

# M I R A

A FILM BY ANNA JADOWSKA

SHE MUST BE A VARIETY.  
CHANGE SO THAT NOTHING WILL CHANGE.  
IT'S EASY, IMPOSSIBLE, TOUGH GOING, WORTH A SHOT.  
HER EYES ARE, AS REQUIRED, DEEP, BLUE, GRAY,  
DARK MERRY, FULL OF POINTLESS TEARS.  
SHE SLEEPS WITH HIM AS IF SHE'S FIRST IN LINE OR THE ONLY ONE ON EARTH.  
SHE'LL BEAR HIM FOUR CHILDREN, NO CHILDREN, ONE.  
NAIVE, BUT GIVES THE BEST ADVICE.  
WEAK, BUT TAKES ON ANYTHING.  
A SCREW LOOSE AND TOUGH AS NAILS.  
CURLS UP WITH JASPER OR LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.  
CAN'T FIGURE OUT THIS BOLT AND BUILDS A BRIDGE.  
YOUNG, YOUNG AS EVER, STILL LOOKING YOUNG.  
HOLDS IN HER HAND A BABY SPARROW WITH A BROKEN WING,  
HER OWN MONEY FOR SOME TRIP FAR AWAY,  
A MEAT CLEAVER, A COMPRESS, A GLASS OF VODKA.  
WHERE'S SHE RUNNING, ISN'T SHE EXHAUSTED.  
NOT A BIT, A LITTLE, TO DEATH, IT DOESN'T MATTER.  
SHE MUST LOVE HIM, OR SHE'S JUST PLAIN STUBBORN.  
FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE.

**PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN** BY WISLAWA SZYMBORSKA,  
NOBEL PRIZE WINNING POLISH POETESS  
TRANSLATED FROM THE POLISH BY STANISLAW BARANCZAK AND CLARE CAVANAGH



MIRA (58) GETS UP EARLY, HANGS OUT THE WASHING, BUYS FOOD FOR HER TROPICAL FISH AND TRIES TO ROB A BANK. WHEN HER DESPERATE ATTEMPT FAILS, MIRA GOES TO WORK AS USUAL, IN THE HOSPITAL WHERE SHE'S A MIDWIFE. MIRA FEELS SAFE IN THE WHIRL OF INTENSIVE WORK. SHE HAS NOT TOLD ANYBODY SHE'S FALLEN INTO A DEBT SPIRAL.



**AT FIRST GLANCE, MIRA'S STORY SEEMS OPPRESSIVE AND OVERWHELMING. OUR AIM IN THE FILM'S VISUAL CONCEPTION WILL BE TO DELIBERATELY FOCUS ON BRIGHTENING UP HER REALITY AND AVOIDING DARKNESS. BRIGHT IMAGES WILL ALSO HELP US EMPHASISE THE NONSENSE OF THE SITUATION AND INTRODUCE SOME LIGHTNESS IN THE VISUAL TELLING OF THE STORY. OUR INSPIRATION IS ROBBY MÜLLER'S POLAROIDS, AND THE PHOTOGRAPHY OF RINKO KAWAUCHI, LARS TUNBJÖRK, WILLIAM EGGLESTON AND TODD HIDO.**

S T Y L E



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"I knew he was married. I knew he had kids. It could have happened anyway."

"I know."

"I saw them together once, but I never saw them together before myself. But why would I see them together before?"

"Mmm."  
judging.

"He's past it, isn't he? How? They belong to him, all new, all belong to him."

With that said, Bridget... she did... she had been... that...

...ay. You belong to other people. In her voice.

...ght of her father and felt an ownership. The thought of Eric and felt no ownership. Her mother and ached for him.

...hadn't left the house. They belong to you and Leona. Men, Tibby," she said through her tears. "I don't belong to anyone else."

On Monday morning, Leona got to the studio first. Tibby got there second. He came over to her and she was shy again.

"I've been too excited to sleep," he told her. He did in fact look both very excited and very nervous.

Was it the painting? Was it his? "I brought it," he said. He lifted the painting to show it to you?"



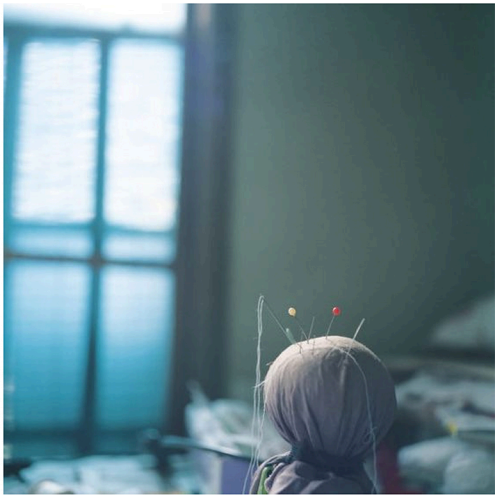


















LOCATIONS



BLOCK OF FLATS













ALLOTMENTS





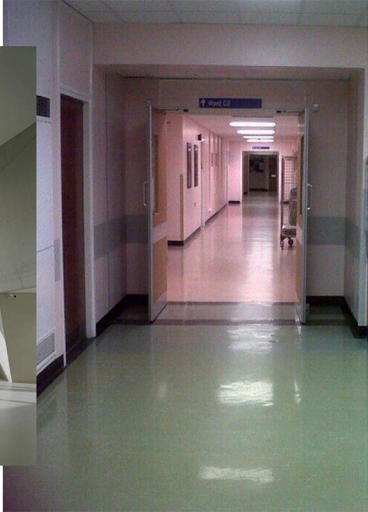






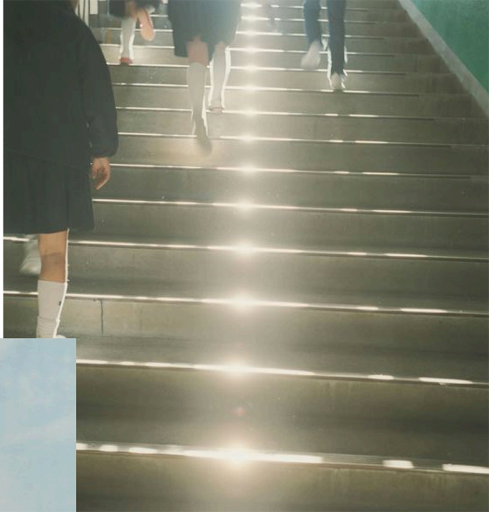
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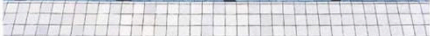
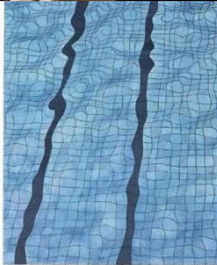






HOSPITAL/COURT







A photograph of a window with white lace curtains. The curtains are slightly parted, revealing a glimpse of the outdoors. The lighting is soft and natural, coming from the window. The wooden windowsill is visible at the bottom of the frame.

DONTEN & LACROIX FILMS / POLAND

NIKO FILM / GERMANY

GARAGEFILM INTERNATIONAL / SWEDEN