

AFTER THE PAIN

Written by

Nicolau

Nicolauaraujo.com
mail.nicolau@gmail.com
+55 61 99509 5314

HE (29) is a trans man, short, and autistic.

SHE (31) is a cis woman with light skin and straight dark hair.

1 EXT. STARRY SKY 1

We see the starry sky, motionless.

Over the image, we read the opening credits.

2 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 2

The camera moves through the apartment; it is night and everything is dark, except for a lampshade in the middle of the living room.

It barely lights the room.

We hear "Comentário a Respeito de John" by Belchior playing in a distorted way.

HE is taking a bath in an old bathtub, his body almost completely submerged in the water; outside of it, only his nose and mouth remain, just enough for him to smoke a cheap cigarette.

He stays like this for a while, inhaling and exhaling smoke.

CUT TO

We hear the sound of water.

HE gets out of the bathtub and dries himself with a towel.

3 INT. PHARMACY INJECTION ROOM - NIGHT 3

HE has wet hair, is wearing a light jacket, jeans, and worn-out sneakers, and bounces one of his legs while waiting, seated in an utterly, completely white room.

The light is white, the walls are white, the posters on the walls are white. It is aggressive.

A nurse/pharmacy employee breaks an ampoule and uses a large needle to draw out the liquid.

NURSE

Ready?

HE nods, stands up, and partially lowers his pants.

He braces himself facing the wall and closes his eyes while she injects the testosterone.

4 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

4

HE walks alone through the silent streets, the yellow streetlights illuminating his path.

HE stops and looks at the sky, whistles at the stars. Nothing happens.

A distorted projection can be seen along the street he walks down: it is an old photograph with children. He passes through the projection, becoming distorted. He does not see the projection; it is the past that he carries with him.

5 INT. HIS HOUSE - NIGHT

5

HE opens a bottle of wine with a corkscrew and pours some into a small tumbler, pours Coca-Cola into another glass. (A voice is heard in the background, but we do not understand what is being said.)

He takes both glasses and goes toward SHE, who is sitting on the floor, leaning against the wall.

SHE

(...) then that same guy tried to cut in line in front of who?

HE

You!

SHE

ME! And everyone pretending they weren't seeing it. And I said, "love, the end of the line is over there."

HE

You said that? "Love"?

SHE
No, I said the rest of it.

HE
And him?

SHE
He played dumb, of course. "Oh, I
hadn't seen it."

HE
Damn.

He sits down facing her, the two of them clink glasses,
he takes a long sip of wine.

SHE
And you?

HE
Me?

SHE
Are you excited?

HE
You know I only get excited when
there are 24 hours left before
the flight.

SHE
Argh! Why are you like this?

HE
Childhood or teenage trauma, at
this exact moment I can't say for
sure, but it must be one of the
two.

SHE
You say that as if you don't have
adult traumas.

HE
True. I forget the more recent
ones. Actually, look what I
found.

HE gets up, opens a dark cabinet, and feels around
inside.

He pulls out a stack of Bibles of all kinds and sizes. Children's Bibles, pink ones, leather ones, one with a denim cover, etc.

SHE (OFF)
Okay. Want to go over the plans?

HE
No, girl, let's just live.

SHE
If it were up to you, we'd travel with just the clothes on our backs and the return ticket.

HE
If that.

SHE
But seriously.

HE
Huh?

SHE
If you want to add anything to the script, now's the moment. Especially since tomorrow we're going to buy the tickets, right?

He goes back to where he was sitting and places the Bibles on the floor.

SHE (CONT'D)
WOW! I had one of those denim ones!

She opens the Bible's zipper and several folded papers fall out.

She picks one up and unfolds it.

SHE (CONT'D)
"You're not pizza, but you're a snack."

She picks up another paper.

SHE (CONT'D)

"Shall we go to Talher Brasil
after church?"

HE has a distant look in his eyes, a song plays faintly
in the distance. He tries to recognize it.

SHE (CONT'D)

"Are you going to the children's
camp next week?"

HE

HEY! WAIT!

SHE looks up, listens. Recognition arrives. The music
gradually grows louder. He gets up and opens the window.
The church across the street is playing "Vou Seguir com
Fé" - Kleber Lucas.

The two begin singing together.

SHE & HE

(singing, softly)

I will follow with faith, with my
God

I will go to the rock higher than I.

I know where I'm going, like an eagle I will go

On high, I am a child of God.

They continue, slightly off-key, out of sync, their
voices low and soft. There is something vulnerable in
it. Their voices fade before the end of the verse. A
silence. A breath.

SHE

(laughing softly)

I don't remember what I ate
yesterday, but
this I'll never forget.

HE

It's Christian guilt.

SHE

I feel like this is one of the
things that haunts me the most
these days.

HE

Only these days? I think everything I ever did was either to go against or in favor of the church.

SHE

Rationally?

HE

COMPLETELY! Either against the church or against my mother.

SHE

Which is almost the same thing.

HE

Exactly.

She nods. Looks at the coke. Takes a sip. The gospel song is still playing softly in the background.

NARRATIVE NOTE:

They no longer believe in that God, but there is still some reverence. To sing is to remember. A feeling that was once warm. Now, it burns and hurts.

6

INT. HIS HOUSE - NIGHT

6

Time has passed. A pizza box with uneaten crusts is on the floor, between them.

HE

Man, do you realize it's been 10 years since we talked about this? About this trip.

SHE

It feels like it was about 40 years ago, right?

HE

For me it went by really fast. I can't believe it's already been 10 years.

SHE
If it's been 10 years since the
promise, then it must be about...

HE
21 years

SHE
since we watched the film?

HE
That's right.

SHE
Fuck, we really are old ladies...

HE
Time is really crazy.

SHE
But, like, looking back now, I
think everything – or almost
everything – has changed, right?

HE
I don't know. To me, it doesn't
feel like that much has changed.
I mean, I moved out of my
mother's house, but I'm still the
same person.

SHE
THE SAME PERSON? You've got to be
kidding, right?

HE
Yeah... I mean, right? I feel
like on the inside, yes, but on
the outside people don't even
recognize me on the street
anymore.

SHE
Especially after the beard.

HE
Yeah!

SHE
Fuck, 10 years?

HE
10 years.

SHE
10 years!

The two laugh. He looks out the window and watches the trees moving.

7 INSERT - DOCUMENTARY 7

We watch the opening scenes of Alan Booth's documentary The Northern Lights (1992).

It is a scientific documentary. We hear the narration over images of the aurora borealis.

DOCUMENTARY NARRATOR
Since the beginning of time,
people have gazed into the night
skies, spellbound by the northern
lights, in awe of their power,
searching for SOME meaning.

8 INT. HIS HOUSE - NIGHT 8

He is alone.

A projection of the documentary fills the entire room, including him. It is as if the room were a camera obscura, the images from the documentary mixing with the projection of the sky.

He lies on the bed with his torso at the edge of the bed and his head hanging down.

He lights a cigarette. He stays there, watching the world upside down.

9 INT. DAY - HER APARTMENT 9

The apartment is bright, quiet, and very tidy.

Nothing is out of place. The living room table is clean. The shoes by the door are neatly lined up.

The morning light comes through the cobogós and draws geometric shapes on the floor.

SHE finishes closing a small suitcase on top of the bed.

Next to the suitcase: a toiletry bag, medication, a charger carefully wrapped up, a scarf, the passport.

She checks everything one more time.

In the hallway, a half-open door.

Inside, a room that is almost ready.

The walls have already been painted. There is a crib still unassembled, leaning against the wall. An open box with baby clothes folded into small stacks.

A mobile still in its packaging. A simple lamp on top of an empty dresser.

A lot is still missing. But the room already exists.

She goes to the bedroom window. She watches for a few moments, leaves the room, and walks through the living room.

In the living room, HUSBAND (32) is having breakfast.

SHE
I'm leaving.

HUSBAND
Okay.

Husband gets up and walks to the door, they kiss, and she leaves.

HUSBAND (CONT'D)
Keep me updated.

10

EXT. FRONT OF HER BUILDING - DAY

10

Through the cobogós, we catch a glimpse of a moving shadow: SHE walks slowly down the hallway, pulling a small wheeled suitcase.

He waits below the building.

11 INT. DAY - CAR (UBER)

11

We see the two of them in the car's rearview mirror, through the curious gaze of the driver.

HE
Panties?

SHE
Check. Boxers?

HE
Check.

SHE
Shirt, jacket, and sweatshirt?

HE
Check, check, check.

SHE
Passport?

HE
Check.

SHE
Money?

HE
Check.

SHE
Card?

HE
Check.

SHE
Phone with charger?

HE
Check.

SHE
Plug adapter?

HE
(hesitates)
check?

SHE laughs softly.

12

INT. DAY - BRASÍLIA AIRPORT - CAFETERIA

12

The airport vibrates with the tension of the morning – voices overlap in multiple languages, suitcase wheels clatter across the floor, flight announcements echo through the loudspeakers.

HE and SHE are standing in a slowly moving line at a generic airport café.

White, aggressive light. Chrome counters. A display case full of food that looks better from a distance. SHE scrolls through something on her phone with one hand, then looks at him.

SHE

What did you eat today?

HE

I woke up. Drank water. Peed.

Ate an apple.

Watched Friends – season 4, you know that Thanksgiving episode?

Then I printed the tickets. Checked the itinerary. Made coffee. Drank the coffee. Fed the cats...

SHE

(interrupting, serious)

Croissant or cheese bread?

HE

I'm not hungry.

SHE

(dryly, insisting)

Croissant or cheese bread?

HE

(sighs, resigned)

Cheese bread.

CUT TO:

They are sitting at a small, wobbly metal table in the café. A tray between them with two paper cups, one cheese bread, one croissant.

They eat in silence, surrounded by chaos. SHE chews slowly, watching hurried people pass by.

HE tears off tiny little pieces of the bread, one by one. (He should have ordered a croissant, the cheese bread is not good.)

Behind them, a child cries.

