouette of his own body in the foreground, dark and blurred, within a kind of semi-subjective vision. The corners of the image will be darkened.

4 - SUBJECTIVE VISION (INTERIOR STUDIO, NIGHT)

I open my eyes: night has already fallen in my room. To the right of the bed, the phone is ringing in the darkness. I pick it up, half asleep. A nervous voice crackles down the other end.

Victor (OS) - Oscar... It's Victor.

Me - ... Oh, it's you... I've been looking for you.

Victor (OS) - Can you bring me my "E"?

Me - Come by and get them.

Victor (OS) - Yeah but I... I... Can't you bring them?

Me - Where are you?

Silence.

Victor (OS) - Come by the bar, I'm here... I'll explain...

Me - ... Sure... yeah... To be honest I'd rather...

Victor (OS) - ... See you in a bit.

Me - Listen, Victor, I'm sorry about what happened yesterday...

But the line goes dead.

Me - Hello?... Hello?

I hang up and stay stretched out on the bed.

The curtains on the balcony doors flutter in the wind.

Then I get up in the dark. I rub my eyes and head for the bathroom.

I flick the neon light above the basin on, rinse my head and look at myself in the mirror.*

The cold neon light flickers and hums above me.

Someone knocks on the door.

I grab a violet-colored towel and dry my face.

I cross the messy, though virtually empty, room. The walls are white. The table and the two unmatched salvaged chairs are made out of old wood.

* Directors Note: When he looks in the mirror we finally discover Oscar's face: he is about 20, dark brown hair, slim, with nervous, intelligent eyes.

I lean up against the door and look through the spy-hole:
I see the distorted figure of a man wearing a fabulous
"plebe-pop" shirt with a pointed collar.

I open the door.

Me - Alex...

Alex comes in and glances at the mess in the room. He is
about ten years older than me.

I close the door behind him and finish drying my face.

Alex - I just ran into your sister...

Me - Yeah... she left ten minutes ago.

Alex - She was with... what's his name... Mario?

Me - Oh Jesus! That creep gets on my nerves! You know
what I'd like to do? Blast his brains out... By the way,
what time is it?

Alex (smiling) - Ten after ten... What have you got
against the guy? Your sister's hot shit, it's normal he's
running after her. I like her too, you know...

Me (annoyed by this conversation) - Anyway, she doesn't
give a shit about men. She was always going with girls at
the home.

Alex snickers, a dreamy look on his face.

Me - Right, Victor's waiting for me at the bar... You
coming with me?

Alex hesitates then nods. He sits down in an old beat-up
armchair, picks up a book off the top of a pile and flicks
through it.

I pick my shirt up off the chair and put it on.

Alex (OS) - Have you read it then?

I turn round to see which book he's talking about. On the
cover, printed with a pretty colored mandala, I read the
title: "The Tibetan Book of the Dead".

Me - Yeah... but can I keep it another week?

Alex - Sure.

Me - It's like a maze, I want to re-read it...

Alex flicks through the book while I finish dressing.

Alex - It's one of the greatest theories on the next world I
know of... especially the passage with the colored lights
that want to carry you off to a higher plane... and the bit
about reincarnation being seen as a failure of the spirit...

Me - Oh, yeah... I liked that bit best, when you see death trying to reincarnate itself among all those people making love...

As we leave, I go over to the little fridge. I open the ice-box, take out a tupperware and open it too. Inside is a transparent bag containing 40 grayish round pills. A dozen other pills are scattered loose in the tupperware.

I put the transparent bag in my pocket and put the rest away in the freezer. Alex watches me.

Alex - Is all that for Victor?

Me - Well yeah... We made a bulk buy...

Then I turn out the lights in the apartment. Alex puts the book back on the pile and gets up. We go out.

5 - SUBJECTIVE VISION

(INTERIOR STAIRCASE, NIGHT)

We're out on the landing. I gesture to Alex to go down while I lock up. I check the door is firmly locked. Then I crouch down by the stairs leading up to the next floor. I stretch my hand out to one of the wooden steps. I lift up the corner of an old slat and slip the keys underneath it. I put the slat back in place, stand up and run down the stairs to the ground floor. I go out into the street.

6 - SUBJECTIVE VISION

(EXTERIOR STREET + BAR IN DEAD-END ALLEY, NIGHT)

Alex is waiting for me outside. I walk over to him and we set off. Even at night the street is still very lively. In front of my building, the caretaker is hauling the trash cans inside. We turn left and go past a small grocery store run by Asians that's still open this late at night. Further on we go past a sandwich and beer stand. Four skinny, nervous junkies in dirty clothes are hanging out in front of it. Further still an old bum is sleeping sprawled in a doorway, barefoot. Other bums are sitting on cars, slugging down alcohol from a plastic bottle. Two police vans are parked on the sidewalk opposite, like it's their

usual spot. The district seems to be a pretty "bad" side of town.

Alex - I read a book today. You'd like it. It's the story of two friends who promise that whoever dies first will come back to tell the other one what happens after you die. Then the younger one dies in an accident. The other one buries him and waits for some news. Months go by and he doesn't get a single message. So he curses his dead friend and curses life for not going on to something else. But then this shelf falls on his head. And he dies too... He meets up with his dead friend on the other side who tells him he's been trying non-stop to communicate with him, but that the living can't hear the dead, and that's the way nature goes. So the only thing he could think of to keep his promise and prove the new world existed was to make him die too. He explains that he's the one that made the shelf fall. But the one who's just died hurls himself at his own corpse and tries to re-integrate it. It works. And he comes back to life. But he has forgotten his meeting with his friend and everything he saw...

We are walking under the electric glow of street lamps and neon store signs. Some of them cast greenish light on us, others are more pink.

Alex keeps talking and I walk alongside him in silence, checking out the scene. His words are like a kind of music and I stop listening to him from time to time.

Through the windows of some apartments we can make out neon-lit workshops or shabby interiors lit up by the blue flicker of a TV screen.

Alex - Hey... Are you listening?

Me - Yeah... sure... Hang on, I missed the end.

Alex - No... I mean... You know, the dead guy was trying everything to communicate with his living friend but there was no way he could do it. So as the other one started doubting in the existence of the next world, the first one could only find one solution: make the other one die. So he arranged for a shelf to fall on his head and the other one died too... Hey, you're still not listening, are you?

Me - I'm sorry...

Having reached the corner of the street we turn right and fall smack into a heated discussion over some "deal" between two girls wearing miniskirts and jackets. The tall guy with them pushes them into a large doorway to continue the discussion in peace.

A large wall topped with billboards and wire fencing looms in the background. This concrete anthracite-gray 50ft wall could be the wall to a factory, a barracks or a prison. Huge and insurmountable, it stretches all the way down the street.

Me - ... But, in fact, I don't get it. What's the moral of the story?

Alex - Well... don't look for a moral. It's just that...

Alex takes a pack of cigarettes out of his pocket.

Alex - ... You can't keep that kind of promise...

Me - Yeah well there's one thing I've promised myself: one of these days I'm gonna bust Mario's head in.

Alex laughs.

Alex - Be careful. He looks like a hard nut.

Me - True... Apparently he's even been inside.

Alex - Oh yeah? I saw him more as being buddy-buddy with the cops.

Me - That's where you learn to lick their asses.

Alex - Talking of cops...

He motions me to look left: further down the street some cops are inspecting the ID of two black guys.

I shut up. Alex glances rapidly at me. He's uneasy. So am I. We're walking by a newspaper booth set precariously in the middle of the sidewalk, so I stop to buy something, anything. Next to a few evening papers and tabloids is an Aids Prevention poster recommending tests. A single neon light gleams above the rack. A collection of lottery tickets hang on the other side, announcing the big August 30 draw.

Me - I'd like a ticket... the one at the top.

A beautiful working class-looking woman hands me one of the tickets. I pay and pocket the change, avoiding her

guard dog. Before leaving, Alex takes a cigarette out of a pack and offers it to me. I wave it away.

Alex - You should be more paranoid about walking around with stuff like that on you, especially E, you know, with these new laws they've got now it's as risky as smack...

I don't answer.

Alex - But why didn't Victor come to your place?

I falter. Alex lights his cigarette and throws the match away.

Me - He learned about my thing with his mom, you know. And we had a fight. I'll tell you later...

Alex - Oh shit!

He grimaces.

We carry on our way and, a few yards further on, arrive in front of a dead-end alley. At the bottom is a seedy bar called the "Here or There". The name is stenciled in large letters on the windows either side of the door. One of the windows has a spidery crack on it that has been roughly patched up with sticky tape. Alex stops.

Alex - Oh, this place! I can't stand the owner... I'd rather wait for you here.

He points to a pillar opposite the entrance to a porn theater.

I nod and turn in to a dead-end lined with crumbling walls with the brickwork showing through.

Two white men, dressed half-thug half-sporty but clean-shaven, are leaning against the door. They watch me go in without breaking off their discussion.

7 - SUBJECTIVE VISION

(INTERIOR BAR, NIGHT)

Victor, a small fat guy my age, is waiting inside the bar. He is sitting at a table on his own. The rest of the room is almost empty. Fluorescent tubes fill the bar with a flickering cold light. Depending on the tube, the light is predominantly greenish or bluey.

Behind the counter the owner is quietly changing the channel on the TV perched up above him.

I sit down opposite Victor.

He seems very agitated.

Victor (hushed voice) - Please forgive me.

I notice a bruise on Victor's face.

Me - What?

Victor - They made me do it...

He looks down then back up again towards the entrance.

The two men in jogging pants stare at me from the doorway, then head over. Behind them I catch sight of a police car turning into the dead-end and blocking the entrance to the bar. My heart flutters.

I instinctively get up and head nervously towards the toilets.

I find myself in front of a small gray door. As I open it I glance quickly behind me. The two policemen are following me through the bar and reaching into their jackets.

I hurry into the toilets.

8 - SUBJECTIVE VISION

(INTERIOR TOILETS, NIGHT)

Inside is a washbasin and two doors. I open the one with a man on it and slip inside.

9 SUBJECTIVE VISION

(INTERIOR SQUAT-DOWN TOILET, NIGHT)

I lock the bolt behind me. It's a seatless "squat-down" toilet with light blue walls.

A policeman (OS) - He's in there!

With jittering hands I take the bag out of my pocket and throw it into the hole of the john. I pull the chain but it has a leak and the water pressure is too weak to flush the bag away. In my panic I hadn't thought of taking the pills out. I try to ram it down the hole with my foot. In vain. The police are already trying to break the door down.

Two more officers come in shouting threats and warnings. I'm going crazy in front of the bag still floating in the murky hole. I see a small square window, 12 inches wide, that I won't be able to escape through.

There's no way out.

The police are kicking at the door and I lose all control. The lock is going to give any moment now. Suddenly, in a rush of adrenalin, I find a way of gaining time.

Me - Keep back or I'll shoot!

It was double or quits, but I am satisfied to hear the confusion my threats have incurred on the other side of the door. The cops have stopped kicking the door and have no doubt stepped back. Fired up by my success, I yell at them again just to make sure they've got it.

Me - Step back, I'm going to shoot!

Then, making the most of the lull, I turn back to the bag still floating in the hole. It has filled up with water and a few pills have floated out. I'm seized with panic again. Fear and the noise of the chain that I'm yanking like a maniac, while blocking the door with my foot, prevent me from understanding what one of the cops is shouting at me. Everything gets confused. Intense fear has made the bag floating in the middle of the hole in the slab the only thing that exists for me. I don't understand what they're shouting at me. I brace myself against the door, my eyes riveted to the packet. Then suddenly, a violent detonation rings out: one of the policemen has just fired his gun at the lock. It shatters. I mechanically pull on the chain again. But I discover a red stain seeping over the left side of my chest. A wound. The bullet must have ripped through my ribs too. I try to stem the blood flow with my right hand. I grope the open flesh under the seared cotton. Most sounds are muffled, except the ones real close by.

The policemen push on the door and I fall to my knees. The door finally bursts open. And I collapse, sprawled on the floor with my head at the edge of the hole.

The old white slab is splattered with stains and scale. A trickle of blood dribbles along the surface and into the

hole. The broken toilet is still spitting out spurts of water. It splatters onto the policeman's trainers as he rapidly pats me down, making my head shake.

A policeman (OS) - He's not armed...

Then with one hand he grabs the half-torn bag now full of blood and water and a few of the pills that fell out of it.

Policeman (OS) - But here's the gear...

The sounds go dull and muffled, as though my ear pressure had suddenly changed.

A screech rips through my eardrums. Then disappears.

The colors in the john slowly brighten and become grayer and colder. I am shivering all over. My vision starts to quiver as much as my body. Feverish white dots spin in front of my eyes.

My breathing is jerky. I am suffocating, I can hardly even groan. The noises from the bar seem very close. The policemen are talking heatedly together. The feet disappear.

All of a sudden I cough blood onto the slab and over my arm. I try to lift my hand but it does not react, just one finger moves imperceptibly. My eyes stop moving at the same time as my body. My vision suddenly freezes and starts to darken. Dark, blurry shadows cover my vision, which is black in places.

The sounds gradually fade.

After a few final efforts my breathing cuts off and seems to be carried away by the jerky trickling of the water. My heart strikes its last beats. It stops for good. Time stops too. And so does my life.

A violent ripping sound tears through space.

Then silence.

Then blackout.

10 - BLACKOUT

(BLACK IMAGE)

Out of the blackness comes a calm, muffled, liquid rippling.

The gurgling of the flushing system changes texture. Then dull thudding sounds come near. Snatches of voices float up.

A man (OS) - Shit... He's dying.

Another man (OS) - Calm down... It's not your fault... Fists hammer against a door.

First man (OS) - ... Fuck, fuck, fuck!

His voice echoes strangely.

My perception of sound seems to shift in space. The trickling of the toilet gets nearer, now clear and peaceful. It swells until it sounds like a waterfall tumbling into a lake.

11 - ALTERED SUBJECTIVE VISION

(INTERIOR SQUAT-DOWN TOILET, NIGHT)

Then the image of the stall gradually reappears, but altered, as though transformed into something unknown. It is comprised of a partly hazy semi-translucent matter intersected by light rays. The cold lights of the bar room filter through the brick wall. My pink flesh and motionless veins are showing through the skin of my paralyzed arm. My vision is slowly moving, slipping out of the logical viewpoint of my eyes to such an extent that when it stops I get the impression I can see part of my own face. This is not normal.

Then the darkness returns and a new sound starts: the sound of a muffled wind sweeping into a tunnel.

12 - THE TUNNEL

(INTERIOR ABSTRACT TUNNEL)

Little by little a warm, distant light appears from the heart of the darkness. Its rays reveal an obscure tunnel, shiny and damp in parts but with darkened edges.

The white light at the far end draws me towards it. A few thin golden rays even seem to reach me through this space.

I head slowly and steadily towards the light, turning in a spiral through this endless dripping tunnel. The harsh, ceaseless rushing of wind rumbles oppressively in this tubular space.

As I get nearer to the exit the rushing noise grows louder and the walls brighten. I discover that they are lined with a colorless organic texture.

I walk slowly out into the light.

13 - WHITE LIGHT

(CLEAR PRIMAL LIGHT)

The white light fills the whole space, criss-crossed with gleaming golden rays.

The wind turns into a calm, majestic rumble.

The light gets brighter.

Increasingly beautiful.

Up to total, blinding white.

The rumbling gets deafening and explodes. A multitude of crystal-clear sounds burst out of it.

Then light particles and filaments suddenly appear, in motion, but so white they can hardly be defined.

Inside this storm of light particles, all kinds of micro or macroscopic spatial figures bond and split apart, apparently following a chaotic and never symmetrical order. But in their entirety they create a kind of visual music obeying a calm, underlying order that is quite fascinating. Like subliminal messages, I think I can perceive all kinds of familiar images (faces, objects, landscapes...) that are constantly shifting. They form on

the periphery of the white light, appearing so fast I cannot possibly identify them.

But a bitter wind blows up from afar, disturbing these hypnotic circumvolutions. With it come snatches of human voices. One of them suddenly rings out right nearby.

A man (OS) '- ... His name is Oscar...

My vision abruptly recoils. The nature of the light changes. The edge of the white is gradually invaded by a light blue. Strangely enough, it looks like it has some kind of texture. So it's not the sky, but a ceiling with flaky paint, now seen very close up... And a 40 watt light bulb gradually appears in the middle of it, buzzing...

14 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(INTERIOR SQUAT-DOWN TOILET, NIGHT)

... It's the light bulb inside the sky-blue stall.

I turn round 180 degrees.

And I'm in the john. Floating in the air, like a spirit, 10ft off the ground*

The police officer leans over my corpse and grabs it by the feet in disgust. His uniform gets stained with blood.

My body is too heavy for him to move, so he drops it back onto the slab.

He kicks the door open wider with his boot. We can hear one of his colleagues making fun of him. The former swears at him and carries on his task. He steps over my body, grabs it by the arms and drags it towards the washbasins in the adjoining room. My body leaves red trails behind it. I follow, flying alongside them.

Then a new phenomenon occurs: I go through the wall and come out on the other side of the john. I stop, wavering. But there's no doubt about it, my vision is disembodied...

* Director's note: From this scene on the movie will still be shot in subjective vision, but this time it will represent the vision of Oscar's disembodied spirit. In other words, contrary to the beginning of the movie, these "out of body" visions will no longer contain any reference to his body whatsoever (no reflection in mirrors, no leader?? of a ghostly body in the foreground, no blinking...). As these out-of-body visions are mental visions from Oscar's dying brain, their point of view can be anywhere in the space, they can cross matter and jump in time with no physical contingency. Less precise than the subjective visions Oscar had when he was alive, the consistence and logic of these out of body visions will be closer to those of a dream, yet particularly complex and bright.

Settings and people will now be perceived in a slightly simplified form, for they are the synthesis of the reality Oscar managed to store up during his lifetime. As the story progresses, these visions will evolve parallel to the decomposition of his brain. The sets, clothing and accessories will gradually be reduced to their simplest expression.

15 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(INTERIOR WASHROOM, NIGHT)

Having crossed through the wall I find myself next to the washbasins.

My body is spread out in the middle of this pale yellow room, arms outstretched.

I approach it. My movements are clumsy and I often abruptly change direction. I float down towards my face, straight towards the eyes. All of a sudden I plunge right between the two eyes, at the base of my forehead.

I glimpse the dark spongy mass of my brain. I leap backwards and emerge out of my right eye, which is glazed and rigid. I stop in front of it for a moment.

Then my vision tilts slightly towards my mouth where a trickle of blood has started to coagulate between the open lips. I finally turn off to the right and go through the reddish darkness of my nostrils. I come out just above my left cheek. I move along it, flickering over the badly-shaved skin. From this close up the stubble looks like a strange forest of chopped tree trunks. Then a crevice appears and my vision comes to a halt in front of a landscape that must be the auricle of my left ear. My vision dives into it, like plunging into the heart of a volcano, before heading into the skull again. I see the filamentous maze of my brain's gray matter.

I slide through these unrecognizable spaces.

Suddenly, a voice outside snaps me out of this strange world.

A policeman (OS) - Calm down! We can't leave him here...

I float up into the room in an aborted spiral movement.

When my vision comes to a standstill I can see my whole body again.

The policeman with the stained uniform comes back into the room with the bar owner, who is totally blown away by what is happening. The owner hands him the tablecloth he was carrying under his arm. The policeman covers my body with it. My feet and my hands stick out

from underneath. The tablecloth is soon drenched in blood. I hear crying. I am suddenly hauled backwards. I go through the wall between me and the bar...

16 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(INTERIOR BAR, NIGHT)

I find myself on the other side of the wall, in front of a painting hanging quite high on the wall: an idyllic mountain bathed in the last golden rays of a twilight sky. I forget everything and sink into contemplation of it. But then I hear panic and tears in the room again. My vision swivels round.

Below me, Victor is slouched over the table, crying. Two men are trying to shake him back to some kind of dignity but it's no use. They try to make him sit up but Victor clings on to the table. They manhandle him. He lets go of the table and they manage to make him stand up. In front of the counter, the owner is talking feverishly to Charlie, a young waiter with curly hair.

Owner - Go tell his sister. She must be at the "Power".

The waiter picks up his jacket and leaves.

I go through the outer wall of the bar...

17 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(EXTERIOR DEAD-END ALLEY, NIGHT)

I am floating above the dead-end.

Charlie walks toward the street and comes across a guy outside in the dead-end who wants to know what's going on.

Then I see Alex further off, watching Charlie and trying to figure out what's happening. He has been alerted by the police car (and the noise of gunfire perhaps), but doesn't dare venture into the dead-end. One of the policeman comes out of the bar and goes over to his colleague waiting for him behind the wheel of the car. They whisper a few words then the cop in the car calls the station.

Alex is increasingly worried. He turns away hesitantly, trying to look casual. But one of the policemen notices his nervous behavior.

Policeman - Hey, you! Where are you going?

Alex turns round. The policeman walks over to him.

Policeman - Show me your ID...

Alex hesitates then takes his ID out. He tries to look casual. The policeman examines the papers then stares at Alex.

Policeman - Wait here...

