

'THE SECRET AGENT'

written by

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==> MONTAGE. PHOTOGRAPHS

With the sound of cicadas and crickets chirping in the late afternoon of the semi-arid countryside in Brazil's northeast, a MONTAGE of archive photographs, in black and white, from Brazilian *telenovelas* from the 1970s.





The photographs are shown in large "Scope" format WITH NO CREDITS.

...

The sounds of nature grow more intense (cont.) ...

Mysterious melodramatic sets, period costumes. Each image is on screen long enough so we can give it proper attention.



FADE OUT (JUST THE IMAGE):

EXT. ROAD. DAY

TITLE CARD: "Pernambuco, 1977"

A random stretch of a secondary road. A light yellow 1972 VW Beetle.

The driver is MARCELO, bearded, driving his car alone with boxes, bags, and luggage. The Beetle pulls up to a random gas station, almost hidden. The windshield has the remains of bugs crushed by the speeding vehicle.

Before the car pulls up to a rusty gas pump, something catches Marcelo's eye. 10 meters away, outstretched in the sun, a man's body, covered by cardboard. Pieces of stone keep the wind from blowing this protection away. A large dark blood stain suggests a hole blow in the head. Two burnt-out candles, one at his feet, the other at his head.

The ATTENDANT, shirtless, wearing glasses and leather sandals, APPEARS behind a door, suddenly...

ATTENDANT
(calmly)
Mornin'. Fill 'er up?

Marcelo looks at the attendant, looks to the cadaver meters ahead, then to the Beetle's gas indicator. The Beetle's motor is still running:

INDICATOR DETAIL: points to "V" (for Vazio, "empty" in Portuguese).

MARCELO
Fill 'er up... but what's up with that?

Marcelo turns off the motor and unlocks the hood, which the attendant opens.

ATTENDANT
(excited to be talking to someone)
That was Sunday, this sumbitch tried t' steal some cans o' oil...

He starts pumping gas.

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)
...n' the night kid was here, and this guy rushed him with a big knife. Rivanildo--the night kid--put two bullets in 'im, one in th' chest, one in th' face.
(pause)
...N' he di'n't get up no more...

Marcelo tries to figure how this story fits into what he sees...

MARCELO
So he's been there since *Carnaval* Sunday?

ATTENDANT
Yep... it was Sunday night, Monday mornin'. Rivanildo called the owners n' so did I. No answer...

The attendant pours water on the Beetle's windshield.

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)
...'cuz o' *Carnaval*, he's still there... Rivanido ran off to hide, and to celebrate *Carnaval*, left me alone...
(MORE)

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)
 If I leave, I lose m' job; if I
 stay, it's this stench... Started
 stinkin' yesterday...
 (pauses in though,
 resigned)
 ...I'm almost used to it by now.

Marcelo finally reacts to the smell...

MARCELO
 (turns his face
 instinctively, puts his
 hand over his mouth)
 ...What about the police?

ATTENDANT
 Yeah, right... They said they were
 too busy on account o' *Carnaval*.
 Said they'd swing by Ash Wednesday
 to pick 'im up.
 (pauses)
 Tomorrow's Ash Wednesday. Guess
 we'll see...

SHOT FROM A DISTANCE: a pack of five dogs walk along the
 shoulder at the side of the road.

They take an interest in the corpse due to the stench. The
 attendant stops pumping and tries to scare off the dogs,
 throwing pebbles.

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)
 Git! Not again... hell...

MARCELO
 (now looking at the dead
 body)
 ...You can stop at 150...

Something catches the attention of both Marcelo and the
 attendant; they turn their ==>>> heads...

CUT TO:

POV. GAS STATION/ROAD. DAY

A yellow and blue police station wagon drives up to the
 station. There are two officers inside.

ATTENDANT
 (looking at the police
 car)
 Well, fin'ly...

Marcelo watches the car's arrival and walks back towards his Beetle. The attendant finishes pumping his gas, puts the hose pack on the pump.

The police car slows down, like a plane taxiing in the gas station area. It drives around, very close to the dead man. They come towards the gas pumps.

MARCELO
(to the attendant)
Thanks, man. G'luck.

Marcelo gets in his car and starts the engine, but the police siren whoops briefly. The policeman in the passenger seat signals Marcelo to turn off the engine.

One of the officers gets out of the car and walks with tired authority towards Marcelo's Beetle. His uniform has a small but unmistakable bloodstain on the right side of his chest. There's also a belt, a .38 revolver, a cap, and sunglasses.

OFFICER 1
(approaching Marcelo)
Mornin', sir...

Marcelo looks surprised, but calm. He turns off the motor.

OFFICER 1 (CONT'D)
License and registration.

CUT TO:

DETAIL OF A RUSTY SIGN: "NO SMOKING - A SKULL and the word FLAMMABLE" ==> PAN ==> Officer 2 gets out of the car, lighting a cigarette with a match from a matchbox.

ATTENDANT
(approaching Officer 2,
pointing at the body)
Mornin'... been there since Sunday.
Y'guys took your time...

OFFICER 2
(looks at the dead body)
What, that? We di'n't e'en know...

ATTENDANT
You're not here for the body?

OFFICER 1
Nope. My colleague asked me to stop
'cuz o' the yellow Beetle...

The attendant scratches his head and turns, looking at Marcelo's Beetle.

CUT TO:

MARCELO'S BEETLE. DAY

The policeman examines Marcelo's driver's license. And his registration. He's detailed oriented.

OFFICER 1
Could you show me the fire
extinguisher, if you please?

He gives Marcelo's documents back. Marcelo plays along. He tries to release the fire extinguisher from between his legs when he is interrupted by the policeman.

OFFICER 1 (CONT'D)
Could you get out of the vehicle,
please?

From the driver's seat, Marcelo looks the policeman in the face.

MARCELO
Do you really need to come into my
car, sir?

OFFICER 1
I do. Trust me.

Marcelo gets out of the Beetle. The policeman kneels inside the car, examining it internally. He pulls out the fire extinguisher.

SPLIT DIOPTER: In the same shot, the policeman inside the car/Marcelo outside the car, further back.

MARCELO
The extinguisher's up-to-date...

DETAIL: A paper with inspection date and best by date:

"27/11/1976 - 27/11/1978"

OFFICER 1
Yep, sure is...

Now sitting in the driver's seat, like he's the car's new owner, the policeman asks:

OFFICER 1 (CONT'D)
Any substances in the vehicle? You
don't smoke grass, do you?

MARCELO
(lying well)
No.

The policeman opens the glove compartment...

OFFICER 1
Any weapons?

Marcelo answers attentively:

MARCELO
No drugs, and I don't carry a
weapon.

The policeman runs his hand under the seat. HE FINDS NOTHING.

We see the color photo with white paper frame around it--a
30-something woman--taped to the Beetle's dashboard.

Right then, Marcelo looks away: a compact car drives up to
the gas station, packed with a family and kids, almost all of
them wearing either MASKS or no shirt. Maybe they're coming
from the beach, maybe from a *Carnaval* celebration.

The woman in the passenger seat is wearing a colorful "Indian
headdress," bought at a supermarket. She takes one look at
the dead body lying outside the gas station, and the police
car. She gesticulates wildly to her partner at the wheel and
says loudly:

WOMAN
(far away)
Go! Go, don't stop!!

The SIX children in the back seat, some of them masked, look
curiously, trying to figure out what's going on as the car
speeds up to get back on the road. We ZOOM in.

The policemen looks up and sees the car driving away in a
cloud of dust.

OFFICER 2
(smoking and laughing)
Damn! They just took off!

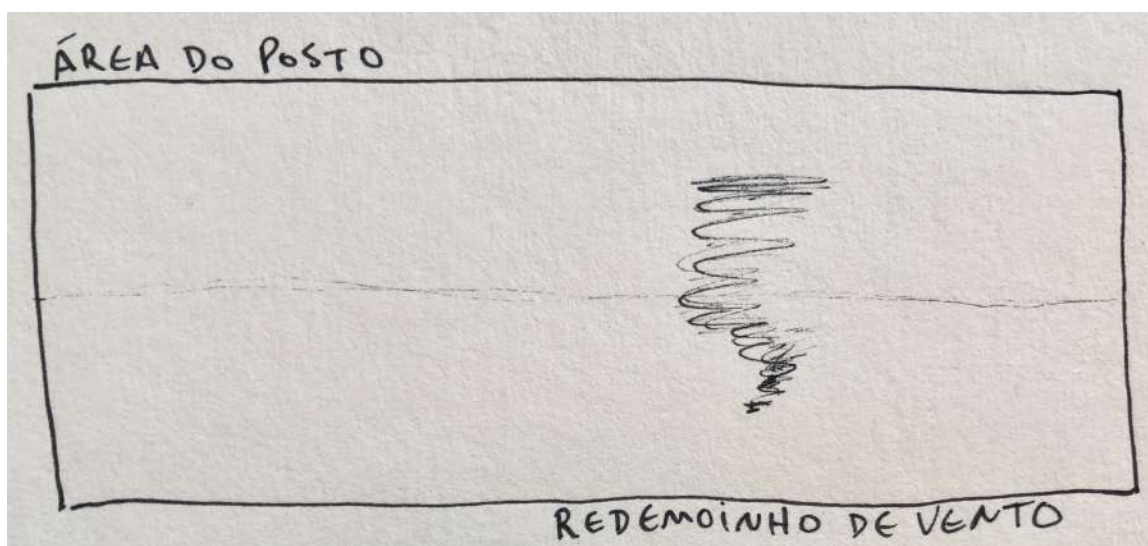
The police officer, now sweaty, gets out of Marcelo's Beetle,
straightening his pants. He gives the keys back to Marcelo,
leans down and opens the front trunk.

OFFICER 1
 (always very serene)
 Where you headed?
 (walking to the front of
 the car)

MARCELO
 ...Recife.

OFFICER 1
 Recife...

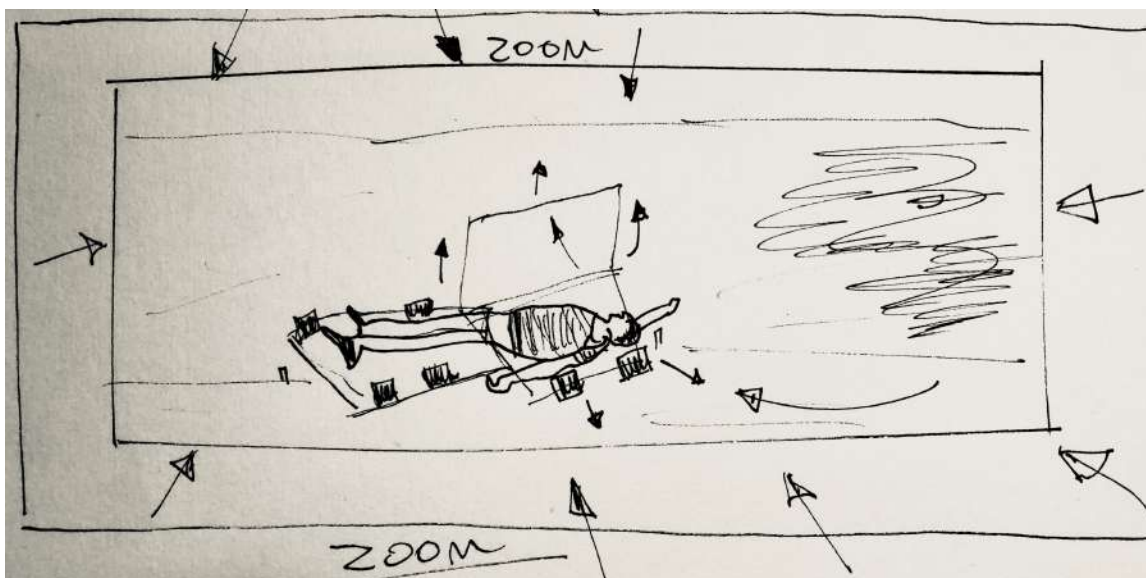
CUT TO:



EXT. OPEN AREA AROUND THE GAS STATION. DAY

A whirlwind blows up a cloud of dust.

SHOT FROM A DISTANCE: The wind reaches the corpse and creepily raises the cardboard. (The stone is pushed away by the force of the blowing cardboard.) For the first time, we see the blown away face of the dead man.



The wind dies down and the cardboard comes back down, once again covering the dead head.

The attendant, the smoking policeman, and Marcelo all witness this moment.

The attendant, holding his nose, walks backwards towards the corpse, not wanting to face the rotting body. He rearranges the cardboard and the stone, covering the cadaver's torso and disfigured head, averting his gaze.

EXT. BEETLE. DAY

The policeman opens the front trunk of the VW, full of personal belongings. He goes straight for the spare tire.

OFFICER 1
(rubbing his finger along
the tire)
This tire's kinda worn, isn't it?

MARCELO
No... that spare's fine.

With the airs of one giving up on a mission, the policeman cleans his hands and closes-with some resignation-the Beetle's trunk. BANG.

OFFICER 1
Well all right then...

He settles his cap on his sweaty brow.

OFFICER 1 (CONT'D)

Well, sir...

(suddenly friendly)

...wouldn't you like to contribute
to the police *Carnaval* fund?

Marcelo looks at the policeman.

==> The CREDITS begin, superimposed.

The policeman looks at Marcelo.

CUT TO:

Marcelo, once again seated in his Beetle, slams the door. The attendant approaches. Marcelo acknowledges him, saying:

MARCELO

Again, good luck with that...

...and tears off in his yellow Beetle ==> a PAN shows us Officer 1 arriving at the police car, Officer 2 behind the wheel and ==> we see the dead man covered by pieces of cardboard.

CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN AREA AROUND THE GAS STATION. DAY

SOUNDTRACK: ~~LE~~ "HARPA DOS ARES" ("Harp of the Airs") ~~LE~~ , by
Lula Côrtes and Zé Ramalho

LOW ANGLE: With the covered dead man in the foreground, the
wind once again threatens to lift the cardboard. The dogs
approach slowly, starving, snarling... In contrast to the
piece of music...

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERSTATE. DAY

~~LE~~ "HARPA DOS ARES" ~~LE~~ continues playing...

The BEETLE on the road. Sugarcane fields, trucks full of cut
sugarcane, dry leaves flying off towards the windshield and
the camera.

A bumper sticker on another truck reads, "IF THE WORLD WAS
ANY GOOD, THE MAKER WOULD LIVE HERE."

EXT. VW BEETLE/WINDSHIELD. DAY

A sign on the side of the road: "RECIFE - 106 km".

As he drives, Marcelo thinks about the incident at the gas station. He remembers the dead man and imagines something that never happened...

INSERT/GAS STATION/FLASHBACK==> VISION:

THE SOUND FROM THE CAR REMAINS: The dead man gets up slowly, the cardboard falls off to the sides, a quick INSERT. A zombie...

He only takes his eyes off the road to glance at the photograph of the woman on the dashboard. A memory of a not-so-distant past...

The wind blows the paper next to the photograph, revealing there's a child with the woman, a boy...

🎵 "HARPA DOS ARES"... 🎵

CUT TO:



BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD, an adult dressed as *La Ursa* (a bear-like mythical creature from Brazilian folklore) and a small band (triangle, bass drum, and two different tambourines) ask for money, a familiar mixture of joviality and threat...

🎵 "HARPA DOS ARES"🎵 continues

...The *La Ursa* comes TOO CLOSE to the Beetle's open window...



ROAD: A billboard for the company ITAPERMIM - A bus and the phrase "1st Class Motel."

EXT. GREEN "RECIFE" SIGN: DAY

CUT TO:

SUPERIMPOSED CREDITS cont...

🎵 "HARPA DOS ARES" 🎵 ...

EXT. BOA VIAGEM AVE. DAY

A quick shot of Marcelos' Beetle, dirty from the road, drives down the road by Boa Viagem beach in 1977.

EXT. AERIAL SHOT OF THE AG. MAGALHAES BRIDGE (PINA BRIDGE).
DAY

A WIDE SHOT of the Beetle on Pina Bridge. Cars and buses seen in the distance, the blue ocean on the horizon, the city to the left...

🎵 "HARPA DOS ARES" 🎵 ENDS

CUT TO:

EXT. YARD/ENTRANCE. UNIVERSITY. DAY

Concrete sign: "UFPE DEPARTMENT OF OCEANOGRAPHY"

We pull back from the sign to show ARLINDO, age 25-35, waiting on the sidewalk at the deserted campus of the Federal University of Pernambuco on this *Carnaval* Tuesday. Arlindo thinks he's a police officer, but he's actually a police officer's assistant, handyman.

A grey police SUV, modeled after the Chevrolet Suburban, arrives. Other police await next to two police vans, one from the coroner's office.

...

From the back door of the SUV comes MIGUEL, age 25-35.

From the passenger front seat exits EUCLIDES, a SHERRIF of sorts, age 65-75, upset that he had to leave his *Carnaval* celebration over an incident.

Euclides is wearing sunglasses and his face is still somewhat painted "Indian-style", his T-shirt is wet with sweat and beer, confetti and sequins stuck to his skin. His face is serious in contrast to the festiveness stamped on his body.

Arlindo immediately asks for Euclides's blessing, offering him his hand.

ARLINDO
Your blessing...

EUCLIDES
(taking Arlindo's hand
quickly)
Bless you.

The three are father and sons. Miguel is the biological son, Arlindo the "son by upbringing."

Euclides climbs onto the grass and calls his sons over for a quick conference, away from the other police officers. (Euclides waves quickly.) He whispers:

EUCLIDES (CONT'D)
Before I go in, gimme the
rundown...

ARLINDO
(whispering as well)
Dad, it looks like it's...
(looks around and lowers
his voice further)
...Li'l Joe from... last week...

MIGUEL
(pausing, taken aback)
You're full of it... no way...
What? Hell...

Euclides can barely form a coherent thought.

(Pause...)

EUCLIDES
I'll believe it when I see it...
What a fucking mess, huh, Arlindo?
(turns to his son right
behind him, as if asking
for help)
Huh, Miguel? Get outta here...

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY/UNIVERSITY. DAY

TRACKING SHOT: Euclides and his sons seem perturbed by what we're about to find out. They walk in silence. Suddenly:

EUCLIDES
Who's taken charge?

ARLINDO
Aristeu... Cordeiro precinct.

EUCLIDES
Damn, that annoying fag. Ain't
Fernando there?

MIGUEL
Hell, he's probably at *Carnaval*.

EUCLIDES
Any reporters?

ARLINDO
No, gosh no. Got some scientists
from the university. N' some
students.

EUCLIDES
Heck, why'd'you think...

ARLINDO
You'll see.

EUCLIDES
Right or left?

ARLINDO

I don't know, Daddy. I di'n't...
get close enough.

CUT TO:

INT. LABORATORY. DAY

Euclides, in his *Carnaval* get-up, accompanied by his two sons, walks into the research lab of the Oceanography Dept. at UFPE (Federal University of Pernambuco), a room with large windows. All three react to the smell of the place, an unbearable stench... Euclides pulls out a handkerchief, Miguel waves his hand near his nose, Arlindo holds his nose.

There's a professor/researcher, INÊS. Her students (a young man and a young woman) keep away from the scene. They seem accustomed to the smell of the place.

ARISTEU, an investigator in his early 30s from a different police precinct, is taking notes, holding a handkerchief to his nose. He does not seem to want to acknowledge the veteran officer Euclides and his sons.

EUCLIDES

Good afternoon...

DR. INÊS

Good afternoon.

Aristeu's greeting comes late...

ARISTEU

...Good afternoon...

On the dissection table is a tiger shark, about 10 feet long, on its back, its belly cut open. A human leg in terrible state has been partially removed, foot and shin out. It seems cut off above the knee. Wet, full of pus, but in one piece.

ARISTEU (CONT'D)

(paying attention to his
notes)

Euclides, sir, there was no need
for you to come. We're almost
done...

EUCLIDES

(not taking his eyes from
the shark and leg)

I had to come... It's not everyday
you see something BIBLICAL like
this, right? ...Huh? ...Right?

EUCLIDES SHAKEN. The students nearby watch.

Euclides looks at Aristeu, knocks twice on the table, and suggests with his eyes that he be introduced to the professor in charge. Hierarchy.

ATTENDANT

(looking annoyed and
sedated)

Yes... This is Dr. Inês Gorenstein,
from the Oceanography Department.

DR. INÊS

How d'you do?

EUCLIDES

Are you in charge here, ma'am?

DR. INÊS

I am the chief researcher, yes.

EUCLIDES

(looking at the dissection
table)

Working on *Carnaval*!

Dr. Inês looks at Officer Euclides's outfit.

DR. INÊS

This specimen was caught on Sunday.
We couldn't waste any time.

EUCLIDES

Ain't you got a fridge here?

DR. INÊS

It's broken. I had to buy blocks of
ice with my own money. With the
students' help... and it wasn't
easy finding a block of ice during
Carnaval. On performing the
procedure today, we found...

(looks at the students)

the part... the leg... I started to
remove it, but eventually figured I
better not. Then we called the
police.

Euclides tries hard not to look like the busybody he is being
and cranes his neck to read Aristeu's notes...

Two men in blue uniforms from the Coroner's Office walk in
carrying a filthy metal stretcher to transport the leg.

BLUE UNIFORM 1
(whispering to his
colleague, figuring out
what they're there to do)
Holy shit...

EUCLIDES
Where was this shark killed?

DR. INÊS
About 200 yards from the beach, in
Candeias.

EUCLIDES
They come that close?

DR. INÊS
Oh they do...

Euclides looks at his son Miguel, who is watching, in
silence, with Arlindo.

EUCLIDES
(looking at Dr. Inês)
Is this a man's leg? What's its
skin color?

Inês looks at ARISTEU who is still busily taking notes.

ARISTEU
(not making eye contact
with Euclides)
I don't know, sir. Must be a
man's... right? Least that's what I
think...

Euclides looks at Inês.

DR. INÊS
I prefer not to say. Better let the
coroner examine it.

Euclides has had it with Aristeu's cold shoulder and
approaches the detective:

EUCLIDES
Come with me. I need a word with
you outside, will you? Miguel,
Arlindo, stay here.

Aristeu looks surprised. He interrupts his work and stands
up.

The men from the Coroner's office take a look at the situation of the leg in the shark's stomach. Dr. Inês approaches her students:

DR. INÊS
You two wanna leave?

They both mumble "NO," quickly and firmly. This incident must be the most exciting thing that's happened to them while they've been at university.

INT. HALLWAY. DAY

Euclides walks out of the lab, followed by the calm agent. They stop in the hallway and Euclides leans it:

EUCLIDES
Listen here, you respect me, you fuckin' queer. Your man's drunk in Janga right now, I'm sure, and I'm here because this concerns me. Now we're goin' back n' you're gonna treat me like your superior, which I am. You got that, you li'l shit?

ARISTEU
Yes, Euclides, sir...

CUT TO:

INT. LABORATORY. DAY

The men from the Coronoer's Office are closer to janitors than technicians. The leg needs to be removed carefully from the shark.

DR. INÊS
I can see it's better if I remove the part, to not damage the sample...
(to the students)
Fabio, Andrea, gimme a hand?

Euclides walks into the lab. He speaks to Dr. Inês.

EUCLIDES
(trying too hard to seem casual)
Whoa. Question: Did you photograph the leg?

The students look away.

DR. INÊS
 (lying well)
 No, no photograph.

Aristeu watches this answer and picks up his clipboard and pen, speaks to Dr. Inês:

ARISTEU
 (recovering from the
 conversation with
 Euclides, takes a deep
 breath)
 Dr... One question...

DR. INÊS
 Yes...

ARISTEU
 Is this shark male or female?

A pan shows us, one last time, the shark, belly up, with the leg sticking out--like an interrupted C-section...

DR. INÊS
 (V.O.)
 Male.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET. DAY

The gate to a small building is opened by CLOVIS, 15, wearing shorts and a jersey from the local soccer team Náutico. Out walks SEBASTIANA, a little old lady wearing glasses, keys in one hand, carrying an envelope, smoking a cigarette. A theatrical entrance with a ZOOM on an important character.

Preparations for Marcelo's arrival.

CUT TO:

Close by, 4 white plastic pipes (they remind us of rifles) suck water from a bucket. A water hose is on. Children are preparing an ambush using water guns made from broomsticks and round pieces cut from rubber sandals (for suction).

Their victim is Marcelo, who is arriving in his yellow Beetle, looking for the address on a tranquil Recife street.

EXT. WINDSHIELD. DAY

Marcelo drives distractedly, looking at a paper in his hand. He suddenly gets sprayed with water in the face through the Beetle's open window. The water hits the photograph on the dashboard. The children run...

MARCELO
(dripping)
Shit...

Sebastiana gestures for Marcelo to drive his Beetle into the gate.

SEBASTIANA
Hey, you got soaked!

Through the passenger window, Marcelo says:

MARCELO
(face and beard dripping)
Sebastiana?

SEBASTIANA
(gesticulating and
pointing)
At your service. This way! Welcome
to Recife, Beardy!

CUT TO:

INT. BUILDING'S COURTYARD. DAY

The Beetle drives into the building's shady courtyard, a place that seems to have been kept hidden from the city... There's a small but rowdy *Carnaval* party in the back, in the pool area, with a small but energetic *frevo* band...

Sebastiana walks over with Clóvis, who works at the building.

Marcelo parks, turns off the engine and takes the photograph of the woman from the dashboard, puts it in his back pocket. He gets out of the Beetle. Sebastiana approaches.

SEBASTIANA
Di'n't the cops pull you over 'cuz
that beard?

MARCELO
They did today, but I won... How
are you?

SEBASTIANA

I'm well. Ninety-four years old.
The "Hertz Age"

MARCELO

NINETY-FOUR??

SEBASTIANA

Yes sirree, the "Hertz Age." M'
back "hertz," m' shoulder "hertz,"
m' leg "hertz"... Help 'im, Clóvis,
with his things...

Marcelo stares, trying to assimilate Sebastiana's stated age.

MARCELO

Ninety-four years old... Got
any...?

SEBASTIANA

Yep! Born in 1883, as stated on my
birth certificate.

Marcelo makes a funny face, and a "Damn..." spins around his
head... Sebastiana does NOT fit in what would normally be the
"in her 90s" age group. But maybe.

MARCELO

(to Clóvis)

Hey, man, how are you?

CLÓVIS

(shy, cool)

Hey man, fine, thanks.

Wearing speedos, no shirt, no shoes, and a straw hat, a young
man named HAROLDO (age 25-30) arrives, carrying two cups of
beer, surrounded by the frevo band paid to play there.

HAROLDO

(smiling, a Rio de Janeiro
accent, band approaches)

Welcome! Brought ya some beer. Just
to say hi.

MARCELO

(shakes his hand)

Hey, how y' doin'? Thanks.

Marcelo takes the beer.

HAROLDO

If you wanna take a dip... we got
some friends over.