Someone drops their phone. A couple argues quietly at the next table.

13

EXT. NIGHT - STOCKHOLM AIRPORT

13

Cold.

SHE and HE are standing just outside the airport's sliding glass doors, surrounded by travelers.

The parking area is lit by lamp posts. Both hold up their phones, searching for a signal. Their breath appears in short bursts as they murmur softly to themselves.

His hand trembles slightly as he slides his finger across the Uber app. He narrows his eyes at the map, zooms in, then zooms out.

No driver appears. He starts walking - to the left. SHE follows him without question. He stops suddenly. Looks around, confused. The traffic signs are in Swedish.

He blinks hard. Turns around. Heads in the opposite direction. They walk back toward the other end of the terminal.

His face tightens. His jaw clenches. He stops again. Slowly turns on his own feet.

SHE
give it to me

She holds out her hand - takes the phone from his hand without asking. Looks at the app. Swipes once across the screen. Without saying anything, she turns and begins walking confidently back inside the airport.

HE remains still for a moment. Then follows her.

14 INT. NIGHT - HOTEL STAIRCASE

14

The door closes behind them with a metallic sound. The air inside is stuffy, dense. They are standing at the foot of a narrow, steep, winding staircase.

The red carpet is faded, worn down in the middle - discolored in some places. HE adjusts his backpack.

SHE lets out a forceful breath and lifts the suitcase by the handle, which still bangs against the first step. The step groans under its weight.

They begin climbing slowly, dragging the luggage behind them, one step at a time. The staircase gives slightly under each footstep. The only other sound is their breathing - shallow, tired, out of sync.

No one speaks.

A sign on the wall reads "Silence, please. - tystnad, tack." At the top of the stairs, SHE pauses. Places a hand on the wall. Looks back toward HE.

He nods, wordlessly.

They continue.

15 INT. NIGHT - HOTEL ROOM

15

A small room. Low ceiling.

A double bed with a crooked headboard. Two open suitcases already spreading clothes across the floor. The light is dim, yellowish - it buzzes faintly when turned on.

The air smells chemical, strong, sterile - like plastic and ammonia with a lemon scent. Something pretending to be clean, but isn't...

SHE says nothing. Goes straight to the bathroom, turns on the light, closes the door, and turns on the shower.

HE stands still in the middle of the room. Still wearing his coat. He does not move right away.

He only observes.

His eyes slowly sweep across the room. The bedspread has an outdated floral pattern, kind of 80s or 90s.

There is a white towel folded in one corner.

There is a mirror fixed too high above the desk, and in front of the bed – a small framed picture, slightly crooked.

A cheap landscape, trees covered in snow, generic and lifeless. As if it had been bought on a very cheap website.

He stares at the picture.

Long pause.

The picture seems to stare back.

The sound of running water from the bathroom fills the room.

He takes off his coat.

Sits on the edge of the bed.

16 INT. MORNING - HOTEL ROOM

16

The soft gray morning light enters through the narrow window, filtered by a thin, dusty curtain.

The room is silent, you can feel the weight of sleep and dampness. HE is sprawled across the bed, one arm above his head, breathing slowly and steadily. One leg slips out from under the blanket. He has not moved for some time. At the desk against the wall, SHE is sitting in front of a small mirror.

The surface is slightly warped – the kind of hotel mirror that does not reflect properly. She leans in closer. No music. No conversation.

She glances over her shoulder. Watches him in the mirror. His chest rises and falls, unaware. She looks back at her own reflection. Stares at herself for a moment. Neutral. Analyzing.

Tilts her head slightly.

Searches for something in her own face. She inhales deeply, closes her eyes.

Holds her breath.

Then exhales. Goes back to doing her makeup.

17 INT. MORNING - HOTEL ROOM

17

The light enters, sharply tracing the shape of the window, shining only on his face.

He is completely sprawled across the bed.

She is practically ready.

He stirs, bothered by the light. Looks around, gets up confused.

HE

Is it time already?

SHE

I've been trying to wake you up for half an hour.

He gets up. Takes off his pajama shorts and puts on a pair of pants.

HE

I'm ready.

SHE

You're not.

HE

Aaaaaaaa

He grabs a ziplock-style bag full to the brim with medication. Dumps everything onto the bed and takes 1, 2, 3, 4 different capsules.

He goes to the bathroom, brushes his teeth. Looks at himself in the mirror, but looks into his own eyes.

It is a brief moment.

HE (CONT'D)

Now I'm ready!

18

EXT. MORNING - STOCKHOLM STREET

18

A soft bluish-gray light bathes the city. SHE and HE walk side by side along a narrow residential street, yellow autumn leaves covering the roads. Still empty. Still silent.

It is too early, the city seems paused. Their shoulders are hunched, faces tense from the cold. HE wears his coat fully zipped, scarf covering his mouth. SHE's breath escapes in visible puffs.

She rubs her gloved hands together as she walks. Both keep their hands shoved deep in their pockets. Their steps are quick and cautious - not rushed, but in constant motion. She always walks ahead and he tries to keep up with short strides.

The ground is wet. The asphalt glistens, catching fragments of the pale light. No words between them. A few parked cars line the street, lightly covered with frost. Leafless trees stretch their branches. A solitary bicycle chained to a post.

A closed bakery. A streetlamp still on. Stockholm, under this light, looks strange and cinematic.

HE slows down for half a second to look at a postcard rack in front of a souvenir shop. He does not stop - only looks, then keeps walking.

SHE
(quietly)
What is it?

HE
(muffled by the scarf)
I'm okay. Just... cold, but I
don't know, I think I'm kind of
hot too.

She looks at him sideways.

Half smile.

They keep walking.

19

INT. MORNING - CAFÉ

19

The space is warm. Old and cozy. The kind of place that has existed for decades, but does not try to prove anything. Yellowed walls, wooden counters, and shelves with ceramic mugs and dusty tea tins.

A Swedish waiter in a dark apron leads them to a corner table near the window. They follow him, dragging their coats behind them. He places two menus on the table, speaks softly - unintelligible, but kind - and walks away.

SHE

(trying to speak Swedish)

Tack

The waiter smiles and nods before disappearing behind the counter. HE sits down, still unwinding his scarf. SHE opens the menu. Immediately frowns.

He opens a translation app, scans the page with the camera. The phone loads... flickers... and finally displays a shaky English version:

SHE (CONT'D)

FISH?!?

HE

FOR BREAKFAST? My God.

Maybe we should just point at something and pray it works out.

They look around. Everyone seems to know what they are doing.

SHE watches him. Then closes the menu.

CUT TO:

Two plates on the table. A half loaf of bread. A thick slice of dark bread with some kind of cheese and preserved jam on top. They chew slowly. Both look around, without saying much. Taking in the strange furniture, the murmur of the Swedish language, the silence of a new city.

At the next table, a Swedish couple in their thirties talk animatedly. They laugh. One of them gestures dramatically with a spoon.

SHE watches them - curious, smiling faintly.

HE watches her watching, happy for her.

HE (CONT'D)
(softly)
Happy?

She takes another bite, shrugs.

SHE
Let's see how I feel after this
"breakfast."

20

EXT. DAY - STREETS OF STOCKHOLM

20

HE and SHE walk side by side along a canal. Despite the sun, it is still cold. HE gestures while speaking, in the middle of a sentence. SHE laughs.

JUMP CUT:

They pass through a cobblestone alley, lined with pastel-colored buildings. HE walks a little ahead, dragging his fingers along the textured wall. They do not speak - only breathe.

JUMP CUT:

Crossing a narrow footbridge, the wind is stronger now, messing up HER hair. She tries to tame it. Gives up. HE laughs.

JUMP CUT:

An open square. A street artist plays the violin. Children run after pigeons. SHE throws a coin into the instrument case. HE takes a picture with the film camera.

CUT TO

Sitting on a low stone wall, they share a bag of French fries.

They walk down a tree-lined avenue.

Bare branches stretch over their heads.

21 INT. DAY - SOUVENIR SHOP 21

HE and SHE are inside a shop crowded with souvenirs.

There is an entire aisle of baby items, and SHE stands there looking at the tiny shoes and little clothes.

She picks up an item, touches it, examines it. Puts it back.

Leaves.

The aisle remains untouched, while people move through the shop.

22 INT. DAY - RESTAURANT 22

The two are sitting at the table, empty plates, the food already gone. HE rubs his stomach.

HE
You know what would be PER-FECT
right now?

SHE
Hm?

HE
That caramelized milk.

SHE
WOW! Yes!

HE
God, I miss it. Brazil is so much
better.

SHE
My mother used to make it for me,
there was always some after
lunch.

HE
Do you know how to make it too?

SHE
No, she didn't leave any recipe.

I tried making it once, with one of those internet recipes, but it didn't turn out very well.

HE

Hm.

SHE

I don't know if I'll be able to make it the way she did.

HE

But didn't your grandma keep her things?

Wasn't there a recipe notebook or anything like that?

SHE

No.

HE

FUCK. I promise that when you make it, if it turns out really, REALLY, bad, I won't tell you.

SHE laughs softly.

23 INT. NIGHT - HOTEL ROOM

23

Lying in bed with his eyes open, HE shifts around, unable to sleep. He has insomnia and feels pain, though he does not understand it very well. Something is deeply bothering him.

24 INT. NIGHT - HOTEL BATHROOM

24

HE goes to the bathroom.

Sits on the toilet, pulls down his underwear. Wipes himself with toilet paper.

He is menstruating.

He takes a deep breath.

Disappointed.

Sad, completely affected.

25

INT. DAY - INTERIOR OF STORKYRKAN CATHEDRAL

25

Everything is vast. The stone columns tower overhead. Above, enormous stained-glass windows filter a soft mosaic light – blues, reds, greens spreading across the stone floor. There is an overwhelming silence.

A silence made of dust, echo, and centuries. People walk slowly, with intention, as if not to disturb the past.

SHE and HE enter, their shoulders touching. Instinctively, they lower their voices, even though they are not speaking.

