

# **NAYOLA**

Animation feature

Script and dialogues  
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Based on the play "The black box"  
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2020

FADE IN:

**1 EXT. FOREST -- DAWN**

It rains on a lush forest. A colourful INSECT flies and lands on a tree trunk.

**YARA (O.S.)**

I dreamed of a naked man running.

EKUMBI (22 years old), a broad-shouldered man with shaved hair, appears running, naked.

**YARA (O.S.)**

I heard shots. Someone chases him.  
I didn't know whom.

Ekumbi climbs over rocks, swings in trees, escapes the bullets that hunt him. He's shot in the top of a hill. He falls into a pond. He tries to get back on his feet but eventually dies. It slowly sinks into the mud, until it is completely submerged.

**YARA (O.S.)**

He fell face down in the mud.

The Soldiers who shot him cross the pond at a quick run, without seeing him.

**YARA (O.S.)**

Then a tree began to grow in the place where the man disappeared. A very tall mulemba.



The shoot of a mulemba\* sprouts in a pond and grows prodigiously.

At a glance, the shoot is an exuberant trunk, full of branches that branch out into lush branches that form the hair of a magical mulemba.

**2 EXT. FOREST -- DAY**

At the sound of birds chirping, we climb through the green canopy of trees, bathed in the sun's rays, until we reach the sky and discover a forest and a river that winds through the hills.

It stops raining. A flock of BIRDS glides over the forest.

We glimpse NAYOLA (19 years old) advancing along a dirt path, on top of a hill, dressed in civilian clothes, carrying a suitcase. Nayola has fine features, intense eyes, full lips

and hair combed in strands that fall to her chin. She wears a skirt and a tank top. She passes by a burnt military truck on the side of the road and then stops to watch the dazzling sunrise over the horizon, to the sound of birds and insects singing.

**SUBTITLE: ANGOLAN CIVIL WAR, 1995.**

Suddenly, a grenade explodes on the ground, a short distance away from her. Then another grenade opens another smoking crater in the ground.

Nayola is watching the escape, through the golden grass, of a column of SOLDIERS surprised by the attack.

Nayola's head emerges from the tall grass to check for the Soldiers' presence. She takes refuge in the grass again and crawls forward so as not to be the target of gunfire. She approaches a small blood-red clearing where some INSECTS are dying. She grabs an Insect that swirls in the palm of her hand. Suddenly, the Insect moves and retracts its wings, mimicking an African mask on the carapace. Nayola is frightened by the Insect's camouflage.

Someone runs close to her. A shot is heard. A mine flies above Nayola's head, then the body of a WOMAN-SOLDIER falls next to her, scattering several mines around her. Nayola looks at the woman's corpse and then looks around. We see her placing the mines on the ground into the bucket full of mines that the Woman Soldier was carrying.

Through the grass, we glimpse soldiers chasing other soldiers. Screams and gunshots. Shortly thereafter, Nayola runs with the bucket of ammunition on her head, donning the fallen Woman Soldier's clothes, and joins the fleeing squad.

**TITLE OF THE FILM: NAYOLA.**

CUT TO:

**3 EXT. MINED ROAD (SCRUBLAND) -- DAY**

In the distance, FEMALE-SOLDIERS look like they are digging the ground to plant seeds. However, coming closer we can see they are "planting mines" along a dirt road.

The hand of a WOMAN-SOLDIER digs a small hole in the ground with a hand hoe, places the mine in the hole, sets the detonator, covers the hole and carefully smooths over the earth.

Nayola "plants" a mine, looking out of the corner of her eye to check she's not being watched. Nayola pretends to set the

detonator but doesn't set it. She covers the hole with soil and carefully smooths it over. She breathes in deeply and gazes at the lethal road with dread as a gruesome vision fills her head.

**4 DEATHLY VISION OF MINEFIELD**

Two parallel lines of plants grow up out of the ground: on one side, green shoots grow into flourishing plants with cobs of corn; on the other side, stems with human skulls rise up out of the ground and unfurl into gruesome skeletons.

A noise of footsteps causes her to turn her head and, at that moment, the butt of a machine gun smashes into her head.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

**5 EXT. MILITARY CAMP -- DAY**

POV FROM THE BOTTOM OF A CONTAINER OF FUEL

Nayola's head is sunk in a drum filled with diesel. We only see her hairs through which life slips away in silence.

A THREATENING SOLDIER pulls her up by the hair. The movement releases air bubbles into the diesel. A short and sadistic, skinny CORPORAL, with his arms crossed, asks her:

**SADISTIC CORPORAL**

*(tyrannical)*

Why? Why did you do it?

