

POLYGRAPH

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Presented by OpticNerve Performance Group and Theatre Works

Prologue

David is waiting for a train. Marie-Claude and François walk in, they are arguing. The argument escalates and Marie-Claude leaves. François sits down next to David.

1 THE FILTER

Marie-Claude falls on stage and is dying. David starts tracing Marie-Claude's dead body with chalk. Whilst François prepares for his lecture by writing on the blackboard. David moves Marie-Claude to the bench and puts a white sheet on her.

David: The autopsy has revealed that the stab wounds were caused by a sharp, pointed instrument which penetrated the skin and underlying tissues-

François: After the fall of the Third Reich, little remained of its capital, Berlin, except a pile of ruins and a demoralised people.

David: The body wounds are extremely large considering the small size of the inflicting instrument: I would surmise that the shape, depth and width of the wounds were enlarged during the struggle-

François: The triumphant Allies enforced a new statute-

David: - by the slicing action of the knife-

François: -which split the city into international sectors American, French, British-

David: -as the victim attempted to defend herself

François: -and to define their sector, the soviets built a wall over forty kilometres in length, cutting the city in two.

David: The victim received cuts to the left hand, the right upper arm, and was pierced through the ribcage and the right lung, to the stomach. We have determined that the fatal cut was given here/

David and François: -right through the heart-

François: /of the city.

David: -between the fifth and the sixth ribs.

François: The 'Wall of Shame', as the West Germans called it, was built to stop the human/

David and François: /Haemorrhage

François: /of Berliners leaving the East for the West-

David: - was caused by the laceration of the septum.

François: -symbolic of the division between the Communist and Capitalist worlds.

David: The septum functions like a wall bisecting the heart; it controls the filtration of blood

–

François: For almost three decades, visitors from the West have been permitted to enter the Eastern Bloc –

David: - from the right ventricle to the left-

David and François: -but the passage is one way only. A sophisticated system of alternating doors open and close to allow the flow of-

François: -visitors from the West-

David: - deoxygenated blood –

David and François: - and to impede –

François: - inhabitants of the East –

David: - oxygenated blood –

David and François: - from circulating the 'wrong' way.

2 PARTHENAIS INSTITUTE OF CRIMINAL PATHOLOGY, MONTREAL

Bench and blackboard is removed. David enters and cleans the chalk off the floor. He takes a large drink of water and ties a red belt around his chest.

He then takes out a letter.

Anna, pregnant, walks up to him from behind and caresses him.

They dance.

Slowly David pulls the white sheet from Anna's stomach and becomes Yorick.

3. HAMLET

Lucie enters and picks up David as Yorick, François enters as 'the watcher/Horatio' and sits on a chair next to them.

Lucie: Hélas, pauvre Yorick! ... Je l'ai connu, Horatio! C'était un garçon d'une verve infinie, d'une fantaisie exquise; il m'a porté sur son dos mille fois. Et maintenant quelle horreur il cause à mon imagination! Le Cœur m'en lève. Ici pendaient les lèvres que j'ai baissées, je ne sais combien de fois. Ou sont vos plaisanteries maintenant? Vos escapades? Vos chansons? Et ces éclairs de gaie te qui faisaient rugir la table de rires? Quoi! Plus un mot a présent pour vous moquer de vos propres grimaces?

David gets up and puts his jacket back on, picks up his briefcase and walks off stage. Lucie takes the sheet and exits other side.

4. FRANÇOIS

François chair dance/transition

François: Vous avez bien mangé? Je vous apporte l'addition, monsieur. Par ici s'il-vous-plait. Vous avez regardé le menu du jour sur le tableau? Deux café cognac ... tout suite ... ce sera pas long, monsieur ... Oui, bonjour. Non, malheureusement, on a plus de rôti à l'échalotte. A la place, le chef vous suggère son poulet rôti, un poulet au citron, c'est délicieux. Oui. Une personne. Par ici s'il vous plait. For two? ... I'm sorry we don't 'ave any English menu ... I'll translate for you. Deux places? Par ici s'il vous plait. Sorry? Oh... you should have told me before, I would have replaces it, no problem... Ok... Next time ... Par ici s'il vous plait. ??