They walk slowly down the central aisle. Eyes turned upward. Necks tilted. Like children in a museum. The smell of old wood and candle wax is everywhere.

SHE

(softly)

Why do churches always have this smell?

HE

The smell of candles or of death?

SHE

Both.

HE

They are the spirits of all the slaves who raised these walls.

SHE lingers before a group of candles – tall, white, in silver candlesticks. Some lit. Others not. She thinks about lighting one (for her mother), but does not do it. HE slows down near a small side altar, where a crucifix hangs. His hand slips into his coat pocket. He pulls out a small film camera – old, scratched, beloved. He raises it.

A pause. FLASH. A loud crack tears through the sacred silence. A sharp mechanical echo ricochets across the vaulted ceiling. Everyone freezes. Tourists, an elderly woman praying, a group of children on a school trip, the nuns – everyone turns. EVERYONE looks at him. SHE's head snaps around, incredulous. Eyes wide. HE swallows hard, the camera still in his hands. They look at each other. Pause. Their faces tremble – trying not to laugh.

They walk quickly toward the exit, trying – and failing – to look innocent.

26

EXT. DAY - IN FRONT OF THE CATHEDRAL

26

The moment they cross the threshold into daylight – they burst into laughter. Uncontrollable. Breathless. SHE bends over, hands on her knees, gasping between laughs.

SHE

You scared a nun!

They keep laughing – not just because of the sound, but because of the relief of all of it. The absurdity. The risk. The pleasure of not belonging. The laughter turns into little giggles. Then into silence. SHE wipes a tear from beneath her eye, still smiling.

HE

(softly)

It was worth it.

She nods, still catching her breath.

The stone steps of Storkyrkan stretch behind them, imposing and elegant. The sky is still pale – a soft metallic gray – but the light has changed, now brighter. HE stands just below the church sign, pointing at it with exaggerated solemnity. The sign reads: "STORKYRKAN - SAINT NICHOLAS CATHEDRAL"

SHE (LOOKING THROUGH THE CAMERA)

Say "heretic."

27

EXT. LATE AFTERNOON - STREETS OF STOCKHOLM

27

SHE and HE walk side by side. No words now. Only the gentle rhythm of footsteps. The street is wide and quiet – lined with leafless trees, branches stretching overhead like lines on a page.

A tram passes on the avenue ahead, but the sound is distant. They pass a shop window – handmade ceramics, all imperfectly round.

SHE glances at it. Does not stop. HE kicks a little stone on the sidewalk, softly, like a child killing time. They do not need to fill the silence.

It is comfortable. A gust of cold air cuts through. SHE tightens her scarf. HE exhales, his breath spiraling upward. SHE does the same.

HE
Imagine people walking by and
looking at us here.

He blows smoke out of his mouth again.

SHE laughs.

HE (CONT'D)
Remember that camp in Petrópolis
where your breath turned to smoke
in the shade?

SHE
It was in Teresópolis. It was
cold as fuck.

HE
Was that the one where Ana got
with Matheus?

SHE
The communist? (laughing). It
was! And it was at that one that
you, brilliantly, locked your
suitcase.

HE
BUT THERE'S AN EXPLANATION!
Someone told someone that someone
had been robbed and I immediately
thought, "I'll lock my suitcase
before the service."

SHE
WITH THE KEY INSIDE????

HE (LAUGHING)
And I was like, "I'll put the key
in here so I don't lose it."

That suitcase belonged to my grandmother, I got a GI-GAN-
TIC scolding when I got home.

And the worst part is that I already knew they were going to yell at me, I spent the whole camp thinking about what it would be like when I got back.

They keep walking, continue talking about adolescence.

28 EXT. NIGHT - FRONT OF THE HOTEL 28

They arrive at the hotel. SHE goes in through the door first, HE follows behind, Before stepping inside, he looks back out at the street, as if someone had called him. He searches for something, but finds nothing.

He goes through the door, and a projection appears there, showing a photo of a child with scribbles on the face that prevent the image from being fully read.

29 INT. DAY - ÖSTERMALMS MARKET - STOCKHOLM 29

They enter a large reverberating hall - high ceiling, steel beams, warm market lights illuminating long rows of food counters. The space is alive - but not welcoming. It is as if it were the loudest place in the universe: voices in Swedish, plates clattering, oil frying, cash registers, a pop song playing from a distant speaker - all of it extremely loud.

The air is dense with smells: raw fish, blue cheese, grilled meats, sugar, vinegar - all at once. It is hard to separate one from the other. Even harder to breathe without tasting everything. HE is hit immediately, feels sick. SHE's eyes light up.

She moves quickly from stall to stall - smiling, pointing, asking questions in English that nobody properly answers. HE follows her. More slowly.

His shoulders rising. The lights flicker slightly - almost imperceptibly. But enough to bother HE. He narrows his eyes. His hand begins to tremble, thumb and middle finger snapping in a discreet, rhythmic click. They pass a counter with oysters opened on ice, a tank with live lobsters, display cases of sweets.

The sound thickens.

It does not get louder - but deeper, as if the room were tilting inward.

SHE stops in front of a dessert display – rows of cakes, shiny red berries, little buns covered in sugar. Her face lights up.

She points, excited, turns to HE – But he is no longer by her side.

HE is a few steps behind. Standing still, eyes closed. His fingers flutter in the air. He slowly brings both hands up to his ears. Presses hard.

The world goes out of focus. SHE does not see him. SHE is in the middle of a sentence, laughing with a vendor, when she looks to the side and realizes that an attendant is watching him – with slight confusion, maybe concern, maybe judgment.

SHE turns, sees him.

Standing still.

Small.

Fingers in his ears.

Eyes closed.

Rocking back and forth. He is having a sensory overload (common among autistic people), he tries to hold himself together so as not to draw attention, but fails.

The noise continues, but now she hears it too.

CUT TO:

30

EXT. DAY - SQUARE NEXT TO THE MARKET

30

Silence. A small urban square, almost empty. The kind of space people only pass through. Concrete. A few leafless trees. A wooden bench slightly damp from melted frost. HE and SHE are sitting side by side, not touching.

Heavy coats, their breath still visible in the air.

Everything is still – a welcome quiet after the sensory overload from before.

HE is hunched forward, elbows on his knees, hands lightly clasped. His body rocks back and forth. He inhales – deep and uneven.

Exhales through parted lips. SHE says nothing at first. Watches a pigeon pecking at nothing in the distance. Waits.

SHE
(softly)
Did you bring the S.O.S.?

HE
(shakes his head)
No need. It'll pass.

She nods. Not convinced. But does not insist. They remain in silence for another long moment. A bus stops on a nearby street, HE startles.

A child screams.

HE grows more distressed.

Then, silence again.

HE (CONT'D)
Do you know what it is?

SHE
Hm.

HE
It's just, like...
It's been 10 years, you know?

SHE
UH-HUH...

HE
I don't know, I don't want to
talk about that right now.

SHE gently slides her gloved hand close to his on the bench, almost touching - but not quite.

HE does not look at her, calms down little by little.

Time passes, they leave that place.

We see the square and read: I hate being me.

31 INT. NIGHT - HOTEL ROOM / BATHROOM - PARALLEL MONTAGE

Hot, running water.

A narrow shower stall, covered in old white tiles, slightly cracked in the corners. The grout yellowed with time.

Steam rises around HE.

The steam fills the space like a soft mist - thick, enveloping, damp. The sound of water on his body is all we hear - constant, heavy, alive.

HE remains under the water.

He hears her voice through the door.

He does not understand everything. Only fragments.

He closes his eyes for a moment.

His hand touches the cold wall, out of reach of the water.

IN THE ROOM:

SHE is sitting on the bed, already in pajamas, her legs drawn up onto the mattress. The light from her phone illuminates her face.

On the screen: HUSBAND, on a video call.

He is at home. The camera catches him in a bad, ordinary framing. Behind him, part of the kitchen. Cabinets. A warm light. A mug on the counter. The distant sound of a television on in another room.

HUSBAND
How was the flight?

SHE
Long.

The city is beautiful. Cold as fuck.

HUSBAND
It was hot here.

SHE
Don't say that.

He laughs.

HUSBAND
Work was hell today.

SHE
Yeah?

HUSBAND
We were short-staffed.

There was a problem with that spreadsheet. In the end they wanted everything by yesterday.

SHE
Delightful.

HUSBAND
Yeah. Adult life.

She smiles faintly.

BATHROOM:

HE opens his eyes.

Turns the water down a little. Just enough to hear better.

HE remains still.

The water keeps falling, but now he is not exactly showering anymore.

The water stops.

Silence.

HE opens the glass door. The steam escapes, spreading through the room.

He carefully steps onto the cold tile. Takes a dark towel, large and rough. Wraps it around his waist.

In the room, her voice continues softly. More intimate now. Less clear.

He remains still.

Stands before the mirror, now completely fogged over.

Breathes. Waits.

With one hand, he wipes the glass in a single motion.

Part of the reflection appears. Blurred at first. Then clearer.

His face. Wet hair stuck to his forehead. Drops running down his neck and chest.

He adjusts the towel slightly.

Then, slowly, he brings one of his hands to his chest.

Fingers tracing the mastectomy scars. Crooked. Asymmetrical.

They are not hidden, but not exactly a source of pride either.

They are simply there.

WE READ ON SCREEN: Forever.

HE follows the lines with silent precision. Noticing every curve, every unevenness.

His touch is gentle. Familiar.

He stares into his own eyes in the mirror. Holds the gaze. Lets it settle.

A breath.

He remains like this: still wet, still wrapped in steam, held together by silence and reflection.

The silence blends into a loud noise of voices, footsteps, glasses...

A small hidden bar, lit by weak amber bulbs hanging from the ceiling. Dark wooden tables, old frames, and Swedish film posters crowd the walls.

The kind of place that smells of old beer, leather, and stories no one will write down. An indie band plays in the back.