He goes back to the car, taking the papers with him. Just then, the other two policemen come out of the bar with Victor, handcuffed and still crying. Alex sees them, senses a major drama, panics and runs off towards the street without waiting for his papers. The policemen turn round.

Policeman 1 - Hey you! Stop!

Just as Alex turns out of the dead-end, another uniformed policeman who was waiting just around the bend appears out of nowhere, alerted by the shouting. He grabs his gun but Alex, carried away, head-butts him right in the face. The policeman falls backwards, blood streaming out of his nose, and drops his gun. His back cracks against a concrete post. He screams. He cannot get up. The coast is clear for Alex who dashes off. On the sidewalk, a middle-aged onlooker with a misplaced sense of citizenship tries to stop him. But Alex easily gets away and runs off.

The policemen who were in the dead-end are too late to follow him.

But my vision catches up with him instantly.

18 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(EXTERIOR STREETS, NIGHT)

I am flying over Alex who is running down the main drag, avoiding the passers-by giving him amused or excited looks as he runs by, without trying to stop him. Then he darts down a small, deserted, badly-lit street on

the right that leads him to another dark, quiet street. He turns left.

He glances over his shoulder from time to time to see if he is being followed. He runs past a few seedy restaurants and closed stores then reaches a crossroads. He glances around then turns right.

Further on, Alex runs past a dark dead-end backstreet. He stops and doubles back. A street lamp at the bottom lights the back entrance of a nightclub: "The Power". The name is written on the heavy emergency exit doors. The street is deserted. Alex hesitates and looks over his shoulder. No-one there. He runs down to the bottom of the dead-end and darts up the metal fire-escape that leads to the upper floors of the club.

He stops in front of the small door on the second floor and presses his face up to look through the lit window. He looks reassured. He glances behind him again then knocks on the door, while I go through the wall next to the window.

19 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(NIGHTCLUB DRESSING ROOM, NIGHT)

I find myself inside a dressing room. Moira is getting dressed for her show. She is wearing one of her fabulous obscene pop outfits and is fixing her wig. Her enormous fake eyelashes make her look like a Barbie-doll. Alex knocks on the safety-exit again. Moira walks warily over to the door and opens it a crack. Alex dashes inside, panting. He closes the door behind him. Moira looks at him, speechless.

Alex - The bar was crawling with cops...

Moira - What?

Alex is leaning against the wall, getting his breath back. Moira waits for the rest.

Alex - I got the hell out of there... But I think they got Oscar... He had a bag of E on him for Victor...

He looks at the floor.

Moira - So? My brother's no dealer...

Alex - I know...

A bell rings in the dressing-room. Alex jumps. Moira stares at the bell.

Moira - I gotta go down now. Wait here, I won't be long...

A siren wails through the city in the distance. Alex automatically huddles into a dark corner of the room. His forehead is covered in sweat and he still hasn't got his breath back. Moira walks hesitantly over to the window and peeks out through the curtain.

Alex - No-one'll come in?

Moira - No, don't worry. I'll lock the door.

She takes her T-shirt off and slips a small black jacket on over her naked chest before leaving the room. Then she doubles back, switches the light off and leaves, locking the door behind her. Alex stays alone in the purple half-light cast by the street lamp outside.

I leave the room via the wall above the old wooden door.

20 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(CORRIDOR NIGHTCLUB, NIGHT)

I emerge into the deserted corridor, just above Moira who is walking nervously towards the stairs in her erotic outfit. She walks down the steps leading backstage.

Time gets distorted. Her footsteps and all sounds slow down while the dull beat of music thuds out from the main room. Her toe-nails are painted red under her fishnet stay-up stockings. She is wearing very high-heeled platform sandals and a miniskirt that is so short you catch a glimpse of her white panties. Her lips shine deep red and ear-rings dangle from her ears.

When she reaches the bottom of the stairs time goes back to normal. Moira straightens her clothes and stands behind a semi-opaque curtain pulled across the opening to the main room.

She takes a cigarette out of her jacket pocket, lights it and absently smokes a few drags. The trance music stops.

She stubs her cigarette out and tenses up before pushing the curtain open. My vision accompanies her through the wall.

21 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(BACKSTAGE + STAGE NIGHTCLUB, NIGHT)

Moira is on the small stage in the club where a lot of young clients are already dancing to the frantic syncopated rhythm of a break-beat techno track. A symbolic obscenely-shaped metal lighthouse over 6ft high towers at the foot of the stage. The light goes on and the rays start spinning round in the smoky room. The mechanism squeaks a little. Moira steps into the light onto the raised part of the stage. Moving sensually, she posts herself defiantly in front of the dancers. She parts her jacket, revealing one of her breasts to the public who whistle with joy. Then she starts dancing with precise, jerky movements, striking increasingly sensual poses. The lighthouse gives off special lighting effects. Red-hued circles of light rise up the lighthouse in time with the music. Moira slowly lifts her miniskirt up, revealing her wonderful white G-string. She takes a long time to take it off with slow, supposedly lewd movements. She playfully slides her G-string into the open mouth of a young bare-chested boy dancing ecstatically below her. His face is beaded with sweat as he nibbles on the panties until Moira takes them out of his mouth. Yet this doesn't seem to disrupt his joy. With her pussy in full view, her miniskirt hitched up to her hips and her jacket half open, my sister dances on her platform heels, sliding her hands between her thighs, up onto her hips and back over her ass. The crowd is at fever pitch and a few girls start imitating Moira, without taking their clothes off. Just then, Charlie weaves his way through the club. His presence brings me back to order and the music suddenly seems to disappear. My vision drifts away from my sister and follows Charlie through the club up to the bar.

Behind the bar, a dark-haired, stocky barman aged 35 is busy serving the crowd.

Charlie - Mario! Mario!

Mario, the barman, turns towards him.

Charlie manages to push his way to the bar. He leans over and whispers something in his ear. Mario looks worried. He abandons the clients, steps out from behind the bar and takes Charlie off to a corner of the club. They start talking but I cannot hear what they are saying. Mario looks at a loss. He looks over at Moira. My vision pans over to her and the music comes blaring back. I fly quickly across the room, skimming over the tables and the clubbers, back to Moira who is finishing off her show with her legs spread open. She appears to be playing with herself with one hand while sucking on the middle finger of her other hand, miming an insatiable desire. The music reaches its climax. The lighthouse is gleaming brighter and brighter, smoke jets out of the top, accompanied by a powerful beam of white light.

The music abruptly stops and all the lights go out, except the bar lights. In the middle of the smoke, Moira gathers her clothes up, eagerly applauded by the spectators. She heads for the narrow backstage where Morgane, another girl wearing a Vampirella-style vinyl outfit, is getting ready to dance to the next track.

22 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(BACKSTAGE NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT)

Moira puts her G-string back on, fixes her clothes and takes her wig off. Mario bursts in, looking very serious.

Mario - Moira... I gotta talk to you.

Moira turns round. Charlie is right behind Mario. Moira is surprised by the tone of his voice.

Moira - What's up?

Mario falters. Charlie steps forward.

Charlie - You don't know?

Moira - No... What?

Charlie - Your brother... Oscar...

They are both avoiding her gaze. Moira is getting impatient.

Charlie - ... He's dead.

My vision flickers. A black flash. Followed by terrifying sounds.

23 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(INTERIOR BAR, NIGHT)

Abrupt return to the "Here or There". Seen from above, the police officers cross the main room, carrying my body on a stretcher. My body is covered with the blood-stained tablecloth. Only my hands and my feet stick out. Black flash again.

22 cont. - OUT OF BODY VISION

(INTERIOR NIGHTCLUB, NIGHT)

And Charlie's voice brings me back to the nightclub.

Charlie - The cops did it. They came with a friend of your brother's called Victor. They caught him yesterday with some E. And I think he grassed on your brother. In any case...

Moira - What? But... how do you know?

Mario - He works at the bar where it happened.

Moira - But it... it doesn't make sense!

Charlie - ... In any case, they laid a trap for him. he locked himself in the toilets and as he was armed, they shot at him...

Moira - What?!

Moira looks at him uncomprehendingly.

Moira (curtly) - What the hell are you talking about?!...

Charlie is at a loss for words. They stand there in silence for a moment. Moira spins round and runs up the staircase. Mario follows her and catches up with her in the corridor. He tries to soothe her but Moira, beside herself, pushes him away.

Moira - Wait for me downstairs... OK?

At a loss, Mario doesn't move.

Mario - Are you sure?

Moira nods and walks over to the door of her dressing room. She turns to face Mario.

Moira (with a jerky voice) - Yeah... I'll come down...

She takes her key, opens the door and disappears inside.

Mario hears her bolting the door inside. He hesitates, then turns round to go back down.

My vision goes through the wall...

24 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(INTERIOR DRESSING ROOM, NIGHT)

... And emerges up near the ceiling in the dressing room. Moira is leaning against the door staring blankly into space.

Moira - I don't believe it... it's not true...

In the purplish half-light, Alex watches her, as though waiting for something else to happen. But nothing does.

On the other side of the wall we hear Mario going down the stairs. Moira seems to be having trouble breathing.

Moira - ... Some guy... says he's dead...

Alex - What?

Moira - Yes...

Moira's face trembles, as though she were trying to hold back her tears. Alex stares at her. He walks over.

Moira (very softly) - ... he's dead.

She bursts into tears. Alex holds her, squeezing her tighter and tighter. He cannot console her, so he strokes her hair and stifles his own tears.

Alex - Oh no... no...

Moira huddles against him as he puts his arms around her.

Moira - It's not true, is it...?

Still up by the ceiling, my vision moves laterally into the middle of the room. At the same time, it goes through light variations that follow a rhythm like a heart-beat.

Alex covers Moira's lips in kisses to stop her talking. My sister hugs him tighter and rubs up against him. After a while, their body rhythm gets more sexual. Alex reaches

down, unbuttons his pants and, sliding my sisters' panties easily to one side, enters her.

I am drawn towards them...

For the sake of convenience, they slide down to the floor where, still wearing their clothes, they start tenderly making love.

The lighting in the room gradually gets more purple along the walls and more orange in the middle.

I come closer to the two of them.

Alex is kissing Moira passionately. Still crying, she buries her head in his neck. She bites him gently, as though to stifle her trembling mouth and heavy breathing.

Moira - Tell me he isn't dead...

I try to show my presence again. But I am powerless. Once again my vision goes through everything I try to touch, including the flesh of their two bodies. My vision then settles again, but everything seems slightly double and a kind of halo has formed around their bodies. An orange glow seeping out from between their bodies turns to yellow and starts to pulsate. Repulsive organic and liquid sounds flood over me. A kind of barely perceptible transparent and totally hazy ectoplasm materializes from the top of the room. It descends spasmodically towards them and seems to want to slide like an umbilical tentacle between Alex's legs towards the vagina of my sister whose eyes now seem to be looking at me. This beautiful and slightly organic image disturbs me. My vision backs off nervously while a kind of light-colored substance seems to flow through the ectoplasm towards my sister's body.

Suddenly, a sharp sound screeches out, louder and louder, and my vision pans. I discover the high-pitched buzzing is coming from the naked light bulb of a lamp standing right next to me which is giving off an increasingly harsh bright white light...

25 - WHITE LIGHT

(CLEAR SECONDARY LIGHT)

The buzzing gets louder and becomes a deafening rumble. The white light invades my whole being while the rumbling shatters into a multitude of crystal-clear sounds.

Whiteness. Nothing but white. And, finally, a feeling of oceanic peace. Yet this time the sounds and the light aren't as pure and intense as the last white light I saw.

A few seconds later a murmur of human voices surges out of this void. I recognize my sister's voice among them...

Moira - Stay...

My vision pans round and I can vaguely make out the image of their two writhing bodies through the virtually blinding light. Then the calmness is broken by the noise of their passion. The light shifts to yellow and the features of the dressing room gradually reappear from the sides of my vision...

24 cont. - OUT OF BODY VISION

(INTERIOR DRESSING ROOM. NIGHT)

The luminous yellow throbbing is now calmer and the silhouettes of Moira and Alex reappear more sharply in the center of my field of vision. Half-undressed on the floor, their tender love-making is coming to an end. Alex's movements slow down. Moira holds him back so that he won't withdraw.

Moira - Stay...

My perception is still doubled in places around the two of them, creating a half-halo, half after-image effect. As for the strange transparent ectoplasmic presence, it seems to be being absorbed back into them.

I move gently above them. The heartbeat of the light disappears at the same time as the after-image effect. I float down towards the couple. In the midst of their tears, they are kissing much more peacefully.

Footsteps approach in the corridor. Alex covers Moira's mouth to smother the noise of her breathing. They both freeze. Someone knocks on the door. It's Mario again.

Mario (OS) - Moira?... Are you alright? Let me in...

The police are here, they want to talk to you.

Moira sits up. Alex does the same, obviously panicked.

Moira - ...Yeah. I'm... OK. Wait for me downstairs

Mario... I'll be right down...

Mario (OS) - Do you need anything?

Moira - No... Thank you. Wait for me downstairs.

Mario presses up against the door.

Mario (OS) - Moira... I love you.

Moira cannot suppress an awkward look before sadness washes over her face again.

Moira - I'll be right with you...

Mario's footsteps disappear off.

After a last tender touch, Alex and Moira get up and fix their clothes in silence.

Alex - Who told you he's dead?

Moira - A guy who was at the bar...

Alex - They killed him in the bar?

Moira shrugs her shoulders. Alex looks out of the window, crushed.

Moira takes her outfit off and slips her yellow dress on.

Alex - Maybe he's wrong, maybe he's only wounded...

Moira shrugs her shoulders and finishes dressing.

Moira - I don't know... I'm off...

She looks down. Alex too.

Then they look up at each other but no longer dare kiss.

Moira looks distant.

Alex starts to get edgy.

Moira - What are you going to do?

Alex - Right now I'm gonna hide out. They've got my ID...

Alex doesn't know what to say. They pace round the room. Moira watches him anxiously.

Alex - I've got to go...

Moira - Take care of yourself...

Alex goes over to the fire exit.

Alex - See you soon...

He opens the door and checks no-one is outside. Not knowing how to say goodbye to Moira he disappears down the stairs. My sister watches him go, then closes the door. She leans against the makeup table. I go up to her face. She looks up and stares straight ahead.

Moira (very softly, to herself) - Oscar... You can't leave me...

Then she lowers her eyes, helpless.

Moira - ... You can't just die like that... You promised me...

Following these words my vision flickers around my sister who is unconsciously rubbing her thumbs together.

In a flash, I see two children's thumbs slit open and bonding their blood.

Moira looks up again and wraps her arms around her chest.

A gust of wind she cannot feel shoots through the room. Then, while I am desperately trying to make her feel my presence by swirling around her, Moira starts sobbing painfully again.

The image of my sister in tears blurs and turns into an image of her as a child while other silhouettes form around her.

26 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(INTERIOR DRESSING ROOM, NEITHER DAY NOR NIGHT)

Translucent bodies gradually take shape in the room bathed in an indeterminate white, diffuse light. It is neither day nor night, nor interior nor exterior. The silhouettes float motionless, like in a state of weightlessness, some tilted but most of them horizontal. It soon becomes clear that they are not ghosts, but the faces and figures of multiple memories resurfacing in my mind.

One of these vision seems clearer than the others. It is the vision of a couple in their thirties looking at me with peaceful smiles, like they can see me. Their smiles fill me with joy and peacefulness.

The woman - Oscar...

Me (OS) - Mom... Dad...

then other images of my parents invade the space I am in. They superimpose each other or drive each other away at great speed.

These are the fragments of my past appearing in chaotic disorder.

What remained of the dressing room disappears...

27 - SERIES OF FLASHBACKS

(VARIOUS PLACES AND TIMES)

Other memories flash nervously by, forming a rapid, disorganized reflection of what my short life had been.

My youth, my childhood, my birth and my death flash past in no chronological order, interwoven with semi-abstract images (landscapes, houses, clouds, flowers, reflections in water, unknown faces, etc...)*

The first images are very short, almost subliminal:

- Age 3, I hold my newborn kid sister Moira in my arms. I am at the beach with my parents on a rainy afternoon. A fabulous rainbow stretches overhead.
- Later, I am lying on a bed, sick, and my mother gives me something to eat.
- Age 3, I rub myself against a damp towel hanging in a sunny laundry room.
- Age 6, with two friends, I sniff a pair of women's panties.
- Moira, grown-up, gets undressed in front of me.
- Age 6, I unfold the photo of a woman wearing a wet bikini coming out of the sea.
- My mother undressing in the bathroom.
- Around .5, I am in my bath with little Moira. We are laughing and looking at my father who is taking a picture of us.
- My parents arguing.
- Me hitting a boy at the orphanage.
- Victor trying to hit me.
- Victor's mother, a beautiful woman much older than me, kisses me on the mouth.

* Director's note : During these memories, the POV of Oscar's vision will not quite be a "subjective vision" any more, rather a kind of synthesised mental reconstruction of the past. In this part of the movie, more classically shot and more broken down, Oscar's vision will stand slightly back from his body which we will often see in the foreground with his back turned, or 3/4 turned, to us but rarely facing us. Moreover, the outline of his body will often be dark and undefined during these memories.

- Me as a child, sleeping in the same bed as Moira.
- Age 20, kissing beautiful Moira in front of a bus.
- As a child, tickling little Moira trapped between my knees.
- Moira smiling at Mario.
- Me walking down the street with Mario towards the bar.
- Victor waiting for me at the bar and giving me a worried look.
- Age 2, rolling between my parents in their bed while my mother breast-feeds baby Moira.
- Me as a baby, sucking at my mother's huge breast.
- Age 12, swimming underwater in a public swimming pool.
- My father holds me up in the air and spins round and round. I am 3.
- Age 6, clutching my mother who is stroking me and my little sister while my father packs bags into the trunk in the background.

28 - FLASHBACK

(EXTERIOR CHILDHOOD HOME, DAY)

The rhythm of my memories finally slows down on this last scene that took place in the mid 80's.

My mother is comforting Moira and me while my father puts the last bag in the trunk.

Me (to my mother) - Will your plane fly real high?

My mother - Yes, way above the clouds. It's very beautiful.

I cling tighter to my mother.

My mother - Don't worry, the week will fly by. And daddy will take good care of you.

We get in the car, my parents in the front and us in back. My mother turns round to tell us to fasten our seat belts.

29 - FLASHBACK

(EXTERIOR ROAD + INTERIOR TUNNEL, DAY)

My mother - Watch out...!

A few minutes later, my parents' car is driving towards the entrance of a narrow tunnel. A red light is on above it. My father doesn't seem to have noticed it and drives in all the same.

Suddenly a truck arriving in the opposite direction appears, heading straight for us. The white headlights fill the whole screen. The sound of a horn and screeching brakes rings out.

30 - FLASHBACK

(EXTERIOR BUILDING AND TUNNEL ROAD, DAY)

The white clears away. Moira and I are on the side of the road, in front of a building beside the entrance to the tunnel. We are looking at a fireman who walks over awkwardly and crouches down in front of us.

Fireman - Your parents... they're...

Still in shock, we look at him without understanding. The fireman is increasingly ill at ease.

Fireman - I mean... they won't be coming back...

Some way behind him, in the midst of the emergency services coming and going and the crowd of onlookers, ambulance men are carrying two covered bodies on stretchers to a waiting ambulance.

The scrunch of metal slamming into metal, the screech of brakes and the shattering of glass fills the air...

29 cont. - FLASHBACK

(EXTERIOR ROAD + TUNNEL, DAY)

The truck rams my parents car into a wall at the entrance to the tunnel. The windscreen shatters to smithereens. The inside of the car is splattered with blood and shards of glass. In an ultimate reflex reaction, I crouch over my sister and protect her with my body...

31 - FLASHBACK
(INTERIOR AUNT'S APARTMENT, DAY)

The sounds of the accident disappear.

A lovely photo of my parents with flowers around them is displayed on the telephone table.

My aunt (OS) You know we'd really like to be able to keep you both, Oscar...

I turn to look at my aunt who is very seriously explaining her worries to me. I am sitting with little 4-year-old Moira on one of the two camp beds that are cluttering up a very modest living room. A few toys lie beside us. Sitting nearby, little 2-year-old Tito looks dumbly at us.

My aunt - ... But it it's impossible...

As I don't say anything, my aunt adds, awkwardly:

My aunt - One day you'll understand what money is. Money decides everything...

Moira and I look at her in silence.

32 - FLASHBACK
(INTERIOR PARENTS' APARTMENT, NIGHT)

A few days later, sitting in the darkness of my parents' yellow bedroom, I talk to my little sister.

Me (OS) - They don't want us. They're going to separate us. Aunt wants us to go to an orphanage.

Moira and I are sitting on the floor under a dark window. Suitcases and boxes are piled around us.

Moira - We won't see each other any more?

Me - No... but...

My sister's lips droop sadly.

I want to say something else but I swallow my words. I fix the razor blade I am holding then turn to Moira.

Me - I promise we'll never leave each other...

33 - FLASHBACK
(EXTERIOR PARK, LATE AFTERNOON)

Moira and I, grown-up, are lying on our backs on the grassy slope of a large park scattered with autumn leaves.