The band surrounds Marcelo. The 5 members (various wind instruments and one drum) move around energetically, frantically. Marcelo, who has just teleported from another dimension, looks at the people at the pool in their bathing suits and bikinis. He waves. Some of them give him the thumbs up.

Three cats and two caramel stray dogs seem bamboozled by the movement, the noise, and the food.

WOMAN
(child in her lap, scarf
on her head, far away)
Y' good?!

MARCELO
(empties the cup)
I'm just gettin' here. Thanks. I'll
get settled in. Name's Marcelo.
(hands back the empty cup)
Thanks...

HAROLDO
Welcome, man.

CUT TO:

Clóvis in the car, Sebastiana and Marcelo walk towards the building named OFIR. She sees a neighbor:

SEBASTIANA
There she is! Teresa Vitoria...

TERESA VITÓRIA (in her 40s) waves from the ground level porch. Her S.O. arrives from the living room.

TERESA VITORIA
(Angolan accent)
Well well, good afternoon.

ANTONIO
(Angolan accent)
Good afternoon...

SEBASTIANA
This 'ere's Teresa Vitoria, and
Antonio, Teresa's husband. They're
from Angola.

MARCELO
Nice to meet you. Marcelo.

TERESA VITORIA

Welcome to our corner of the world.

(she looks at Sebastiana,
somewhat awkward)

Sebastiana, the neighbors...

(points discreetly at the
apartment next door)

...are a tad rowdy...

SEBASTIANA

Is that right?! I'll look into
it... leave it to me.

TERESA VITORIA

We'll talk later. Welcome.

Before entering the building, Sebastiana points:

SEBASTIANA

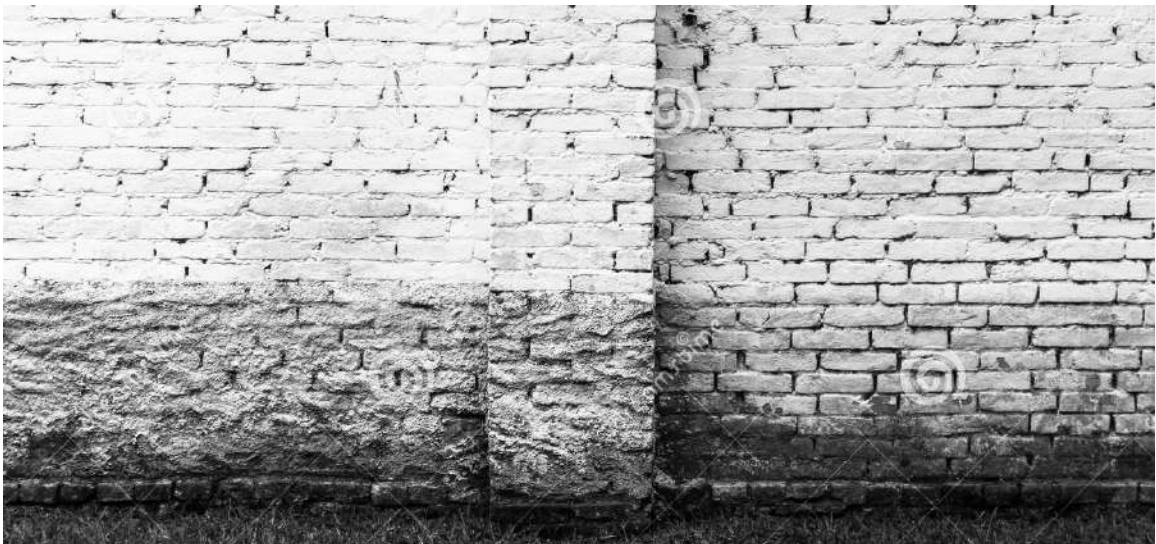
(pointing)

See those lamps? Those're the
Christmas lamps I don't even bother
takin' 'em down anymore. They stay
up; some times I'll turn 'em on.
They're cute out o' season.

Something else catches Sebastiana's attention:

SEBASTIANA (CONT'D)

See that? That yellow line o'er
there?



A delicate Zoom on the building's façade.

SEBASTIANA (CONT'D)
 That's from the '75 flood. My
 sister lost all her family photos
 in that flood! Damn shame...

Sebastiana's POV:

INT. STAIRCASE. DAY

Sebastiana and Marcelo approach the open door to Apartment 02 when the door closes and is locked from inside. The music is loud... Sebastiana knocks on the door:

SEBASTIANA
 That's too loud, dear! Thank you!

They walk up the stairs with boxes and luggage. Someone lowers the volume of the music that echoed down the stairs.

INT. APARTMENT. DAY

She opens the door to the apartment. Marcelo walks in. A furnished apartment: a sofa, a TV set, a bookshelf with books. It's like the residents just popped out and will be right back... There's not so much noise...

SEBASTIANA
 This is Geisa's house. She's my
 niece...
 (INSTINCTIVELY WHISPERS)
 ...as you probably know, she had to
 go away, right...?
 (REGULAR VOLUME)
 Clóvis cleaned it out this week and
 I brushed it up with some incense
 and rue leaves. The house is clean!

Clóvis arrives with more bags.

SEBASTIANA (CONT'D)
 Put 'em down here, Clóvis.

MARCELO
 (to Clóvis)
 Thanks, man. You in school?

CLÓVIS
 No I ain't...

SEBASTIANA

(intervening)

He got in last month from Rio Formoso. Escaped his dad and uncle who want to make 'im a man, I'll tell you later. They don't know you're already a man, right Clóvis? Just not the way they want, huh kid? He's better here; he helps me out, goes to sleep after the telenovela. But we'll figure out this school stuff, won't we?

Sebastiana looks at the NATIONAL brand tape & record player + radio in the living room. Something catches her eye:

DETAI ==> SOUND SYSTEM

The turntable platter is spinning, as if someone had left it on...

SEBASTIANA (CONT'D)

(hand over her heart)

Golly... Got me a chill. It's like Geisa was just here...

DETAIL. RECORD PLATTER TURNING. RECORD

She turns it off. CLICK. She lays her hand on the system to see if it's warm.

SUPER-DETAIL OF THE LABEL:

"Benito de Paula" Stereo - 1971

CUT TO:



INT. HALLWAY. DAY

From the hallways, out of the kitchen, comes "LIZA AND ELIS," the houses' skinny cats. They're not common cats-- as they're two in ONE. They were born with two noses, two mouths, and three eyes. They come to the living room, attracted by the noise. They are one.

SEBASTIANA
...There they are...

Sebastiana suddenly looks worried, her facial expression changing:

SEBASTIANA (CONT'D)
(to Marcelo)
You allergic to cats?

MARCELO
No, I like cats...

Marcelo notices the cat with two faces.

MARCELO (CONT'D)
But, whoa-whoa-whoa... What's that,
Sebastiana? Never seen anything
like that...

Marcelo crouches. "Liza and Elis" approach, getting to know their new caretaker.

SEBASTIANA
That's right. Their name is "Liza
and Elis." She was born that way at
the house of a friend of Geisa's in
the countryside. They were gonna
put 'em down, but Geisa asked to
keep 'em. N' no one wanted a
female.

MARCELO
(petting the cats)
"Liza and Elis"...

SEBASTIANA
They're three years old! They
bother you?

Marcelo looks like he's still recovering...

MARCELO
Uh... no. Do they come with the
apartment?

SEBASTIANA
More or less. C'm'ere...

Sebastiana leaves the living room and goes to the kitchen as she speaks. Marcelo follows. "Liza and Elis" come along, tail high in the air.

Clóvis is left alone in the living room.

SEBASTIANA (CONT'D)
There's no phone. Geisa's been on the phone company's list for two years... but there's a pay phone one street over... If you wanna use my phone, you may, but I'm tellin' you: I get up late...

INT. KITCHEN. DAY

In the simple kitchen, with a stove, fridge, sink, clay water filter, and a table, Sebastiana points to the back door, which has a small flap for the cat to go through. It was poorly made and left a crack in the wood. Sebastiana opens to the back door.



SEBASTIANA
I was left in charge of the cats, but they'd come down to scratch on Geisa's door. They stopped eatin' n' everythin'! So I asked Clóvis to make this li'l door. It looks like crap, but now they come n' go as they please. She's a cat-dog!

Clóvis arrives in the kitchen from the living room.

CLÓVIS

I told you it'd be ugly...

SEBASTIANA

Yes, you did. It's my fault.

We hear someone calling from outside. Into the open back door comes CLAUDIA, in her 30s, in a bikini, a pack of Minister cigarettes between her breasts, held in place by the biking string. She's holding a 2-year-old girl, DEBORA, in a swimsuit and a scarf on her head.

CLAUDIA

(KNOCK KNOCK on the door)

Anybody home... Hey, Sebastiana.

Marcelo and Sebastiana exchange glances...

SEBASTIANA

There she is! This here's my next door neighbor, Claudia, and her little Debora. What's with the scarf, huh?

CLAUDIA

It's to get rid of lice. She picked it up at her cousins' house.

(to Marcelo)

How are you? Nice to meet you, Claudia.

MARCELO

(smiling and waving)

How are you, Claudia? Hi, Debora...

They shake hands.

SEBASTIANA

Marcelo, Claudia's my friend. Friendship has no age. She's a dentist and teacher in Natal, she's *SEPARATED*, Debora's mother, she looks like she's just wandering around, but she came to meet you. I keep 'er busy to not waste anybody's time...

(PREPARING ENORMOUS EMPHASIS)

...**IF** that's the case, right?

CLAUDIA
 (fake outrage)
 Golly, Sebastiana! Jus' look at
 you! I just came by to say hi!

Marcelo finds all this funny.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
 Well, welcome to our little
 building. Need anything, I live up
 here, my door's always open. It's
 like a little town here!
 Sebastiana, I'll get to you later.
 Clóvis, can you drop by the bakery
 to get me some smokes? C'mon up n'
 I'll give you the money...

NOTE: The comment about the "open door" is said by Claudia
 with no obvious second intentions. She nails it.

SEBASTIANA
 Let's go!

MARCELO
 Thanks, Claudia...

Claudia smiles and disappears up the stairs with her daughter
 in her arms. Clóvis follows her.

SEBASTIANA
 I'll hand it over soon... where was
 I?

Sebastiana looks at the envelope in her hand, and the
 ATMOSPHERE CHANGES. She closes the apartment back door:

SEBASTIANA (CONT'D)
 (lowering her voice)
 Well... there's this here:

She hands him an envelope, the word MARCELO handwritten on
 it. He opens it. Inside, a wad of cash.

MARCELO
 I don't have to sign anything?

SEBASTIANA
 I asked, Valdemar said "no need"...
 (she looks at the money)
 He also said - THIS IS VERY
 IMPORTANT - you've got to be at
 work Friday at 5 in the morning...

MARCELO
(surprised)
5 in the morning!!??

SEBASTIANA
Yes, sir, I asked about that too,
'specially since I hate waking up
early!
(pause)
Looks like there's some important
business early on, gotta go...
(pause...)

NOTE: she keeps her voice low...

SEBASTIANA (CONT'D)
...glad to be of help... That's all
I'm sayin'...
(gestures zipping up her
lips)

Marcelo tries to deal with all this information after 12
hours on the road.

Sebastiana leaves through the front door, saying no more, in
contrast to everything we just witnessed. She looks at
Marcelo and carefully closes the door...

CUT TO:

EXT. FAÇADE/LIVING ROOM. DAY

OUTSIDE THE APARTMENT, looking into the living room, Marcelo
arrives from the kitchen. Sounds of the neighborhood.



He opens the small suitcase, packed full of documents, framed photographs, and a yellow KODAK box with photographs. Everything seems to have been tossed together at the beginning of the trip. There are old photos and recent ones of the woman and boy we saw in the car. He puts two of the frames in the middle of the room, of the woman and the boy.

Marcelo looks at the record on the turntable, turns it on and adjusts the volume, and readies the needle.

"A TONGA DA MIRONGA DO KABUELETÊ", from *Benito de Paula* 1971, starts to play. Marcelo chuckles, looks at the picture of Gisele on the stand (with two friends, at a party, smiling). It's her record.

He seems turns it up, starts taking his clothes off to go shower.

A Tonga da Mironga do Kabuletê ...

INT. BATHROOM. DAY

(The music continues...)

STALL/shower.

MIRROR/Marcelo shaves. Clean-shaven, A TRANSFORMATION.

(music)

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY

He leaves the apartment, closing the door.

EXT. BEETLE WINDSHIELD. DAY

~~Em~~ A Tonga da Mironga do Kabuletê ~~Em~~ (CONT)

Marcelo drives away quickly in his Beetle.

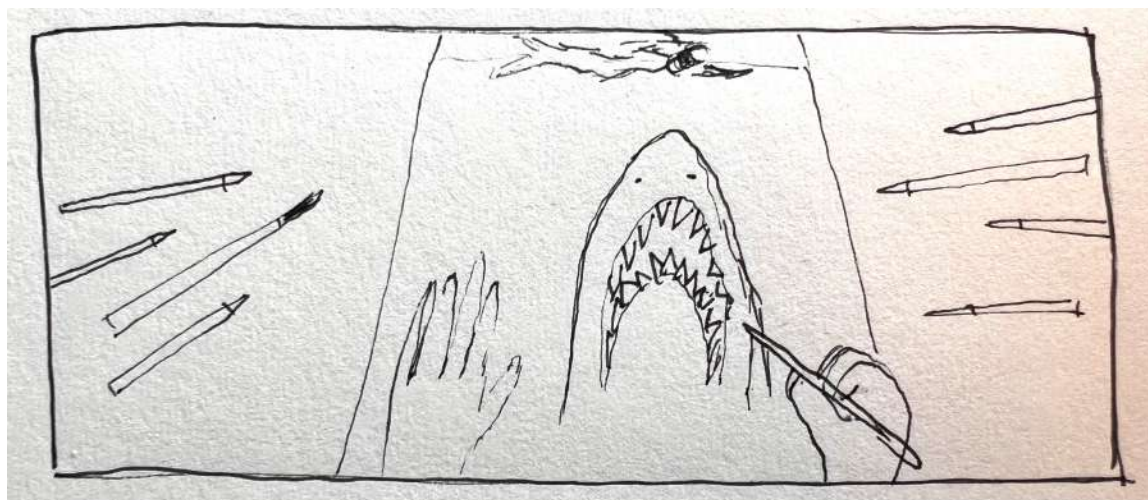
Clóvis opens the gate, the car leaves.

WE ZOOM IN on Clóvis's face as he closes the gate, an almost adult with some childlike features...

CUT TO:

INT. ALEXANDRE'S HOUSE/BEDROOM. NIGHT

DETAIL = DRAWING = CHILD'S HAND



FERNANDO, age 9, is drawing what appears to be his own take on the original artwork for Steven Spielberg's film *JAWS*.

ALEXANDRE, a man in his 60s, still wearing his work uniform, walks in to check on his grandson, sees the drawing:

FERNANDO

When are you gonna let me see *Jaws*?

Alexandre picks up the drawing, taking a look.

ALEXANDRE

You gotta be 14, Nando. You'll get nightmares.

FERNANDO
I already have nightmares,
Grampa...

WE HEAR clapping outside the house...

CUT TO:

INT. ALEXANDRE'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

LENIRA, in her 60s, Alexandre's wife, Fernando's grandmother,
Marcelo's mother-in-law.

A large CLOSE UP follows her as walks, curious to find out
who's outside. Her expression changes when she sees, at the
gate of the simple house in the Salesmen Neighborhood in Casa
Amarela, MARCELO, her son-in-law.

LENIRA
(not looking away from
Marcelo)
Alexandre!

Marcelo opens the gate and comes in.

Alexandre walks down the hallway in his house and sees Lenira
hugging Marcelo on the front porch.

MARCELO
I had to see my son, Lenira. I had
to see you two...

Lenira takes Marcelo's face in her hands.

LENIRA
You shaved, you look so
different...

Alexandre gives Marcelo a bear hug. Marcelo is visibly moved.

Lenira turns away and walks towards the kitchen, talking to
herself...

LENIRA (CONT'D)
...and now's when I lose my peace
of mind once and for all...

ALEXANDRE
Everything's gonna be OK, son.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY/HOUSE. NIGHT

Marcelo walks slowly towards his son's bedroom.

MARCELO

Fernando...

Fernando looks and see his father in the doorway. He jumps up, runs to hug him, hitting his head on Marcelo's belly, as if his father had come back from the dead...

CUT TO:

INT. BEETLE. NIGHT

Fernando asks to turn the ignition. The modest hum of the Beetle's motor--VVVRRRRROOommmmm...

MARCELO

(his hand on the passenger
seat)

Sit here...

FERNANDO

I like it here better, Daddy.

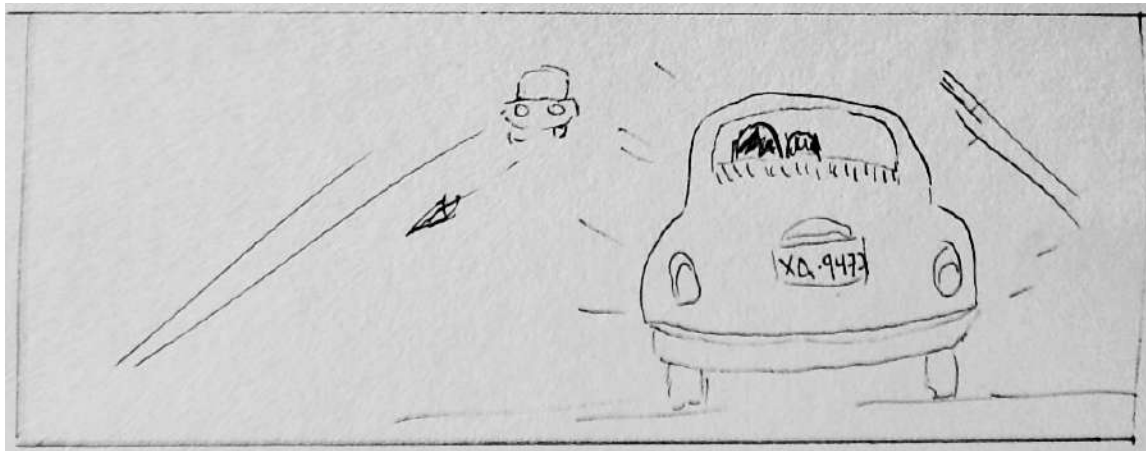
MARCELO

(looking at his son)

You'd rather sit in back? Go ahead.

Fernando moves to the back seat, leaning in between the two front chairs, next to his father. (OBS: There is no concern over seatbelts.)

ATTENTION: A sequence of night shots of streets, and internal shots of the 1972 Beetle. Marcelo and Fernando talk:



MARCELO (CONT'D)

(driving)

Let's drive around, then I'll bring you back.

FERNANDO

Why don't you just stay with us?

MARCELO

Not today, but I will come stay with you. I just got to Recife. School's started. I'm gettin' organized so we can be together. I'm here with you now, ain't I? And I want you to know I like you a lot, you get that? I always want to be with you, my son...

Fernando looks at the streets, lost in thought.

FERNANDO

Why did Grandma want us to leave just now?

MARCELO

Grandma's scared because sometimes... the world gets a little dangerous...

(pause)

But I think the more we're together, the less danger I feel. Now, for instance. Are you scared? Take my hand...

Fernando takes Marcelo's right hand.

MARCELO (CONT'D)

You scared?

FERNANDO

No...

(PAUSE)

...but this week I was scared... It was two things...

Marcelo drives, eyes on the road.

MARCELO

What was it?

FERNANDO

I saw on TV that they found a leg inside a shark. Right here in Recife...

MARCELO

Is that right? What else scared you?

FERNANDO

Remember when that teacher at school in Brasília thought Mommy wasn't my mom?

MARCELO

(listening, eyes on the road)
...I remember.

FERNANDO

Here in Recife, the guy at the gate at school thought Grandma was my nanny.

MARCELO

Really? Well, I'm glad you told me... We need to go to the school and talk to this guy, right?

FERNANDO

It's the old man at the gate...

MARCELO

It's an older man, huh? Try not to say "old"... Let's go tell him about your grandma, about your mother, so he'll never say that again, alright?

Fernando listens attentively.

FERNANDO

Do you think Mother might be with us here, right now?

Pause

MARCELO

...Her memory is here with us. And just us bein' here tonight, driving around and talkin' about her, we feel stronger. Don't you feel that?

The streets at night, parked cars...

FERNANDO

But to really be here, she can't do that anymore, can she?

MARCELO
No... Fátima, your mother, she
died.

Pause...

FERNANDO
There's something I wanted to
ask... like, uh... do you believe
in ghosts?

MARCELO
No, I don't believe in ghosts...

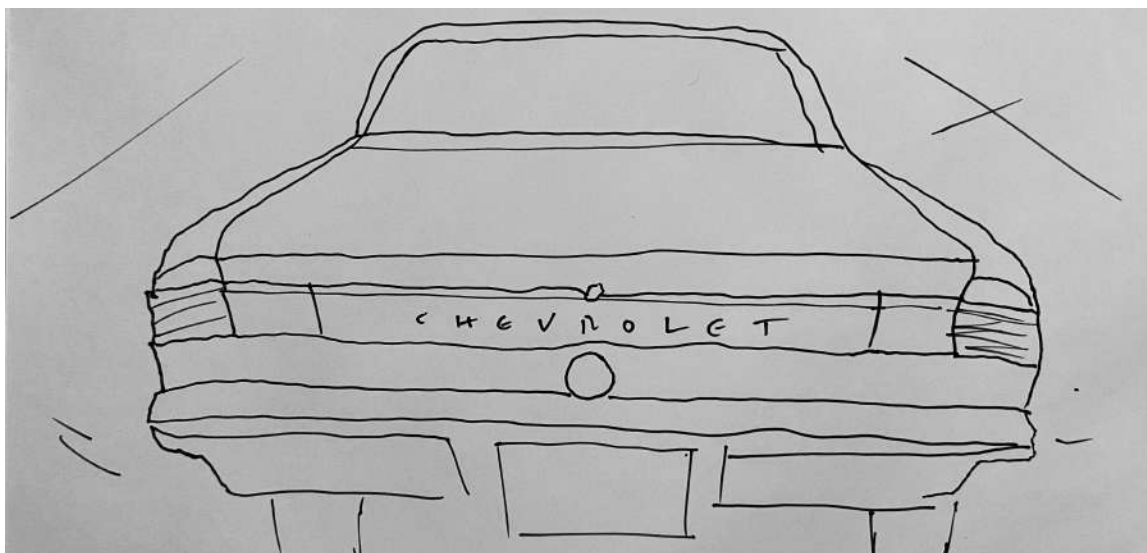
Fernando ponders.

FERNANDO
I wish there were ghosts.

Music will tie the end of this part and the beginning of the
next...

FADE OUT ==>

==> FADE IN



EXT. ROAD. SUNRISE

A green Chevrolet Opala leaves a secondary road and takes a
dirt road, filmed from behind. It drives into a sugarcane
field.

PRINT IN THE CORNER OF THE SCREEN:

"TEODORO SAMPAIO, SÃO PAULO"

In a remote area hidden by the sugarcane, the Opala stops next to a dam. The driver turns off the headlights. Two men, AUGUSTO (older) and BOBBI (younger) get out. Augusto has a pistol with a silencer; Bobbi has a flashlight. They open the trunk when we hear the voice of a man coming from inside...

OLDER MAN
(just his voice/VO)
Don't do this...

August shoots twice, the gunfire flash illuminating the trunk. The sound of the shots is muffled by the silencer.

A tarpaulin covers the inside of the car's trunk. They take the man's body, dressed and bloody, by carrying the tarpaulin. Bobbi quickly ties a rope around the dead man, and the other end on an iron weight with a hoop. They push the body with their feet, where it drops 4 yards into the water, with the weight quickly pulling the body to the bottom of the dark dam.

They get into the Opala and leave, headlights on.

EXT. WINDSHIELD. DAWN

BUMPER/LOW ANGLE: The car in reverse drives away under the car's headlights... The tires peel off, throwing up mud behind...

CUT TO:

INT. YARD/HOUSE. DAY

Water from a hose washes off the thick mud from the Opala's tires. Bobbi (from the previous scene in the sugarcane field), wearing shorts and no shirt, washes the Opala's trunk out under the early morning sun.

Two German Shepherds at the house bark. Further ahead, there's a BW Brasília, a motorcycle, and a blue VW Passat parked inside, too many cars for a small urban house like this one.

Bobbi looks at his watch, then looks at the house:

BOBBI
Uncle, look at the time!

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM. DAY

Augusto showers.

AUGUSTO
I'm finishin'!

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT. DAY

In a parking lot, we follow the blue Passat - previously seen at the house - slowing down, the camera lowers, waiting for the license plate which stops just inches from the lens, showing where we are:



Augusto and Bobbi get out of the car and a PAN ==> reveals with a zoom upwards the business building from the 1940s where we're headed.

FUSION

INT. GHIROTTI OFFICE. DAY

A framed photograph on the wall of the excavation of the São Paulo subway.

A colored poster of Genoa, Italy.

A photograph of a factory.

Sitting at her desk, BÁRBARA, a middle-aged secretary, interrupts her typing and checks her watch, cigarette in hand. Behind her, in metal: "GHIROTTI PARTS BRAZIL".

She gets up and walks to the door that separates her office from the larger room with employees at desks, typewriters, metal file cabinets, and ringing telephones. Everyone is hard at work and don't notice when she closes and locks the door, isolating inside.

"Everyone"... EXCEPT FOR one female employee who looks up when the door is closed...

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY. DAY

The doors to a packed elevator in the business building opens. Augusto and Bobbi get out and walk down the hallway, with its mix of styles from the 40s, 50s, and 60s. Both men stand out, as we take a better look at them now:

Augusto is around 60, military haircut, civilian clothes, in good physical shape. Bobbi is in his late 20s, muscular. They could be father and son. Light colored eyes.

INT. HALLWAY/FRONT OFFICE. DAY

The two walk into Bárbara's office. Her cigarette is almost gone.

AUGUSTO
Morning. Dr. Ghirotti, please.

BÁRBARA
(getting up)
Good morning. He's expecting you.

She directs them to the boss's door with the sign "HENRIQUE GHIROTTI Director". She knocks on the door and opens it, walks 3 feet inside and holds the door open for the visitors.

ATTENTION: THIS IS SHOT FROM BÁRBARA'S OFFICE, LOOKING INSIDE HER BOSS'S OFFICE.

Inside, Ghirotti is waiting. He's around 60, well-dressed. The men walk in.

AUGUSTO
Dr. Ghirotti...

BOBBI
Good morning, Dr. Ghirotti.

Ghirotti gives Bárbara a look that tells her what to do. She closes the door.

Still in Bárbara's front office, she puts out her cigarette, takes her purse and leaves the office, closing the outer door. Lunch time started early for Bárbara today.

CUT TO:

INT. HENRIQUE GHIROTTI'S OFFICE. DAY

INSIDE GHIROTTI'S OFFICE: He fixes himself a drink.

HENRIQUE
Want some Scotch?

