

HOT HEART STORY

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FADE IN:

EXT. RAILWAY STATION - DAWN.

December morning. Dim lights illuminate the darkness.

DUNKA - a little more than twenty years old, runs across the platform, dragging her little bag of luggage on twisted plastic wheels. is similar to the other girls

The white sharp noses of her heeled boots dig into the piles of snow and quickly make their way across the platform.

The SOUND of luggage wheels and a girls BREATH, as the boots jump onto the steel steps of the wagon right when the old train begins to move.

Dunka has not fully shown herself yet - just her light hair pinned in a ponytail and a gray trim hooded sweatshirt as she tears through the corridor of the wagon, peering into the following compartments.

Her hand eventually slides open a compartment door, flashing silhouettes of passengers in the lightly packed compartment.

By the window, with brown hair tied in a ponytail and in a hooded jacket - sits Dunka's negative. ANKA (20's).

DUNKA
(in Polish, subtitles)
You promised, you won't go without
me!

ANKA
(in Polish, subtitles)
You said, you have no money!

Dunka falls into the seat next to Anka. We now see her whole figure - in tight pants and a high riding coat exposing her stomach to the top of her naval - a provincial beauty.

DUNKA
(in Polish, subtitles)
That was yesterday ...

She reaches for the pack of cigarettes laying on the crooked compartment counter, without moving her head out of the seat, in spite of her full reach, she has to do an effort..

ANKA
(in Polish, subtitles)
Yesterday you weren't a
smoker.

DUNKA
 (in Polish subtitles)
 Yesterday I sold my amber.

Dunka gets up and aggressively slides down the train window and sticks her head out. The momentum of the moist gray dawn hits her in face like embers of a lit cigarette.

INT. KITCHEN IN DUNKA'S HOME - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A light bulb surrounded by a meager light shade dangles on a cable from the ceiling.

DUNKA'S FATHER, a strong man past his stage of youth, is standing under the light. He is holding a fully grown seven year old girl up to the light to show her a centuries old butterfly trapped in a stone of amber.

FATHER
 This is the ocean's heart.

LITTLE DUNKA
 What is a butterfly doing in there?

FATHER
 The sea closed it in its heart, so
 the storm wouldn't ruin it.

LITTLE DUNKA
 And you will set him free?

FATHER
 When the time comes, it learns to
 fly.

The shape of the amber is similar to the shape of a heart. Shimmering in the light, a butterfly reveals all it's beauty.

ANKA (V.O.)
 (in Polish, subtitles)
 How could you sell your fathers
 amber! If he were alive

BACK TO THE PRESENT

INT. ESCALATOR INSIDE THE WARSAW CENTRAL TRAIN STATION - DAY

The girls are making their way up on an escalator to the lit platform. Dunka one step above Anka.

She turns her head, looking down on the top of Anka's head.

DUNKA
 (in Polish, subtitles)
 If he were alive, he would do the
 same, so I could leave!

INT. MAIN LOBBY IN THE WARSAW CENTRAL TRAIN STATION - SAME

Huge glass doors in the main lobby expose the snowy, lit up city. It is now day, but neon lights, car lights, and even street lights shine outside during the winter.

The girls make their way outside the station and stand on the sidewalk, staring at the energetic landscape of the city.

MATCH CUT

EXT. SIDEWALK OUTSIDE THE WARSAW CENTRAL TRAIN STATION - SAME

The Marriot rises in the skyline like massive port cranes. Big snowflakes fall on the girls staring faces.

ANKA
 (in Polish. subtitles)
 Wow almost like the "Queen
 Elizabeth"!

DUNKA
 (in Polish, subtitles)
 The "Queen" is fifty two meters
 tall with an extra ten underwater,
 didn't they teach you? This one
 would have floated into space. It
 has one hundred fifty meters to the
 top.

Anka shrugs and looks around.

A taxi pulls up in front of them, squishing the snow and slush underneath the tires.

Dunka digs up a few small coins out her pants pocket and shows them to Anka, gesturing with her head for her to throw a few of her own in.

At that moment a smelly, weathered, old HOMELESS MAN appears as if he grew out of the ground.

ANKA
(in Polish, subtitles)
Get out of here!

The Homeless Man hangs his head and keeps to himself.

DUNKA
(in Polish, subtitles)
And the best way to the airport...?

The Homeless Man turns around.

Dunka extends her open hand to him with a few cents and a five.

The money disappears into the hand of the Homeless Man in a blink of an eye.

With a tilt of his head and a huge smile he shows a yellow-red bus that just pulled up to the bus stop at the station.

INT. AIRCRAFT OF A LOW BUDGET AIRLINE WARSAW. LONDON - DAY

Warm light fills the cabin as colorful lettering reminds not to smoke and put on your seat belt.

The stewardess comes through the narrow walkway between the seats of the passengers. Both sides two rows of seats are filled.

The stewardess is about to pass Dunka, who is sitting by the window with Anka next to her. She leans over and tightly fastens their seat belts for them, clenching the belt.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)
The crew welcomes you on board our line. We are pleased to announce that the flight from Warsaw to London will take two hours and fifteen minutes. I remind you that today is the fifteenth of December. The temperature in Warsaw minus two degrees. The temperature in London is plus four degrees. Enjoy your flight.

As soon as the stewardess leaves, Dunka immediately frees herself from oppressive seat belt buckle.

Anka crosses her heart and slips both hands in between her seat.

Dunka leans towards the small window and stares at the snowy, foggy airport as the plane moves.

INT. STANTSED AIRPORT ARRIVALS LOBBY. LONDON - LATER

The girls go through the door entering the arrivals lobby.

JOHNY, (20ies), a fat, beer drunk intermediary, not much older than they are, is already waiting for them with a sign that awkwardly says "HELL".

They immediately know that he is waiting for them, they don't even have to confirm.

Dunka walks up and pull the postcard from his hands.

DUNKA

Hel! Baltic! Poland! With one "l"!

JOHNY

I know nothing about it ...

He bursts out laughing, mocking, as if he knew something more.

EXT. AIRPORT PARKING LOT - SAME.

A misty evening, sprinkling a cold, fine rain.

IN THE CAR

An old, low and cheesy Mazda with a CD deck where green, red and yellow LEDs encourage to turn up the volume on the bumping rhythm.

The girls sink into the rear seats.

Johny is behind the wheel, but he hasn't started the engine yet. He hands to envelopes to the back, but when they reach for them he pulls the envelopes back out of their reach.

JOHNY

Eight hundred euro, my ladies.

Anka hands him her half retrieved from a plastic bag. She receives her prize, the envelope.

Johny throws the money into the glove box.

Anka removes the contract out of the envelope. She solemnly reads:

ANKA
Goodferry - Dover - Calais.

From her back pocket, Dunka extracts the new fifty euro bills, and exchanges them for the envelope and a metal pen.

JOHNY
Sign them.

In the darkness, Dunka finds a place at the bottom of the page and scribbles a zigzag on two pages and hands one to John.

JOHNY
This signature just changed your
life, baby.

Smiling like a fat Mephisto.

Dunka puts her contract up to the window so that she can read it and see the details.

DUNKA
"VIGOR"? Barcelona!

She angrily leans towards the front, wanting to give the contract back.

DUNKA
This is a mistake. We were supposed
to go together!

The fan belt screams as Johnny turns the engine on. He plays rapid paced trashy electro music through the speakers. The stereo LEDs begin to dance as the car heads out of the parking lot.

Dunka settles back into her seat and stares at Anka.

DUNKA
(in Polish, subtitles)
So, BARCELONA!?! Say something!

Anka gives her a silly little smile as she shrugs her shoulders, as if that would make a difference.

The Mazda passes the "WROTHAM HEAD" exit on highway "M26" and approaches a huge gas station full of lights, trucks and people.

Johnny pulls up to the pump, turns off the engine. With the music blaring you have to shout to make yourself heard.

JOHNY

Find a nice truck. Half of them go
to Barcelona.

He nods towards the resting rigs and gets out to refuel. Dunka tries to find a foothold in Anka.

DUNKA

(in Polish, subtitles)
We were supposed to make some big
money together!

ANKA

(in Polish, subtitles)
What do you care? You said it
doesn't matter where or how.

Johnny knocks on the thick closed window. His smile this time is pressing and threatening. His voice bubbling.

JOHNY

Hurry up. 900 miles to travel.

Dunka does not even look at him. She smiles wryly to Anka.

DUNKA

(in Polish, subtitles)

Maybe you come with me to Barcelona? On a truck?

ANKA

(in Polish, subtitles)
Chill out. Work is work. You'll get
yours.

Johnny finishes refueling and heads towards the cashier station.

When he disappears between some cars, Dunka quickly opens the glove box and pulls out her money. She throw Anka's money back with disgust.

DUNKA

(in Polish, subtitles)
I already have mine, bitch.

She pulls out her small, battered suitcase and begins to leave, but hesitates.

She turns back around and grabs the metal pen she used for her contact. She plunges it several times into the screaming CD player. The LED lights spark and the stereo goes silent forever.

Dunka keeps her head up as she walks by Johnny at the cashier window and quickly makes a deal with the truck driver of a massive big rig that has the word "WHATEVER" written on it.

Dunka dashes around the front of the truck and climbs the stairs into the blue cab.

EXT. WHARF IN BARCELONA PORT - EARLY MORNING.

In a full sun, Dunks stands under the hull of an enormous ship, surrounded by port workers, sailors and giant cranes lifting crates.

Two laborers pass in front of Dunka, carrying a long yellow pipe. Dunka pulls out the contract. The second laborer carrying the pipe glances over his shoulder, without slowing his pace.

With a movement of his head, he directs her towards a building on top of the ship.

Dunka raises her head, looking at the monster in front of her that now seems better than the Marriott.

The deck of the "VIGOR" is covered with rows of containers.

INT. MESS HALL ON BOARD "VIGOR" - DAY.

Filipinos, Spaniards, Serbs come to the mess hall and immediately form a line, one behind the other, with steel trays.

Dozens of the sailors eyes follow Dunka's every movement. The new woman is the new attraction of the male crew.

Apart from Dunka in the kitchen there is LI and LA - two Asian girls of an unknown age, that are so tiny and shy it's as if they weren't there. With dark aprons Li and La penetrate the space in an invisible way.

LAURA, 42ish, is another story. A tall, mature woman with prominent breasts and provocative clothes. Standing behind a long counter she confidently says:

LAURA

Come on, boys. We have a new
kitten. Be good, and the kitten
will give you some fresh milk.

The last words evoke LAUGHTER.

BOSMAN stands in the doorway. A powerful, sun glazed man. He cuts everyone in line. Walks up to the counter. No one dares to protest.

Dunka hands him his plate. He leans over the plate as if he was sniffing the rice, but really he's just trying to slide in for a better look between her breasts.

Dunka shudders, as if involuntarily, which pushes the plate with rice up to Bosman's nose. LAUGHTER erupts by those behind him, followed by silence as he gives them a puzzled, angry eye.

Laura intervenes. She immediately extends her hand to flick the grains of rice off his nose, trying to remove awkward air of the situation, she makes the situation look worse.

LAURA

Be careful. Bosman can do anything,
and more ...

Laura reaches for a plate, loads it with best pieces of seafood. She makes her way towards the exit, emphasizing her purpose:

LAURA

Captain waiting.

La and Li revolve around two long tables filled with sailors, handing out water bottles, cleaning, picking up plates and taking back the trays.

Bosman sitting among the others, his eyes focused on Dunka. He reaches for a bottle of ketchup and loudly squirts a bunch on top of the table.

BOSMAN

Hey! You!

Dunka does not respond.

Li comes up with a cloth, but Bosman moves her out of the way with one swift move, like swatting a fly.

BOSMAN

You!

Dunka knows he's talking to her as she moves towards him. Everyone is staring at the scene unfolding.

Dunka cleans the red sauce off the table, but when she moves her hand, Bosman grabs her wrist in the air.

BOSMAN

Say, "I'm sorry", kitten.

His fingers dig into her wrist with a strong, painful squeeze.

DUNKA

I'm sorry, kitten.

At this point, Dunka drops the red stained cloth directly onto his pants.

INT. FEMALE CREW SLEEPING CABIN ON BOARD "VIGOR" - EVENING.

Dunka is sitting on the top bunk, legs suspended over the edge, staring down at Laura.

Laura is below her in a comfortable single bunk. She's sitting up on the side while sticking tacky colored tips on her not so beautiful, short nails.

La and Li are sitting on their beds, opposite of Dunka. One above the other, like identical statues with identical fluorescent impenetrable faces.

LAURA

You won't win anything with that.
I'll give you two weeks. Messing
with Bosman is worse than a death
sentence. Don't you care about
losing everything, kitten?

Completely unconcerned with what Laura has to say, Dunka makes a funny face and suddenly jumps down with a wild scream.

DUNKA

I'm not a kitten, I'm a monkey!

She laughs like a monkey in a zoo. Laura's tips fall to the ground.

Jumping down like a monkey, Dunka throws herself onto the ground to find them. She grabs Laura's hand to glue them back on as well as possible. Laura rips her hand away out of impatience.

LAURA

Monkey does not understand anything. And you have to learn what's most important in life.