SHE and HE are sitting at a corner table, leaning against the wall. Each with a drink. Their coats are hanging on the chairs. They have already been there for some time.

The table has a few crumbs, a crumpled napkin, a receipt with a scribble on it. The conversation flows – light, directionless, overlapping memories.

SHE talks while tapping her nails. HE can barely hear what she is saying, he is completely disturbed by the sound of her nails.

He holds her hands. She knows what it is about.

SHE

Can you hear it HERE???

HE nods. SHE laughs.

The two keep talking, until they are interrupted by HANDSOME MAN, a tall and strong young man with dark hair. He approaches them and speaks in Swedish. HE and SHE are confused.

HANDSOME MAN

English?

HE and SHE get their hopes up, they think he is flirting with one of them, or with both.

HANDSOME MAN (CONT'D)

My phone just died, so I plugged it in to charge over there. So...

SHE

UHM... OK?

HANDSOME MAN

SO could you just take a look at it for me?

HE

Oh, ok. Sure.

Handsome man leaves, HE and SHE laugh to themselves.

SHE

I was sure he was going to...

HE
Me too, I already imagined my
whole life here. Marriage,
everything!

SHE
I miss it.

HE
Being flirted with?

SHE
Going to a bar and having someone
come talk to me.

HE
But with that giant ring there
no one is going to approach you anyway.

SHE
Yeah.

HE
TAKE IT OFF!

SHE
Naaaah.

HE
I want to produce chaos.
(Silence)
Do you think people look at us
and think we're together?

SHE
I don't know. Maybe.

HE
GOD.

SHE
I don't care enough.
They keep talking there.

CUT TO

The waiter brings more drinks.

SHE (CONT'D)

Anyway... remember it was at
Plenitude that— (pause) Oh, wait. You weren't there.
(laughs, almost guilty)

HE

(interrupting, calm but
cutting)
Stop.

SHE

(confused)
What?

HE

I don't want to hear it.

SHE

You don't even know what I was
going to say.

HE

(dryly)
I don't want to hear it.
(pause)
Because it hurts.

He shifts in his chair, eyes fixed on a coaster, slowly
spinning it with his finger.

HE (CONT'D)

I don't want to hear it, because
it hurts.
Every time you talk about that,
it hurts. There is a difference
between not being wanted and
being forgotten. One thing is
knowing that people don't want
you with them, another thing is
people not noticing that you
are not there, because it makes
no difference. Back then I felt
both things, especially at
school, and before I knew it,
you had all grown up — too deep
in your teenage world for me.
And I was left behind and then
it became the same thing.

(MORE)

HE (CONT'D)

In the only place where I felt comfortable.

SILENCE.

Her expression softens.

Her fingers lightly drum on the rim of the glass.

A waiter walks by.

HE watches the waiter's feet move quickly, one after the other.

SHE

Okay.

(she leans slightly forward)

What do you want to talk about?

HE does not answer. He only keeps his eyes on the floor – on the rhythm of the shoes, the trays, the movement of the bar. He takes a sip of his drink.

Swallows hard. No tears.

SUBTEXT: He feels the weight of having more to say about the past, about the pain, about other scars, but prefers to stay silent.

33

EXT. NIGHT - STOCKHOLM STREET

33

The city is empty, silent. The streetlights cast long shadows over the wet asphalt. HE and SHE walk wrapped in coats and scarves. They sing a pop song, loud and off-key.

HE trips, laughs, recovers, he is drunk. Suddenly, HE stops. Serious.

SHE

What?

He holds her arm, gently but urgently. His eyes fix on something ahead. A circular concrete column covered in posters for concerts, events, ads in Swedish. He points to one right in the center: "FILMHUSET - DET SJUNDE INSEGLET - 21:00" ("THE SEVENTH SEAL - 9 PM"). A black-and-white image of Death playing chess.

SHE (CONT'D)
 (unable to see clearly)
 Are you serious?

HE
 (smiling, almost
 reverent)
 We have to go.

She frowns, checks the time on her phone.

He is already walking.

34 INT. NIGHT - CINEMA AT FILMHUSET

34

A dark, cozy screening room. Rows of upholstered seats. The light from the screen flickers over the audience.

THE SEVENTH SEAL plays - silent and imposing. The medieval beach. The knight. The chessboard.

SHE is sitting next to HE, sunk into the seat. Her eyes blink slowly. Then again. She is fighting sleep. Or boredom. Or both.

Meanwhile: HE is motionless. Sitting upright. Hands in his lap. Eyes fixed on the screen. He leans slightly forward, his lips part.

HE
 (whispering, in pseudo-
 Swedish)
 "Var är du, Döden?"

He smiles.

CUT TO:

35 EXT. NIGHT - STOCKHOLM STREET

35

They leave the cinema into the freezing air. HE is radiant. Alive. SHE pulls up her scarf. HE does not feel the cold. He is still talking - fast, excited.

HE
 He made an entire film about
 doubt. About negotiating with
 death as if it were a contract.
 In '57!

SHE
(tired)
That part I understood.

HE
No, but did you see the light?

That scene where the squire turns to the camera – the light hits only his eyes...

He begins gesturing, recreating the framing. SHE only watches him. Not annoyed. Not amused. Just... watching.

She keeps walking, hands in her pockets, eyes on the street ahead. They turn a corner – and there it is again:

"FILMHUSET - DET SJUNDE INSEGLET - 21:00"

Another concrete cylinder, covered in posters. HE stops abruptly.

SHE
(sighs, teasing)
Oh no.

HE examines the column, makes sure no one is looking. He begins loosening the corners of the poster carefully, his fingers slipping under the damp paper, slow and surgical. SHE crosses her arms, watching.

SHE (CONT'D)
the greatest criminal in Brazil

HE
(cutting whisper)
Shhh! It's a sacred act.

He loosens one whole edge. Then another. Tears downward slowly. The paper rips imperfectly.

He lifts the poster, satisfied. A little crumpled. A little damp. But it is his. SHE smiles sideways. Looks around – then back at him.

SHE
Happy?

HE smiles intensely, like a child. He awkwardly rolls up the poster and stuffs it into the inside pocket of his coat. They keep walking.

They do not say much now, only walk in silence. He is extremely happy and drunk.

36 INT. NIGHT - HOTEL HALLWAY

36

The hallway is poorly lit, with faded carpet and wallpaper slightly peeling at the edges. The air smells faintly of dust and something floral that does not belong there. HE and SHE arrive at the door. He is drunk. Both are extremely tired.

SHE

(...)

I swear to you I NEVER crashed the car when I wasn't with you. It was like some curse of yours. You got in the car and I already prepared myself psychologically for the worst.

HE

That was like a... a... what do you call it? Like a... curu... curubaia? curumbuca?

SHE (LAUGHING)

Urucubaca.

37 BOTH BURST OUT LAUGHING.

37

HE

That's it!! And the cockroach, man?

HE sticks his hand into his coat pocket, pulls out a small, worn metal key. He inserts it into the old brass lock. Turns it. Nothing. He shakes the key. Turns it again.

SHE

I swear to you if it had shown up

while I was driving I would have crashed the car. Of course, because you were with me... Still nothing.

HE

(turning it again)

Ok...

He tries to the left. Then to the right. Then back to the left.

SHE
(leaning against the
wall)
And it was GI-GAN-TIC!

It looked like a monster, that thing was not a cockroach, because...

SHE takes the key and tries to open the door, she cannot do it either. Gives up and hands the key back to HE, she is too drunk to deal with it.

HE
Maybe it's one of those doors...

I don't know, a philosophical door. An obstacle of the psyche.

SHE
No, it's one of those Swedish doors.

He holds the key. Staring at it. He tries again. The key does not turn. He puts his ear to the door as if he might hear instructions. Nothing. Both stare at the lock. Pause. They slide down to the floor in front of the door. Defeated. Drunk. Silent. HE groans. Then crawls back to the door. He kneels. Raises both arms dramatically to the sky. Gets up. Jumps three times. Spins his body twice, a little unsteady, almost falls. Blows on the key. Inserts the key once more.

38 CLICK.

38

The lock turns. The door creaks open.

They stumble inside, trying as hard as possible not to burst out laughing and wake up the entire hotel.

39 INT. NIGHT - HOTEL ROOM

39

In front of the computer, the two dance and watch "Vai Ter Que Rebolar" - Sandy & Júnior - Era Uma Vez Ao Vivo. They dance.

They imitate the choreography.

HE is Júnior, and SHE is Sandy.

They dance through almost the entire song.

CUT TO:

HE has his butt up in the air, SHE with her arms crossed.

They are watching a tutorial on how to dance the little square hip move.

They try, but they really do not know how to dance.

CUT TO:

They watch an old video, from when they were children, performing with the church dance group. Facing the screen, they dance the choreography to "Inimigo do Mal" - Crianças Diante do Trono.

Then they watch more archival footage from the dance group - rehearsals, performances, teenage and childhood games - recorded on VHS and Cybershots.

Little by little SHE falls asleep. He keeps watching the videos.

He closes the computer, places it on the bedside table.

Little by little, a projection of the archival footage they were watching takes over the entire room.

He gets up, takes his nighttime medication. Goes back to bed.

He watches the ceiling, bored, while the projection distorts his face.

40

INT. NIGHT - HOTEL ROOM

40

The lighting is filtered through the thin curtain. SHE is sprawled on one side of the bed, one arm hanging off the edge. Slow breathing. Deep sleep. Her face relaxed, turned toward the wall.

On the other side of the room, HE is standing by the window.

Wrapped in a blanket, shoulders hunched, arms crossed under his chin. He looks through the fogged-up glass.

41 EXT. NIGHT IN STOCKHOLM 41

HIS POINT OF VIEW - A narrow street below.

Leaves on the sidewalk.

A few lit windows in the neighboring buildings.

A bicycle chained to a post, motionless.

Behind him, SHE shifts in her sleep.

The slight rustle of the sheets is the only sound.

HE gently rests his forehead against the glass.

Silence.