Nayola doesn't answer. The Corporal makes a sign to the Soldier that pushes Nayola's head back down into the diesel.

POV FROM THE BOTTOM OF A CONTAINER OF FUEL

Nayola doesn't resist. The muscles in the face don't show tension, the eyes and closed lips don't either. Torture transports her to a memory of love.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

**6 MEMORY OF A TEARING CHOICE**

Nayola, sitting on the floor, holds the hand of a child, her daughter Yara, who is standing. They look at each other for a long time.

Remorse resonates in Nayola's head.

**NAYOLA (V.O.)**

The baby's heart was pulling me one way ...

Ekumbi caresses Nayola's face.

**NAYOLA (V.O.)**

... and his the other.

Nayola pulls Yara to her, stretches her legs and lifts her daughter Yara's body, who opens her arms to play flying.

**NAYOLA (V.O.)**

I tried to keep mine beating in the middle ...

Nayola and Ekumbi embrace and their bodies merge.

**NAYOLA (V.O.)**

... but my heart ...

Yara rests her head and body against her mother's womb.

**NAYOLA (V.O.)**

... always found a way of going over to him ...

Nayola backs off. Yara begins waving as if she was liquid.

**NAYOLA (V.O.)**

... and then one night he never came back.

Yara fades.

BACK TO:

**7 EXT. MILITARY CAMP -- DAY**

The Soldier pulls her up by the hair again.

**SADISTIC CORPORAL**

*(tyrannical)*

I'm baptising you so you'll never forget mines are for blowing up.

The Corporal takes a cigarette lighter out of his shirt pocket.

**SADISTIC CORPORAL**

If you put the mission at risk again

...

The Sadistic Corporal flicks open the flame of the lighter and brings it close to Nayola's hair, which is drenched in diesel.

**SADISTIC CORPORAL**

... I'll burn you alive!

Nayola takes a deep breath, gulping for air.

**NAYOLA**

*(dazed)*

Yara will forgive me.

**THREATENING SOLDIER**


*(to the Sadistic  
Corporal)*

The diesel got into her brains.

Laughter. The Soldier throws Nayola to the ground. There is the sound of a marimba and drums starting up and the Soldiers begin dancing around her motionless body.

CUT TO:

**8 EXT. LUANDA -- DAY**

 We glide silently like a bird over a mosaic of contrasts, with cutting-edge skyscrapers cohabiting alongside tenacious colonial-style buildings and the rebellious musseques\*. There are cranes and building sites everywhere.

**SUBTITLE: ANGOLA, LUANDA, 2011.**

Here and there, a few leafy trees survive, acacias, mulembas and palm trees, imprisoned between holes that once were roads and streets. Cars are trapped in chaotic traffic jams from which swarms of motorbikes are trying to escape, and people, lots of people, walking in all directions.

CUT TO:

**9 EXT. MUSSEQUE (LUANDA) -- DAY**

We drop down towards a *musseque*, and immediately a cacophony of sounds overpowers us. The roofs of the shacks come into view, a puzzle of zinc sheets held down by rocks, broken down air conditioners and satellite dishes.

YARA (16 years old) turns a corner. She wears tight jeans, a striped T-shirt and carries a backpack on her shoulders. We follow her through a labyrinth of narrow, red clay streets that invariably collide into impenetrable barriers of scrap metal and rubbish. The *musseque* is a living being. It feigns stillness, like corals at the bottom of the sea, but it is the city's largest creature, always watching, hungry, loud and untameable.



Yara passes a group of *QUITANDEIRAS\**, with their fresh fish and bananas for sale. CHILDREN play football with carnival masks.

Very cautiously, Yara scans the street before advancing round the corner. We get a good look at Yara. She is a beauty; hair cut short, with one green eye and one brown.

Two POLICE OFFICERS with automatic weapons walk along the street. Another POLICE OFFICER, coming from the opposite direction, approaches his fellow officers, as if they had been patrolling that part of the *musseque*. Yara spots the Police officer and steps back freezing against the wall.



A *candongueiro\** bursts noisily on to the street. Yara slips between the vehicle and the shacks, unobserved by the Police officers.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. SQUARE - MUSSEQUE (LUANDA) -- DAY

Yara appears in the centre of a square, surrounded by vehicles. A *candongueiro* arrives, stopping to let passengers on and off, some using carnival masks. Yara takes one CD out of her backpack, hangs onto the window of the minibus and holds out the CD to the DRIVER.