Laura lifts a thick blanket that covers the space underneath her bed. The space is like a whiskey and tobacco warehouse, picked with bottles and cartons.

Laura stares at Dunka with a look of pride and triumph in her eyes. She then covers the secret stockpile with the blanket.

DUNKA

What is it?

LAURA

What is it? What is it? It's a gold mine! When we reach Morocco it will be turned into "sputnik", the best hashish in the world. One shipment and you're ahead of the year-round grind.

DUNKA

To Morocco?

Laura smiles mysteriously and blows on her finger tips to quickly dry the glue.

EXT. KITCHEN EXIT ONTO THE LOWER DECK OF THE SHIP "VIGOR" - AFTERNOON.

Dunka heads to the deck, clearly weary, pausing for a moment of reflection.

Even Li and La came out to get some fresh air. They sit down with their backs against the wall, staring at the horizon while spinning origami out of white napkins with their fingertips. Their faces, as usual, perfectly neutral.

Dunka sits down next to them in silence. Slipping the handkerchief off her head, Dunka stares at the Li's nimble fingers.

After a while, Li opens her hand and presents the small piece of paper to Dunka like if it were a piece of candy.

LI

Man-qui.

Dunka gently takes the creature and holds it up on the line of the horizon. Now you can see the details made with a jeweler's precision.

BOSMAN (V.O.)

(in Albanian)

Idiot! Ju kishte për të shkuar
poshtë në pritje. Sa herë kam thënë
se ju nuk keni ardhur këtu në këtë
kohë!

Bosman yells at the Filipino helper, which Dunka sees as she leans over the railing of the deck. The boy bows while trying to retreat from the roar of Bosman.

Li hands Dunka an origami butterfly flapping it's wings. Once again without the slightest bit of passion, like if she was made of paper herself.

LI

Bader - fla.

INT. FEMALE CREW SLEEPING CABIN ON BOARD "VIGOR" - NIGHT.

Through the round window by her bunk, Dunka glances at the clouded moon.

The stormy, cold light falls on her as she counts her fifty euro bills.

The door suddenly opens and a drunk Laura appears. She leans against the door frame and with great delight pulls out a small unfinished flask of whiskey.

LAURA

Greetings from the captain! The
original ...

Laura is not drunk enough to not notice the money in Dunka's hands.

LAURA

How much do you have?

She moves towards her bed like an old turtle. Still muttering to herself, laughing, half-wailing:

LAURA

We'll buy so much "sputnik", you'll
make ten times more than what you
have!

She collapses onto her bed, after a while, all you can hear is snoring.

Dunka leans over to look down at Laura, to make sure she is fast asleep in her bed. She then removes the rubber band from her hair and wraps it around her wad of money.

At that exact moment, a powerful flash of lightning nearby glares through the window.

Right after the lightning strike, the alarm siren goes off, accompanied by red rhythmically pulsating alarm lights throughout the cabin.

MONTAGE - EXT. SHIP DECK "VIGOR" - NIGHT.

1. Huge searchlights reflect off the deck of the ship and on the powerful, stormy high sea. At a distance of about fifty meters from the "VIGOR", are two fishing boats, so-called "pateras". They are dangerously full of panicked Africans calling for help as they bob up and down in the tumultuous waters. Their VOICES are suppressed by the ROAR of the wind. The tower shines the spotlight over the dark figures looming in the boats as sailors from the "VIGOR" gather at the side.

2. The fishing boats are closer to the "VIGOR." You can see the faces of terrified people, men and women. The lights move along their silhouettes while the "VIGOR" maneuvers closer. Some of the people are already in the water among CRIES of despair and the ROAR of the wind.

3. One of the boats is already filled up with water and in an inclined position, threatening the safety of the refugees on board. The boat is so close to the "VIGOR", that some of the refugees jump on to the rescue ladder. Crew from the "VIGOR" reach out to give them a helping hand up. The path along the side of the deck is long.

4. A WOMAN couldn't hold on as she made her way up the tall ladder and fell back into the water. Outstretched hands of those around her try to pick her back to safety.

5. The sea swells to the verge of exploding. A powerful bolt of lightning strikes the place where the boats were initially swaying.

6. The deck is already full of people recovered from the depths of the storm. Soaked, terrified, and exhausted, they rest against the rows of containers. Crewmen help more survivors get on board, there are at least fifty of them now.

END MONTAGE

EXT. SHIP DECK "VIGOR" - NIGHT.

Dunka walks and scans along the wall of container.

Looking for people needing help, her attention gets drawn to a small lonely figure, sticking to the steel side of a container.

The seven year old Sudanese boy, DAVID, is huddled and shivering in the cold, tears streaming down his cheeks, as if it was rain.

Lightning illuminates the frightened child. Dunka runs up to the child, seeing how wet and cold he was. Without thinking she takes off her yellow hooded sweatshirt.

She puts it on David right when a burst of thunder signals the rain to begin falling.

Dunka looks around helplessly in a purple bra as David stands in the large sweatshirt reaching his knees.

DUNKA

Where is your mommy?

They quickly run along the containers to the opposite side of the deck to shelter themselves from the heavy rain.

EXT. VIOLENT ATLANTIC OCEAN - NIGHT

POV WIND

The wind rides through the waves like sand falling through an open hand. It flies with curiosity towards a porthole in the lit ship.

Looking through the porthole into the cabin, Dunka is visible, lying in her bunk.

Her arm is wrapped around the little boy in the yellow sweatshirt. In his hand lies an origami butterfly.

Dunka's white skin touches the little black hand, checking the contrast.

Not wanting to wake him up, Dunka huddles their heads together and closes her eyes.

EXT. COASTAL PORT IN AGADIR, MOROCCO - MORNING.

The "VIGOR" docks itself in the port.

Moroccan police and nurses help the survivors come ashore.

You can recognize them not just by the color of their skin. They are all wrapped in purple blankets. Tired faces, sad eyes, fear. They look more like prisoners than refugee shipwreck victims.

Policemen escort them directly into a barred van, that once full and given the signal, departs.

On the waterfront there are several police cars and a CROWD of humanitarian activists protesting. Mostly white, with colorful and cool clothes.

They're separated from the action by red and white police tape.

CROWD

The people united, will never be
defeated! The people united, will
never be defeated!

Dunka stands next to the tape with both hands on David's shoulders.

Right next her, on the other side of the tape separating these two worlds, is a young man leading the chanting crowd. Bastien (30), a volunteer doctor and the group leader.

A light beard hides traces of smallpox, lightly scarring the handsome faced redhead.

The pressure of the crowd intensifies.

A POLICE OFFICER, knowing Bastien, runs up to him.

POLICE OFFICER

(in French, subtitles)
Bastien! Get theses people out
of here, if you do not want to
get in trouble!

Bastien is not intimidated. He raises and shakes his fist in the air like a conductor, riling up his activist orchestra.

CROWD

The people united, will never be
defeated! The people united, will
never be defeated!

Another POLICEMAN walks over. He mercilessly yanks David out of Dunka's grasp.

Dunka tries to grab David from the Policeman's grasp but fails. As they make their way towards the barred van, Dunka furiously lunges forward and grabs the sleeve of the policeman. Still no result.

DUNKA

Let him go!

BASTIEN

(in French, subtitled)

You have no right to imprison them!
They are victims, not criminals!

The door slams behind David. Fear appears on his face. Tears begin flowing down his cheek again. He puts his face up to the bars. As a goodbye, he shows Dunka the origami butterfly leaving with him.

The van full of survivors begins to drive off.

The crowd murmurs menacingly and whistles towards the police.

Bastien looks at Dunka.

BASTIEN

(in French, subtitled)

You work with them?

With grief in her eye, Dunka continues to watch the van disappearing into the distance.

She doesn't pay any attention to the guys who said something to her in French.

He tries again. This time in English and with his hand outstretched over the red and white tape.

BASTIEN

Bastien. And ... you?

After a moment, Dunka extends her hand.

DUNKA

Do you know where they took
David...that little boy?

BASTIEN

It's our job to know such things.

Dunka gives him a questioning glance.

DUNKA

And who are you?

BASTIEN

Hard to say. An explosive mixture
of freaks and genius altruists. I
myself am just a doctor.

DUNKA

REALLY?

Bastien responds to the question with a loud laugh.

BASTIEN

I think so, but you can never be
sure what is inside.

He points to a short blond who is towing a large banner on a
bike with the words, "La SEULE SOLUTION EST LA REVOLUTION".

BASTIEN

Look at him. Does he look like a
banker?

The crowd begins to gather up to leave.

The same applies to the other side of the tape. The sailors,
who have been mixed up with the police and the survivors,
begin to disappear on board the "VIGOR." The port empties.

ANA (25) anti-globalist from Barcelona, in a long skirt
festooned with beads, also wants to get going.

ANA

(in Spanish, subtitled)
Bastien, let's go, or I'll collapse
from exhaustion.

Bastien turns to her. JUNYS, a middle aged Arab in a leather
coat, pulls up in an old Volkswagen van.

BASTIEN

Can I get your number?

He encouragingly nods his head as he hands his phone to her. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. Dunka puts in her number.

BASTIEN

Know where the Fort is? It's not far. We have our offices there.

Dunka shakes her head. No.

ANA

Bastien!

BASTIEN

I'll call you.

INT. ENTRANCE TO THE FEMALE SLEEPING CABIN - DAY.

Dunka is coming down the naturally lit hallway leading to the closed door of the cabin. She is about to push the door handle, when suddenly, out of the dark right hand corner, something pops out in front of Dunka - it's La's outstretched hand. In the open hand lies an origami paper tiger.

LA

Tea - gear.

Dunka takes the paper tiger, the arm raises, Dunka pushes the handle and opens the door.

MATCH CUT:

INT. THE FEMALE SLEEPING CABIN - DAY.

Laura is in the cabin, but not alone.

In addition to her are two young Arabs dressed in sweat suits - ADIDAS and NIKE. They are in the middle of closing a box as Dunka walks in. Still visible in the box are straight rows of bottles of whiskey and cartons of cigarettes.

Laura, counting a large roll of Moroccan dirham, nods to Dunka without even raising her head, which calms the agitation of Adidas and Nike at the sight of Dunka.

LAURA

(in French, subtitled)

Go now, go! Tell Ahmed, I'll be back in two months.

As she finishes counting the money, Adidas and Nike get up to leave and grab the box by two steel handles.

As soon as they disappear, Dunka starts questioning:

DUNKA
How did you know?

LAURA
It's my job to KNOW ... And what exactly are you referring to?

Laura doesn't even lift her head, she's getting ready to leave.

DUNKA
We were on our way to Tenerife. How did you know we will stop in Morocco?

LAURA
Ah.. that's what you mean! We are well informed, we, my kitten.

DUNKA
Enough to know about a refugee boat sinking the very next day?

Laura finally looks up at Dunka with pity and maternal care as Dunka continues to raise her voice.

LAURA
Don't be a baby! Everyone works to live. The system is the system.

DUNKA
SYSTEM?

LAURA
Did you see what the boats looked like? Crap.

DUNKA
So who put them into that CRAP?

LAURA
They did it themselves. They asked to be taken. And not only that! You have to pay well for a ticket on that piece of shit.

DUNKA
I don't believe it! You're telling me that they were specifically sent to drown?

LAURA

What! You prefer to have all of them in your POOH-LAND?

DUNKA

How many people were left out there? How many did you leave to drown?

LAURA

O! It's not nice to speak that way, kitten! It's called natural selection. But we pulled out and saved fifty-two!

Her last words came out quickly, with a triumphant smile while showing peace sign as a sign of victory.

She's seemingly trying to provoke Dunka, like a teacher catching a student making a mistake.

DUNKA

The mother of the boy was left out there....!

LAURA

Must have been quite an idiot to pull the kid into that mess.

DUNKA

Shut up!

LAURA

You shut up, or someone will shut you up. I got nothing to do with it. My business is to do some proper shopping. Chill out ... In a bit you'll fix your mood.

Laura is ready, waving a wad of Dunka's fifty euro bills wrapped in a rubber hair band.

Dunka snatches her money and looks straight at Laura with anger that could kill.

Instead, she snatches her money and heads out.

The INTRO to the SONG begins to be lightly heard, as if in the distance.

EXT. AGADIR. MOROCCO - DAY

POV DUNKA

RAP SONG accompanies her.

Dunka descends down the stairs of the "VIGOR" towards land. She sets out aimlessly just looking for a new world full of colors, smells and sounds which a girl from the icy edges of Europe does not know.

In the Port of Agadir - fishing boats full of sardines and squid. Hanging fishing nets dry in the sun.

A little further, she comes up on an old medina colorful market with huts full of goods and an astonishing variety of people. Dunka plunges deeper into the old part of the city. Down depopulated narrow streets.

Sunlight slides down the bland stone walls.

A LITTLE JUGGLER - dressed like an Arab prince in a purple fez. He jumps out of a side door while juggling oranges, as if to hypnotize Dunka.

Suddenly, he flings one of the oranges towards her. Dunka catches the orange in both hands, but when she lowers her hands the Little Juggler is gone.

Through the gate at end of the street, a fort appears on the horizon.

EXT. FORT IN AGADIR. MOROCCO - DAY

RAP SONG

Dunka walks through the sandy courtyard of the Fort.