42 EXT. NIGHT - STREETS OF STOCKHOLM 42

HE walks alone through narrow, empty streets. His hands buried in the pockets of his coat. His shoulders hunched against the cold.

His breath forms a ghostly mist in the air. The ground is damp. There is no one else on the street. His steps are slow. Deliberate. Unhurried.

He passes by a closed café, chairs stacked, lights off. A cat watches him from the window.

He keeps wandering.

Without destination. Without urgency.

Observing the smallest details.

He stops beneath the awning of a closed shop.

The sign is dark. The display window is dark. A precarious shelter against the wind.

HE looks from side to side.

He slips his hand into the inside pocket of his coat. Pulls out a crumpled pack of cigarettes.

He holds it in his hand for a moment.

As if he were doing something he should not be doing.

He takes out a cigarette. Puts it in his mouth. Lights it with difficulty. The lighter fails once, twice. On the third try, it works.

He takes a drag.

Stands still.

The cigarette lights up his face for a second.

The tiny red glow at the tip. The smoke leaving his mouth warm and turning cold in the same instant.

Another drag.

Another one.

Then he throws the butt on the ground, crushes it in the dirty snow by the curb. Looks up at the sky and whistles.

On the other side of the street, rental bikes lined up in a rack.

HE watches them.

Crosses over.

CUT TO

43 EXT. DAWN - STREETS OF STOCKHOLM

43

He pedals quickly on a bicycle, the wind in his face. HE PEDALS AND PEDALS AND PEDALS AND PEDALS AND LETS HIMSELF BE CARRIED BY THE BICYCLE.

The city is still empty.

The streets are cold.

44 INT. DAWN - HOTEL ROOM

44

He enters the room slowly and quietly.

Silence.

A pale, bluish pre-dawn light penetrates through the curtains, casting pale bands across the floor and the bed.

SHE is lying on her side, wrapped in the blanket. Her face is turned toward the wall.

He takes off his pants and lies down, covers himself.

Pause.

SHE
Where were you?

HE remains still for a moment.

HE
Walking.

SHE
You could have let me know,
right?

HE
I sent a message.

SHE
3 hours ago.
And then you never answered me
again.

Silence.

HE
Sorry.

SHE
It's fine.

Pause.

HE closes his eyes.

HE
Let's sleep.

SHE
Now I'm already awake.

I won't be able to fall asleep again.

Silence.

She moves – once, then again. Opens her eyes slowly, blinking in the quiet.

She sits up carefully. Her hair messy, her face swollen with sleep.

Without turning on the light, she gets out of bed.

Her movements are soft, practiced. She walks through the room barefoot, the floor creaking lightly.

HE sleeps deeply. His breathing is deep, steady. He does not move.

SHE goes into the bathroom and carefully closes the door behind her.

45 EXT. DAY - MUSEUM 45

The two visit an exhibition in a museum. She moves quickly past the paintings, he studies them closely, completely absorbed.

She yawns deeply.

From a distance, he yawns too.

46 INT. NIGHT - BAR 46

They are sitting in a bar. He orders a whisky and Coke, she orders a juice and a water.

The place is crowded.

47 INT. NIGHT - BAR BATHROOM 47

He enters the men's bathroom, a hostile and strange place. He goes into the stall, extremely small and covered in writing scrawled in pen.

Changes his pad.

48 INT. NIGHT - BAR 48

At the table.

HE
So, what's up?

SHE
What do you mean, what's up?

HE
I don't know.

SHE
MAN!

HE
TELL ME!

SHE
Did I tell you Pedro sent me a
message?

HE
NO!!!

SHE
He started by sending, like, a
"hey stranger."

HE
Classic.

SHE
Then he started asking about my
life, before I could answer he
started saying he had broken up
with his fiancée. And I was like,
"uh-huh...."

HE
God, I HATE HIM!!!!!!

SHE
Then he asked how I was again,
whether I wanted to grab a
coffee, or a beer, or "anything
else?"

HE
RIDICULOUS.

Time has passed, the bar is emptier. He is obviously
drunk, she is not.

HE (CONT'D)

You know I'm the same age my mother was when she had me?

SHE

REALLY? So she had you when she was older, then?

HE

At 29. Your mother was super young, right?

SHE

I think it was on the honeymoon, she was, like, 21.

HE

So young.

He takes a sip of his whisky and Coke, she drinks her water, thinks before speaking.

SHE

You know, I think she would be very happy that I'm here.

HE

Why?

SHE

Like, I don't think she ever thought I would go so far away, you know? Live so intensely. See so many different things.

HE

And remember how she said we'd never get to see it?

SHE

Yes! We were fascinated by the film, super excited, and she was like, "not happening."

HE

But I think it's because she wanted to as well and it seemed impossible. That's what I feel these days, you know?

SHE

Absolutely! These things seemed so far away, especially back then.

HE

Good thing the video store gave us the wrong VHS.

SHE

God! Yes. Do you remember which film we wanted?

HE

Finding Nemo.

SHE

How do you remember that, my God!

HE

It's because I never returned that tape. It's the only VHS I still have. To this day I still owe the video store, good thing they went bankrupt.

SHE

Maybe they went bankrupt because of you.

The two laugh.

HE

But I don't know, you two were the perfect duo. I was always very impressed, it seemed like you never fought, she seemed like your older sister, you know?

SHE

We did fight, but I don't remember much. I feel like...

She looks to the side, observes the space.

Her eyes are full of tears, but she pretends to be normal.

SHE (CONT'D)

I feel like I only have good memories. I won the lottery. Everything I lived was wonderful... IT ENDED, but I don't know, she didn't see most of my life.

She didn't see me finish high school and college, didn't see me get married, didn't see me live through many things, all those things. But I feel that in everything she did see, she was present and it was wonderful.

She was the best mother I could have had.

Her gaze drifts away.

He looks at a fixed point while he listens. Both of them lost in their memories.

49

INSERT - DOCUMENTARY SCENES

49

We see an elderly woman inside a cabin speaking to 3 children. The image blends with an animation from the documentary itself.

DOCUMENTARY NARRATOR

Elisapee Ootova tells her grandchildren an Inuit tale about the land of the northern lights.

ELISAPEE

"I am going to tell a story about a shaman. He chanted and played his drum, calling on his helping spirit. In his trance, he went far away from the igloo, very far away, into the heavens, among the stars and the northern lights. In that bright place there were many people playing football with a walrus skull. The skull rolled and rolled and rolled, until the tusks got stuck in the ground. 'Kick the ball,' they said, but he was afraid. 'Come, play with us.' He found his courage and kicked between the tusks.

(MORE)

ELISAPEE (CONT'D)

Then he saw that those people
were our relatives who had died
and gone away to this joyful land
of the dead."

50 EXT. NIGHT - STREETS OF STOCKHOLM 50

The two walk in silence.

They walk through distorted projections of her
childhood, of her mother with scribbles and marks over
her face.

As if her image were a memory that is not complete, that
little by little fades away.

51 EXT/INT. DAY - TOURIST BOOTH 51

SHE throws up from nausea and makes a face. HE watches
her in silence. They buy two tickets from an attendant.

ATTENDANT

The departure is in 1 hour and a
half.

HE

The bus leaves and arrives here?

ATTENDANT (POINTING)

Yes, at that bus stop.

52 INT. DAY - RESTAURANT 52

Sitting at the table reading the menu. SHE takes out a
blister pack of medication and takes the last pill. HE
watches her.

HE

I have a proposal: we go back to
the hotel. You rest, I take a
little post-lunch nap, and we go
out tonight.

SHE
I'm fine and we just bought the
tour, it's going to work out.
Trust me.

CUT TO

53 INT. DAY - RESTAURANT

53

They have already been served, the plates are empty. SHE
feels nauseous again, curls in on herself.

HE
I don't want to go on the tour
anymore.

SHE
We already paid.

HE
It doesn't matter, look at you.
For the love of God.

SHE
I'm f...

HE
You're not, stop making things
up. We're going to the hotel.

Now HE is the one speaking seriously.

A waiter clears the plates from the table.

HE (CONT'D)
What do you have?

SHE looks at him deeply, smiles.

HE (CONT'D)
NO WAY, seriously?

SHE
SERIOUSLY!

HE
That's why you're not drinking? I
thought it was strange, I thought
you had gone straight edge or
were becoming religious again.

SHE
God forbid! Never.

HE IS OVERTAKEN BY EXTREME JOY, BUT HOLDS HIMSELF BACK SO AS NOT TO MAKE A SCENE IN THE RESTAURANT. HE starts to cry.

We read over the image: Is everything going to change? EVERYTHING IS GOING TO CHANGE!

HE
How many weeks?

SHE
12!

HE
Wow! And like... does it already have a name? Do you know the gender, I don't know, do you know anything?

he thinks: why didn't she tell me before? Why didn't I know about this?

SHE
We still don't really know anything.

HE
Have you thought about names yet?

SHE
Yes! Elisa or Daniel.

HE
Hmm... I think it's going to be Elisa.

54 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

54

HE watches her sleep.

He sits in a chair, writing in a small notebook.

The room is dark. She is still asleep.

He looks out the window and whistles at the sky.

55 EXT. DAY - CAR RENTAL

55

SHE wanders through the parking lot. Walks slowly, hands in her pockets, head turning as she passes each vehicle. She is a little nauseous.

We see her in fragments - through windshields, rearview mirrors, and fogged-up windows - reflected, refracted.

She stops beside a car, places her hand on the cold hood, watches the vapor of her own breath rising.

HE finishes the paperwork. The attendant hands him the keys. He turns and sees her, still among the cars.

SHE
(short, but soft)
Let's go?!

They approach a small silver car, unremarkable.

Each carries their own suitcase.

Both are tired, but excited.

56 INT. DAY - CAR IN MOTION

56

The hum of the engine is constant, low - almost comforting.

HE drives, eyes fixed on the road, hands steady on the wheel. SHE is in the passenger seat, slightly sunk in, one knee against the dashboard.

