

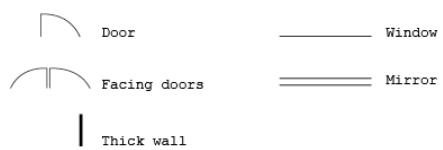
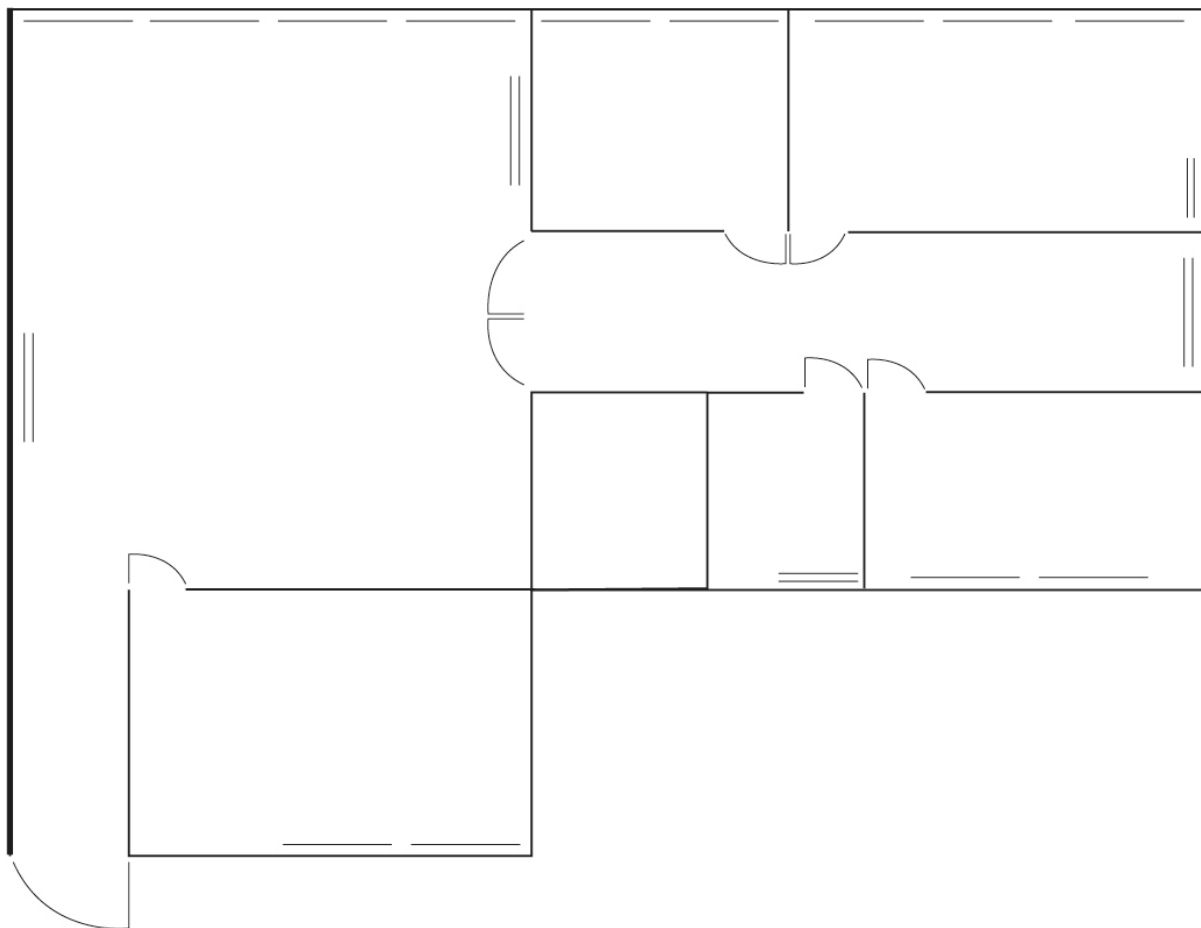
Dear reader,

Thank you so much for your interest in this story. It is part, as you might know, of the *Free texts* project (2020), a copyright free proposal that aims to arrive to any potential or interested reader or audience.

Please, feel free to interpret, to make this text yours in case you want to "stage it" or develop it in any audiovisual language you are most familiar with and of course, to visit the platform textoslibres.com where you will find tons of tools that could nourish the imaginary that could be growing in your head. Without any other new, let's move one to the next page.

Uxbal and Therese, are two thoughts who ramble and live inside an 80m² apartment. Without any possibility of going out, both of them spend their days walking, talking and interacting with different objects and things who inhabit in the space.

Essays and scripts for the common life is a compilation of three stories under that narrates the different experiences and ways of living and inhabit the space of the characters and the things.



Essays and scripts for the common life

Written by
Olenka Macassi

Each day I lived, was easy

I

OVER BLACK:

FATE IN:

INT. BEDROOM. DAY. 346 plays of the same song.

CLOSE ON UXBAL. (25's) tears in his eyes after looking at the window. An inside voice bursts in his bedroom. He's trying to listen. He sits on a small blue couch, touches both corners where his elbows rest.