Suddenly, one of the activists from the port, JORGE, crosses her path. Not paying any attention to her, he disappears behind a heavy door.

Dunka follows him and finds herself in another world.

RAP SONG - Fades out

INT. FORT IN AGADIR. MOROCCO - DAY

Computers, laptops, anti-globalist posters and papers are strung among SOME PEOPLE focused on their work.

A small ribbon of the ocean is visible through large doors. On the terrace, is a group of people sitting at a long table.

ADAN, CHRISTOPHE, BORIS, PAPAYA, COMMANDOR, LIZ, MARLENE - nobody is more than thirty years old. The colorful activists, humanitarian volunteers and young travelers have all found shelter among their peers.

Bastien, sitting at the head table, gesticulates while speaking. People react to his words with laughter. Dunka is not sure whether she should cross the threshold of the situation.

Bastien suddenly sees her, stops telling his story, and with a sweeping gesture waves for her to come over.

BASTIEN

Avanti!

Dunka heads onto the terrace.

EXT. FORT IN AGADIR. MOROCCO - DAY

People make a place for her at the table.

Dunka sits down next to Ana.

ANA

(in Spanish, subtitled)

I'm Ana. How are you? This is Adam,
Christophe, Boris, Papaya,
Commandor, Lisa, Marlene ...

In a spontaneous greeting, the people extend their hands to Dunka.

INSERT THE COMPUTER DISPLAY:

„Database" - records showing the people on a computer screen. Each one displays a photo with text underneath.

1. „Ana Gutierrez. 25. Spanish Passport. Coordinating Director. Organizes protests, heads the mailing list, knows everyone."

2. „Adam Baumann. 27. German Passport. Financier, contacts donators. Finds money in banks. Conducts bank transfers and pays employees.”

3. „Christophe Chasagne. 21. Swiss Passport. Ecologist. GMO Specialist. Hacker.”

4. „Boris Dukajeff. 25. American Passport. Knows five languages. Programmer and political mind.”

5. „Papaya. Xaver Kwame. 24. British Passport. Dancer. Over help.”

6. „Commandor. Alex Muller. 19. German Passport. DJ and provider.”

BACK TO THE SCENE PLENER. FORT W AGADIR. MAROKO - DZIEŃ
(TERAŹNIEJSZOŚĆ)

BASTIEN

Ana! Talk to her in English. She doesn't understand.

ANA

You're with the "VIGOR"?

Ana offers Dunka a glass of white wine and a plate of oysters.

DUNKA

It's my first job. I help in the kitchen.

ANA

I like your accent. You're Czech?

Dunka doesn't know how to eat oysters. She looks around helplessly looking at the pile of shells.

PAPAYA

It's Russian. Give her caviar!

LAUGHTER.

Ana, theatrically and with a joking hint of eroticism, shows Dunka how to pour the warm and salty food into her mouth.

Dunka tries to do the same, but it doesn't work out to well.

DUNKA

No!

ADAM

She is Polish. They always say
"no"!

Bastien LAUGHS with his old white dog next to him.

Empty plates clutter the table as people get up and head
back to their work.

They are left alone at the table, divided by a few seats.
Dunka and Bastien.

BASTIEN

You've been with them long?

DUNKA

Only a week. I was supposed to work
in England but the intermediary
screwed me.

BASTIEN

Not only you. We have the "VIGOR"
blacklisted.

DUNKA

WHAT listed?

BASTIEN

This is the third time this year
that the "VIGOR" came here. They
make deals with the intermediaries
that organize the trip for the
refugees.

DUNKA

Someone pays them to pull refugees
out of the ocean?

BASTIEN

They pay them NOT-TO-PULL!
Intermediaries take enormous sums
money, usually put together by a
whole family just so one of them
has a chance to escape. But who
cares if anyone actually gets to
Italy or Spain?!

DUNKA

Somebody should do something about
that!

BASTIEN
SOMEBODY does not exist. No one
else but YOU!

DUNKA
So you have to report it to the
police!

BASTIEN
The police get a piece of the cut.
The jail officials get another. And
in the end the governments pays to
keep those who did not drown behind
bars.

A late afternoon sun begins to simmer Dunka, leaning against
a wall of the fort. Her eyes feel heavy.

DUNKA
Where are they now?

BASTIEN
"Unlimited detention". Somebody has
to claim a refugee and pay a
deposit. It's a death sentence for
most of them. Women usually don't
survive. Nobody claims them.

DUNKA
And the children?

Bastien did not want to answer.

MONTAGE - EXT. AFRICA DOCUMENTARY PICTURE FILM.

1. In the desert, groups of refugees cling to the side of
truck filled to the brim.
2. A night crossing, flashlight lights, a small fire.
3. Back in the desert dunes, refugees hide under cardboard
boxes from the red hot sun.
4. Guards with rifles and military trucks patrolling in
Chad.
5. Refugees again, in succession go down a path during
twilight with their faces covered by hoods.
6. A hole in the wall hut made out of bare clay bricks, just
enough light is coming through the window to be able to see
people sleeping on the ground, covered by blankets and
surrounded by empty cans.

7. A prison wall, on which somebody has written the names:
Katiola, Abomey, Tamale, Accra, Ibadan, Sapele, Abuja,
Monrovia 8. Faces, hoods, faces again ...

BASTIEN (V.O.)

People come from Guinea, Togo,
Benin, Ivory Coast, Sudan, Somalia
... Some people have to overcome
two, three thousand kilometers.
They go at night. Like animals.
Hunters circulate everywhere.
Anyone can be an enemy, police
officers, security, patrols, or
other refugees. I know people who
are trying to get to the Atlantic
coast for the seventh time. When
you reach the ocean you have a
fifty percent chance.

END MONTAGE

EXT. FORT IN AGADIR. MOROCCO - NIGHT (PRESENT)

A party at the fort. On the same terrace as before,
firelight slides on the body of Papaya performing his dance
as Commandor DJ's.

Dunka is hanging out with Ana, who now and then, hands a lit
pipe of hash to Dunka.

Bastien, is looking at Dunka from a distance as he talks to
Boris and Marlene. He suddenly walks away from the
conversation and heads towards Dunka, his white dog follows
him.

Bastien walks up to Dunka and grabs the pipe out of her
grasp. She seems to be quite stoned. She laughs for no
reason. The world seems to be spinning in her eyes.

BASTIEN

You don't need that, better take my
hand instead.

EXT. BEACH IN AGADIR. MOROCCO - NIGHT

The Fort in the distance is illuminated by the party. A
starlit sky is a good setting for lovers.

A moment after a kiss.

Their eyes fix on two shooting stars that collide on a rotating sky.

BASTIEN

Come with me to Sudan. Tomorrow.
This is my last day here. Dunka
responds with a lazy laugh.

BASTIEN

I'm serious. I'm going to a
hospital in the south. Someone has
to clean the place up after the
war. You know what it's called?
Nazareth. Even Jesus wouldn't want
to be born there.

DUNKA

I have other things to care about.

BASTIEN

The "VIGOR" is not such a thing.

DUNKA

Money is. I'm going to buy a
fishing boat.

BASTIEN

A fishing boat? What do you need it
for?!

DUNKA

My father used to say: "The boat is
a fisherman's home".

BASTIEN

My home is everywhere. Places with
war, violence, and children in
need.

DUNKA

So, promise you'll get David out.

BASTIEN

I can't do that. I wouldn't know
what to do with him. Anyways, I'm
leaving tomorrow.

DUNKA

Take him with you! You can not
leave him.

BASTIEN

I've seen dozens of these children.

DUNKA

There was no one, who knew him on board. No one will ever claim him. You said it yourself ... he will die ...

BASTIEN

He's not the only one.

DUNKA

Man is always ONE.

EXT. CRUISE SHIP TERMINAL AT HEL. POLAND - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

PICTURE FILM

Bland port lights shine on the heavy rain.

A fishing boat is coming to the dock. It's hull bumping up against the tires on the concrete waterfront.

Several older FISHERMEN in gray hats, a WOMAN in a black coat with a scarf on her head, and a GIRL in flimsy shoes and a scarf, stare at the boat in the wharf.

The boat raises a large net filled with pieces of another boat. With one yank the net is moved to the edge of the wharf and dropped at the feet of the women.

The net has fish, seaweed, and fragments of a boat shattered by a storm offshore.

One of them is a blue and yellow sign that reads "KUZ 22". The little girl's eyes begin to tear up as she sees the sign.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

This little one is now an orphan...

ANOTHER MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

What's there to do? She is not the only one.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

EXT. BEACH IN AGADIR. MOROCCO - NIGHT

Dunka leaps to her feet.

DUNKA

You are like everyone else!

She runs away into the abyss of the night.

EXT. BEACH IN AGADIR. MOROCCO - EARLY MORNING

BOOK, an albino, totally naked other than his tattoos and crown of dreadlocks, emerges from the ocean after a morning swim. He is no longer a young man, he looks fifty, and the resemblance to Socrates makes him look even older.

Standing over Dunka in an open stance, Book blocks the morning light as she sleeps curled up in the sand.

This change in light wakes Dunka up. Startled by the big naked figure above her, Dunka abruptly rises from her sleep and sits on the sand.

Book breaks out into a warm and friendly laughter. Dunka gets up and starts running down the road along the beach towards the port.

Book passes her on his rickshaw. In a white T-shirt and relaxed after swimming, he whistles, while pedaling in the same direction as Dunka.

He stops a few dozen meters in front of her, but she passes him and keeps running. The rickshaw being much faster, Book gets ahead of Dunka and stops in front of her again.

Dunka passes him again, but this time she looks back at him. He looks like a wrinkled gnome. Actually you do not know whether he is laughing or crying. He encouragingly nods his head.

Dunka slows down, just walking, than stops... After a while they're riding together - Book whistling while she sits on the backseat.

EXT. FORT IN AGADIR. MOROCCO - SAME

On the terrace, which hasn't been cleaned yet from the night before, there are several people on the ground sleeping in sleeping bags.

Bastien is sitting with his feet on the table as he looks at the horizon through the morning mist.

A freighter is about ten minutes away from the mainland in the distance.

Bastien's thoughts are with the ship.

BASTIEN (V.O.)
 (in French, subtitles)
 She's leaving ... Wonder if she
 comes back ... Whatever ... I can
 send her a message ... But what
 for? ... Go back to your Poland
 ...Feeze in your fishing boat!...
 All of you have frozen hearts ...

EXT. PORT IN AGADIR. MOROCCO - SAME

Dunka is sitting on a cleat in the port and helplessly watching the "VIGOR" float away.

Sitting next to her is a white dog.

Leaning against his rickshaw, Book looks at them from afar.

BASTIEN (V.O.)
 (in French, subtitled)
 It does not make sense ... Why are
 we doing this? ... nothing is
 serious ... nothing is real ...
 using everything just once .. and
 in the end it disappears and you
 stay alone...

EXT. FORT IN AGADIR. MOROCCO - SAME

Bastien takes his cell out of his pocket.

BASTIEN
 (by phone, in French,
 subtitles)
 Junys! Pick up. We still have to do
 something, before you take me to
 the airport.

EXT. HILL IN AGADIR. MOROCCO - DAY

Dunka is sitting on the back of the rickshaw, frowning. Book is pedaling with some effort uphill. They're riding on a rocky road to a place where you can see all of Agadir.

BOOK

Do you know why they call me
"Book"? Because I always have a
book with me ... The only man here
in Agadir who reads something other
than the "KORAN" ... or "PLAYBOY"
.... HAHAHA ..

He turns to her to show her the blue cover of "PICCOLO
MANUALE DI NAVIGAZZIONE".

Book stops the rickshaw on something resembling an
observation deck.

They're all alone. Book jumps into the back seat and
stretches comfortably next to Dunka.

He reaches into his pocket, with a smile of mystery, as if
he had good news - and offers Dunka a pipe with hashish.

She shakes her head, no.

BOOK

Pas de probleme. You have to open
this ...

Tapping the pipe on Dunka's head.

BOOK

You're sad like ... Viktor Hugo! Be
desperate like Rilke!

BOOK

(in German, subtitled)

Ein Mal jedes, nur ein Mal. Ein Mal
und nichtmehr. Und wir auch in Mal.
Nie wieder. Aber dieses ein Mal
gewesen zu sein, wenn auch nur ein
Mal, irdisch gewesen zu sein,
scheint nicht widerrufbar.

*Only once, everything only once.
Once and never again. And us only
once. And no more. But this
existence only once, even if it is
once: looks like something that is
irrevocable.*

Book spins the pipe in the air during the recitation, then lights it and hands the burning pipe to Dunka. She shakes her head no.

BOOK

You have everything you need. The best "habli babli" ...

DUNKA

I have nothing!

BOOK

Pas de probleme! Yesterday was a good party?

DUNKA

Don't know ...

BOOK

And that sounds like a good answer.

INT. PRISON IN AGADIR. MOROCCO - DAY

An office in the dingy prison, the King's portrait on the wall, a typewriter, an age old useless computer in the corner.

Behind the desk sits the Deputy Warden, MOHAMAD. It's hot - he takes off his cap and strokes his balding head with his hand, in which there is a smoldering cigarette.

MOHAMAD

(in French, subtitled)

There is no such individual. All adults. For sure not.