**YARA**

Get my rap playing on your HiAce. I want to spread my sound for the people to feel me.

The Driver rejects the CD.

**MINIBUS DRIVER**

I can't, sis. My boss won't let me.

**YARA**

You're disappointing me.  
(*persuasively*)  
Go on!

The Driver shakes his head.

**MINIBUS DRIVER**

*(to the Ticket  
collector)*

Get people in the van and get this  
girl out of there. We are in a hurry.

*(to Yara, grumpy)*

Get out!

He pushes Yara away with his arm.

The horn of another minibus sets Yara running towards it.  
Yara hustles the Ticket Collector clutching the CD.

**YARA**

*(to the Ticket  
Collector)*

So man, did you rate my sound?

**TICKET COLLECTOR**

*(dramatic)*

You don't wanna know ... The cops  
stopped me yesterday, took your CD.

**YARA**

*(crushed)*

That's bad ...

**TICKET COLLECTOR**

They gave me a beating and took all  
my money.

**YARA**

*(abashed)*

Sorry. That was not my intention. I  
just wanted to spread my sound, that's  
all.

**TICKET COLLECTOR**

They're scared of your songs, Yara,  
that's good.

The Ticket Collector takes the CD and enters into the van.  
At the sound of minibus moving away, we are left with the  
excited gaze in Yara's eyes.

CUT TO:

**11 EXT. SHOESHINER'S SQUARE (LUANDA) -- DAY**

A young SHOESHINER polishes the shoe of a CUSTOMER. We can  
see the shoe is fitted to a prosthetic foot and leg.



At the corner opposite, a KID is polishing the handlebars of a motorbike, parked up next to other motorbikes.

Yara crosses the street, passes near the Kid, salutes the SECURITY GUARD standing outside a building and goes inside.

CUT TO:

**12 EXT. ROOFTOP TERRACE OF A HALF-BUILT SKYSCRAPER (LUANDA) -- DAY**

Yara's hip-hop band is rehearsing away from the eyes of busybodies and ears of the police. BOLA (17 years old), a chubby young man, beatboxes. GINGA (15 years old) a boy wearing a cap, plays a cajón. Yara is freestyling rap.

**YARA**

Welcome to Angola  
where shit happen  
we live on irony  
and you all already know  
sex is a profession  
little kids are bandits  
are war fights  
days, days, achieved.

**GINGA**

It is necessary to fight  
in order to reach  
the world of ideals  
happened to my parents  
walk forward  
we must not look back  
rain or shine  
this shit has got to end.

Bola lets out a laugh.

**BOLA**

*(enthusiastic)*  
Bro, bro, bro. It's cool. Let's make  
this recording now!

Yara smiles in approval.

**YARA**

That's right Bola. Tomorrow we're  
going to play a show with our rap.

**GINGA**

*(apprehensive)*  
I think it's safer for us to take a  
break. With the Carnival excuse, the

**GINGA**

streets will be full of police.  
They can catch us.

**YARA**

*(annoyed)*  
But Ginga, you just guess, guess,  
you're never sure.

**GINGA**

*(laconic)*  
I guess.

**YARA**

*(imitates the fearful  
tone of Ginga)*  
The streets will be full of police  
and they're going to catch us.  
*(daring)*  
Forget about it Ginga!

**GINGA**

*(facing Yara)*  
We're no use to anyone in prison!

**YARA**

Ginga, I prefer prison to being locked  
up at home like my grandmother.

**GINGA**

Rap is guerrilla warfare, Yara. You  
sing and run. You sing again then  
you run again.

Yara denies it.

**YARA**

Never.

Bola laughs.

**BOLA**

*(to Ginga)*  
Carnival is our big chance, Ginga.  
We could use the confusion of Carnival  
to spread our message.

**YARA**

I agree with you Bola because their  
fear is that the people will rise  
up. Change begins here and now with  
our rap.

**GINGA**

You're a rapper; you're not Rambo.  
You sing and run. So they never shut  
you up. Do you understand?

Ginga gets up and puts his backpack over his shoulder.

**GINGA**

If you're into it, I'm out.

Ginga turns around and walks away.

**YARA**

You can stay out because Bola and I  
will take care of it! Bola loose our  
beat.

Bola begins beatboxing and Yara resumes rapping. We hear her  
whilst the camera passes over the rooftop wall and drops  
down over the city, numbed by the daily routines of survival.