The sun is hot behind the trees. Moira is wearing her golden yellow dress.

Me - Do you remember the promise we made after mom and dad died?

Moira - Kind of...

Moira half-shuts her eyes pensively, searching for the memory.

Me - But it was a blood pact... (I giggle)... You sure you don't remember?

She doesn't reply but inspects her thumb.

Moira - Umm...

32 cont. - FLASHBACK (INTERIOR PARENTS APARTMENT, NIGHT)

Back to the promise with my little sister.

Moira - You'll never ever leave me?

Me - Never.

I take my sister's hand and hold the razor blade up to it. Moira is frightened and pulls her arm away.

Me - You have to... This is how pacts are made.

I squeeze her hand tight and cut a small nick in her thumb. Then I cut mine. and we bond our two thumbs together. Blood trickles down our hands. Moira goes pale, impressed. The sight of blood makes her groan. We look at each other dizzily.

34 - FLASHBACK (CORRIDOR ORPHANAGE, MORNING)

A few days later I am hugging a tearful little Moira. I give her a big kiss and stroke her hair to soothe her.

A man (OS) - Come on now, time to go...

I reluctantly break away from my sister and pick up a small suitcase. We are in a large gray corridor, near the open door of the director's office. Uncle and aunt are there, looking at us. My aunt wipes the tears from her eyes and picks Moira up. My uncle awkwardly places his hand on my shoulder.

Uncle - Aren't you going to say goodbye?

I break away from him without a word and without a glance. Then I wave softly at my sister.

Me - Don't worry, Moira...

I go over to the man in the gray uniform who is waiting for me and walk off down the corridor with him.

Moira tries to wriggle out of my aunt's arms and calls out to me.

35 - FLASHBACK

(ORPHANAGE CORRIDOR AND YARD, MORNING)

At the other end of the corridor the supervisor opens a door and we walk out into a large inner yard. The supervisor points to the wing opposite.

Supervisor - And the dormitories are up there.

A little way away, a group of boys throw us scornful looks and whisper among themselves.

36 - FLASHBACK

(EXTERIOR ORPHANAGE YARD, DAY)

A few years later in the courtyard, a small group of boys wearing gym kits and aged around 10, like me, come over.

One of them, a boy a head taller than the others wearing glasses, addresses me confidentially. The other kids are already laughing.

Boy - Say, wasn't your mother's name Elsa?

I warily calculate my reply.

Me - ... Uh huh... Why?

Boy - I knew her real well, you know... well no, I mean... My father and... a friend of his knew her real well. She was good, huh... a real horny bitch. Apparently she used to make love like dogs, on all fours...

The boy leans over and thrusts his hips to and fro in an obscene gesture. The other boys are laughing their heads off. My lips quiver. And my fist punches the boy with

the glasses right in the nose. He was hoping I would do that. He grabs me by the neck and pushes me up against the wall. Then he knees me in the stomach, several times.

Boy - Don't ever do that again you sonofabitch!

The other kids form a tight ring around us and watch me having my head bashed in with great interest.

37 - FLASHBACK

(INTERIOR PARENTS APARTMENT, DAY)

I am 5. My face is scratched and I am crying. My tender smiling mother consoles me and tends to my wound. Behind us, little Moira is playing noisily.

38 - FLASHBACK

(INTERIOR ORPHANAGE DORMITORY, DAY)

Back to the orphanage. I am about 10 and have bruises all over my face. I am lying on my bed, reading a letter written by a child and covered in little drawings and hearts.

Dear Oscar,

This year I have super new friends in the home, real nice. But the teachers want to drive me crazy. When are you coming to see me? I don't love you but I adore you!!!

Your loving little sister,

Moira xoxoxo

Write back soon please!

39 - FLASHBACK

(INTERIOR DORMITORY GIRL'S HOME, DAY)

A few years later, now a teenager, I finish off a letter to my sister and re-read the last words:

*I'll come see you soon.
I got my ticket already.
Love and kisses,*

Oscar

I slip the letter into an envelope covered in large colored drawings. Then I take an old photo out of an exercise book and look at it. It's a very happy picture of Moira and me in the bath. We are looking at the camera and laughing. I look about 5, Moira is 3.

40 - FLASHBACK

(INTERIOR BUS, DAY)

Age 16, I am sitting in a bus. I tuck the photo away into my wallet. Then I turn to look at the industrial suburban streets rolling past the windows.

41 - FLASHBACK

(EXTERIOR MOIRA'S HOME, DAY)

I am standing in front of the austere gray front of a girl's home. I want to see Moira. But a woman at the reception refuses to let me in.

Woman - I'm sorry, but she's gone on an outing with her class for three days. But I can tell her you came, Mr...?

Me - I'm her brother...

42 - FLASHBACK
(EXTERIOR SPORTS GROUND, DAY)

Me - ... My sister's got some real cute friends... and you know what? She told me some of them will even let you go all the way...

I am chatting with Victor who is 16, like me, while friends of ours play an improvised baseball game on a municipal ground.

43 - FLASHBACK
(EXTERIOR STREET, DAY)

Another time, Victor and I are walking down a suburban street.

Me - What about you, have you got laid yet?

Victor - ... Nah... not yet... have you?

Me - I've slept with two people already, but they were whores.

Victor - Is it good?

Me - It's real good inside... it's all warm and wet.

44 - FLASHBACK
(INTERIOR VICTOR'S APARTMENT, EVENING)

Suzy - And what happened to your parents?

I am 20 now. I am having dinner with Victor and his parents in a bourgeois apartment. Victor's mother, Suzy, is looking at me. She is in her late forties, beautiful and friendly.

Me - They died in an accident...

Suzy - Oh... (she hesitates)... Both of them?

45 - FLASHBACK
(EXTERIOR ROAD + TUNNEL, DAY)

New fragments of the accident come back to me: emergency workers getting me and my little sister out of the back seat of the car. -We are both in a state of shock. While they lead us towards a building, I look back and

glance through the front window where I see the bloody, motionless bodies of my parents slumped among the debris of glass and steel. The sight fills me with terror.

44 cont. - FLASHBACK

(INTERIOR VICTOR'S APARTMENT, EVENING)

Back to Victor's apartment.

Suzy - And you don't have a girlfriend?

Me - No...

Victor smiles stupidly.

I look at Suzy...

46 - FLASHBACK

(INTERIOR ANONYMOUS BEDROOM, EVENING)

A few months later, in an anonymous bedroom, Suzy is undressing in front of me. she has a different hairstyle.

I discover the details of her curvy body.

Me - And your husband isn't jealous...?

Suzy - Don't you worry about him.

I stroke her hips with my hand then hold her lovingly in my arms.

44 cont. - FLASHBACK

(INTERIOR VICTOR'S APARTMENT)

Victor's father (OS) - You know, if you're looking for a job...

Back to the meal. I take my eyes off Suzy and look at her husband.

Father - I have a friend with a video company who's looking for a runner... But he doesn't want Victor. You can go see him, tell him I sent you.

Victor stares at his plate and munches his food.

47 - FLASHBACK
(INTERIOR VIDEO COMPANY, DAY)

I leave the video office, which is covered in porn movie posters, carrying a package and go down into the courtyard where a motorbike is parked. Victor is waiting for me down there.

Victor - My mom told me you managed to rent the room. Don't you want to show me?

Me - Not today. I got work to do.

48 - FLASHBACK
(INTERIOR STUDIO, DAY)

I am sitting in my studio, still virtually empty, with Max, a friend my age, his girlfriend and Alex. We are drinking brews. Alex looks at the walls.

Alex - How much do you pay here?

Me - 400 bucks...

Alex turns round and pulls a face.

Me - But with the job it's fine...

Max - Did you know Alex here's the guy that shares a loft with your cousin Tito?

Me - Oh yeah?

49 - FLASHBACK
(INTERIOR LOFT, DAY)

Afternoon in Alex and Tito's loft.

One side is full of Alex's mess - paints, models, sculptures...

On the other side are squirly paintings, signed by Tito.

Me - I didn't want to see your parents. That's why I never came to see you...

I am slightly uneasy and remain standing while talking to my young 18-year-old cousin.

Me - ... I'll never forgive them for putting Moira and me in separate homes, you know...

Tito looks down. Alex intervenes.

Alex - How 'bout going to the movies? The best movie ever made is playing tonight.

Me (to Tito) - ... But I'm real happy to see you. I slip my arm around Tito's shoulder. He smiles.

50 - FLASHBACK

(INTERIOR MOVIE THEATER, SEMI-DARKNESS)

Tito, Alex and I are in a seedy movie theater. A very scratched copy of "2001, a Space Odyssey" is on the screen. The astronaut is crossing the door to infinity. Shots of colored lights flash by at breakneck speed.

51 - FLASHBACK

(INTERIOR UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT, NIGHT)

Tubes of light zoom by. I am riding the motorbike from work in an underground parking lot. Tito is behind me. The long concrete corridor is lit for 100 yards by rows of neon tubes.

Me - You'll see, it'll be like in "2001"... Make sure you look at the tubes on the ceiling, that's what makes it cool. I start up and go straight to fourth gear. Tito is laughing and clinging on tight. The neons zip by super-fast. I go full speed. Tito goes tense.

Tito - Stop!

Me - But look!

The back wall is approaching fast...

For a split second, the image of a truck crushing my parents' car flashes up.

I brake at the last moment. But the motorbike skids and crashes into the wall.

We jumped off in time so we're not hurt. But the fork of the bike is completely shot.

52 - FLASHBACK
(INTERIOR STUDIO, DAY)

Later the same day I am cleaning the wounds I got from the accident. Suzy is next to me.

Suzy - What's happened about the bike then?

Me - Well, I have to pay the boss for the repairs. And they fired me.

Suzy - I might be able to help you...

Me - That's very nice of you, but I wouldn't feel right.

Suzy - Listen, you don't need to behave like that with me.

She throws me a motherly smile.

53 - FLASHBACK
(INTERIOR STUDIO, DAY)

A few hours later I'm on my bed, kissing Suzy. She has undressed down to her corset. I stroke her breasts in silence. Suzy fingers my flies and starts to undo them.

Suzy - Have you ever slept with a boy?

I'm surprised, then annoyed by the question.

Me - Hell no, never...

Suzy - Good...

She finishes unbuttoning my pants and slides her delectable hand inside. At the same time I go down on her plump breasts and slip one of her nipples into my mouth.

54 - FLASHBACK
(INTERIOR SEX-SHOP, DAY)

Alex and I are flicking through magazines in a huge sex shop. We are in front of the "Over 40" video section.

Me - Don't tell anyone, but I slept with Victor's mother.

Alex congratulates me and puts the magazine he was looking at back on the shelf.

Alex - Oh yeah? Tell me all!

Me (evasively) - She's hot...

We laugh.

Alex - Me too, I prefer older women.

55 - FLASHBACK
(INTERIOR STUDIO, DAY)

I pin a small cut ad out of the paper for a job as assistant concert lighting technician on the wall of my studio, next to a poster of a naked girl. I am wearing a towel and am still wet from my shower.

There is a knock at the door. I open it. Victor comes in and perches on the arm of the sofa.

Victor - Am I disturbing you?

Me - Not at all.

I take the towel off and slip my pants on. Out the corner of my eye I see Victor quietly eyeing my body. I quickly finish dressing.

Victor - You going out?

Me - Yeah... I'm going to see some friends of Alex's.

Victor - Can I come?

Me - Nah, it's kinda complicated... We're going to pick up some stuff...

Victor - What? Pot?

Me - Yeah... And some other stuff..

Victor - What other stuff?

Me - Some E maybe...

Victor - Ohh... If you find some could you get some for me?

Me - Erm... OK, but not this time...

56 - FLASHBACK
(LANDING + STAIRS BRUNO'S BUILDING, NIGHT)

Bruno, a real nice guy my age, shakes hands with Alex and me.

Bruno - So call me next week for the E.

I nod and he shuts the door. Alex stashes a package away in his jacket. We go down the stairs.

Me - Let's have a look.

Alex motions to me to be discreet.

Me - Did you get a good deal?

Alex - Yup. And it's that new Amsterdam pot they grow in labs. It's four times stronger than the other stuff...
Alex takes a ready-rolled joint out of his pocket and hands it to me. I get my lighter out, light the joint and take two drags.

57 - FLASHBACK

(EXTERIOR STREET IN FRONT OF BRUNO'S BUILDING, NIGHT)

Alex and I leave the harsh gray building and walk along a deserted street lined with disused factories. We pass the joint as we go. **Alex** turns round from time to time to check we're not being followed.

58 - FLASHBACK

(EXTERIOR BY CANAL, NIGHT)

A different night. We are dressed differently and leaning against the parapet of a quay opposite a small canal.

Me - God, this stuff really is strong!... I never really understood how a few drags of broken leaves could blow your mind open like this...

Alex - I dunno... It's some kinda electro-chemical thing going on between the neurons... But drugs aren't the only thing that can do that, you know. Apparently when you have an accident, your brain can secrete enough adrenalin to make you disconnect in a few seconds. You feel like you've gone out of your body and you're going back over your whole life.

Me (fascinated) - Oh yeah?

Alex can't find the words any more. We're totally out of it. Our eyes are red and our movements are getting more and more shaky.

Alex - ... Yeah... But the most mind-blowing thing I've tried up to now is DMT and acid. The problem is that stuff really fries your brain.

A long pensive silence follows while **Alex** and I look at the surface of the canal in front of us. Further off the canal disappears under a brick archway. Down the street,

the silhouette of an old man carrying plastic bags goes by. Alex motions in that direction.

Alex - See that arch? That's where you go into the "underworld".

Me - Oh, yeah... And how do you know there are people living in there?

Alex - Everyone knows it. They're bums, or illegal workers... At least they can hide out in there. Apparently you get whole families down there.

Me - Have you been inside?

Alex - Nah, not yet...

Me - It must be a nightmare...

We look at the canal again. And lose ourselves in deep thought.

59 - FLASHBACK

(INTERIOR BAR, NIGHT)

Later the same night, Alex and I are drinking beer at a table at the "Here or There". A TV set is on above the counter. A sensationalist documentary on the chemistry of the brain and brain cells is on. We see endoscopic shots of the inside of a human brain. It looks like a maze of tunnels full of floating purpley-gray filaments.

Still-stoned, we are watching it attentively, our mouths hanging open a bit too much. The owner stares at us with an "I aint stupid" look on his face. He whispers something to a customer at the bar. Alex notices and leans over to me with an unnecessarily dramatic look.

Alex - Do you feel the bad vibes here?

Me - No...

Alex - Let's get out of here. I'm too wasted.

60 - FLASHBACK
(INTERIOR LOFT, DAY)

Another day, I'm in Alex's loft with him. A few sculptures and near-finished models are scattered on the floor. Tito is there too. He is concentrating hard on a painting he's doing. Alex says to me:

Alex - Say, seeing as you're interested in altered states of consciousness...

Alex is looking for something on a bookshelf.

Alex - ... you should read this...

It's "The Tibetan Book of the Dead". I look at the pretty mandala printed on the cover.

Me - What is it?

Alex - It tells you about what's waiting for you when you die.

Me - What do you mean?

Alex - When you die, your spirit leaves your body and starts flying around... The weird thing is that some people say they've experienced the same thing by doing breathing exercises. They call it an "out-of-body projection". I tried it once.

Me - What did you do?

Alex - Well, you have to slow your breathing down... You start off breathing in for five seconds, you keep the air inside you five seconds, you breathe out for five seconds and then you keep your lungs empty for five seconds. Then you slow down progressively to six seconds, then seven, eight... You end up breathing once every two minutes, or less even... I'll lend you a special cassette I've got...

61 - FLASHBACK
(INTERIOR STUDIO, NIGHT)

Another day, at my place, I'm doing "out of body" exercises. Hypno-healing music from my cassette player wafts through the room. A male voice with a blank, serious tone recites what to do.

Following his advice, I am stretched out on the bed with my eyes closed and my right hand in a glass of water. Keeping with the rhythm of the music, I try to slow my breathing down. All the lights are out. But the sounds of the street outside break my concentration and I open my eyes.

62 - FLASHBACK

(INTERIOR STAIRWAY + HALL STUDIO, DAY)

Me - I can't do it, you know.

Alex and I are walking down the stairs in my building. We cross the entrance hall.

Alex - That's normal. You need a lot of training. And when it starts working you freak out and it stops.

Me - Yeah, but did you feel anything?

Alex - Yes, once... I saw myself from the outside, I was floating above myself. It barely lasted a second, but I was real scared.

Alex - Why?

Alex - I thought I wouldn't be able to come back.

I stop in front of my mail box and open it.

I find a letter that makes me go all quiet. I open it and start reading it while Alex carries on talking.

Alex (OS) - It apparently happens to schizophrenics, without them trying. I had an aunt... she was drinking her tea one day and she found herself inside her cup looking up at herself...

I'm real excited by the letter. I look back up at Alex.

Me - It's from Moira, my sister...

63 - FLASHBACK

(EXTERIOR MOIRA'S GIRLS' HOME, DAY)

A few months earlier, I'm walking in the street with Moira who has already grown into a woman with serious breasts. We are walking along the outside of the home. My sister looks a bit sad. She doesn't take her eyes off me.

Moira - I could come and live with you?

Me (very proud) - Of course...

Two of Moira's wild-looking friends giggle behind us.

The girls - What about us?

Moira finally laughs and waves to them to shut up.

62 cont. - FLASHBACK
(EXTERIOR HALL + STREET STUDIO, DAY)

Me - ... She's arriving Sunday...

Alex and I leave the building and walk alongside the front.

Alex - Has it been a long time since you last saw her?

Me - Months.

Then I add proudly:

Me (over-excited) - You'll see, she's turned into a real bombshell...

64 - FLASHBACK
(EXTERIOR STATION, RAINY DAWN)

A beautiful pair of women's legs walk down the bus steps. My eyes travel up them, discovering high-heeled ankle boots, a mini-skirt, then Moira's bust and face.

It's dawn. It's raining in front of the bus station and I'm soaked. Moira gets off the metallic gray bus, followed by other passengers. She is indeed very beautiful. I'm very moved. I give her a clumsy hug and kiss her on the cheek. Moira smiles the whole time but doesn't say anything.

Me - Did you have a good trip?

Moira - Uh huh...

The luggage haul of the bus opens and a man gets Moira's bags out. I take them. They are heavy.

65 - FLASHBACK

(INTERIOR STUDIO, RAINY MORNING)

We get back to my studio and set the bags down. The apartment is spick-and-span. I have set up another bed opposite mine.

Tired from the journey, Moira throws herself onto the bed I point out to her.

Me - Do you want me to show you round town?

Moira - OK... Later.

She settles down and takes off her jacket and cardigan, revealing a figure-hugging white cotton tank-top. Then she stretches out on the bedspread. But her presence has got me all in a tizz and I pace around tidying objects on the table for no reason. Then I turn round and look at her again.

66 - FLASHBACK

(OSCAR'S CHILDHOOD ROOM, RAINY DAY)

My sister and I, age 6 and 4, wearing just our underwear, are cuddling on a bed covered in a bedspread that looks a bit like the ones at my studio. We can hear the rain against the window.

67 - FLASHBACK

(INTERIOR STUDIO, RAINY DAY)

Moira is now sitting on the bed. She looks out the window at the rain falling outside.

Moira - Does it rain like this every day here?

Me - No.

Moira - Our there places to go out at night?
I hesitate.

Me - Sure, there are loads of places...

Moira - To go dancing?

Me - Uhh... there are raves the whole time.

Moira - Cool! I'm the techno queen!

I burst out laughing.

Me - That's great, 'cos Max gave me some invites for a club that's just opened... I don't know if it's any good, but we can always go take a look...

Moira - Will you have E?

I look at her, thrown.

Me - Well, we'll see...

68 - FLASHBACK

(INTERIOR NIGHTCLUB, NIGHT)

In the club, in the middle of the jam-packed dance floor, Moira is going for it, dancing quite lewdly in a bodystocking and super-clingy hot-pants. Moving in rhythm to the music, she slides her hands up her long, supple thighs and up to her breasts, caressing them and simulating a state of trance before lifting her arms up to the ceiling. Her mouth parts open and carefree happiness is written all over her face. There are guys around her who cannot take their eyes off her. Further off Tito is rubbing up against Nelly, a fresh-faced, spontaneous 15 year-old girl. The atmosphere is pretty robotic, fashion and homo.

Alex and I are sitting on a chair by the dance floor, watching my sister's dance in amusement.

Alex - She's on something isn't she?

Me - Does it show?

The DJ leads into an "ambient" track. Moira comes over. Tito and Nelly come over too. Alex smiles at my sister.

Alex - You're a hot dancer!

Moira (ecstatic with joy) - When I dance I lose all control!

Tito giggles. Moira looks Alex in the eye.

Alex - I'm real pleased to meet you at last. Oscar's been telling me about you for so long.

The techno music starts up again.

Moira - Are you dancing?

Alex - No, not just yet.

Mario, who we don't know yet, comes over and tries to talk to Moira. She is surprised and not sure whether to answer.

I drag her away, saying we're leaving.