Lucie enters

Lucie: Salut François, ça va? Hey, they said you and your boyfriend came to the show last night? Why didn't you come backstage to see me – you didn't like it?

François: Ah non! C'était magnifique ... I thought it was a great idea to cast a woman in the role of Hamlet...

Lucie: Ben, en fait, à l'origine, c'était pas prévu... ils m'ont téléphone à la dernière minute ... le gars qui jouait Hamlet est tombé malade.

François: Hamlet got sick?

Lucie: And the director had this strange idea of casting a woman for the part. François, is Alain angry at me? I met him on the stairs at home, and he didn't even say hello... what's his problem?

François: T'en fais pas avec ça, it's me he's mad at.

Lucie: En tous cas, ça me fait plaisir de te voir je te remercie beaucoup. C'était très bon.

François: A bientôt Lucie.

Lucie exits. François taps out three lines of coke and snorts it off the chair.

David conducts a polygraph test

David:

François, can you hear me properly?

But you can't actually see me, can you?

François, we are going to conduct a little test.

Are we in Canada?

Is it summertime?

Was it you who killed Marie-Claude Légaré?

5/6 THE AUDITION / SAUVE METRO STATION

Lucie is in an audition

Hi. My name is Lucie Champagne ...
I should tell you right away – I've never ...
What? To the camera! ... ok ...

I've never worked on a movie before – but I have done a lot of video, mainly comedies, but I like drama just as much ... my videos were for the government social services ... Let's see ... an example would be ... ?

Oh yes! I played a woman whose money was stolen by her brother-in-law; to you or me that might seem a pretty tame crisis- but for this woman, it was profoundly dramatic, I mean, it was completely devastating, because, well ... it was her money ... and ... it was her brother-in-law ... so I ... I had to play this part with as much emotion as I possibly could ...

Oh yes! While I was at the theatre school I was in a play by Tennessee Williams called: *Talk To Me Like The Rain and Let Me Listen*. It has a long title but the play is actually very short. It's about a couple, and I played the woman, and my character was anorexic. But not by choice ... I mean, she was anorexic because she hadn't eaten for four days, because she didn't have any money, because her boyfriend took off with the welfare check; I loved that role!

My first experience? I loved to tell lies when I was a kid – that is, I was not a liar but ... I was fascinated that I could say untrue things but do it so convincingly that people would believe me; maybe that explains why I always wanted to be an actress ...

What? Oh! Yes ... For my audition I have brought a soliloquy from Shakespeare's Hamlet ... No, no, not the part of Ophelia, the part of Hamlet.
Oh... you would prefer an impro. Euh...

Should I improvise here?

What would you like me to improvise?

To imagine myself in a tragic situation...?

Is that so you can see if I can cry? Because, I mean... I can't cry at the drop of a hat...

I mean, what I mean is: put me in a movie where there's a sad scene where I have to cry, and I'd concentrate to the point where the tears would well up, but I can't cry just like that... Here...

To imagine myself in an absolute state of panic...

Don't you think I'm panicking enough here?

SAUVE METRO – Lucie has just witnessed a boy commit suicide by jumping in front of a train. She is distraught. David notes the scene of the crime and then goes to comfort her.

David: Take this, it's a mild tranquiliser.

Lucie: Was...was he killed on impact?

David: Yes, where do you live?

Lucie: In Quebec City.

David: Quebec City?

Lucie: I was on my way to catch the bus.

David: I'll walk you to the bus terminal then.

David exits. Back in the audition

Lucie: Was that enough... can I go now?

7. THE FLESH

A man and woman are on the back wall, slowly and seductively getting undressed. François goes into a gay bar, he sees a man from the crowd. They have sex. During sex, François is choked until he comes.

Lucie is at the theatre in her dressing room, seemingly distressed. She is practicing.

