

Chanmé (Noé & Adèle one-shot fanfake)

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by [Bailey41](#)

Summary

Short AU one-shot involving relationship between actresses playing Marianne (Noémie Merlant) and Héloïse (Adèle Haenel) *Portrait of a Lady on Fire* / *Portrait de la jeune fille en feu*. Based on real-world events (the Toronto International Film Festival), real locations and real destinations but a wholly speculative love story that existed in illustrated form on my tumblr.

Notes

real-world people from French Cinema (Céline Sciamma, Denis Podalydés & Danny Boon), a style Icon (Inès de la Fressange) and a fictional cat are variously mentioned.

10 September 2019, 09h45. Halfway through TIFF 2019.

[Interior, hotel room. The Shangri-La, University Ave. and Adelaide St., Toronto.]

“Hey.”

...

“Umm... Hey.”

“What?”

“You think she knows?”

“...Knows what?”

“You know. Calling it an early night two nights in a row, sneaking out of whatever that lame event was at the Hazelton. Think she figured it out yet?”

“Trust me on this one. If she knew, she’d never tell.”

“Yeah... I get that. But does she know?”

“You care if she did? Like right this minute?”

“I dunno. A little, I guess. I mean it’s not something she nee—“

“—Don’t.”

“Don’t what?”

“Care. We have maybe two more hours before we really have to get up. Two and fifteen if you shut up. Like right now.”

“Check-out’s at eleven though.”

“No. I asked for a late check-out. It’s at one now... You’re welcome, sweetie.”

“Wicked. Neon is still the sending the car to pick us up, at the earlier time?”

“He’ll wait, the driver... He’ll wait for us. We’re closer than your old hotel. Anyway, when we land you’ll have plenty of time to make your read-through in Saint-Denis. It’s like what, ten, fifteen minutes from de Gaulle.”

“Yeah. But I want to drop my shit off and shower first.”

“Shower at the lounge. Anyway, who else is confirmed at the thing, hmmm? Two people you’ve worked with, and fucking Denis Podalydés. Please. He’ll be fucking around the entire

time and'll make you mess up your lines and shit. You watch. I'll even text him or call Danny to make sure he does."

"Jeez, Adèle, you're such an ass."

"You love it though."

"☹"

"Aaanyways. If they ever give you shit, say that I stitched you up... made you stay in Canada a day longer for some other surprise junket. It's not like they're gonna check the festival feed on YouTube. Anyway, chill...you have a lot of time."

"Ha... Okay."

"Or maybe say Céline did. Those dudes hate me alrea—"

"—They don't. You're an asshole, but they don't."

"Haaah! Leave your bags with me and I'll have them at my place, unless you wanna give me your keys. I have the new door code for the gate saved on my phone."

"Your place, babe. I would but mine's a fucking mess right now."

"Worse than the last time I was there?"

"Definitely."

"You need to take better care of that cat."

"yeah, whatever. Erwan *hates* you."

"He does not!"

"You keep thinking that. Treat him something special next time or I turn you out."

"And what, bundling me off to Milan again? Me, your poor, little, besotted Héloïse!"

"Oh gawd!"

"Sniff..."

"Ok, princess, before you bring the house down again and the camera dolly with it, let's not get too distracted, It's just the one Rimowa and the red Keepall with my shoes and sneaks. I'll bring the other carry-on to the studio."

"I got you, babe"

"Thanks, babe.

“Oh, and did i mention that I love the Roger Vivier you wore this week. Have your friend Inès get me a pair will ya? In black, with the matte silver buckles.”

“They’re gunmetal. I got the hint after the second compliment. She’s not my friend, but yeah, I got you too.”

“😊”

...

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