

Ending up at a table sitting next to each other by pure coincidence in a Vietnamese restaurant somewhere on Mulberry street it became clear for Marie and Jeanne and everyone around them that they despised each other from first sight. Jeanne had never seen such a self absorbed girl, thinking how can anyone talk so much? She looks up at the ceiling in pain waiting for this tremendous torture which is Marie's mouth to stop. While Marie clearly can't hide her disgust every time Jeanne opens her mouth to say something. Marie shrugs, thinking this swiss person with a phony and annoying french accent seems to think she's the most important person in the world and wishes she wasn't here sitting right next to her.

Some friends in common combined with other social trivia forces them to meet again. The situation was like a repeated song on the radio, and they began to like each other. Some time after this Marie receives a phone call from Jeanne telling her that she's at the airport on her way to New York and wonders if she can stay at Marie's place during her stay, and so Jeanne goes directly from the airport to Marie's apartment.

It's summer, both Marie and Jeanne spends most of their time in the apartment in their underwear, both being almost nude keeps their relationship from any distractions, they even compliment each on others behinds.

As they dress to go out it becomes significant how different they look and are. Both find each other's choice of outfit ridiculous. Marie looks at Jeanne's clothing items and think that they are perverted in the way the represent an older bourgeois woman in a repressed society. Jeanne looks at Marie's clothes and wonders if she in fact is a prostitute? Their fascination with scrutinizing each others differences becomes a constant joke in their relationship, a certain pleasure that comes with defeat's ending. They succumb to each other, want to become each one another.

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