8. THE TEARS

David is waiting in Lucie's dressing room with some flowers. Lucie enters, holding the skull of Yorick.

David: Good evening

Lucie: David, my God, it's you! Did you come all the way from Montreal just to see the show?

David: Well; in fact, I had some business this week in Quebec City and since I promised myself I would see you act one day: here I am.

Lucie: We weren't exactly sold out tonight...

David: That makes it more intimate theatre.

Lucie: So, what did you think? Did you like it?

David: Well, I thought it was quite interesting.

David gives Lucie the flowers

Lucie: Oh – thank you...

David: Is this Yorick?

Lucie: You know him well?

David: Of course... He is the only character who isn't killed at the end of the play!

Lucie: I like the way you call him by his name. Round here they just call him 'the skull'

David: What is written on his forehead? (*Reading*)... Helas, pauvre Yorick...

Lucie: My lines! I didn't have time to learn them properly so I wrote them out... Would you mind waiting for me, just a second? I have to get changed and I'll be right back.

Lucie goes to get changed

David: 'To be or not to be, that is the question...' It must be difficult to pronounce 'To be or not to be', and to question the fundamental things of life: love, honour –

David and Lucie: - death...

Lucie: It's on my mind... more than ever... seeing that boy throw himself in front of the train in Montreal. You know... I want to thank you for driving me all the way back to Quebec City... you didn't have to do that.

David: Let's just say I was not acting purely out of duty; it also gave me the opportunity to get to know you a little better and to make a new friend.
...So... What about the movie? Did you get the part?

Lucie: Not yet... but next week they want me to do some screen tests. I'm terrified because they want to shoot a scene where I cry and it's not so easy to do... They gave me this.

You'll never guess what it's for. It's a special product they use in movies to help actors cry,

David: Really! Why?

Lucie: Imagine re-doing the same sad scene twelve times? It's hard to cry every time, right? So, they put this in the actor's eyes and the tears flow all on their own.

David: Wait a minute. Are you telling me that when an actress like... Jane Fonda for example,... when she cries, it's all fake?

Lucie: Sometimes, yes.

David: What a deception! I believed that for an actor at least, tears were the ultimate proof of true emotion!

Lucie: This is another of the misconceptions people have about acting? D'you want to try it?

David: Surely you don't want to make me cry!

Lucie: Yes! You'll see, it won't hurt... It will be funny!

David: All right then! What should I do here?

Lucie: First, I'll ask you to take off your glasses. And now, since we are making a movie, I'll ask you to think about something sad, so the scene will be truthful.

David: Something sad... Something recent?

Lucie: Whatever you want!

And now I say:

'Quiet on the set... sound... camera... action!'

Lucie removes David's glasses. David is taken back to his past, he takes out a letter from Anna. As the letter is spoken, David moves the blackboard and writes the letter out in German.

Anna:

I know that it is impossible to force someone into loving. But you should know that I feel you are part of me. The morning you left East Berlin, I was quite shaken. You said: I'll be

back soon. I did not say anything then, but I knew it would not happen that way. What does not come from the heart is not taken to the heart. I could read it in your eyes. If I could leave this city, I would be with you.

I miss you. Anna.

I miss you Anna.

David cries in German.

David puts on his glasses and is taken out of the memory and back into the present: Lucie's dressing room. David is crying

David: This stuff really burns... It's like getting soap in your eyes.

Lucie: It won't hurt for long...

Sometimes you have to suffer, if you want it to look like you are suffering...

Lucie wipes David's tears, they kiss.

9. APARTMENT #7

François turns the blackboard around. He is in his apartment, drunk and sore. He listens through the wall and calls out –

François: Lucie!... Lucie...

Lucie is not home. François takes off his shirt and soaks it to soothe his back

Lucie: François?

François: Oui...entre.

Lucie: Qu'est-ce que t'as... Are you sick?

François: Oui... J'me sens pas bien... J'pense que j'ai trop bu... Tu veux un café?

Lucie: I'd like to, but uh... I'm not alone.

François: Ah... Y a quelqu'un qui t'attend...

