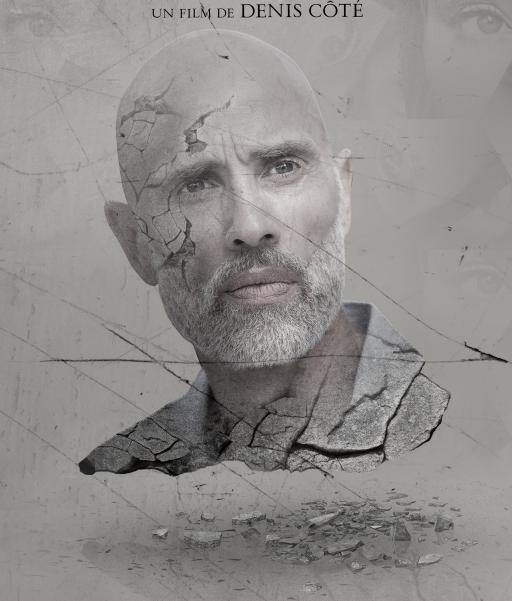


BORIS SANS BÉATRICE

UNE PRESENTATION METAFILMS AVEC DENIS LAVANT SIMONE-ELISE GIRARD ISOLDA DYCHAUK DOUNIA SICHOV LAETITIA ISAMBERT-DENIS ET LOUISE LAPRADE IMAGE JESSICA LEE GAGNÉ SON FRÉDÉRIC CLOUTIER ET BERNARD GARIÉPY-STROBL DIRECTION AKTISTIQUE LOUISA SCHABAS MONTAGE NICOLAS ROY MUSIQUE GHISLAIN POIRIER PRODUCTION EXECUTIVE MICHEL MERKT PRODUCTION SYLVAIN CORBEIL ET NANCY GRANT







BORIS WITHOUT BÉATRICE

FICTION / 35 MM / 1.85:1 COLOR / 93 MIN / 2016

Somewhere in present-day Quebec,

Boris Malinovsky has achieved all of his goals. Strong willed, independent

and proud, he's not without a certain

arrogance with regards to his successes.

His wife, Beatrice, a Minister of the

Canadian Government, has recently

been bedridden due to a mysterious

depression. To soothe himself, Boris

enjoys a love affair with his colleague

Helga and grows closer to Klara,

the young housekeeper. A stranger's

sudden appearance forces Boris to

confront the world and face up to his

achievements and his certainties.





Director's statement DENIS CÔTÉ

I was interested in a strong character who knows both the price and the pay-off of hard work, who wants for nothing and who is not given to failure of any kind, social, emotional or financial. He welcomes life and protects himself with his word, with the tree of knowledge he's planted, with his visible and occasionally ostentatious social rank. Neither an unpleasant character nor a very sympathetic one, Boris Malinovsky is living out his middle years fully and proudly.

I wanted to show the face of a certain contemporary Quebec. It seems to me that jostling around

within this anxious entrepreneur are the qualities, the strengths, weaknesses and depths, of an unapologetic Quebec, riding waves of both pessimism and exhilaration; a satisfied Quebec, accustomed to its social-democratic comforts but tempted by the all-consuming adventure of neo-liberalism, even libertarianism. Boris' inner world, up till now happily dormant, is shaken up. The effects and marks of this sudden tremor continue to unfold throughout the entire film. The film tells a universal story, without regionalism or the desire to be picaresque. The characters express themselves in an elevated language

and are the product of the many blended cultures of today's society.

Malinovsky's world is clear, established, well-positioned and rooted in virtuous success. I wouldn't say that the story unfolds among the bourgeoisie and the nouveaux riches. Rather, I'd suggest that it takes place in a modern-day Quebec, where success is nothing to be ashamed of but where the precipice is also just a stone's throw away. From all of this, one seemingly simple question arises for Boris (one we all ask ourselves!) and inhabits the entire film: Am I a good person? And in whose eyes?

Somewhere deep inside Boris lies the answer to the question and the insight into this enigma. He must put together the pieces of an abstract puzzle and then perhaps he will be rewarded for his efforts and his good

deeds by a kind of Commander
figure. The audience will leave this
story with the feeling of having
witnessed a distorted personal
journey with which I hope they can
identify. Boris is living in a world of
snakes and ladders. I imagined some
events over which he has control and
others which are clearly obstacles to
his enjoyment. I imagined a gallery
of characters that can help him
blossom just as they constrain him.

When the story begins, Boris' discomfort is rooted in something concrete: Béatrice's illness. Then, an unlikely shuffling of the deck occurs when he is told that he would be held responsible for his wife's Great Illness. Has Boris done wrong by someone? Has Boris lived a bad life? Why must Boris be punished? For his wealth? His success? His excess?

Who decides the validity of the path our hero has taken? He could continue down this path and wait for Béatrice to recover, but doubt has been seeded in him. To what court must he answer now? His is not a Judeo-Christian quest. It is not for him to redeem himself or prove himself. He must simply live, accept and understand his doubt – a doubt planted within him, one brought in from elsewhere, a doubt that, at one time or another, visits us all.

"Somewhere deep inside Boris lies the answer to the question and the insight into this enigma."





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