Moira smiles at him as he walks away.

I pick up our things and we leave the dance floor after saying goodbye to Alex, Tito and Nelly.

60 - FLASHBACK

(EXTERIOR NIGHTCLUB + STREETS, NIGHT)

Moira puts her coat on in front of the entrance to the "Power".

A drunken man next to us is feeling up a girl's ass. Moira looks at them. The man notices and says to me:

Man - Hey, is your chick horny like this too?

I'm embarrassed and I look away. But Moira laughs.

We walk away from the club and down an avenue without saying anything.

Then Moira breaks the silence.

Moira - Do you go visit mom and dad's grave much?

Me - No, never, it freaks me out too much...

70 - FLASHBACK

(INTERIOR STUDIO, DAY)

I am looking at a photo of my parents that I had slipped inside "The Tibetan Book of the Dead". Feeling Moira watching me, I tuck the photo back inside the book and look at her. It's daytime. We are sitting at the table in my studio.

Me - Listen to this...

I read her the summary on the back cover of the book. Moira is wearing a small pair of panties and a sweater. She goes back to making a sandwich and turns the spacey music on the radio down.

Me (with conviction) - ... "In the first days following death, the dead person's spirit still believes it is among the living. It flies around them and tries to communicate,

but the living can no longer feel its presence. Then a first dazzling light appears to the spirit. It is a pathway to a higher plane where the spirit will finally be able to merge into the void. But most often the spirit backs off, frightened. In the next few days, other lights appear, each time a different color. But they are already weaker and less beautiful. The spirit clings on to the world of the living and refuses to let the lights carry it off to higher planes. Finally the lights disappear and the deceased's visions become more and more harrowing. For a long time the disembodied solitary spirit cannot find peace anywhere. Then one day the yellow glows appear. These are the last doors that will bring the dead person back to the world of the living. He sees couples making love inside the glows. He approaches them, closer each time. He finally visualizes a future life and slips into the womb he has chosen."

I look at Moira who obviously hasn't followed any of this.

Moira - You haven't joined a sect, I hope?

Me - Of course I haven't... It's...

Moira - Because whether they're Christians, Buddhists or Scientologists, they're all just as bad as each other. It's incredible how much bullshit they'll dream up to take your money off you and make you follow them like sheep.

Me - Yes, I know... But this is completely different...

Moira - Oh wake up! We're at the dawn of the year 2000. And it's about time all that stuff stopped.

I shut up and put the book back down, annoyed.

71 - FLASHBACK

(INTERIOR STUDIO, DAY)

A few minutes later my sister, still in her underwear, is washing the cutlery at the sink. She suddenly looks up at me.

Moira - Incidentally, how do you make a living?

Me - And you?

Moirira - You have to have a job, don't you?

Me - I don't know... What you really need is a well-defined goal.

Moirira - ... But it doesn't look like you do...

Me (annoyed) - What about you, what do you most wish for in the world?

Moirira looks up and thinks.

Moirira - I don't know... the man of my dreams, perhaps.

Me - See?... You don't aim very high... The classic old stuff, a husband, a child, an apartment, a car... That's a pretty tacky lifetime goal, wouldn't you say?

My sister looks at me in surprise.

72 - FLASHBACK

(EXTERIOR STREET STUDIO, DAY)

Moirira - OK, I'm off...

Victor and I are sitting on a public bench. Moirira leaves us and heads towards our building.

Me (to Victor) - Do you still want some E? I may be able to get some good ones.

Victor - Through Alex?

Me - No, not at all... Why through Alex?

Victor - No reason... Sure, I'd love some.

Me - They come in bags of 40...

Victor - Can we split them?

Me - No, I don't have any money. But I can get them for you if you like, then maybe you can give me some?

Victor - OK. How much are they?

But I don't reply. For I have just caught sight of my sister on the sidewalk opposite, talking to someone. Mario. He hands her something that looks like a business card. And she pockets it.

73 - FLASHBACK
(INTERIOR STUDIO, NIGHT)

Me - What did that guy want this afternoon?
It's night time. My sister is in her bed and I am in mine. I watch Moira for a moment. She carries on flicking through her magazine without answering. She finally puts it down and looks at me.
Me - He says his boss is looking for dancers.
Me (suspicious) - Who's his boss?
Moira - The guy who owns the "Power". He told me to go see them tomorrow.
Me - But what would you do at the "Power"?
Moira shrugs her shoulders.
Moira - I don't know. I'll find out tomorrow.
I turn away, like I'm ready to go to sleep.
But the tick-tock of the alarm clock next to me prevents me from closing my eyes.
Me - Well, I'll come with you anyway.
I hear Moira sighing.

74 - FLASHBACK
(INTERIOR OFFICE NIGHTCLUB, EVENING)

Owner - ... All you have to do is dance sexily above the dance floor. If you're talented it's an easy, well-paid job, but you'll have to see what the other girls do... You can stay tonight. And if you're interested we'll try you out.
The owner, Moira, Mario and I are sitting in the owner's office.
Moira accepts.

75 - FLASHBACK
(INTERIOR NIGHTCLUB, NIGHT)

Later on, two very beautiful girls, one of whom is Morgane, are doing a double striptease on a small platform above the half-full dance floor. The metallic

lighthouse is not on, but other lighting effects spin round in time to the music.

Mario serves us a drink at the bar. I'm drunk already. My presence seems to be disturbing Moira who has turned her back on me. I take her arm, interrupting her inaudible conversation with Mario, but she doesn't even turn round. I finish my drink and turn to Mario.

Me - Say, you haven't even talked money with her...

Mario - It's paid... I dunno... 200 bucks a night I think. I tot this up in my head.

Me - And... er, do you need a lighting technician? That's my job...

Moira barely conceals her impatience.

Mario - I don't decide that kind of stuff.

Me - Well maybe your boss could answer me?

Mario answers with a fixed smile.

Mario - ... I don't think he needs anything right now...

76 - FLASHBACK

(EXTERIOR STREET, NIGHT)

Moira and I are walking home.

Moira - You were real heavy back there...

Me - What? I wasn't lying. I have a lighting certificate, don't I?

Moira shrugs her shoulders, irritated.

77 - FLASHBACK

(INTERIOR STUDIO, DAY)

Another day, in my studio, I am changing the light bulb above Moira's face in the mirror.

Morgane, the dancer from the "Power", is standing in front of the mirror, giving my sister clothes and accessories to try on. Then she piles Moira's hair up and puts a wig on her. They both seem to have forgotten I'm there.

Morgane strokes Moira's face.

Morgane - You're really wonderful... and I'm saying that with no ulterior motives...
I watch them in amusement for a minute, then leave the room.

78 - FLASHBACK
(INTERIOR BRUNO'S APARTMENT, EVENING)

I'm at Bruno's. Max is here too. Good psychedelic music is playing on the radio.

Me - Could I take a bag of E? I'll pay you this week...

Bruno - Who's it for?

Me - Me and a friend... You don't know him, but there's no danger.

Bruno hesitates.

Bruno - OK, but you gotta pay me by the end of the week... and keep your mouth shut...

Me - Sure, you can trust me.

Bruno - How many do you want?

Me - A bag of 50, is that alright?

Bruno - OK.

Bruno gets up and goes over to open a kind of safe. He takes a package out, unfolds it and takes the second last see-through bag with 50 pills inside. He hands it to me.

Bruno - You should put them in the fridge if you don't want them to go off.

I nod and tuck the bag safely away in the lining of my jacket.

Max - How's Moira doing?

Me - She's found a job doing stripteases... At the "Power".

Max - The "Power"? Great! We can go see her...

Max turns excitedly to Bruno who smiles and nods.

Me - I really don't think it's that big of a deal.

79 - FLASHBACK
(EXTERIOR NIGHTCLUB, NIGHT)

Another evening, I'm in front of the "Power" with Max.
I'm arguing with the bouncer.

me - Listen... My sister's dancing tonight.

Bouncer - Yeah well nobody told me nothing. I can't let you in...

Me - Can't you get her for me?... or... or Mario?

Bouncer (harder) - Watch my lips: NO. If you wanna come in you have to pay. Otherwise get out of here...

80 - FLASHBACK
(INTERIOR STUDIO, NIGHT)

Later on, at home. It's the middle of the night. The apartment is empty. I open the fridge and take out a tupperware where I stashed the bag of E. I take one out, pop it, and put the tupperware back in the freezer compartment.

Then I start pacing round the dark room. The wind is blowing in through the open window, carrying the sounds of a TV series that one of my neighbors must be watching.

TV (OS) - ... Under this skin, this flesh, flows the same blood that flows in my veins. And it will make you into a woman one day. A real woman. With my flesh and my blood...

I sit on my sister's bed and go through her things lying all over the bed. Underwear and bodystockings. I pick up a pair of white panties and press them up against my face...

66 B - FLASHBACK
(INTERIOR OSCAR'S CHILDHOOD ROOM, RAINY EVENING)

Lying on the bedspread of my childhood bed, Moira and I hug each other passionately in our white underwear. We are 4 and 6.

81 - FLASHBACK
(INTERIOR STUDIO, DAWN)

I open my eyes, woken by the early-morning sounds of the dustcarts in my street. It's dawn. I sit up on the sofa. Mcira's bed is empty, she hasn't come home. I close my eyes, shiver and stretch out.

82 - FLASHBACK
(INTERIOR STUDIO, MORNING)

A few hours later the same morning, while I'm sitting in front of my empty coffee cup, Moira comes in.

Moira - Hi.

I grumble a reply, turn my back on her and pretend to tidy up.

Moira instantly notices my bad mood.

Moira - What's up with you?

I turn to her.

Me - This place is a fucking mess. You can't even tidy your stuff away... and you could let me know when you're planning on sleeping over with that asshole of a barman...

Moira looks at me coldly.

Moira - Listen, if you mean Mario, I wasn't sleeping with him... and anyway, he's a great guy.

I purse my lips.

Me - You're pathetic.

Moira - Maybe. But at least I'm not fucked up...

Me - Do you use condoms at least?

Moira - That's none of your business.

Me - I know enough girls that have got infected to know it happens easier than you think.

Moira, cold as ice, turns her back on me and doesn't answer.

Me - I even know one who died from sleeping with one guy in her whole life...

Moira turns back round with an ironic sneer.

Moira - You're not jealous, are you?

I grab my jacket and leave, slamming the door behind me.

83 - FLASHBACK

(EXTERIOR ROAD, DAY)

Me - Jealous! Me?!

I slam my boot into an empty vegetable crate lying on the sidewalk, shattering it.

It's evening and I'm wandering aimlessly down the street. I go by a fence covered in political posters. One of them portrays a baby-faced man wearing a tie with the following slogan: "*Taxation, Corruption, Unemployment, Drugs, Immigration, AIDS. Stop the enemy within*", followed by the name of a party.

84 - FLASHBACK

(INTERIOR VICTOR'S APARTMENT, EVENING)

Victor's father is talking to his son, wrapping up a very simplistic explanation for world migratory movements and their perverse effects on international economy.

I am sitting at the table with them in front of the remains of dinner. Suzy gets up to take the dishes to the kitchen. She walks right by me and I can't help gazing at her butt. Unlike his father, Victor notices my gaze. And I sense his. An awkward silence reigns for a few moments. Then I get up a little hastily and clumsily gather up the bottles on the table before vanishing into the kitchen.

I set the bottles down near the fridge and go over to Suzy who is rinsing the plates. I stroke her arm.

Me - Suzy...

Suzy is very embarrassed. She pushes me away.

Suzy (low whisper) - Not here...

Right then Victor, who had come into the kitchen with some glasses, looks at us suspiciously. Suzy pales. I walk away from her and turn round to face the door.

Me (whispering to Victor) - Let's... let's go to my place... I've got some stuff...

Victor is still looking at his mother, trying to detect a new sign. He finally turns round and we go out.

85 - FLASHBACK

(INTERIOR STUDIO, NIGHT)

Later on, we're at my studio. Moira's not home. I show Victor the half-opened bag of E. He looks at it and nods.

Me - So I got you forty and I kept three. Is that OK?

Victor - Yeah, yeah...

Me - I popped one the other day. They're excellent. I put the bag down in front of Victor who is digging in his pocket to pay me. I pocket the bills then take a huge joint out of a small box. I light it and hand it to Victor.

Me - The really cool thing about buying large bags like that is that it costs you half as much.

Victor re-lights the joint, takes a few tokes and passes it to me. Then he points at the bag of pills.

Victor - I'm not going back home tonight... So I won't take them all. Just five or six. You can give me the rest later...

Me - No sweat.

Victor takes five E's out the bag and puts them in his cigarette pack. Then we toke away till the joint's finished. Reeling from the pot, I lie down on my back.

Me - Watch out... I can feel the rocket taking off...

We both get the giggles. Especially me, because Victor suddenly stops laughing and gets all serious.

Victor - You and I are friends, huh?

Me (worried) - Sure thing...

Victor - Can I ask you a question?

Me (still worried) - ... Yes...

Victor - Have you slept with my mother?

Me - What?

Chilled by the question, I sit up. Victor's voice is cracked, like he can no longer withhold a violent emotion.

Victor - Tell me the truth... Have you slept with my mother?

me (hesitant) - ... Yes...

Victor - You know, you're... you're...

Victor cannot finish his sentence, his lips are quivering too much. He grabs a bottle and throws it at me. I dodge it just in time.

Victor - ... You're lower than a piece of shit...

He dashes over to hit me. But I'm stronger than he is and I manage to retain him and pin him to the ground. Victor starts weeping his hatred. The tears spurt out of his eyes. At the same time, his cracked lips start pissing blood.

Victor - You have no idea...

He runs out the studio leaving the door open behind him. A few moments later I run after him...

86 - FLASHBACK

(EXTERIOR STREETS, NIGHT)

When I get out onto the street Victor has already disappeared.

I go as far as the corner of the dark street that is virtually deserted at this time of night.

When I reach the crossroads, I see several police vans controlling any colored passers-by that look like immigrants.

The pot is making me paranoid. My heart starts beating fast. I turn back.

87 - FLASHBACK

(INTERIOR STUDIO, DAWN)

Dawn breaks.

I sit up on my bed where I had fallen asleep with my clothes on. Moira is fast asleep on the bed next to me. Her sheet only covers half of her body. I look at her. Then get up and go sit by her. I run my hand over my sister's back. She turns over in her sleep. Her breasts are showing. I watch her for a long time, fascinated.

66 C - FLASHBACK

(OSCAR'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM, RAINY EVENING)

The memory of Moira and I, aged 4 and 6, in our underpants, hugging on a bed covered in a spread that looks like the ones in my studio, comes back to me. But this time my little sister cuddles up to me half-asleep and says:

Moira - I want to marry you.

87 cont. - FLASHBACK

(INTERIOR STUDIO, DAWN)

Back to the studio. Moira is still sleeping softly. I finally pull myself together and head towards the dark kitchen.

88 - FLASHBACK

(INTERIOR STUDIO, MORNING)

Daybreak in the kitchen.

Boiling liquid splutters. I am heating up some coffee. It is still very early. The noise of the pan wakes Moira who half opens her eyes.

Moira - What's going on?

me - Nothing. Just a minor anxiety attack.

Dead tired, I turn the stove off, pad over to the table and pour the coffee into two mugs.

Victor - I had a fight with Victor...

89 - FLASHBACK

(INTERIOR LANDING + STUDIO, DAY)

A minute later I am on the landing by my front door, opening a pack of cigarettes. I light one and go back inside. Dressed in a bathrobe and holding a towel in one hand, Moira is drying her hair.

Moira - Is Suzy... Victor's mother?

The question surprises me. I answer warily.

Me - Uh huh... Why..?

Moira - She just called to see if Victor was here. Seems he didn't come home all night...

me - Oh shit...

I puff nervously on my cigarette.

Moira puts the towel down.

I sit down pensively.

Moira shrugs her shoulders. Then she pulls a pair of panties on, takes her robe off and goes over to her yellow dressed lying on a chair.

Moira - Shall we go for a walk?

90 - FLASHBACK

(EXTERIOR PARK, LATE AFTERNOON)

Moira and I are lying on our backs on the sloping lawn of a large park littered with autumn leaves. The sun lights up the trees with its warm rays.

Me - All I want is for us to be happy together you know...

Moira looks at me in surprise.

Moira - Why do you say that...?

Me - I don't know. It's good to explain things sometimes, don't you think?

Moira - Depends... There's no point in dramatizing everything, you know. When there's a problem, talking about it only makes things worse...

me - You haven't understood what I meant...

Moira shrugs her shoulders but seems to be in a real good mood.

Me - By the way, remember the promise we made each other...?

32 C - FLASHBACK

(EXTERIOR BALCONY STUDIO, DUSK)

Half an hour later I'm leaning over the balcony finishing a cigarette.

The mental reconstruction of this moment in the past is no longer seen from the same angle at which I really

lived it. Moreover, the decor and the actions have become simplified.

Moira comes over and leans against the wooden railing next to me.

We look out at the evening sky. Above the towers in the distance, the little airplane scuds across the sky. It rises silently up towards the orange-tinted clouds. A fluffy white line trails out behind it.

me - Do you like flying?

Moira (OS) - No...

me - Why not?

I wait for her reply.

Moira (OS) - ... I'm scared...

The plane disappears into a cloud. I look at Moira who is staring blankly out into space.

Me - ... Scared of what?

Moira turns round and goes back inside.

92 - FLASHBACK

(INTERIOR STUDIO, DUSK)

I follow her in. She gathers up some things, puts them into her bag and heads for the door.

Moira - See you later.

She turns round in the doorway. We smile at each other. Suddenly all the sounds disappear.

I look at my sister in absolute silence. She is looking back at me.

The sounds resurface. I snap to and look away.

Me - See you soon.

The door closes behind Moira.

I sit down on the bed and look for a stub of a joint. I light it.

I lie down and smoke it while staring at the ceiling.

A few seconds later, I stub the filter out in the ashtray.

My hand gropes for the light switch on the wall and flicks it off. The light goes out. I close my eyes.

93 - DREAM

(INTERIOR DREAM TOILET STALL, NIGHT)

An image with a dark, badly-defined outline forms: I open a door and go into the squat-down toilet with the peeling walls. A slab in the middle is splattered with red stains. Above me, a white light bulb starts vibrating, as does the whole room. This phenomenon is accompanied by a loud whistle. I step back towards the door but it has disappeared, now replaced by a smooth wall. A phone rings. The dream dissolves...

94 - FLASHBACK

(INTERIOR STUDIO, NIGHT)

I wake up. It's night time. I pick up the phone, half asleep. A very nervous voice crackles down the line.

Victor (OS) - Oscar... It's Victor.

95 - FLASHBACK

(INTERIOR STUDIO, NIGHT)

A few minutes later, Alex is at my place.

I take the pills out the fridge.

Me - Victor's waiting for me at the bar... You coming with me?

Alex hesitates then nods.

He is sitting in an old beat-up armchair, flicking through "The Tibetan Book of the Dead".

Alex - So have you read it?

I put my shirt on. Then turn round to see which book he's talking about.

Me - Yeah... But can I keep it for another week?

Alex - Sure.

He closes the book.

I turn the lights out.

96 - FLASHBACK
(EXTERIOR STREETS, NIGHT)

Alex and I are walking down the street, heading for the "Here or There".

As we walk, the dialogs, decor and position of objects seem to change more and more in relation to my initial perception.

Alex - I read something you'd like today. Two friends make a promise: the one who dies first will come back and tell the other what happens after you die...

We turn the corner. A big concrete wall looms up at the end of the street.

Me - But I don't get it... What's the moral of your story?

Alex - Well... there's no moral. It's just that...

Alex takes a pack of cigarettes out his pocket. But it's empty. Disappointed, he chucks it on the ground.

Alex - ... You can't keep promises like that...

97 - FLASHBACK
(INTERIOR BAR, NIGHT)

Victor is waiting for me inside the bar, very agitated. I sit down opposite him.

Victor - Forgive me.

He looks over to the entrance. I turn round. The two plain clothes cops stare at me. I instinctively get up.

98 - FLASHBACK
(INTERIOR TOILET CUBICLE, NIGHT)

I lock myself into the toilet.

I nervously take the bag out of my pocket and throw it into the toilet. I pull the chain but it leaks and isn't powerful enough to flush the bag away. The police are trying to break the door down. I hear other men running over to help and shouting warnings. I'm going crazy with this bag still floating there. The little window opposite me is too narrow. The police are kicking the door and I'm losing all control. I block the door with my foot and

desperately yank the chain. A gunshot rings out on the other side of the door.

Suddenly, everything seem to slow down to a complete stop.

As though stopping time, my vision follows the bullet's path backwards towards the gun... then up towards the policeman's face... then past the faces of his colleagues watching... then through the bar up to Victor's face looking at the door to the bathroom in terror... then off towards the owner... and finally to Charlie behind the counter, who puts a bottle down.

Time then starts up again, but two minutes earlier, before the bullet was fired. From now on the sounds and the passing of time take on a purely emotional logic and I clearly perceive the feelings of each and every protagonist.