BOBBI
I'll have some, thank you.

AUGUSTO
No you won't, kid. This here's
business.

They take a seat. We PAN to show someone coming out of the bathroom as we hear flushing. This is SALVATORE, Henrique's son, also young, a strong, unremarkable type.

The two men greet Salvatore, who picks up his glass of Scotch, sitting on a table.

Henrique sits behind his desk - Scotch in hand - and starts to speak, choosing his words carefully as he hands over an envelope.

HENRIQUE
(very casually, as if he
were talking about
renting an apartment)
I've got a job... looks like the
guy went to Recife, I still need
confirmation.

We suspect Henrique can't even say the name of the person in question. Augusto opens the envelope.

Henrique hands them a sheet of paper with some lines typed on it, seen from a distance. He pulls it out of the typewriter.

HENRIQUE (CONT'D)
...got some information here.

AUGUSTO
(taking a look at the
paper)
White, red, brown, or dark?

HENRIQUE

White.

AUGUSTO

What's he work with?

HENRIQUE

It's on the paper...

Augusto scans the page.

Henrique uses a handkerchief to methodically clean a shiny paper photograph on his desk and hands it to Augusto. We don't see the photograph, which is just between them...

HENRIQUE (CONT'D)

Third from the right, with the beard.

Augusto looks at the photograph.

AUGUSTO

You know this type's more expensive...

He looks at the sheet of paper.

AUGUSTO (CONT'D)

I'll charge you 60 thousand cruzeiros. Plus expenses.

Henrique just listens.

HENRIQUE

I'll pay you 40 thousand and I just want to know it's done. Don't call me, forget I exist, go your own way.

AUGUSTO

With all due respect, Dr. Ghirotti, the price is 60 thousand. 30 now, 30 later. If you don't agree, I understand and respect that.

Augusto hands the photograph to Bobbi. Henrique takes another sip of Scotch.

HENRIQUE

60 thousand...

(pause)

As I just said, for that, 60 thousand, whatever, I just want to know it all worked out...

Salvatore listens in silence.

HENRIQUE (CONT'D)
 This *Carnaval* was a wash for me...
 I want this taken care of, alright?
 I want to...
 (gestures at his own face)
 ...bash this guy's face in... no
 nose, no mouth. I wanna make 'im a
 muppet...

Augusto takes the photograph from Bobbi's hands and looks closely once more.

THE PHOTOGRAPH IN DETAIL:

ZOOM ==> the photograph: a work environment, a group photo.
 NOW we see the bearded man in detail: it's Marcelo.

CUT TO:



INT. MARCELO'S BEDROOM/OFIR BUILDING. DAY

Marcelo's teeth being examined by a dentist's mirror and spatula.

Wearing glasses, Claudia gives him a check up. She's sitting on his lap. He's seated on the bed leaning on the wall, like a guinea pig or a patient. They're both naked from the waist down. He has his hand on her back. They seem to get along well.

CLAUDIA
 (looking closely, through
 her glasses)
 (MORE)

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
 ...No cavities, ever... You one o'
 those, huh?

MARCELO
 (enunciation unclear
 because of the
 instruments in his mouth)
 Ut... Ere's AR-ar
 ("But there's tartar")

Claudia presses one particular spot more forcefully. Marcelo reacts, grabbing her arm.

CLAUDIA
 There we go... You got good teeth,
 but I think that's a cavity...

A hoarse female voice comes through the window:

SEBASTIANA
 (V.O.)
 MARCELO!!

He escapes the checkup, freeing his mouth.

MARCELO
 (projecting his voice)
 Sebastiana!

SEBASTIANA
 (VOICE through the window)
 Valdemar's here with the groceries.
 Wanna word with 'im?

MARCELO
 Is the check-up done?

He lowers the strap on her blouse and kisses her right breast.

CLAUDIA
 (lifting the strap)
 I gotta go.

Marcelo puts on his shorts and goes to the window. Sebastiana is downstairs. Claudia watches.

MARCELO
 Comin' down!

He looks at the courtyard.

POV FROM WINDOW/MARCELO. COURTYARD. DAY

Marcelo sees that Clóvis has just opened the gate for a VW Type 2 driven by Valdemar, in his 50s, approaching the building's courtyard. Clóvis begins closing the gates. Cats look on.

IN THE BEDROOM:

CLAUDIA

Let me tell you something...

She puts her bra on under her blouse.

MARCELO

Yes...

CLAUDIA

It's about Sebastiana.

Claudia has Marcelo's full attention when she mentions Sebastiana.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)

What did she tell you about her niece?

Marcelo has an idea of what he's about to hear.

MARCELO

That she's travelling...

CLAUDIA

Yeah, well, truth is she died.

MARCELO

Died?

CLAUDIA

Killed by her fiancé, who didn't want her to go study in Germany. Guy's a law professor, a nice guy, became a monster. He fled to the country... A tragedy.

Marcelo seems shaken by what he's just heard.

MARCELO

How do you know this?

CLAUDIA

Sebastiana told me. But later I heard her tell other people a different story.

Marcelo seems disturbed by this information.

Claudia comes over to hug and kiss him.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
I shouldn't have mentioned it...

He leaves the room...

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY

Marcelo walks through the living room and naturally looks at the pictures of Geisa on the bookshelf... He leaves the apartment barefoot.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEDROOM. DAY

Claudia, lost in thought, gets dressed quickly. From the bedroom, she arrives in Marcelo's living room and leaves discreetly for the stairs, closing the door behind her.

EXT. COURTYARD. DAY

Marcelo gets to the ground floor and looks at Sebastiana, who is showing Valdemar where to park the Type 2. He gets out of the vehicle, shorts and a wrinkled dress shirt, moccasins on his feet.

VALDEMAR
Sebastiana, how are you?

SEBASTIANA
Oh I been worse.
(shouting for her
employees)
CLÓVIS!! EDMILSA??!!

CUT TO:

INT. CLAUDIA'S APARTMENT. DAY

Claudia has just come up the stairs and entered her (underfurnished and impersonal) apartment. EDMILSA, Claudia's nanny/maid, walks out with Debora.

CLAUDIA
Edmilsa, can you go downstairs n'
help with the groceries?

Edmilsa hands Debora over and gives her boss a sneaky, "I know where YOU been" look. Claudia ignores her.

EDMILSA

I'm goin'.

Clicking her dentures with her tongue, Edmilsa puts on her sandals and leaves the apartment.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTYARD. DAY

Valdemar opens both the Type 2's doors. A colorful selection of fresh fruit and vegetables, in four baskets and three bags.

VALDEMAR

(friendly)

There 'e is! Welcome **Marcelo!**

MARCELO

Hey...

VALDEMAR

How you doin'? Valdemar.

MARCELO

All right. Thanks for... everything here.

VALDEMAR

He keepin' you busy, Sebastiana?

SEBASTIANA

Nah, I'm the one keepin' *him* busy...

Edmilsa arrives silently in the courtyard. Marcelo looks at the fruit and vegetables.

VALDEMAR

Yeah, I bring some groceries every Thursday, or whenever I can... My parents have a li'l farm. We have an arrangement that makes everybody happy. We got sugar apples, soursop, bananas, watermelon, coriander, tomatoes...

Haroldo approaches, bleary-eyed, with his carioca accent.

HAROLDO

What's crackin', Marcelo? The
refugees' market. How you doin',
Valdemar? Got any *mangabas* today?

VALDEMAR

Sorry, no *mangabas* today...
(to Haroldo, trying to
discreetly correct him)
...and we don't use that word.
Better not, ok?

HAROLDO

Well... "refugees"? then what are
we?

Valdemar looks at Marcelo and shows him his wristwatch:

VALDEMAR

Remember? 5 o'clock tomorrow!

Marcelo confirms.

Teresa Vitória arrives, carrying a bag.

TERESA VITORIA

Good morning, Valdemar.

VALDEMAR

Good morning, Teresa. How's
Antonio?

TERESA VITORIA

Still in bed.

Haroldo approaches Marcelo, pulls his arm and whispers:

HAROLDO

(pointing upwards towards
the building)
You makin' the rounds, huh?

Marcelo understands Haroldo is referring to Claudia.

MARCELO

Do you... mean Claudia?

HAROLDO

Yeah, man.

MARCELO

What the hell, man?

HAROLDO

No, man, you're here, so go for it,
but she ain't well, I'm jus'
sayin'. She's hurt, like everyone
here, right? I don't know your
story, but if you wanna know mine,
I'll tell ya. You copy?

Marcelo looks at Haroldo. He looks up and sees Claudia in the window, Debora in her arms, watching them.

CUT TO:

DETAIL. WATCH/BEETLE/PARKING LOT.



Marcelo inside his Beetle, on his first day of work in Recife. He checks his watch: 5 in the morning. He gets out of the car.

EXT. PUBLIC SAFETY SECRETARIAT PARKING LOT. DAY

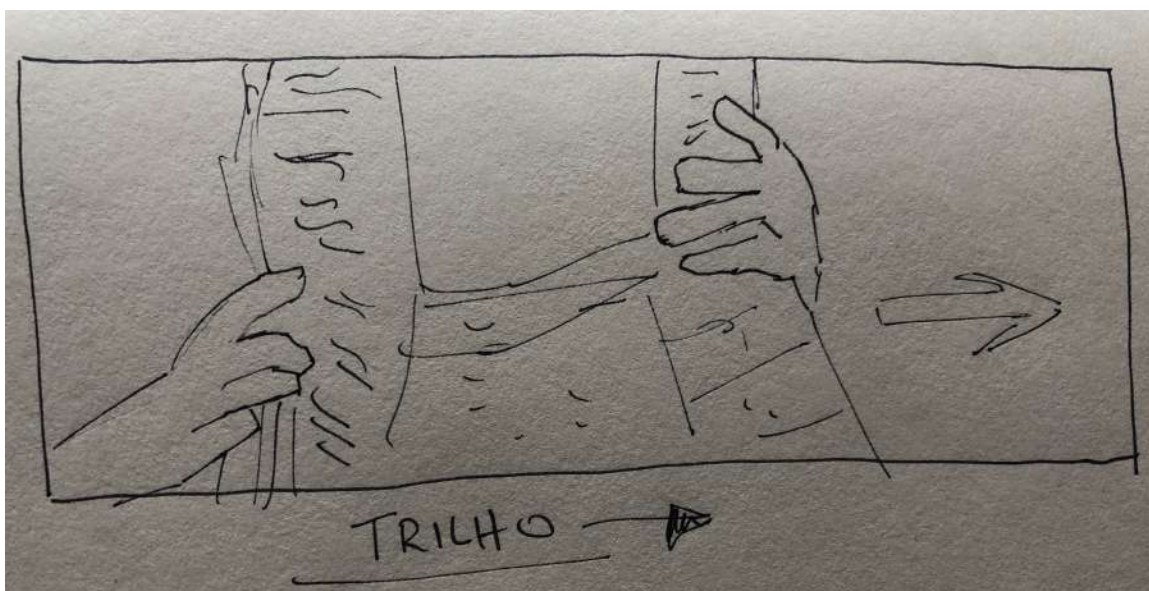


A pack of stray dogs, tongues out, seen through the gate.

Dawn is breaking in the parking lot. A police car and two Type 2 buses covered with dew. Marcelo holds a brown paper bag filled with documents. He locks the Beetle and walks towards a newspaper boy with an oversized blue smock.

The boy has just sold a newspaper to two men (seen from behind), who walk away, opening the paper...

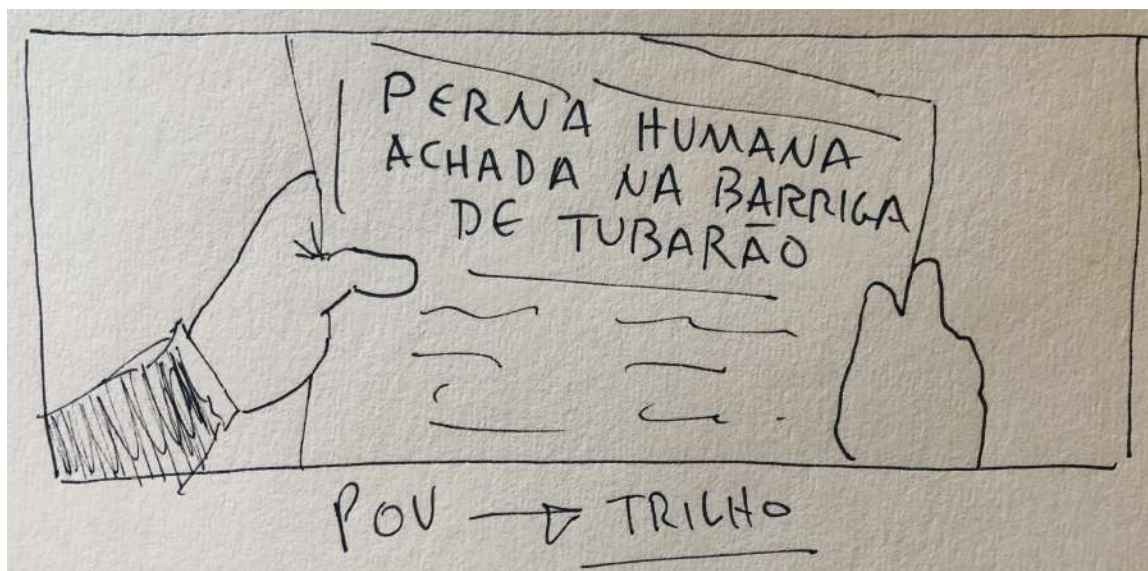
CUT TO:



TRACKING SHOT HANDS/NEWSPAPER: The men walk away, scanning the news.

They are Euclides and his son Miguel, who shuffle through until they find a photograph published on page B7--the crime section: THE HUMAN LEG next to the shark in the university lab. They exchange a mute glance...

"HUMAN LEG FOUND IN SHARK'S BELLY"



EUCLIDES

They're lost, ain't nothin'
there... nothin' I don't already
know. And there won't be.

Euclides reads, Miguel gets another section of the paper. They shuffle through, looking for something. Miguel opens on page B10, where the photograph of the family of a young man, well-dressed and smiling, at a party, illustrates the story STUDENT STILL MISSING.

With the blue sky in the background, we FOLLOW Euclide's pointer finger. SAYING NOTHING, it slides down the newspaper page:

DETAIL. NEWSPAPER/FINGER. DAY

Euclides's finger slides down the photograph from the student's head to his right leg, ZOOM... Miguel finds this funny.

MIGUEL

(whispering)

No way to know, huh, Dad?

EUCLIDES

Until they find the rest, it's all good. Just the leg won't get 'em anywhere.

MIGUEL

(believing what he's saying)

They won't find the rest, will they? Now the leg...

EUCLIDES

It's at the coroner's...

CUT TO:

A white Type 2 drives into the parking lot, headlights still on. The sound of the radio, turned on loud, arrives with the van, windows open--the first news of the day. SOUND of the radio SHUTS OFF with the motor, doors open.

Marcelo closes the paper and out come his future workmates. They walk towards the still-closed building.

EXT. COURTYARD/ENTRANCE. DAY

MARIANO, 50, with a mustache and dress shirt, approaches:

MARIANO

Marcelo?

MARCELO

Good morning. Marcelo. Mariano?

MARIANO

Good morning. The man's punctual.

Marcelo looks at his wristwatch.

MARCELO

I got the message to get here early...

MARIANO

Man, everyone got that message.

Marcelo looks at the other people.

MARIANO (CONT'D)

(laughing)

Sherrif Euclides asked everyone to get here early today...

(looks at his colleagues)

ELISANGELA, another workmate, adds, without explanation, looking at Marcelo:

ELISANGELA
Gotta do what the man says!

Marcelos seems to have no idea what they're talking about.

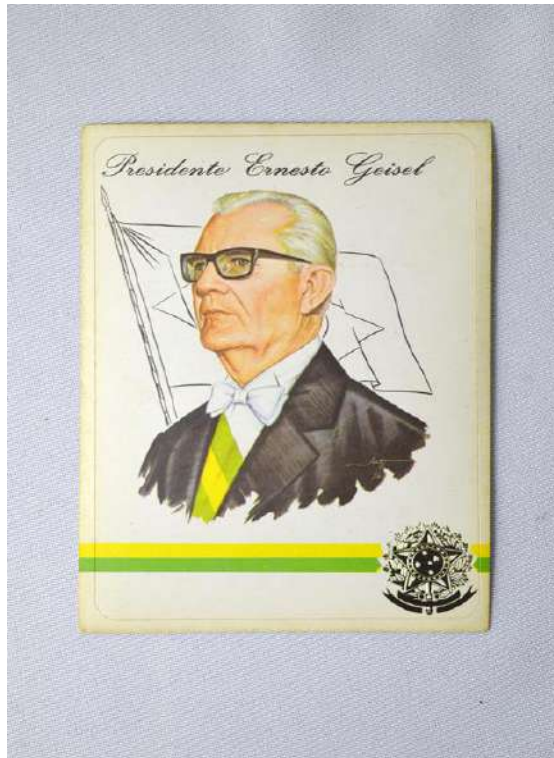
CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE/PUBLIC SECURITY BUILDING. DAWN

DESIDÉRIO, the night security in his 50s, mustache, wearing his uniform and gun, shirt tucked in poorly, turns on the lights in an office with desks and chairs, metal and wood file cabinets. A ritual.

The employees occupy the space, coming in the side door. They open windows, turn on fans, take covers off the five or six typewriters on the desks.

Phones left off the hook overnight are returned to their proper places. We're in a Brazilian government building, the official photograph of the President of the Republic on the wall: General Ernesto Geisel.



Marcelo watches all this inside the building, but movement in the courtyard outside catches his eye:

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTYARD. DAY (*THROUGH THE WINDOW*)

ALWAYS FROM MARCELO'S POV, Euclides' sons, Miguel and Arlindo, intimidate a news photographer (Nikon camera around his neck, Yashica flash), press credentials.

The photographer is led towards the street. There's an older journalist with the photographer, trying to make a point.

Carmen approaches and points at the scene:

CARMEN

Things're gonna heat up... my name's Carmen. You gettin' transfered?

MARCELO

Marcelo, nice to meet you.

Elisângela arrives.

ELISANGELA

Elisângela, how you doin'? Welcome.

Carmen points at Das Dores.

CARMEN

Das Dores does the cleaning...

MARCELO

How are you, Das Dores?

Das Dores looks embarrassed

DAS DORES

(embarrassed, almost covering her mouth when she speaks)

Fine...

Das Dores, who wears a kerchief on her head, is missing three of her front teeth--two from the top and one from the bottom.

Carmen has a white bag closed with a brooch under her arms. The bag holds a large pan. These are snacks she brings to sell at work--*coxinhas*, typical Brazilian finger food made with chicken.

Carmen, Elisângela, and Das Dorez are all in their 30s or early 40s. Everyone's still drowsy, low energy, but Marcelo's arrival is something new.

Das Dorez whispers to Elisângela, covering her mouth.

DAS DORES (CONT'D)
{I'd shag 'im...}

Elisângela laughs. Marcelo knows they're talking about him.

Right then, ANISIO arrives, in his 50s, suit jacket unbutton, dark glasses, looks like he's in charge...

ANISIO
You the new guy? Welcome...

MARCELO
Good morning. Thanks.

Elisângela looks at Marcelo.

ELISANGELA
Marcelo?

MARCELO
Marcelo...

MARIANO
That accent of yours is not from São Paulo, is it?

MARCELO
No, I'm from Pernambuco.

MARIANO
Alright, then... You don't sound like you're from around here either.

ANISIO
Ronaldo, the statement will happen at that table near the entrance. Das Dorez, get us some water, some cookies and coffee when the lady gets here. Then get us some too... easy on the sugar...

Marcelo watches Elisângela walking towards the table Anisio pointed out. Anisio looks at Marcelo and says:

ANISIO (CONT'D)
Today we're here at Sherriff Euclides's request.
(MORE)

ANISIO (CONT'D)
 He's the one over by the entrance.
 (points)
 ...Seven o'clock we start letting
 people in, that's when you're up.
 I'll show you the files in a bit.
 (he points towards a
 hallway)

MARCELO
 I don't start 'til seven...?

ANISIO
 Yeah, but you got use the time to
 mingle, right? And help with the
 quorum...

MARCELO
 Quorum for what?

Anisio looks around, finishes his confusing remarks and
 leaves ====>> .

INT. OFFICE KITCHEN. DAY

Das Dores in the small kitchen lights the stove to make
 coffee when something catches her eye through the open door.
 She sees the colleagues moving towards the window <====.

INT. IDENTIFICATION INSTITUTE. DAY

Marcelo also notices the employees herding towards the
 windows ===>. He goes with the flow, to where Carmen,
 Elisângela, Mariano, and Ronaldo are.

INT. THROUGH THE WINDOW. DAY

MARCELO'S POV: Outside, in the parking lot, three cars are
 driving up: a brown four-door Chevrolet Opala, a brand new
 orange VW Passat with three people inside, and a Ford Corcel
 carrying four. A convoy.

A woman in her early 30s, well-dressed, gets out of the brown
 Opala with a man in a suit. She is clearly the protagonist of
 what's happening...

There's another woman, maybe her sister, or her lawyer, or
 her sister-in-law. All of them are annoyed.

Euclides is wearing a tie, waiting for the woman at the
 entrance. A charming host.

MARCELO
 (watching the action, asks
 his colleagues)
 Who's that woman?

Das Dorez joins the group at the window.

ELISANGELA
 (trying to give the most
 neutral version possible
 of the story, whispers)
 A three-year-old girl died in this
 woman's house. The girl was her
 maid's daughter. It's the woman's
 fault she's dead. So Sheriff
 Euclides, the one who's greetin'
 her there, asked Anisio to tell
 everyone to come in early today,
 outside our work hours, to be here
 for the high-class lady. And here
 we are...

DAS DORES
 (looking at the woman in
 the parking lot)
 Lady sent her maid to the bakery
 and left the girl alone, crying
 near the open gate to the street...
 poor baby got run over...

Marcelo sees what's going on.

MARCELO
 Is this a police station?

ELISANGELA
 (looking at Marcelo,
 whispering)
Not a police station... but today
 it is...
 (pause)
 ...to make that lady's life
 easier...

CARMEN
 And the driver of the bus which ran
 over the girl is giving his
 statement at a regular hour, in Boa
 Viagem. How's them apples?

We watch the group at the entrance of the building discussing
 something (INAUDIBLE). The woman in dark glasses is livid.

Euclides gives a signal to bring the journalists - a PAN <==== to the pair of journalists who had been previously expelled. Outside the building, on the sidewalk, Arlindo approaches them.

In the street, A VW Beetle taxi cab lets out two women near the expelled photographer. More people are arriving.

ELISANGELA
(side-eye, whispering)
I heard they didn't tell the girl's
mother they changed the place and
time of the statement.

Das Dores leaves and goes back to the kitchen.

The group of the woman there to depose prepares to enter. Anisio calls everyone to begin work. He seems to direct the scene at the office like a theater director. Or a film director.

ANISIO
(claps twice)
Attention everyone! On your marks!
Let's help Sherrif Euclides!

CARMEN
(looking out the window)
They're comin' in.

Elisângela goes to her desk, Ronaldo to his table.

AT A DISTANCE/THROUGH THE WINDOW: Marcelo sees Miguel gesticulating for the photographer to come. He does, preparing his camera. The other journalist is kept at a distance, on the sidewalk, by Arlindo, like some nightclub bouncer.

INT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE. DAY

NOTE: All this action is seen from Marcelo's POINT OF VIEW

A ZOOM shows us Elisângela is typing NOTHING, no paper, making a sneaky TAK-TAK-TAK, the metal keys randomly hitting the typewriter's black roller. She turns and looks at Marcelo (her hands keep "typing"). Its the best acting Elisângela is capable of at this time.

ELISANGELA
(whispering to Marcelo)
I'm a commissioned position...

Marcelo looks at Elisângela. He turns away and sees at the other door the woman there to depose, her lawyer, family members and friends coming towards the designated table, with a scribe, a typewriter, and another officer.

Das Dores walks towards the deposition table with a tray, water and fresh coffee.

Much like extras, the office workers pretend to be there. The sound of the scribe's typewriter starts to echo off the building's wooden floors. The statement has begun.

Marcelo - leaning on a desk - does not have the body language that says he's in on the act. He looks at the SEIKO clock on the office wall: 5:25 a.m.

INT. SPECIAL SHOT/EUCLIDES. OBJECTIVE LENS. DAY

From Marcelo's point of view, we see Euclides as he turns his face and looks at us (to MARCELO'S POINT OF VIEW). Euclides looks Marcelo in the eyes, who naturally takes the paper from under his arm and puts it on the table, reading:

HEADLINE: "Carnaval Round-Up: 91 dead - Traffic accidents, robberies, drownings and fights rise in number again."
Marcelo's eyes slide down to the smaller headline "HUMAN LEG FOUND IN SHARK'S STOMACH."

Nearby, Carmen stretches her arm to hand her own paper to Elisângela:

CARMEN

See this?

Euclides walks over, stopping on the way to get water from the large water bottles.

EUCLIDES

(pointing at the newspaper
on the table, holding a
cup of water, somewhat
excitedly...)

It'll be more n' 100, you can bet
on that...

MARCELO

(looks at the headline)
More than 100 dead?

EUCLIDES

(inappropriately excited)
Hell, yeah... Mornin'... You a cop?

MARCELO

No. How are you?

EUCLIDES

(looking at Anisio nearby)

Damn. Dude sure looks like a cop.
Euclides Oliveira Cavalcanti, at
your service.

MARCELO

Yes sir... Marcelo.

EUCLIDES

Marcelo what?

MARCELO

Uh... Marcelo Alves.

Euclides's energy suggests he has taken an immediate liking to Marcelo, something masculine and paternal. Marcelo does, in fact, have a certain charisma.

With Euclides there, Elisângela now feeds paper into the typewriter...

Right then, in the distance, the woman giving her statement begins to cry. Euclides turns. The woman with her gesticulates towards the outside. The signal is passed on to Arlindo, who signals Miguel. Euclides directs all this with signals of his own, mostly discreet...

Marcelo - through the window - sees Miguel outside now allowing the photographer and journalist into the building. Arlindo helps. Marcelo returns to look at the deposition.

EUCLIDES

(pointing at the
deposition with his
thumb)

What a situation... this woman's in
pain over this accident...

The reporters walk in in sync with the woman's sobs, which increase and become screams of desperation.

Marcelo looks at Euclides, who is holding a plastic cup.

EUCLIDES (CONT'D)

I'm a Sherriff. Next door is my
building. Anisio and his crew are
doin' us a solid here today. You do
what you can, right? She's such a
delightful person...

With the photographer and reporter now at the deposition, the lady hits the table with her arm, throwing her head back. Friends and family try to succor here. One suspects the woman may be exaggerating.

The photographer arrives to register everything - CLICK CLICK FLASH FLASH. The woman gives a statement about the tragedy that happened at her house.

Anisio arrives to mediate.