The sun approaches the window.

UXBAL (V.O)

Right now, I have you here next to me, playing at a very low volume, clear, so that it lets me write without being distracted, or makes me think that I am not.

I look at you, on my right, who faithfully accompanied me since the first day.

But you, you have been with me many days before, keeping a distance.

I used to turn you on, speaker, every time I arrived to my studio. The sun light used to fell precisely in the middle of you, and you seemed gray surrounded by small particles of dust, floating around you accelerated by my blows to drive them away. They used to take care of you.

INT. HALL. DAY

CLOSE ON THERESE. (29's) sweating; her drops fall from her face while she sweeps. Looks at Uxbal's door and kind of sees him. She stops sweeping and looks herself on the only big mirror in the apartment, which is placed in the hall. Starts to sweep again.

She doesn't see the sun.

THERESE (V.O)

The last time I walked next to Uxbal
he took a speaker and put it on a brown
backpack. I suspected that as well as
the speaker looked at him since
the first day that Una left it,
it would look at him from his bedroom.
When he sleeps, when he wakes up,
when he sits on the blue couch,
when he changes his clothes, when he works
when he runs away from home chores.
And we would be very happy every night
when we played the song we used to sing out
loud in the window at 21h o'clock.

Pause.

Nostalgia means, remembering past moments
and realize now, that those
were moments of happiness.
But you did not notice before.

Therese is close to Uxbal's bedroom door. They see each other. He stands up from the couch.

INT. BEDROOM. DAY.

UXBAL

(with real anxiety)

(His hands touch his legs. Bites his lips. Walks)

Stares at Therese's broom.

THERESE

(with empathy)

(Approaches the door. Uxbal stops, stays apart)

INT. BEDROOM. DAY.

UXBAL (V.O)

(Blinks quickly)

Each day I lived, was easy.
Until the black speaker today told me
inside his rectangular shape,
over the bed: "turn off your cellphone"
I listened to him.
And turned off my cellphone while
the song, that has been my favorite
since two days ago was playing.
I left the phone inside the clean clothes,
glimpsed it between t-shirts.
Hiding a corpse inside the closet.

Stopped blinking so fast.

Each day I lived, was easy.
While I moved my shoulders sitting on the bed
with the rhythm of Franco Batiatto.
What a good time I had

while I was cleaning the bedroom
I stayed longer on purpose so that
I wasn't able to feel the day.

Turning his body to the door next to him. Opens and closes his hands, looks around.

Every step is a thought. Touches the door handle.

BEDROOM DOOR

(The handle is cold and gray)

The door creaks while Uxbal touches his shape. One of his eyes tries to sneak out.

He sees Therese.

UXBAL (V.O)

(Hides his lips inside his mouth with anxiety)
Each day I lived, was easy.
Until I turned off my phone,
I leaned my neck on the blue couch
while I was looking at the ceiling
I was breathless.
I knew I wasn't suffocating,
I just couldn't find where to look
Where do I look if I can't see through the window?
If I can't make up more excuses of why
I take so long cleaning.
If I can't speak to her because
I don't know how to deal with the fact
that I don't know where to look
to find her.

BEDROOM DOOR (V.O)

(One of Uxbal's feet is touches the wood,
his hands are cold)
He's constantly cold, specially his hands.

A broom makes a noise while touches the wall of the hall.

THERESE

(Sneaks to the door, moves and stands up straight)

BROOM

(Therese's hands go up until the top.
Her weight falls on the broom)
People normally uses me as another arm to rest.
I am used to be treated violently,
for example, Therese, holds me so tight
every time she sweeps the floor.

THERESE (V.O)

A boy I love very much once said to me: "silence
is a way to make noise".
Now we're all clearly silent. Except at night,
when we try to see each other
through the wall.

Sights. Looks at the broom

BROOM (V.O)

Why is she so heavy and so close?
I can feel her sigh

BROOM (V.O)

They stared at each
other but nothing happens.
Not even closer

THERESE (V.O)

What a memorable threesome
The speaker, the character
of my lines, told him turn off
his phone. He was laughing
because he sees it every day.
He sees me in silence. But makes
noise every time I ask him to

INT. BEDROOM. DAY.

UXBAL (V.O)

Watchful he stares at me.
He's waiting for me to put a song.
You've been living with me for a month now.
The day that Una left you
was she thinking that this
was going to end up like this?
Me talking to her speaker.
Did she left it to think about her?

Raises his hand at the edge of the door

BEDROOM DOOR (V.O)

Why is he not coming out?

UXBAL (V.O)

Maybe the speaker was also
next to Una on her bedroom.
I bet she turned up the
Volume so as to not listen
her own lines in her head.

INT. HALL. DAY

Therese and Uxbal look at each other, both in different spaces of the
apartment, both touching she a broom he a door.

THERESE

(Rolling her lips inside her
mouth. Does a light smile
with the right side of
her lip)

UXBAL

(Stops looking at her,
looks at the broom.
His eyebrows meet in
middle of his forehead)

Uxbal completely opens the door, steps forward

UXBAL (V.O)

Each day I lived, was easy.
While I was hiding how I feel
While I was asking myself,
is my work necessary?
And if it is, why it is?
While I was filling my head with optimism thinking
it's only one Wednesday left,
one Tuesday left
one Friday left,
one Saturday left,
one Sunday left.
To see each other.