From Charlie's POV, I see myself dashing over to the bathroom, followed by the policemen. And I see Victor put his head in his hands and try to get up before a police officer makes him sit straight back down.

Finally I see the owner coming over to the toilets to see what's going on while the police shout in all directions.

My vision follows the owner's POV. But he stops when he sees one of the policemen banging on the door.

My vision zips over to the three policemen and takes on the POV of one of them, while I hear my own voice ringing out from behind the door.

Me (OS) - Watch out or I'll shoot!

I see the stunned surprise of the police who quickly move away from the door and make signs to each other.

One of the police officers (whispering) - Watch it, he may be tripping...

The officer whose POV I've adopted then sees one of them taking his gun out, while the third nods but motions to him to wait.

I hear me shouting threats through the door a second time.

The third officer then signals to the one with the gun to aim it at the lock. He does so. Then he signals to him to fire and just as he pulls the trigger, my vision rushes towards the gun. Time slows down again and my vision accompanies the bullet exploding out of the barrel, through the lock and straight into my chest. BANG! The bullet bursts out of my body and time and my memory go back to normal...

I double up, clutching my torn chest.

The police push on the door and I fall to my knees on the slab. The door finally bursts open. And I collapse with my head on the edge of the hole.

The white enamel is splattered with scale stains. A trickle of blood rolls along the surface and into the hole. The broken flushing system spurts out dribbling water. It wets the trainers of the police officer groping me down and shaking my head.

I'm lying on the ground in the fetal position on my right side. My right arm dangles over the hole. My sleeves are getting drenched in blood. My eyes stare wide open towards my hand. The soft trickling of the toilet flush gives the situation a falsely calm air. I suddenly cough blood onto the slab and my arm. I try to raise my hand but it is not responding, only one finger moves imperceptibly.

The sounds go muffled.

After a few final efforts my breathing stops and my eyes stop moving at the same time as my body.

I am no longer breathing.

The seconds tick silently by.

This final vision zooms backwards like it's plummeting into a pit...

99 - TUNNEL OF MEMORIES

(COMPLEX HALLUCINATORY VISION)

Around this central image, other various images of my life gradually line up side by side, forming a kind of latticework tunnel lined with multiple obscure memories. Hundreds of images, voices and sounds circulate and drown each other out.

A muffled sound draws near.

A black light appears in the middle of this complex twisting tunnel and swallows all the images up like a bottomless pit.

The muffled sound explodes. Black flash...

100 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(INTERIOR TOILET STALL, NIGHT)

The nature of the black pit changes. Calm returns, along with a very reassuring liquid sound. The images have all gone and the walls of the tunnel turn blue, white and red. The slab of the toilet gradually re-forms again from the sides, sloping at ground level just the way I saw it when I died...

The hole is in the middle but the bag of pills has disappeared. My arm isn't there any more either. And there are hardly any traces of blood left either. A hand suddenly appears, scrubbing the slab with a brush. At the same time, my vision swoops up to the ceiling, next to the light bulb.

Down below, a young policeman is scrubbing the last bloodstains away. He puts the scrubbing brush in a bucket and pulls the chain. The noise gurgles out and a flash of light invades the room...

When the flash fades, the policeman has disappeared and my body is lying there again in the fetal position on the bloody slab.

Another flash and it's gone...

The young policeman stands up in the stall and looks out the open door. A familiar voice rings out in the next-door room.

Bar owner (OS) - Well?

On hearing this voice my vision flickers and is violently propelled backwards through the wall.

101 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(INTERIOR BAR, NIGHT)

I am above the counter in the empty bar again. Charlie has just come in. He goes over to his boss.

Charlie - I've told his sister...

The image of the two men and the bar is torn away from me, as though I was moving backwards then flying rapidly through shafts of light like the streets of a city at night...

102 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(INTERIOR DRESSING ROOM, NIGHT)

I find myself in Moira's dressing room where Morgane, still in her Vampirella get-up, is with the owner of the club.

She smokes a cigarette while gathering my sister's belongings together.

Owner - ...And where is she now?

Morgane - Poor thing, she's gone to identify the body...

The image of the dressing room is whisked away and I speed through the walls and the streets of the city at night...

103 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(INTERIOR MORGUE, NIGHT)

It took less than a second. My vision settles in an unknown place and I finally discover my own body, motionless and bloodless, just as a hand is lifting up the sheet covering it.

A police officer (OS) - Is this your brother?

Two undercover cops and a morgue worker are asking Moira to identify my corpse, which is lying on a metal trolley in the morgue room.

My sister purses her lips, approaches the body and looks at it for a few seconds. She nods in assent then takes two steps back and huddles into Mario's arms. He holds her tight, hiding her face between his arms.

Mario (to the police) - Are you done?

Police officer - Yes. That's fine. We're done.

Mario leads Moira to the exit. The officer then turns to the morgue worker and nods at him.

I float up to my face which looks repulsively waxy and stiff.

Police officer (OS) - You can take him away.

Wheels squeak and I accompany the worker pushing my body away 'on the trolley. I am increasingly drawn towards my eyes.

I end up glued to the immobile iris of my right eye.

All sounds go dim, like at the end of a dream.

A few seconds pass in silence.

Then the noise of a metal door opening booms out, immediately accompanied by a deafening crackling that sounds like a furnace. The glassy surface of my eye reflects very bright spots of light.

These spots start swirling inside my iris, multiplying and filling the space with a powerful uniform blue light. This electric blue gets stronger and becomes positively dazzling. My consciousness seems to fade into this monochrome light.

104 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(INTERIOR STUDIO, DAY)

The noise of a whistling suction seems to want to carry me off to an unknown world. But this noise is too worrying. And a white blotch growing bigger and bigger covers the blue background while the whistling noise finally disappears...

All of a sudden my vision is swept backwards, emerging from a shiny white reflection on the surface of a strange metallic vase sitting on a shelf.

My vision is now floating in my studio.

It's the afternoon. Moira, Tito, my uncle and my aunt are there. They are sitting at the table in front of empty coffee cups.

Moira - In any case, the assholes made sure there'd be no autopsy...

Tito - But where on earth would Oscar have found a gun? It's a load of bull!

Uncle - But the bar owner signed a statement saying he saw his gun.

Tito - Like hell! Alex and Victor are the only ones that know what happened. But Alex is on the run and fucking Victor would say anything to get out of jail...

Uncle - Perhaps you're right. But unfortunately there's no denying he had the bag of drugs... Anyway, it's no use attacking the police, they're stronger than we are...

Moira, who was standing, moves away from my uncle, unwilling to pursue the conversation. My aunt turns to her son.

Aunt - ... And will they be letting Victor go?

Tito - Yeah, I think so... Next week.

My uncle and Tito get up to go.

Aunt (in a whisper) - What a ghastly story...!

Moira looks at her in contempt.

Tito and his parents go over to the door.

I go through the wall and whoosh through several houses in the town in a split second...

105 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(INTERIOR PRISON CELL, DAY)

I find myself inside a prison cell. Seen from above, a guard is standing in front of the open door. He motions to Victor.

Guard - C'mon little baby. Your mommy's here to see you.

Victor's cellmates laugh knowingly. Victor walks out fearfully with his head down.

I let myself slip through the wall. My vision takes a split second to travel through the building to the visitor's room...

106 - OUT OF BODY VISION
(INTERIOR PRISON VISITOR'S ROOM, DAY)

I find myself above Suzy who is with a lawyer, waiting for her son behind a glass partition.

Lawyer - Listen, I know it's an awful thing to say, but if your son agrees to cooperate with them they should let him go.

Crushed, Suzy doesn't know how to answer.

Lawyer - As for the one that ran away, he's running a big risk. I imagine they've already tapped Tito's and Moira's phones.

My vision leaves the room and crosses the city in an instant...

107 - OUT OF BODY VISION
(INTERIOR STUDIO, DAY)

Ending up in my studio. It's the end of another day. Moira is sitting on the white sheet on my bed, talking on the phone.

Moira - Thanks Mario, but I'm doing fine... see you tomorrow...

She hangs up and starts sorting through my final belongings and packing them into bags and boxes. Morgane is there helping her. There is barely a single trace of my existence left in the room. But there is a huge photo of me pinned to the wall above what used to be my bed. Moira must have put it up after my death.

Moira picks up "The Tibetan Book of the Dead", but instead of packing it away she starts reading the back cover. When she's through she looks up and her eyes, calm at last, stare into the void. A feeling of peace seeps through me as well.

White spots of light start swirling over the white book cover and they multiply, covering my vision with a powerful white uniform light. The light gets stronger and becomes dazzling...

108 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(INTERIOR UNDERWORLD, HALF-LIGHT)

The suction seem to want to take me to an unknown world. But the whooshing noise is too worrying and I back away while a smoky gray glow rapidly stains one edge of this perfect white. It's the detail of an image stretching rapidly over the white background. The whooshing suction noise finally disappears...

I discover a place that looks like a cellar with damp gray walls, lit by a paltry candle. Next to the candle is Alex, curled up in a ball, shivering with cold. His nose is running. In front of the candle lies a fork and two empty cans of food.

My vision rises up through the ceiling, comes out near the canal and instantly speeds through the town...

109 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(INTERIOR LOFT, RAINY DAY)

... to Tito and Alex's loft. Alex's things are scattered around the room amongst Tito's stuff. The loft is empty but I can hear voices. The front door is open. Three uniformed police officers are talking to Tito in the doorway.

Police officer - Don't forget, if he contacts you and you don't let us know then you will be charged as a drug dealer's accomplice and an accessory to an assault on a police officer. Did you know the officer in question is now paralyzed?

Tito nods humbly.

The police officers say goodbye coldly and leave. Tito closes the door behind them. He looks worried.

I go through the wall again and cross the town...

110 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(EXTERIOR CANAL; RAINY DAY)

... to a street where Alex is walking up to a phone booth, shivering. He goes inside.

The canal and the entrance to the "underworld" are on the other side of the street. A few homeless-bum type guys are huddled near the archway watching the rain. Bottles lie at their feet.

Alex dials a number in the phone booth.

We hear the line ringing through the receiver...

111 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(INTERIOR STUDIO + BATHROOM, DAY)

The phone is ringing in my deserted studio. Nobody answers. Sounds of water reach me from the bathroom. I pass through the door...

... into the bathroom, where Moira is taking a shower. She can hear the phone ringing but doesn't want to get out the shower. She leans her head back, opens her mouth and swallows some shower spray.

As she's soaping herself down she slips a finger into her vagina and inspects it anxiously.

Moira turns the shower tap off and steps out the tub. Her golden yellow dress is lying on the bidet. Light streams in from the skylight onto the yellow cloth.

Moira sits on the edge of the bathtub.

Yellow spots of light appear and start swirling around the dress. They gradually invade my vision, accompanied by a prolonged whistling.

The color gets stronger and becomes dazzling.

112 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(INTERIOR LABORATORY, DAY)

Once again the suction seems to want to carry me away. But that sound is still just as worrying and I draw back while a darker yellow and blue blotch looms up in the middle of the light and starts to spread. It's a detail of some floor tiling. The suction noise finally disappears and I find myself in a new setting...

Moira is crouched inside a cubicle, peeing into a glass container. She pulls her panties up and fixes her skirt. She pulls a curtain back and walks back out into a small laboratory. She holds the container out to a young woman in a white coat who is sitting behind a desk.

Nurse - The results will be ready in two days.

113 - OUT OF BODY VISION (EXTERIOR UNCLE'S BUILDING, EVENING)

Moira - And you haven't had any news from Alex?

Moira is talking to Tito who is busy repairing a moped in front of his parents' building. He is deeply absorbed in his work. It's evening.

Tito - No, he must have holed himself up somewhere.

Moira - Are you sure he hasn't been arrested?

Tito - Not that I know of. The cops interrogated me about him again just two weeks ago. But if he's around he'll end up getting in touch.

He tries to start the moped but it doesn't work. He notices Moira is looking put out and stops pedaling.

Tito - Why? What's up?

Moira - I think I'm pregnant...

Tito - ... Mario?

Moira falters.

Moira - Or rather Alex...

Tito - Ohh...

Tito looks at her in surprise and looks for the right words.

Tito - And... are you going to keep it?

She doesn't answer. He gets off his moped and puts his tools away.

Tito - Do you wanna come have dinner? Mom would love to see you.

Moira pulls a helpless face.

114 - OUT OF BODY VISION
(INTERIOR UNCLE'S APARTMENT, NIGHT)

Moira, Tito and his parents are sitting at the table. They eat in silence. The apartment is small. A sorry ceiling light hangs above them. My aunt looks at Moira.

Aunt - You really don't have any luck. First your parents, then your brother... makes you wonder if some kids aren't marked by fate...

Opposite Moira and my aunt, my uncle inspects his meat through thick glasses. He nods in agreement.

Moira (annoyed) - You mean we should never have been born?

My aunt is perturbed by this direct question.

Aunt - Well no... of course not...

Moira looks down. So does Tito, ashamed.

115 - OUT OF BODY VISION
(FAMILY PLANNING OFFICE, GRAY DAY)

Moira is in a family planning center, sitting on a chair opposite a woman in a white coat.

Doctor - Are you sure you want an abortion?

Moira - ... Yes... I hadn't planned on having a baby. Especially not now. I'm already having nightmares about it...

Doctor - But is giving birth what frightens you?

Moira - No... I don't think so...

The doctor looks at Moira's red sweater for a moment.

Doctor - OK. I'll fix you an appointment at the abortion clinic for next week. That will leave you a few more days to think it over.

Moira nods.

Red spots start swirling around her sweater, gradually covering my vision with an intense, uniform light. The disturbing whistling sound reappears and tries to carry me off. The red gets stronger and becomes dazzling.

116 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(INTERIOR CLINIC, GRAY DAY)

But drab reddish glows stain this bright red light. They are the tiles of an orange-brown corridor. The noise finally disappears and everything becomes clear again...

A few days have passed. Moira and Tito are walking down the corridor of a clinic where a nurse is listening to a large radio set.

Tito - Are you sure about your decision?

Moira - Yes, otherwise I won't be able to carry on working.

They walk on sadly.

Moira - Still no news from Alex?

Tito - No. I know the cops are still looking for him...

Moira - What do you think he'd do if he were in my shoes?

Tito - I don't know... He's a bit... erm... Tell me something, are you in love with him?

Moira - ... Not really...

Tito feels a little embarrassed. Moira follows on.

Moira - Anyway, it's nice of you to come with me...

He smiles at her and starts to say something but doesn't finish. Then silence. They carry on walking, heads bowed.

A very ugly, very kind man opens the door to a surgery. He's the doctor.

My vision goes through the wall...

117 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(INTERIOR SURGERY ABORTION CLINIC, GRAY DAY)

He ushers Moira into a small room furnished with a desk, a sink, a pharmaceutical cabinet and an examination table. A trolley with medical and gynecological instruments on it is set up next to the table. Tito has stayed outside.

The doctor talks to Moira in a very fatherly manner.

Doctor - You may take your clothes off and lie down on the table...

Moira nervously follows his directions. she half-undresses, keeping her bra and white panties on. And her socks.

The sounds of small children playing ball drift in through the half-open window. Moira looks over at it.

The doctor then motions to her to sit on the table.

While she does so, he puts on a sterilized latex glove. He comes back to the examining table, where Moira has now taken off her panties. He gives her a relaxed smile and fixes the pillow under her head. Moira does not smile back.

Doctor - Don't worry, I'm just going to examine you before giving you the abortion pill. As for the egg, you'll go quietly home and if all goes well you should lose it within the next couple of hours.

Moira lowers her head.

Moira - Thank you...

I go through a wall...

118 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(INTERIOR BRUNO'S APARTMENT, EVENING)

... and emerge in Bruno's apartment. My friend Max is there too, just swallowing a pill.

Max - What's really cool is that there are new pills the whole time now...

Bruno laughs.

Bruno - Now can just sit back and relax 'cos you'll see, the trip's real long with this one and you'll soon reach such intense oceanic peace you'll feel like you're re-living life in the womb...

The floor and the furniture around them are covered in mangas, records and books...

Max settles comfortably back into the red armchair and closes his eyes.

Max - Far out...

I go back through the walls...

119 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(INTERIOR BATHROOM. DAY)

... and find myself in the small bathroom in my studio a few hours later the same night. Moira is clutching her stomach and moaning. She is sitting on the toilet. She stands up shakily but constantly doubles over in spasms. Her face is soaked with tears. The toilet bowl is bathed in blood. A shapeless clot is floating in the water, surely the embryo.

Tito knocks on the door but gets no answer.
I go through the wall...

120 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(INTERIOR STUDIO, EVENING)

On the other side, Tito has his ear pressed up against the wooden bathroom door. He can hear Moira crying.

He knocks again. The crying stops. He stays pressed up against the door.

He hears Moira come up to the door and press her ear to it too.

Tito - Are you okay?

Moira (OS) - ... Hang on...

He hears her breathing, then stepping away. The toilet flushes. The bolt slides back. The handle turns. The door opens. Moira comes out, walks across the room and curls up on her bed. Tito follows her in the half-light and leans over her: she is pale and her eyes are wet.

He sits down next to her and slips his arm around her shoulders.

Tito - Well?

She tries to smile but sinks back into her depressive state.

Moira - ... that was all I had.

Tito hugs her and dries her cheek.

Tito - You... you can come to the loft as often as you like. That way you won't be alone...

Moira looks into his eyes. Tito looks down.

Moira gives him a sisterly hug and shuts her eyes. They stay there without moving. Moira seems to be falling asleep on her cousin's knees.

121 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(INTERIOR LOFT, DAY)

Tito - That's my latest painting...

Later that night, Tito and Moira are in Tito's loft. He shows her a painting of a brightly colored landscape with three people walking under an apocalyptic but gleeful storm.

He turns back to Moira who doesn't know what to say. She looks away at a model sculpted out of stone.

Tito - Alex did that model.

Moira goes over to take a closer look. It's a model of a little house on a hill. It is surround by crosses. They look like a derelict cemetery.

Moira - Have you known him long? I mean, don't you think he's a little... bizarre?

Tito - No... We get on real well, anyway. Maybe 'cos we do the same thing...

Moira - ... Are you going to be able to keep the loft?

Tito - Why?

Moira - Isn't it in his name?

Tito - Well yes, but...

The door opens. Nelly comes in, as young, fresh and spontaneous as ever. She seems surprised to see Moira but comes over and gives her an affectionate kiss.

Nelly (to Moira) - Did it go well...?

Nelly smiles, then grimaces at her clumsy question. Moira looks her in the eye, half blankly, half cheered up by her question.

Moira - Yes...

Tito looks at Moira. Her eyes are heavy with sleep.

Tito (to Moira) - You look beat. Take the bed. We can sleep on the floor.

Moira hesitates.

122 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(INTERIOR LOFT, NIGHT)

Later that night, Tito and Nelly are cuddling under a green blanket on the floor. They whisper things we cannot hear.

A few feet away, Moira opens her eyes in the bed and looks at them. Nelly turns round and sees Moira. They look at each other in silence. Moira closes her eyes.

Green spots of light swirl around the blanket with a loud whistling, whooshing sound. They invade my vision. The whooshing sound of a violent suction seems to want to carry me off. The green gets stronger and becomes dazzling.

123 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(INTERIOR NIGHTCLUB, EVENING)

But a darker blotch spreads through the green light. It's the dark green of a pool table. The image clears and the whistling finally stops...

My vision is now floating inside a nightclub. Moira comes out of small office with her boss who pats her head. They go into the main room. The owner shakes her hand.

Owner - Don't worry, Morgane can replace you.

She is about to leave when Mario, who had been talking to another barman, runs up to her.

Mario - The boss told me you were sick?

Moira - ... I'm not sick... but I need a rest.

Mario - ... Why?

Moira is silent for a seconds before adding, softly:

Moira - I had an abortion... But it wasn't yours. It was Alex's baby.

Mario tenses but tries not to show his hatred in front of his colleagues, busy getting ready nearby. He takes his lighter out and furiously lights a cigarette.

I go through the walls away from the "Power"...

124 - OUT OF BODY VISION
(EXTERIOR STREET + PHONE BOOTH, EVENING)

... And find myself in a small deserted street next to a phone booth. Alex is inside, talking anxiously to someone.

Alex - ... I thought of you because I can't call any of my friends... and you're the only person who can help me... I'm in big, big trouble... Can I come see you?

Alex listens to the person on the other end of the line.

Alex - No... Yes, money too, but that's not the problem... I have to leave the country... No, really, it's a drug thing. But I'll explain...

Then he starts coughing as though he'd caught a real bad bronchitis.

125 - OUT OF BODY VISION
(INTERIOR LOFT, NIGHT)

I come back to the loft where Moira, Nelly, Tito, Max and another guy are sitting on the floor amidst empty plates and unmatched cutlery. They are done eating and all look like they're bored. Moira is the most mature of them. One of the guys is sprawled on the floor listening to monotone music while Max looks at Tito's paintings. He is holding a beer.

Max (to Tito) - Have you ever taken "microdots"?

Tito - No... Have you?

Max - Yes. You'd like them... They're like LSD except you go twice as high and it lasts 18 hours instead of six... They're real small, like pepper corns, and they're cheap. But they're real hard to get hold of.