Bastien is still standing in the doorway, but during the conversation he gets closer the desk, reducing the official distance.

BASTIEN

(in French, subtitled)

Mr. Warden, you have a large family. Wise sons and beautiful daughters. Two? Three?

Mohamad smiles with pride. He feels really lucky.

MOHAMAD

(in French, subtitled)

Five sons. And that's not the end yet.

BASTIEN
 (in French, subtitled)
 Allah gave me only one son. And
 he's here by accident.

MOHAMED
 White?

A black son does not seem logical to the Deputy Warden. Thus the confusion on his face. What would a white boy be doing in this jail.

BASTIEN
 Black. Approximately seven years
 old.

Bastien is right in front of the desk. A fold of Moroccan Drahim land on it. A thick file of two-hundreds.

INT. TOBACCO SHOP IN AGADIR. MOROCCO - SAME

This Moroccan tobacco shop is like no other. It combines the functions of an internet café and a library where you can borrow or buy old European books. You can also enjoy a chai or sugar cane juice.

Behind the counter is a powerful German woman, CRISTINE (25) Light strands of hair pop out of a sapphire scarf making her tightly wrapped face appear redder than it actually is.

The usual greeting seems like ritual. It's done without words.

Book is looking at some books while Dunka gets a glass of cane juice and sits on a stool in the corner. They wait until the last clients leave .

Cristine gives Book a questioning look about Dunka. She speaks French with a heavy German accent.

CRISTINE
 (in French, subtitled)
 Who is she?

BOOK
 (in French, subtitled)
 She missed her boat. You know, the
 one that brought the Africans
 yesterday. She got high at the
 fort. I'm telling you that we
 should chase those Tangierians out.
 They bombard our market with crappy
 merchandise ...

On a chair in the corner sits an Arab man of small stature, HASSAN (35), Cristine's husband. He seems to be dozing off, his eyes half-closed, his face expressionless. However, you can see the whites of his eyes spin and turn in his head, indicating that Hassan was not asleep.

CRISTINE

(in French, subtitled)

Everything is getting worse. Just not them ... Crisine plays with the spines of the books on the counter like a string harp.

BOOK

(in French, subtitled)

How much?

Cristine writes a number on a piece of paper, tears the corner, and hands it to Book.

INT. PRISON IN AGADIR. MOROCCO - SAME

Neither a hallway, nor a place of torture.

The survivors who came here from the "VIGOR" stand huddled together in a thick line.

One by one, they stand up against a white wall and endure a camera flash from a picture taken by a prison guard while another keeps watch over them. It's stuffy.

David is still in the yellow sweatshirt, although now it's dirty and dull. A guard escort him against the wall, another turns his head towards the camera.

INT. TOBACCO SHOP IN AGADIR. MOROCCO - SAME

Dunka is standing with her back straight against a portion of a white wall in Cristine's tobacco shop.

An LCD screen is trying to focus on her face.

Hassan is taking a photo for her passport. We can only see her face - plain and without joy, the face of a prisoner.

A bright flash, and it's done.

INT. PRISON IN AGADIR. MOROCCO - DAY

Someone pulls David away from the wall, where he was waiting for the picture.

We do not know who, or why. The faces are not visible, only the hands. They walk with him down a dark and narrow hall. They open a barred door and then an ordinary door.

The blinding light from the street falls on David.

The boy squints his eyes and the unknown hands give him a push outside, where Bastien's hands are already waiting for him.

INT. TOBACCO SHOP IN AGADIR. MOROCCO - DAY

Hassan goes to the telephone, which is behind a pile of books on the counter.

HASSAN

(in Arabic, subtitles)

Captain, I wanted to inform you that they have habli babli at the Fort...I learned from a European woman who was there yesterday and I wanted to immediately inform you...Unfortunately, I do not know where she came from or where she went... But the information is certain. They have a lot of Tangierian hashish.

EXT. PORT IN AGADIR. MOROCCO - DAY

Dunka is sitting on the same cleat where she sat before, this time there is no "VIGOR" in the distance.

She pulls her phone out of her back pocket and weighs it in her hand, as if she was delaying a tough conversation.

DUNKA

(in Polish subtitles)

It's me.

INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM. POLAND - DAY

Clumsy drawings on the walls with sickly plants on the window sill.

"PETER HAS BLOND HAIR. BETTY HAS BLUE EYES" is written with chalk on the blackboard.

Through the window you can see the gray sky and the still falling snow.

Dunka's MOTHER (55) is a provincial English teacher in a small nursery school in norther Poland.

Children buzz in the background. The cellphone vibrates on the desk.

MOTHER
(in Polish subtitles)
Who is this?

INT. FORT IN AGADIR. MOROCCO - DAY

Police raid the offices of the activists.

Several OFFICERS, some in uniform, others in civilian clothing, are tossing papers, peering into folders, and tapping on the computer keyboards.

Ana tries to discreetly call Bastien.

ANA
(in Spanish, subtitled)
Bastien, where are you? You must
come immediately.

EXT. AGADIR STREETS. MOROCCO - DAY

IN THE CAR

Bastien is sitting in the back seat of the van with David. Junys is driving them.

David has his back turned to Bastien with his nose pressed against the window.

BASTIEN
(in Spanish, subtitled)
Not a chance. I'm on my way to the
airport.

INT. FORT IN AGADIR. MOROCCO - DAY

ANA
 (in Spanish, subtitled)
 The police are here. They found
 hash.

EXT. PORT AGADIR. MOROCCO - DAY.

DUNKA
 (in Polish, subtitled)
 What do you mean? It's me, Mom.

EXT. AGADIR STREETS - DAY

IN THE CAR

BASTIEN
 (in Spanish, subtitled)
 What are you talking about, Ana?

INT. SCHOOL CLASS. POLAND - DAY

MOTHER
 (in Polish subtitles)
 They said a ferry crashed into the
 shore near Dover today!

INT. FORT IN AGADIR. MOROCCO - DAY

ANA
 (in Spanish, subtitled)
 They got some information from a
 white girl who spent last night
 here. Guess WHO that is?

EXT. PORT AGADIR. MOROCCO - DAY.

DUNKA
 (in Polish subtitles)
 I'm not involved in that ... I'm in
 Agadir ... PILIPILI ...

EXT. AGADIR STREETS. - DAY

IN THE CAR

David turns around from the window and looks over Bastien. He squeezes the origami butterfly in his hand. He would like Bastien to admire it. A questioning smile covers David's face.

BASTIEN
 (in Spanish, subtitled)
 They are provoking you! I told you,
 weed will be the end! You guys
 changed everything into fun!

INT. SCHOOL CLASS. POLAND - DAY

Mother turns to kids in the classroom.

A BOY opens the window and tries to reach out as far as possible to grab as much snow as he can. Mother pulls him in by his pant leg.

The connection gets worse. INTERFERENCE. PILLIPILI...

MOTHER
 (in Polish, subtitles)
 You must come back, before it is
 too late!

PILLIPILI and the line breaks.

INT. FORT IN AGADIR. MOROCCO - DAY

ANA
 (in Spanish, subtitled)
 They got crazy. They want to take
 Papaya. You have to get him out of
 it.

Police officers look through the office, flipping over everything they can.

Papaya is standing with his face to the wall.

EXT. AGADIR STREETS. - DAY

IN THE CAR

Bastien looks at the boy flying in the air with the origami butterfly like with a model plane.

BASTIEN
(in Spanish, subtitled)
I'm too far from you, Ana.

Junys pulls into the parking lot at the airport.

INT. FORT IN AGADIR. MOROCCO - DAY

ANA
(in Spanish, subtitled)
You are too far from all of us!

Police officers take Papaya out of the office.

EXT. PORT IN AGADIR. MOROCCO - DAY

Dunka drops her hand with the phone. On the horizon another ship gets closer to land.

Suddenly - the sound of an incoming text message. Dunka reaches into her back pocket, the display flashes.

INSERT THE CELLPHONE DISPLAY:

PHOTO MESSAGE. Bastien and David, together. Two heads huddled to one another.

BACK TO THE PRESENT

EXT. FORT IN AGADIR. MOROCCO - DAY

Dunka gets running to the courtyard of the fort.

Silence. The air is still.

She finds Ana sitting against the wall on the ground, silent.

DUNKA
Where are they?

SILENCE.

DUNKA
Ana, please ...

Ana is no responding. She sits motionless, staring into her thoughts.

DUNKA
My ship sailed without me.

ANA
And they went through our whole office. We have to get out here by tomorrow.

DUNKA
And Bastien?

ANA
He'll kill you, once he realizes you snitched on us to the police.

Dunka looks down for a moment and kicks the toe of her shoe in the white gravel.

Ana slowly leans towards the ground and with her finger writes one word in the sand, "WAU".

INT. BOOK'S ROOM. MOROCCO - NIGHT

A wrinkled EDWARD HERTSLET's MAP of Africa from 1909 with outdated names, but existing borders.

A stream of light from a flashlight bounces on the map from "NORTHERN SOKOTO" passing "DAR-FUR" towards "UGANDA PROTECTORATE".

DUNKA
I don't see it.

BOOK
But I do.

Book's finger hovers over to "WAU".

The room in the Arabic house is practically bare. A mattress on the ground, sleeping bag, blanket, a bowl of dried-figs, CD's and loads of books scattered on the floor. A few candles are burning in lantern, giving off a dim light.

Dunka and Book are kneeling over the map. Book has the flashlight on his forehead.

BOOK

What about you?! You are down like Anna Karenina! And it says ANNA!

BUM! He throws the passport onto the map.

Dunka opens this new Czech passport to the photo page. "Anna Kosova" - that's who I am now.

She looks in disbelief at her picture. The flashlight shines on unknown dates, unknown locations

DUNKA

So you're trying to tell me ...?

Book triumphantly looks at Dunka and at his great find, he would like to be praised for the brand new passport. No such luck.

DUNKA

This is impossible ... I don't know Czech ...

BOOK

Pas de probleme. They don't either. Better send an email to your angel.

DUNKA

I don't have his address.

BOOK

Then call him.

Dunka doesn't react.

BOOK

Tell him...

Book gives Dunka a sweet look and changes his voice to a high falsetto to imitate a woman's voice.

BOOK

I love you. I'll do anything for you.

Dunka shrugs her shoulders and hopelessly sits down up against the wall on the mattress.

Now having given up, Book presses a on a big boombox that emerges from the darkness, the room fills with new sounds - BLUES.

BOOK
 Lets start from the beginning.

MONTAGE. AFRICA - DAY

BLUES - archival recording of Huddie Ledbelly's "AXE CUTTING SONG".

Black and white stylized film from a low flying plane - a double winged Humphreys from 1909.

1. The walls of an Arab town on scattered hills off the Atlantic.
2. The hills are covered with lush foliage, which goats are grazing on.
3. Red dunes of the Sahara being viewed by the caravan.
4. The savannah - dried grass, baobabs and acacias form a cosmic landscape.
5. Salt ponds of Teguidda-n-Tessoumt in Niger.
6. Green plots of Uganda, neat rows of low houses with thatched roofs and people working in the fields.

BOOK (V.O.)
 About four thousand miles. You'll
 make it.

BACK TO THE SCENE

INT. BOOK ROOM. MOROCCO - NIGHT

Dunka is curled up asleep on the mattress with her cell phone in her hand. On the screen of the phone is the picture of Bastien and David.

Book emerges from the darkness on his knees, with his pipe hanging out of his mouth. He looks at her for a moment, then gently removes the cell phone out of her hand and looks at the people in the picture.

BOOK
 (in French)
 Pas de probleme.

He taps Dunka with his pipe like a wizard with his wand. The sparks from his spell signal a miraculous transformation.

EXT. HIGHWAY JUNCTION. MOROCCO - MORNING

Wind fueled piles of sand blow across the fork of the three highways.

Book and Dunka sit on the backseat of the rickshaw. A small canvas canopy protects them from the burning rays of the sun. Dunka is in a new linen shirt and colorful Arabic sandals, next to her a small battered backpack with a blanket poking out of it.

DUNKA

You gave me so much Book, and I
have nothing to give back to you.

Book stares out into the gates of the Sahara.

BOOK

The Sahara will give you more. The
most important things in life are
not things at all. Besides ...
you're leaving me alone, it's
pretty nice of you!

He breaks out into an awkward, unnatural LAUGH. He's kind of sad to see Dunka go.

They get a glimpse of the first car they've seen on the highway.

It passes them, Book didn't manage to try to flag it down in time.

He pulls an envelope out of his pocket and hands it to Dunka.

BOOK

When you get to Dakar, go to the
airport in Yoff to find this guy.
He owes me, but this is a man of
interest. Watch out for yourself.

Two passenger cars pass. Book increases his alertness.

A new offroad Toyota approaches. He waves to it. The Toyota passes them, but after a moment it brakes and reverses towards the rickshaw.

DUNKA

Write to me? Dunka three zero one
gmail com.

BOOK

Ya..

The door slams and the Toyota takes off on the sand strewn highway. Book looks at them as they drive away.

On the edge of the horizon are the last bits of rocks and boulder before entering the vast dunes of the desert.

