

On The Captive
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From the film "La Captive" (2000), written and directed by Chantal Akerman.

Tell me, Ariane . . .

Yes, Simon.

What do you think of when making love?

Nothing.

You do . . . you think of something. You drift off once you close your eyes.

No.

I feel it . . . I know. You're no longer with me.

Leave me be.

Alright, you drift off . . . but if you told me where, with whom, and how, I'd be with you, closer to you. That's all I want.

I think nothing.

Ariane . . . kiss me. . . . When it gets finer we could go to Venice, or Vienna.

If you'd like.

You'd rather Istanbul?

Either way, as you like.

From there, we could sail to the Greek islands, live in a little village, for a while.

A little village, if you like.

Tomorrow I can call Andrée, see if she'll join us. . . . You seem tired.

Yes, perhaps.

Like to go to bed?

Yes, maybe.

You have nice hands.

You too.

Let me look at you.

If you like. . . . It's so mild, I'd like to swim.

This evening?

Yes, why not?

Shall I order supper?

If you like, yes.

Good idea, I'm starving. In the meantime, I'll unpack.

Right.

What would you like to eat?

Eat? Whatever you'd like.

No, you choose.

Well, then . . . scrambled eggs, salmon, salad, and boiled eggs.

Scrambled and boiled?

No, just scrambled eggs . . . I'll go swim, just a few strokes.

. . . [On the phone.] Good evening. I'd like scrambled eggs, salmon, and salad. And champagne for two. Thank you.

. . . Good evening, sir. Scrambled eggs . . . The wind's up. Be fine tomorrow.

Yes, more than likely.

Shall I open the champagne?

No, I'll do it.

Thank you. Good evening.

[He sits in an upholstered chair. He goes out onto the balcony and looks at the sea. He goes back into the room and, standing, opens the champagne. He goes back to the balcony. He runs to the edge of the water.]