CUT TO:

**13 EXT. MILITARY CAMP -- TWILIGHT**

The cicadas' recital hovers over a military encampment set  
up in a palm grove.

CUT TO:

**14 INT. TENT (MILITARY CAMP) -- TWILIGHT**

 Nayola comes into the tent and sits down next to three  
soldiers, the MISTRUSTFUL FEMALE SOLDIER, the BEARDED SOLDIER  
and the SHORT-SIGHTED SOLDIER, all eating *fuba*\*. Her presence  
does not arouse curiosity among the fighters who continue to  
dine.

Nayola takes a piece of *fuba* with her hand from the bottom  
of the pot and shapes it into a small ball that she takes to  
her mouth and chews in silence.

**NAYOLA**

*(lowering the voice)*  
Did you ever fight alongside a comrade  
with one green eye and one brown  
eye? His name is Ekumbi.

The Female Soldier frowns.

**MISTRUSTFUL FEMALE SOLDIER**

Why do you want to know?

**NAYOLA**

He's my man. They told me he'd gone missing in combat and I've been looking for him already a year ago.  
(*hopeful*)  
Have you seen him?

**BEARED SOLDIER**

What is his war name?

Nayola hesitates.

**NAYOLA**

War name? I don't know.

The Shortsighted Soldier asks incredulously, blinking his small eyes behind the lenses of his glasses.

**SHORTSIGHTED SOLDIER**

If you don't know your husband's war name, how are you going to find him?

Nayola seems to give in to disappointment for a moment, but then takes a photograph from her pocket. She shows it to the three soldiers who silently look away after seeing the man in the photograph. The Female Soldier resumes the conversation always in an embittered tone.

**MISTRUSTFUL FEMALE SOLDIER**

Who told you he was here?

Nayola answers, disappointed, as she strokes the photograph between her fingers.

**NAYOLA**

He himself did. He sent me a message through an injured comrade.

**MISTRUSTFUL FEMALE SOLDIER**

How long ago?

**NAYOLA**

Eight months ago.

They look at each other. The Female Soldier refers to the SHOOTER (32 years old) with a nod of her head.

**MISTRUSTFUL FEMALE SOLDIER**

You should ask the Shooter. He's had more war than all the rest of us put together.

The Shooter senses the eyes of the comrades and looks at them. He is tall, with long dreadlocks, a beard and piercing eyes.

The Shooter and Nayola's eyes meet.

CUT TO:

**15 EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE -- DAY**

The peak of a high mountain rises up in front of Nayola. Soldiers climb up a dangerously narrow mountain track. Suddenly, a bolt of lightning pierces the sky above them, followed by a crash of thunder. In just a fraction of a second, a tropical downpour falls on them. Nayola shelters under a jutting out rock. The Shooter approaches her handling a guitar. He hands her the guitar.

**SHOOTER**

Don't let it get wet.

Nayola takes the guitar and shelters it close to her body.

**SHOOTER**

Spit it out! What's your problem?

**NAYOLA**

Have you ever fought with a comrade with one green eye and one brown eye?

The Shooter smiles.

**SHOOTER**

I've fought alongside comrades with eyes of all colours.

**NAYOLA**

His name is Ekumbi. He's my husband. He was reported missing in combat. I've been looking for him for over a year.

Nayola takes the photo of Ekumbi from her pocket and shows it to the Shooter.

**NAYOLA**

Does this photo help?

The Shooter holds her wrist while looking at the photograph.

**SHOOTER**

If I remember anyone like that, I'll tell you.

They look each other in the eye.

**NAYOLA**

If you wanted to find someone in this war how would you do it?

**SHOOTER**

I'd keep myself alive Nayola.

*(warns in Umbundu)*

Here is the house of the masked ones and nobody gets out!

*(continues in*

*Portuguese)*

You've got a hard knot in here.

He points to Nayola's throat.

**SHOOTER**

You'd better untie it before it chokes you.

The downpour subsides, almost as suddenly as it started. The Shooter picks up the guitar and walks away.

CUT TO:

**16 EXT. LELENA'S HOUSE - MUSSEQUE (LUANDA) -- DAY**

We see LELENA (60 years old), peeking at the street outside her house. As if she has felt our presence, Lelena suddenly stands back and closes the door. We enter Lelena's house.

CUT TO:

**17 INT. KITCHEN (LELENA'S HOUSE) -- DAY**

Lelena drags herself over to the cooker. She stirs the soup with a wooden spoon. She turns round and sets the table for dinner, soup plates and spoons for three people. Then she looks at the table with troubled eyes. Life has been hard on her, wrinkled her spine and pasted sadness on her face. She is wearing a honey-coloured dress, a cloth rolled around her head, and a handsome seed beads necklace.