THERESE (V.O)

Each day I lived, was easy.
When I ran out from the living
room at 12 a.m.
Until the clock pointed 23h or 00h
when I decided to meet you
and talk to you
watching the wall.
Subtracting days
making plans
speculating theories

UXBAL (V.O)

(Looks at Therese with calm)
regretting things
recalling stories
telling stories

THERESE (V.O)

Laughing for not been able
to look at the window.
After a month
Each day we lived, Uxbal,
wasn't easy.

Therese leans the broom on the wall and walks straight.
Uxbal walks and they find each other in the hall.

UXBAL (V.O)

(Has a breath, makes another one)
Then I thought: nostalgia means. This.

Therese holds Uxbal's hands. Both hands look up, one over the other.

UXBAL (V.O)

Fulfil my hours of conscience
with moments that
in the moment I thought about them,
I realized that I was happy.
And now I don't have them.
I lived easy.
Made excuses, left soon,
sat down in front
and not next to her,
I thought about myself and not in the others,
I walked at the end of the group,
looked around me
and not around them,
and didn't turn the speaker's volume on time.

A day has a name of a movie

II

OVER BLACK:

FATE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY: Mauvais sang

CLOSE ON UXBAL. Sitting on a violet sofa, looks Victorian with 2m long, the buttons press the sofa in a way that creates small holes. Uxbal likes to insert his fingers in the empty spaces created by the buttons. The shape of a lamp comes out and reflects the sunlight in the brown the floor's brown rectangles. Another geometric figures began to delineate their selves in front of the sofa while Uxbal stares at them.

The mirror sees the sun.

UXBAL (V.O)

"I've only loved girls with dead fathers", told
Alex to Anna during a sleepless night of
romantic near-connection.

Uxbal lets his back fall on the sofa while looks all the space he has just
for him.

UXBAL (V.O)

From all the thoughts I echo every day
one that talks about a disease is my favorite.
A disease that only could happen to people who have
loveless sex.

Lights of sunbeam hit the two color wall of the living room, while Uxbal
talks, brown and beige. The line that separates both colors is weak and
unstable, the hand who delineate it was apparently trembling.
The sunbeam light blinks while Uxbal sees it, the sun is not sure of giving
enough light to the city.

UXBAL (V.O)

(Stretching his arms in the middle of the sofa.
Tries to reach both sides of the furniture)

From left to right, from left to right. From left to right, from left to right. From left to right, from left to right.
Moving his arms as a sort of stretching. He feels the shape of weight next to him. Someone is sharing the couch with him.

UXBAL (V.O)

Finally,
(Sights)

CLOSE ON THERESE. Getting out of the kitchen arrives to the living room, and stares next to Uxbal.

THERESE (V.O)

Soon we'll be able to be closer to them.
Time passes by

UXBAL (V.O)

Hopefully yes. Mr. couch feels him, we're both sharing the same space. Anyway, his thoughts about the disease are pretty invasive.

Uxbal stops feeling that someone next to him. He's all alone in the couch again.

He looks up to the ceiling, closes his eyes, while small drops of water fall over him and the couch. Therese looks down, and leaves.

Blinks quickly and forces his eyes, while more drops fall faster over him. A huge waterjet coming from the ceiling hits Uxbal and the Victorian couch, dipping just that area.

1 min 30 of falling water inside the apartment.

UXBAL (V.O)

The idea is to clean myself isn't it?

COUCH (V.O)

Water is so cold. Plush takes a lot of time
to dry.

Uxbal contemplates water and time, while the anguish of the disease cleans
him and the couch.

The water keeps falling while he moves his face slowly. A simple symphony
comes out next to Uxbal.

THERESE (V.O)

(Walks slowly while sees Uxbal. Who part
of the atmosphere but music wraps
both of them).

THERESE (V.O)

On this neo-noir city, on a near future,
people will think that water cleans you.

Therese sees the water falling faster, and even if she's getting closer she
can't feel any drop on her skin.

THERESE (V.O)

Incapable of running out from the STBO,
we cannot hide from love.
The bad blood runs and burns inside
each one of the future lovers who decide
to try to fall in love.
Feelings don't cancel each other out
the way they used to.

Therese moves forward while water keeps falling. She's wearing a red coat,
with red buttons. The same buttons that the couch has.

Uxbal tries to talk but the water drowns him. While he opens his mouth,
swallows water. With desperation his hands hold very tight the couch where
he is, ripping the space he occupies.

COUCH (V.O)

Wrinkled by time. Therese
doesn't have a human shape.
I give her the shape I can.

THERESE (V.O)

COAT (V.O)

I was born from the same
cloth than the couch.

