

GISELLE

Short movie. Story follows the motives of an Adolph Adam ballet, Giselle. Written and directed by Zoltan Demme. For the DVD of the elaborated movie you can check internet or nearby retail stores.

Lake. A young teacher is boating on. October weather. Steam. We are in Finland, in 1930 AD.

YOUNG TEACHER

-Poor granny! Her world! Scores, food specialties, herbs, groceries!

Pictures, small odds and ends of the Grandma.

GRANNY

-Tuna fish slices boiling blue served with spicy green spinach. Peacock slices boiling blue with white mustard. Grape snails cooked with pepper and horseradish.

YOUNG TEACHER

- This is the park of scientists in Veimonen. Established two hundred years ago. Here the university invites worldwide-recognized philosophers each year. When they leave, all are asked to plant a tree. Then the tiny seedlings grow up. ... The tree that Hegel planted, almost a century ago. Lombardiaux. The French philosopher. Dealing with microbiology he worked in a carcinogenic research place. Slim like a bone, the last day of his life he still worked and worked. Anthony Higgins. Philosopher and medical scientist. The truth he tried to figure out of varied stories of people who returned from clinical death. Sent himself to the clinical death three times by colleagues. Fourth time the doctors failed! Higgins died. ...For the hollow, the highest thing in life, for the truth these scientists had worked. So I like this wet and steamy park very much... Otherwise, very strange problems have been examined recently in some region of this campus. How the brain, the mind of an unearthy creature works, if any. What kind of thoughts an alien could possess, if existing? ...How to conclude such ones? We may have fantasies of their appearance, of instruments, of society, and probably of no more... Anyhow, to know the thinking of an unearthy creature, it is rather exciting. What thoughts he has? What opinions?

Pictures, small odds and ends of the Grandma.

GRANNY

-Pancakes filled with sweet mushrooms and spicy sour cream. Mushrooms with melted cheese and roasted bacon. Mushroom soup with yellow pepper and paprika.

A letter of the Granny.

...Sweet little boy of mine! Everyday I'll write to you! Since Giselle died you are so lonely! ...In English I'll write to you. In Finland today this language is used among intelligent people. My little boy, keep my writings... And when I am not alive, you still can read something of me! I'll write to you some sort of interesting thing each occasion! ...Poor Giselle! She already will never write...!

Title graphic. GISELLE..

GRANNY

-Wild dove with orange sauce. Roasted chamois with lemon and pineapple.

We are in a strange cemetery. It has heart-shaped tombs.

YOUNG TEACHER

- This cemetery granny visited each week. The grave of my grandpa. He died ten years ago in my childhood. He worked in the university among the philosophers. One single thought, which could originate of aliens, he never mentioned. Except one occasion! Except some sentences, which were saved in my mind! "Son, humans are gravely mistaken when differ the forest, the water, the people, the stones and so on. Because all of them are identical to each other. Different outlooks mislead people who never spot that every creature, object, phenomena are fully identical to each other"...About this I had thought a lot when growing up! Because in Finland lots of things are very similar! Like the famous White Nights when the sun doesn't set and daytime and nighttime are almost identical. ...The country of 'thousand lakes' we are. The basins of lots of lakes have hot springs that bubble out causing much steam. Even the seasons are identical around these lakes. There are villages in the North where every single day the weather is the same! ...Another thing came into my mind! Cigar fumes in his room, where grandpa was writing and writing all night. And he continuously made motion pictures, recording small odds and ends! And this is the second queer memory of my childhood. One roll contained very strange pictures!...

The private camera records of the Grandpa show many strange identical elements of the human environment.

A panel appears.

'Aliens have active intelligence. The THINKING! The THINKING of them try to approach instead of outlook animation! (E.J.Besson: Green Notebook).'

Panel disappears.

YOUNG TEACHER

Up to the North, Wilkuna Township, I traveled to live there after completing my studies. I taught in a junior school. Wilkuna was quite a strange place. White Night area. Same lights daytime and nighttime. Most of the houses looked like the buildings in Veimonen! Probably because these little towns had been built in same architectural style in the past century. ...I have here the letters of my granny. Many times I get them out and read. I have no parents alive. They died in my childhood. Later grandfather too
...She grew me up... Poor granny!...