Behind her, on a shelf, we see two identical clocks on the shelf of a cabinet. One of them is working; the other is frozen in Time, its glass shattered.

We hear her fiddling with cutlery. She pulls away and we see a frame with a photograph of Nayola scrawled in red lipstick.

CUT TO:

**18 EXT. SHOESHINERS' SQUARE (LUANDA) -- DAY**

Yara leaves the building, distracted. She passes alongside the Kid who is still washing motorbikes. As she crosses the road, she raises her head and sees the POLICE COMMANDER having his boots polished by the Shoeshiner. Yara looks around and sees the two Police officers she saw earlier in the musseque, walking down the street towards her, with batons in their hands, one on each side of the street, cutting off her escape. She goes back towards the building, but comes face to face with a third police officer who is escorting Ginga.

Yara and Ginga exchange distraught glances. Yara puts her arms up as if she was about to give herself in, slowly removes her backpack, but then in one swift movement, opens it, empties the CDs onto the ground and kicks them towards the Police officers.

Police officers attack Yara. One of them slips on the CDs and falls over. Another manages to grab her and tears her T-shirt. Yara struggles to break free. She jumps on the roof of the patrol car and manages to escape, but one Police officer grabs her by the backpack. Yara elbows him and escapes, running as fast as she can. The Police officers give chase. The police patrol car too.

The Kid approaches the CDs scattered along the road and picks up one.

CLOSE UP ON THE BACK COVER OF THE "NEW COUNTRY" CD

We see the titles of the tracks on the CD. The Kid turns the CD over.

CLOSE UP ON THE COVER OF THE "NEW COUNTRY" CD

We see a photograph of Yara.

CUT TO:

**19 EXT. CAMP (CLEARING IN A PALM GROVE ON A MOUNTAIN TOP) -- DAY**

The first soldiers to arrive have already set up camp. They rest, talk, smoke and play old games on "boards" scratched into the ground.

The melody of strumming a guitar draws us to a large tree. Sitting, leaning against a tree trunk, the Shooter reveals himself as a talented musician snatched by the war.

Nayola approaches and gently leans her body and palms against the tree trunk.

**NAYOLA**

*Mulemba, mulemba ...*

Nayola hugs the tree trunk, bends her knees and slides along the tree trunk while declaiming the lyrics of an old song to the sound of the melody played by the Shooter.

**NAYOLA**

*(in Kimbundu)*

I find myself in the comfort  
of your shade and the firmness  
of your roots.  
We remain lovers.

Nayola sits and leans against the tree trunk, hugging her bent knees.

**NAYOLA**

*(in Kimbundu)*

Here time doesn't exist  
and we are happy.  
The soul is still in shade,  
the presence that sustains the earth and  
makes us survive any war.

When Nayola shuts up, the Shooter stops playing and places the guitar on the ground.

**SHOOTER**

That's beautiful. Who taught you?

**NAYOLA**

I learned from my mother. She sang a lot before my father died.

**SHOOTER**

When the war ends, you'll be a singer.

**NAYOLA**

No. I like writing better.

**SHOOTER**

Write what?

**NAYOLA**

My stories, my dreams.



The Shooter quotes Che Guevara.

**SHOOTER**

"Those who have beautiful dreams  
fight better."

**NAYOLA**

Guns also kill dreams.

They are silent for seconds, until the Shooter decides to share a memory.

**SHOOTER**

It was in an operation in the North,  
in the oil Soyo area. Our platoon  
was besieged. After fighting all  
night, there were some injured. The  
sun was beginning to rise and to  
dissipate the mist that protected  
us.

He shuts up and hesitates to reveal, but continues.

**SHOOTER**

There was a comrade named Venga.

Nayola quickly reacts and seeks the Shooter's gaze.

**SHOOTER**

He dropped the gun, took off his  
uniform, and smiled. He looked like  
a madman, the bastard. He had a  
beautiful smile. He ran through the  
woods. The enemy went after him and  
we took the opportunity to escape.

*(pause)*

In my head, I can still see that  
look.

The Shooter closes his eyes and leans his head against the tree trunk, visibly moved.

**NAYOLA**

This Venga, is my Ekumbi?

**SHOOTER**

Nayola, forget the Ekumbi from your  
photo.

*(in Kimbundu)*

Search with your heart if you want  
to find your husband.