Outside, the landscape slides by slowly in transition: First, low buildings - residential, pale yellow and gray. Then industrial warehouses, motionless chimneys, a few parked trucks like sleeping giants.

Eventually, everything gives way to open fields, muted green and dull gold, covered by a thin, persistent mist. Everything seems damp, quiet, barely awake. Inside the car, the heater blows. SHE shifts position, uncomfortable. They travel in silence for a long time. A road sign passes.

SHE
(reading aloud)
"Vägunderhåll."

HE
 (smiling, pretending to
 be serious)
 VÄGUNDERHÅLL!

Another sign passes. Another unpronounceable word.

57 MONTAGE - SMALL TOWNS ALONG THE WAY

57

- A roadside café, half empty.

Wooden interior with fogged-up windows and old magazines on the counter.

SHE drinks hot chocolate from a thick ceramic mug, holding it with both hands. She exhales, steam rising from the drink and from her breath.

HE is on the other side of the table, chewing a sweet bun covered in coarse sugar.

He absentmindedly licks sugar off his thumb while reading the label on a packet of butter.

- Inside a local market, the shelves are full of unfamiliar packages.

SHE picks up a jar of pickled vegetables, narrows her eyes to read the label.

She shows it to HE as if asking a question. He shrugs. They laugh softly.

She puts the jar back on the shelf.

CUT TO

58 INT. AFTERNOON - CAR

58

SHE leaning against the window. Head resting on the glass. Eyes half-closed. The trees pass in a calm blur. She is not sleeping.

She is somewhere else - lost in thought, or nowhere at all.

HE
 Are you okay?

SHE
Yeah... I don't know.

HE
I don't know what?

SHE
10 years?

HE
10 years! Cool, right?

SHE
Yes, but it feels so... it feels
like it was yesterday.

HE
But you're not really processing
all this yet... are you?

SHE
There are two people I get a
notification for when I receive a
message.

HE
Hm?

SHE
Your name is saved with guitars
and a bunch of emojis.

HE
But when I message you is it
like... desperate?

SHE
Not anymore.

CUT TO

- At an isolated gas station, the wind cuts across the open land. SHE holds the fuel pump, her coat flapping, looking at the digital display.

HE is nearby, arms crossed, staring at a display of local tourist brochures.

He picks up a trail map through pine forests. Folds it and puts it in his pocket as if it were a clue.

CUT TO

- On the main street of a tiny village, SHE photographs houses painted in shades of red, mustard yellow, and light blue. Tiny windows. Sloping roofs.

She steps back into the middle of the street to get a wider frame. There are no cars.

HE waits on the sidewalk, watching her through a lens - but not through a camera.

- Back in the car. The light has changed - soft gold filtering through the clouds. -

59

EXT. AFTERNOON - ÖREBRO

59

The two are sitting by the water that runs through the city of Örebro. The space is a mixture of colors, with lots of orange and yellow from the autumn leaves.

Clear sky. Light breeze.

They eat bread, fruit, and cheese.

A long silence.

HE

(after a pause)

You have no idea how much it hurt.

SHE

For you? No, I don't.
No one ever will. But I believe
in your pain.

HE

But it's not the same thing.

SHE

Of course it isn't. I didn't say
it was.

HE

It was before everything. Before
any chance of getting better.

(MORE)

HE (CONT'D)

There was absolutely no way to be okay back then. But that night, I was sure I would make it. I couldn't take it anymore. And then you showed up. I was disappointed. Good thing, right?

SHE

(serious)

I don't want to talk about that.

HE

Why?

Isn't that why we came? To remember that it's over?

SHE

No.

We came to celebrate that it's over. I don't want to remember anything.

HE

Why?

SHE

If you think it was only bad for you, then you're a huge asshole. Do you think it was comfortable for me? I barely slept at night, I couldn't do anything because at any moment you could try something. Or else I had to drop everything to go pick you up because you were having another breakdown, I was worried ALL THE TIME. It's a good thing I got there in time and disappointed you, but do you think that image doesn't live in my head? Do you think I'm not affected seeing you like that?

And you still used to say that you didn't feel anything... that you thought you wouldn't be missed by anyone. It made me so angry. AND ME? It was as if nothing I did...

(MORE)

SHE (CONT'D)

as if I didn't exist either, as if my feelings, my love, as if our whole story had never happened. And you saying "no one cares about me"... it was a slap in the face every time. "If I don't care, then what am I doing here?" (pause) And it's not just back then. Even now, you disappear. I wake up in the middle of the night and you're not there. I stay there without knowing whether I should wait, whether I should look for you, whether I should pretend everything is fine. You come back as if nothing happened and I have to swallow the shock alone.

(pause)

So of course your pain must have been enormous for you not to be able to keep living. But the pain of seeing you suffer was terrible too.

HE

You never said that.

SHE

Did I need to?

HE

Maybe.

SHE

23 years of friendship and I still have to explain that I love you?

HE

(pause)

...I don't know, it's good to hear it once in a while.

SHE looks at him - irritated and affectionate at the same time.

A song in the distance interrupts their conversation.

They remain silent for a moment, listening.
Then they stand up and walk toward the music.

60 EXT. AFTERNOON - CHURCH

60

They cross a narrow, almost empty street. Dry leaves pile up along the curb. The sound comes from somewhere ahead, soft, but clear enough to make them keep going.

On the other side of the street, a small church.

Light-colored, simple, without grandeur. The windows are tall and narrow. The door is almost closed. Through the crack, the music escapes.

They stop in front of it.

They listen.

They do not recognize the song. Even so, there is something familiar in that kind of harmony - very young voices trying to sound bigger than they are.

HE looks at SHE.

SHE says nothing. She just keeps listening.

He pushes the heavy door.

The sound changes immediately.

It becomes fuller.

More alive.

Less distant.

61 INT. DAY - CHURCH

61

Inside, the light is dim and yellowish.

It smells of old wood, dust, and stored fabric.

There is no mass. No audience.

Only the members of a children's choir rehearsing in front of the altar.

About fifteen children. Some very small. Others already almost teenagers. A woman conducts the group with restrained, precise movements. She interrupts, corrects an entrance, starts again. The children begin from the beginning.

HE and SHE enter in silence, trying not to draw attention.

They sit on a pew farther back.

The wood creaks under their weight.

For a while, they only watch.

The voices spread through the empty church. One girl sings too loudly. One boy comes in late. Another child looks at the conductor as if trying to figure out what to do with their own body.

There is something fragile and disciplined in it. Something of rehearsal. Something of childhood.

The choir starts again.

Now a cappella.

The music fills the space in an unexpected way. Everything seems bigger than it is: the small church, the small voices, the small bodies. Even so, for a few moments, everything expands.

HE lowers his eyes.

Rubs his hands together. It is unclear whether from cold or nerves.

SHE keeps looking ahead. Her face still. But her breathing is no longer the same as in the previous scene.

A child misses the entrance.

The conductor stops. Speaks softly. Waits. Begins again.

The children breathe together.

Sing again.

HE
I'm sorry, okay?

SHE turns her face toward him.

HE (CONT'D)
I put you through a lot, didn't
I?

SHE
You did.

HE nods.

Accepts it.

Looks ahead again.

HE
I didn't want to be like that.

SHE
It's not your fault.

HE
I know. But... I don't know.

SHE turns her eyes back to the choir.

SHE
There are things we don't change,
we just accept.

HE looks at her, takes a deep breath, and turns back to
the choir.

Silence.

The voices continue.

The afternoon light enters through the side stained-
glass windows and rests on their faces in soft, broken
bands.

Neither of them says anything else.

The choir reaches the end of the song.

The last note remains suspended for a brief moment,
vibrating in the wood, in the low ceiling, in the space
between them.

The conductor lowers her hands.

Silence.

The children move, whisper, rearrange their sheet music. A little laugh slips out from somewhere.

Soon after, the conductor raises her arms again.

Everything begins again.

This time, HE and SHE already seem to be listening in a different way.

62 INT. DAY - CAR

62

The inside of the car is warm. The dashboard glows softly in the late-afternoon sun.

SHE is driving now. Relaxed posture, but attentive. One hand on the wheel, the other resting on the gear shift. HE sleeps in the passenger seat. Head tilted toward the window, hair partially covering his face.

His breathing is soft, rhythmic. Outside, the landscape passes slowly – the road winding through a pine forest, the dark trunks against the golden sky.

Snow on all sides. The shadows stretch long across the asphalt. The light is low.

“Ninguém gosta de se sentir só” – Tim Maia.

She is tired, serene. Her eyes return to the road, sad, thoughtful. He lets himself be guided by the curves.

The trees open up ahead, and beside them a large lake.

The road stretches out again.

And the music continues.

63 EXT. NIGHT - ROAD IN LAPLAND

63

The car moves along a deserted road, snow piled up on the shoulders.

There are no streetlights, only the headlights opening a narrow path between tall, dark trees.

64 INT. NIGHT - CAR

64

SHE is now in the passenger seat. She is wearing a beanie and gloves, watching the phone screen attentively.

HE is focused on the road, his eyes shining.

65 EXT. NIGHT - HOTEL PARKING LOT IN LAPLAND

65

The car parks slowly in the middle of the snow.

Outside, everything is white. White on the ground, white piled on top of the parked cars, white reflecting the weak light from the poles.

The parking lot lighting is not very good. The poles spread a yellowish, insufficient light.

For a few moments, they remain inside the car.

The engine still running. The windshield slowly fogging up. The snow outside seems to swallow the sound of everything.

HE turns off the car.

They both get out.

The cold hits immediately. Dry, hard, cutting.

Their boots sink slightly into the soft snow. The sound is low, muffled. Their breath rises visibly into the dark air.

SHE closes her coat more tightly. HE looks around.

There is almost nothing beyond the parking lot, the white, and the dark mass of trees farther back.

In the distance, a few hotel windows are lit. Yellow, small, seeming very far away in that emptiness.

They open the trunk. Each takes their suitcase.

The wheels do not glide properly over the snow. They drag. They jam. They sink. Every now and then one of them knocks against some harder patch of frozen ground.

