

1.

***KAIROS (episode 2)***

*Jérôme and Camille have been married for 14 years. During a theatre festival a month ago, Camille got what he always wanted: a resounding success with his last play, The Cop21. But this success pushes him into a deep depression.*

JEROME. My love... My love! I have the croissants...

CAMILLE. Hmm.

JEROME. Croissants! Butter! Sugar! Scronch!

CAMILLE. Hmm.

JEROME. Are you OK?

CAMILLE. Hmm.

JEROME. what's going on?

CAMILLE. Not now.

JEROME. OK. When?

CAMILLE. You're gonna be late for work.

JEROME. I'm not going to the office. I have an appointment at the Lutetia.

CAMILLE. Chic.

JÉRÔME. Will you finally tell me what happened in Avignon?

CAMILLE. It was Avignon.

JEROME. I'll go to work then? Shall I leave you?

CAMILLE. There's still coffee in the bodum if you want.

JEROME. I'll take one on the way. Bye.

CAMILLE. Have a nice day.

*Silence.*

JÉRÔME. Did you cancel the COP21 tour? I ran into your stage manager yesterday, Léandre. He told me.

CAMILLE. Is he OK?

JÉRÔME. He's surprised. Disappointed too. Why did you cancel the tour?

CAMILLE. You have to know how to move on.

JÉRÔME. Didn't you go to Avignon to tour this show?

*Silence.*

CAMILLE. I don't want to tour it anymore. It's a little hard to come back from Avignon. August was a little hard.

JÉRÔME. Avignon is exhausting.

CAMILLE. Yes. But no. I'm not tired. It's as if I could see clearly. I'm ashamed of this show.

JEROME. Wait a few more weeks before you decide...

CAMILLE. No. Actors shame me too.

JEROME. OK

CAMILLE. I'm ashamed of myself. I've written schoolboy jokes, added Icelandic words, plus references to the end of the world and an ode to my dick. It didn't mean anything.

JEROME. That was super funny.

CAMILLE. No. That's exactly why you're not an interlocutor. That show was... nothing. It took me two years of my life to create something that was nothing. You saw it. And you didn't say anything. Avignon made me lucid. Avignon burnt my eyelids.

JÉRÔME. Camille... Your show was really good. Everyone agreed.

CAMILLE. It was a disaster. And that praise makes me... I feel like an impostor. And it's my posture that everyone likes. I want to do something I don't have to blush anymore, you know?

JEROME. You're overreacting.

CAMILLE. Can you ever take me seriously?

JEROME. I think so.

CAMILLE. Why don't we buy another brand of coffee?

JÉRÔME. And your new text?

CAMILLE. *The most beautiful woman in the world?* I can't do it. There's not one decent line coming.

JEROME. Why don't you tell me?

CAMILLE. Because you don't ask! Because you'll find it funny even if it's stupid! Everything sounds fake. Don't you think coffee is disgusting?

JEROME. No, no...

CAMILLE. And Leandre has got some nerve to complain. The show was created, it was seen, everyone was well paid, the press came, the audience laughed, the actors were applauded by dozens of other directors, we were invited to all the parties. I did my part. I'm only married to you, not to my team... Or should I keep doing things I don't believe in anymore? Keep the machine running?

JÉRÔME. You and your team have been struggling together for five years.

CAMILLE. They hate me. They all wrote it to me one way or another. I didn't answer anything. Nobody. They hate me even more. Vanessa is on her fourth email, each time they are more disgusting. "You are arrogant, you make me puke, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah", I do not answer anything, and since I do not answer anything, Vanessa now writes the same insults to my producer so that they are relayed to me. But Vanessa will get over it. They'll all get over it. I thought it was a family, my family, they also thought we were a family, but this is not a family. This has another name, which does not yet exist, which we should invent and which we have been too casual, or too lazy, to look for. And it's something I don't want anymore.

JEROME. So this is them?

CAMILLE. This is a whole: it's the stupidity of my show, it's their approval, it's my ideas. It's my vanity. Everything is ugly. And when Vanessa insults me, the fairest thing, you know, would be for me to thank her. Vanessa finally sheds a clear light on the mediocrity that has always bound us, and that I have fed. That's why it has to stop. They will hate me until they die, too bad. I can live with that. However, this mediocrity in me, how do I destroy it? Or how do I at least turn it into something else?

JEROME. Your show is not mediocre.

CAMILLE. Stop! I won't offer this disgusting thing again. Don't you understand? Avignon tore my eyelids off.

JEROME. What are you going to live on?

CAMILLE. Are you talking about money? You've never been with me in Avignon, but are you now talking about money?

JÉRÔME. No. Of course not. I'm not talking about money.

2.