**NAYOLA**

But how?

The thunder roars again some distance away in the sky. The Shooter motions Nayola to silence. The thunder becomes more deafening and suddenly a MiG 19 flies over them ominously. Seconds later a bomb explodes, opening up a hideous crater in the middle of the camp. Everything shakes and bursts into flames. Some Soldiers are hit; others shoot against the fighter plane.

Imperturbable, the Shooter goes forward unarmed in open field. Nayola follows him. The Shooter picks up a bazooka from the ground next to a wounded comrade and continues walking. Nayola grabs the comrade's backpack and approaches the Shooter who has already dropped to one knee a few meters in front of her. There are only them and the corpses of their comrades in the clearing of the palm grove.

Nayola takes a rocket grenade from the backpack and gives it to the Shooter who loads the rocket grenade into the bazooka. Out of control with the thrill of discovering the first clue to her husband's whereabouts and the dread of the air raid, Nayola fires a flurry of questions at the most inopportune moment.

**NAYOLA**

That story, when did it happen? Do you think he deserted? Has he gone south, gone east?

The Shooter ignores Nayola's questions, puts the bazooka over his shoulder, points it up into the sky and waits for the MiG 19.

Nayola pulls the Shooter by the shoulder, knocking him off balance.

**NAYOLA**

Spit it out! Where is he?

**SHOOTER**

Get out. Stay away!

The Shooter pushes Nayola.

The MiG 19 dives over the camp discharging its guns. The bullets whiz down on them like whistles of death. The Shooter falls backwards shot in the shoulder. Nayola helps him.

**NAYOLA**

*(distressed)*  
Shooter!

The Shooter gives her the bazooka.

**SHOOTER**

Get the bazooka Nayola. Aim for the  
head of the plane.

The MiG 19 returns to dive over the camp and discharge its  
cannon. Nayola gets up, picks up the bazooka and hoists it  
onto her shoulder.

CUT TO:

**20 EXT. ROCK FORMATION (DESERT) -- NIGHT**



The hand of a SAN\* draws a SNAKE from the interior of a  
calabash.

**SHOOTER (O.S.)**

Shoot!

BACK TO:

**21 EXT. CAMP (CLEARING IN A PALM GROVE ON A MOUNTAIN TOP) --  
DAY**

Nayola takes aim at the MiG 19.

CUT TO:

**22 EXT. ROCK FORMATION (DESERT) -- NIGHT**

The San has the bow armed with the snake, as if it were a  
magic arrow, and aims at the sky.

BACK TO:

**23 EXT. CAMP (CLEARING IN A PALM GROVE ON A MOUNTAIN TOP) --  
DAY**

Nayola fires the bazooka.

CUT TO:

**24 EXT. ROCK FORMATION (DESERT) -- NIGHT**

The San fires the snake-arrow.

BACK TO:

25 **EXT. CAMP (CLEARING IN A PALM GROVE ON A MOUNTAIN TOP) -- DAY**

The rocket grenade shoots towards the MiG 19 and hits it. The MiG 19 explodes in the sky in a grey and white cloud. Bits of wreckage plummet to the ground in the clearing, exploding and bursting into flames in a cloud of smoke.

The Shooter rests an arm on Nayola's shoulder and they walk away. A MiG 19 wheel almost crushes them.

CUT TO:

26 **INT./EXT. KITCHEN - LELENA'S HOUSE (LUANDA) -- NIGHT**

The bang of the MiG 19 crashing to the ground and exploding coincides with Yara rushing into the house and slamming the front door shut. The belt on the wheel of the sewing machine comes lose with the vibration.

**LELENA**

My, what a fury girl!

Lelena puts the belt back inside the wheel of the machine.

Yara drops her backpack on the floor, draws back the curtain a crack on the small window of the front door and looks outside.

YARA'S POV

One of the Police officers who tried to catch her downtown is questioning the NEIGHBOUR on the street house opposite.

Yara lets go of the curtain and flattens herself against the wall, just as the outline of the other Police officer passes their door.

**LELENA**

What time do you call this?

Yara steps into the kitchen, playing with her grandmother sewing a traditional cloth garment from a colourful, printed fabric with African motifs.

**YARA**

Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock.

Yara picks up the broken clock and gets close to her grandmother, who continues to sew.

**YARA**

Having to keep hours in your head is  
like having lice, mum.

Yara bends over to kiss her grandmother.

**YARA**

You have to pick them out before  
they suck out your life.

She displays the broken clock to her grandmother.

**YARA**

That's why I like this clock so much.