Lucie: Yes. I'll take a raincheck. I'm sorry to bother you but I can't get in. I lost my keys.

François: Ah...

François gives Lucie her spare key

Lucie: Merci, well take care...

When Lucie goes to kiss him she inadvertently touches his back. François winces.

Lucie: Qu'est-ce que t'as, j't'ai fait mal?

David: Lucie?...

François: Non, non... Laisse faire.

Lucie: Come on... What's the matter?

François: Laisse faire j'te dis... c'est rien.

Lucie: Ok, ok...

David: Lucie, are you all right?

Lucie: Yeah, yeah...

Merci

Lucie and David remove their shirts and embrace along the wall. François 'oui/non motif'. David then traces Lucie's outline with chalk and covers her body with the sheet. François drags the chair.

10. THE SNOW

François is standing by the chair. He stares down as if contemplating suicide. He cries.

11. APARTMENT #8

David is shaving in Lucie's bathroom when he hears François's cries through the wall.

Lucie: David, what are you doing?

David: Good morning!

Lucie, listen... I really have to go! I promised my secretary I'd be in Montreal at ten o'clock...

Lucie: That's too bad, I thought we could eat breakfast together. Shall I put on some coffee?

David: That's very nice of you, but I really must go.

Lucie: Will we see each other again?

David: Soon.

Lucie: When?

David: I have some business in Quebec City next week. Perhaps we could arrange a rendezvous? I'll be at the morgue.

Lucie: At the morgue? I would prefer a restaurant!

She walks towards him allowing her robe to slide from her shoulders

David: That's what I meant...

As they move into a kiss, the cries from François's apartment begin again. Lucie stops to listen but David pulls her passionately against him. They make embrace and give in to the love scene.

12. TRAVELLING BACKWARDS

Lucie is against the bench being stabbed. A man holds a boom mic in front of her, another holds up the bench. She is only wearing a bra. Lucie re takes a few times. Last take is with her bra off.

Lucie: Can I go now?

13. THE WOUND

At François's restaurant. Blackboard is swung around and François writes the menu of the day. David enters

Francois: Bonsoir monsieur, ca sera pour combien de personnes?

David: I'm waiting for someone.

Francois: No problem

Lucie: Oh, David, I'm sorry, I'm late –

David: That is perfectly fine

Lucie: I hope you haven't been waiting too long?

David: I arrived just a moment ago. It's nice to see you.

Lucie: It was longer than I expected... We were supposed to finish shooting at three o'clock, but we had a very complicated technical scene.

David: You look tired...

Lucie: Playing a victim is tiring!

François enters to serve them

François: Bonjour Lucie.

Lucie: Ah. Bonjour, François... Tiens, jet e présente un ami, David Hausmann, François Tremblay...He's my next-door neighbour...

David: Oh... you're the one in apartment number eight!

François: Yes.

David: I heard... so much about you!

Lucie: David is the one who drove me back to Quebec City after I saw the guy throw himself in front of the train in Montreal.

François: Strange circumstances to meet someone.

David: Yes indeed... Metro stations in Montreal seem to be used more often now to commit suicide than for commuting...

Lucie: Why's that?

François: C'est la façon la plus cheap de se suicider...

David: What?

Lucie and François: It is the cheapest way to kill yourself.

François: ... Do you want to order something to drink before your meal?

David: Well... I think I'll avoid hard liqueur –

Lucie: - me too –

David: - But... Would you like to drink some wine with the meal?

Lucie: Yes... sure

François: I'll leave you to look at the wine list.

David: What kind of wine do you prefer?

Lucie: Well... red or white.

David: That's what I meant... red or white.

Lucie: I like both.

David: How about red?

Lucie: Red? Perfect!

David: What kind of red do you like... Bourgogne, Bordeaux, Beaujolais...

Lucie: I like all of them.

David: Beaujolais?

Lucie: Beaujolais? Great!

David: What kind of Beaujolais would you prefer?

Lucie: Euh... It's up to you!