## ***A THAI MIRROR***

*A 35-year-old French woman, Shira spends a vacation in Thailand for a yoga retreat. She takes advantage of her stay to visit her brother, who moved to Kanchanaburi, 3 hours from Bangkok, with a Thai girlfriend, in a house said to be haunted. Meanwhile, Shira found out that her boyfriend, who hasn't given news in three weeks, is dead. And at her brother's, she doesn't meet her brother or sister-in-law. Only a young Thai man called Mok.*

SHIRA. Who is that?

MOK. *Aray na khap?*

SHIRA. Who are you?

MOK. Who are you?

SHIRA. Me? How did you get in?

MOK. I used to live here.

SHIRA. It was locked.

MOK. I still have the keys.

SHIRA. You scared me.

MOK. It's ok. I have lived abroad for a long time. I was just passing by. I wanted to see inside the house.

SHIRA. I am from France. In France, people passing by cannot come to other people's houses.

MOK. Loooo?

SHIRA. No.

MOK. Sorry for scaring you.

SHIRA. I was in the shower.

MOK. You want to take a new one?

SHIRA. No. What does it mean, a Kra-Seu?

MOK. A class? A class room?

SHIRA. A Kra-Seu. The taxi driver said there is a Kra-Seu in the house.

MOK. Kra-Seu is a ghost.

SHIRA. Good.

MOK. They are women. At night their heads float away from their bodies, with all their guts hanging from their throats.

SHIRA. I want to meet her. I need to meet a ghost.

MOK. You don't want to meet a Kra-Seu.

SHIRA. Any ghost.

MOK. Nobody wants. If you see a Kra-Seu, you'll be dead in two months.

SHIRA. What does a Kra-Seu eat?

MOK. Chicken.

SHIRA. There is a dead chicken in front of the house!

MOK. Humans. Easy preys. They exist in tales only.

SHIRA. You brought a bottle?

MOK. Hong Tong. Thai whisky. Are you thirsty?

SHIRA. Yes.

MOK. It is never too early for a drink. I have a second bottle. Maybe we can share.

SHIRA. You are pure magic.

MOK. Are you traveling solo?

SHIRA. Yes.

MOK. No boyfriend? No family? Are you ok?

SHIRA. I just found out that I lost my boyfriend, he died 3 weeks ago in Israel, far away from me, I missed the funeral, I didn't even know he died, nobody told me, I was texting him, he would not

answer, I was sending like one message every week, I was thinking he was not answering because I did something wrong, or because he found someone else, or because he got bored of me, and, you know, this modern life, you don't want to be intrusive, everybody's free... But no. He was just dead. And I didn't know. And now I have to grieve for him on my own, three weeks after everyone did. His family, his friends, were all supporting each other, they had their ritual together, but here I stand alone in this country and I have nothing, and when I come here to cry on my brother's shoulder, my brother is missing, he is gone, is this fair? Yoav was 34 years old, who dies at 34 years? He was the smartest, funniest, most handsome man I knew. And he loved cats... Do you think I could meet him here?

MOK. In this house?

SHORA. Yes.

MOK. Him as a ghost?

SHIRA. Yes. Or meet another ghost. I will have them help me find Yoav.

MOK. Ghosts never obey.

SHIRA. I am a very good manager.

MOK. Then you might try. Do you believe in spiritual stories?

SHIRA. Now looks like a good time to start.

MOK. When my mother died, my sister was a baby, and I was a teenager, almost a child. I missed her so much. I used to pray every night, and every day, and every night. Over and over and over again, just to see her one last time, but it never happened. But eventually, one special night, I think I met her. I talked to something. This very special night, my mother woke me up. She told me, "Mok, it's time to go to your school". So I woke up, I dressed up, and in our kitchen, she cooked for me the best *phad kha prao* ever. Then I headed to school, she said goodbye Mok, I said goodbye Mum. Just like this. Do you want another glass?

SHIRA. I love it when I drink alcohol in coffee mugs.

MOK. People can't be here forever. If you are lucky enough, they will at most come and say hello, hello, it's you, it's me, but then it's over and they're gone.

SHIRA. But it's not fair, right?

MOK. No, it's not. Are you sad?

SHIRA. Yes. Your mother? When she came... Do you think she was real?

MOK. She is gone.

SHIRA. But she came.

MOK. Or maybe it was a little dream a little boy had and it became a memory.

SHIRA. What do you think?

MOK. I never tried to call her back again.

SHIRA. Why?

MOK. Because if she comes back again and again, she will be so tired. We have to let the dead do what they have to do. Sometimes I think I can feel her.

SHIRA. Are my eyes open?

MOK. They are.

SHIRA. I love this feeling. I feel Yoav around. Can you fill my mug again? I will give you a croissant.

MOK. Aren't you tired now?

SHIRA. The pain is still here, you know, but I feel him.

MOK. They say we have to take care of each other.

SHIRA. Who says that?

MOK. They.

SHIRA. Yes... I would love to sleep now...

MOK. *Merci beaucoup* for the croissant.

SHIRA. *May Ben Lai*.

MOK. Oh. You speak very

*Shira brutally falls asleep.*

3.

***KAIROS (episode 3)***

*Rose and Julien are brother and sister. After trying in vain to be a famous actress, Rose returns to the winery far from Paris where she grew up, and from where her brother Julien never left. Julien has been managing the business alone for four years with his father. Rose's sudden return is made in a hostile climate.*

JULIEN. We didn't talk about the pictures...

ROSE. Mom's pictures?

JULIEN. I know that you like to control everything but... Where do you ask me in front of Dad what I did with it?

ROSE. Am I not allowed to? She's my mother as well.

JULIEN. Ah? First news.

ROSE. Speak on.

JULIEN. It's been four years since mom died, I've done all the work, and you come back, just when dad forgot you deserted us. It must please him that the family reunites. Personally, I have reservations. Your sneaky little ways may be working well in Paris, but not here, and not with me.

ROSE. When was the last time you were in Paris? For the auto tuning show when you were eight?

JULIEN. Shut up.

ROSE. You shup up. I'm clean.

JULIEN. Your nose is not very sensitive.

ROSE. I did the best I could.

JULIEN. You are really a bitch. When mom was dying of cancer, you came three times in the last month.

ROSE. I was rehearsing.

JULIEN. We know that. Everyone knows. That was supposed to be the role of your life. Today you come back to us begging for a shelter. It was worth it.

ROSE. Shut the fuck up.

JULIEN. You don't like the truth, do you?

ROSE. Mom told me to go for my career.

JULIEN. And you believed her? She says, "Go away, girl, go away from me when I'm dying, go rehearse your show, and I'll push up daisies in a month", and you go? Where is your honor?

ROSE. She knew what she was telling me.

JULIEN. She was holding my hand in the evening, after the morphine, saying, "Your sister is your sister. She'll always come first. She's like that."

ROSE. Shut up.

JULIEN. Mom couldn't say she hated you. But in her mouth, that disappointment caused by her daughter, that's what sounded the most like hate.

ROSE. 'Cause you're so much better, the 30 year old virgin who's still living at her dad's house.

JULIEN. Look who's lecturing me! You were showing off with your theater, Mom was dying without you.

ROSE. I was there the last days.

JULIEN. What a hero! Wait, I have a medal for you!

ROSE. You'll never take my last days with mom away from me.

JULIEN. I leave them to you! Enjoy them! But first, remember that there were all those days you spent without her. You never heard her scream, did you? Shouting like an animal with its leg crushed by a bear trap? There's nothing worse than watching your mother die screaming. Where were you while we were just increasing the morphine? That there was nothing we could do but manage the pain? Did you call Dr Keip to find out how much we could give Mum before she's too

out of it ? Or before we kill her completely? How many morphine patches could she take? Dad, me, his friends, we all wanted Mom to die, we all wanted a clean and quick end to it, and we all were sick to have these thoughts. But you? Where were you? Were you here for us, at least? So we could get through this together? As a family? Because we finally did nothing to shorten her agony. We did not take our responsibility. This is our shame. It sticks like tar. And you were in Paris. You've been spared our little torments. You were acting. What were you playing? Was it good? Were you inspired? During Mom's agony, I dreamed of shit. Every night, in my dreams, I was shitting orange torrents of shit. And when I woke up, for real, Mom was screaming like a kid who gets all her teeth pulled out without anesthesia, and then she apologized for losing her dignity. You, in Paris, would repeat something that would change the face of the world or make you famous, but at the end of the day it means the same to you. "Your daughter is just a whore", I wanted to tell Mom, "she is selling you for three grams of fame", but I didn't say anything, because Mom kept saying that what mattered to her was harmony in the family, and we had all our strong characters, and everything was so good. She would add "yes, yes, yes", shut up, and then she would add "yes, yes, yes, it's okay". You dirty whore. You let your mother die alone to get applauded. And now here you are, among us, the unemployed rednecks you despise, because you no longer have a job in Paris. Because you don't have any more commercials to shoot, no smile of joy to show a camera while cutting surimi, all paid 6,000 bucks.

ROSE. I did one commercial. Only one commercial. You don't know anything about my life.

JULIEN. I don't want to know more. Your life and you disgust me. The quality of a family is measured by the care one gives to the parents. Mom was dying, you weren't there, the math is quick. You're not my sister. Your life is a succession of bad choices. Maybe you thought you could come back. Because you have no face. Because you are not responsible for anything. Because nothing binds you. No. I tell you. You're not coming back. I'm here. There's still a minimum of honor required to be a man or a woman in this family, and you don't have it. The day I have children, you never see them.

ROSE. OK.

JULIEN. I'm telling you again: you're not my sister. Now you can take care of our wine. But don't expect to see Mom's pictures again. You are not worth them.

ROSE. OK.

JULIEN. That's right.

ROSE. You know nothing of my life, Julien.

JULIEN. And I don't care. I bet that with or without me, you'll be gone before the plows.