Tornadoes are storming through the outskirts of Wilkuna.

YOUNG TEACHER

Arctic tornadoes. This Northern little town has a few of them, though rare occasions.

Next day.

YOUNG TEACHER

In Wilkuna the strangest person I met was an old gentleman. He was a respected surgeon years ago. But his fingers hurt and he became a teacher of biology in the junior school. I found it very strange that he was also interested in identities! Like grandpa! And his face, his outlook also reminded me of grandpa!

The two teachers are walking in a bridge.

OLD TEACHER

- Dear friend! Don't believe in that what our eyes show! There is no difference between trees and houses, between hats and suits. The things around us are identical! Just hard to spot and sense this. But if examining the world with better devices than man possesses, we soon would see and spot this. This time we see only similarities that are only very modest signs of the identities. ...The young countess! And her chambermaid!

YOUNG TEACHER

(IN UNDERTONES) The chambermaid! Like Giselle! Wearing her favorite pleated skirt!

Private camera records of Grandpa. They show strange identical elements of the human environment again.

Cemetery in Wilkuna, too with heart-shaped tombs.

YOUNG TEACHER

I thought about identities more and more. Especially in the evenings when I crossed the graveyard to reach my apartment a shorter way. This little town made me confused, reminding me of my own. The graveyard worried me also with similarities. To hear the sentences of my grandpa from another gentleman, it was also very strange. But the queerest! That the chambermaid was! ...I saw her on many occasions. She walked together with the young countess always. ...(IN UNDERTONES) Everything is familiar on her face! All tiny freckles, all small wrinkles, everything!

Pictures, small odds and ends of the Grandma.

GRANNY

- When you have a cold you should cook tea from blue weeds! Blue narcissi, blue veil grass – having menthol fragrance. Blue lichen, blue dew grass – having lemon fragrance. Tiny weed, blue star grass – they have delicious cinnamon fragrance.

The Young Teacher spots a lake near Wilkuna.

YOUNG TEACHER

- The lake! Looks like that one! Where Giselle died. ...The mole! Like that from her boat started. Why?

Private camera records of Grandpa. They show strange identical elements of the human environment again.

YOUNG TEACHER

- This week we visited the ruins of age-worn fortresses of nearby counties with my old colleague. It revealed that though these fortresses look different today, their trace, their original ground plan, is the same everywhere. These large fortresses had identical outlooks many centuries ago. And that time there were plenty of identical armors on soldiers...

The two teachers are walking in the shore of the strange Wilkuna lake.

OLD TEACHER

- Why do we always come to this mole?

YOUNG TEACHER

- How to tell you? ... You know I had a fiancée in Veimonen. Giselle Hekkonen. A ballet dancer of the Town Theater. So... she died by a boat accident two years ago. She began to boat from a mole. I know that mole very well, even the small crevices. And here, this mole is quite the same! Even the crevices! ... And I don't understand something else also! Always a kind of dread I feel when looking at lakes since the accident happened. But here, looking at this lake, besides dreading I feel a kind of delight, some sort of relief! Almost happiness!

OLD TEACHER

- Dear friend! All the human emotions are identical to each other! Dread and happiness too are identical feelings! Both of them vigorous! Both of them come with some sort of self-forgetting! ... And that is all. Of this identity, we people cannot understand more.

YOUNG TEACHER

- But a tragedy happened! And I feel relief!

OLD TEACHER

- Because tragedy and relief also are identical to each other! The death of your fiancée caused you tragedy and caused you relief alike!

Two years ago on a lakeshore.

YOUNG TEACHER

- Miss Giselle!

GISELLE

- Oh God! You here again!
- Miss Giselle! Don't boat now!

GISELLE

- Why do not?

YOUNG TEACHER

- It would be better to have a walk together! Or to go up to the hills!

GISELLE

- Oh! You are enjoying silent and boring places always! What did we do on the top of the hill last time? Sitting in the grass all the afternoon! And you were looking at the butterflies!

BEACH GUY

- Miss Giselle! Miss Giselle!

YOUNG TEACHER

- Miss Giselle! Do not accompany these young men! Please!