(Taking the dust off from
the coat. Feels the bold,
and moves as sort of dance)

Therese turns to her right and sees the only big mirror in the flat.
She sees herself reflected next to the quivering sunbeam.
Takes a look on her coat's pocket and finds a dirt knife.
Full of foam from the kitchen soap. She flips it, while the foam
keeps coming out from the knife every time faster.
With her hands full of soap and foam, Therese throws the soap to the
mirror making a cross sign with her arms.
Dancing to modern love, the coat that shapes her shapeless body moves
violently while she keeps throwing soap and foam to the mirror moving
her arms up and down.

THERESE (V.O)

The foam tries to clean my
bad blood.
Keeps coming out from the
knife and now
from my hands.
(Opens her right hand)

Millions of particles of cleaning bubbles are born from her hands.
Therese touches her neck and face up and down, cleaning herself.

The red coat can be touched by the foam and the soap, keeping his wrinkled shape. While the water keeps preventing Uxbal to talk, drowning him on the couch.

When the water stopped, Uxbal felt again that weight next to him. On the only part from the couch that was not touched by the water. The weight moves, has legs, one of his hands touches the edge of the furniture while the sunlight traces with blue his profile.

OVER BLACK:

FATE IN:

INT. DINNING ROOM. AFTERNOON: Loreak

Three types of eating mats are prepared and disposed on a dark wooden table. Next to it, four dark wooden chairs, are waiting for other four people to sit on them, move them and to make that lazy noise when you don't want to raise the chair to avoid to scratch the floor.

Kept and surrounded by three walls, one of them has a connection to the kitchen. Two of the walls are divided in two colors: beige and brown, and the other one is lonely without a dividing line and with only one color, beige.

Next to the table, a fauvist painting gives away all the colors that the living room doesn't have, and will never have. Another table, a yellow window, blue flowers next to white bottles of wine, with floating and mesmerizing expatriate fruits decorating the scenery with a lovely innocent hard working grandmother, serving the table. The same blue flowers and his branches are climbing the wine red walls of the painting giving birth to other light blue flowers inside (blue) flowerpots.

The grandmother, is a landscape. The weight of the painting was supported by her on the right and the window on the left. Both were painted with yellow, even though the window was bigger, she was showing the outside view of the living room, a green garden with three white sparkling trees, a bunch of colorful pointillist little country house with mustard color. The painting, stimulated by Matisse's colors had also two wooden empty chairs.

CHAIR (V.O)

(The sound of the floor been scratched calls
the attention in the middle of the silence)

The smell of hot rise and a yellow substance with chicken arrived to the table. The plate is placed over one of the eating mats.
Two metal pieces were making noise together, getting ready to be used.

THERESE (V.O)

(Tired and bored, sits quickly)
Another day rushing up, eating alone.
Lucky me tough, this is my favorite dish
Yellow is not precisely my color
but even if I can't feel the taste
I enjoy the action of eating.

Therese sees Uxbal getting closer to the table. Puts his hand on the top of the chair. He sees another chair moving.

UXBAL (V.O)

Funny how the table looks empty,
even though, is full.
(Looking to the other side of the table)
Sitting on the first chair,
the most important chair in the
table, in one of the corners
makes me look at you
precisely.

Therese looks at Uxbal in a funny way, not moving any part of her body, just her eyes. Sees him sitting. She's still rushing up.

THERESE (V.O)

(Smells, making a small noise with
her nose. Moves her head left and
right looking up)
Oh, he's finally here!
(Smiles, looks at Uxbal calling his
attention)

UXBAL (V.O)

We've missed you.
I'm glad you're sitting here,

now we can talk face to face,
and have a coffee
with no sugar.

(Pause)

I know that you're not a coffee fan,
but I know that the smell reminds you
about the afternoons out of town.
In your house in the valley,
where the sun used to hit you
in the face.
One of your daughters, the short
and reckless one, used to have
a cup every time she had dinner with you.

(Blinks quickly, holds the fork and knife)

While her sisters played,
coffee was a pause for her.
Her sisters used to eat all the
apples and watermelons, you used
to bring to your house.
Then, when the house left us,
the only thing you could carry
was your wish of moving back
and be young again.

Interrupting, making a big noise with both hands in the table, Therese
opens:

THERESE (V.O)

Anyway!

I'm happy to see you.

She sights while Uxbal looks down.

THERESE (V.O)

Every time we spend with you,
grandpa,
was brand new for you.
You were knowing us inside
the Valley house you built
into your mind.
You were our boss
and we your employees.
Hiding behind your wrinkles
Who were getting bigger every time

Uxbal eats. It's hot though. He opens his mouth and with his right hand
does a burning sign. Therese laughs and blows her plate. The chicken's
smell strolls around the wood table.

When Uxbal finally eats, he swallows a piece of rice and chicken looking at
the chair in the other corner of the table, where grandpa is.

UXBAL (V.O)

(With his mouth full of food)
Remember you always used
used to eat two dishes?
(Closing his mouth, moving
his face)
By the way, I had a dream.
Yesterday actually.

Therese is sitting right behind the painting; sometimes accommodates
herself on the chair with the excuse of watching it. Her restless eyes look
up and down outlining the wood frame. Then, she stared at one of the yellow
fruits.