The two head toward the hotel entrance.

They walk slowly, slightly bent by the cold.

66

INT. NIGHT - HOTEL IN LAPLAND

66

The hotel is too warm after the cold outside.

As soon as they enter, his glasses fog up. The floor near the door is wet from melted snow. There is a discreet smell of heater air, varnished wood, and old coffee.

The reception area is simple, lit by low, yellowish lights. Nothing there tries to be luxurious. Just welcoming enough that no one wants to go back outside too quickly.

SHE talks to the attendant at the desk.

She speaks in English slowly, tired, but objective.

HE remains a little apart.

He watches the snow through the window.

Outside, everything remains white and dark at the same time. The pole lights barely manage the parking lot. The wind lifts a fine dusting of snow from the ground. Every now and then someone crosses outside, heavily bundled, almost unrecognizable under so many layers.

SHE takes the room key cards.

The two head down the hallway.

It is a silent, heated hallway, too long. Full of wide windows showing the white snow outside.

Inside: carpet, light wood, closed doors, low light.
Outside: only snow, darkness, and the pale reflection of the windows on the ice.

They walk slowly, pulling their suitcases.

The wheels now glide better over the smooth floor, producing a continuous and discreet sound that follows their footsteps.

HE looks outside as he walks.

The landscape does not change much from one window to the next – only more snow, more white, some dark pine trees in the distance, a few isolated lights.

Even so, he keeps looking.

67

INT. NIGHT - HOTEL ROOM IN LAPLAND

67

The room is simple, but much more comfortable than the previous ones.

Everything there seems clean, bright, functional. The light wood walls. The thick blankets folded over the bed. A lamp on near the headboard. In the back, a large window darkened by the night, reflecting the room back into itself.

As soon as he enters, HE drops his backpack on the floor.

He does not even properly take off his coat.

He goes straight to the bed and throws himself onto it, on his back.

The mattress sinks. His body sinks with it.

He closes his eyes for a moment and relaxes completely. Finally warm. Finally still.

SHE is still standing.

She leaves the suitcase near the wall. Takes off her gloves. Looks at the clock on her phone.

Then looks at him, sprawled on the bed as if he were going to sleep for two days straight.

SHE

You can get up! We have 30 minutes to be at reception and meet the group.

HE keeps his eyes closed for one more second.

As if pretending he did not hear.

Then he opens his eyes.

Turns his face toward her.

HE

Now?

SHE

Now.

HE looks at the ceiling.

Then at the dark window.

Then back at her.

HE

I thought there'd be time to
exist a little before.

SHE

You can exist afterward.

HE lets out a breath through his nose, defeated.

He slowly sits up on the bed.

68

EXT. NIGHT - FOREST IN LAPLAND

68

Darkness surrounds them, but it is not total. The sky glows faintly blue, heavy with stars hidden behind soft clouds. The ground is white and silent, covered by a thin layer of snow that glitters under the weight of the cold.

HE and SHE walk in single file behind a group of about 10 people. They walk along a narrow trail cutting through a dense forest of pines and firs. The trees rise above them, motionless and watchful. They wear thick coats, high scarves, beanies pulled tight over their heads.

The air is dry, cutting. Every breath rises like smoke. Each of them wears a headlamp, projecting ovals of bluish light onto the snowy path. The snow crunches under their boots - a dry and constant sound in the total silence.

HE carries a camera hanging from his neck, swinging with each step.

They do not speak.

They do not need to.

The guide talks nonstop.

His voice cuts through the cold with slightly excessive enthusiasm, as if he needs to fill every gap of silence before the night swallows the whole group.

The people around them do not shut up either.

They comment on the cold. They comment on the snow. They comment on how lucky they are to be there.

They stop all the time to take pictures of everything - the trees, their own boots sinking in the snow, the trail, the dark.

The light from headlamps and phones turns on and off constantly, cutting the forest into pieces.

SHE and HE remain a little apart.

Not enough to lose the group.

Just enough not to be part of it.

They stop in a corner, following everything from afar.

HE watches the people more than the forest.

SHE tightens her coat around herself.

The entire group keeps walking in a single direction, dragging along voices, lights, short laughs, breathless breathing, and the dry sound of boots sinking into the snow.

Around them, the forest remains still.

Dark.

Tall.

Indifferent.

70

EXT. NIGHT - CLEARING IN THE FOREST

70

The trees suddenly open and they arrive at an open field – a natural clearing, surrounded by black pines, tall and motionless, as if they were there only to observe.

The snow is untouched. Soft. Glinting faintly beneath the moonless sky.

The group slowly spreads out through the space, occupying the clearing.

HE and SHE stop for a moment, simply observing.

Their breath rises silver against the dark.

The cold there seems bigger.

More open.

Deeper.

The sky above is clearer now – a deep, endless navy blue. Stars blink, small and hard, much sharper than anywhere else on the trip.

They say nothing.

Time stretches.

The guide keeps talking in the background, but his voice already seems more distant now, as if the landscape itself were beginning to swallow the sound.

A faint green glow appears on the horizon.

Almost imperceptible at first. More a suspicion than an image. As if the eye still does not know for sure whether it is seeing something or inventing it.

Then it grows.

Another appears.

And another one.

HE looks at the sky and whistles, calling the northern lights.

The lines begin to move across the sky slowly, but without hesitation, as if they were waking from some very ancient place.

Waves of light, slow and alive, begin to cross the night.

The northern lights.

The colors change softly – green, a touch of violet, then back to green.

Nothing about it seems solid. It is light, but it almost seems like matter. It is movement.

They stand there, looking up, unable to understand their own sensations.

Around them, the group does not stop talking. They take many pictures, strike poses, switch places, point upward, call each other by name, laugh too loudly for that landscape.

SHE turns her eyes to him.

He is still looking at the sky.

SHE
HEY! Let's get out of here?

HE
Can we?

SHE
Let's go!

71 EXT. NIGHT - FOREST / PATH TO THE LAKE

71

They move away from the group.

At first, only a few steps. As if there were still time to turn back.

The guide keeps talking in the background. The people keep laughing, calling to one another, commenting on the sky.

But with every step, all of that grows smaller.

The snow sinks under their boots. The sound is dry, muffled, regular.

Little by little we hear "Blackbird" by the Beatles, in a chorinho version.

SHE goes ahead for a moment, opening a path through the trees. HE follows right behind, the camera hanging from his neck lightly knocking against his coat.

The group's lights remain behind.

Now there is only the faint light of the sky, the snow reflecting the little it receives, and the distant glow of the aurora accompanying everything from above.

HE stops for a moment, stands still looking up.

After imagining this moment for so long, reality still finds a way to be something else.

They keep walking.

The trees begin to thin. The space opens once more, only now without the group, without the guide's voice, without phones held up toward the sky.

They are in front of an enormous lake.

They approach slowly, there is a circle of stones for a fire pit surrounded by a series of wooden benches.

The wind there is more open. Colder. Cleaner.

They stop in front of the fire pit for a moment, simply looking.

Behind them, the forest. In front of them, the lake.

Above, the aurora still moving very slowly, as if it were in no hurry at all to exist.

The two sit down.

The flames of the fire are small at first.

HE and SHE are sitting facing each other, very close to the fire, their bodies curved toward the heat.

Behind them, the lake stretches out enormous and almost invisible, mixed into the night.

Its end cannot be seen.

Only a dark, silent mass, breathing cold.

Above, the northern lights still move across the sky.

Everything around them seems suspended.

The snow reflects the firelight in warm, muted tones.
The stones around the fire cast short shadows.

Every now and then, the wind shifts direction and the smoke passes over them, making both of them narrow their eyes.

The two warm themselves by the fire.

They do not say anything.

We hear the wood burning.

The dry crack of a branch giving way.

The wind crossing the shore of the lake.

Their breathing, still visible.

HE keeps his eyes on the fire for a moment. Then looks at the sky.

A tear rolls from his eye.

She pretends not to see.

HE
I'm glad it worked out.

SHE
What?

HE
That I survived.
(pause)
It was worth it.

She turns her eyes toward him.

He is still looking at the sky.

She does not answer.

She does not need to.

He knows she loves him.

For a moment, she only watches him.

She sits beside him and hugs him – tightly, fully, like someone holding something fragile.

HE leans into her.

Not crying.

Just letting himself be held, he cries.

The crying comes quietly, almost without sound. More in the body than on the face. A weight leaving slowly, without any spectacle.

The sky keeps moving above them.

Soft waves of color, glowing in silence.

HE (CONT'D)

It's just that now... what am I going to do with my life?

SHE

What do you mean?

HE

I only thought as far as here. I planned to live 10 more years, to see all this here. What do I do now? What is the purpose of my life after reaching the purpose of my life?

Long pause.

The fire diminishes a little. One of the logs gives way and collapses into embers.

SHE keeps hugging him for a few more seconds before pulling away just enough to look at his face.

Behind her, the aurora still crosses the sky. Fainter now. Or maybe just farther away.

SHE
Well, now you keep going. (PAUSE)

DISSOLVE TO:

73

EXT. DAWN - FOREST IN LAPLAND

73

The two walk through the snow-covered forest.

The day has not fully broken yet. The light arrives slowly, almost unnoticed at first, little by little brightening the dark blue of the night until it turns it into a pale, cold gray.

The trees around them are tall, thin, almost without foliage. Their branches look scratched into the sky.

Snow covers everything. The ground. The rocks. The fallen trunks.

Their boots sink slightly with every step.

The sound is muffled, regular. Their breath rises white into the air.

They walk side by side, in silence.

SHE (V.O.)
Now you have the rest of your
life to figure it out and dream
and have new goals.

I mean, in these 10 years you did so much, changed your name, your face, your job...

You kept discovering things along the way.

The light keeps changing.

Very slowly, the sun begins to appear behind the trees, with no warmth at all, only making the world more visible.

The two keep walking.

Small before that white immensity.