BOOK

(in German, subtitles)

Sind wir vielleicht hier, um zu sagen: Haus, Brücke, Brunnen, Tor, Krug, Obstbaum, Fenster - höchstens: Säule, Turm... aber zu sagen, versteht, oh zu sagen, so wie selber die Dinge niemals innig meinen zu sein.

We may be here just to say: house, bridge, well, gate, jug, tree, window, and yet: column, tower ... but to say it like never before, even like these things never thought of.

EXT. SAHARA. ON THE ROAD FROM MOROCCO TO MAURITANIA - DAY

IN THE CAR

Uninhabited desert landscape sneaks through the windows of the Toyota like a sleepy mirage. From time to time they pass a group of camels, mules, individual cars, people walking on foot, a rare colony of trees.

Two BOYS (3 and 5) are sitting on the laps of GEJDA (25) and AMINA (18). Well groomed Arabian beauties, happy with their life. Gejda is the mother of the boys, Amina - her sister.

The boys scuffle with each other, pulling their babysitters by their colorful hijabs trimmed with gold threads. Driving the Toyota is a mustached man, the BROTHER of the two women, who seemingly never speaks.

Amina and Gejda want to talk to Dunka. It helps pass the time on long trips ... But how to talk to each other without a common language? A conversation in French, English, Polish, and most of all through gestures.

AMINA

Parlez francais? Oui? ... No?
Anglais? Moi, non Allemand?

DUNKA

Po...land. War...saw

GEJDA

WAR saw? Amina explains to her
sister. She seemingly understands
better.

AMINA

Elle dit, qu'il y a la guerre dans
son pays.

GEJDA

La geurre est partout. Chez nous
aussi. Tumbutu. Grand ville. Tu
sais?

DUNKA

Me - Ship. "VIGOR". Grande. Grande
catastrophe.

GEJDA

Une catastrophe?

DUNKA

Yes, black refugees

AMINA

Refugees?!

DUNKA

Yes, oui, black. Africa.

GEJDA

Aziz. Ibrahim. Mes garçons. Ta as
des enfants?

Dunka shows the picture on her cell phone.

DUNKA

David with Bastien. Sudan.

Dunka acts out a flying motion.

GEJDA

Sudan tres mal. Tres mal. Sahara
tres mal. Not good. Not good
Africa. La guerre est par tout. Kel
tamasheq...Imazeghen... tu
sais...independence...Azaouâd..

Before finishing her sentence, a SONG begins to be heard.
Tinariwen - "IMIDIWAN WIN SAHARA"

MONTAGE - EXT. SAHARA. AFRICA - DAY

1. Sand blows across the road. On one side, a desert full of sand, on the other, an ocean full of water. Coastal cliffs. The ocean penetrates deep on to the land.

2. A group of merry travelers and motor enthusiasts - old scum on British plates. Another caravan walks next to them - camels.

3. A frontier checkpoint with a guard hut made of plywood and cardboard. Barrier. The guards, in green uniforms and no shoes - carefully look in the Toyota and at the travelers. Even the two little boys sit still.

4. From behind the guard hut, a mustached guard slowly walks over to the Toyota. Everybody waits. He asks the driver for some cigarettes. He receives the whole pack. The guard hands back Dunka's passport and waves his hands, allowing them to get back on to the open road to Mauritania.

5. Toyota makes it's way up sandy, red hills. Behind the dunes emerges a white, tight arced tent, like a sail.

6. A greeting under the sunset. The family - children, women and men come out and welcome the travelers. They look like feathered birds of three colors, green, blue and black, representing the Berber descent from three different Arab tribes.

7. IBRAHIM is most important - a tall, strong man, leaving the tent, covers his face with a black scarf. He looks at Dunka with disgust.

8. Ibrahim speaks to the brother of Amina and Gejda. He shakes his head. Points towards Dunka, and then in the opposite direction, somewhere in the depths of the desert. Gejda - his wife gets in his face in reaction to his gestures. Ibrahim angrily recedes and disappears into the depths of the tent. The Sahara night falls.

END MONTAGE

INT. TUAREG TENT. SAHARA - NIGHT

An LED lamp on a string hangs down from the tent ceiling, illuminating the room and the thickly padded carpets on the ground.

Amina and Dunka are bent over a laptop screen. They survey profiles on a social network. Women have their faces covered, men show theirs.

Amina has an uncanny ability to mimic and imitate the faces of boys with mustaches, boys on bikes, on camels. Dunka cant help but laugh.

Suddenly Amina goes to Google and enter a few words into the translator:

INSERT THE LAPTOP SCREEN:

"Ne soyez pas fâché avec Ibrahim qu'il ne voulait pas que vous hébergez."

The computer displays the translation.

"Do not be angry with Ibrahim he did not want you host." Amina types the next sentence.

"Ibrahim dit qu'on nous a triché. Les tribus doivent vivre libre, comme toujours. La guerre change tout."

A moment later the translation pops up:

"Ibrahim said we were cheated. The tribes should live free, as always. The war changes everything."

BACK TO THE SCENE

In the distance the voice of the muezzin "Allah Akbar" calls for the night prayer.

Amina faces the direction of Mecca with her hands at ear level as she begins to quietly recite three verses of Rakat Maghreb, the night prayer of Muslims. During the recitation she drops her hands.

AMINA

Allahu Akbar Bismillah ir-Rahim
Rahmaanir Al-hamdu-lillahi
Rabbil-Alamin Ar-Rahim Rahmaanir
Maliki Ijjaka Jałmid-Din Wa
Na-abùdu ijjaka Nasta'in Ihdinas

(CD)

AMINA (CD)
 Siraat al-Mustaqim Siraat
 al-Ladhina an'amta Alejhim Ghajril
 Maghdubi Alejhim laladh dhalin
 Bismillah-ir-Rahim Qul Rahmaanir
 Hula Allahu Ahad Allahus Jalid
 Samad Lam Wa Wa Lam lam Julad jakun
 Lahu Ahad

Dunka listens to the prayer for a moment, but the laptop screen catches her eye. She quickly opens her inbox.

At the top of the inbox there is an email from "bastienfouchy".

INSERT THE LAPTOP SCREEN, which reads:

"Dunka! You are the craziest woman in the world. Your friend Book called me and said you'll be flying from Senegal to Juba. I'm thinking it's a joke, but if it's true, I'll come and pick you up at the airport and love you David too :) Let me know. "

BACK TO THE SCENE

Amina bows at the waist, placing her hands on her knees.

AMINA
 Subhanal-lahi Subhanal-lahi
 Subhanal-lahi

EXT. TRAIN STATION IN THE OPEN AIR. SAHARA - LATE AFTERNOON

Even the sand dunes cast a long shadow. Springing up from behind the top of one are the silhouettes of Amina and Dunka.

Within hundred meters a dozen people waiting on a train. The railway heads off into the distance. The sun is beating down despite the late hour.

Amina gives Dunka a light yellow scarf. This is for you - she says with her eyes - put it on, you will look nice. Words are unnecessary.

Amina ties the scarf around Dunka's head.

AMINA
 (In Tuareg, subtitles)
 Imidiwan. Falas Tarhana.

Love is strong my friend.

EXT. TRAIN STATION IN THE OPEN AIR. SAHARA - SAME

Dunka is sitting and staring at the Sahara for the last time on her trip. An approaching train nears. It's hard to tell how long it will take for it to arrive. In this space distances are relative.

Dunka, in a yellow scarf, does not really stand out from the other travelers. There are women, some with children, and men - waiting for a train and sitting on the ground in the midst of their luggage.

The silence is suddenly interrupted by a shouting BLACK RIDER, which we hear in the distance.

BLACK RIDER (V.O.)
Ualalalala! Ualalalala!

Along with three LITTLE WARRIORS, the Black Rider and his camel charge in between the group of people.

The Black Rider is dressed in all black. The three Little Warriors are dressed in simple linen tunics, from which their pants and sandals stick out. All of them have their faces covered.

The rider and his accompanying Warriors make their way among the travelers, yelling at the women, urging them to cover their faces. They do it by themselves, without hesitation.

LITTLE WARRIORS
(in Arabic, subtitles)
Faces! Faces! Purdah!

One of them, the WARRIOR IN A LONG TUNIC, begins chastising Dunka.

Although she was still sitting, and he is standing in front of her, you can see that he is not much taller than she is. The train braking at the station.

There are two wagons for passengers, one platform filled with a herd of goats, and brown freight crates out into the horizon.

WARRIOR IN THE LONG TUNIC
(in Arabic, subtitles)
And you, woman, you have no shame?
Do you not know your place?

He uncovers his tunic, revealing a Kalashnikov. The muzzle almost hangs down to his ankles. Dunka does not respond or cover her face, which puts him in an angry frenzy.

WARRIOR IN A LONG TUNIC
(in Arabic, subtitles)
I'm not kidding, woman, and don't
count on indulgence!

He quickly reaches for Dunka's scarf and jerks it up to cover her face. However, Dunka is just as fast. She grabs him by the wrist and for a split second wrestles with his hand over her face, leaving two bloody scratches across her cheek made by his fingernails.

Dunka doesn't hesitate to return the favor. She quickly reaches and pulls down the veil covering his face, exposing the slightly chubby face of an innocent twelve year old boy.

INT. TRAIN TO DAKAR. SAHARA - DAY

Wagon full of people. It's an old Pullman. It's vintage, raw elegance is still not dead.

Dunka squeezes through the corridor in between the wooden benches. It promises to be a horrible journey, standing the entire time in this crowd in agony from a deadly stench.

A New York Fedora heads towards Dunka through the corridor of people. Kovalsky - no more than twenty-five years old, with slight acne, slightly overweight, slightly blond.

KOVALSKY
Hey! I'm Kovalsky. There's my girl,
Eva. Come to us.

Dunka doesn't understand at first that he was speaking to her, finally she catches on.

DUNKA
Me?

KOVALSKY
Yes! I'm talking to you. Eva wants
to meet you.

EVA (25) cares extremely about her looks and image. Everything ideally matches her two cameras, which hang like ammunition belts.

She's sitting at the end of the wagon. The distance to her through the crowd of passengers seems insurmountable.

Eva waves at Dunka from afar, as if they knew each other for a long time. Dunka finally reaches her and hesitantly takes Kovalski's seat which he left open for her.

Kovalsky is stuck a short distance away from them. In the same row of seats next to them are four other people - two thick Arab women and two young black men. No one talks to one another, no one looks at one another.

EVA

Hello! What are you doing here? I'm Eva.

She extends her hand in greeting, and immediately continues her initiative.

EVA

I shoot for a magazine in NYC. And you? What happened to you? You have some blood!

Dunka needs more time to catch her pace. Eva yanks her canvas bag to grab her mirror, she opens it and shows Dunka the scars on her cheek.

Dunka looks at her face in the bouncing mirror.

EVA

Look at this! Horrible! It's so dirty here.

DUNKA

It's nothing.

EVA

Whatever...! So tell me about yourself. Dunka shrugs.

DUNKA

I'm going to ... South Sudan.

EVA

Through the west?! That's exciting! What do you do? Are you ...?

Dunka finally smiles. She came up with a clever answer.

DUNKA

From the sea. Like a mermaid

EVA

You're kidding! What does that mean? Okay, you don't want to talk, I see.

DUNKA

I need to get to Yoff.. I've got a plane.

EVA

No worries! We'll go together. There's a beach party in Yoff today.

Eva does a little celebratory dance, which isn't easy among the crowd.

Kovalsky swells in the heat and the crowd, but is still looking at Eva, as if he wanted her to be pleased with it.

Now you can see their relation. She has him under her thumb and uses it to the fullest.

EVA

Kovalsky! Where did you hide the water?

Kovalsky must trample over other travelers to get Eva the bottle. He almost needs a miracle to get to the backpack, which stands between the benches, just under the feet of Eva. Right after he gets her the water he hangs back in his place.

EVA

Let me tell you something.

She lowers her voice and makes a facial expression of someone who knows something of vast importance. Dunka can only nod.

DUNKA

Hm ...

EVA

I'm pregnant.

DUNKA

... and that's good?

EVA

You kidding? Fatal mistake!

Dunka discreetly nods towards Kovalsky.

EVA

I hope not. I mean, he thinks so, but that's the worst option.

DUNKA
Any other options?

EVA
Yes. Hindu.

DUNKA
Hindu?

EVA
Yes. The one I work with at a bar. Imagine such a sweet baby with big black eyes. What kind of crossword we would be! I pray that it's him!

DUNKA
You're not sure?

EVA
Well, of course not. It was a setback. I do not know how it happened. Damn pills. I had too much to drink. We are here for the second month. Only now I realized. Fuck - up. It's too late. And this on is happy! Moron!

DUNKA
Will you guys get married?

EVA
Are you crazy? Marriage is not for me. "Eva Kovalsky". Don't depress me. A lifetime commitment! How am I supposed to know what else is in store for me?

The train stops - the next station. This time full of food stalls, rice, pearl barley, small black bananas, pots with boiled chicken.

People are squeezing through as if it was entertainment and not a desert. They knock on Eva and Dunka's window. They shine with big eyes and white teeth. They want them to open the window and buy anything - pendants or oranges.

It's different. It's Senegal.

EVA
Look at this! Eva struggles with her camera strap, in the end she manages to put the viewfinder up to her eye.