Lelena takes the clock from her, pat it and holds it against  
her breast.

**LELENA**

You're sick of knowing your mother  
gave it to me.

Lelena points to a tear in her granddaughter's sweater.

**LELENA**

What happened to your shirt?

Yara lets herself fall onto the sofa, her arms wide open, as  
if she were enjoying a wonderful day.

**YARA**

*(good-humoured)*

I caught it on a nail. I don't have  
no handsome man to hold me, a rusty  
nail has to do.

**LELENA**

*(venting her  
frustration in  
Kimbundu)*

What harm did I ever do to God!

**YARA**

God was looking the other way.

**LELENA**

Shsh! You open your mouth again and  
I'll lock you in the house until you  
learn some sense.

A burst of gunfire pierces the sky over the musseque.

**LELENA**

That was a *Kalashnikov*.

**YARA**

They're rockets, mum, Carnival celebrations.

Lelena gets up and goes to the cooker.

**LELENA**

What do they celebrate?

**YARA**

They celebrate life.

Lelena picks up the pan.

**LELENA**

Life ... with gunshots?

Lelena smiles at the madness of those times. She serves two ladles of soup into each bowl. They eat in silence for a few seconds.

**YARA**

Mum, there's something I want to ask you.

**LELENA**

Hurry up and eat your soup.

**YARA**

Why did you push my dad into going to the war?

Yara stops eating. Lelena looks at her granddaughter.

**LELENA**

Your father wanted to change our people's conditions. I was on his side.

**YARA**

Against my mother.

**LELENA**

You don't cut the wings of a falcon. You give him raw meat to make him strong.

**YARA**

Raw meat didn't work for either of them; else, they'd be here with me now.

Lelena remains in a compromising silence. Yara gets up.

**YARA**

See you tomorrow, mum.

Yara kisses her grandmother.

**LELENA**

See you tomorrow my granddaughter.

Yara walks dispiritedly towards her bedroom, pushes the door, but stops by the door and turns to face her grandmother.

**YARA**

Mum --

Lelena interrupts her granddaughter.

**LELENA**

I know what you're going to ask me.

*(exhales deeply)*

No, I don't believe your parents are alive. The war ended eight years and twelve days ago. They've had a long time to find their way back home.

**YARA**

It's just that I'm always dreaming --

Lelena again interrupts her granddaughter.

**LELENA**

I also dream a lot about your mother.

**YARA**

It's not the mother I dream of, it's my father.

Dejectedly, Yara pushes the creaking bedroom door and closes it behind her.

Lelena gives a troubled sigh at the soup plates almost full.

**27 INT. YARA'S BEDROOM - LELENA'S HOUSE (LUANDA) -- CONTINUOUS**

Yara rolls up the bottom of a poster on her wall, revealing a hiding place full of "New Country" CDs. She takes out a

notebook with "Nayola" handwritten on the cover, and conceals the hiding place again, unrolling the poster.

She lies down and flips her mother's journal.

The bedroom walls are decorated with posters of icons from the fight for freedom and human rights, activists and feminists.

A few moments later, she hugs the journal and looks up at a map of Angola on the wall next to her bed. Various routes are marked on the map in a red pencil, some places are covered with an "X", others with a "?" and other marks such as "NO", as if Yara was investigating leads to the places her parents might have been.

We return to Yara's longing gaze, lost in the map.

Yara closes the journal, puts it on the bedside table, snuggles her head into the pillow and turns off the light.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

## **28 NAYOLA'S NIGHTMARE**

Nayola's fingers unravel a "tangled ball of darkness", until we understand that, it is a coil of concertina razor wire. She listens a bark. She crawls into the razor wire tunnel, gradually widening the coils of wire until there is enough light to make out a JACKAL with a hind leg wrapped in the barbed wire. Nayola's hands try to remove the barbed wire from the Jackal's paw, but the animal growls and writhes in pain, wrapping itself further in the barbed wire. Nayola manages to free the Jackal who jumps towards her growling.

CUT TO:

## **29 EXT. HILL (SCRUBLAND) -- DAWN**

Nayola wakes up in a scream. She is a prisoner, tied to a tree trunk, along with the Shooter, the Woman Soldier, the Bearded Soldier, and the Shortsighted Soldier who also survived the air raid.

She tries to free herself from the ropes, but she can't. A Jackal catches Nayola's attention as it climbs to the top of the hill opposite. The animal sits, motionless as if it were a statue, and stares at her with a serene gaze.

The Woman Soldier also looks at the Jackal.