ANISIO
Euclides, sir, this upstanding citizen is starting today, transferred from São Paulo.

MARCELO
From Brasília...

EUCLIDES
Very well. Were you a cop back in Brasília?

MARCELO
No, no. I'm not a policeman...

Euclides looks at Marcelo with unexpected admiration.

EUCLIDES
(finger guns)
You shoot?

MARCELO
(chuckles at Euclides's insistence)
No...

ANISIO
(slightly anxious)
He comes highly recommended. Come with me n' I'll show you the archives room?

Anisio picks up Marcelo's newspaper from the table.

MARCELO
Well... nice to meet you. Have a good day.

TRACKING SHOT ==> HALLWAY. DAY

Euclides nods goodbye, stays behind, looking steadily at Marcelo, who follows Anisio towards a dark hallway.

Anisio turns the lights on, revealing the hallway. The woman's sobs and the typewriters' TAK TAKs are left behind...

The building of the "Institute of Identification of the Public Security Secretariat" seems to have been projected for bureaucracy.

INT. ARCHIVES ROOM. DAY

Anisio opens the large room and catches DESIDÉRIO, the night security, moving quickly away from a woman (in her 40s, dyed hair, overweight) in the back right corner of the room, behind some file cabinets. Desidério lifts his pants and belt. The woman recomposes herself.

ANISIO
Desidério, not again...?

DESIDÉRIO
We're leavin', boss.

Marcelo and Anisio make way for their walk of shame: Desidério, a worker commissioned via Brazil's social security, and his partner, who works the streets around the Joaquim Nabuco square and the *Moderno* cinema in downtown Recife. She's done this before. Desidério keeps his eyes down.

DESIDÉRIO (CONT'D)
Sorry, boss... startin' this early
messed up my sense of time...

ANISIO
Leave of the back, for the love of
God.

Anisio closes the door.

ANISIO (CONT'D)
That one loves cheap pussy...
(deep breath)
...so, this is the room where
you'll work.

The room has dozens of metal and wood file cabinets. They keep hundreds of thousands of identification documents for the population of Recife, and is mediated by a wooden counter at the back. Anisio puts the only telephone back on the hook.

ANISIO (CONT'D)
Your work involves a lot o' comin'
n' goin' in this room, to find the
files.

(MORE)

ANISIO (CONT'D)

This is where people renew their
IDS. These are the cabinets. Gimme
a name...

MARCELO

A name? Now?

ANISIO

Yeah, someone you know, maybe a
relative who got their ID in
Recife.

MARCELO

Uh... Maria Aparecida dos Santos...

ANISIO

Maria Aparecida... Now you're jus'
screwin' with me...
(points to a hallway)
...there must be five-ten thousand
Maria Aparecidas, and plenty of dos
Santos...

MARCELO

Got it. Try Lourinaldo Fernando de
Melo Solimões.

ANISIO

"Solimões" - Now you're talkin'!
"Lourinaldo de Melo Solimões"...

MARCELO

Lourinaldo Fernando...

Anisio, profoundly knowledgeable of the archive system,
quickly navigates the room, jumping two or three rows. He
opens a drawer, closes it, opens the one below it, closes it,
opens the next one.

ANISIO

Boy, but there're a lot more
people... "Lourinaldo Fernando de
Melo Solimões"... I worked here
from '66 to '73. ..."Solimões" is
easy...

His hands slide, opening drawers, closing them and opening
the next.

ANISIO (CONT'D)

If it's here, I'll find it... de
Melo Araripe, Lourinaldo
Fernando?... the one born in 1912?

MARCELO
1912, got a picture?

ANISIO
Take a look...

Anisio shows him the file. Marcelo stretches to see...

MARCELO
That's him, still in school.

ANISIO
Uncle? Father?

The phone rings.

MARCELO
Father.

ANISIO
That's the intercom. It'll be from
out there...

Anisio answers:

ANISIO (CONT'D)
Hello... oh yeah? Hmmm... Be right
there.

He hangs up. Anisio looks at Marcelo.

ANISIO (CONT'D)
Let's go. There's a problem. Put
the file back.

Marcelo puts the file back...

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY. DAY

TRACKING SHOT: Anisio and Marcelo walk quickly. Anisio opens
the paper as he walks.

ANISIO
(a confidence, whispering)
Look, I'm here to help you too,
y'hear? That's all I'll say.

Marcelo seems surprised. Anisio changes subject and shows him
the paper.

ANISIO (CONT'D)
 See that? The tourism secretary's
 gotta be unhappy 'bout that...

"HUMAN LEG FOUND IN SHARK'S BELLY"

They both start to hear screams echoing in the building...

INT. IDENTIFICATION INSTITUTE/MAIN OFFICE. DAY

TRACKING SHOT - Anisio and Marcelo walk, the camera chooses Marcelo, Anisio is out of frame. There's a commotion.

At the deposition table, the woman is surrounded by friends and family, a wall of protection against an outside threat. She really crying now. - This is INSIDE the building.

ATTENTION: POV from inside, through the window:

****OUTSIDE the building****, in the parking lot, a woman with simple clothes, kerchief on her head, a skirt, sandals, and a button-up blouse is beside herself, screaming.

It's the mother of the little girl killed at her boss's house. She's learned the woman is giving a statement at a special deposition set up just for her, at 5:30 in the morning, outside official hours.

The desperate mother is held back by her own mother and sister. Her screams are penetrating. A couple (of pro-bono lawyers, he wears a suit, she wears brown slacks and a green blouse) accompany her.

Miguel makes sure they get no further with the help of Arlindo, his brother of sorts. Inside, Euclides scratches his head.

At the window, in front of Marcelo, Elisângela can't hide her tears. Das Dores, arms crossed, watches, hand covering her mouth. Other employees pay attention or try to ignore the story unfold, arms crossed.

Anisio joins his staff at the window, keeping an eye on Euclides...

Through the window:

THE MOTHER
 (yelling outside the
 building, but
 intelligible, her voice
 cracking)
 Lemme speak, doc...
 (MORE)

THE MOTHER (CONT'D)
 (to her lawyer)
 MS. CLEIDE!! MS. CLEIDE, MY GOD,
 JESUS!! I TOOK CARE OF LI'L
 FERNANDO LIKE HE WAS MY SON, MS.
 CLEIDE!! AND YOU LEFT AMANDA ON HER
 OWN!! YOUR SON FERNANDO HAS YOU,
 MS. CLEIDE!! OH MY DEAR LORD, MS.
 CLEIDE!! I WANT MY DAUGHTER IN
 SCHOOL!! MS. CLEIDE - OH LORD HELP
 ME!!

Marcelo watches all this and looks at the nervous lawyers of the desperate mother.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET/PAY PHONE. DAY

Hours later...

Marcelo, on the pay phone, sees Euclides's police car is being pushed down the street by Miguel, Arlindo, and a taxi driver with a cigarette hanging from his lips. The motor won't turn.

Marcelo arrives to help. Euclides, sitting inside the car like a poor king, seems grateful for Marcelo's help. The grey SUV finally turns on, "VROOOOM..."

EUCLIDES
 (grateful but embarrassed)
It was jus' in the shop last month!

Marcelo waves and goes back to the pay phone, phone tokens in pocket, a tiny notebook.

EXT. PAY PHONE. DAY

Marcelo dials...

MARCELO
 Good afternoon, João Pedro,
 please...

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE. DAY

A lawyer's office. A young secretary/office assistant, relatively well-dressed, speaks on the phone. He seems to know who Marcelo is.

SECRETARY
(snapping his fingers at
João Pedro)
Yes, I'll transfer you. A moment,
please.

JOÃO PEDRO (in his 40s) signals for the call to be
transferred to his office. He closes the door.

CUT TO:

INT. JOÃO PEDRO'S OFFICE. DAY

João Pedro's office has a large window with a view of the
Brazilian capital, Brasília. He sits quickly in his chair and
answers the ringing phone.

JOÃO PEDRO
Hello.

EXT. PAY PHONE. DAY

MARCELO
João Pedro, it's me, what is going
on?

INT. JOÃO PEDRO'S OFFICE. DAY

JOÃO PEDRO
Lemme tell you, listen closely. I
hope you're OK. Don't say where you
are, alright?

EXT. PAY PHONE. DAY

MARCELO
Why?...

JOÃO PEDRO
This call is not safe, our office
is bugged, we're gettin' it sorted
out. Don't say anything, we'll
figure out a way to talk, but hang
up, OK? I admire you, I wanna help.
We need to talk from two safe
numbers... Let's hang up, send me a
number n' I'll call you.

CUT TO:

EXT. PAY PHONE. DAY

Incredulous, Marcelo hangs up.

MARCELO
(punching the phone)
Send a number how? FUCKING HELL...

A woman who was waiting to use the phone backs away at Marcelo's anger.

CUT TO:

INT. POST OFFICE. DAY

At the busy counter in the post office, Marcelo hands the attendant a piece of paper. The attendant takes the message to the telegram machine, sits and types.



On the wall, the photo of president General Ernesto Geisel.

CUT TO:

INT. POST OFFICE. BRASÍLIA. DAY

Another photograph of president Ernesto Geisel on the wall of another post office, very far away - in Brasília.

The telegram machine prints Marcelo's message, which is quickly torn from the roll of paper and put in an envelope - "TELEGRAM".

EXT. BRASÍLIA. DAY

The mailman walks through the streets of Brasília with other telegrams to deliver.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE. DAY

The secretary - holding the telegram, he tears it open and reads it.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE/JOÃO PEDRO. DAY

The assistant hands João Pedro the telegram. He sees the telegram's been opened and looks at the secretary.

JOÃO PEDRO
Why'd you open it??

SECRETARY
(at a loss)
I... I always open your mail,
sir...

João Pedro glares at his assistant.

CUT TO:

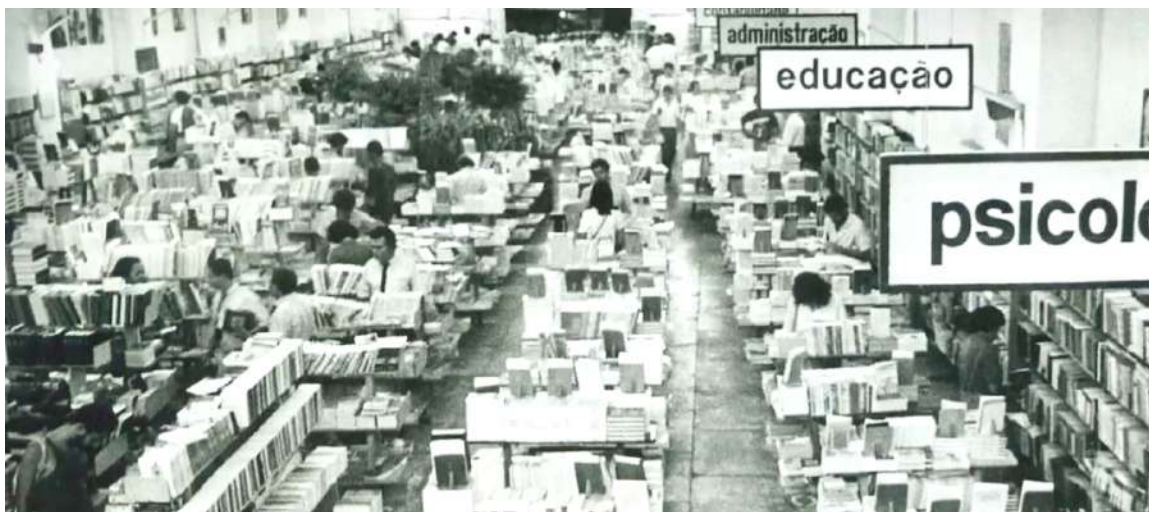
EXT. RUNWAY OF THE INT. AIRPORT GUARARAPES RECIFE. DAY



Augusto and Bobbi arrive in Recife from São Paulo... They disembark from the back of a VASP 727 Boeing. As they walk towards the terminal, the camera approaches ==> Augusto's leather bag.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVRO 7 BOOKSTORE. DAY



A shot from above of the large - and very busy - LIVRO 7 bookstore. We descend and Marcelo - folded newspaper under his arm - watches NATALÍCIO (40), glasses, from a distance. He is using a cart to put books back on the shelves. He uses his employee credential.

Marcelo watches the man from afar, passes other clients, changes rows and approaches...

MARCELO
 (to Natalício)
 You got Jules Verne?

NATALICIO
 Jules Verne is in
 Literature/Science Fiction, in the
 back to the left...

Natalício answers automatically, only seeing the customer as he finishes answering.

NATALICIO (CONT'D)
 Dang... my brother...

Natalicio parks the cart, approaches Marcelo, and hugs him.

NATALICIO (CONT'D)
 How's your boy?

MARCELO
 He'll be OK. I really wanna be with
 him. I'm workin' on it.

Natalício looks at his brother, relieved to see him.

NATALICIO
 When you called me that day to tell
 me 'bout Fátima, I'm sorry,
 brother, I didnt' know what to say,
 I froze up, man... I was at the
 office, there were people near... I
 kept waiting for you to call me
 again.

The brothers look at each other.

NATALICIO (CONT'D)
 ...I sent you a letter.

MARCELO
 I really wanted to see you.

NATALICIO
 Your dad called. He must really
 wanna talk to you. He asked you to
 call...

Natalício looks at his brother, starts to say something. He leans in:

NATALICIO (CONT'D)
 (looks around, lowering
 his voice)
 (MORE)

NATALICIO (CONT'D)
*That... story in the paper, what
 the hell is that, man?*

MARCELO
 You saw that, huh?

NATALICIO
 Yeah, dammit. You fucked up, didja?

The question stabs Marcelo like a knife.

MARCELO
 (pauses)
 No, brother... I haven't done
 anything' wrong.

Natalício looks at his brother and draws closer.

NATALICIO
 I knew it...

MARCELO
 So why'd you ask?

Natalício looks at his brother...

MARCELO (CONT'D)
 (raising his voice)
 Tell me, why the hell'd you ask me
 that?

NATALICIO
 Lemme tell you something.

A person walks down the row, between them.

Natalício points at an area nearby where there's two sofas,
 one larger than the other, and a glass coffee table. A
 gentleman is sitting, calmly reading a book. A cart carries
 various newspapers hanging from a wooden hanger that keeps
 them from being stolen.

NATALICIO (CONT'D)
 See that sofa there? Tarcísio
 subscribes to seven newspapers,
 three from here and four from Rio
 and São Paulo.

The camera moves towards the small area Natalício is
 commenting on.

NATALICIO (CONT'D)
 A lot of people come read 'em every
 day, especially in the morning.
 (MORE)

NATALICIO (CONT'D)

"It's free..."

(PAUSE)

When I saw the piece yesterday...
that sneaky li'l article... kinda
hidden, fake agency, NO BYLINE, NO
PHOTO...

MARCELO

No photo...?

NATALICIO

(confirming firmly)

NO photo. THE SAME SHITTY TEXT in
TWO DIFFERENT NEWSPAPERS. I got my
scissors, man, and cut the page out
real nice to nobody would read it.
(gestures imitating
scissors)

Marcelo listens to his brother...

NATALICIO (CONT'D)

...There's folk here who read *War*
and Peace, standing or sitting in
the corners, and read the
newspapers too... You may think
cutting the page out is hiding the
candle under a sieve, but it ain't,
man... A lotta people didn't read
that shit... I di'n't do it for
you--I did it for our mother...

Marcelo looks at his brother.

MARCELO

I wanna see my mother.

NATALICIO

What about Jules Verne, man? Fuck
you, alright?

The two brothers hug each other tightly.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET. AFTERNOON

A cinema marquis reads "SOON - KING KONG - RATED 10"

TILT/DOWN...

Marcelo walks down Dr. Sebastião Lins street, among cars and other pedestrians. Downtown Recife, 1977. He seems small among the buildings.

A PAN ==> to the right reveals a long line on the sidewalk to get into the movie theater. Behind glass, we see quickly (but unmistakably) the poster for Jaws (1975).

CUT TO:

====> EXT. ENTRANCE TO SÃO LUIZ CINEMA. AFTERNOON

Marcelo approaches the busy entrance to the São Luiz Cinema, where a man in a cheap suit and tie rails against Satan standing on a little wooden stool - Bible in hand - shouting his faith in Jesus Christ (REVELATIONS 12)

PASTOR

*The great dragon was hurled down!
The ancient serpent called the
devil, or Satan, who leads the
whole world astray! He was hurled
to the earth, and his angels with
him! Then I heard a loud voice in
heaven say: "Now have come the
salvation and the power and the
kingdom of our God, and the
authority of his Messiah! For the
accuser of our brothers and
sisters, who accuses them before
our God day and night, has been
hurled down!*

At the door to the cinema, Pedro, with glasses and a mustache, white shirt with a pen in its pocket and a tie--the manager. An auditor from the studio watches the turnstile.

MARCELO

(to PEDRO, raising his
voice due to the pastor)
Good afternoon, Pedro?

PEDRO

Yes?

MARCELO

I'd like to speak to Alexandre,
please.

PEDRO

Right this way, please.

Pedro releases the chain next to the turnstile. The front lobby is busy. Posters and photographs from *DONA FLOR AND HER TWO HUSBANDS* (1976) and Mel Brooks' *SILENT MOVIE* (1976). A concession stand with a popcorn machine, a soda dispenser, and a mechanical cash register.

Marcelo sees a woman being helped out of the session by two friends. As if possessed by some entity, she shakes her head so hard her hair flies around as if in a storm...

CUT TO:

UPSTAIRS WAITING ROOM/STAIRS

Marcelo walks through the upstairs lobby (BUSY) and up the next set of stairs. He removes the "FORBIDDEN ENTRY" (sic) sign hanging on a little chain.

INT. SÃO LUIZ CINEMA STAIRS

With the sound of a film session echoing through the stairs, he goes up the last flight of stairs and sees his father-in-law Alexandre, who we have already met, waiting for him in the open door to the projection booth. The noise from the machines.

Alexandre is the projectionist at the São Luiz Cinema. He wears a grey uniform from the Luiz Severiano Ribeiro company.

MARCELO

That's a lotta stairs, huh?

They give each other a bear hug.

MARCELO (CONT'D)

Anybody call for me?

ALEXANDRE

No.

He takes a folded slip of paper from his pocket and hands it to Marcelo:

ALEXANDRE (CONT'D)

Take a look...

Marcelo takes the paper.

In a child's handwriting: "Have a good day, daddy, Fernando"

INT. PROJECTION ROOM AT THE SÃO LUIZ CINEMA. DAY

Alexandre walks in with Marcelo. The lights are dimmed. The room is spacious, including two 35mm projectors. A session is ongoing. SEVERINO, Alexandre's assistant, in his 30s, no shirt, flip-flops, sweaty, supervises the projection.

ALEXANDRE

This is Severino, the operator.

Severino looks away from the projection.

SEVERINO

Hey, at your service.

MARCELO

How you doin', Severino?

Alexandre points at the projectors:

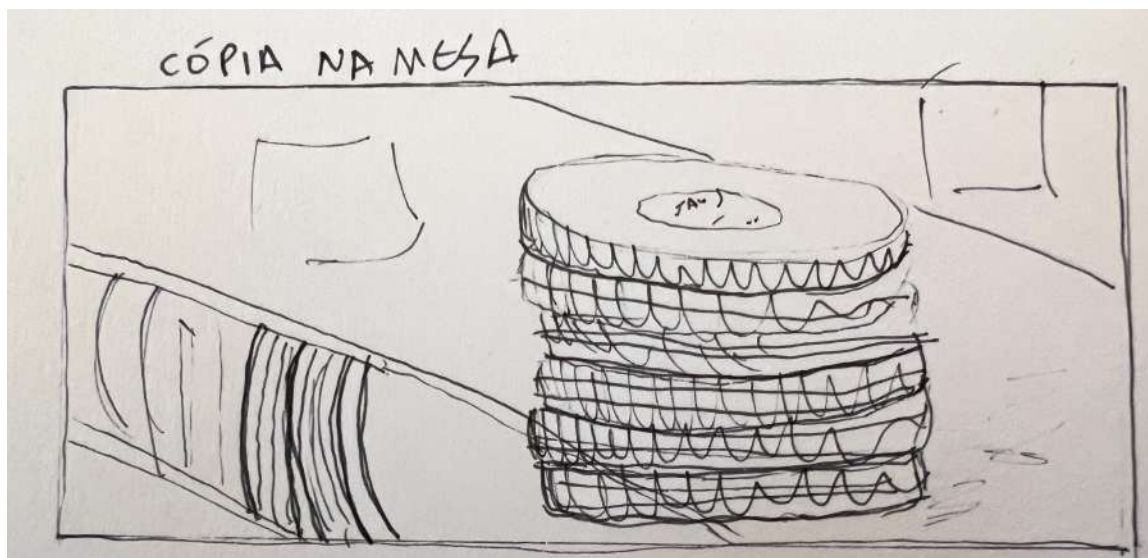
ALEXANDRE

You've met them, right? This is "Chaplin," and this here's "Cantinflas." In eight minutes, she'll kick in with the fourth reel.

(pointing, like a tour guide)

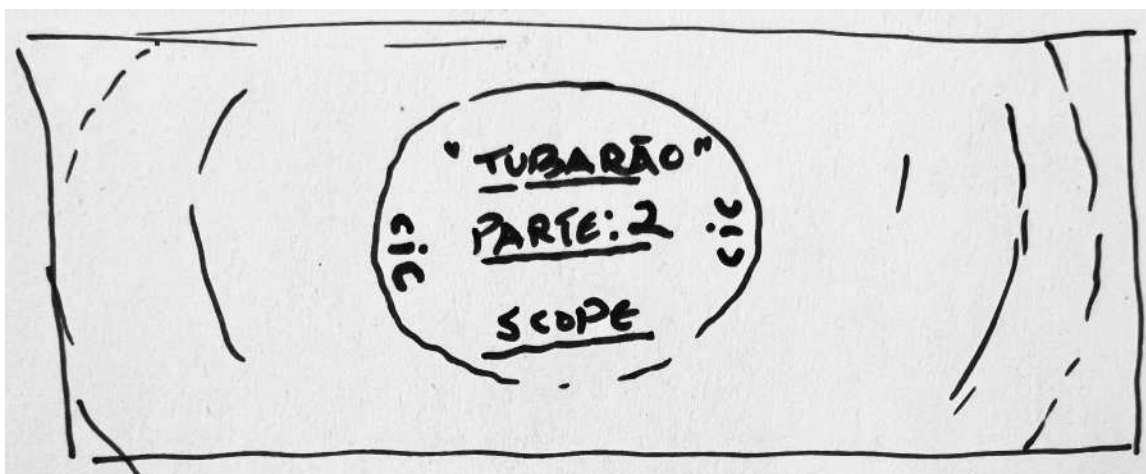
Fuse box... sound... and the peephole...

Marcelo notices cans of film on the table. He gets closer to see which one.





MARCELO
They're gonna replay *Jaws*?



ALEXANDRE
Pedro reprogrammed it for Saturday morning after this whole story of the leg found eaten by the shark... people love it...
(looks at Marcelo)
...Fernando's asked to watch it too...

Marcelo looks at his father-in-law disapprovingly.

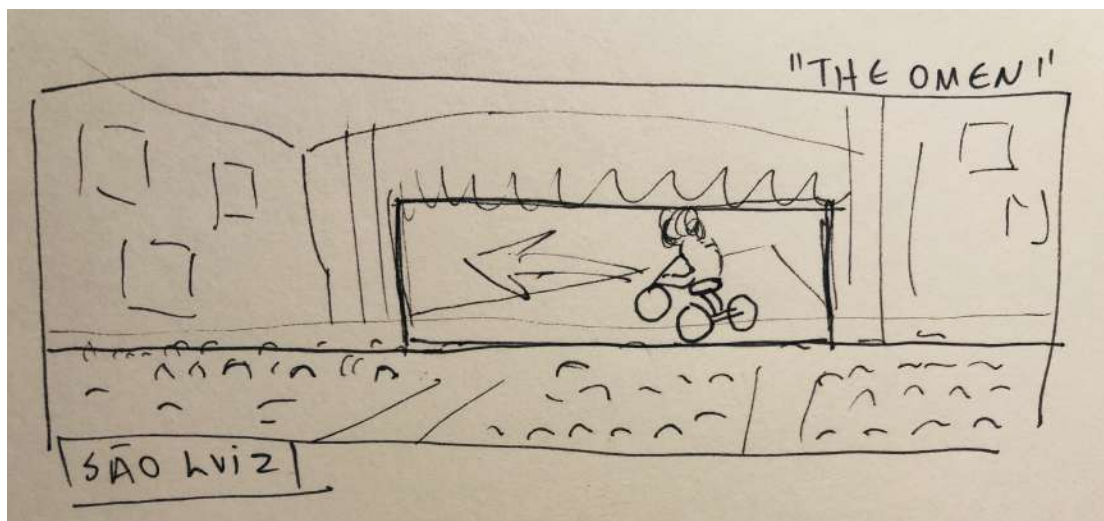
MARCELO
Oh, no way, please...

ALEXANDRE
Got it.

Marcelo approaches the peephole, with its privileged view to the room where the film is showing:

INT. THEATRE/BALCONY. SÃO LUIZ

MARCELO'S POV/PROJECTION ROOM: In the dark of the theater, the balcony about one quarter full, cigarette smoke in the air. On screen, the scene from *The Omen* (1976) in which little Damien on his tricycle knocks his mother (Lee Remick) off a chair on which she was standing. She's hanging from the staircase barrier...



Marcelo looks around and, right under his window, he sees someone in the dark, their head bobbing up and down above a man's lap, in the back row, to the sound of Damien's - the demon child - mother's screams.

Marcelo moves away and reports to Alexandre what he just saw, miming a blow job.

ALEXANDRE
(unsurprised)
Oh, that's every single day...

CUT TO:

INT. SECOND PROJECTION ROOM. DAY

Alexandre and Marcelo arrive in the other projection room. We see the film winder, a counter with empty film cans, a calendar on the wall, a finch in a cage, and a movie theatre seat at the window. An almost domestic environment.

Marcelo looks at the window with a view to downtown Recife and the setting sun. He approaches the window and leans on the ledge, like he did in the projection room, admiring the view.

A giant ad across the river covers the façade of the Trianon building, announcing the Chinese film "DYNASTY in 3D!!".

Alexandre turns on the film winder to finish winding a film.

MARCELO

I only felt that I'd arrived in
Recife when I saw you all
yesterday.

Alexandre turns off the winder. He gives it some thought and says:

ALEXANDRE

I'm so proud of my daughter that
this sadness turns into joy; I
can't even explain it.

The noise of the screaming audience comes in from the movie theater, overwhelming the building...

ALEXANDRE points towards the auditorium:

ALEXANDRE (CONT'D)

There it is... people screamin' in
terror...

The PHONE in the room rings. Severino answers it and waves Marcelo over. Marcelo picks up the phone.

MARCELO

Hello. It's me... it worked...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET. DAY

João Pedro, the lawyer, at a payphone in Brasília, four tokens in his hand, along with the telegram.

JOÃO PEDRO

I'll be quick 'cause I don't have
many tokens. Good to hear you're
OK. But listen, this asshole
managed to get you on the Fed's
list. You can't leave the country.
This is highly unusual in a case
like yours.

MARCELO

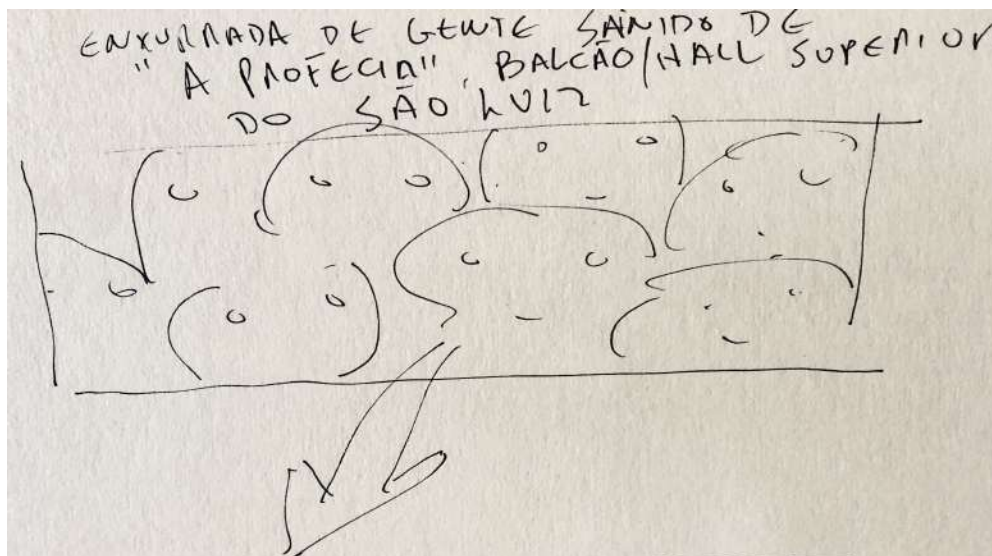
They can do that?

JOÃO PEDRO

We're tryin' to figure it out, but it's the guy using his connections. I know he got the good prosecutor who was on the case out and put some asshole friend o' his in Rio. I gotta tell ya, I don't like any of it. Keep your head down, stay hidden - last token now - Elza's the main character in this story now... Elza's your protection.

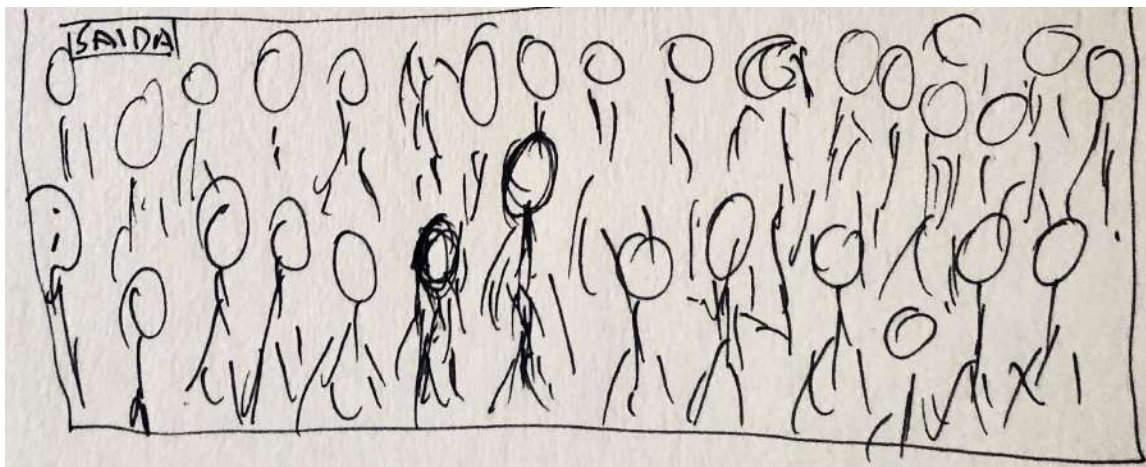
CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY/FIRST FLOOR AT THE SÃO LUIZ CINEMA. DAY



The audience pours out of the session of *The Omen* into a large waiting lobby. ELZA, a woman in her 50s, is accompanied by Valdemar, who we met at the Ofir building, with the groceries. The camera picks the two of them out of the crowd...

CLOSE SHOT - We open on the hall, an even larger number of people trying to get in, a kerfuffle...



Elza and Valderar arrive at the closed staircase and take off the FORBIDDEN ENTRY sign, the same path Marcelo took previously.

CUT TO:

INT. SPECIAL LIVING ROOM. SÃO LUIZ CINEMA. NIGHT

Marcelo and Alexandre are now in a small apartment in the private area of the São Luiz Cinema, 3rd floor. Posters of movie stars on the walls, studio and distributor gifts.

A 1977 *KING KONG* (Dino de Laurentis) calendar. There are chairs, a sofa-bed, an air conditioner, a fridge, a TV, a table, ashtrays. A window to the city.

MARCELO
(standing, looking around)
Nice place.

ALEXANDRE
The technician from Rio stays here.
The company saves on hotel bills.

(continues)

KNOCK KNOCK on the door. Alexandre opens the door. Elza and Valdemar.

ALEXANDRE (CONT'D)
Yes?

ELZA
Alexandre?

ALEXANDRE
 Alexandre de Jesus do Nascimento,
 at your service...

They walk in.

VALDEMAR
 How are you doing? Valdemar...

ELZA
 I'm Elza.

ALEXANDRE
 Glad it worked.

VALDEMAR
 Thanks for the tickets. We just
 left the movie now.

ALEXANDRE
 Did you like it?

ELZA
 (looking at Marcelo)
 I'm not religious, but... I was
 scared...
 (jokingly)
 Valdemar almost shat himself,
 didn't you, Valdemar?

Valdemar is embarrassed. Alexandre closes and locks the door.

ELZA (CONT'D)
 (to Marcelo)
 What you want me to call you?

MARCELO
 Here... I prefer my real name,
Armando.

ELZA
 Then, nice to meet you, Armando.

VALDEMAR
 An honor to speak with you.

Alexandre is surprised.

ALEXANDRE
 You di'n't say nuthin' 'bout no
 fake name... I'n't it kinda half-
 assed?

ARMANDO/MARCELO
 (looking at Elza)
 Yeah... it kinda is...

A DISSOLVE...

Alexandre, Armando (formerly "Marcelo"), Elza, and Valdemar are seated in the private apartment within the São Luiz Cinema building. Valdemar's got a notebook and a pen.

ELZA
 May we record this conversation?

Marcelo/Armando looks at Elza.

ARMANDO/MARCELO
 Nothin' to hide...

Elza pulls from her purse a Panasonic tape recorder and checks the tape.

VALDEMAR
 (to Alexandre)
 Alexandre, thank you for setting this up...

ALEXANDRE
 It's safe here at the Cinema.
 Pedro, the manager, is a comrade.

ELZA
 (pressing "REC")
 Recording...

She puts two more BASF blank tapes on the table.

ELZA (CONT'D)
 How was work today?

ARMANDO/MARCELO
 You put me up in a police station, is that right?

ELZA
 It's not a police station. You asked to be in the Identification Institute.

ARMANDO/MARCELO
 Today, that became a police station... There was a sheriff there.

VALDEMAR

And... did you speak to him?

ARMANDO/MARCELO

I did. Piece o' work.

VALDEMAR

How so?

ARMANDO/MARCELO

Crooked type... he thinks he owns everything. He works in another building.

ELZA

Did you feel safe there?

ARMANDO/MARCELO

Hard to say. Today, yes.

VALDEMAR

We've got a friend there, a collaborator...

ARMANDO/MARCELO

Anísio?

Valdemar, surprised, looks at Elza.

VALDEMAR

Yes, Anísio.

ARMANDO/MARCELO

Is it OK for Anísio to know who I am?

ELZA

Anísio's helping us, but he doesn't know who you are, nor what they're doing to you.

VALDEMAR

(filling in some missing information)

It was in two papers in Rio and São Paulo--a coordinated attack against you.

Elza gives this some thought.

ELZA

This'll all blow over.

ARMANDO/MARCELO

I sure hope so.

He looks at Alexandre.

ELZA

And... are you thinking of leaving the country?

ARMANDO/MARCELO

I don't want to leave the country. I haven't done anything wrong. João Pedro told me just now that I'm on a Federal Police list... no-fly...

Alexandre lowers his eyes. Valdemar shifts in his chair.

Elza wants to say something, but doesn't.

Valdemar pulls an envelope from his bag.

VALDEMAR

I know you're accounts're blocked. Here's some money for upkeep.

Armando/Marcelo looks at Valdemar and Elza. He takes the envelope...

ARMANDO/MARCELO

(looking inside the envelope)

This is like that witness protection program, isn't it?

ELZA

(chuckling)

Ah... well they've got more cash over there... and it's government run. Here we're just makin' it happen "the Brazilian way," to protect you *from* Brazil.

ARMANDO/MARCELO

How many people are you helpin'?

VALDEMAR

Counting you, four in Recife. One in Salvador, two in Fortaleza.

ARMANDO/MARCELO

Are they at the same building I'm at?

Elza seems unsure how to answer.

ELZA
 (speaking in code)
 Each case is different. We help,
 everybody helps each other.

ARMANDO/MARCELO
 And where does the money come from?

VALDEMAR
 (takes the word, a
 professorial, didactic
 tone)
 The money comes from the daughter
 of a rich São Paulo family that's
 been robbing the country for
 years...

We cut to a CLOSE UP of Elza, who accepts this anonymous
 acknowledgement in silence.

ARMANDO/MARCELO
 And what do you get out of it?

Alexandre interrupts:

ALEXANDRE
 Armando, it's not the time. Think
 about your son, my grandson...
 (pause)
 I wanna know if you're gonna talk
 about Fátima, Armando's wife, my
 daughter...?

The conversation stops. Armando/Marcelo looks at ALEXANDRE.

ELZA
 I'm very sorry, Alexandre, about
 your daughter, about your partner,
 Armando. Losing a person like
 Fátima is a tragedy for this
 country. Brazil will pay a high
 price for this.

Alexandre stares.

ALEXANDRE
 I disagree. With all due respect...
 It won't pay a thing... It won't
 pay shit... And everyone here knows
 it wa'n't no accident. It's
 disrespectful, y'hear, to Fátima,
 to yourself, to your boy who's at
 my house... Armando, I admire you,
 but... you gotta leave.
 (MORE)

ALEXANDRE (CONT'D)
 If I were you... I'd get the hell
 outta here, today, with these
 people's help. That's why I set
 this up.

A CLOSE UP on Armando/Marcelo:

-- NOTE: Armando's CLOSE UP is interrupted by a memory,
SILENT INSERT/SHORT --

A SILENT FLASHBACK:

EXT. AVENUE. BRASÍLIA. DAY

A blue VW Type 3 crashed into a tree, a victim some feet from
 the car - on the asphalt - covered with a sheet, car door
 open, front totaled. Fátima... a PAN ==> shows their son
 Fernando, his nose broken, running, in tears, to Armando's
 arms, WE CUT when the two bodies come together...

(A memory that Armando/Marcelo prefers not to share)

OBS.: This INSERT is silent and doesn't change the sound of
 the scene in the room in the São Luiz Cinema.

Elza and Valdemar listen. ALEXANDRE stands up...

ALEXANDRE
 (visibly moved, walks
 away)
 ...Won't pay a damn thing... That's
 why you gotta save whatchoo still
 got, you n' my grandson.

Armando/Marcelo looks at his father-in-law, who goes to the
 door and opens it.

ALEXANDRE (CONT'D)
 (before closing the door,
 looks at Armando/Marcelo)
 I'm goin' to the projection room...
 Lock this door when I leave.

ALEXANDRE leaves, shutting the door. Armando/Marcelo gets
 himself together. Valdemar gets up, goes to the door, and
 turns the key.

VALDEMAR
 (standing, returning)
 We want to know more about this
 Henrique Castro Ghirotti.

Elza says nothing and looks at the tape recorder running.

INSERT/QUICK & SILENT FLASHBACKK: (*in contrast to the deposition*)

INT. AIRPORT LOBBY. DAY

In the ARRIVALS gate at the Guararapes International Airport in Recife, Henrique Girotti is accompanied by his son Salvatore, jacket over his shoulder, small suitcase. We met them both before in the office in São Paulo.

Father and son smile as they see Armando/Marcelo, who is bearded.

CUT TO:

INT. SPECIAL LIVING ROOM. SÃO LUIZ CINEMA. NIGHT

ARMANDO/MARCELO

Let it out here, huh? Just let it go...

ELZA

Just tell me about this Henrique Ghirotti.

Armando lowers his eyes and his hand goes to the STOP button on the tape recorder - Presses STOP --. Elza and Valdemar watch the tape stop.

ARMANDO/MARCELO

...I'm not a violent man, but that guy, that Henrique Ghirotti, him I could kill with a hammer... I'd kill that guy with a hammer...

Elza listens, interested.

VALDEMAR

Do you carry a gun?

ARMANDO/MARCELO

No, but I know how to use a hammer...

Armando looks at the tape recorder and presses REC. The tape begins moving again. Elza fans herself due to the heat.

ELZA

(stands as she fans herself)

I need to use the restroom.

Now Elza herself reaches out her finger to press STOP on the tape recorder.

CUT TO:

AN UNEXPECTED CUT IN OUR STORY:

INT. DIGITALIZATION LAB. 2022

Another finger also presses STOP on another piece of equipment (but the same tape): An archivist with a COVID-19 face mask (headphones, glasses) in the year 2022 digitizes the same cassette using a TEAC tape deck connected to a laptop computer. Her cellphone sits at the table.

A small room with four stations and a large window on the 6th floor with a view to the city of São Paulo.

The archivist's name is JOSELICE. She's 24. She takes off her headphones and speaks to a colleague who's addressing her.

JOSELICE
(to her colleague)
I didn't hear you...

Her colleague - COVID face mask, also working on other tapes, asks:

ARCHIVIST 2
What date are you listening to?

Joselice looks at the handwritten tape case:

"ELZA - with 'Marcelo,' Feb 24, 77"

JOSELICE
"ELZA - with 'Marcelo.'" Marcelo's in quotes. February 24, 1977. I'm still listening. "Marcelo" is Armando, you know that, right?

ARCHIVIST 2
Ohhhh... I couldn't figure it out, he was Marcelo, then they said Armando... the fake name. You're figurin' it out, huh...

She uses the computer keyboard. She unpauses the tape by pressing the SPACEBAR:

VALDEMAR'S VOICE:

VALDEMAR (VO)
*"...need to know about Henrique
 Castro Ghirotti. How he's involved
 in all this..."*

SCREEN/MONITOR:

She HEARS a CLICK and then:

THE TAPE PLAYING:

ELZA
 (in the recording)
I need to use the restroom...
 CLICK.

STOP. ==> PLAY

JOSELICE
 (mumbling to herself)
 She stopped recording to take a
 leak...

She puts the sound back on the laptop, REW => PLAY
 (SPACEBAR), the sound of the CLICK...

CUT TO:

INT. SPECIAL LIVING ROOM. SÃO LUIZ CINEMA. NIGHT. 1977

She comes back from the restroom and presses REC:

ELZA
 (taking a seat)
 How did you meet Ghirotti?

ARMANDO/MARCELO
 (gathering his strength)
 ...He came to visit the
 university... As department head,
 I...

CUT TO:

INSERT/FLASHBACK/YEARS BEFORE...

INT. GUARARAPES AIRPORT. DAY

THE SAME SEQUENCE (but with greater detail):

(SILENT) Busy lobby, stands for Cruzeiro, Varig, Vasp, Transbrasil. Henrique and his son approach, Armando/Marcelo, bearded, greets them as host.

ARMANDO/MARCELO

(now in V.O.)

...I'd sometimes drive over from Campina Grande to pick up guests at the Recife airport. He was director of Eletrobrás, which is connected to the Ministry of Mines and Energy.

EXT. PARKING LOT/AIRPORT. DAY

(SILENT) Quick scene of the driver SALUSTIANO from university squatting, getting up quickly when the guests arrive with Armando/Marcelo at the university Jeep.

CUT TO:

INT. SPECIAL LIVING ROOM. SÃO LUIZ CINEMA. NIGHT

VALDEMAR

When was that?

ARMANDO/MARCELO

August '74.

ELZA

What was your first impression of him?

ARMANDO/MARCELO

Of Ghirotti? A piece o' shit.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR. DAY - FLASHBACK

(FLASHBACK WITH SOUND)

Armando sitting shotgun, Salustiano driving. In the back, Henrique and his son. No one wears a seat belt.

ARMANDO

(turning to talk to the men in the back seat)

I got back from my doctorate two years ago. Now I'm giving back to the university in research time.

HENRIQUE

Don't you consider working in the industry? Might be good for you, get your feet wet... With your CV...

CUT TO:

INT. SPECIAL LIVING ROOM. SÃO LUIZ CINEMA. NIGHT

Armando/Marcelo seems to remember something, a light smile...

ARMANDO/MARCELO

Just thinkin' o' him, it pains me to hear the carioca accent now.

VALDEMAR

Hm... He said "Get your feet wet"?

ARMANDO/MARCELO

Yeah... So when we got to the department in Campina Grande, everyone introduced themselves, we hosted the guy... Marcelo Vasconcelos, Luanda Azevedo, Sebastião Lacerda...

FLASHBACK

CUT TO:

EXT. FEDERAL UNIVERSITY OF PARAÍBA CAMPUS - CAMPINA GRANDE.
DAY

At the Dept. Of Electical Engineering at the Federal University of Paraíba, Armando introduces his research colleagues to the director of Eletrobrás and his son. There's a protocol--Henrique is wearing a suit and tie. A university photographer is at the meeting.

Visits to the research rooms, labs, and workshops.

ARMANDO

...We showed 'em the group from the Teaching School, sponsored by our Department--the school had free tuition...

INT. CLASSROOM. DAY

Young teenagers, long hair, afros, but also military-style buzz cuts. Public school uniforms, boys and girls, mostly serious-looking, racially diverse.

ARMANDO/MARCELO

(V.O.)

...we took 'em to the labs, talked about our research and our electric autonomy project, about the electric car, tanning leather, and I introduced our colleagues from the international partnership...

FLASHBACK/INT. ANOTHER UNIVERSITY ROOM. DAY

Henrique and his son are introduced to SUSAN (American) and SANJAY (British/Sikh/Indian), visiting researchers.

ARMANDO (CONT'D)

(Armando speaks fluent English with a British accent)

This is Dr. SUSAN Schaeffer from Leeds University, and SANJAY Jasleen from the Quebec École de Technologie.

Sanjay smiles politely.

SALVATORE

(butting in, smiling)

I'm the son of Henrique...

HENRIQUE

(pointing at SUSAN)

You British?

SUSAN

Uh... no, American. US of A!

SANJAY

(raising his hand, like a schoolboy in class)

I am British...

HENRIQUE

(surprised)

British?! No!?! - YES???

SANJAY

Yes... I am British...

SUSAN

(trying to patch things
up)

Uh... we all met in Leeds, England,
and here we are!

HENRIQUE

You should come to Rio, THE most
beautiful city in the world...

Armando looks on...

CUT TO:

INT. SPECIAL LIVING ROOM. SÃO LUIZ CINEMA. NIGHT

ARMANDO/MARCELO

Well... the next day, there was a
meeting before this guy left...

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK / INT. MEETING ROOM. DAY

A meeting room at the university, solid wood table, large
windows. Women, men, professors, researchers, department
heads, glasses of water, coffee, ashtrays, notepads and pens.
Armando looks none too please and his right hand has some
kind of bandage on it.

Everyone's listening to Henrique Castro Ghirotti, the
director of Eletrobrás, who is seated at the head of the
table, clearly in charge:

HENRIQUE

Good morning, everyone. Before I go
I'd like to have a word with you.
Thank you for being here.

(NOTE: HE LOOKS AT ARMANDO
BUT DOES NOT MENTION HIM)

Time is short, so I'll get right to
it... From Eletrobrás's point of
view, far from here in Paraíba,
this work that's bein' done here
needs - in my opinion - to be part
of a whole. I see you guys as a bit
loose, disconnected from us, down
south. And I want to focus some of
the research and decisions in Rio,
and avoid this thing that the North
does it one way and the South
another...

(MORE)

HENRIQUE (CONT'D)

I know you guys have this different accent, this way of doing things differently... I mean, here the department head wears a beard, huh, Armando!?

(NOTE: LOOKS AT ARMANDO)

Vive la difference...!

(laughter)

A few people laugh along timidly.

Armando looks upset.

HENRIQUE (CONT'D)

(continues)

But I meant to say I was surprised by some of the stuff here...

ARMANDO

(asking to interrupt while interrupting)

Excuse me, just to be clear, our projects are published in the official channels--there are no surprises here...

HENRIQUE

Allow me to finish... I meant "surprised," but in a good way as well--it's a compliment. This...

(checks his notes)

"leather tanning" technology, the one that measures the surface of the leather, is important for your local culture... goats, cows... in the Northeastern market, right? I like it... But I also think we better establish closer, more hierarchical connections, with us down South. This is a REGIONAL center, isn't it...? This is not a *NATIONAL* center, much less INTERNATIONAL.

The table listens, in silence.

HENRIQUE (CONT'D)

...The hierarchies are industry hierarchies. The electric car, for instance, which is one of the projects you presented, I mean, Armando's on this project... uh...

(MORE)

HENRIQUE (CONT'D)
 they're doing much more advanced
 research on that in Canada, we've
 even already acquired 12 prototypes
 from this Canadian group for
 Eletrobrás, and I ask myself -

NOTE: Henrique is playing the role of the fiscally
 responsible manager, and he seems to believe every word he
 says.

HENRIQUE (CONT'D)
 - if the taxpayers' money should be
 spent on this kind of project in
 the Northeast, when you have so
 many problems of your own to work
 on... Not to mention, competing
 with the "big boys'" projects out
 there.

CUT TO:

INT. SPECIAL LIVING ROOM. SÃO LUIZ CINEMA. NIGHT

ARMANDO/MARCELO
 This guy - *OF COURSE* - has
 personal investments in the
 Canadian project... and the
 research at CEPEL - CENTER FOR
 ELECTRICAL RESEARCH - in Campina
 Grande, my department - was hurting
 him, personally.

Elza and Valdemar listen attentively.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK / INT. MEETING ROOM. DAY

Like Elza and Valdemar, the reaction of everyone at the
 meeting listening to the director of Eletrobrás is silence.
 Luanda, a master's student and researcher in her 30s, asks to
 speak:

LUANDA
 (gaucho accent)
 Dr. Ghirotti, my name is Luanda
 Azevedo. I am a professor and
 researcher. I got my degree right
 here, at the Federal University of
 Rio Grande do Sul, and my master's
 right here.

(MORE)

LUANDA (CONT'D)

The projects here are supported by public research funds, some with independent foreign capital...

HENRIQUE

(cutting in)

Look! A *gaucha*! You're *gaucha*, ain't ya? - Maybe it's time we take a look at these funding criteria, especially the independent funding... what do you think?

Further silence. Luanda is perplexed.

INT. SPECIAL LIVING ROOM. SÃO LUIZ CINEMA. NIGHT

ARMANDO/MARCELO

Luanda was our teams' first loss...

Elza listens attentively.

INSERT/FLASHBACK

MEETING ROOM - UNIVERSITY

An older secretary puts a photo of Luanda up on the bulletin board, together with a postcard from SÃO PAULO - SP, with a stamp and the words "MISS YOU."

ARMANDO (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

...She went to work at the São Paulo subway where this Henrique was a member of the Technical Board.

INSERT/BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPH

A photograph of the construction of the São Paulo subway: a group of engineers in hardhats, new subway cars. Luanda and nearby Henrique Ghirotti, dress shirt, IN THE SAME PHOTO. Luanda is the only woman.

INT. SPECIAL LIVING ROOM. SÃO LUIZ CINEMA. NIGHT

ELZA

Did that happen to the whole team?

ARMANDO/MARCELO

(remembering)

In less than a year, the department was taken apart... The whole team's "feet got wet."

VALDEMAR

But couldn't that happen naturally due to market proposals?

ARMANDO/MARCELO

It could, but it didn't. He dried up our sources of funding, let the labs go to pot, at a public university...

(takes a deep breath)

Then came the made-up accusations against me.

(pause)

VALDEMAR

What about the Department Vice-Director, ANANIAS CALAZANS?

SILENT INSERT/FLASHBACK:

Marcelo remembers his colleague Ananias, seen at the meeting like someone watching a football game.

ARMANDO

(V.O.)

In three years, Ananias went from being a friend of mine to my rival. He shut his mouth like a coward, passed information on to Ghirotti, who ended up not inviting him to shit. He got fucked, the bastard
(slight rise in his mood)

Elza and Valdemar look at Armando, both in shock and admiration.

Armando/Marcelo goes on. He looks back at Elza and Valdemar. He remembers something:

SILENT INSERT/FLASHBACK:

INT. A REGIONAL RESTAURANT IN CAMPINA GRANDE. NIGHT

An image of FÁTIMA, in her 30s, sitting in a restaurant. A CLOSE UP shows her upset at something or someone OUT OF FRAME, tension at a dinner table. A long CLOSE UP of an important character, independent of her screen time.

Fátima is a woman with indigenous and White characteristics, with light brown skin and predominantly Black features.

(Still on the image of Fátima, the SOUNDS of a "KNOCK KNOCK" on the door to the apartment in the private area of the São Luiz Cinema.)

CUT TO:

INT. SPECIAL LIVING ROOM. SÃO LUIZ CINEMA. NIGHT

Valdemar rises to open the door. ALEXANDRE walks in. Marcelo sees his father-in-law as if he were an extension of the memory of Fátima.

ARMANDO/MARCELO
I don't want to talk about this any more.

ELZA
You wanna stop for today?

ARMANDO/MARCELO
For today??

Armando/Marcelo looks at ALEXANDRE, his father-in-law.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK...

INT. REGIONAL RESTAURANT IN CAMPINA GRANDE. NIGHT

The same shot as before, but Fátima is now looking at Armando, who is glaring and Henrique and Salvatore, both of whom are upset. They have just heard something they didn't like.

CUT TO:

INT. SPECIAL LIVING ROOM. SÃO LUIZ CINEMA. NIGHT

We're back on Armando/Marcelo, who says:

ARMANDO/MARCELO
 (looking at Alexandre)
 The night before the department
 meeting, we went to dinner with
 Ghirotti and his son, Fátima n'
 I...

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK...

INT. REGIONAL RESTAURANT IN CAMPINA GRANDE. NIGHT

It is clear we've just dropped right in the middle of a situation that's already in Armando's head. The atmosphere at the table is bad. Whisky for Henrique and his son, a daikiri for Fátima, and beer for Armando. Fátima gets up.

FÁTIMA
 (looking at all three)
 Excuse me.

Armando {REMINDER: with a beard} gets up halfway out of respect. Henrique and his son Salvatore make no motion, relaxed. Fátima leaves. Henrique leans towards Armando at the table.

HENRIQUE
 (tipsy from the whisky)
 Gorgeous woman you got there, holy
 shit. She work in a store?

Armando looks at Henrique.

ARMANDO
 I'm the head of the research center
 you came to visit with your son. I
 brought you to dinner, with my
 wife. She told you what she does--
 she's a teacher. Don't you
 disrespect me, you hear? As I just
 told you, I patented my research on
 the lithium battery last year. You
 should know--the patent is mine.

Henrique leans back, puts his napkin on the table and pushes his dirty plate away.

HENRIQUE
 (to his son, tipsy from
 the whisky, but looking
 at Armando)
 (MORE)

HENRIQUE (CONT'D)

My gut's never wrong. Guy uses the university to patent research. We gotta close these shitholes. Easy living on public money...

(throws his napkin on the table)

From the corner of his eye, Armando sees that Fátima hasn't gone to the restroom, she's taking some time away from the table, hands on her hips, back turned to them. He calls her:

ARMANDO

Fátima!

She turns, gestures to him: "Let's leave!"

ARMANDO (CONT'D)

(to Henrique)

(pushing his chair back)

Well, the hotel's right next door. The car'll come pick you up tomorrow at 8:30, the meeting's at 9. Dinner's paid for, but drinks are on you. I'm not payin' for your hangover.

HENRIQUE

(interrupting too loudly, tipsy on whisky)

...I knew I had to come to this shithole. My family's in engineering in São Paulo, a private company, lotta hard work. My father's an Italian *gaúcho*, from Genoa. You don't know who yer messin' with, boy. Communist bastard...

ARMANDO/MARCELO

I'm not a communist; I'm 43 years old and I'm no boy--you better show me some respect.

Fátima comes back. She senses the tension and does not sit down.

Henrique is glaring hatefully.

FÁTIMA

(calmly, but shaken, in a Pernambuco accent)

I just wanted to say that I put up with this dinner tonight out of respect for Armando.

(MORE)

FÁTIMA (CONT'D)

I was going to the restroom just now, but gave up. I just needed to get away from the table.

She picks up her purse, hanging on the back of her chair.

FÁTIMA (CONT'D)

You two disrespected us, a father and his son, to boot. I love my father. He's been working since he was 9... Now that's a real man, y'hear, like my husband here, this one's a real man...

(looking at Armando)

You were rude to me, to Armando, to the work done at the university. Shame on you. And to top it off, you're fucking drunk.

Salvatore gets up and walks towards Armando. This quiet, inexpressive boy, always in his father's shadow, seems to develop a new personality, now that he's drunk. He approaches Armando...

The waiter looks on from a distance, worried...

SALVATORE

I got up to tell you everyone's gotta know their place, you understand?

ARMANDO

You better sit down. I'm leaving...

Salvatore presses his index finger against Armando's chest. Armando presses his own index finger right back.

FÁTIMA

Armando, let's go...

The waiter keeping an eye on the developing situation draws near...

WAITER

Armando, sir...

SALVATORE

You gotta know your place...

Armando pushes Salvatore and punches him right in the mouth. Henrique Ghirotti's son falls to the ground on his ass.

Fátima pulls Armando away. The waiter helps him out as well. The punch has left a small cut on Armando's right hand.

Henrique watches.

CUT TO:

INT. SPECIAL LIVING ROOM. SÃO LUIZ CINEMA. NIGHT

Armando looks at the tape recorder, which is still recording.
He looks at ALEXANDRE.

ARMANDO/MARCELO

The last time I had punched someone
was in high school, '52 or '53.

ELZA

And they still had the meeting the
next day?

ARMANDO

Yep, with that vibe.

Alexandre is focused on one part of what Armando said:

ALEXANDRE

Fátima said that about me...?

ARMANDO/MARCELO

About you? Yes, she did.

Elza shifts in her seat on the sofa.

ELZA

Thank you, Armando.

Elza makes like she's going to turn off the recorder, but
leaves it running.

ELZA (CONT'D)

I've got one thing I need to say.
Part of this job we do is to give
you information too... and protect
you...

CUT TO:

INT. DIGITIZATION LAB/2022. DAY

Zoom ==> CLOSE UP... In 2022, Joselice, the archivist in the
mask, listens, hoping the recording will NOT stop...

... PLAY - THE TAPE RUNNING...

CUT TO:

INT. SPECIAL LIVING ROOM. SÃO LUIZ CINEMA. NIGHT. 1977

Armando/Marcelo and ALEXANDRE listen closely.

ELZA

Information has come through...
that two guys have been sent to
Recife to find you.

ARMANDO/MARCELO

Find me?

ELZA

Yes... it's not good news... They
work as a pair; they're from São
Paulo.

INSERT-SILENT/DURING ELZA'S SPEECH:

INT. SANTA CRUZ BAKERY. NIGHT

**AUGUSTO and BOBBI - WHO ARRIVED BY PLANE - have a snack at
the counter of the Santa Cruz Bakery in Recife. Cars drive by
behind them.**

ELZA (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

The older man is called Augusto
Borba. He's been discharged from
the military since 1970. Not even
this shitty army wanted this guy
anymore... he's a degenerate. The
younger one, "Bobbi," is his
stepson... They say Augusto, his
stepfather, killed Bobbi's mother,
and now they work together. They
like to get jobs here in the
Northeast. They think it's no-
man's-land...

CUT TO:

INT. SPECIAL LIVING ROOM. SÃO LUIZ CINEMA. NIGHT

ARMANDO/MARCELO

There are killers after me?

ELZA

Yes...

ARMANDO/MARCELO

And how do you know this?

ELZA

A contact of ours. The hit was commissioned in São Paulo. Bobbi blabbed.

VALDEMAR

We've got to be careful.

ALEXANDRE

Did Ghirotti order this?

RIGHT THEN ♪ "TRILHA DE SUMÉ" ♪ by Lula Côrtes and Zé Ramalho - (1975 recording) on the soundtrack.

ELZA

We don't know, but that's the situation.

ALEXANDRE

(frightened)

Son, get outta here...

ARMANDO/MARCELO

I will, but on my terms. And I gotta protect my son...

Armando/Marcelo looks at Alexandre. His expression is not one of someone afraid, but someone who's facing a challenge.

♪ "TRILHA DE SUMÉ" ♪ CONTINUES PLAYING...

CUT TO:

INT. ALEXANDRE'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM. NIGHT



Fernando's face. Armando/Marcelo's son.

At his grandparents' house, at the dining room table, Fernando uses tracing paper to draw a shark from an encyclopedia.

♪♪ "TRILHA DE SUMÉ" ♪♪ CONTINUES...

CUT TO:



GROUND FLOOR/MAIN ROOM. SÃO LUIZ CINEMA. NIGHT

Alexandre - accompanied by Armando - in the hall that leads to the São Luiz Cinema main auditorium. A flow of people are entering the session that's about to begin.

♪♪ "TRILHA DE SUMÉ" ♪♪ CONTINUES...

Walking behind the audience, Armando/Marcelo looks at the screen out of the corner of his eye.

The trailer to *Le Magnifique* (Philippe de Broca, 1973) is playing...

The words in French in RED (with white Portuguese subtitles): "Comment Détruire la Réputation du Plus Célèbre Agent Secret du Monde" (*How do Destroy the Reputation of the Most Famous Secret Agent in the World*). Jean Paul Belmondo in action scenes...



agent



secret



**jean-paul
belmondo**

Alexandre takes his son-in-law to another curtain under an EXIT sign with in red light.

They walk down a short hallway and open a gate that leads to a side street, quite busy. DRAMATIC SHIFT IN REALITY AND SOUND Cinema ==> Street.

The end of a *Carnaval* street party moves down the sidewalk with a "La Ursa" (the bear costume character Armando/Marcelo had an encounter with on the road, in the beginning of our story). This adds to the noise of the traffic and the outside world. Everything together almost drowns out ♪ TRILHA DE SUMÉ ♪ ..., which is still playing...

CUT TO:

INT. FORENSIC INSTITUTE/HALLWAY. NIGHT

(TRILHA DE SUMÉ continues...)

TRACKING SHOT ==> a sequence of short, succinct shots take us to Recife's City Morgue.

It is well-lit with fluorescent lights...



Euclides's sons - Miguel and Arlindo - walk down the hallway at the Morgue/Forensic Institute. They walk by dozens of covered bodies, lined up on the floor in trays or black bags. A result of overcrowding due to *Carnaval*.

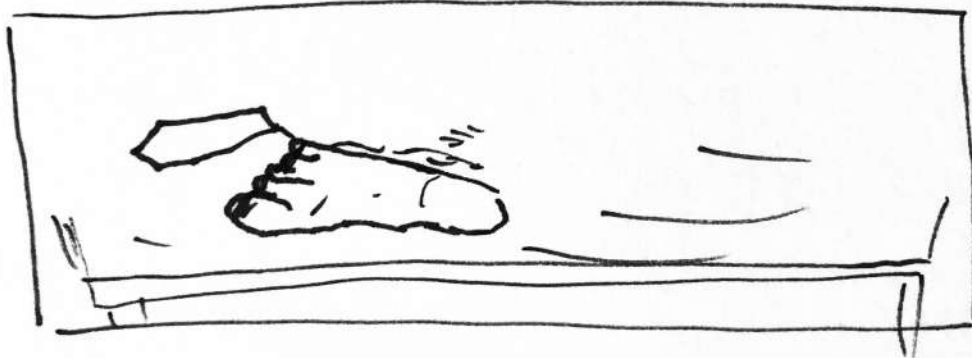
Arlindo carries something rolled up in a cloth sugar bag...

TRILHA DE SUMÉ continues...

CUT TO:

INT. FORENSIC INSTITUTE/REFRIGERATED ROOM. NIGHT

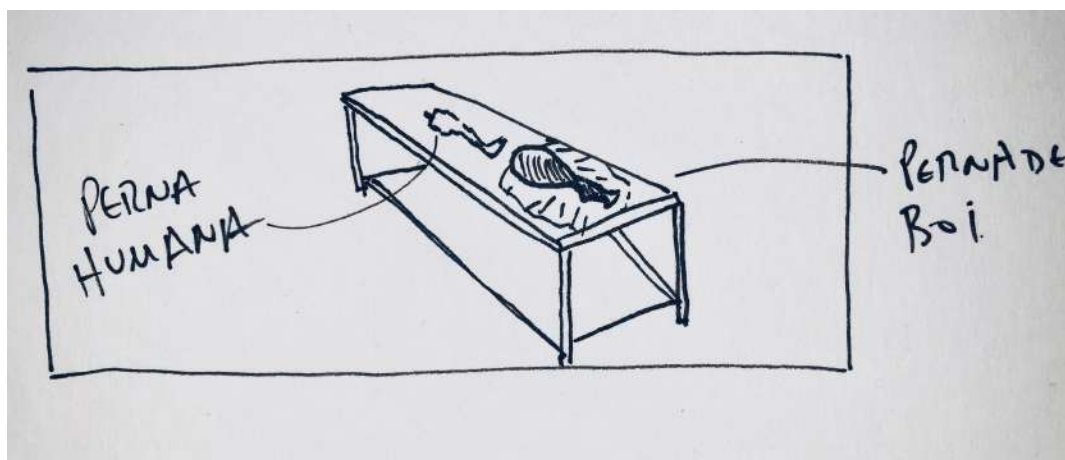
A refrigerated drawer is pulled out with the LEG found inside the shark at the university.



A paper label with a rubber band is attached to what's left of a toe. A PAN left <=====

TRILHA DE SUMÉ continues...

Arlindo and Miguel approach, carefully looking around, and put the package next to the human leg, in the drawer. Miguel stuffs some folded cash into the coroner's front pocket as they remove from the bag *THE BACK LEG OF A BULL*. The coroner looks around, tense.



Arlindo turns around and becomes security for this transaction. At the other end of the room, two people recognize a corpse, assisted by another employee.

On this side, the exchange is quick, the label is already on the bull's leg...

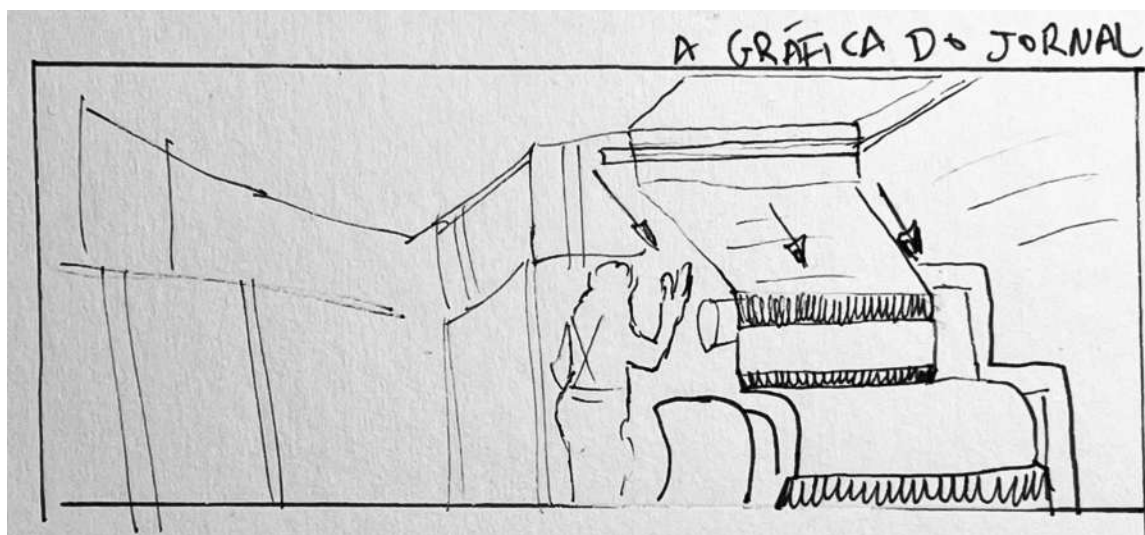


(TRILHA DE SUMÉ continues...)

Miguel and Arlindo walk away with the human leg in the sugar bag. The coroner closes the drawer with the labeled bull's leg...

INT. NEWSPAPER PRINT SHOP. NIGHT

In the dead of night, the city's stories are printed in the newspaper print shops on large machines.



A print technician with mufflers opens a section to check the print:

"Hairy Leg ATTACKS ONCE AGAIN"

Subtitle: "It's Hit & Run in the Dead of Night"

CUT TO:

EXT. FORENSIC INSTITUTE PARKING LOT. NIGHT

The human leg in the bag brought by the brothers, in the Police van. As LUCIO, the driver, turns the motor, Euclides (shotgun) looks back.

Miguel and Arlindo get in. Mateus holds the bag out of the car through the open window, to avoid the stench. Lucio, Miguel, and Euclides open their windows. Lucio puts a handkerchief to his face.



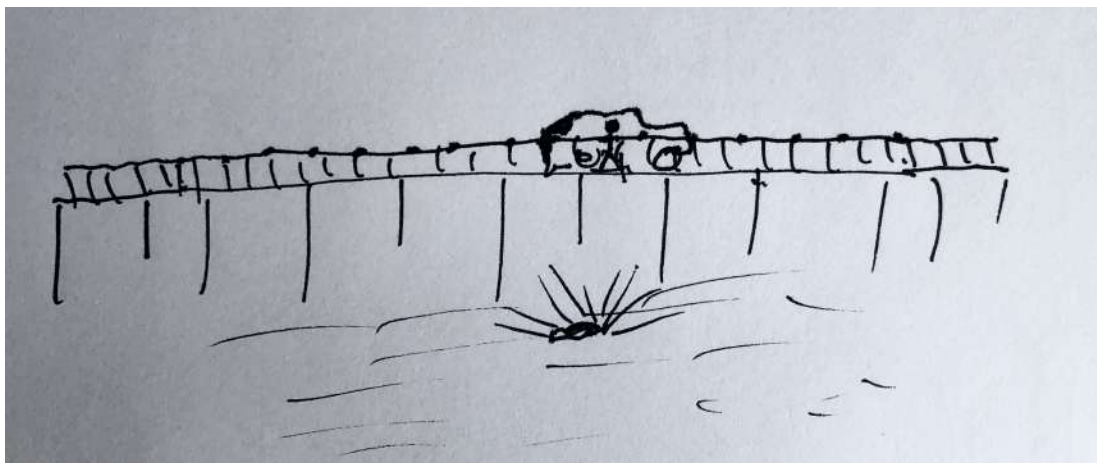
(*TRILHA DE SUMÉ* continues...)

CUT TO:

EXT. 6 DE MARÇO BRIDGE. NIGHT

The van drives onto the Old Bridge (6 de Março bridge), illuminated by oil lamps, over the Capibaribe River.

Right in the middle of the bridge, the van comes to a stop. Arlindo opens the door, gets out of the car carrying the leg in the bag, throws it in the river without a second thought.



CUT TO:

INT. SANTA CRUZ BAKERY. NIGHT

We're back to Augusto and Bobbi at the bakery, SAME SHOT AS BEFORE during the deposition with Elza. They finish eating.

In the background, a noisy bus drives by.

(*END* ♪ TRILHA DE SUMÉ ♪ *END*)

Bobbi gets up, still chewing.

BOBBI
Gon' call that number.

STILL CAMERA ==> TRACKING SHOT ==>. Augusto nods. Bobbi walks to the payphone on the wall, near the cashier, puts in a token and dials...

CUT TO:

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE. SÃO LUIZ CINEMA. NIGHT

LINDALVA, São Luiz Cinema's assistant manager, is in the office, spreadsheets on the table, acrylic signs with film classifications (G, AGE 10, AGE 14, AGE 16, AGE 18, COMING SOON, NEXT, TODAY) hanging on the wall behind.

She answers. The difference between their accents regional is evident. (Lindalva from Pernambuco, Bobbi from the south.)

LINDALVA
São Luiz Cinema, good ev'nin'.

CUT TO:

INT. SANTA CRUZ BAKERY. NIGHT

BOBBI
Good evening. Could I please speak
to Alexandre?

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE. SÃO LUIZ CINEMA. NIGHT

LINDALVA
Just a second, I'll transfer to the
projection room.

CUT TO:

INT. SÃO LUIZ CINEMA PROJECTION ROOM. NIGHT

Severino, Alexandre's coworker, is in the projection room keeping an eye on the movie. A 10-year-old boy (his son), still wearing his school uniform, sleeps on an old red cinema chair with its stuffing coming out.

The room's INTERCOM rings. Severino answers, keeping his eye on the movie.

SEVERINO
Hello!

CUT TO:

INT. SANTA CRUZ BAKERY. NIGHT

BOBBI
Yes, Alexandre, please?

SEVERINO
He got off early today. Who's
speaking, please?

BOBBI
(V.O.)
Just checking, that's Alexandre de
Jesus do Nascimento, right?

SEVERINO
(suspicious)
Man, I ain't sure 'bout that...
Dontcha wanna leave your name? I'll
give him a mess...
- CALL ENDS

INT. SANTA CRUZ BAKERY. NIGHT

BOBBI puts the receiver on its hook.

CUT TO:

INT. SÃO LUIZ CINEMA PROJECTION ROOM. NIGHT

SEVERINO

Hello...?

CUT TO:

INT. SANTA CRUZ BAKERY. NIGHT

BOBBI walks back to Augusto, who pushes his plate across the counter.

BOBBI

Looks like the father-in-law works
at this cinema, not the other one.

Right then, the police van carrying Euclides, Miguel, and
Arlindo pulls over just behind Augusto and Bobbi, who turn to
look. Euclides yells from inside the van:

EUCLIDES

My man, my man!!!

Augusto turns and puts on a leather northeastern (local)
cowboy hat he had bought that day.

EUCLIDES (CONT'D)

(seeing his hat)

Look at that hat! A real man's hat!

Augusto and BOBBI leave their plates on the bakery counter
and get in the van. Old friends reuniting.

AUGUSTO

My colonel is punctual! Good thing,
man! Look at the hat I got in your
honor!

(tips his cowboy hat)

EXT. POLICE VAN WINDSHIELD. NIGHT

Euclides is shotgun, Arlindo sitting between him & the
driver. In the backseat ==> Miguel, Augusto, and BOBBI
squeeze into the police van...

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

They close the door and the car takes off, a ZOOM =====>>>
 FOCUSES on the back of the van...

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE VAN WINDSHIELD. NIGHT

EUCLIDES
 Colonel? Hell, look who's talkin',
 cap'n!

RIGHT THEN, the police radio blares LOUD and Euclides turns
 it down.

EUCLIDES (CONT'D)
 Whoa...
 (turns down the volume)

AUGUSTO
 Captain my ass, sub-captain, and
 damn proud of the fatigues I wore.
 May I present my stepson, "BOBBI"--
 Abdias on his birth certificate.

EUCLIDES
 Whoa, big guy! Happy to meet you,
 Abdias. You a good shot?

AUGUSTO
 Boy, is he...

BOBBI
 I prefer "BOBBI," Mr. Euclides,
 sir!

EUCLIDES
 (half serious, half
 joking)
Not "Euclides sir"--I ain't no
 stall owner, y'hear? "Doc" is
 better, ok? Man, guy works for
 years to get to - when he's old -
 be called "sir." N' how 'bout
 "BOBBI"--is that a man's name?
 Didn't they have a man's name for
 ya?

BOBBI
"DOCTOR Euclides"... got it!

AUGUSTO

He's a mean one, son, so don't go callin' him "sir," got it? You been warned.

EUCLIDES

(turning back)

Look here, Augusto. Miguel's our son, and Arlindo I took him off the streets. You'd met them, already, right?

AUGUSTO

I met 'em last time. How you guys doin'...?

MIGUEL

All good. You guys here on business?

EUCLIDES

DAMN, Miguel! Don't ask that! Let's not mix business n' pleasure, huh?

MIGUEL

Got it!

EUCLIDES

Carnaval was the huge, almost 100 left for better pastures. Let's go see if the party's still going!

AUGUSTO

Di'n't I see that in the papers? Ya e'en had legs swallowed by sharks!

Arlindo and Miguel, each in their own way, look out of the car through their windows.

AUGUSTO (CONT'D)

Speakin' of, where're we going?

EUCLIDES

Oh I gotta introduce you to a great character.

AUGUSTO

Well, I'm jus' along for the ride today. No "fireworks" for me, no sir.

Augusto looks curious about one detail, and he's not sure how to ask.

AUGUSTO (CONT'D)
And... how's this gonna go down?

ARLINDO
Got it all set up, sub-captain
Augusto!

AUGUSTO
Oh Yeah?

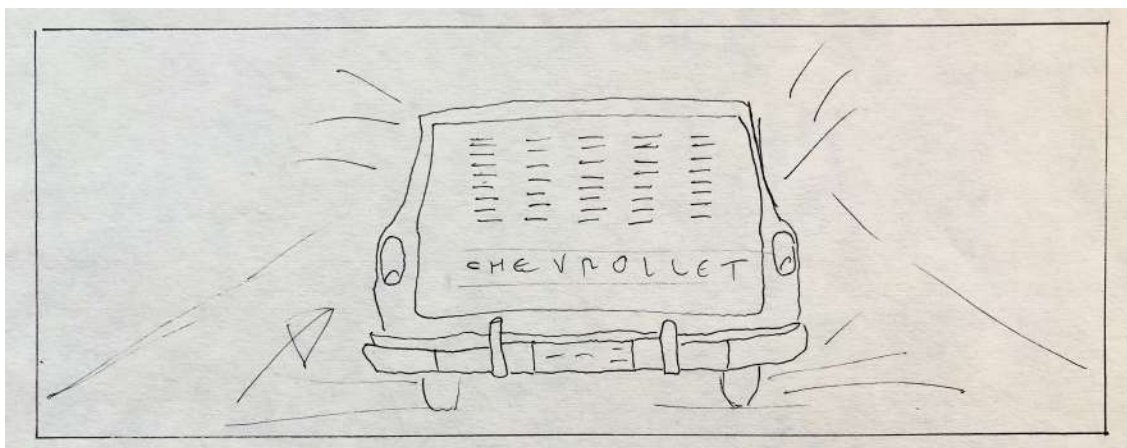
EUCLIDES
Uh... yeah! There's a "157" and
another "157" with a "213" back
there.
(points with his thumb at
the back of the van)

Augusto and Bobbi turn their head back instinctively.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET/CAMERA-CAR. NIGHT

A somewhat frightening SHOT of the police van driving down the Recife streets, shot from behind. The noise of its heavy chassis, the creaking suspension as the van hits potholes, the motor...



We hear voices from inside the van.

AUGUSTO
(V.O.)
Back here, now? "157" and "213"?
Holy shit!
(now angry)

BOBBI
(V.O.)
"213" is...

MIGUEL
(V.O.)
It's... rape, "213." And "157" is
theft-murder. Jus' good kids...

A noise comes from inside the back of the van:

"TUFF TUFF TUFF..."

We start to hear muffled voices from the back of the van. A gradual ZOOM =====> towards the van:

They're knocking on the metal, from inside. TUFF TUFF TUFF...

A subtle crescendo of quiet music which BUILDS to the next CUT... =====>|

CUT TO:

INT. TAILOR'S SHOP. NIGHT

A classic tailor's shop in downtown Recife. HANS, in his 70s, German, measuring tape draped around his neck, examines two types of cloth brought by an employee. They're working late at the store.

HANS
(heavy German accent)
It's the other blue, the turquoise.

ANTONIO, in his 40s, Black, Hans's work and life partner, calls him:

ANTONIO
HANS! Sheriff Euclides is here!

Hans, who is Jewish, immediately hides the Menorah on the bookcase and seems reluctant to receive Euclides and his friends.

HANS
Sagen, ich bin es nicht! {"Say I'm
not in!"}

ANTONIO
Sind schon da... {"They're already
here..."}

Euclides' presence takes over the space.

EUCLIDES

HANS!! My German friend! I brought
some friends to meet ya!

HANS

(dignified and polite)
Good evening.

EUCLIDES

Augusto, this is Hans, he was a
German soldier during the war--that
one there's got stories to tell,
y'hear?

Hans can't help himself and rolls his eyes.

AUGUSTO

Hey, my good man.

HANS

I have no stories to tell, and
don't want to talk about war...

Euclides touches Hans' shoulder and asks:

EUCLIDES

Hans! The great tailor! Show us
your scars!

Hans stops Euclides's hand on his shoulder, demanding respect
with his eyes. Antonio looks on from a distance, with some
concern.

HANS

Not today, OK? Tired...

EUCLIDES

C'mon, old man, I brought some
friends from outta town, I have
nuthin' but respect for the German
Soldier! My friend here too.

Antonio speaks to Hans from some feet away.

ANTONIO

Meine Liebe, du musst das nicht
durchmachen... {My dear, you don't
have to put yourself through
this...}

Antonio speaking German catches everybody's attention.

ARLINDO

Look at the darkie speakin' German!
Holy shit!

EUCLIDES

(like a father to his son)
Don't talk like that...

Hans listens. Euclides looks at Hans' shorts.

EUCLIDES (CONT'D)

Show us the bullet holes in yer'
legs, then. Yer' already wearing'
bermuda shorts, right?

HANS

No, this is not good, da?

Antonio intervenes.

ANTONIO

Doctor Euclides, we appreciate the
work you do around here, but Hans
has had a day...

EUCLIDES

(broaching no argument)
Lemme talk to Hans, big guy... I
just wanna see the scars.

MIGUEL

Daddy, he doesn't want to.

Euclides looks at Augusto and brings two fingers together to
insinuate that Hans and Antonio are a couple.

EUCLIDES

(speaking quietly, but
loud enough for Hans to
hear)
These two, y'know... but good
people...

An older woman who works in Hans's tailor's shop has no idea
what's going on. Hans lifts his leg and rests it on a chair,
pointing at his leg. Euclides smiles broadly.

EUCLIDES (CONT'D)

There we go! Thanks, buddy!

AUGUSTO

(taking a closer look)
Germany?

HANS

Belgium.

The men approach... Six clear scars.

AUGUSTO

(like a detective)

That's a lotta bullets!

MIGUEL

It's war, ain't it?

As he shows his scars like a circus freak, even switching legs, Hans speaks to Antonio in German.

HANS

Ich passe nur wege dir auf. Dieser Schwachkopf schützt Sie and uns. **{I only give in because of you. This asshole protects you, both of us.}**

ANTONIO

Und er versteht immer noch nicht, dass du Jude biest. **{And he still doesn't get that you're a Jew.}**

Hans finally unbuttons his shirt, showing traumatic chest scars.

From Hans's chest, a PAN to the window...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

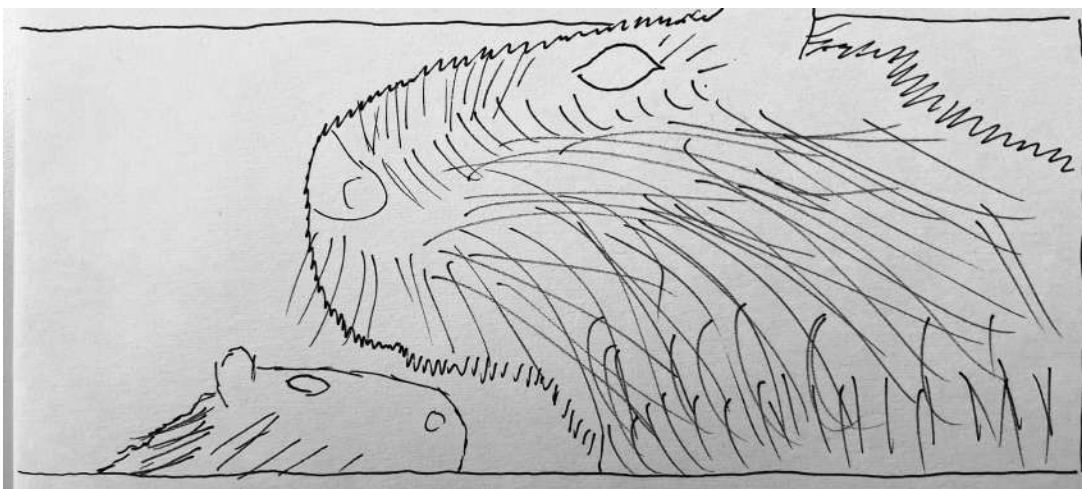
Another PAN shows us the police van parked on the street as we DISSOLVE closer to the vehicle, a thumping noise still coming from inside it. - TUF TUF TUF. The Driver Lucio walks over and bangs violently on the chassis with his hand...

The music from the previous sequence punctuates the image, and a CRESCENDO takes us to the next cut:

CUT TO:

A change in focus and atmosphere, sound and image in our film...

EXT. 13 DE MAIO PARK. NIGHT



A family of capybaras roams calmly through the trees, at night, in the 13 de Maio park in downtown Recife. An image out of a fairy tale...

A DISSOLVE...

Slowly, just ahead, a sex free-for-all, some spots of public lighting. An erotic fairy tale.



Trees, grass, men, women, couples, threesomes, etc. Sex in public places...

On a park bench, two men are seated, looking at each other. They start to touch and make out...

A woman's voice NARRATES, OFF-SCREEN, reading aloud over the images we're seeing. It's Teresa Vitória's voice:

TERESA VITORIA

(Angolan accent)

"Pedro Jorge do Nascimento, a 23-year-old student who lives in Madalena... was walking through the 13 de Maio Park - at night - with his friend Alexandrino Borges, a 32-year-old **prosthodontist** from Olinda, when they were suprised by a moving shadow that jumped towards them and proceeded to kick them..."



CUT TO:

INT. SEBASTIANA'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

Teresa Vitória, standing, eyes focused on the newspaper in her hand, glass of beer in the other, reading out loud. We're in Sebastiana's living room, where a small celebration is taking place. Débora, Claudia's daughter, is playing on the floor.

"Liza and Elis" is sitting listening. Two of the building's dogs have free access to the room.

TERESA VITORIA

(asking her friends)

Who wrote this?!

(looking at Antonio, her partner)

"The Phantom Leg is already a police issue - The Leg attacks passersby in 13 de Maio park..." Is this for real?

CLAUDIA
That's satire, Teresa Vitória!

TERESA VITORIA
(comically confused)
But it's in the newspaper, as a
piece of news...

GERALDO, in his 70s, Sebastiana's friend, sitting with a
glass of beer, says:

GERALDO
This "Hairy Leg" is all the rage in
Casa Amarela!

Sebastiana brings more booze from the kitchen.

Armando/Marcelo walks in from the stairs, the front door open.

ARMANDO/MARCELO
Good evening...

SEBASTIANA
Oh, good that you came! Welcome!

He quickly takes a glass of *cachaça*.

CLAUDIA
Teresa, read that part 'bout the
attack. It's great.

TERESA VITORIA
You've read it?

CLAUDIA
Yeah, but I like hearin' it in your
voice...

Teresa lowers her eyes to the newspaper:

CUT TO:

(AS IF WE WERE NOW PART OF A HORROR FILM, in sound and image)

EXT. 13 DE MAIO PARK. NIGHT

The two men (one in his 20s, the other in his 40s) on the
park bench are making out.

SUDDENLY A SHADOW PASSES BY...

Something is preying on the couple from behind the bushes.

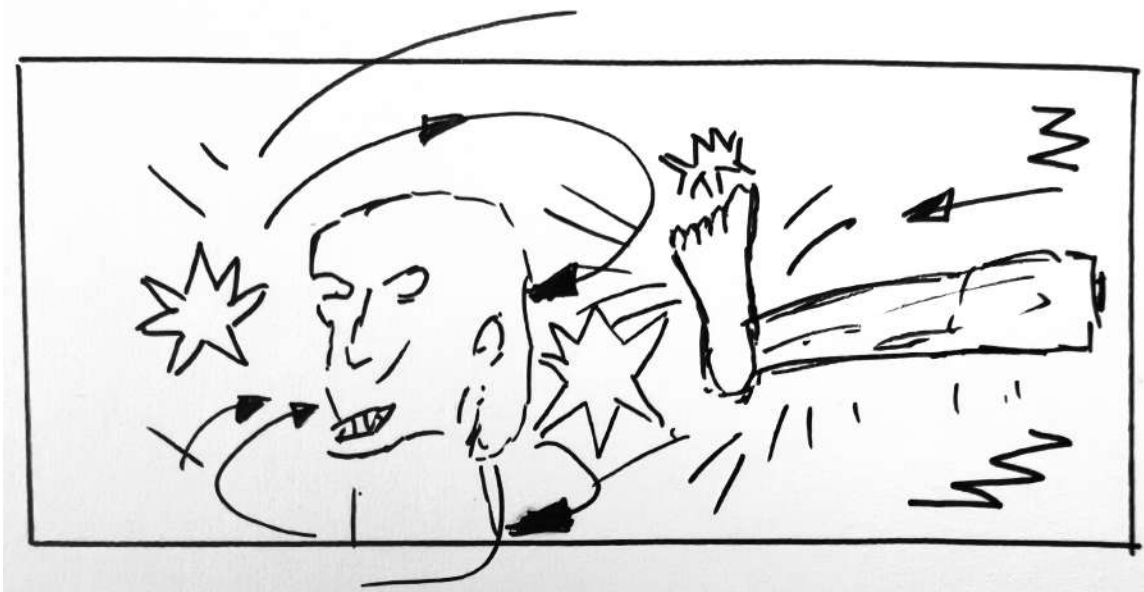
SLASHER MOVIE POV (*SUPER-WIDE ANGLE "HAIRY-LEG-SCOPE").

TERESA VITORIA

(V.O.)

This part... *"The terrifying phantom leg approached Pedro and Alexandrino, hiding in the shadows of the night..."* CHOO CHOO CHOO...

The Hairy Leg approaches quickly with the noise of a single leg - CHOO CHOO CHOO bouncing to attack: a single leg jumping like a kangaroo...



TERESA VITORIA (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

"...the leg kicked them violently, hitting the two friends on the chest, head, and rear... They received medical care at the Restoration Hospital..." - but this is highly unusual - "...The Hairy Leg measures three to four feet..."

SOUND: Teresa Vitória's laughter over images of the attack, like an incredulous viewer of a "B" movie:

CUT TO:

INT. SEBASTIANA'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

TERESA VITORIA
It's mind-boggling! It's not
presented as a literary tale in the
paper...
(smiles slyly)

Harold changes position on the sofa, interested in the story.
He's smoking.

HAROLDO
Teresa! Go on...

She looks at her friends and, like someone ending a show,
lowers her paper.

TERESA VITORIA
"...and hangs from trees and
rooftops..." Would you listen to
that...

Armando/Marcelo finds this funny. Haroldo pretends to
applaud. Claudia watches, in the living room. Clóvis, the
boy, is sitting on the couch like a future adult. Next to
him, the older man.

SEBASTIANA
Help me with the sink, Clóvis.

He gets up and goes to the kitchen.

TERESA VITORIA
(pondering)
I don't like Recife. I have not
been treated well here. But this is
a peculiar city. "The Hairy Leg"
which bounces on its own would be a
hit in Luanda...

Teresa Vitória seems to have switched into "lecture" mode...
She's feeling happy, confident.

TERESA VITORIA (CONT'D)
Well, see, Marcelo
(indicating
Armando/Marcelo)
Marcelo is your name, is it not?

Armando/Marcelo nods unconvincingly. Teresa Vitória does not
fail to notice this.

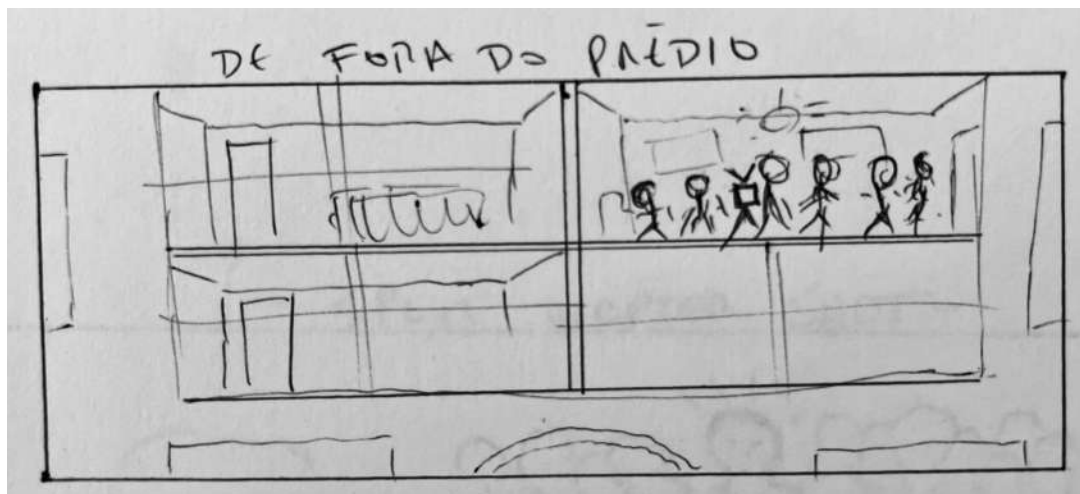
Armando/Marcelo takes another glass of *cachaça* from
Sebastiana's tray and drains it elegantly.

ARMANDO/MARCELO

My name is Armando, but you can
call me Marcelo as well.

Reaction shots from those in the room. Claudia smiles slightly, Haroldo stares. Sebastiana is taken aback. Sebastiana's older friend takes a drink from his glass. Teresa Vitória looks at her husband.

CUT TO:



EXT. FAÇADE. NIGHT

An external shot of the building's façade, with everyone still reeling after Armando's revelation.

CUT TO:

And we're back in the room:

SEBASTIANA

(taking over)

The names are for your safety, a
request from Elza. But it ain't
easy, huh, being called someone
else's name?

Antonio looks at Teresa and seems to ask her, with his eyes and a slight shake of his head, not to say.

TERESA VITORIA

(looking at Antonio)

I'd rather not reveal my true name,
but "Teresa Vitória" is from a dear
aunt of mine. I always wanted to be
"Teresa Vitória"...

Claudia observes all this with a sad look... Clóvis observes, completely lost.

CLÓVIS
(he scans the room)
Er... my name's Clóvis...

Some of them chuckle. Sebastiana puts her hand on his shoulder.

HAROLDO
I wish I had your courage. But I
guess it's not easy to have your
life threatened.

Armando/Marcelo listens.

ARMANDO/MARCELO
There's people out to kill me too!
I just heard...

Claudia listens...

A BEAT

CLAUDIA
(raising her head)
Same with me...

Clóvis listens. Sebastiana kicks into high gear.

SEBASTIANA
Let's put on some music!

She walks over to the record player.

ARMANDO/MARCELO
I don't mean to bum anybody out, my
friends. But you gotta know what's
goin' on. I have a son, and I want
to live. And this too shall pass,
right?

CLAUDIA
I've got my daughter as well. This
shall pass.

TERESA VITORIA
What I said about Recife does not
apply to what I experienced living
here... with some of you. In Angola
I managed to piss off both sides,
so finding that balance here was
very important.
(MORE)

TERESA VITORIA (CONT'D)
 And now, we're leaving on a plane
 that's not flying the Portuguese
 flag, which is so damn important.
 (to Sebastiana)
 Sebastiana, there's no one like
 you. Thank you so much. I, with
 Antonio, are also running for our
 lives.

Antonio says:

ANTONIO
 It was no longer just a threat.
 There was an assassination attempt,
 which didn't work.

TERESA VITORIA
 Let's not talk about that here...

Armando/Marcelo listens attentively.

SEBASTIANA
 Lemme say something.

She puts a record on the record player: *Filho Único* ("Only
 Child") by Erasmo Carlos starts to play.

She looks at Haroldo, Armando/Marcelo, and Claudia.

SEBASTIANA (CONT'D)
 My niece Geisa used to like Erasmo
 Carlos... Likes...

Claudia looks at Armando/Marcelo.

Filho Único plays at medium volume.

SEBASTIANA (CONT'D)
 (comes closer, carrying
 her beer)
 Lemme tell y'all 'bout my little
 museum here... here in the corner,
 no one e'en notices.

A PAN ==> and the camera focuses on a little modest photo
 exhibit, just above a table with assorted knick-knacks.

SEBASTIANA (CONT'D)
 This here's Geisa...
 (a child of 10 at the
 beach)
 ...and here she is, all grown up...
 (pause)

Next to the pictures on the wall, a white metal sign with the word "SASSUOLO" in blue, with two little flags--Brazilian and Italian. It's all heart-warming. There are old photos of a woman with a man.

Armando/Marcelo comes closer.

ARMANDO/MARCELO

Is this you here?

SEBASTIANA

Sure, in Italy, with my partner at the time, Andrea. In Sassuolo.

ARMANDO/MARCELO

You lived in Italy?

SEBASTIANA

Seven years.

ARMANDO/MARCELO

When?

SEBASTIANA

Oh, golly, '38 to '46, came back when the war ended. That's what I'm trying to tell you...

Armando/Marcelo gives Sebastiana *A LOOK*, one which indicates he got the message.

CLAUDIA

Gosh, you never told me.

SEBASTIANA

You never asked! I spent the war in Italy. I went to study music, then things kept gettin' worse, n' I jus' stayed; I couldn't get back. There I was a communist, later I was an anrachist... or the other way 'round... I saw some things I'll never forget, that I'll carry with me to my grave.

(pause)

...I also did three things that I won't talk about, but I did 'em.

The atmosphere in the room is emotional...

SEBASTIANA (CONT'D)

Time goes by, and I came back to Brazil and became a public servant in this fucking military government. Jus' sad, y'know? But life goes on, and I wanna say you guys have made me happy, just keep that in mind... This shit will pass, y'hear? A toast to everyone here, to my dear departed Andrea (turns to the photographs, emotional)
to my friend Geraldo--life's got its bad stuff, but it's got good too. To this woman whom I call Teresa Vitória, who's going to Sweden with Antonio, to Marcelo who is Armando, to Claudia who's Claudia and to Debora who is Debora, who I'm sure will grow up in a much better version of this country. A toast to Haroldo who's not Haroldo!

Filho Único continues...

They all toast.

We cut to a close up of Armando...

FADE OUT ==>

FADE IN ==>



INT. SUGAR WAREHOUSE. DAY

In a warehouse at the Recife port, a mountain of sugar.

A Brazilian made FNM truck is being loaded by 100-pound bags of sugar by shirtless stevedores, wearing boots and shorts. One of them can't be older than 14.



The camera picks out VILMAR, late 30s to early 40s - a strong man, serious face. We're on him now. Vilmar sees something and stops...

Augusto, Bobbi and IRINEU (a local contact) walk towards him, inside the warehouse.

Vilmar lays the bag of sugar on the back of the truck; a colleague on the truck bed pulls it further in. Vilmar walks, looking steadily, in a TRACKING SHOT. He approaches Augusto, Bobbi, and Irineu...

From a distance, the warehouse overseer, in his 40s, watches Vilmar.

IRINEU
(still walking)
Vilmar, they wanna talk to you, Mr.
Augusto and Mr. Bobbi.

AUGUSTO
Mornin'...

VILMAR
Mornin'.

Irineu lights a cigarette with a match... and walks away, leaving the three of them to talk business alone.

NOTA: Vilmar has an unusual expression on his face, especially as he hides what it is that's going on in there.

AUGUSTO
Irineu tells me you're "the Man."

VILMAR
Well, I dunno 'bout that...

AUGUSTO
Got a job, here in Recife.

VILMAR
Po' folk or fancy folk?

Augusto hands Vilmar the picture of a bearded Armando Henrique Ghirotti gave him in his office, in São Paulo.

Bobbi watches Augusto conduct the negotiation.

Vilmar scans the picture and evaluates what he sees.

VILMAR (CONT'D)
This is more expensive. I'll do it
for 4.

AUGUSTO
I'll give ya two thou.

VILMAR
I'll do it for 4. 4 thou.

Augusto looks at Vilmar with some annoyance.

AUGUSTO
(looks at the truck loaded
with sugar)
You spend all day carryin' all this
weight, gettin' paid beans... it's
an easy job, man, I'll pay you
well, we'll show you where the
guy's at.

VILMAR
It's 4 thou.

Augusto looks at Vilmar... (pause...) Irineu looks on as he
smokes. Bobbi stays silent.

AUGUSTO
4 then. You comin' now?

VALDEMAR

Yeah. 2 now. 2 later. Is the guy loaded?

AUGUSTO

Nah, he's a wimp.

CUT TO:

MINUTES LATER

INT. SUGAR WAREHOUSE. DAY

Vilmar - having already changed clothes - adjusts a .38 revolver in his bag, under his dirty shirt. He leaves work, his colleagues with 100-pound bags on their heads look on. He gets from the overseer what little money they owe him.

DETAIL: money as he walks...



INT. PROJECTION ROOM AT THE SÃO LUIZ CINEMA. DAY

Severino, Alexandre's co-worker in the projection room at the São Luiz Cinema, looks inside his bag at some money he's clearly trying to keep secret. He looks behind him and sees Alexandre leaving the room with an envelope.

ALEXANDRE

I gotta go take care o' somethin',
you cover for me.

He leaves. Severino gets up and walks over to Alexandre's notebook, which has been left next to his bag on the winder table.

He leafs through to the last annotation.

DETAIL: Sebastiana, Ofir buidling, Corredor do Bispo, 68
Alfredo de Medeiros St.

He copies the address on a slip of paper and leaves the room.

CUT TO:

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE. SÃO LUIZ CINEMA. DAY

Organized piles of money, movie tickets, spreadsheets on the manager's desk at the São Luiz Cinema.

The manager, Pedro, counts the income from the day before with the help of Lindalva and a crank-operated calculator. An armed security guard in his 30s stands by the door.

Alexandre opens the door with the envelope in his hands, sticks in his head, as the security guard looks on:

ALEXANDRE

I'm steppin' out, be back in half
 an hour.

PEDRO

Gotcha.

CUT TO:

EXT. CINEMA ENTRANCE/SIDEWALK. DAY

Envelope in hand, Alexandre leaves the cinema through the entrance lobby, which is being washed by janitors hours before doors open to the public. He walks out to the street...

A ZOOM ==> reveals that, across the street, Bobbi, Vilmar, and Irineu all watch him...

Bobbi crosses the street quickly and walks up to one of the janitors in the cinema.

BOBBI

Hey, could you tell me if Alexandre
 is in?

JANITOR

He jus' left... There he is.

BOBBI

Thanks.

Bobbi walks back, signals Vilmar discreetly, who sees Alexandre some distance away and starts following him.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUARTE COELHO BRIDGE. DAY

Alexandre crosses the bridge, unaware that he's being followed by Vilmar...

CUT TO:

EXT. CINEMA ENTRANCE/SIDEWALK. DAY

Severino reaches the sidewalk in front of the cinema and signals Irineu, who is alone on the other side of the street. Irineu crosses the street and walks up to the ticket office.

From inside the ticket office, Severino hands the slip of paper he wrote on to Irineu through the little window, as if it were a movie ticket.

EXT. STREET. DAY

Alexandre walks by a newsstand, where the day's main headlines reads "HAIRY LEG STOLEN FROM MORGUE." This catches his eye, but he doesn't stop.

CUT TO:

INT. ARCHIVES ROOM. DAY

A pile with a hundred ID cards with the name "Maria Aparecida dos Santos," which Armando/Marcelo is examining one by one, like someone playing cards. He seems to be looking for one specific card. Black and white photos of dozens of women flash by quickly.

"Maria Aparecida dos Santos" "Maria Aparecida dos Santos"

"Maria Aparecida dos Santos" "Maria Aparecida dos Santos"

"Maria Aparecida dos Santos" "Maria Aparecida dos Santos"

"Maria Aparecida dos Santos" "Maria Aparecida dos Santos"

"Maria Aparecida dos Santos" "Maria Aparecida dos Santos"

"Maria Aparecida dos Santos" "Maria Aparecida dos Santos"

...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET. DAY

Alexandre is walking, envelope in hand. Vilmar follows at a distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT OF PUBLIC SECURITY OFFICE. DAY

He walks into the parking lot of the "Identification and Public Security Secretariat," where he'll meet up with Armando.

Vilmar follows at a distance, attentive...

CUT TO:

INT. SERVICE COUNTER/SECRETARIAT. DAY

Alexandre walks up to the service counter in the archives room, which is packed. Behind the counter are Elisângela and Carmen.

Alexandre sees Armando in the back, in the area closed to the public.

ALEXANDRE

Armando!...

(only then realizing he
shouldn't have used his
son in law's real name)

He looks perplexed at Elisângela, who looks at "Marcelo," who now sees his father-in-law.

ELISANGELA

His name's Marcelo...

Armando approaches and opens the half-door to the counter.

ARMANDO/MARCELO

I got this.

Alexandre walks by the small crowd of people waiting for their ID cards and enters.

ALEXANDRE
 (looks around and
 whispers)
 I just called you "Armando"...

Armando lowers the counter door, leads Alexandre into the area restricted to the public.

ARMANDO
 (quietly, carrying papers)
 What is it? Is Fernando OK?

ALEXANDRE
 Fine, I came because he asked me to hand you this, wouldn't take no for an answer... made me swear I'd give it to you this morning.

He hands Armando the envelope. He takes a paper from inside:



DETAILS: A drawing of a shark. Armando, Fátima, Fernando, his grandparents a bit further back...

Armando looks at his father-in-law... who looks back at the drawing.

ALEXANDRE (CONT'D)
 There's somethin' on the back too.

Armando turns the paper over. There's a note on the back:

ARMANDO
 (reading out loud to
 himself)
 "FATHER, GRAMA AND GRAMPA ARE
 REALLY NICE, BUT I WANT LIVE WITH
 YOU. I THINK I'M STARTING TO FORGET
 MY MOM. I ALMOST DON'T CRY ANYMORE.
 COME QUICK. FERNANDO."

Armando looks at Alexandre.

ARMANDO (CONT'D)
 I'll be with him soon...

ALEXANDRE
 I gotta get back. See ya later.

Alexandre walks back to the counter as Armando stares at the paper. Alexandre walks through the crowd at the entrance and CROSSES Vilmar, who was already watching, inside the room...

Vilmar now approaches, looking straight ahead, making his way through the crowd.

- **A SHOT AT WAIST LEVEL:** Vilmar's waist approaches the camera next to the waists of men and women waiting at the counter. There's a gun under his shirt...

Vilmar's hand takes from his pocket the picture of Armando that Augusto gave him. He takes a look at the photo and focuses on Armando/Marcelo in the restricted archives area.

DETAIL: the picture of a bearded Armando at the university meeting.

Vilmar approaches Elisângela, asking her directly, with no greeting:

VILMAR
 Lady, is that Armando?

Elisângela looks back, sees Armando in the distance, and looks at Vilmar. (NOTE: this is the second time someone calls "Marcelo" "Armando")

VILMAR (CONT'D)
 (projecting his voice, not
 waiting for Elisângela to
 react)
 Armando!

Armando, his back turned, hears the voice clearly, but ignores it.

CUT TO:



SPLIT DIOPTER SHOT: Left side, Armando/Marcelo (NOW FROM THE FRONT) hears Vilmar (to the right) and decides not to turn.

VILMAR (CONT'D)

Armando!

Elisângela looks at Marcelo/Armando. She finds all this unusual.

ELISANGELA

Marcelo?

Armando/Marcelo ignores her, his back turned, and walks calmly in the opposite direction, trying to look discreetly at the counter to see who's calling him.

Vilmar waves at him and looks at the photo.

Armando - headed for the exit - waves, asking if he's the one he's looking for. Vilmar waves him over "to talk"... Armando gestures and projects his voice:

ARMANDO/MARCELO

Be back in a sec...

Elisângela is weirded out by this whole exchange.

Armando/Marcelo leaves through the door that leads to an indoors hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY. DAY

In the hallway, he picks up his pace.

CUT TO:

EXT. YARD. DAY

Armando walks through the yard that connects the public office to the police station.

He turns into a hallway...

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST FLOOR/POLICE OFFICE/EUCLIDES'S OFFICE. DAY

A SEQUENCE OF SHOTS OF A MURAL OF NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS--
Euclides and his greater achievements as a police officer.

* Pages of the "Police Section" with pictures of TWO dead men, on a road in a sugarcane field...

* Euclides being honored at the International Club with a trophy.

* Euclides and his sons with their soccer team, Sport Club do Recife.

* Men tied up with hemp rope in some scrub, police vans.

* The leg found in the shark's stomach...

...to the sound of Euclides talking to his sons Miguel and Arlindo.

EUCLIDES

(just his voice/V.O.)

We get us some three vehicles, get
us some backup for show, and we go
o'er there - WARNING them we're
goin' - just to scare 'em n' see
what happens... Leave it to me...

Armando/Marcelo **KNOCK KNOCK** on the open door and walks in.
He's trying hard to stay calm.

ARMANDO/MARCELO

Dr. Euclides...

EUCLIDES
(paying attention,
paternal)
Hey, Marcelo. Good morning...

ARMANDO/MARCELO
Good morning.

MIGUEL
Mornin'.

Arlindo bobs his head in greeting.

ARMANDO/MARCELO
I thought I need to come up here to
have a word.

EUCLIDES
Spit it!

ARMANDO/MARCELO
Dr. Euclides, you may not know it,
but I don't carry a gun...

This statement grabs the attention of Euclides and his two
sons.

ARMANDO/MARCELO (CONT'D)
There's a guy downstairs at the
counter... I think he's got a
complaint, he's upset, he
threatened me... and I thought I
should come let you know...

Euclides looks like he doesn't quite understand the whole
situation.

EUCLIDES
There's more to this... You mess
with his woman?

ARMANDO/MARCELO
No. I don't know the guy.

EUCLIDES
So what's he so pissed about?

ARMANDO/MARCELO
(thinking of what to say)
Well, I don't carry, but I don't
take shit lyin' down either... I
think he's out there waitin' for
me...

Euclides looks at his two sons.

EUCLIDES
Did he pull a gun?

Armando/Marcelo considers carefully what he's about to say.

ARMANDO/MARCELO
Dr. Euclides, I wouldn't be here
askin' for help if it wasn't a
dangerous situation...

EUCLIDES
You gotta carry a gun, man. Make
'em respect ya! Arlindo, go take a
look, go on. Get Marcão or Gilmar
to go with you to see what's going
on...

Miguel stays seated exactly as he was before.

ARLINDO
(getting up)
Well, I was gettin' itchy here. Is
he calm or is he fumin'?

ARMANDO/MARCELO
Oh, he's fumin'...

Euclides looks at Marcelo.

EUCLIDES
Hold yer hand out so I can see...

ARMANDO/MARCELO
My hand?

Armando/Marcelo holds out his hand.

EUCLIDES
(examining at
Armando/Marcelo's hands,
like a doctor)
You nervous?

ARMANDO/MARCELO
Nah... a little...

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY. DAY

Arlindo and "Marcelo" walk down the hallway. Arlindo sees MARCOS, a fellow officer at the station coming out of a door.

ARLINDO

Hey Marcão! Come talk to a guy with me. He's buggin' our colleage from ID here.

MARCOS

Right now?

ARLINDO

It'll be quick...
(to Armando/"Marcelo")
Is he outside?

ARMANDO

At the counter, on the other side...

CUT TO:



EXT. PAY PHONE. DAY

Vilmar is at the payphone on the street, outside the "Identification Secretariat."

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH/KIOSK. DAY

A coconut kiosk on the beach, five miles away. The phone rings. The kiosk owner answers.

KIOSK OWNER
Hello... yes... hold on...

A PAN ==> reveals Augusto wearing only speedos and sunglasses, washes salt water off under a shower head.

KIOSK OWNER (CONT'D)
Cap'n! It's fer you...

Augusto comes out of the shower and picks up the phone, soaking wet, blue ocean in the background. The kiosk owner tops off Augusto's beer.

AUGUSTO
Hello...

CUT TO:

EXT. PAY PHONE. DAY

VILMAR
Mr. Augusto? It's Vilmar. I found the guy. Do I smoke 'im?

AUGUSTO
(V.O.)
Where'd you find him?

VILMAR
At the office where you get your ID.

AUGUSTO
(V.O.)
Where is that? You sure it's him?

VILMAR
Yeah... I'm sure, visual ID n' everythin'.

AUGUSTO
(V.O.)
Is Bobbi with you?

VILMAR
Nah, he stayed at the cinema...

AUGUSTO

Good...

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH/KIOSK. DAY

AUGUSTO

(looking around, lowers
his voice)

Smoke the guy. I've got the rest o'
yer cash.

CUT TO:

INT. SERVICE COUNTER/SECRETARIAT. DAY

Back at his workstation, at the busy reception and archive,
Armando/Marcelo, Arlindo, and Marcos arrive. Armando/Marcelo
is the furthest from the door...

ARMANDO/MARCELO

He was jus' here...

ARLINDO

So, he's gone?

Elisângela intervenes:

ELISANGELA

(to "Marcelo")

That guy? He left...

(points to the door)

Marcos and Arlindo exit to the yard, and Armando/Marcelo
walks up to Elisângela, who puts a hand on his chest.

ELISANGELA (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Yer name ain't Marcelo, is it?

The question sticks in the air, unanswered.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTDOOR YARD AT THE ID OFFICE. DAY

Arlindo and Marcão walk out into the yard, Armando/Marcelo
comes close behind, sweeping the area ==> he sees Vilmar in
the distance, at the payphone, putting the receiver back on
the hook, his back turned.

ARMANDO/MARCELO
 (not taking his eyes off
 Vilmar)
 He's at the payphone...

ARLINDO
 That one there? You comin'? You
 staying here? I'll go... C'mon,
 Marcão.

A ZOOM in movement starts on Armando/Marcelo at the door to the office backing discreetly indoors for greater protection, hiding in the shadows and watching Arlindo and Marcos from a distance. They walk through the yard, eyes on Vilmar, who is walking towards them from the payphone... Arlindo notices Armando/Marcelo has stayed behind...

Vilmar notices Arlindo and Marcos approaches and slows down his pace...

ARLINDO (CONT'D)
 (from a distance)
 Hey, can I have a word, man?

Vilmar shows no reaction. His face remains hardened. Marcos freezes, holding onto Arlindo's arm...

ARLINDO (CONT'D)
 We're from the police station next
 door. Show me some ID... You
 buggin' a colleague o' ours, huh?
 SHOW ME SOME ID...

Marcos looks at Vilmar. He may recognize him.

MARCELO
 (nervous)
 Hold it, I know this guy...

Vilmar keeps a dead expression on his face showing no sign of what he's about to do: he quickly pulls his gun from his waist and shoots his .38 four times. The first shot hits Arlindo in the face; the second hits Marcos in the neck; the third, Arlindo in the chest; the fourth; Marcos in the chest. Four shots, in industrial, staccato rhythm - BANG - BANG - BANG - BANG...

EXT. WINDOW. DAY

Armando/Marcelo watches the scene through a window. His colleagues at the ID office stand up, people at the counter turn around, Elisângela turns her head.

INT. POLICE STATION/EUCLIDE'S OFFICE. DAY

In Euclides's office, he and his son Miguel hear the noise.

MIGUEL
Are those gunshots?

Miguel and Euclides get up...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET. DAY

Arlindo and Marcos fall to the ground in agony, blood spurting from holes in their head and neck. They will both be dead soon.

Vilmar, who we now see from behind, walks away calmly, weapon discreetly pointed down. Experience has taught him the chances of someone trying to stop him are small. He just needs to get out of there.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET ==> ALLEYWAY. DAY

WE REVEAL that Bobbi was supervising from a distance and saw the shit hit the fan.

BOBBI
Holy fuck... holy fuck...

He quickly goes from confused to furious when he sees the plan has fallen to pieces. **He begins discreetly following Vilmar, who ducks into an alleyway. Bobbi needs to stop Vilmar.**

CUT TO:

EXT. USED BOOK STORE. DAY

Vilmar rushes into the second hand book fair, which is quiet at this late morning hour.

The used book fair is open-air, surrounded by tall buildings, where thousands of books, records, and magazines are sold informally. Pages blow in the wind. There's a weird silence except by the sound of an ALBUM OF CHILDREN'S STORIES playing on a record player.

Vilmar walks into one of the stands.

Bobbi quickly gets to the used book fair, openly holding his gun. He notices some confused people moving away, and a man with a tense expression showing with his eyes that the man he's looking for is inside the stall...

CUT TO:

INT. ARCHIVES ROOM. DAY

Among the commotion caused by the deaths in the yard, Armando picks up the files with his mother's name - "Maria Aparecida dos Santos" and puts them in a brown paper bag together with his son's drawing, which he briefly takes a look at once again.

He notices Elisângela and Das Dores together, looking at him, frightened. He signals calmly to them both: "Shhhh," with his index finger in front of pursed lips...

Armando leaves the room...

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT OF PUBLIC SECURITY OFFICE. DAY

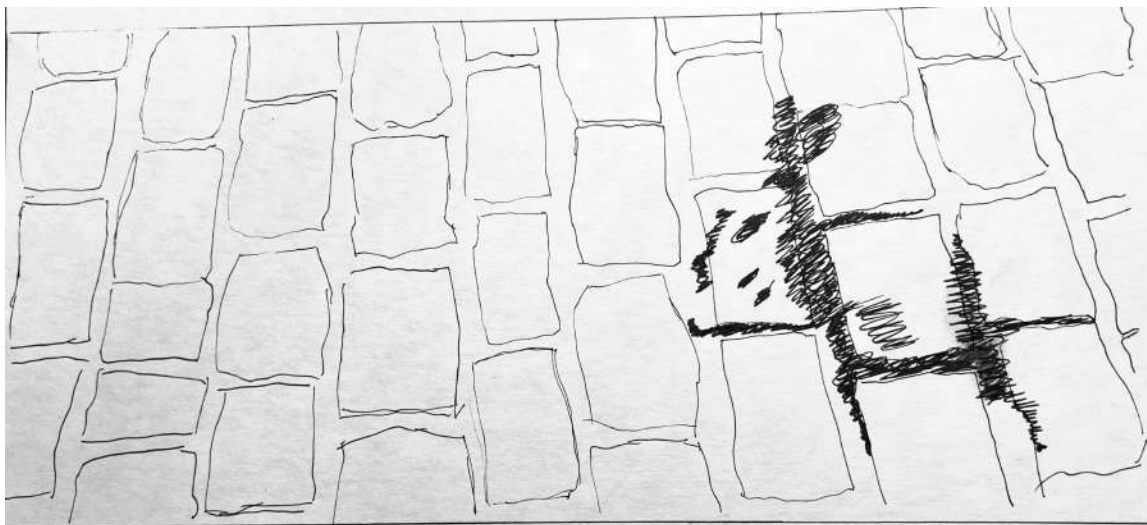
Back in the ID office's yard, Arlindo's body is carried, in a rush, like a dead sloth, to a white van, its seats drenched with Marcão's blood, his body already inside. A fellow officer, standing inside the van, nervously tries to care for the men who've been shot.

The van doors are closed from outside and tears off, men in front of it making way through the throng, headed towards the public hospital.

...

==> Euclides and Miguel arrive at the parking lot just as the van takes off.

Euclides lowers his gaze and looks at the stone-tiled ground at Arlindo's and Marcão's fresh blood.



Lúcio, his driver, tells the elder sheriff:

LUCIO
We're takin' care of 'em, doc,
they're off to the hospital...
They're gonna be fine...

Euclides is in shock. Miguel is next to him.

EUCLIDES
Was that Arlindo??!!
(to Miguel)

MIGUEL
(hands on his head)
Yeah, Dad! That was Baby and
Marcão!

EUCLIDES
Who did this??

Right then, WE HEAR THREE GUNSHOTS in the distance, but in the neighborhood--that rhythmic noise which we suspect **is not** "fireworks."

CUT TO:

Somebody yells in the street:

VOICE
It's in the used book market!

A commotion on the street, some police officers, weapons drawn, all run in the same direction. On-lookers also follow... ==>

EUCLIDES
 (in shock)
 What's that?

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY. DAY

In the hallway, Armando also hears the gunshots as he crosses paths with Carmen.

CARMEN
 (pointing upward)
 D'ya hear it again?

ARMANDO/MARCELO
 I heard it...

=> OFFICE. ANISIO. Day

Armando gets to Anisio's office. Anisio is standing, talking on the phone. When he sees Armando, he snaps his fingers and points at the phone.

ANISIO
 (pointing at the receiver)
 It's Elza... close the door.

He hands Armando/Marcelo the receiver.

ARMANDO/MARCELO
 Elza...

ELZA
 (V.O.)
 Armando...

ARMANDO/MARCELO
 My time in Recife is up...

CUT TO:

EXT. USED BOOK FAIR. DAY

A group of curious men slowly approach the camera (low angle), looking at something on the floor... The silence, broken only by the sound of papers in the wind, inform us of the serious situation that has taken place.

TRAVELING/POV - We approach Bobbi's corpse, on the ground, two holes in his head, eyes half-open--they look serene--his face almost unrecognizable.

Euclides arrives with Miguel and moves through the crowd to look at the dead man's face.

EUCLIDES
Miguel... check his documents...

Miguel draws close, eyes firmly on the dead man's face, deformed from the gunshots... Miguel seems to recognize Bobbi:

MIGUEL
... Dad? Is this...
(pause)
...isn't that...

EUCLIDES
Who??

MIGUEL
That Cap'n's son...?

He rips a wallet from the corpse's right front pocket. He opens it...

DETAIL: An ID, "ABDIAS DOS SANTOS GOUVEIA"

Euclides looks at Miguel.

=> An older man comes from behind and starts to light two candles, one at Bobbi's feet, another near his head.

Another older man, wearing a hat, uses the day's newspaper to cover part of the dead man's chest and head. Strangely, the pair seem to be there to guarantee funeral rites wherever they may be needed on the streets of Recife...

The newspaper covering the dead man has the headline: "Human Leg Found in Shark's Belly"

CUT TO:

DETAIL. LAPTOP MONITOR. ==>

2022. A newspaper picture of Bobbi's crime scene BUT NOW processed by time, on a digitized newspaper page on a computer screen. The newspaper covering the body is still visible, as are the candles, etc.

The headline: "SÃO PAULO TOURIST MURDERED IN BOOK FAIR."

CUT TO:

INT. DIGITALIZATION LAB. 2022

Joselice, the student previously seen working on the tapes, leans back from the screen and relaxes in her chair. She looks at "Archivist 2," sitting near, who is watching a Wild Nature video (wild dogs tearing a hyena apart) on YouTube, wearing headphones.

ARCHIVIST 2

Hey...

JOSELICE

Are you still looking these people up? Have you figured out what happened?

ARCHIVIST 2

I'm anxious... From my tapes, I tried to Google some stuff, but there's not much there, is there? These people are pre-Google...

They look at each other.

JOSELICE

Right. They're not on Google, huh? Gotta go to the papers.

ARCHIVIST 2

That's way harder. I understood more by listening... but there are a lotta gaps. Anyway, they're paying me to transcribe...

JOSELICE

I'm listening to "Anísio"'s interview. He tried to help Armando.

Joselice looks at the box of tapes marked with magic marker: "Elza," "Anisio," and "Sebastiana."

ARCHIVIST 2

You back on the Armando case? You were kinda stuck, weren't ya?

JOSELICE

Yeah... I had to take a "break"...
 (makes a gesture with her hands as if her head had been messed up)
 I listened to some 1975 material with "Elza," whose real name is 'Sara'.

ARCHIVIST 2

Ah... so "Elza" is Sara?

JOSELICE

Sara. She passed in 2006. Her archive was donated in 2015.

ARCHIVIST 2

Ah... OK. I can't handle it all... All I do is transcribe it.

(pause)

So... you know what happened to Armando?

JOSELICE

Yeah...

(pause)

ARCHIVIST 2

They shot 'im, didn't they?

JOSELICE

(as someone speaking of someone dearly departed)

Yeah, he died. He got ambushed going back to pick up his stuff. Shot 4 times.

ARCHIVIST 2

(pause)

...And that's that.

Joselice sighs.

JOSELICE

I don't know why, but this guy's story got to me. I think it has to be with my family being from Recife... My grandfather...

CUT TO:

INT. JOSELICE'S HOUSE. DAY

A modest living room, white light, Joselice's partner walks by, shirtless, carrying a 1-year-old child. A motorcycle helmet near the front door.

Joselice looks directly at her computer as she spoon feeds her little son MARCELO.

She instinctively covers her son's eyes, turns him away so he doesn't see the monitor (which we haven't seen ourselves yet). She looks around to see if her partner can see the screen.

DETAIL/MONITOR

A newspaper page dated "February 27, 1977."

A PHOTOGRAPH: *extremely frank and graphic*, as was the photojournalistic style at the time: Armando, dead on the ground, lines of blood run between his left ear to his mouth, his eyes half-open, wearing the same clothes he was wearing that day of the incident at the Identificaiton Institute.

A SECOND PHOTOGRAPH contextualizes the body in the middle of the Ofir building yard *MAY* remind us of the image of the body at the gas station from the beginning of our story.

Joselice zooms in and we see Dona Sebastiana away from the camera, she stands by and looks as if she is in mourning.

HEADLINE: **"Murdered Researcher Faced Corruption Charges"**

SUBTITLE: *"Police investigate if the victim was involved in corruption crimes in Brasília"*

Joselice turns away and closes her laptop...

CUT TO:

INT. PLANE. DAY

Joselice is a passenger in a packed commercial airliner.

INT. SIDEWALK/BLOOD BANK. DAY

Joselice gets out of a taxi with a small travel suitcase with wheels. She walks into a private blood bank in Recife and speaks to the receptionist.

INT. RECEPTION. DAY

She approaches the counter:

JOSELICE

Dr. Fernando de Melo Solimões,
please.

RECEPTIONIST

Dr. Solimões. Are you donating?

Joselice laughs and says yes with some nervousness.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
He left word to move you along...
Please fill this out...

A form with a pen ==>

CUT TO:

INT. BLOOD BANK. DAY

A large air-conditioned space, warehouse-style, with around 40 blood donation stations, almost all occupied by men. A much smaller number of women.

Joselice is seated-lying down in a blood donation lazy boy, arm outstretched, uncomfortable about the needle but putting a brave face on it. Her blood flows to a bag through a thin red tube.

She sees someone approaching: FERNANDO

A REVEALING SHOT ==> Fernando approaches in his smock--the doctor on call. Fernando is a clear carbon copy of his father Armando. Sometimes, genetics is lazy.

In fact, Fernando looks older than his father Armando was the last time we saw him in 1977. A bit heavier too. But it's him: Armando's dear son.

FERNANDO
(approaches)
Joselice?

JOSELICE
(an uncomfortable smile,
arm outstretched, head
laid back)
Dr. Solimões?

FERNANDO
I was only kidding when I said I'd
only talk to you if you donated!

JOSELICE
(overcoming her
awkwardness, head stiff)
Haha. It's OK. It's my first time
donating. It's important, right...
(deep breath)
How are you? Nice to meet you...

Fernando looks at the suitcase.

FERNANDO
Did you come straight from the
airport?

Joselice nods her head, tense.

DISSOLVE:

(AN ELLIPSIS)

The bag full of blood ==> the nurse who removes the needle,
Fernando moves forward to help Joselice up.

FERNANDO
Hold my hand... take a deep breath.
Let's get up now, real slow...

She stands up, wobbly, holds his hand.

JOSELICE
I'm a bit dizzy...

FERNANDO
(snaps his fingers)
That's normal. Look at me, tell me:
"JOSELICE," what kind of name is
that? Deep breaths...

She inhales deeply.

JOSELICE
It's "José" with "Alice": my
grandfather was José, my
grandmother, Alice...
(inhales deeply)
So glad I donated blood...

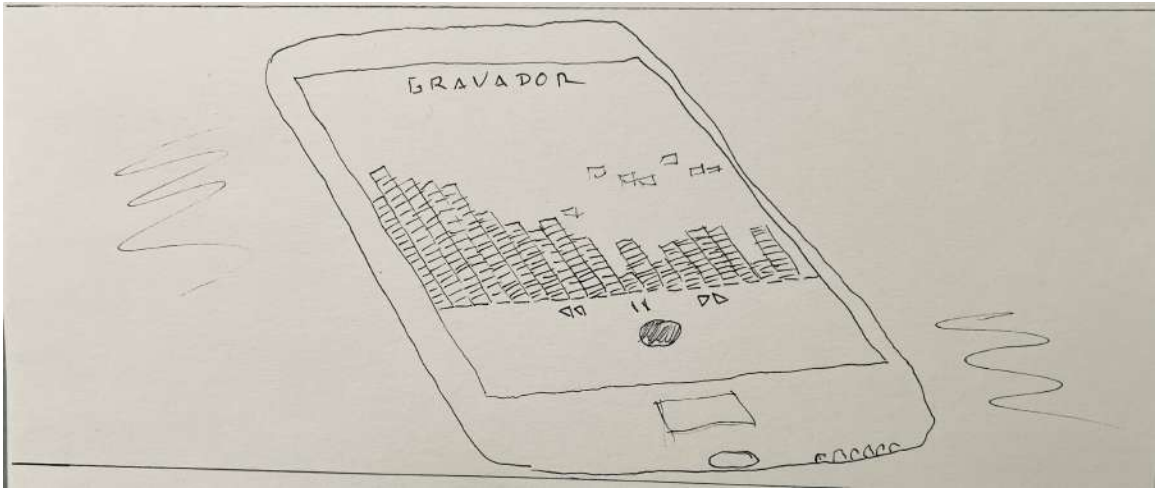
FERNANDO
Yes, that's very important, well
done...

CUT TO:

INT. FERNANDO'S OFFICE. DAY

A small, white, simple office in the blood bank. Fernando
uses this office, but it doesn't really belong to anybody.

DETAIL: a cell phone in VOICE MEMO mode on the table, near Fernando, who is seated, and has been speaking for some time...



FERNANDO

...my grandfather at the time was 17, he got the daughter of the woman who worked in his family's house, in the sertão, pregnant. He was 17 - she was 14. She lived in a second house, just behind the main house, with the servants, like a slave really...

(pause)

It's hard to talk about this. I haven't told this to many people... I've never even told this to my ex-wife... but I did talk about this to my first wife...

(pause)

Joselice listens.

FERNANDO (CONT'D)

My father was born, Armando his name, and the *rich* part of the family took him in as my teenage grandmother couldn't do anything about it--she was just a kid. And the family... well, marriage was out of the question... for the family...

(MORE)

FERNANDO (CONT'D)

So they took the boy - my father -
and I heard this many times -
because my father was a "beautiful"
baby who grew up into a "beautiful"
boy, and that's how he was raised
by my grandfather's family... My
grandmother, my father's young
mother, went on to live her life
and had three more children with
two different men. I know this part
of the story because my uncle
Natalicio told me. Uncle Natalicio
passed about ten years ago...

(pause)

I know the family referred to my
grandmother as "the Indian." She
was "Indian," but her son by my
grandfather was "beautiful." Get
it?

Joselice listens.

JOSELICE

I know your father spent some time
looking for his mother's ID
registry in Recife. That's in one
of the depositions...

FERNANDO

Well, I don't know 'bout that...
(pause)

He looks at Joselice, quite uncomfortable.

FERNANDO (CONT'D)

...Where'd the tapes come from?

JOSELICE

Sara Gerber's daughter donated her
archives. Your father knew her as
"Elza". This was at the time they
were after him.

FERNANDO

(pause)

I can't go into that, OK, Joselice?

JOSELICE

(pause)

OK...

(MORE)

JOSELICE (CONT'D)

The private university which received Sara's collection, and that paid me to transcribe it, saw that there was a lot of information on there that - to them - was better if no one knew... They asked for all the tapes back and I think they've already had the material destroyed.

Fernando listens, vaguely interested. Joselice notices.

JOSELICE (CONT'D)

But that doesn't matter; I copied everything... I came here because of your father. I enjoyed listening to his story, I was impressed by his story. He sounded like a good person.

She opens her purse and puts a flash drive on the desk.

JOSELICE (CONT'D)

I brought the material here so you could listen to it, if you're interested. It's yours, a few hours of your father talking.

Fernando looks at the flash drive but doesn't move.

FERNANDO

(looking at the flash
drive)

I don't remember my father... I was nine when they killed him... You may remember him better than I do...

CUT TO:

INT. BLOOD BANK. DAY

Fernando walks Joselice to the exit, through the blood collection warehouse. He says:

FERNANDO

I wasn't much help, was I...

JOSELICE

Well, I got to meet you. It's like now I know more about Armando...

(MORE)

JOSELICE (CONT'D)

I'll make the most of my short time in Recife to see folks in my family I don't even know. My grandfather is from here, he worked at a family's house at this square right here, "*Praça Chora Menino*."

("Square of the Crying Boy")

I've known this place since I was little, but this is my first time here. What a coincidence, huh? Me coming right here.

FERNANDO

You want a coincidence? When I was a kid, I really wanted to see that film *Jaws*. My grandfather, who worked at a cinema, wouldn't let me see it to not frighten me. I had nightmares just from the movie poster!

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK/BLOOD BANK. DUSK

FERNANDO

Well, he finally decided to bring me to watch it, and I watched it at a re-run, and I stopped having the nightmares after I saw the movie... and GUESS where I saw it?

Joselice is amused.

FERNANDO (CONT'D)

You'll never guess.

JOSELICE

I almost never go to the movies...

FERNANDO

It doesn't matter, but look at the way things are. The cinema was right here...

Fernando points at the blood bank.

JOSELICE

This was a cinema?

FERNANDO
This was the Boa Vista Cinema,
where I saw *Jaws*. And now I work
here.

Joselice looks at the front of the blood bank. She looks at
Fernando and shakes his hand.

JOSELICE
This is a great coincidence,
Fernando. Well, thank you.

She gets in the Uber. Waves goodbye.

CUT TO:

A CLOSE-UP on Fernando - ...

CUT TO:

EXT. BLOOD BANK FAÇADE. DUSK

HARPA DOS ARES ("Harp of the Air"), by Lula Côrtes and Zé
Ramalho...

A wide shot reveals the imposing scale of what had once been
a large cinema, now a blood bank. The Uber drives off and
Fernando's silhouette is left alone in front of the building.
He turns his back and walks inside.

THE END