GISELLE

- You are jealous again! But you must understand me, for God's sake! I'm longing for the good life of lake boaters only! I don't have anything else to do with these boys! And anyway! I am not your wife now! All right?

BEACH GUY

- Miss Giselle!

GISELLE

- Just a second! I am coming! I'll be here within half an hour! This is really not a long time to wait!

YOUNG TEACHER

- (IN UNDERTONES) Never pleases me! She wouldn't give me any pleasure!

Again in Wilkuna.

YOUNG TEACHER

The hill of Calvary we visited yesterday. A large temple is there white as the snow. God-figures made from marble and stone.

OLD TEACHER

- God is in silence! There could be present bigger and bigger troubles in our world, but he will not come onto the earth! He never thought humans important. He limited the human brain at creation. Objected to the understanding of relevant issues, like his world, like the Universe. With the human brain, we do not understand even each other with full precision. With this brain the feelings of us, even of our own, we do not understand with full precision.

YOUNG TEACHER

- I too did not understand myself until the present time. Only here, in this lake I had discovered that I was really relieved when Giselle died. A strange thing had caused all my problems! The creamy, blooming body of her! I was afraid that her blooming body would be touched by anyone! Even I was afraid to touch it. Though longing and longing for her so much, I didn't dare touch even her fingers! In the boat, I didn't dare look at her naked shoulder! I was almost dreading the day of the wedding night when her warm, lively body would be mine. It seemed to me like trampling a blooming fruit. ...I felt consummation of love is a bit like death. Something final. That ends everything that was promising and exciting.

OLD TEACHER

- Dear friend! All the events of human life are identical to each other! Fulfilled love and death are also identical to each other! There are modest signs of this identity also. All the loves contain passing and evanescence elements...

YOUNG TEACHER

- How you are able to spot so many identities?

OLD TEACHER

- Followed the discoveries of sciences! They revealed that in the Universe everything is consisting of protons, electrons, elemental particles. It means all the things are consisting of

the same elements! Yes! Even the huge mountain, the tiny spot on your clothes, each one is consisting of the same! Different features mean nothing! Everything is the same!

Private camera records of Grandpa. They show strange identical elements of the human environment again.

The Chambermaid is boating on the lake.

YOUNG TEACHER

- She looks like such a simple girl. Behaves like a simple girl. But she is brainy, bright-minded it is said... To collect flowers for her? Or to help her tying up the boat?

The Chambermaid and the Young Teacher are walking in the lakeshore after tying up.

YOUNG TEACHER

- Might I accompany you to the castle?

CHAMBERMAID

- No. Not at all. The countess doesn't like her chambermaids walking with men! She doesn't like to hear the gossips of servants!

YOUNG TEACHER

- The most they could say is that it was yet another admirer...

CHAMBERMAID

- Oh, please! Do not tell me any compliment! I had only one man in my life, my fiancée. He committed suicide two years ago. Killed him into the water. Not too far from here. Don't make any comment about it to me, please. I have accepted it by now! You know, my parents didn't allow our marriage! Well, God be with, Sir! And thank you for helping me tying up the boat.

YOUNG TEACHER

- Goodbye, Miss! But... Can I ask your name?

CHAMBERMAID

- Giselle!... Giselle Perlonian!

Cemetery in Wilkuna.

YOUNG TEACHER

Around Wilkuna heart-formed tombs are in cemeteries! Connecting the heart, the love to death and evanescence! Did local people suspect something of identity of love and death? (IN UNDERTONES ALMOST TO THE END OF THIS SCENE) A cemetery. With no mourning and sadness. Joy radiates out of the tombs. Listening to them I hear light and cheerful melodies inside. Two years ago, on the town theater stage, Giselle danced following these easy melodies! My fiancée dying very young! ... But the role of Giselle, she danced in a ballet! The role of a fiancée who is dying very young! ...No! No!! Too many identities everywhere... And the chambermaid! She likes these tombs very much. She said that she wants a heart-formed tomb when everything ends. (SLOW SPEED) But the tomb of Giselle! That tomb is heart-formed, too! ... Could it be that Giselle and the chambermaid are identical to each other? ...Identical to each other??...Unbelievable follies, absurdities! In dense of them I am zigzagging now! Or maybe not? Maybe the truth, the truth, till this time

inconceivable one is now ahead of me? Jumping and jumping! Shocking and shocking my mind! That to be understood somehow, everything is absolutely else in the entire world, as we, regular people, are experiencing!