David: How about a bottle of Brouilly?

Lucie: Good idea!

David: Do you like Brouilly?

Lucie: I love it!

You know... it's a very good restaurant here, they serve a kind of 'mixed genre' cuisine... A little of this... a little of that... French, Hindu, vegetarian.

François: Have you decided on the wine?

Lucie: Yes, we will have a bottle of... Brouilly.

François: Brouilly... ok.

François leaves them

David: So! How does it feel to be a movie star?

Lucie: My God, give me a chance!... It's my first day of filming!

I think I felt a bit... silly...!

I found the director quite aggressive with his camera...

He wanted to shoot a scene from above, you know, as if you're looking through the eyes of a murderer, who's watching his victim through a skylight...

But during the shooting, I felt more observed by the crew, and the director himself, than by the voyeur in the scenario...

David: But aren't you used to being watched?

Lucie: In theatre it's different. When you perform, the audience is watching the whole you... But today, I felt that they were taking me apart.

David: Taking you apart...

Lucie: Yes... Close-up of one eye, medium shot of the knife in the back, my right hand scratching at the floor...

David: What were you filming exactly? Indoor scenes, outdoor scenes?

Lucie: We are taking the interiors first, because the film is set in spring... So we have to wait for the end of winter.

David: What will you do if it rains all the time?

Lucie: It's a thriller! They want it to rain, because all the scenes happen in the rain!

David: What if it never rains?

Lucie: Well... I suppose they'll make it rain!

David: Of course, just as for tears... As far as they are concerned, making it is not a problem, merely a question of water quantity!

Lucie: Exactly: when you're 'making it', it's the size of the equipment that counts!

François appears

François: Are you ready to order?

David and François are locked in eye contact

François: Something wrong?

David: No, no. After you Lucie.

Lucie: You go first, David, you are the guest!

David: Yes of course. What do you mean, I am the guest? I thought I was the one inviting you for dinner!

Lucie: No, no... I mean, you are the foreigner!

David: Is this soup?

François: Yes... Potage Crecy

David: Well. I'll have that please, and the filet de boeuf Brisanne. I'd like that done rare but please in the French understanding of the word rare... not the Canadian.

Lucie: I'll have the same as him, but with the Canadian rare!

François leaves

David: Well... Here's to your film!

David takes the package from under his chair and gives it to Lucie

David: I'm not very good at this... but here! This is for you.

Lucie: What is it?

David: What do you think it is?... It's a present!

Lucie: But it's not my birthday.

David: It's a present just the same.

Lucie: No... I mean... there is no need for you to be buying me presents, David.

David: Well... I'm sorry then.

Lucie: No... No... I'm sorry... I'm the one acting weird here... Let me open it!
Oh!... A Russian doll!

David: Yes, the real thing.

Lucie: These come in all different sizes and there are people who collect them!

David: In fact... You won't have to collect them... They are all there, included one inside the other.

Lucie: What do you mean?

David: Open it!

Lucie: Oh it's beautiful.

David: It's called a Matruska.

Lucie: A Matruska.

David lines up the dolls

David: I bought it in Eastern Europe but you find them everywhere now. It's a traditional doll. Representing generations... So, this big one here is the mother of this one and also the grandmother of this one because she is the mother of this one and this one is the mother of that one and that one...and... to infinity I suppose! But... I like to think it may stand for other things like... hidden feelings... One truth which is hiding another truth and another one and another one...

Lucie: I'm very moved!... Thank you.

David: I'm glad you like it.

David: ...And at one point in the film, the angel turns to him and says:
'Beware mirrors... Death comes and goes through mirrors... If you don't believe me, gaze upon yourself all your life in the looking glass and you will see her at work.

Lucie: That's beautiful.

David: That's Cocteau.

François starts to pack up and close the restaurant

François: I'm sorry but I am going to have to close now.

David: What time is it?

François: A quarter past three.

David: A quarter past three!

Lucie: My God!... We didn't notice the time pass!

David: I'm very sorry... We were completely engrossed in our conversation while digesting this excellent meal!