TRA.TRA.TRA - series of shots. A BLACK MAN with scars all over his body looks like the Terminator. Once he sees the camera lens, he angrily leaps towards the window.

If not for the glass, he would have ripped the camera out of Eva's hands.

EVA

Freaks. Dont' allow to take pictures. They think that I make millions out of it. I just want to let the world know how it is here. Sorry, man! I got you!

With a sharp jerk, the train moves.

EXT. BEACH IN YOFF. SENEGAL - NIGHT

Senegalese trance RHYTHM fills the air.

One of the numerous bays in Yoff - wild crowds. Mostly black men, but also some white people are scattered throughout. Drummers are lined up around a big bonfire. People are dancing in the sand, many sit or stand against fishing boats and canoes.

Dunka, Eva, Kovalsky and a few other people are on a platform emerging from the water like a pier.

TANGO, a giant well in his thirties, with raging eyes, in military bulletproof vest on a naked torso, is dancing alone with a bottle of whiskey.

Every couple of moments he staggers and stumbles onto seated people, not missing Dunka either.

EVA

Tango will act like a clown till the morning.

Kovalsky wraps his jacket over Eva's shoulders. She immediately throws off the jacket with disgust.

EVA

What are you cold Kovalsky? Go have a drink And bring me a beer.

Kovalsky reluctantly heads off to a distant, lightly lit umbrella packed with people.

EVA
Doesn't he remind you of the
penguin from "Madagascar"?

DUNKA
Do not even know what that is ...

EVA
You don't know MADAGASCAR? ... "I
like to move it, move it ... I like
to move it, move it ..." a quote
for the ages!

Eva moves her body to the quote, Tango is heading
dangerously close towards them again. She laughs.

EVA
Hey, Tango! A girl from Poland
wants to dance with you! Come on!

Tango almost falls into the water, but his drunken force
stops him right on the edge, after which he he heads towards
Dunka. He grabs her around her waist and pulls her with him.
He's almost twice her size.

DUNKA
Leave me alone!

They struggle, eventually Dunka manages to push him away.
Instead of returning to Dunka, he begins to run off the
platform and get lost in the darkness of the water.

EXT. BEACH IN YOFF. SENEGAL - NIGHT

Dunka glides in the light of the night along the ocean. Her
feet shuffle in the water. FLAP FLAP.

She passes couple embracing each other in the sand. She also
passes large boulders and turns in between them in the
direction of a low building with a smoldering green sign on
the side that says "Hostel Teranga".

Dunka hears a NOISE. It's not coming from the ocean, it's
more like a SOB.

Huddled between the boulders is Tango. Dunka stops, it's too
hard to totally ignore.

DUNKA
Hey, you!

He continues to sob like a faulty transistor. Dunka decides
to keep going.

TANGO

Wait! Dunka is now sure that she will not stay any longer.

She takes a few steps forward.

TANGO

Don't go! I swear I won't hurt you. I have something from Poland. Check it out!

Dunka goes back towards him and looks into his outstretched hand - two pendants: a dog tag and a cross.

The night is bright, but not enough to see everything accurately.

TANGO

My friend. We traded. For good luck.

DUNKA

Wow ... military. Where did you get it?

TANGO

Over there. I'll tell you this much. I never came back.

DUNKA

Don't exaggerate. I see you here.

TANGO

Only the body. My soul is dead.

INT. U.S. FORCES FILED BASE. IRAQ - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Tango and two other soldiers in uniforms - CHRIS, like Tango, a Eurasian, and BOB - an African American.

They sit in front of computer screens. Watching the camera feed from a drone.

The drone is flying about ten meters above the ground. So far it only shows sand and rocks.

TANGO

Pull it, pull it, Bob. You only have about 200 feet.

BOB

Calm down. I was there yesterday.
Bob directs the drone with the
keyboard.

The camera starts to show buildings. Typical stone walls of
a desert town.

BOB

I'm there. Approaching. Damn. There
was a window there.

The drone shows a stone wall, on which hangs a banner with
the flag of Iraq.

TANGO

Fly around it! Fly around!

The drone flies into a narrow vertical slit. It's not easy
to keep it in one position.

BOB

Want it?

TANGO

Show me.

The drone sharpens it's focus in on the background.

By a narrow isthmus in the wall they can see a TEACHER - a
man standing over a group of some twelve/thirteen year old
boys. Half dressed in European style clothing and half in
Arabic. They all have kufi's on their heads.

They're tying ropes around their waists with something
attached to them. It looks like some kind of explosive.

The image from the drone lost gets lost every now and then.
The drone makes a half turn and again finds the gap.

TANGO

Show me this motherfucker.

The teacher is holding a rifle. Loading the weapon.

TANGO

You crossed the line, Habib. He
leans into the microphone.

TANGO

(through the microphone)
Tiger, hear me?

BLEEP BLEEP BLEEP - transmitter always creates an interference sound.

TIGER (V.O.)
I can hear you very well, over.

TANGO
(through the microphone)
Give me the position.

The screen pops up a row of pulsating digits: 34.35.48N
43.40.37E.

Tango types in the command and the system checks whether the position stated by Tiger is identical with the position of the building observed by the drone.

Rows of numbers scroll and a colorful image of spherical waves converge on a red dot.

TANGO
(through the microphone)
Correct. Confirming the position.
Issuing the command: "Engage".
Repeat.

TIGER
Repeat. "Engage". Roger that.

EXT. KORANIC SCHOOL. IRAQ - LATER

Dust and debris from the explosion still falls around the building.

A Sikorsky UH-60 Black Hawk lands next to the building. A dozen soldiers pop out of it, battle ready, they run towards the building. The first soldiers to get past the walls enter a small courtyard inside.

On the torn up ground lay Koranic school boys of all ages. Some are no more than seven years old. All of them lying with their faces down in the ground. Only the teacher has his eyes towards the sky - the open scroll of the Koran in his hands is covered in blood.

No sign of guns or explosives belts.

An inscription on the wall with red paint reads: "Take some lessons from 9/11"

BACK TO THE PRESENCE

EXT. BEACH IN YOFF. SENEGAL - DAY

Sunrise over the Atlantic.

The first rays of the day fall on Eva with Kovalsky's arm wrapped around her. They're walking cuddled together, dipping their bare feet in the cool water.

Dunka is sitting motionless on a rock under the rising sun. She's wearing Tango's vest.

When close, Eva sees her with and lunges forward with a joyful shout.

EVA

Fantastic! Wait, wait! I'll take a picture.

She faces Dunka. TRA.TRA.TRA - series of pictures.

INSERT - PHOTOGRAPH

A realistic non-animated photograph. Dunka is sitting on a rock in the military bulletproof vest and yellow scarf.

BACK TO THE PRESENCE

INT. TIN CONTAINER. RWENZORI MOUNTAINS - DAY

The gray light in the heavy rain comes through a makeshift door and window of the container.

The RAIN bangs against the tin container. The room is filled with ebony wood sculptures of slender men with spears, the heads of women, elephants, cheetahs, gazelles, buffalo ...

Dunka is lying on a bed in a dark corner of the room. On her head is a bandage made of camphor leaves. Her face still bears traces of blood and mud. Through half-closed eyes she sees a figure of a man.

BIZIMUNGU (25) is standing with his back to her under the light from the opening to the outside. The strong bodied sculptor is shirtless.

With chapped lips, Dunka tries to call out to him.

DUNKA

Bastien?

Hearing her voice, Bizimungu turns around and takes a few steps toward her. We fully see the details of his black face once he takes a few steps into the light coming in from the window.

The continuous RAIN rumbles on the tin container.

Bizimungu lights a fire under the old English Kocher. He puts a used can of cacao on top of it, pours some water inside and drops in a handful of tea leaves. Closes the lid.

Dunka follows his every move. She tries to move her head, but the pain is unbearable.

DUNKA

Ow!

Bizimungu removes the can from the heat and with an ear wire, smoothly pours the liquid into a metal cup. He pours a little liquor in and heads towards Dunka.

She begins to retreat, as if trying to escape from the black stranger, but once again the pain overwhelms her.

Bizimungu holds out his hand to lift her aching head, but backs up once he sees the fear in Dunka's eyes.

He opens his mouth and points his finger to show the place where his tongue should be. He has no tongue.

INT. TIN CONTAINER. RWENZORI MOUNTAINS - DAY

Sitting on a bed in Bizimungu's long gray shirt, Dunka is feeling much better. Her face is washed, the bruises under the eyes are less visible. The bandage of leaves is still on her head but smaller and more convenient.

The sculptor's arms are carved like rocks, you can see every muscle work beneath his skin. He has a knife in his hand instead of a chisel, which he is using to cut pieces of rubber from a car tire. A couple more moves and two black sandals fall to the ground.

Bizimungu nods to Dunka to try them on. Perfect, comfortable, new.

Dunka has already acquired some habits from Bizimungu. To say thank you she does not use words, but just reaches out and pats him on his hand.

For a long moment their hands stay as one - black and white, frozen, as if to stop this moment and be together. But no - Dunka withdraws her hand, Bizimungu lowers his head in resignation.

For a long moment their hands stay as one - black and white, frozen, as if to stop this moment and be together. But no - Dunka withdraws her hand.

Suddenly the rain stops and the light from outside changes rapidly. It's getting bright, yellow. The last drops of rain hit the roof. BUM. BUM. It ends.

Dunka runs to the door. She reaches her hand outside. Dry. She takes a few more steps forward. Fully outdoors, Dunka is standing on a thick carpet of moss, surrounded by giant Lobelia, flowering Eternals, woody Ragworts, and growths of lichen.

The sun is now staring straight down, shining in a place that has been covered with rain. Dunka, with her face in the sun, has a feeling of a happy awakening.

Bizimungu comes to the doorway of the container, looking at Dunka with longing.

EXT. Rwenzori MOUNTAINS - EARLY MORNING

Day wakes up in a fog, which lies on the top of the Rwenzori's.

The climb isn't steep, but the dense vegetation makes it difficult. Dunka walks in the sandals from Bizimungu. He is always dressed the same - with a bare top. She is wearing an old and oversized English dress in tiny flowers.

Bizimungu stops abruptly. Dunka does the same, she learned to understand his actions without words. No more than ten meters away, in a small clearing, are two small gorillas playing around like cats.

From the heights of the tall ferns, a huge black ball of fur drops in front of Dunka and Bizimungu. A great gorilla hanging upside down, glaring it's full set of teeth.

Bizimungu bows to the gorilla and discreetly grabs Dunka's hand. Withdrawing, walking backwards up the hill on the previous path.

EXT. RWENZORI MOUNTAINS - DAY

Dunka stares towards the top of the mountains. The fog never disappears there, covering the tops in pale waves.

Suddenly, from behind her she hears a wild yell. Dunka turns and faces the wall of leaves. To see what's going on behind it, she must wade through the dense vegetation.

In a large clearing covered with rare ferns, lays the steel skeleton of the Dakota plane. The plane is rolled over onto it's roof with stumps sticking out of the grass.

On top stands Bizimungu, as if he discovered a treasure. The mute sculptor's scream of triumph sounds like a rumble of drums on the savannah.

BIZIMUNGU
A LA A LA ALA AL ...

Bizimungu raises both hands. One has a Dunka's yellow, half-burned scarf, in the second, a Kalashnikov.

MONTAGE - INT. YOFF AIRPORT. (FLASHBACK)

1. Office of "IVAN INDUSTRIES". IVAN - sweaty haired, looks around fifty. He's sitting in a leather chair at his desk, on which there are three mobile phones and a fax. Behind him, a huge poster with the logo of the company - a chess horse based against a pair of hooves with the inscription: "Ivan Industries".

2. Dunka is standing in front of Ivan, waiting until he finishes reading the letter she brought. It makes him furious. He crumples the letter and throws it into a corner.

3. Dunka sits inside the cabin of the Dakota. In the pilot seats in front of her two men from Ivan's crew - THICK, next to him GREEN. The engine runs with a loud growl, they fly in silence. The cabin's darkness illuminates the hands on their watches. Through the windows is complete darkness.

4. A blazing fire bursts from the left engine. Thick and Green shout at each other. Green disconnects the power button. Thick sends the gas lever on the right engine to "max".

5. The Dakota flies into a forest. Branches and limbs of trees hit the hull. A tall palm tree provides the last large collision, clipping the left wing.

6. The plane loses speed over a large clearing. The clipped wing causes the Dakota to rotate onto it's roof and hit the ground, followed by an explosion.

BACK TO THE PRESENT

EXT. FOOT OF THE RWENZORI MOUNTAINS - DAY

Bizimungu and Dunka descend from the mountains.

The land becomes more lush and fertile, full of trees, shrubs and small plots of farmland. Dunka doesn't have the bandage of leaves on her head anymore. Bizimungu carries a duffel bag full of ebony sculptures over his shoulder. They approach the village of Sipi.

Clay cottages with thatched roofs embedded in the lush greenery. At the sight of strangers men and women leave their huts. Dunka and Bizimungu proceed in silence, no one interrupts. Bizimungu leads, he knows where he's going. You can hear the CRUNCH of gravel beneath his feet.

Bizimungu heads towards the largest, colorful hut. A woman with a small child in her arms comes out from it, another pregnant woman walks out behind her. They look at the newcomers in silence until one of them disappears back into the hut.