DISSOLVE TO:

74 EXT. DAY - FOREST IN LAPLAND

74

Now the day fully exists.

The white of the snow has become sharper. The sky, more open. The trees cast thin, long shadows on the ground.

SHE (V.O.)

Now, you start dreaming again.

That is what living is.

(pause)

You keep dreaming and things keep happening.

The two walk through the forest.

They pass over a narrow wooden bridge that crosses a deep river of pale green water.

The current runs below.

All around them is white snow and leafless trees.

The wood of the bridge is damp, darkened in some places. The thin railing holds traces of ice along its edges.

SHE crosses first.

HE comes right behind, more slowly.

In the middle of the bridge, he stops for a moment.

He looks at the water below.

He looks at the improbable green of that river in the middle of so much white.

Then he lifts his eyes.

He looks at the forest, the snow, the already bright sky, the path that still stretches ahead.

He observes.

DISSOLVE TO

75

INT. DAY - REGIONAL TRAIN

75

The carriage is almost empty.

Neutral colors. Grays, faded blues, aged beige.

The windows are slightly fogged at the edges. The daylight enters pale, without warmth, spreading evenly across the seats.

SHE sleeps with her head resting against the window.

Her headphones are still in her ears. A faint sound of music leaks from one of them. Her coat is half open.

HE is sitting beside her.

His shoulders slightly turned toward the window. His hands resting in his lap. Motionless long enough to seem part of that silence.

Outside, the landscape passes in a blur.

Fields covered in snow. Bare trees scattered at irregular intervals. Fences almost buried. Every now and then, a solitary house far from any road, as if it had been forgotten there.

The sky is pale. Soft. Endless.

The light entering through the window draws a dull glow across his face. His face is unreadable. But his eyes are full of thought.

He watches everything without really fixing on anything.

A long pause.

The train takes a gentle curve. The glass vibrates. Somewhere farther ahead, a door closes with a muffled metallic sound.

SHE stirs a little in her sleep, but does not wake up.

HE looks at her.

Her hair fallen over her face. Her mouth slightly open. The music leaking from the headphone.

He turns his eyes back to the window.

More snow. More trees. More white.

He takes a deep breath.

Then he moves.

Slowly, so as not to wake her.

He rises from the seat.

The train sways softly, but he does not hold on.

He remains for a moment standing in the narrow aisle, as if he still does not know exactly why he got up.

Then he starts to walk.

He passes empty seats. A forgotten backpack on the seat beside a window. A carelessly folded scarf. A paper cup abandoned on the armrest. Farther ahead, an elderly man sleeps with his mouth open, oblivious to everything.

HE keeps walking.

Slow. Silent.

The muffled sound of the train accompanies him – tracks, vibration, metal, a continuous noise.

He does not look back.

76

INT. DAY - LAST TRAIN CAR

76

We hear "O Sal da Terra," by Beto Guedes, blending with the ambient sound.

HE arrives at the last car.

Here it is quieter. Emptier. Colder.

The light is different too – more exposed, more honest. There is none of the warm comfort of the previous car.

The seats are all empty.

A forgotten coat over one of them. A plastic bottle rolling very slowly with the movement of the train.

HE walks to the back.

The train sways beneath his feet.

At the back: a metal door with a window facing behind.

He stops in front of it.

He remains there for a moment, doing nothing.

His hand hovers near the door's side bar, but does not touch it.

He moves closer.

The window is cold. Almost opaque at the edges.

The glass vibrates lightly with the speed of the train.

He looks outside.

77

EXT. HIS POINT OF VIEW

77

A thin trail of parallel steel tracks recedes endlessly into the whiteness of the snow.

The wooden railroad ties pass in a hypnotic rhythm.

A faint smoke left by the passing engine still hangs over the white, slowly dispersing in the frozen air.

The whole world behind the train seems reduced: two lines, snow, distance, and a trail that slowly fades away.

Nothing moves.

No people. No city. No sign of warmth.

Only this narrow, hard, dark path carved into the white.

HE rests his forehead against the glass.

He remains there.

Still.

The vapor of his own breath fogs part of the image and soon disappears.

His hand rises slowly.

It hovers over the door latch.

It is not an impulsive gesture. Nor suicidal. Nor exactly a plan.

It is curiosity.

A deep, silent, almost childlike curiosity: what would it be like to open it? how much wind would come in? what sound would it make? what would change in the world if this door stopped separating inside from outside?

But he does not touch it.

Does not open it.

Does not move.

He simply remains there, listening to the train, the metal, his own breathing.

Over the image of the moving landscape, handwritten:

wanting is the result of a lot of struggle, a lot of insistence, a lot of resistance. living can be terrible, it can be defeat after defeat, a feeling of weakness and a great desire to let go of everything and go nowhere.

and what happens is that if I resist, if I keep trying and even without strength and without hope, if I resist and work on what I can and manage enough to keep going, then that future starts to make sense.

I start thinking about tomorrow and the day after tomorrow, before long I am dreaming about next week, and I make plans for a few months from now, next year makes sense and the coming years exist even before they have arrived.

78 THE ONLY THING I DESIRE IS TOMORROW. 78

79 INT. NIGHT UBER - BRASÍLIA 79

SHE and HE are sitting in the back seat.

In silence.

The window is slightly open, just enough to let in the warmer air of the city and a muffled sound of engines in the distance, a dog barking, some television on in a ground-floor apartment, small familiar sounds that no longer belong to the trip.

On the car radio, a local news anchor speaks calmly through static. The voice is low, bureaucratic, too ordinary for any epiphany.

The street lighting enters and leaves the car in yellowish bands.

It passes over their faces. Disappears. Returns. Disappears again.

HE looks out the window.

Outside, the familiar landscape passes slowly. Gas stations. Pharmacies still open. Familiar crooked trees. Nearly empty bus stops. Low buildings. Uneven sidewalks. Cars parked carelessly.

Everything seems smaller than the snow. Tighter. Warmer. More real.

SHE blinks slowly.

HE looks at their reflection in the glass for a moment. Then turns his eyes back outside.

Neither of them speaks.

But the silence is no longer the same as before.

Brasília keeps passing outside.

The same city.

But not exactly.

80

EXT. NIGHT - RESIDENTIAL BLOCK - BRASÍLIA

80

The Uber pulls over slowly by the curb.

It is dark. The building's lights are somewhat yellowish, somewhat flickering.

SHE gets out first, suitcase in hand.

Nods to the driver and begins walking toward the corner.

HE gets out next, pulling his suitcase behind him.

They walk side by side for a few steps.

The sound of the wheels over the uneven sidewalk tiles is clear and distinct, it's rhythmic, familiar, almost like punctuation.

SHE

Bye.

HE

Goodbye to you and to Elisa.

The two laugh.

She stops.

Looks at him.

HE steps a little closer.

He bends down in front of her. Wraps his arms carefully around her waist and presses his face against her belly.

HE (CONT'D)

Bye, Elisa.

Pause.

HE (CONT'D)

Take care of her, okay?

He stays there for another moment, hugging her.

Then pulls away.

The two look at each other.

Tired. Sheltered. Changed in a way still difficult to measure.

SHE turns and keeps walking.

HE watches her move away.

For a moment, he stands still in the middle of the sidewalk, suitcase in hand, watching her slowly disappear in the direction of the building.

81 INT. NIGHT - HIS APARTMENT

81

Dark.

He enters.

Pause.

He closes the door behind him carefully, without making noise. For a moment, he remains still in the dark, as if he needed to relearn that space.

He turns on the same yellow lampshade from the first scene.

The light spreads poorly across the room. Weak. Insufficient. But familiar.

The place is quiet. Still.

Everything seems exactly where it was. As if the apartment had not noticed his absence.

The cats greet him in silence, rubbing against his legs, circling his ankles, recognizing the smell of street, of travel, of cold still clinging to his coat.

He does not speak.

He simply lets them be there.

He places the suitcase in the same corner as before.

The gesture is slow. Careful. Without relief. Without ceremony.

He stands still.

Looks around.

The couch. The table. The lampshade. The already familiar shadows on the walls. The little objects left where they had been left.

Now everything seems at once smaller and more intimate. Smaller than the snow. Smaller than the distance. More intimate than before.

One of the cats meows softly, almost without insistence.

He lowers his eyes for a moment. Then looks at the apartment again.

As if silently checking that he still fits there.

82 FINAL CREDITS BEGIN

82

INSERT DOCUMENTARY
Over images of the northern
lights

DOCUMENTARY NARRATOR
Science has parted the curtains
that hang in the polar skies, and
we have glimpsed far beyond, into
the solar system. But the
mysteries still remain, and
traditional beliefs continue
echoing through the ages. At some
point in the future, the northern
lights may reveal more of their
secrets, when we are ready to
understand their meaning.

83 INT. NIGHT - HIS APARTMENT

83

The soft yellow light of the lampshade fills the space.

The cats move in silence, weaving between the furniture,
around his legs, disappearing and reappearing in the
short shadows of the room.

HE gently places the suitcase in the corner.

He remains still for a moment, letting the silence
settle once again around his body.

Then he walks to the shelf.

He opens the zipper of the backpack. Reaches inside.
Pulls out the poster - folded, crumpled, worn by the
trip.

He takes it to the table. Opens it carefully. Smooths
the paper with both hands, undoing the folds as if
trying to save something fragile from complete ruin.

Then he tapes it to the wall.

Around it, Polaroids, movie tickets, festival badges, torn envelopes, small "pieces of trash" turned into memory.

All of it forms a kind of intimate archive. An improvised map of who he was. And of who he kept trying to be.

Almost inaudibly at first, it begins to play: "Tudo Irá Mudar" - Tim Maia.

HE steps back. Observes the wall.

He does not smile. He does not cry.

He remains there, sustained by the music, by the silence, by everything that came back with him and everything that stayed behind.

One of the cats jumps onto the table.

WE READ: EVERYTHING CHANGED!

The music gradually grows louder.

FADE TO BLACK.
CREDITS CONTINUE.

THE END