He turns to Moira with a seductive smile and offers her a glass of beer. She refuses. He insists, feigning offense. But she refuses again.

Tito (to Max) - Didn't you want to go to the rave?

Max - D'you wanna go?

Tito - Nah. I'd rather stay here and paint.

Max looks inquiringly at the girls. Nelly seems to be in two minds. Moira doesn't want to go. Max stands there pensively.

Silence ensues while the music comes to an end.

Max (to Tito) - Have you heard from Victor?

Tito - No, but he's out, and I think he's pretty rough.

Max - Yeah, 'no kidding...

Moira gets up, annoyed. Max shuts up. Moira heads for the kitchen.

My vision speeds out the loft...

126 - OUT OF BODY VISION (INTERIOR VICTOR'S APARTMENT, NIGHT)

Victor is in the kitchen with his parents. They are having a big row.

Suzy - ... Yes, well, that's enough now!

Victor - Oh just shut it... The only thing you ever think about is your ass!

Victor's father - I won't have you speak to your mother like that!

Victor - Won't you? You sad bastard. She fucks all my friends and you're playing man of the house!

His father slaps him hard across the face, then mumbles an inaudible threat.

Victor stifles his tears and leaves the room, shouting:

Victor - Fuck off and die, both of you!

Suzy is rooted to the spot against the wall. Victor slams the door behind him.

My vision zooms back to the loft...

127 - OUT OF BODY VISION (INTERIOR LOFT, NIGHT)

Later that night in Tito's loft, Moira is leaning out the window taking deep breaths. We hear Tito closing the door behind his friends. Nelly comes over to Moira.

Nelly - Are you feeling alright?

Moira - I'll be OK.

A few seconds later Moira lifts her head.

Moira - It's gone...

Nelly - What do you think of them?

Moira - Maybe its because of Oscar, but I can't stand guys who go about drugs any more...

Moira motions minor disgust. Nelly looks at her.

Nelly - Come sit down.

The two girls go sit on the bed.

Nelly strokes Moira's back in a motherly fashion.

Nelly - It's alright, it's over now...

Moira smiles and Nelly leans down to listen to her heart.

Moira puts her arm around Nelly and unbuttons her shirt.

They look at each other tenderly. Moira lies down.

Opposite them, a blurry-eyed Tito is developing his latest painting. He is adding loud colors pretty much everywhere. He tries to shut one eye to get a better perspective on his brush but he can't. Every time he tries to close one eye, the two of them close.

Tito glances over at the bed. And again.

Unable to concentrate on his painting he yawns and sets his brush down.

He switches off the lights in the loft.

The girls stop talking.

He takes his shirt and pants off.

He slips in between Nelly and Moira, smiling.

Little by little the three bodies curl around each other and start to move.

Their arms all lock passionately.

Tito eases out of Nelly's arms and snuggles into Moira's.

She moans. Nelly puts her mouth over Moira's.

127 cont. - OUT OF BODY VISION

(INTERIOR LOFT, NIGHT)

Later that night, Nelly and Tito are sleeping peacefully. Their arms are clasped around Moira who is lying naked between the two of them, her eyes wide open.

She is staring at the ceiling above the bed. Then she tilts her head and looks at the little stone house Alex made,

transfixed. It looks very real. The rays of the moon are beaming down on it.

Spots of five different colors swirl through my vision, creating blue, white, yellow red and green patches of light. The whistling sound is there, sucking me up again. The colors get stronger and become dazzling.

128 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(EXTERIOR CARETAKER'S LODGE, RAINY DAY)

But the corners of my vision cloud over. And a blotch appears in each band of light, the same color as the light, but darker. A new decor forms and the whistling sound dies away...

The door to my caretaker's lodge opens in front of Moira.

Moira - Is there any mail for me?

Caretaker - No, nothing... By the way, when are you leaving?

Moira looks disappointed.

Moira - Right now, I'm going to pack my bags. She thanks the caretaker and goes up the stairs.

129 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(INTERIOR LANDING, RAINY DAY)

A man is sitting on the landing in front of the door to our studio. It's Mario. He stands up. Moira is surprised to find him there.

Moira - Were you waiting for me?

Mario - Yeah... I've been waiting a while... Where have you been these last few days?

Moira does not reply. She gets her keys out and opens the door.

They go inside.

My vision goes through the wall...

130 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(INTERIOR STUDIO, DAY)

The room is plunged in semi-darkness. The light bulb in the wall goes on. Moira is kneeling on her bed, screwing the light bulb in.

She gets up and, looking a little distraught, glances around at the mess. She picks up a few clothes and puts them in a bag. She is cold.

Mario sits down on my sofa.

Mario (serious) - We have to talk. I have a proposal for you...

Moira notices my portrait pinned above the sofa. She looks pensively at it.

131 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(EXTERIOR MARIO'S BUILDING, EVENING)

My bird's eye vision accompanies Moira and Mario walking down the streets at twilight. He puts his arm around her but she shrugs it away. They carry on talking but I cannot hear what they are saying.

All of a sudden they stop in front of the small building where Mario lives. They disappear through the door with its peeling paintwork.

I fly off somewhere else...

132 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(INTERIOR LOFT, NIGHT)

I am back at Tito's. He is pacing around. It's very late.

Tito - What the fuck is she doing?

Nelly is watching a program on the TV. She looks at Tito.

Nelly - Don't worry, she's a big girl...

Nelly watches her boyfriend pacing about and tidying things away for no reason.

A woman is talking about her life on the TV.

Woman (OS TV) - Well I've tried to shoot myself several times but I always missed, thank God... You

know, there's nothing that great about my life, but it's like being given a ticket to go see a movie. Like I soon realized the movie sucked, but as I know I'll never see another one I figure I may as well see it through, maybe there'll be a great scene at the end to justify the other stuff. I know I'm probably getting my hopes up for nothing, but that's all I need to stay alive...

Tito - Jesus, get her off...

Nelly picks up a remote and zaps. Then she gives Tito a worried look.

Nelly - Tito, do you love her more than me?

Tito laughs and sits down on the bed beside her, in a good mood again.

Tito - Do you...?

Nelly smiles.

Just then the first instrumental bars of a zippy pop video ring out. Psychedelic images appear. Tito and Nelly hug each other and stare at the TV.

Various tinted spots start swirling around the screen. They gradually create a kind of concentric rainbow of extremely pure light. This fabulous rainbow fills my vision. And a whistling sound, much gentler than the previous ones, seems to drift out of the middle of this halo and want to suck me in...

133 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(INTERIOR LOFT, MORNING)

A dark blue light appears in the middle and spreads, bringing a new image that finally makes the rainbow and the whistling disappear...

The TV is now off in Tito's loft where morning breaks, dark and blue.

Moira is gathering up a few belongings and packing them into a case. Tito enters.

Tito - At last! Where were you?... We were worried...

Tito looks at the case and plies for an answer.

Moira - I'm going to live at Mario's.

Tito doesn't move.

Tito - But... I thought...

Moira - Don't be upset.

She straightens up and goes to give him a kiss on the lips but he turns his head away.

Tito - But aren't you happy here?

Moira - Well, for the moment I'd rather stay with him.

Tito looks at the floor, defeated.

Moira turns her back on him and looks off in the distance, through the loft window. The streets are empty. The city towers loom on the horizon.

Tito - What if Alex comes back?

Moira (very surprised by the question) - Well... He'd go straight to jail... wouldn't he?

Tito doesn't know what to say. He looks dejected.

134 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(INTERIOR MARIO'S HOUSE, NIGHT)

Mario - Listen, not only did he injure a cop but he also ran away...

Moira does not look convinced. Mario plays his last card.

Mario - ... And there's a warrant out for his arrest.

Moira - How do you know?

Mario - I already told you. A cop told me.

Moira looks away. It's night. They are both at Mario's. The decoration is insipid and low class. On a shelf, framed photos of Mario and his family are arranged around a strange metallic vase that we've seen before at Moira's studio. Moira's belongings are scattered all over the room.

Mario - Please don't talk to me about him again.

Mario is peeved. He bustles around the room and sits down at a table, deliberately turning his back on Moira. He starts watching a boxing match on the TV.

Moira picks up the framed photo of us two as children, laughing in our bath tub, that was lying amongst her things.

Then she leaves the room.

I go through the wall that separates me from the outside...

135 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(EXTERIOR MARIO'S LITTLE GARDEN, NIGHT)

I find myself a few feet above the overgrown garden that Moira is walking through. Mario lives on the ground floor of a small, old building in a semi-industrial suburb. My sister sits down on a bench between bare branches. She shivers from the cold and looks up at the stars.

The night is a deep, dark blue.

The TV goes off inside. Mario comes out and goes over to Moira. He pretends to be interested in the sky.

Mario - You know, I think the two of us could be real happy together...

Moira does not answer. Doubt-ridden seconds tick by.

Mario - Are you thinking about the stars?

Moira - I was thinking about Oscar...

Mario sits down next to her.

Moira - It's funny, I didn't really realize he was dead at first. For a long time I felt like there was a kind of presence around me. Only now... all of a sudden, I really feel that... well, that he's gone for good... and I'm all alone...

Mario is irritated by her reply. At the same time, my vision gets agitated too. Mario insists.

Mario - You don't think we could be happy?

Moira - I hope so.

Mario (annoyed) - I'm not keeping you here, you know. You can split when you want... At least that would make things clear.

He gets up abruptly. Moira grabs him, kisses him and clasps him to her.

Moira - I love you.

Mario shrugs his shoulders.

Moira - You know, I'm only twenty, but I sometimes feel like my whole life is behind me...

Mario - There's no point rehashing the past. If I started thinking about all the people I've lost I could start crying too...

They head back to the house.

Mario - My mom knew a woman who woke up at the morgue. She told her there was absolutely nothing to see, that everything was black.

Moirra - ... Mm, I know...

Mario - ... The future is the only thing...

My vision flickers. I dive down onto Moira's head but I go through her flesh. I turn round, trying to knock into her again. But it's no use, I go through her body again.

I fly up above her. Mario and Moira walk towards the house. I fling myself at Moira one last time, passing through her from head to toe. It's no good, I plunge into the dark soil... where there is nothing to see..

Nothing but black...

136 - ALTERED SUBJECTIVE VISION (INTERIOR MORGUE, DAY)

Still black...

But noises slowly break through the silence: an electric buzzing; gentle, regular plumbing sounds then, closer and more muffled, something that sounds like rasping breathing.

Then a slit of horizontal light splits through the darkness. The slit widens, like eyelids opening. My eyes are covered by a pale green cloth. Through the cloth, I glimpse the light from a neon tube.*

I lift up the cloth covering my face with one hand. The white painted ceiling is slightly stained with damp. Nearby, lying on a table, the feet of a corpse stick out from under a sheet.

I am at the morgue. The room looks like a huge, empty hospital room with a few tables and a row of sinks on one side. I try to get up but slump back down. I lie still for a moment, breathing jerkily. I hear footsteps. My vision blurs and goes black again.

137 - ALTERED SUBJECTIVE VISION (INTERIOR MORGUE, DAY)

I open my eyes' again. I am lying on a table in another room. A few feet in front of me, a police officer is talking to a doctor in a white coat. I moan. The doctor comes over and examines my eyes.

Doctor - I've never seen anything like this before.

The police officer comes over too. He waves his hand in front of my eyes.

Police officer - ... Can you see me?... Daniel, come over here!

* Director's note: From this scene on, Oscar goes back to a subjective POV like the one before his death but now slightly altered, as though he hasn't fully recovered all his sensory capacities.

I glimpse the silhouette of the man named Daniel standing behind the door with his back firmly turned.

The police officer goes over to get him.

Police officer (OS) - He's opened his eyes...

He takes his colleague by the arm but the latter snatches it away and walks off into the corridor. I hear them whispering to each other.

I raise a finger towards the door. But my finger flops back down. And my eyelids close.

138 - ALTERED SUBJECTIVE VISION (INTERIOR ROOM IN MORGUE, DAY)

My eyelids open again. A male nurse is washing my wounded chest in a small tiled room. On the other side of a glass door, the doctor is talking to a police officer.

Doctor - ... I don't know... But he's alive alright and we can't keep him here... You take him, or have him transferred to the hospital.

Police officer - But he doesn't even have civil status any more... I mean, we can hardly bury him, can we?

Doctor - I don't know... Contact his family.

My eyelids close again.

139 - ALTERED SUBJECTIVE VISION (INTERIOR ROOM IN MORGUE, DAY)

My eyelids open.

The door to the tiled room closes behind me. Helped by a male nurse, I am shuffling down a dreary gray corridor.

A police officer accompanies us. We arrive in front of another door. The police officer opens it: it gives on to a waiting room.

Moira and Tito are already there. Tito avoids my eye and looks down as he greets me. Moira, who is standing on the other side of the room, smiles nervously when she sees me. She says nothing.

Police officer - Here he is... He's yours now. It might be better if he sat down."

Male nurse - We'll be right next door.

He smiles and leaves with the police officer.

I stumble into the room. Tito is hesitant about helping me. I go over to my sister who looks at me, petrified. I raise my hand to touch her. Moira instinctively shrinks back.

I stand still. Tito makes an effort: he puts his arm around my waist and leads me over to the bench. I sit down.

Tito - Are you OK?

I carry on looking at Moira, without answering. She keeps her distance and opens the window to let some air in.

Moira (to Tito) - I'm sorry. I can't help it.

Embarrassed by Moira's reaction, Tito pretends nothing happened. He sits down next to me.

Tito - Can't you talk?

My eyes blink.

140 - ALTERED SUBJECTIVE VISION

(INT. MARIO'S CAR, IN FRONT OF MORGUE, DAY)

I am in the back of an old sports car. Through the window I can see Tito talking to a morgue official and a police officer. We are in front of the main entrance of an official, gray building. Above the parking lot I can hear a train rumbling along the elevated railway.

Tito - ... You really can't keep him?

Morgue official - Well no... I mean, he's not...

He shuts up at the sight of Tito and Moira's anguished expressions.

Police officer - ... Well he was lucky, anyway... Let us know if he gets his speech back.

Mario is in front of me at the wheel. Moira is next to him, smoking a cigarette. Mario taps the wheel impatiently. Moira glances over at the back seat.

Moira - Look at him... It's obvious he isn't normal... It's not the same Oscar...

Mario - Shut up!

Tito takes his leave of the two men and comes back to the car. He slides in beside me, behind Mario, and closes the door.

Mario - Well, where we going?

A strained silence occurs. Mario abruptly starts driving.

Moira - ... I can't deal with this...

Tito looks out at the sidewalk rolling by.

I slowly raise my right hand and put it on my sister's shoulder. She screams. Mario slams on the brakes, turns round and shoves me back.

The same situation recurs, as though time were going in circles, but with slight variations in the attitude of the protagonists.

Mario's gestures get progressively rougher until he punches me, making me close my eyes.

Tito (OS) - Cool it!

Mario (OS) - Seeing as you want him so much we'll leave him at your place!

Tito (OS, very quietly) - ... Asshole...

141 - ALTERED SUBJECTIVE VISION

(INTERIOR LOFT, NIGHT)

I open my eyes. Tito is sitting opposite, staring hard at me. We are in his loft. It's night time. The place is a real mess.

Tito - ... Ah, you're awake at last... You got off pretty well in the end... Not like Alex... He may even be dead because of you... and you're here, breaking our balls... I hope you're not hungry 'cos there's nothing to eat... And don't start thinking I'm going to keep you here, you'll be going to your sister's tomorrow... I'm only your cousin. I mean, there's no reason I should do you any favors... We were never really friends, right?... And you were real ungrateful to my parents... to a lot of people, in fact... Know what? I always thought you were a real creep... But now you're just a vegetable... At least that'll stop you from hurting other people...

Tito's voice changes pitch. Behind him, the room seems to be compressing.
I close my eyes.

142 - ALTERED SUBJECTIVE VISION

(INTERIOR LOFT, NIGHT)

I open my eyes again: the loft is cramped and dark. Tito has gone. Leaning on my right hand, I heave myself out of the armchair I was sleeping in and head for the front door. In the darkness I can make out the house Alex sculpted.
I blink.

143 - ALTERED SUBJECTIVE VISION

(EXTERIOR STREETS + CANAL, NIGHT)

I am in the street. The night is deserted and colorless. The wind rustles a few old papers that flutter up from the wet ground. A sewer pipe gurgles like some kind of animal. To the right is a canal.
I walk along the quay and arrive at the archway leading to the "underworld". A sign warns that entry is forbidden. But I continue my walk along the quay, inside the tunnel. The darkness deepens and the arch gets slightly narrower. A few rats dart out in front of me. In a high-level alcove, two bums are sleeping, forming a big shapeless bulk.
I carry on.

144 - ALTERED SUBJECTIVE VISION

(INTERIOR UNDERWORLD, NIGHT)

A few yards further on I turn round. The arch and the canal seem to have disappeared behind me. All I can see is the smooth, impenetrable wall. So I carry on walking along the damp-stained tunnel and go past an old plaque with rusted letters.

All of a sudden the tunnel opens into a larger space. I glimpse candlelight at the end. I head towards it and

discover some stairs. I go up them. The sound of metal scraping on stone echoes out from somewhere.
At the top I push open a half-closed door...

145 - ALTERED SUBJECTIVE VISION
(INTERIOR UNDERWORLD, NIGHT)

... And discover a man slumped on a wooden crate, scraping the wall with a metal spoon. A half-burned candle flickers beside him. Lines have been scratched in the wall, as though to count the days. The man has is back to me. He looks like Alex.

I moan. But the words that stutter out of my mouth are guttural. The syllables don't flow properly...

Me - ... Alex...

The man stops scraping and turns round. It is Alex. But he has a different, cold expression on his face.

Me - Alex...

Alex's cold, composed expression remains.

Alex - What do you want?

Me - I'm glad to see you...

Alex doesn't reply. He looks at me for a long time.

Alex - Looks like you missed the lights... if you don't want to discover hell, you'd better find your next womb in a hurry, you know...

Me (nonplused) - I dreamed I was dead... and I woke up at the morgue.

A scornful smile creeps over Alex's face.

Me - Yes... I dreamed I was dead, and that I was flying.

Alex - Stop lying... You're dead as a doormat.

Me - No... Why d'you say that? You can see that... I'm here. I can see you. You can see me...

Alex - No, I can't see you. And you know full well that I'm just a projection of your mind, like everything else you think you can see... and that your body is being eaten by worms right now... or... wait... no, that's not it. They burned you, didn't they?

Alex face looks increasingly scary, it seems to be metamorphosing into another.

Me - What?

Now I understand that his face has taken on the form of mine and that he is now talking to me with my voice.

Alex - Yeah, they torched you... You remember, don't you?...

Me (terrified) - No...

Alex (self-satisfied) - What do you mean, no? Close your eyes and you'll see... Go on, make an effort. With any luck you'll end up finding your ashes somewhere.

Me - ...

Alex - Go on. Look!

Me - ...

Alex (more aggressive) - Go on, close your eyes!
I close my eyes.

Blackness.

146 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(INTERIOR FURNACE CREMATORIUM)

The harsh crackling of flames sizzles all around me, incredibly clearly, a second before my vision bursts out of the obscure hollow socket of an already charred eye.

Right near me, in an over-intense light, a face is being devoured by the flames. Despite its advanced state of decomposition, I end up recognizing it: it's mine. The burning blackened flesh, half-consumed, seems to be moving. Parts of it puff up and explode. Blisters pop, oozing a kind of greasy pus. Some parts are still familiar while others are as unrecognizable as a hunk of meat on a grill. My face is inexorably coming apart, revealing the bones that are already cracking. The rest of my features turn red and melt under the scorching heat. The last patches of skin shrivel up and turn black.

Horror-struck, my vision is suddenly violently shaken by blasting flames that are even more powerful than the previous ones.

I can see nothing but flames all around me. They end up blinding me like an intense white light.

It lasts a moment.

But little by little they disappear, giving way to a peaceful silence. The white gradually turns a deeper and deeper gray, revealing a texture that looks like ashes seen from very close up.

Calmness returns while my vision slowly retracts through a metallic substance.

147 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(INTERIOR MARIO'S LIVING ROOM + KITCHEN,
LATE AFTERNOON)

I emerge out of a small metal urn. It's the strange vase that I've already seen several times at my sister's. It is now standing on a small shelf in Mario's living room.

I come to a stop in front of the surface of the urn where my name is clearly engraved: "Oscar Cinder" and the dates "1977-1999". Peace and quiet finally return.

But around the urn are framed photos of Mario posing with his football buddies, and photos of his family.

My anxiety returns with a piercing sound.

Moira (OS) - I can't bear to see that thing here any more! My vision, now "out of body" and bird's eye, pivots and discovers Moira sitting on a chair, staring at the shelf.

Moira - I think it's morbid to want to keep my brother's ashes like a trophy. It's hard enough accepting that's all that's left of a whole life without being confronted with the past forty times a day.

Mario, who is sitting near her on a chair with a bottle in front of him, gives her an exasperated look.

Mario - Don't be crazy! What do you want to do, put it in a cupboard? Have a little respect... I thought you'd like it, I mean, it *is* your brother 'n all...