A gray-haired man emerges from the hut in a tuxedo - worn, but still covered with it's original silver thread. Village CHIEF (62) - the father of Bizimungu.

The old man stands in the doorway with a menacing look towards the son, he has not seen for a long time.

He bangs his wooden cane on the ground, showing his anger, but at the end he grins - a smile of forgiveness.

CHIEF
(in Swahili)
Karibu Bizimungu, Karibu mwanangu.

Running down the main village path, a BOY of several years yells out loud.

BOY
(in Swahili)
Mutebi! Mutebi!

A battered pickup brakes with force in the main square. Behind the steering wheel MUTEBI (49) tilts his head.

A slim, dark-haired man with a small beard and tired shining eyes. In the old life - the Portuguese, in the new - a Franciscan.

He jumps out of the cab and responds to the welcoming murmur:

HUMAN VOICES

(in Swahili)

Baba amekuja! Mungu Baba ambao ni
katika anga!

MUTEBI

(in Swahili)

Gani, Watoto Wangu?

From the bed of the pickup, he removes a mountain bike and lowers it to the ground in front of the enthusiastic boys, who pull the bike out of each others hands, as boys usually do.

The Chief also hobbles over to him, and pats him on the arm.

Apparently they're talking about Dunka, because now Mutebi's eyes glance towards her as she stands on the side, under a huge acacia tree.

MUTEBI

They call me Mutebi.

DUNKA

And me, Dunka.

MUTEBI

What is a white girl doing on
Baganda land?

DUNKA

I'm learning to fly.

She spreads her arms, showing her lost figure in the vast, undulating dress. Mutebi laughs out loud, but then seriously and carefully looks into her eyes.

MUTEBI

Not many people can afford such an
answer. What do you want to do?

DUNKA

Go back to myself.

MUTEBI
You mean ..?

DUNKA
On a ship, home ... whatever

Mutebi nods.

MUTEBI
Everything is pretty far from here
... WHATEVER sounds pretty
sensible.

Dunka smiles as if to hold back tears.

DUNKA
To be honest, I'd rather have a
plan.

MUTEBI
You can spend the night at the
mission. Does that sound like a
plan?

EXT. ROUTE IN UGANDA - NIGHT

IN THE CAR

Bizimungu is standing under the last light of the day on the horizon.

Leaning against the bike, he keeps his eyes on the pick up from which Dunka is looking at him. The conversation, as always - without words.

The drivers side door slams. Moving.

In the cab, between Dunk and Mutebim sits young woman with an infant in her arms. She stares in front of her, uninterested in anything else.

MUTEBI
I heard about the plane, but I did
not know that Bizimungu saved you!
You received second life.

DUNKA
I still do not know what it means.

MUTEBI
Nobody knows. Tomorrow this child
will die of malaria, if that is

(CD)

MUTEBI (CD)

God's will. You never know what
will come first - a new day or a
new life ...

(in Swahili)

Je, wewe ni hisia nzuri? Ni mtoto
wako Kulala? The woman nods.

MUTEBI

She understands that. It means, she
loves.

DUNKA

Love is not about agreeing death,
poverty, war ... any of it

MUTEBI

You do not have to agree. Just take
it to your heart ... The rest will
follow.

Pickup heads further down the pebbled, half gravel road. The
headlights reach the brick wall of a building.

Here and there a dim bulb burns, like the Mission had access
to electricity. This is due to the generator, which always
BUZZES at night.

To the car runs up a bubbly character in a gray dress,
SISTER ANTONELLA (32), a little nun from Bari.

Mutebi jumps out of the cab. It's hard for him. He almost
stumbles.

MUTEBI

The child must be baptized, Sister,
and this one here neatly situate,
let her finally get some rest.

Mutebi walks away with pained steps, as if he felt ill.
Antonella nods to the woman with the infant.

Since Dunka is standing next to the pickup truck without
moving from her spot, after taking a few steps, Antonella
turns her head and exclaims:

ANTONELLA

(in Italian)

Vieni con noi! Come on!

INT. GUEST ROOM AT THE MISSION. UGANDA - DAY

A mosquito net hangs over the bedding of white, brittle sheets.

Dunka opens her eyes and watches the insects sitting on the mosquito net like dried leaves.

Some move around and scamper in circles, giving her a show of insect perfection.

INT. BUILDING THE MISSION. UGANDA - DAY

Dunka pokes her head out into the long, dark corridor. She tries to close the door as quietly as possible. The next step is not as obvious. Take a right? Or a left?

Finally she decides to go to the right, towards the red LED light that perpetually burns day and night at the foot of a huge cross at the end of the hall.

Christ lifts his head up and looks straight at Dunka's face.

DUNKA (OFF)

I did not know it would be so difficult.

FATHER (OFF)

How else can you release a butterfly?

DUNKA (OFF)

Do you think that he's already free?

FATHER (OFF)

Only if he stopped being afraid ...
Conversation is interrupted by the presence of a third person.

ANTONELLA (OFF)

(in Italian)

Padre è malato Mutebi. Father is ill. Come.

Dunka turns to see Antonella in the light coming from the other side of the corridor.

Dunka walks up to the door, which Antonella opens for her and with a nod encourages her to enter.

The twilight enter through the curtained window. On the bed lays Father Mutebi.

His forehead is damp from a high fever. He pats his hand on the sheets, showing Dunka to sit on the edge of the bed.

MUTEBI

Don't be afraid. You won't catch it this way. Malaria chooses you itself.

DUNKA

I fear nothing.

MUTEBI

Sounds like a plan!

DUNKA

There are a few other things to put together.

MUTEBI

You can do it. Just listen to this
...

Mutebi taps Dunka on her chest where her heart is.

DUNKA

Father, will you pray for me?

Mutebi smiles as well he can. Weak.

MUTEBI

I hope I have time ... Mungo awabariki, Dunka. God be with you.

EXT. MISSION COURTYARD. UGANDA - DAY

Day has long risen.

In the courtyard sits a truck similar to the Russian Zil.

Underneath it lies a man. Only his extended legs are visible. STIEPAN (34) - a friend of the mission. A Cheerful, Slavic blond with a proletarian smiling face. Handyman. A man for hire.

The truck tailgate is open and along with a platform is lowered to the ground. Several barrels of fuel for the generator lay next to it.

Passed the building in which Dunka spent the night, on the opposite side of the courtyard, is a pavilion with windows without glass. There are young girls, still children sitting in rows and looking at Antonella, who leads a lesson.

Dunka passes them with a wide turn and ends up coming across the woman from the pickup truck, sitting on a bench breastfeeding her child.

Dunka nods to her greeting, a vague greeting, something between "hi" and "hello".

The nods to Dunka, inviting her to come up. The baby sucks on the mother's breast. The woman looks at Dunka with happy eyes, as if to show a picture of health.

WOMAN
(in Swahili)
Ubatizo kusaidiwa ... David.

INT. FEMALE CREW SLEEPING CABIN ON BOARD "VIGOR" - NIGHT
(FLASHBACK)

Dunka sitting on his bunk with David. The boy sings her his song.

DAVID
(in French)
David! David! Il y a un coup de fil
pour toi. David! David! Il y a un
coup de fil pour toi.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

EXT. MISSION COURTYARD. UGANDA - DAY

Dunka smiles back. At that moment someone calls her from behind.

STIEPAN (V.O.)
Hey! You! Lady! Hello!

Dunka turns to see Stiepan, sheepishly pointing his finger at her.

STIEPAN
Yes! You!

Dunka starts heading towards him. At the same time a group of girls pours out of the pavilion, separating them.

None of them are more than fifteen years old. All the decorations, short skirts and tight blouses, highlighting their shapes. They immediately see Dunka. And of course, look over her carefully.

Stiepan finally reaches her.

STIEPAN
Apparently you're looking for a
job?

This question surprises her.

DUNKA
I do not have a passport ...

Stiepan gives a mischievous look, as if he wanted to sell her a stolen bike.

STIEPAN
We can take care of that.

DUNKA
I do not have money ...

Stiepan It is important to have something HERE! He taps his head, and then removes his hand as if motioning a farewell salute.

He runs after Antonella, who is walking towards the mission building. He grabs her by the arm and begins explaining something.

The little girls wait for such opportunities. Dunka is foreign. She is from another world.

The first to speak is KIWEWSI - the oldest, fifteen years old.

KIWEWSI
Where are you from?

DUNKA
From Europe ...

Now everyone wants to join in on the conversation - NAKINTU, Kiwewsi's sister, two years her junior. PRECILLA - the youngest, a sweet ten year old. And the thick MARIA.

KIWEWSI
From England? Maria touches Dunka's hair.

A golden unkempt mane, like a lion.

MARIA
I like your hair!

Without thinking, Dunka reaches her hand out and touches Maria's braided pigtails. All of them have hair braided.

DUNKA
And I like yours.

All of their hands now reach for Dunka's hair. They touch, pull, check what they can do with it.

INT. MISSION SCHOOL HALL. UGANDA - DAY

On the ground is a boombox, from which comes the smothered and distorted voice of Shakira. Kiwesi and Precilla dance for the audience.

Dunka is sitting in a school chair in the middle of the room, the most important and only member of this show's audience.

Nakintu and Maria are finishing braiding her bright hair.

Stiepan looks in from the window. Leaning against the frame with a mocking admiration.

STIEPAN
Just change the dress and we'll go
out dancing. The car is already
warmed up. You going?

EXT. STREET IN THE SUBURBS OF KAMPALA. UGANDA - DAY

Dunka is sitting in the cab of the truck and looking at Stiepan lead a conversation with two men.

One of them is HANS (45). Confidently, they sit at table in the street. Sprawled out in woven chairs, while Stiepan leans over them standing like a doorman.

He ends the conversation and quickly returns to the truck. Turns the engine on and sets off.

STIEPAN
You owe me!

DUNKA
And that means?

STIEPAN
Hans is powerful! Three tourist
boats on Nyanga. You jump straight
to the top! Direct service. Tips.
To live, not to die!

Dunka's eyes lit up like lanterns.

DUNKA
 Seriously?!

STIEPAN
 We go straight to the port! E Viva
 Uganda!

EXT. PORT SHORE IN KAMPALA. UGANDA - DAY

Big and small ships crowd the harbor waterfront. The truck is close to shore, under the vast, double-deck cruise ship with a big sign "MIRAMAID".

Stiepan turns off the engine and reaches into his pocket. He pulls out a worn cell phone on a white plastic leash and hands it to Dunka.

STIEPAN
 From Hans. Take it. It will be
 useful.

DUNKA
 I will not call anywhere. I don't
 think, I have anywhere I can call.

Stiepan taps his head, like before. Stiepan They will call you. In the right moment ... Dunka looks out of the window at the white side of the "MIRAMAID".

Colorful, laughing tourists walk up a boarding ramp.

Dunka puts her hand out for the phone.

DUNKA
 If you say so.

EXT. SHIP "MIRAMAID". LAKE VICTORIA - DAY

"MIRAMAID" has regular cruises on Lake Victoria, carrying two hundred fifty tourists in high season.

Currently it's high season, and relaxed British, Americans, Chinese, Swedes, Germany roam the two decks, lazily sipping drinks.

Dunka waitresses in an elegant dress, walking the upper deck carrying a tray of empty glasses. She heads down the stairs to the kitchen.

She stops and leans on the door frame, as if she got a cramp. When she lifts her head, you can see her eyes glowing with a fever.

A few cooks and waitresses revolve around the kitchen. YAO (22)- a tall black man, standing by the sink, smiles to Dunka with friendly sympathy.

YAO

Are you ok? I'll make you Chai.

DUNKA

Everything is fine. Horrible heat.

Ringtone rings. It rings for a while, before Yao wipes his hands and reaches for the shelf.

YAO

It's yours. Calling all the time.

DUNKA

Mine? Oh, that.

The ringing goes silent.

Dunka takes the phone in her hands and looks at the row of numbers, which don't tell her anything anyway. 2568765123456 Dunka's hands are visibly damp.

Yao does not give up.

YAO

Will you call back?

Dunka reluctantly presses call and connects with the number.

DUNKA

(on phone)

Dunka speaking. Someone called me?
... Stiepan! How are you? ... Great
job, I love the "Miramaid"! ... In
an hour we'll be in Kenya ... I do
not understand

Yao nosily listens to the conversation, in fact he does not take his eyes off her mouth.

DUNKA

(on phone)

How do I enter the room ...!

She is far too loud. Things are worse than she thought. She covers her mouth and turns her head away from Yao.

DUNKA

(on phone)

What I mean is that is that
personnel MAY enter the room, but
can not LOOK through the personal
belongings of passengers. Even if
it's so damn IMPORTANT ... Yes, I
received my first payment ...

She has to wipe her eyes with her free hand, it seems like
sweat is running down her face. End of conversation.

CLICK. The phone drops straight into a sink full of water.

YAO

Your phone fell in!

Dunka turns abruptly and leaves, throwing YAO a heavy
farewell look.

DUNKA

It's no longer needed.

INT. CLEANERS CABIN ON THE "MIRAMAID". LAKE VICTORIA - DAY

Dunka enters the cabin.

Only AYA (18) is there, a stocky, poor girl from Ghana,
always smiling.