Lucie: Oui. Merci beaucoup... C'était tres bon.

David: Lucie... You are forgetting your Matruska!

Lucie: Oh... my Matruska... Regarde François, ce que David m'a donné... C'est une poupée Russe... Un Matruska. Il l'a achetée à l'Est.

François: C'est beau.

François addresses David

François: You're from Europe?

David: Yes. I'm from East Berlin. But I have been a Canadian citizen for many years now.

François: And what do you do here?

David: I am a criminologist. I work for a criminal institution in Montreal.

François: Parthenais?

David: Yes, Parthenais.

Lucie: Tu connais ça?

François: Oui, j'ai déjà eu affaire la.

Lucie: Comment ça?

François: Pas en prison... I went to undergo a polygraph test.

Lucie: A what?

François: Un test de polygraphe.

David: A lie detector... For what?

François: Because six years ago one of my best friends was murdered here in Quebec City. I was the last one to see her alive so, I was a suspect.

In fact, it was me who found her dead in her apartment. She had been tied up raped and stabbed many times.

David: Did they find the murderer?

François: No. They never identified him.

David: What was your friend's name?

François: Marie-Claude Légaré.

Lucie reacts to the name, she turns as if she has been stabbed.

David: Yes... I think I remember... Don't worry, they'll track him down. Nobody is able to go through life with a murder on their conscience...

François relives finding his friend's corpse

David: Well, thank you once again and my compliments to the chef; the food was indeed excellent. And the service impeccable! Have you been a waiter for long?

David kneels down to conduct the autopsy on the body

François: Long enough... Three years now. Before this, I was at school, university, studying Political Science – and I worked part-time in a Yugoslavian restaurant.

David: Yugoslavian...

François: Yes. I like it better here though, it's more friendly.

David: Do you intend to do this for long? I mean... waiting tables! I know how transient things are in the restaurant business.

François: I don't know. If I could find work related to my studies, I'd move on for sure.

David: Well... It's better than no work at all. You know, when I lived in East Berlin, I thought the West was full of 'golden opportunities' – but now I see how hard it is to succeed here. Over there, the jobs are trivial sometimes, but at least everybody has the right to work.

David: It was a pleasure meeting you, François. Well if we want to exercise our own right to work tomorrow, perhaps we should be moving along.

Lucie: Salut, François.

François: A bientôt, Lucie.

David notices Lucie's hand

David: What's the matter, Lucie? You're bleeding!

Lucie: It's nothing. I must have cut myself with a knife.

David: Come... We'll take care of it.

Lucie and David leave. François pulls out some coke and prepares himself a few lines

14. THE RAMPARTS

David: What an exquisite city.

Lucie: I walk here often, but in summer usually, not winter.

David: I greatly prefer the winter. I don't know why really, but I find I like the cold... anything cold. Perhaps it's because I was born in December. Have you noticed that when people talk about the cold, it's always in pejorative terms. But for me, the cold evokes a kind of objective calm, wisdom and above all, a great gentleness, like these snowflakes slowly falling...

Leaning against the ramparts like that, you remind me of someone I once knew...

Lucie: Who was she?

David: Someone whom I loved deeply and to whom I did a great wrong...

David remembers Anna

David: It was a long time ago.

What's wrong, Lucie? Since we've left the restaurant you have seemed preoccupied somehow.

Lucie: Well... I am. It's because – you know the story François just told us in the restaurant, about his friend? That is the story of the film we are making. It's based on the real murder situation – but I didn't know François was connected to it. It gave me a shock...

And now I feel uneasy about playing in it, and I'm wondering if there's still time for them to find someone else.

David: They have lousy taste. To base a film script on an unsolved murder case... How do they end the movie?

Lucie: Well... After the girl's been killed, they set everything up to look as if it was one of her close friends who did it but at the end we discover –

David: - At the end, we discover that it was the police who do it.

Lucie: How do you know?

David: It's a classic. When you don't know how to end a who-done-it, you always blame it on the cops. It's easy... when I was a student of criminology, I feared that the people developing investigative techniques were violent brutes: a product of their line of work. But I needn't have worried about becoming a brute.

No, they are much more dangerous than that. The men leading the field of criminal research are very, very intelligent; a fact you will never see in a thriller. It's too frightening perhaps. Poor François... At Parthenais they know he is innocent, but he'll probably never be told.

Lucie: Why not?

David: In a police inquiry where the guilty party hasn't been identified, it's strategy to keep everyone in ignorance.

Lucie: How do you know François is innocent?

David: François does not know, but I was the one who conducted his polygraph test. This must remain between us, Lucie; it's a confidence.

Lucie: But – how can I look him in the face without telling him?

David: Stop seeing him for a while.

15. THE CALL

François enters looking for loose change to call Lucie. He dials and receives Lucie's answering machine:

Lucie: Bonjour, vous êtes bien chez Lucie Champagne... Malheureusement, je ne peux pas vous répondre pour le moment mais si vous voulez bien laisser votre nom et votre numéro de téléphone, je vous rappelle dans les plus brefs délais.

16. THE LINE UP

David and François switch identities 'The Boys' ballet'

18. TRAVELLING FORWARDS

Lucie appears and is listening to the audio.

Lucie: Just go again?

Lucie recreates the audio from yesterday's shoot

Lucie: So this is being layered on top of what we shot yesterday? Ok, well maybe it would help if I could actually see the footage.

Lucie exits

17. THE SPRING

François has a bucket of water and is cleaning the graffiti off the wall.

David: Hello, François. Have you seen Lucie?

François: Not for a month, at least. She must be busy, shooting her movie.

David: I came to say goodbye, but if she is off on location...

François: You're going away?

David: I'm going back to East Berlin. The government is sending me there for a series of conferences on investigative techniques. Now that the Wall has disappeared, there is a great demand for up-to-date technologies. But to tell you the truth, my motivation is more personal than professional.

François: And what's the government's motivation: to share knowledge or sell free enterprise?

David: To share knowledge. Well, if you see Lucie, tell her I was here...
What the hell are you doing François?

François: I'm washing the wall.

David: Yes, I can see, but why?

François: The landlord told me to strip my graffiti off the garden wall before I move out, or else he'll prosecute.

David: Prosecute... For graffiti!... What did it say?

François: L'histoire s'écrit avec le sang.

David: Which means?

François: 'History is written with blood.'
It means that we write history through war, fascism and murder.

David: Murder... You mean political assassinations.

François: No. I mean murders. The smallest little killing, of some totally unimportant person... In a way that's still a political act, don't you think?

David: Is that what you learned in political sciences?

François: Why do you ask me so many questions? You sound like an interrogator in a bad detective movie?

19. APARTMENT #8

François is packing boxes in his apartment. Lucie enters with books.

Lucie: Hi François, I brought back the book you lent me; I found *The Male Orgasm* pretty interesting.

François: Tu peux les garder si tu veux.

Lucie: No, no... I found out everything I wanted to know! You have got a lot of books, are you going to take them all with you?

François: I dont know yet.

Lucie: They could live at mine until you find a new place.

Lucie finds a long leather strap with a strange fastening at the end

Lucie: Ca, ça sert à quoi?

François: Quand je me masturbe, je me sers de ça. Je tire- puis je lâche, je tire – pis je lâche. And just before I come, I pull harder and harder... But there's a certain point where I have to let go, or else it'll be the last time I come.

Lucie: Is that all you use it for?

François: Viens ici

She hesitates

François: Viens ici!

She does

François: Assied-toi, give me your hand.

He ties Lucie up against the basin. Simultaneously David is giving a lecture about a polygraph test.

David: ... Firstly, the lie registers on the cardiograph, with an accelerated heartbeat. At the temple, we monitor for an increase or, in the case of some subjects, a decrease of arterial pressure –

François: I'm going to tighten it a bit...

David: Respiration has a direct effect on the person responding to questions: this contributes yet another reading of the physical response. Lastly, we measure the subject's perspiration. The polygraph machine detects the most minute psycho-physical variations occurring during interrogation.

François puts a blindfold on her eyes, rendering her completely helpless

François: This makes you feel really vulnerable...

David: The fear and mystique which surrounds the polygraph machine, makes it a useful pressure tactic in obtaining a confession. But such strategies, I believe, should be used only with great care and compassion. Sometimes, the psychological response we trigger is so violent as to effect a lasting disorder in the mind of a totally innocent suspect.

Lucie: And then?

David: Let me tell you about a polygraph test undertaken in the context of an unresolved murder case. The questioning of a particular suspect went somewhat like this:

François: Sometimes when I get together with a gang of friends...

David: François we are going to conduct a little test.

François: One of us gets tied up like this...

David: Can you hear me properly?

François: Then someone is picked at random to go in and join him...

David: But you cannot actually see me can you?

François: ...the one who's all tied up can't do anything...

David: François, are we in Canada?

François: ... he can't see anything...

David: Is it summertime?

François: ...and the other one does whatever he wants with him.

David: Was it you who killed Marie-Claude Légaré?

François (*in his memory he re-lives the polygraph test*): Non

David: Are we in the month of August?

François: Non.

David: Is it the month of July?

François: Oui.

David: Are you responsible for the death of Marie-Claude Légaré?

François: Non.

David: Now, the result of this polygraph test gave evidence that this witness was actually telling the truth. But the person conducting the test told him afterwards that the machine had established that the test was inconclusive: so as to consider the spontaneous reaction of the witness as the ultimate proof of his innocence...

François: Let me fucking go! I didn't kill her!! It wasn't me! It wasn't me! You want to drive me mad, that's it!! You are driving me mad, Christ...

Lucie: François...?

François...?

François?

David: But the police never told him he was released from suspicion...
He was never let off the hook.

François recovers, goes to her and takes off the blindfold.

François: Do you want me to untie you ?

He unties her

Lucie: Was it you who killed her?

François: ...I don't think so...

Lucie: Why do you say... You don't think so?

François: Because sometimes... I don't know anymore.

He starts to cry, Lucie takes him in her arms.

Lucie: Listen... I know: I know that you couldn't hurt a fly.

She holds him fiercely and comforts him. Comfort becomes passion

21. APARTMENT #7

David: Lucie! I'm back!
How are you?

Lucie: I'm fine...

David: I thought you were supposed to be filming today?

Lucie: Yes... I was scheduled, but I decided not to go.

David: Why?

Lucie: We were scheduled to shoot the close-ups for the death sequence, and I feel I have no right to do it.

David: This is very courageous of you.

Lucie: François just left from Montreal... David... while you were away – I slept with François.

David stops and holds very still

Lucie: David... React! ... Feel something!

David: What do you want me to feel? You want me to be jealous of a fucking homosexual?

Lucie: If that's the truth, yes!
If you want to cry, cry!

22. DEATH

François appears at the train station and paces impatiently waiting for the train. He is then takes off his jackets and throws himself in front of the train / David is standing preparing, getting dressed / Lucie is performing Hamlet

Lucie:

Être ou ne pas être, c'est là la question.
Est-il plus noble de subir la fronde et les
Flèches de la fortune outrageante, ou bien
À s'armer contre une mer de douleurs et a
L'arrêter par une révolte? Mourir,
... dormir, rien de plus:... Et dire que par ce
Sommeil nous mettrons fin aux maux du
Cœur et aux mille tortures naturelles qui
Sont le lot de la chair: c'est là un
Dénouement qu'on doit souhaiter avec
Ferveur. Mourir... dormir, dormir! Peut-
Être rêver! Oui, l'est l'embarras. Car
Quelles rêves peut-il nous venir dans ce
sommeil de la mort, quand nous sommes
dépouilles de cette enveloppe charnelle?
Voilà qui doit nous arrêter. C'est cette
Réflexion la qui nous vaut la calamite
d'une si longue vie.