Moira - Listen, that thing is not my brother. My brother is dead. It upset me a damn sight more than you think... and I don't want to think about it any more now.

Mario brushes his hand over his face, as if to hide his disagreement.

Mario - Alright, alright. Chill out. Do what you want with it...

Mario looks away and goes back to flicking through a magazine.

Moira gets up and grabs the urn.

She crosses the living room and goes into the kitchen.

She prizes open the lid of the urn and pours the contents into the stainless steel sink. Once the urn is empty, she throws it into the plastic trash can full of garbage. Then she comes back to the sink and runs some water onto the small pile of ashes.

Moira - Goodbye, Oscar.

The water gradually flushes the remains of my body away. It freaks me out. .

My vision rushes over to my sister's face, then her hands, then over to the ashes disappearing into the plumbing, then back to my sister who stands there without flinching.

148 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(INTERIOR PLUMBING AND SEWERS, HALF-LIGHT)

My disembodied vision delves into the plumbing, chasing after my remains as they scatter into the filthy water.

I am tossed amidst various bits of garbage, trying hard not to lose sight of my ashes.

Strong currents sometimes sweep me this way and that down a winding maze lined with mold. The pipes get wider in the semi-darkness, go through new ducts and gush out into a larger space full of stagnant sewage.

The current belches out and dissolves into this unspeakable pit of refuse.

A few large rats are swimming in the mud and vermin are teeming all over the place. I'm afraid for my ashes, scattered amongst this filth and these creepy crawling shapes... I get closer to some strange insects which, seen this close, look like half-cockroach, half-worms. Surrounded by larvae, one of these monsters - who had been sucking up the filth floating around it - starts sucking up part of what I recognize to be my ashes. Once satisfied, it raises its oral organ while expelling rings of some unidentifiable substance, that could be excrement or could be eggs, out of the posterior extremity of its body.

A surge of searing anxiety swells within me again, stronger than ever. My vision tears itself away from this organic hell and lifts me up into space in quest of a soothing light.

149 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(EXTERIOR STREET, LATE AFTERNOON)

I finally emerge into the open air through a sewer cover, up into the streets of the city. It's a cold, rainy, late

afternoon. Despite the heavy leaden sky, the street lamps are not on.

Tito and Nelly abruptly enter my field of vision, walking down the sidewalk alongside a large, dark, oppressive stone wall.

Nelly - Everything re-awakens, life is like a cycle where nothing gets lost. Either you live on through your ashes by nourishing a beautiful plant, or you live on through your children...

Worried by the underlying maternal instinct in Nelly's words, Tito stiffens.

Tito - Yeah, but you're being too poetic. Most times people have children for economic reasons... Like my parents, you know. Sometimes I really think they brought me into this world so I could help them when they're old. That way they avoid going into a home.

Nelly - Oh... that's too mean...

Tito - And you're too naive about your relationships... Unconvinced, Nelly changes the subject.

Nelly - So where have they gone?

Tito - I guess they've gone to visit the grave of Moira's parents... By the way, did you know my mother's let herself be conned by a sect?

Nelly seems surprised.

Just then, my vision rushes through the wall next to them...

150 - OUT OF BODY VISION

("REMEMBRANCE HALL" + EXTERIOR CEMETERY, LATE AFTERNOON)

... I swiftly fly through several walls and corridors before coming to a halt in the long, high-ceiling corridor of a crematorium "Remembrance Hall", stingily lit by sodium lamps. All down the corridor the walls have been partitioned into small nooks with mortuary plaques inside them. Down below, my uncle and aunt are in front of a basic plaque with two names engraved on it: "David G.

Cinder - Elsa Delaney" along with the date of their joint death.

Balancing on a small sliding ladder, my aunt places three ugly fake flowers into the ring provided. Her face seems thinner and her eyes are brighter than usual.

My aunt (very softly) - ... It's hard to survive in this world you know, poor dear sister... But I know it's hard for you where you are too. At the center the other day they explained that you're surrounded up there by inferior spirits and all kinds of ectoplasms trying to drag you down... So I pray for you constantly... But you know, I don't think it'll be long before I join you...

Down below, my uncle watches her with a frown.

My uncle - Say, did you talk to Moira about the cemetery expenses?

My aunt - Not yet.

Her husband starts walking back down the corridor to the exit.

My aunt clammers down off the ladder and catches up with him.

My uncle - There's nothing to be ashamed about... I mean, we've paid for everything. And now she's grown up she could take care of the plot...

My aunt doesn't answer. My uncle pursues.

My uncle - It's not as if we don't have enough problems with your tumor and all... Nobody pays to keep us alive! They leave the "Remembrance Hall" which is in a corner of the cemetery by a wall that backs on to an old building, almost right under a bridge with cars driving over it.

My aunt - Okay, calm down, I'll talk to her about it...

My uncle - Especially as she must be earning well with those porn dances she does... I hope she hasn't picked up one of those new-fangled diseases at least, what with all these new people she's been hanging out with...

Another voice is already drawing me away. My vision suddenly changes course.

I rise up above the leafless trees of the cemetery, over the bridge. I speed across the town and in a split second I'm at the "Power"...

151 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(INTERIOR NIGHTCLUB, LATE AFTERNOON)

I pass through the walls and find myself in the dingy corridor that leads to the dressing rooms. . .

Two people I know are just below me in the narrow space: Morgane and the boss of the "Power".

Morgane (annoyed) - OK so I'm sick, so what? That's no reason to stop living is it?...

Boss - Don't take it bad. I'm not bothered about the fact that you're still sleeping with other guys, what gets me is that you haven't warned your former partners...

Morgane - What? You must be kidding! Maybe you'd like me to just pick up the phone and... You want me to wear a sign while I'm at it?!...

Boss (awkwardly) - ... Not even Mario? Don't you even want to tell him?

Morgane (decisively) - No, not even Mario... I didn't know I had it then, you know... Anyhow, we only slept together twice. I'm sure he didn't get it and I don't want to freak Moira out for no reason.

Boss - ... Um hmm...

Morgane - I mean, nobody ever told me... It's not my fault if some people don't want to take precautions...

The boss is embarrassed.

Boss - Yes but still, it bothers me for Mario...

My vision escapes out of the corridor and zips through a few walls, out of the "Power"...

152 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(EXTERIOR BUILDING SITE, END OF DAY)

I emerge onto a building site surrounded by fences, next to the nightclub.

Two municipal vans are parked next to bags of cement covered with a plastic tarpaulin. A light drizzle falls on the virtually nocturnal decor.

Up ahead, at the end of a muddy dirt path rutted with deep tire tracks, the night watchman and Mario are standing next to a car. The trunk is open. The night watchman, a skinny, friendly man with a mustache, hands Mario a sawn-off shotgun. Mario handles it, impressed.

Night watchman - Nowadays it's you versus the world, boy. People will fuck you over to survive without your even noticing it. So you always gotta be ready to defend yourself. You see, Mario... my shooter's like my best friend, the only thing I can count on 24 hours a day... It's taken me some time but I've learned to get respect... You don't have kids, but say you did, and some guy touched your boy up one day...

Mario examines the end of the barrel, not paying much attention to what his friend his saying. So the watchman changes the subject.

Night watchman - ... I can show you how to saw yours down, if you like... I knows all about guns...

Mario suddenly starts playing with the shotgun, like a cowboy. Then he aims a target we cannot see.

Mario - Yeah, you're right... It feels good...

Night watchman - What are you doing this weekend?

Mario lowers the gun and snaps to, in a very good mood.

Mario - I'm going away with Moira. We don't want to be here for the New Year, so we're going off on a romantic weekend...

The watchman looks at him with a smutty smile.

Night watchman - Lucky devil! Specially as your woman seems real hot, huh...?

I suddenly recognize a familiar voice in the distance. My vision flies off again and soars through a few buildings...

153 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(INT. MARIO'S APARTMENT + LANDING, LATE AFTERNOON)

I come out in the small entrance corridor to Mario's apartment. Moira is in the open doorway. Standing on the landing opposite her is Victor.

Moira - What did you say?... "I'm sorry"?! I don't fucking believe it!... If Oscar could hear you: "I'm sorry"... Is that what you came to say?

Victor - Maybe I'm not expressing myself very well, but...

Moira - Listen, it's people like you that this life a heap of shit. If you really want to make me happy, you know what you should do?... Kill yourself. But don't use a razor, that would be too quick. No, you'd have to die with your head pulverized under a truck or something gruesome like that.

Victor purses his lips but manages to get a grip.

Victor - OK... I can understand you being annoyed...

Moira - D'you realize that Alex may even be dead too because of a slimeball like you...?

Victor stands there helplessly. He doesn't know what to say. Moira doesn't give him time to think.

Moira - I'm asking you straight, like a favor you'd be doing for Oscar: kill yourself... I'd feel really relieved...

Victor swallows his reply, lowers his head, turns heel and leaves the landing. Moira spits out one last insult.

Moira - ... Little shit!!

She slams the door with tears of hatred rolling down her cheeks.

I go through the walls, out of the building.

154 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(EXTERIOR MARIO'S APARTMENT, LATE AFTERNOON)

I find myself outside. Victor shoves the main door open and comes out onto the street. Suzy is waiting for her son in front of the building with a worried look. Victor storms past her without even looking at her.

Suzy - How did it go?...

Victor does not reply. Suzy catches up with him and puts her hand on his arm. Victor spins round and slaps his mother before she can dodge his blow.

Victor - Well you got what you wanted you damn whore... Now they all wish I were dead... Great idea you had!

His mother contains herself and tries to hold her son tight. Victor bursts into nervous sobs.

Suzy - There, there... calm down...

Victor - Fuck off and leave me alone!... And Oscar can go rot in hell too... It's not my fault he tried to shoot, stupid prick.

Suzy - Listen, it's all over now... all over. I never loved Oscar. He didn't mean anything. I felt sorry for him, that's all... You're my son and I love you...

Then, while Suzy carries on hugging Victor, my increasingly restless vision breaks away from them and goes back through the facade of Mario's building and over the landing, looking for my sister.

155 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(INTERIOR MARIO'S APARTMENT, LATE AFTERNOON)

I emerge into Mario's living room again, above my sister, who is beside herself with rage, mumbling words I can't understand properly.

I go over and place myself in front of Moira, in her line of vision. It almost looks like she can see me.

Moira (to herself) - If my life is fucked it's because of my brother and his dumb friends... I want them to go away... all of them... go away and leave me alone... Go away!!!

In a rage, Moira picks up an ashtray and flings it across the living room (and across my vision) at a framed photo. The photo topples over and the glass breaks. I leave my sister and go over to the photo. Under the bits of glass I recognize a now damaged photo of us two as children.

157 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(EXTERIOR SEA, END OF DAY)

I soon find myself over the ocean I had never seen during my life. The city has disappeared behind me and all I can see is this huge undulating surface, dark and monotonous but nonetheless reassuring. I realize that this soothing vision does not look like a real sea, for it too is very simplified.

My vision floats above the water for a moment, rocked by the gentle lapping of the waves ebbing and flowing.

Then my vision calmly tilts and I discover the horizon that separates the sea from the sky. A gray mass of clouds stretch endlessly above me. They too are moving in a peaceful, undulating movement, like the sea. Little by little I let myself be taken over by this padded gray music. All of a sudden, a chink opens in the clouds and I discern a space filled with a magnificent golden light that seems way out in the beyond.

My vision almost instantaneously propels itself towards this chink, which has now closed up again. It doesn't matter because I plunge into the cumulus mass anyway.

158 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(ABOVE THE CLOUDS, DUSK)

A mist envelops me: I am going through thick clouds. Then the gray vapors brighten and I emerge above the sunlit clouds. The oblique rays of the sun etch organic contours in the clouds, underlining their orange-tinted wisps and forming purplish-blue-gray shadowy hollows. Above the clouds, the heavenly dome is streaked with colors, from salmon pink to violet. This vision is extremely beautiful.

I float in an oceanic peace. Thousands of whispery human voices wash over me.

I fly over this sea of clouds for a long time without encountering a single crack. This great fluffy orange

immensity, warm and bright, exudes a feeling of happiness I have never known before.

But a clearly defined, moving object suddenly bursts into the empty vastness of my field of vision.

Alex (OS) - Oscar...

I recognize 'Alex's voice and my vision, till then "slumbering", sharpens again, identifying the object moving through the sky. It's a small airline plane flying above the twilight clouds. My vision is sucked towards it...

159 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(INTERIOR PLANE, DUSK)

... and a second later I'm inside.

The plane is almost empty and I immediately spot Alex sitting on the edge of a row of seats.

He is talking to a woman with a baby, sitting on the other side of the aisle.

Alex - ...My name is Oscar Derderian.

Woman - And what do you do?

The woman smiles at him, but Alex is put out by the question.

Alex - Right now?

The woman nods quietly. Alex looks at her for a moment and finally seems reassured.

Alex - ... I'm going to try and start a new life somewhere.

The woman carries on smiling peacefully at him, obviously not wanting to seem indiscreet.

Woman - Well you're young, I'm sure you'll succeed in your new life...

Alex smiles, in a good mood.

The baby starts crying and the woman uncovers her breast for him to suckle. I move in very close. Closer still. The baby, who calmed down instantly, is suckling hungrily to a regular rhythm, eyes closed. All I can see is his mouth. And the nipple feeding him. I stay motionless

in front of this reassuring image for a long time while a new feeling of happiness surges within me, reaching bliss.

But I must have imperceptibly drawn back a little because I can now see the woman's face again which, following the rhythm of the suckling, turns into my mother's face, then back to the unknown woman's face, then my mother's, and so on. For a split second I think I can also make out the silhouette of my father sitting where Alex is...

Alex - Is he your only child?

The flash images of my parents instantly disappear and I'm back to Alex and the unknown woman sitting in the plane.

Woman - No, he has a sister who loves him more than anything...

The baby starts coughing and dribbling milk.

Just then, anxiety sweeps over me again, happiness turns to unease, the colors change, darken, and the stressful noise of the plane's propellers drowns me.

I lunge out of the plane...

160 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(ABOVE THE CLOUDS, EVENING)

Wrenched out of the plane, my vision plummets through the mass of clouds like a stone. The dark gray diffuse mist surrounds me again until I emerge on the other side of the clouds. Night has fallen and the sky is now dark blue.

I carry on falling. My vision tilts downwards and I rediscover the city speeding towards me with increasingly strange and illogical proportions...

161 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(EXTERIOR ROAD, EVENING)

... I plummet down towards the terraces of the big tower blocks and plunge into the narrow crack between them, ending my fall above an avenue that leads to a road with cars zooming by in both directions. Their head lamps make the wet asphalt gleam. Luckily, my vision settles above a car that looks like Mario's.

Moira (OS) - You see, for a long time my brother meant everything to me...

I instantly identify my sister's voice and swoop into the car.

161 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(INTERIOR MARIO'S CAR, IN FRONT OF TUNNEL, EVENING)

Mario is driving. He nods silently as Moira speaks. She is sitting beside him.

Moira starts talking again, deep in thought.

Moira - But maybe I was too hard on Victor...

Mario - Don't worry. Don't make a big deal about it... Anyway, he deserved it...

Moira looks at Mario.

Moira - Anyway, I'm very glad we're going away...

Mario turns to her and lifts his hand to stroke the back of her neck. But Moira suddenly draws back.

Moira - Watch out!...

She points to the road and my vision pivots to the front.

A horn blares. a truck is bearing down on us in the oncoming direction. Behind it I can see the tunnel dug into the mountain getting closer. It looks like the one where my parents had their accident. A green light is flashing at the entrance.

Mario spins the wheel round and straightens up the car that had drifted onto the left-hand lane.

And a fake memory comes flashing back stroboscopically...

Mario and Moira abruptly turn into my father and mother. A second honk blares out even closer. The lights of the truck bearing down on the car dazzle my father. White light invades the screen. My mother cries out. My vision is propelled out of the car...

163 - FAKE FLASHBACK

(EXTERIOR TUNNEL, NIGHT)

I discover the images of my parents' accident. These early 80's images are not completely realistic, they resemble a bad mental reconstruction of an event where I see myself from the outside.

Among the debris of the crumpled car, I make out the blood-ridden corpses of my parents. They have taken on an even more terrifying appearance than in my previous memories.

The fire brigade and the police are already on the scene. In the midst of the muddle of flashing lights, sirens and shouting, I watch the emergency workers running around, trying to free my parents' bodies while police officers holding light beacons try to control the traffic at the entrance to the tunnel.

A fireman takes my sister and I away from this confusion towards a building by the entrance to the tunnel. As he walks the decor around him changes. He changes too...

164 - ALTERED FLASHBACK

(INTERIOR LANDING PARENTS' BUILDING, NIGHT)

... into my aunt walking towards me and my sister, still children, on the landing in my parents' apartment block. The children stop playing and watch her walk over. She kneels down in front of them and talks to them with great care.

Aunt - Oh my poor dears... I won't be able to keep you...

The last after-images of flashing lights disappear, along with my aunt.

And as I move towards the two children squeezing each other tight, the decor metamorphoses behind them again...

165 - ALTERED FLASHBACK
(INTERIOR PARENTS' APARTMENT, NIGHT)

... and I see them in my parents' yellow bedroom where we made our pact. This time the memory is seen face on, as though from the outside, and I visualize all the details.

Oscar (child) - They're going to separate us. Aunt wants us to go to an orphanage...

They are sitting on the floor under the darkened window.

Moira - We won't see each other any more?

Oscar (child) - ... No... but...

Moir'a's lips pout sadly. Oscar would like to say something else, but he swallows his words. He stares at the razor blade he is holding and turns to her.

Oscar (child) I... I promise we'll never leave each other... And... and if I die, I'll come back to get you...

Moira - ... Me too.

Oscar (child) Do you swear?

Moira - Yes... Like you.

He takes my sister's hand and holds the razor blade up to it. Moir'a is frightened and pulls her arm away.

Oscar - You have to... This is how pacts are made.

He cuts a small nick in her thumb, then his. They bond their two thumbs together. Blood trickles down their hands.

My sister goes pale and so does my double. They look at each other dizzily.

Moira - You'll never ever leave me...?

Oscar (child) - No... Never.

Then silence.

But a sarcastic presence interrupts this memory:

Me (OS) - That promise is impossible to keep...

My vision then discovers another double of me, adult, also sitting in the bedroom.

Oscar (adult) - No dead person has ever been able to communicate with the living...

My little sister cries harder.

166 - FAKE FLASHBACK
(EXTERIOR ROAD + BUILDING, NIGHT)

... The bedroom turns into a road and a Care worker drags little Moira away from Oscar the child. Oscar the adult is still standing by his child double, hounding him.

Oscar (adult) - You see, Oscar... due to your promise you've already let the colored lights that could have raised you to other dimensions go by. Now there's only one way out, if you want to get away from the nightmares you create: you've got to reincarnate yourself, fast. But you mustn't miss the right womb. A lot of wombs are going to attract you with pulsating yellow lights. These yellow glows are the only doorways back into the world of the living... But be careful... you have to move fast and not all of them are good...

Oscar (child) - But how will I know...?

I hear my little sister crying my name and Oscar the child turns round to Moira.

A police officer is making her get in a car. The door closes behind her and the car drives off towards the entrance of the tunnel. My vision darts into the tunnel...

162 cont. - OUT OF BODY VISION
(INTERIOR MARIO'S CAR, NIGHT)

But once inside, my vision sees Moira, already grown up, sitting next to Mario as they head off on their weekend away.

The truck that had honked at them rumbles past. Mario sticks his head out the window and yells at it...

Mario - Fucking truck!

The car plunges into the tunnel, which is getting darker and darker. The situation calms down for a few seconds while Moira slips a cassette into the car stereo in front of her.

Moira - How about we stop at a motel overlooking the sea?

But shouts echo out behind us. My vision pivots towards the back window and emerges outside in the tunnel...

167 - MENTAL AND OUT OF BODY VISION
(INTERIOR TUNNEL, NIGHT)

... to discover plain clothes cops that look exactly like the ones in the bar where I died, chasing Oscar adult who is running full tilt to get away from them.

A cop - Catch him! He's trying to get away...

My vision is flying in front of my double, looking at him. Breathless and despairing, my double pulls the bag of Ecstasies out of his pants, opens it and, still running, does his best to gulp down the 40 pills inside.

Then he slows down and, before the cops can catch up with him, starts smiling.

One of the cops pulls his gun out in a rage and fires at my double... BANG! A techno music beat blares out. As though affected by the dull thudding of the music, the tunnel seems to be closing in on my body, now lying on the ground...

My vision pivots towards the exit and flees the tunnel, chasing Mario's car.

168 - OUT OF BODY VISION
(EXTERIOR SUBURBAN STREETS, PITCH BLACK NIGHT)

I emerge from the tunnel at the same time as the car, out on the other side of the city, that has turned into a kind of suburb under construction. Everything is plunged into a tense, unreal darkness, as though there was an electrical blackout.*

Snatches of urban decor zip by under me, sometimes undergoing anamorphosis.

I can hardly make out the sky, which is hidden by a thick layer of organically reddy-brown clouds.

The same music I heard in the tunnel is still thudding, but the nature of it has changed, as though it were distant and reverberating under a large dome. Mario's car has disappeared and I roam through the streets in the darkening half-light. A whooshing sound accompanies my movements.

169 - OUT OF BODY VISION
(EXTERIOR WALL, PITCH BLACK NIGHT)

Suddenly, at the surface of a red-brick wall, I finally glimpse a tiny palpitating yellow glow which attracts me by its strangeness.

Inside, two mosquitoes are mating. Seen from very close up it is an absolutely terrifying sight.

My vision retracts and flies off elsewhere.

* Directors note: From now on Oscar's vision has more and more trouble fixing itself anywhere and his distorted visions are affected by interference from vague images from his past, or decors, faces and scenes that overlap each other until they jam. Every now and then a snatch of reality returns, generally bathed in or indicated by yellow lights. The rest of the time, the chaotic mix of these distorted images should plunge the spectator into complete disarray. As the yellow images multiply and Oscar's vision is guided from one to the other, the interference images and the continuously dark backdrop will take on a progressively nightmarish dimension, organic and cosmic at the same time.

170 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(EXTERIOR COURTYARD, PITCH BLACK NIGHT)

A new yellow glow attracts me, much more perceptible this time. I approach a concrete courtyard where two guard dogs are copulating savagely. The dog mounts the growling bitch and humps her clumsily. The bitch stumbles each time and the male has to grab her to get going again. The yellow glow pulsates out of their bodies with every thrust.

Suddenly terrified, I draw away from them, plunging back into the black landscape.

171 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(EXTERIOR INDUSTRIAL ROAD, PITCH BLACK NIGHT)

My vision pivots towards a street lamp that is casting a powerful yellowy-green light over a recess under a railway bridge. I am irresistibly attracted to it...

Under the light, leaning against the hood of a truck pulled up on the side, a man and a prostitute are about to make love standing up. They are all that is lit up by the lamp. I float nearer. The man is rubbing himself up against the girl's back. Her skirt is hitched right up. He undoes his pants. Then he takes a condom out of his pocket and puts it on before sliding his penis inside the girl. He starts pumping mechanically away in her. The girl turns round to look at him.

For a split second Morgane's face is superimposed on the girl's.

My vision turns away from the roadside couple and flies off.

172 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(EXTERIOR WASTE GROUND, PITCH BLACK NIGHT)

I float in the obscurity, attracted by the dull thudding of music that now sounds closer and closer.

I reach a huge waste ground surrounded by fencing where, still in pitch darkness, hundreds of people are

dancing to music thumping out of speakers hooked up to posts. I cannot clearly discern any of the faces. But suddenly, behind the fence on the other side of the waste ground, a new yellow glow attracts me...

173 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(EXTERIOR WASTE GROUND, PITCH BLACK NIGHT)

I cross over to it in a split second. A brazier is burning, casting a flickering yellow light over the area. A condom wrapper lies next to a teenage boy making love to a girl lying on the ground. Their movements are fascinating. I can see a boy watching them, standing slightly back. The girl cries out in pleasure and sits up towards the boy. Suddenly, Victor's face flickers over the face of this stranger. I move away from the couple...

174 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(EXTERIOR PATH, PITCH BLACK NIGHT)

A little further off, between two other fences, a narrow path is gleaming strangely. My vision is attracted towards it.

Two boys are standing there, kissing. Above them, a yellowing light bulb dangling from a cable swings in the wind. One of the boys gently steps back from his friend and kneels in front of him. It's Victor, slowly unzipping his partner's pants. The light quivers around them. For a split second, Suzy's face appears over his. I fly off over the city with its increasingly absurd and simplistic contours...

175 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(INTERIOR SUZY'S KITCHEN, PITCH BLACK NIGHT)

All of a sudden I make out a new yellow glow behind the windows of an apartment. I go inside and find myself in Suzy and Victor's father's kitchen. The man has stretched his right leg out and

slipped his toes into his wife's mouth. She is licking them. Suzy's backside, covered in a translucent slip, writhes sensually. Her mouth travels up her husband's leg and starts sucking him off. They are lit by a burning gas canister on the floor. But it must be almost empty because the flames constantly flicker. The orangey half-light reveals the breathless, orgasmic expression on the husband's face, his mouth wide open.

The face of my uncle in the midst of a similar rapture replaces the face of Victor's father for a moment.

My vision abandons them and crosses streets devoid of all light.

176 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(EXTERIOR UNCLE'S LIVING ROOM, PITCH BLACK NIGHT)

Until a lusterless glow draws me in mid-flight.

Into an apartment that seems familiar. Under the feeble light of a lamp with a green and yellow cloth over the shade, a couple of sixty year-olds are making love. As I approach I recognize my uncle, standing behind my aunt. She is wearing a short-sleeved shirt and kneeling on an armchair upholstered in a horrendous floral print. My uncle penetrates her. My aunt starts crying.

Aunt - I'm too old...

Uncle - No no...

All of a sudden, as my uncle speaks, I perceive the face of his son Tito in a flash.

My vision retracts through the rest of the pitch black town.

177 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(INTERIOR BATHROOM LOFT, PITCH BLACK NIGHT)

A beautiful glow draws me to the windows of a bathroom, misted over by hot steam. The inside of the room is intermittently lit by neon lights from a large sign outside. It's the bathroom in Tito's loft.

He is making love to Nelly who is crouched on all fours, naked, on some bath towels. Their love-making seems to follow the rhythm of the distant beat of the party, still present in the distance. This glow is very intense and the beautiful, passionate situation fills me with joy. My vision alters.

Tito suddenly stops, worried.

Tito - Did you take your pill?

Nelly - Yes, no worries...

My vision swoops onto a shelf with a half-finished pack of contraceptive pills on it. Then it speeds back to Nelly and finally retracts, disappointed, while the glow is resorbed into their bodies.

I emerge again into the incomprehensible sight of the dark city.

178 - OUT OF BODY VISION (EXTERIOR CITY, PITCH BLACK NIGHT)

My vision moves over the obscure city and turns to the horizon. The regular rumbling of the nearby ocean dissolves into the increasingly distant techno beat.

The clouds hanging heavily over me have an unreal consistency. They start pulsating like a heart beat.

This dark urban space has become so strange I no longer even have any desire to move, and my vision stops in mid-air.

The bottom of the sky has turned blood red, as though heralding a strange sun. In the center of my field of vision, the light clearly picks out a building. Above the terrace, five huge back-lit letters glow: MOTEL.

I think I hear Moira's voice saying: "Come..." while her face flashes fleetingly by, bathed in a very beautiful yellow brightness.

I approach over the city and perceive a beautiful bright yellow glow coming from behind one of the windows.

This glow is much more stable than the others.

I go through the window pane...

179 - OUT OF BODY VISION

(INTERIOR YELLOW ROOM, NIGHT-DAWN)

I find myself in an unfamiliar room, a few feet above the ground. The first rays of dawn flow through a pane covered in a thin yellow curtain. In the middle of the empty room is a bed that looks like the one in my parents' bedroom. On the mattress, Mario and Moira are rubbing against each other.

A very intense glow emanates from their bodies.

Moira - ... Come...

Mario is wearing underpants and a T-shirt. Moira is in her bra and panties. She is kneeling in front of Mario and writhing her hips. Mario holds her tight. Numbed, she changes position. She goes onto all fours with her head facing the window this time. Outside, lights flick on in the windows of the city, as though it were already dawn. The decor forms again. A heavy musical beat from afar can be felt in the room.

Mario takes his T-shirt off and kneels behind my sister, ready to make love to her. He slips her panties to one side, revealing a fleeting glimpse of her inner thighs. Then he takes his hardened penis out of his underpants and penetrates her. His body thrusts slowly in and out.

Moira - Be careful...

Mario slows down.

Moira - I haven't put anything in...

But Mario carries on. The sexual drumbeat mingles in with their breathing and, taking on the same rhythm, invades the room. I flitter around the couple, around their bodies. I slip between them. My vision shifts and hovers above Moira's face, as though I were right by her, or in Mario's place. Moira is breathing heavily.

Stroboscopic interference visions of my own mother having an orgasm suddenly surge forth.

Mario (OS) - I don't care. I'll give you a baby...

At these words, the images of my mother disappear and my vision rises vertically above Mario and Moira. A kind of hazy, transparent umbilical ectoplasm now links me to the yellow glow still emanating from the belly of the moving couple. I feel like I'm inside the blurred walls of the ectoplasmic membrane, for my perception of the two of them becomes troubled, like looking through an aquarium.

The yellow glow travels up the strange ectoplasmic umbilicus towards me and invades my vision, bringing me an image. A profound calm ensues...

I vaguely glimpse a newborn baby in a delivery room. Gloved hands cut the umbilical cord and place the child onto the mother's breast. I cannot see her face. But this overly liquefied image is already diluting into the yellow glow...

My vision slithers laterally out of the ectoplasmic tunnel and goes "out of body" again. I am floating above Mario and Moira again. They are still making love in the increasingly yellow room. Moira turns round to look at Mario, her lips parted. He is cluyching her by the hips. Moira catches her breath.

But the ectoplasm drags me in again and the couple disappear in a yellow flash. I perceive a more clearly defined vision traveling up the ectoplasm. A newborn baby eagerly suckling a woman's breast. Is this a possible future?... The image finally gets clearer and moves slightly closer towards me...

180 - MENTAL VISION OF THE FUTURE (INTERIOR LOFT, DUSK)

A woman whose face I cannot yet see is breast feeding a small baby. The baby suckles ravenously, eyes closed, with a regular rhythm. My vision moves in very close to this marvelous young milk-laden breast.* I stop in front of this reassuring image for a long time. The baby's face shows a feeling of happiness mounting to bliss.

A girl (OS) - Aren't you a happy little thing, suckling your mommy?

A girl's hand strokes the baby's head.

A girl (OS) - What's his name?

Moira - His name is Oscar.

Moira is sitting with her baby in Tito's loft. Nelly and a friend of hers are leaning over the baby, cooing-cooing it tenderly. The baby gurgles. They are lit by a very bright a light bulb.

In the loft behind them, another girl friend of Nelly's, as fresh-faced and pretty as the first, is being chatted up by the ever-nice Bruno. A few words of their conversation drift over to me, of which: "it's a cosmic orgasm...". The young girl laughs. Tito is there too. He turns the radio up. We hear a very cheerful song from the 70's, remixed with a thudding techno beat.

Then Tito examines two books sitting on the table next to him: the omnipresent book with the mandala on the cover and "The first three minutes of the universe". He finally picks up the latter and goes to sit on his bed to flick through it. On the wall above him, a calendar in psychedelic letters shows the year we are in: 2001.

* Director's note: From this scene on, Oscar's visions no longer fulfill any "out of body" or subjective vision logic and their cinematic form is close to flashback form, but much more freely cut up. These mental visions of a future life, a kind of ultimate projection of Oscar's desires, are unstable, blurred and bathed at the edges by a yellowy-orange light. Normal colors only feature in the center of the image. These images are mixed with ellipses and unpredictable flashbacks, like a collage of badly adjusted moments.

The setting sun tinges the room orange. It is decorated with many colored paintings and small models. In a corner, a little kiddies section has been set up with angels and mini planes hanging from the ceiling. There is even a mini lighthouse, revolving its mini rays around the room. Moira gets up with the baby and goes out onto the balcony.

181 - MENTAL VISION OF THE FUTURE (EXTERIOR BALCONY LOFT, DUSK)

The roofs of the city stretch into the distance. All is still outside. It's a beautiful evening. Orange-pink clouds scud up in the sky. Nelly comes out to join Moira on the balcony and takes the baby in her arms. Moira straightens her golden yellow dress and looks at the sky.

Nelly - So it's over with Mario?

Moira - Yes, I think so... I can't stand him any more.

Nelly is silent for a moment, then adds:

Nelly - You can stay here as long as you like.

Moira laughs and kisses Nelly on the lips.

A distant noise approaches: a small gray plane flying across the sky. The same one Moira and I saw the day I died...

Moira (to the baby) - Look Oscar... there's an airplane up in the sky...

The plane rises higher and higher and disappears behind the clouds.

Through a chink in the clouds we catch a glimpse of a vast distant space, bathed in golden light. Then the chink closes and other fleeting images of a future life are superimposed onto the clouds.

We vaguely make out a child age 8, then a teenager... But the images flash up too fast.

Just one image seems to linger: a teenager making love with a girl in an ultra-pop futuristic room. Then everything dissolves behind a yellow glow...

179 cont. - OUT OF BODY VISION
(INTERIOR YELLOW ROOM, DAWN)

The yellow glow withdraws and goes back to its initial spot, as though flowing along the ectoplasm. I pop out of the top of the ectoplasm and perceive it as an increasingly thin transparent cord linking me to my sister's belly.

My vision, "out of body" once more, sees Mario and Moira. They are still making love on the bed on all fours, opposite the window. Morning has broken and the sun's rays light the room with a yellow gleam that is almost white in parts.

The beat thuds out again, accompanying the couple's quickening breathing as Mario's thrusting gets more violent and mechanical. He grips Moira's shoulders. She moans and, half turning round, bites his hand. My vision gets progressively blurred. The image flickers all over the place. As I fly down towards them, what remains of the ectoplasm seems to be being re-absorbed into Moira's body. At the same time, a multitude of viewpoints of this scene race by, as though I were approaching the couple at many different angles simultaneously, making it virtually impossible to interpret the space. I am now right near them. Their bodies perspire. Their torsos rock to and fro. Moira is coming. I go even closer to my sister's moist belly. I press myself up against the hazy pinkish skin, discovering beads of sweat around her naval. And I go into her body.

**182 - INTRAUTERINE
OUT OF BODY VISION**
(INTERIOR MOIRA'S BELLY, HALF-LIGHT)

Seen from inside Moira's body, Mario's penis thrusts in and out of the vaginal cavern. It speeds up until he spurts forth his seminal fluid that settles onto the humid walls of the mucus membrane.

The penis slowly comes to a halt, then withdraws.

The image finally settles. The vaginal walls contract. Everything melts into a rosy-pink organic half-light. The corners of my vision darken. A brighter spot persists in the womb, at the edge of the Fallopian tube. Its glow contracts and dilates to the still rapid heartbeat that sounds very near.

I float in this padded space for a moment, before moving closer to the uterine wall where an event is occurring.

My vision progressively slips into the infinitely small, revealing a macroscopic world I had never imagined.

183 - MOLECULAR OUT OF BODY VISION

(INTERIOR MOIRA'S WOMB, HALF-LIGHT)

I draw closer to the glow. It is coming from a finely-grooved fringe in the mucus membrane. I go even closer. At the end of this hollowed-out red fringe is the ovule, which looks like a kind of huge fibrous sponge and seems to be lit from the inside.

Rough-hued spermatozoids approach it, like white parasites. They squirm rapidly. Each one has a head and a vibratile tail, linked together by an intermediary segment as long as the head and made of multiple spirals. A first spermatozoid accosts the surface of the ovule. It rushes head-first into the ovular cytoplasm and penetrates the pellucid membrane. Its tail breaks off, abandoned at the surface.

Other spermatozoids try to penetrate the membrane. Too late: the route is barred. Once the first fertilizing seed has been let in, no others can penetrate the surface.

My vision penetrates into the cytoplasm behind the spermatozoid.

Inside, a most singular phenomenon occurs: it turns head over tail, performing a kind of somersault.

Then it carries on progressing into the ovule, but now preceded by the intermediary segment that had initially been following.

The male nucleus puffs up, absorbing protoplasmic liquid. It steams straight ahead, continuing on in the direction of its penetration. Then it abruptly deviates and heads for the female nucleus. The female nucleus shoots off in turn. Carried by the currents, it travels in front of the male nucleus, but at a slower speed.

The two nuclei meet. Their dimensions are virtually equal. They intertwine and fuse together into one big nucleus, twice as voluminous.

My vision spirals towards this new nucleus. And melts inside it...

A bright white flash made of billions of colored dots flares up.

The rumbling stops dead.

In a frenzied, multicolored chaos, fertilization has been consummated.

184 - FLASHBACK
IN SUBJECTIVE VISION
(INTERIOR SQUAT-DOWN TOILET, NIGHT)

Then the bright white light draws back, as though carried along a dark tunnel, leaving behind it the image of my arm stretched in front of me and blood trickling over the wet white slab in the toilets. It's an ultimate perception of my moment of death, but this time uniformly tinted red. The image decomposes into a kind of blood red magma, increasingly narrow and damp, while aquatic sounds swirl around me.

185 - INTRAUTERINE VISION

(INTERIOR MOTHER'S WOMB, HALF-LIGHT)

The place has metamorphosed into a liquid, spongy, semi-obscure intrauterine cavity where my arm, now that of a fetus, floats in a kind of cosmic peace.

A little light seems to penetrate inside this semi-darkness, highlighting the padded, throbbing, blurry red walls of the womb.

Behind my arm I can see what seems to be an umbilical cord with blood flowing through it.

While the reassuring double beat of two hearts cradles me within watery sounds, abstract images regularly flash across the four corners of my field of vision.

I am behind a membrane full of tiny blood vessels, inside the placenta. But everything is hazy.

Then the space starts to contract spasmodically, seemingly wanting to suffocate me or else evict me. Muffled cries and increasingly jerky breathing echo in the midst of familiar organic sounds, as though coming from an unidentifiable place.

On the other side of the protective membrane, a powerful beam of light splits through the maternal obscurity. A hand slithers in to this fleshy slit and tears the membrane and the placenta. The cold light grows in the red obscurity. The amniotic fluid flows away. The gloved hand widens the crack and pulls me towards the light through a long tunnel that crushes me. My vision becomes sharper. But the light is too bright and it blinds me. The noises are very painful.

186 - SUBJECTIVE VISION

(INTERIOR HOSPITAL ROOM, MORNING)

I can barely see the gloved hands dragging me out of the vagina. I emerge from my mother's body into a white

room that is way too brightly lit, in a delivery ward reminiscent of the late 1970's.

The gloved hands turn me over and, while my head is upside down, I see the delivery table and the sheet stained with bright red blood. White figures move around me. The umbilical cord is dangling from my body. A hand cuts it with glinting scissors.

My heart beats faster. My lungs inflate. Air seeps into them, stinging me; my vocal chords vibrate, emitting their first sound.

I release my primal scream and, while I am being carried to my mother's breast, I get a fleeting glimpse of her face. I think I recognize my mother's face, not Moira's...

Is this the memory of my one and only birth returning at the moment of my death? It must be, but I don't have time to be really sure. Apart from this breast sliding into my mouth, everything is too confused and it's all slipping away already. My eyelids close and I am plunged into obscurity.

A man (OS) - His name is Oscar...

No more movement.

No more thought. No more breath.

There is nothing left.

Just blackness.

And silence.

And then, after a long moment, a word:

THE VOID

... which, after a long minute, also disappears.

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LIST OF CHARACTERS

Oscar: The main character, 22 years old, Moira's brother. Brown hair, thin, nervous, with no fixed profession. Like most of his friends, he likes psychotropic drugs. Orphaned at the age of six, he is a loner. The arrival of his sister turns his life upside down. He would like to restore the special relationship he had with her but doesn't manage to. He gets very jealous when Moira starts having lovers.

Moira: Oscar's sister, 20 years old. Brown hair, beautiful and hardened. She is stronger than Oscar whom she does not seem to hold in very high esteem. She is very independent and possibly even selfish. The reasons behind her actions will never be clear. Right after she arrives in her brother's studio apartment, she takes a job as a sexy dancer in a techno nightclub.

Alex: A friend of Oscar's, 30 years old. Tall, bony, calm and intelligent. He lets people come to him. Nobody knows how he earns a living but he sculpts stone objects and shares a loft with Tito, Oscar's cousin. He is the only person Oscar admires, due to his pseudo scientific and esoteric knowledge.

Tito: Oscar and Moira's cousin, friend of Alex, 20 years old. Transparent and cheerful, he has very simple relationships with the people around him, including Oscar, whom he likes but doesn't really understand. He paints very colorful paintings.

Victor: School friend of Oscar's, 22 years old. Fat, shy and weak, he has violent feelings towards Oscar who holds him somewhat in contempt. Feeling betrayed by Oscar, Victor will in turn betray him.

Mario: Moira's lover, 38 years old, barman at the "Power", the club where Moira dances. Stocky and dark-skinned, he is honest but rigid in his relationships with people. Moira loves him for his reassuring masculine strength. He is indifferent to Oscar's jealousy.

Nelly: Tito's young girlfriend, 16 years old, fresh-faced, gentle and quiet. She is blond with a milky complexion and rounded features. Tito loves her a lot. She doesn't know Oscar very well but admires Moira's character.

Suzy: Victor's mother, 47 years old, beautiful, flirtatious and physically confident. She seduces Oscar, more out of a wish to be desired than love for him. Her relationship with her son is pretty complicated.

Oscar's parents: They die in their thirties when Oscar is a child. Very tender with their children, we catch only fleeting glimpses of them during Oscar's memory flashbacks, but their marriage seems to be generally free of conflict.