THERESE (V.O)

(Crumpling her eyebrows, blinks
four times)

UXBAL (V.O)

(Making noises with the cutlery)

Therese accommodates herself on the chair once again, making noise with the chair legs. Looks at the table and there she sees two yellow fruits.

THERESE (V.O)

(Stretching one of her arms to
reach the fruit)

She turns again and sees the painting. Two more fruits are missing.

THERESE (V.O)

(Looking at the table. Finds the fruit
next to the other ones)

Turns again. The blue flowers from the painting wall are missing.

THERESE (V.O)

(Looks at the table. But the
flowers are not there. Moves
her head as fast as her eyes
But she doesn't find them)

Turns back again. Watches the painting. The bouquet of yellow flowers in the middle of the table are withered. They're not yellow anymore.

UXBAL (V.O)

(Looking at the chair in front of him)

Grandpa listen,

(Excited)

I dreamed that I was running
playing a yellow bird in the
kitchen of your house
in the Valley.

You know how much I wanted to
be an actor.

So, I was fluttering my arms
on the cold walls of the place.

It was summer.

I was wearing red shorts.

I swear, I swear that

(Moving his right hand)

the coldness of the ceramic
of the wall was so real that
made me stop to see my hands.

(Takes a sip of water)

I saw my hands

and were not dirty.

Just cold.

I rubbed them on my cheeks,
because they were hot.

Then in my forehead,
and my nose.

(excited)

You know that feeling
of freshness in your face!
Then I approached the wall
with my face.

Pushing the ceramic wall
with my right cheek,
then I approached my hands,

then my chest, and finally
my whole body.
When I opened my eyes,
a blue flowerpot with blue flowers
crossed my sight in the ceramic wall.

Uxbal touches his face, caressing it. Sees Therese and then, with his
fingers discovers his cheeks.

UXBAL (V.O)

(Hopeful)
Remember? The drawings from
the kitchen?
Blue flowers in the walls!
The smell of the kitchen
kept them with water
and cold.

Uxbal stares at an empty chair at the other corner of the table.
Waiting for a sign to answer to keep telling more past dreams.
Therese touches Uxbal's arm, and with her eyes points him the yellow fruits
on the table. Then she turned back again and all the fruits from the
painting table were vanished, alongside five branches, five flowerpots with
blue flowers, and the only chair that was in the atmosphere.
Therese reached the yellow fruit and grabbed it. Her fingers touched it
while she was rotating the object.
The fruit was cold, and while the sun arrived at the living room, Therese
approached the fruit to her face. Stroking it with her skin, while her
fingers moved according to its circular shape.

UXBAL (V.O)

(Calm)
Remember?
The drawing from the kitchen?

He stares at the chair, while the dark wooden chair is already different
from the others. Taller, with four more separations, with another pillow to

sit, it doesn't have where to put the arms. It's a simple chair, with a bad perspective and painted with brown oil.

OVER BLUE:

FATE IN:

INT. KITCHEN. AFTERNOON: Laurence Anyways

The sound of metal and water passing by together, spill dark blue water in the spike. Two hands dive inside touching the cold metal that keeps the water, while interrupts its cycle and avoids water to get lost and leave through the pipe.

The blue water keeps falling and starts to rise, increasing his height in the spike; while it's almost close to touch the elbows of the arms who are holding the water, both hands dive deeper inside the spike, but the feral substance escapes from the square shape of the spike. And reaches the dishwasher staining the dishes with blue shades who mislead between another blue stripes and the margins from the dishes.

Suddenly, the blue water invades the floor, the hand in the right tries to control the blue over the dishes, and the left one the blue on the floor. With sudden movements it's impossible for both hands to control what comes from the water pipe; while the right hand grabs a kitchen rag to clean the blue stains over the dishes and its surroundings, some dishes fall to the floor provoking a painful sound that sticks the floor, leaving traces and scars on the surface and on the right hand.

Bleeding, the red accompanies the blue. Both look like ink mixed with water.

(Flashback starts)

JOSUNE (V.O)

(Crossing her arms)

I need a man to move the TV

(Flashback ends)

Uxbal steps over a broken dish and immediately raises his feet. Looks at it, squatting, while tries to calculate the small blood circle that comes from his white sock.

Looks around him and sees hundreds of broken blue pieces of coffee cups, dishes and bowls. Suddenly, the smell of the sea sneaks passing through the window arriving to Uxbal's nose, making him stand up and look to the door. A bunch of strange steps overrun the kitchen floor, making noise until they stop. Uxbal tries to breath slowly looking at the female shape that just came in; staring at her, decides to clean the messy broken dishes on the floor even if his feet and hands feel the sharp shape.

UXBAL (V.O)

(Anxious, trying to hide his hands)

I was,

trying to stop the water, but

it was coming very fast.

(Takes his hands out, and cleans them
with his t-shirt)

The shape was a sort of a shade, Uxbal could feel her presence and knew that was a woman, and that she knows him.
But he couldn't see her clearly, just hear her steps and noises like if he was blind, or maybe wearing a ribbon on his eyes.
She could see him, that's why she was waiting for him.

UXBAL (V.O)

(Blinks very fast while keeps
cleaning his hands with agony)
The truth is that, the dark blue water
called so much my attention that
I got distracted.
Is not that something is happening
to me. I was just stranded in
my thoughts.
(Looks down and sees his t-shirt
With blue stains, and sights)

Ok. I'll wash that.
Anyway, we don't have a washing machine,
I'll wash it with my hands.

Uxbal touches his face with his sore hands, touches his eyes, hiding them, so the shade couldn't see that they were injected, red, with slight red veins that colored them from dark brown to dark brown with red rays.
Like a dark and sorrow sun.

UXBAL (V.O)

Have you seen the beach out there?
(Rubs his eyes, while points at the
window)
This is one of the reasons why you
picked this apartment isn't it?
The sea and the dishes.
(With his right hand on his waist)
I'm not a sea fan but I like to see it
far from me.

While Uxbal tries to fulfill his speech with words and distractions, the shade makes noises with the kitchen table placed behind her. Opens the drawer and organizes the cutlery.
Then stops.

Why did you decorate the kitchen?
with blue?
(Blinks fast)
I mean, the floor is blue,
the ceramic wall is blue,
the table is blue,
the cups, the bowls,
it's like you chose the sex
of the kitchen.
(laughs and smiles. Then looks
down)
Actually, I remember when we arrived
to this apartment.
I was still at school,
I was a teenager with a flag on my back
carrying a huge backpack.
We left dad, and your Taiichi need of
change made you redecorate the house.
Like when you have a baby and decide,
according to his physiognomy
which gender will have,
and start to dress him with a color
that suits him best. Blue or pink.

Uxbal moves and touches the black circle metals from where the fire of the kitchen comes out.

THE SHADE

(Approaches Uxbal, touching his face)

THERESE (V.O)

(Coming from the corner)

She might help you.

(Insists)

She might help you.

She's older than you

UXBAL (V.O)

I never learned

how to wash the dishes.

In fact, for you,

I never did it well

THE SHADE

(Walks away slowly, leaving

her weight fall on the table)

A fast breeze of cold wind converges close to them. Summer is almost over, soon the days will be shorter and the sunlight won't come in from the windows.

Uxbal still has dirty hands and tries to clean them with his pants.

UXBAL (V.O)

I don't have a place to hide from you, anymore.

We're facing each other

after more than a year

evading us.

(Hardly breaths)

THERESE (V.O)

No, no,

She won't understand.

(Moves her head and

looks at Uxbal)

UXBAL (V.O)

(With a red face, feels cold, touches his arms)

Happens that, I build a tower of
colored dishes.

And it fell.

Like the blue dishes from my hands.
Hurting my hands and the other's
hands.

(Pause)

They fell days ago

But the other's hands, and my
hands hurt.

In fact, our hands were
already hurt.

(Looks deeply at Uxbal.
Gets close to him and sees
his hands)

(Rubbing his face, feels his dry
skin getting wet by tears)

Uxbal looks at the tears in his hands. They are mixed and lost inside the thin
lines of his hand scars. Then looks up and sees the shade, moving; sometimes
the wind that comes from the window tries to draw the apparently female figure
that the shade has.

There she, who is close to Uxbal is surprised to see tears. She looks at Uxbal's
hands and touches them, trying to have some of the liquid in her hands to feel
it too. Then she touches her face, to wet it with tears.

UXBAL (V.O)

I was in bed when
it happened. I was
waking up when the sound
was piercing our ears.

THERESE (V.O)

Our hands were hurt and that's
why we couldn't draw anymore

Writing letters to be honest

And write another one to be
honest again.

The shape of my honesty is
a letter.
In a non-standardized paper
of 18x25cm.

We were not the owners of
our feelings.

He was far but he
could hear it too

my drawings trembled as well as
my words when I talked to him.

How do you handle your
pain when you try
reach the other's hand
and it is far from you?
I didn't have a hand
to tight when I
was stranded.

(Takes a breath and blinks)
Between our sharp words
we were drawing our
distance with tracing
paper.
Using an ink pen and two
lines of scotch tapes.

And with the decomposition of my
feelings and my body
after arguing.
My hands were unable of drawing
the way he did.

Finally, I was looking for
someone who could love me with
my hurting hands.

THE SHADE

(Gets up and walks while the
sea wind comes again)

(Follows her with his gaze)
When I see the blue of the
kitchen I see myself.
With downgrade colors,
decided by you to decorate
myself for the others when
they come to visit. To cook,
to talk, projecting an image of
a polite kitchen that looks
to your favorite landscape,
the sea.
Your shape on me.

(Pause)

Uxbal takes a look of where he is. His eyes map out the whole kitchen space
while the shade becomes bigger in front of him.
Suddenly is night, and the dim color of the shade paints the kitchen and
Uxbal, who still has a wet face. Therese who was close to him now is the
other side of the kitchen, she tries to reach him but the black color
divides the space and stares at Uxbal.

UXBAL (V.O)

(Moving back)
But the stroke of your shape,
tough, tick, never touched the
other line of the drawing you
made of me.

(The shade stopped growing)

So it was never finished.
It was finished by himself.

Where do we learn how to draw?

When I draw my stroke is shaky
and thin.

The immensity of the color touches Uxbal, who can't see his hurting hands anymore. The line that contains the shade is also black and very thick, because it holds the sorrow and the slump of the shade.

UXBAL (V.O)

I finished myself,
and ended up been
the opposite color of you.
But downtrodden by your
immensity.

Raised alone by you,
I became your biggest fear

(Moving forward)
And you my biggest battle.
Whose struggles and opinions
are worth more.

(Pause)

You said you need a man to move the
TV.

I am not that person.

Garazi

III

OVER BLACK:

FATE IN:

EXT. HALLWAY. MORNING. 9.35 A.M

Between two doors separated by a cold hallway Garazi appeared.

It's not summer anymore. Winter came across Garazi's glasses. The wind, helped him to arrive to the door of the 80m2 apartment, moving him from the west, where he was living right now.

Waiting outside the apartment door, Garazi's abstract body was accommodating itself, from the vivacious wind that brought him there, while he was waiting for the door to be opened.

Other winds were arriving to the same space where Garazi was standing, next to him there was another door, and next to the door an elevator.

On the left door another thought arrived. It was a girl from more or less 36 years' old, she looked stranded and had a red rose on her hand, the same color of her long dress. While she was trying to hold her hair, Garazi looked at her curious and happy, it was the first time that he was sharing the same space with someone else.

Excited and impatient, Garazi heard the elevator's door sound opening. The sound of plastic bags one over the other called his attention and blinking fast he moved back from the door to contemplate Josune's presence.

Josune, a tall woman of 55 years was hardly walking with 4 plastic bags full of vegetables, oranges, and loaves. Trying to stand straight, she left the bags on the floor again and started to touch her pockets to feel the shape of the key. Garazi, exanimating Josune with his powerful sight while she was touching her waist, he felt nervous. He already heard about this woman, her image inside his mind was a sort of shade underlined by a thick black line.

Josune found the keys, and went through Garazi's to introduce them on the lock.

The door opened, and Josune filled with strength grab the bags and with two steps forward got into the apartment.

When Garazi saw her coming in, he visualized part of the flat. With four big rectangular windows the gray sunlight encroached the apartment, making Garazi close slightly his eyes.

GARAZI (V.O)

It's morning and its grey.
(Trying to open his eyes slowly)

A distant sound of moving bells calls Garazi's attention, and with a sort of movable camera, with his eyes, swept the apartment's living room. A two color walls, beige and brown, with a trembling line who divided both colors, a Victorian couch, a lamp with flying bugs of dusts, the violent garnet of the now empty fauvist painting, two lonely golden mirrors one in each wall, the chair painted in oil different from the others on the top of the table, and the army of pearls embracing the oldest vase of the house. Josune came in and closed the door, leaving Garazi outside. Who, break through the door treading for the first time the apartment.

GARAZI (V.O)

(Smiling, looking at the oil chair.
Nods with his head)
Nice to meet you Sir.

Garazi felt a company. And cordially asked:

GARAZI (V.O)

Do you mind if I sit?
Here. Next to you?

The sound of a moving chair scraping the floor made Garazi lift the object a little bit from the floor.

GARAZI (V.O)

I remember that my mother hated that sound. When me and my sister used to do it, she forced us to reorder the table chairs from the living room.
(Caressing the table)

Now I'm used to always lift the chairs

Garazi crosses his legs, accommodating himself on his chair.

Josune drying the sweat of her forehead, opens the plastic bags full of oranges, not yet mature enough to eat, she smells two of them and starts to separate one by one. Some matures others not.

While Garazi contemplates the action of separation, his hand holds his face and with fatigue turns his look to the four massive windows in the other side of the living room.

One steamy almost white cloud appeared browsing slowly through the wind. The wind, was taking and leading the cloud on his way through the sky.

GARAZI (V.O)

How fantastic he is. You see?

Look, look how he moves it

(Excited, moves his body from side
to side in the chair)

The cloud, continues his way while the grey of the sky embraces her road and her cotton shape while she moves.

The wind that embraces the cloud is like a huge hand that gives little invisible pushes to what's invisible.

GARAZI (V.O)

How did you arrive here? When?

I don't think it was recently.

Was it many years ago?

Did he bring you here?

Because in life, you used
to live here isn't it?

The cloud, was almost finishing her brief apparition while Garazi was following her with his sight, but also careful and hoping for a possible answer to his questions.

The wind, taking care of the curves of the cloud, was moving her slowly; the four rectangle windows made Garazi remember that he was far from the

ground, on a high floor. Number 9. That's why he could see the cloud walking on her street, the gray of the sky.

GARAZI (V.O)

(Caressing his chin with three fingers)

I wish you could see yourself right now.

Sitting in your chair with the windows as a landscape. Now that is not summer, I bet you don't even approach the window to take a look at the street.

(Rolling his lips)

Better to do not look

(Pause)

I remember that Uxbal, once told me that you used to go out pretty often.

I came here led by the same person who leads that cloud.