DUNKA

How are you, Aya?

AYA

Pretty good. I just finished.

Aya hangs up her work apron.

AYA

What do you need?

DUNKA

Nothing, I came here to rest for a
moment. There is so much work.

AYA

Then take a seat. They'll get along
without you.

Aya disappears behind the door.

Dunka opens up a cabinet, in which there are work keys hanging, she quickly reaches for one of them. She's ready to go, but is still waiting until Aya is a comfortable distance away.

She is muttering a song:

DUNKA
(in French)
David! David! Il y a un coup de fil
pour toi. David! David! Il y a un
coup de fil pour toi.

INT. CORRIDOR ON BOARD "MIRAMAID". LAKE VICTORIA - DAY

The corridor along the passenger cabins on the "MIRAMAID" is illuminated by the sun.

Dunka passes a few Americans spending their honeymoon here. Wrapped around each other even after leaving the cabin. She passes the doors "109", "110", and finally comes up to "111".

Taking a deep breath, she makes sure no one is in the hallway, then pushes the door handle. The door is locked.

She quickly twists the lock on the door and gets inside.

MATCH CUT:

INT. CABIN "111" ON THE "MIRAMAID". LAKE VICTORIA - DAY

Dunka is in the middle of the small cabin, with her hands together like praying. She closes her eyes and forces herself to take action.

Looking around, a small briefcase is lying on the table. It's unlocked. Inside, as she expected, documents.

You can see the desperation in her every move, as if she wanted to have it over with.

She searches the documents for something specific. Found it. A large yellow envelope with the words "Chinafrica".

Dunka takes what she needs and is about to leave, but her attention is drawn to a huge blue butterfly trying to escape through the window. Every now and then, the butterfly bangs it's wings on the glass, then sitting and spreading it's wings.

Dunka puts down the envelope and walks over to look at him. The butterfly's persistence urges her to open a window and delicately try to steer it into the open space.

It is not so easy to just try push it with her palm, the butterfly continuously flies into the glass.

At that moment the door opens and ZHING ZHANG (25) walks in. The sheer dress in tiny flowers and soft slippers suggest a person with a romantic disposition. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Zhing Zhang keeps an eye on Dunka, while scanning the inside of the cabin with the efficiency of a chameleon. Zhing Zhang's eyes immediately fall onto an open briefcase with a carelessly thrown envelope next to it.

Instantly, Zhing Zhang locks the door, and cuts off Dunka's path of retreat. Dunka loses the barely gained advantage over the butterfly and has to stand by the window without any reasonable cause.

Zhing Zhang does not even take the trouble to ask anything. Without taking her eyes off Dunka, she reaches into her pocket for her phone.

The butterfly is still banging up against the window. So Dunka, in one swift desperate move, flicks it, giving it the momentum needed to escape.

ZHANG ZHING
(in Mandarin, subtitles)
I have an uninvited guest, Mr Wang.

EXT. LAKE VICTORIA - DAY

Powerful colors reflect off the waters of Lake Victoria just before sunset, distorting the Kenyan police boat approaching the "Miramaid".

The motorboat stops next to the side of the ferry, three Kenyan policemen climb up the metal ladder and on board. Passengers watch the event in amazement.

The police escort out the passenger of cabin "111", along with a small briefcase and a the waitress in her work dress, with black and white stripes like zebra fur.

Dunka and Zhing Zhang head off on the police boat towards land.

INT. TWELFTH FLOOR OFFICE OF A SKYSCRAPER. NAIROBI - DAY

MR. WANG'S (52) large office window overlooks an impressive skyline of Nairobi.

A victory of civilization over nature, pushed back far beyond the Westlands district.

Mr. Wang is a serious man, with a proud and experienced life. Evidence of this lies in his gray beard and cane with a silver top. Mr. Wang always keeps it with him.

He stands staring at the street below the building that is almost fully owned by the corporation "Chinafrica". Almost makes so much difference that binzes that Mr. Wang leads in Africa is not lightweight. It's called cultural differences.

Two Kenyan drivers get into a skirmish on the street. They stop, block traffic, and get of their cars to confront each other. After a while a police officer struggles to separate them. From this height it even looks humorous.

MR. WANG

Some of the things in China are unimaginable.

He doesn't turn away from the window.

MR. WANG

You, Madame Dunka, are a witness to great changes. It only takes one mistake find yourself at the bottom.

Mr. Wang points his cane at the foot of the skyscraper.

MR. WANG

But it's nothing special. There's a sidewalk.

A Boeing glides over an opposing tower. It looks like a plastic toy. Mr. Wang raises cane.

All the while, Mr. Wang is smiling, as if telling a story. His eyes getting slimmer like pages of a book.

MR. WANG

But you can get yourself to the top like the aircraft, which will take you home.

Mr. Wang now turns from the window and heads towards the middle of the office to sit in his well-contoured seat.

MR. WANG

You did us, Madame Dunka, a huge favor. Our strategy is, to punish enemies and to reward friends.

Mr. Wang leans over the intercom.

MR. WANG

(in Mandarin, subtitles)

Zhing Zhang, get the briefcase.

He gives protracted smile specifically for Dunka.

Mr. Wang's eyes are almost fully shut.

INT. TWELFTH FLOOR OFFICE LOBBY OF A SKYSCRAPER. NAIROBI - DAY

From another panoramic window view of the city, a small flying object approaches from the distance. It's not an airplane, it would be far too small.

Zhing Zhang appears in a black, stylish suit, looking like it was picked for Wall Street.

Zhing Zhang is carrying a briefcase with a huge logo "Sudan Friends" on it. The object is closer and we can now see a blue-gray silhouette of an electronic insect with a camera as an eye.

The drone hovers close to the window, but Zhing Zhong does not see it as she marches down the hall.

We hear the voice of Mr. Wang once again. It becomes clear that the whole time he told his tale, it came over the speakers.

MR. WANG (V.O.)

Everyone is wondering what "Chinafrica" does, that is why our mission is becoming more difficult. We can not go everywhere. We have become very recognizable. What to do? The cultural differences.

Zhing Zhang approaches the huge stylized door. The red, heavy doors fit the style of a temple more than an office.

The door silently automatically opens at the sight of Zhing Zhang.

MR. WANG (V.O.)

If our partners do not get the money on time, they become nervous and unpredictable. But you, Madame Dane, you can help us. It only takes a few hours. And it will be proof of friendship, for which we are waiting.

Zhing Zhang passes through the large doors, behind them is a mirrored room like from an authentic temple hall.

MATCH CUT:

INT. TWELFTH FLOOR OFFICE TEMPLE. NAIROBI - DAY

A great Buddha statue, shining with fluorescent light, hovers in the air. Not only is it levitating, but majestically rotates. The mirrors eternally reflect this image.

MR. WANG (V.O.)

And in the face of this challenge, you will be able to find, Madame Dunka, something important about yourself. The trust that we bestow upon you is worth this briefcase, you must carry to our friends in Khartoum.

Zhing Zhang presents the briefcase to Dunka, who now appears peering from behind the statue. She's dressed in a European-style safari outfit and a cap with the logo "Sudan Friends".

MR. WANG (V.O.)

Safely. Discreetly. On time.

Zhing Zhang opens the briefcase full of hundred-dollar bills.

MR. WANG.

You understand that to get lost with this is not an option. It would be deadly, and completely devoid of opportunity.

Buddha rotates and looks down at Dunka from his luminous height. Suddenly he gives her a wink.

MR. WANG (V.O.)

Twelve hours from now you will be free, Madame Dane, with a ticket to Europe, and ten thousand in your pocket.

INT. AIRPORT DEPARTURE GATE. NAIROBI - DAY

Over a dozen people swirl around the exit onto the tarmac. The majority of them are white people who look more like paramedics in civilian attire than ordinary passengers. Many of them have bags, cameras, cases.

Those waiting for the plane to Khartoum sit in the rows of chairs. Most of them are Muslim, which you can tell by the way they carry themselves. Dunka sits next to them with the "Sudan Friends" briefcase.

Two girls with blue clipboards saying "Unesco" stop next to her. Tapping something on their iPads.

MAGGIE (25) notices the "Sudan Friends" logo on the briefcase. She curiously bends her head to look at Dunka's face, which is hard to recognize with her aviators on.

MAGGIE

Hi there. I used to work for your organization. In Amsterdam. Do you know Peter de Vries?

Dunka raises her head. A drop of sweat runs down her temple.

DUNKA

De Vries ...?

MAGGIE

You're going to Wau?

Dunka is about to deny it, but suddenly something stops her.

DUNKA

And are you going?

MAGGIE

Well, then we're going together. All of the organizations are packed into one IL today. We don't like it, then there is no way to settle the costs. Those people from the Red Cross always make us pay for the charter. And there's only two of us.

Dunka feels weak. A fever starts attacking her body.

MAGGIE
Are you okay?

The display on the departure gate now shows "WAU".

DUNKA
And when ...?

Dunka strains for every word.

DUNKA
... does this plane leave?

MAGGIE
Well, look, they opened the gate.

The airport worker in an orange uniform opens the door by turning the key. A crowd moves towards the exit. Dunka looks as Maggie begins approaching the exit.

She decides to follow her, leaving the black briefcase full of money on the metal seat.

EXT. BABANUSA STATION TRACK. SOUTH SUDAN - NIGHT

A starry clear night. Dunka heads along the track, following the path.

MAGGIE (V.O.)
We're going to Babanusa station.

DUNKA (V.O.)
Why not. I can go my own way from there.

MAGGIE (V.O.)
Are you staying in Wau or going somewhere further?

DUNKA (V.O.)
I hope to stay here.

On the moonlit tracks, several meters in front of her, a LITTLE BOY IN A WOOLEN CAP jumps from foot to foot. Children in Sudan only know such fun. He's just killing the empty time.

A light approaches from the distance. It's a camouflaged military SUV spraying a strong spotlight from it's roof.

It quickly approaches the boy, momentarily blinding him, before he runs off in the other direction, vanishing in the darkness.

Then the SUV sees Dunka and give up the pursuit of the child. Now all of the attention is focused on her. It pulls up slowly but surely.

The searchlight on the roof moves to illuminate her face. All of the power of the light shines on Dunka's tired eyes. Dunka is standing on the tracks.

She slides peak of her cap off her forehead, allowing SUV to view her from head to toe. She looks at it from under the light, whoever it is - it's better to get a ride to Nazareth.

EXT. ON THE WAY TO NAZARETH HOSPITAL. SOUTH SUDAN - NIGHT

IN THE CAR

Dunka is sitting in the backseat behind the TWO SOLDIERS in field uniforms. The DRIVER and the VERY YOUNG ONE in the front seats. They are all black. They don't talk - a big relief. There's no need to entertain in ridiculous conversations and questions.

They rid over the bumpy, gravel road in complete silence.

Through the window, Dunka watches the new landscape.

Random lights, campfires, barricades here and there followed by continuing series of wooden shacks, huts of mud, tin containers, and a couple hotel signs that are the only landmarks among the random gray lumps.

They stop at a building without any markings.

DUNKA
Nazareth hospital?

The driver responds from a distance:

DRIVER
Yes, Miss! Nazareth is here.

EXT. FRONT OF THE NAZARETH HOSPITAL IN WAU. SOUTH SUDAN -
EARLY MORNING

The beautiful day wakes up an ugly city. Light changes everything - even the blue painted hospital wall now looks like a La Scala decoration.

Dunka laying down - her head resting on the steps leading up to the building. At this time of the day the sanitary hospital is still closed.

A strong attack of malaria does not allow her to sleep, nor open her eyes. She's in a semiconscious state. She hears the roar of an approaching engine.

A Landrover pulls up from the river, parking around the corner from the hospital.

HEART BEATS - Dunka's heart beats so clearly.

BUM BUM BUM BUM. Blood hits against the walls of the vestibule.

Behind the wheel is Bastien. He gets out and loudly slams the door, otherwise they don't close.

BUM BUM BUM BUM. Her heart beats faster.

DUNKA

Bastien?

Bastien walks to the trunk of the Landrover and pulls out a box full of new medical supplies. They'll certainly come in handy.

BASTIEN

David, come on!

A laughing boy, hiding behind a crate with a red cross, pops out of the trunk.

Bastien turns around the corner of the hospital wall, and at that moment he drops the box on the ground and runs to Dunka - when her heart beats most violently BUM BUM BUM BUM.

Bastien bends over Dunka and touches her face.

He looks in her eyes, she looks into his, then swims away into their depths, to the sea, where on the golden sand is a small fishing boat.

DUNKA (V.O.)
Am I late?

BASTIEN (V.O.)
Not this time.

FADE IN:

EXT. BEACH in HEL. POLAND - DAY

PICTURE FILM

Bastien, Dunka and David run along the beach, digging their bare feet in the gold and gray sand.

The blessing to take such a morning walk along the sea does not need words. The MUSIC is enough.

A fisherman's home sits on top of a sand dune with high summer grasses. When they finally reach the door of the house, they do not have to knock or bang brass doorbell.

The doors open by themselves, FATHER stands in the doorway. His mouth remains closed, but his heart talks to them with joy.

FATHER (V.O.)
I was waiting for you

His wide smile greets them, tired from a long journey.

FADE OUT: