

A FILM BY CAROLINA PEREIRA

WHAT WE CARRIED

THREE VOICES, ONE INHERITANCE
— FROM THE NAKBA TO GAZA TODAY

MOODBOARD

INTENTION

This is a film carried by women.
A grandmother, a mother, and a daughter — three generations
of forced displacement, memory, and refusal.

They do not tell a story *about* Palestine.
They speak *from within it* — with tenderness, rage, and clarity.

What We Carried is not only about what was taken.
It's about what remains — in their voices, their gestures,
and the silence between them.



VISUAL AESTHETIC

INTIMATE. CONTAINED. STRIKINGLY HONEST.

- › Filmed entirely on **iPhone 14 Pro Max** – not out of limitation, but intention. In the absence of production infrastructure, the phone allowed for invisibility, **closeness**, and the **disappearance of the camera itself**.
The women could speak without interruption – not performing, just being.
- › Natural light only – filtered through the thin fabric of a displacement tent.
- › **Desaturated color palette**, yet visually poetic.
The light shifts across faces and fabrics. It draws us in.
The aesthetic refuses exoticism – no golden warmth, no romanticism – and yet it remains **deeply beautiful**, because it is real.

We do not look at Gaza from afar. We are seated inside, with them.



CHARACTERS & PRESENCE

THREE WOMEN. THREE TIMEFRAMES. ONE UNINTERRUPTED VOICE.

- › **Maysar** (grandmother): carries the memory of the Nakba.
- › **Ibtisam** (mother): raised under siege, never left Gaza.
- › **Samoud** (daughter): growing up inside genocide.

There are only female voices in this film — not as a concept, but as a structure. They do not explain. They do not plead. They speak.

Their relationship — their warmth, exhaustion, tension — is the emotional core. What they carry is more than history. It's each other.



CINEMATOGRAPHIC LANGUAGE

A CAMERA THAT STAYS CLOSE. A GAZE THAT DOES NOT DOMINATE.

- › Tight framing: hands being washed, fabrics folded, glances exchanged.
- › The rhythm respects their silences – it does not fill the space.
- › **Editing is non-linear and thematic** – returning in cycles to grief, memory, and transmission.

This is a **film of echoes**, not exposition.

Memories appear as fragments – incomplete, overlapping, real.

We follow gestures, not plot.



SOUND & ATMOSPHERE

SOUND IS WHERE EMOTION BREATHES.

- › All sounds were recorded on location: fabric rustling, water boiling, voices cracking, children outside.
- › The “**zanana**” **drone** is present – subtle, but constant. A sonic reminder of occupation.
- › **Editing is non-linear and thematic** – returning in cycles to grief, memory, and transmission.

The sound design holds pain and tenderness in equal measure.
It does not instruct how to feel. It lets us feel it.

The atmosphere speaks, even when the dialogue stops.



EMOTIONAL & POLITICAL TONE

RADICAL INTIMACY. FEMINIST DEFIANCE. CARE AS RESISTANCE.

- › This is a film built on **trust, not access**.
- › It rejects the language of neutrality or tragedy.
- › It centers not pain, but **presence** — what it means to remain human inside erasure.

We do not observe this family.

We are invited into their interior space — to listen, to sit with them, and to feel.



VISUAL & NARRATIVE REFERENCES

WE DRAW FROM WORKS THAT CENTER PRESENCE, INTIMACY, AND WAR'S INTERIORITY.

For Sama (Waad al-Kateab)

- › Intimate portrait of motherhood and resistance under siege.
We are inspired by its unapologetic closeness and political urgency.

Gaza mon amour (Arab & Tarzan Nasser)

- › Subtle emotional storytelling within a context of repression.
We echo its ability to show tenderness in an impossible setting.

The Distant Barking of Dogs (Simon Lereng Wilmont)

- › Observational style and soundscape of ambient war.
Our sonic and visual rhythm is inspired by its quiet accumulation of tension and care.

Tanya Habjouqa, Rula Halawani, Tamara Abdul Hadi

- › For their framing of **Arab female subjectivity**, refusal of stereotype, and emotional depth.



WHY THIS FILM NOW

BECAUSE WE ARE INVITED INTO A FAMILY THAT HAS SURVIVED THE UNSPEAKABLE.

We are not told what to think.

We are invited to sit – on the floor of a tent in Gaza – and **listen to women who have lived through 75 years of loss and continuity.**

We carry this film so their words do not have to carry it alone.



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