Caressing his chin, Garazi stand up from his chair, and put his left hand on the painted oil chair.

Garazi was tall, his shape was sort of a serious tree, though, a tree from 92 years' old without roots, that the wind in order to carry him until the apartment had to use a massive almost divine force of nature.

Garazi's weight was measured not for how big he was but for how strong were his thoughts. The thoughts and feelings that he was carrying with him.

GARAZI (V.O)

I came as early as possible, the trip from west to east is long and deafening.

For the wind, of course.

We went faster than an airplane, and my ears pay the bills.

Look there comes another one!
(Pointing excited at the window)

Another stranded cloud came across the four rectangle windows. The other one was almost finishing his road when this one came out. His color had a slightly tendency to a light blue, separating itself from the gray landscape color.

Suddenly, the sound of two bells made Garazi's eyes open thoughtfully again, and while he was looking for the ringing bells with his gaze, realized that part of the window was open. 4cm of opening window made a thick gray line get into the house. Following the traces of the line he found two bells hanging on a crystal candle. Transparent and surrounded by a very thin glass, Garazi touches the bells and causes the sound once again.

Then removes the bells from the candle where they were hanging to approach them to his right ear. Then he shakes them.

Hears no sound.

The door that divides the living room from the hallway that takes you to the bedrooms, opens with difficulty.

There she makes the door touch the hallway wall.

THERESE (V.O)

I felt your steps from inside.

(With calm, sighs)

I see you already met grandpa.

In life, he visited you, one day
in your studio.

On the wall, there was a big plaque,
a drawing of historical moments,
painted with oil, and traced
with a transparent blue paper
glued by a scotch.

(Pause)

In life there, we were so happy.

Therese closes the door, while smiles to Garazi.

He barely talks, but when he saw
your drawings started to speculate
about a story
(Laughing)

THERESE (V.O)

How was your trip?

GARAZI (V.O)

Buf. Long, very long.
When I arrived to the door
I remembered that I left my
green jacket on the other
studio where I was living.

Uxbal likes that jacket

Uxbal.

Uxbal.

Uxbal, is been struggling
with your presence when
you weren't even close.

Garazi approaches Therese with kindness, adjusting his glasses to his face.
His glasses, black and saddle had almost 10 years old in Garazi's abstract
face, walking with him helping him to see but not to listen.

THERESE (V.O)

Actually, I am very happy
you're here.
(Smiling approaches to Garazi,
and tries to touch him)

Garazi, smiling to Therese feels safe. The living room is a small space where thanks to the window, the grey light converges outlining all the objects in the living room.

Therese turns his head back, when she listens one of the bedroom doors opening.

UXBAL (V.O)

How long did it take you
to come all the way here?

Therese and Garazi astonished, stayed together until he stepped forward.

GARAZI (V.O)

A long trip that lasted
a few seconds.
The wind, takes us faster
every time. You know.
Well, you've always been
living here.

Yes, before.

You bought me here.

(Looking at the oil chair)

UXBAL (V.O)

You too. Remember?
In life, you never lived
here, but before.

Now this looks familiar
to you.

(Walking)

Have you seen my grandpa?

When he left I thought
about you. When you left.
In life we enjoyed as
much as we could.
(Touches his face. It's
wet. Feels scared)

Therese surprised, approaches Uxbal to see how wet his face is.
Caressing him, again both of them feel and touch his tears, the last time
that they came out Uxbal was in the kitchen.
Uxbal tries to hide his evident excitement for what is happening to him
again. Then a sort of lighting flashbacks strikes his figure again; tears,
hurting hands, ringing bells.

UXBAL (V.O)

Where are the bells?

GARAZI (V.O)

Here

(Shows the bells to him)

Uxbal comes forward and holds the bells. Making them sound, approaching
them to his right ear.

He hears a sound.

THERESE (V.O)

I hear it too!

(Approaches Uxbal)

Can you listen, Garazi?

GARAZI (V.O)

(Keeps silent)

No

The wind, the same that is
leading all those thought
clouds bought you here.
Again.

Why did you leave?
We were all bought here by
the wind but why did you
stopped living with us?
When did you became an
unknown thought?

We're both, Therese and I,
holding ourselves to the
idea that we can come to
life again.

We want to disappear to
become humans. Human.

To get out of here?

That's why?

Yes. Disappearance makes
us free.

The wind, will take me to
another place to wander.

The same one that bought
you here again, late.

(Pause)

I can't take you with me
anymore

Uxbal is able to feel his cheekbones wet again, and while he touches his
face takes the bells with him. Squeezing it very hard with his hands.

Why have you come?

I am waiting to appear
again and you come.

The grey of the afternoon appeared on the four rectangle windows. While the
gray line that once pointed the bells on the candle disappears, Uxbal hears
the wind moving faster, making the windows tremble.

The gray landscape of the city from the 9th floor perceives a messy row of light blue clouds, desperate to move forward. Suddenly, Therese hears the apartment door make an almost secret vibration. And while Uxbal, holds strongly the bells on his hand, Therese approaches the door and moving back says:

THERESE (V.O)

Koro, Axun, Natia, Ikastea!