Tornadoes are storming through the outskirts of Wilkuna.

Pictures, small odds and ends of the Grandma.

YOUNG TEACHER

Granny! Horrible! I see identities everywhere! The fine bending blades of grass seem identical with sharp blades of swords! The mild coat of rabbits, seeing closely, is consisting of prickly needles! In the pictures of my mother small black buttons are in the places of her eyes! Her fine face lineaments are bandy table-legs! ... I'm longing to look at the world with human eyes again! And I am not able! Not able!

The Chambermaid and the Young Teacher are boating on the lake.

CHAMBERMAID

- And I'm going to tell you the strangest part. When my fiancée died, for a long time I was unable to tear myself away from the lakeshore. And after a while I noticed that whenever I looked at the lake I felt not only nervousness and sadness but also some unexplainable joy and relief. Later I'd found the explanation of this strange emotion. You see, my fiancée had given me little reason to be happy. He was jealous. We were fighting... And once, here on the lakeshore, I suddenly understood that this suicide in fact had deliberated me... I know it's terrible, I assume you despise me for what I said...

YOUNG TEACHER

- No! You shouldn't believe it! I do understand you!

CHAMBERMAID

- You see at that time I came to the realization of how closely tragedy and relief, dread and happiness are interrelated... You may think I am crazy telling such thoughts!

YOUNG TEACHER

- No! Not at all! Please, go on!...

CHAMBERMAID

- Do you really understand me? I felt these thoughts might not be human thoughts! A non-human being who lives in other environment, complies with rules other than rules of nature on the earth, so that person--maybe an alien--could have such thoughts!

YOUNG TEACHER

- As a matter of fact... I've also noticed what an amazing identity there is among a great many things. These discoveries are almost suffocated... How I wish I could escape into a world where I would not notice human traits in bugs and bug-like characteristics, worm-like characteristics, in human beings--when I would never notice the martyr in a crook and crook in a so-called martyr, a humanitarian in the murderer and a murderer in the humanitarian, a world where the rule of identities would cease forever!!

CHAMBERMAID

- Not long ago I had a conversation with the Countess about my strange feelings, about queer identities. And I also showed her the scene where my fiancée died in the water. If you wish I'll show it to you, too... If you wish we can row there even now!

Pictures of the mysterious lake.

YOUNG TEACHER

Row there! To hear this idea of the chambermaid was a shocking surprise! This time I fully knew the truth, that hidden identities rule our entire world. And I knew what would happen upon approaching the scene of the tragedy. But I would never have imagined that she, even she, wanted to do the same as I! To go, to come there! Poor creature! She too was soaked with this non-human opium, this horrible opium as I was! And she suffered! Heavily suffered from knowing that she would never see the world with pure mind, never with clear, normal eyes! ...Enough! Enough of it! We both felt! ...And started rowing inward!

YOUNG TEACHER

This does not mean that I would not respect scientists who are seeking development for humankind! Or try to think another way as man, poor mortal, is able! Like grandpa or my old colleague experimented it! But for doing this I'm not mature enough! I don't want to see the world with non-human eyes! And I feel I do have the right of seeing the regular way! I didn't do crimes, wrongdoings! I want nothing else but to keep this thinning hair of me, these two droopy ears of me, and my miserable chequered suit, and no one, no one take them away of me! Neither a scientist, nor an alien, nor a superior intelligence! Even the truth, the truth does not interest me anymore, if I have to think that my father is identical to each single element of the entire world! My mother! Her I want to regard as my mother! And not a table leg.

Tornadoes are storming near the lake.

NARRATOR 2

The boat was found the next day in a reedy part of the shore. And five days later the corpses also, already crumbled and putrescent.

A panel appears.

'All the knowledge and technics of Aliens are harmful and dangerous for us. Even the smallest object, or, a single and simple idea.

If there is no alien civilization in the cosmos, we are alone. If there are ones somewhere, we are also alone.

(E.J.Besson: Green Notebook).'

The end.