**MISTRUSTFUL FEMALE SOLDIER**

That jackal has been hanging around  
us since the sun went down.

The Jackal looks at them mysteriously.

**MISTRUSTFUL FEMALE SOLDIER**

*(to the Jackal)*

When I die, come get me.

The noise of approaching footsteps silences the Woman Soldier.

Three armed SOLDIERS surround them. They wear different uniforms than theirs. A Soldier cuts the rope that bound the Shooter with a machete. The Shooter gets up. He has his hands tied behind his back. He gives Nayola an accomplice look. The silence hurts. The Soldier with the machete forces the Shooter to lower his head and descend the hill, accompanied by another Soldier. The third Soldier watches the prisoners, gun in hands. He looks very young. Down there, the Soldiers force the Shooter to his knees.

**NAYOLA**

*(whispers to the Woman  
Soldier)*

My husband's war name is Venga.

The Woman Soldier looks away when she hears the revelation.

**MISTRUSTFUL FEMALE SOLDIER**

Venga disappeared in Soyo.

**NAYOLA**

People don't disappear like that.  
They're either alive or dead, but  
they're always somewhere.

The Woman Soldier closes her eyes in tired disagreement.

**MISTRUSTFUL FEMALE SOLDIER**

Here people disappear very slowly.  
Sometimes even before they die.

They shut up. We listen to the chorus of CRICKETS, indifferent to human dramas. The Shortsighted Soldier seems to recognize the Young Guard.

**SHORTSIGHTED SOLDIER**

Pssst!

The Young Guard bends down to pay attention to the prisoner.

**SHORTSIGHTED SOLDIER**

Nephew?

**YOUNG GUARD**

Uncle?

**SHORTSIGHTED SOLDIER**

What are you doing here?

The Young Guard looks towards the comrades to make sure they can't hear him. They continue to interrogate the Shooter.

**YOUNG GUARD**

*(mumbles)*

I am fighting for my people. I'm fighting for my country.

**SHORTSIGHTED SOLDIER**

You should be studying. Does my sister know you're here?

**YOUNG GUARD**

*(mumbles)*

No uncle, she doesn't know. I came here honour my father's name.

The Young Guard hits his chest with a clenched fist.

**SHORTSIGHTED SOLDIER**

Honour your father's name?

**YOUNG GUARD**

*(mumbles)*

Uncle is fighting on the wrong side.

**SHORTSIGHTED SOLDIER**

Oh boy, what do you know about wrong sides?

**YOUNG GUARD**

*(mumbles)*

What do I know on the wrong side, is that it's the side my father fought and died for this country.

**SHORTSIGHTED SOLDIER**

Your father was my brother and he died on the wrong side.

**YOUNG GUARD**

*(indignant murmur)*

Wrong side by those who fought for independence and the unity of the Angolan people?

**SHORTSIGHTED SOLDIER**

That's also my fight.

The Young Guard points his index finger at his uncle's chest.

**YOUNG GUARD**

*(mumbles)*

Only you're fighting on the wrong side.

**SHORTSIGHTED SOLDIER**

*(riled up)*

Oh boy, again this talk of the wrong side!

The Young Guard shuts up, looks around and walks away. The uncle lowers his head, very sad.

The Soldiers execute the Shooter with one shot and move towards the other prisoners.

The Young Guard appears with a knife in his hand, cuts the rope and frees his uncle, who takes the opportunity to slap his face.

**SHORTSIGHTED SOLDIER**

*(in Kimbundu)*

You're coming home with me right away!

The two Soldiers reach the tree where they tied the other prisoners and find that everyone disappeared, including the Guard. The ropes have been cut.

CUT TO:

**30 INT. YARA'S BEDROOM - LELENA'S HOUSE (LUANDA) -- NIGHT**

Yara is sleeping soundly. A gentle breeze flutters the curtain on the open window. The distorted shadow of a head with a pair of pointed horns is projected over the helpless body of the young woman.

Sitting on a chair, a MASKED INTRUDER (33), with his face covered by a jackal mask, watches Yara. A dirty, ragged military uniform covers his emaciated body. He wears gloves and holds a machete.

He leans so far over Yara; he almost touches her with his mask. We hear him breathing heavily. He traces Yara's eyebrows and nose with his forefinger, but doesn't touch the girl's face. Suddenly, the creak of the bedroom door opening makes him glancing towards the door of the room and holding the machete in a defensive position.

**31 INT. KITCHEN - LELENA'S HOUSE (LUANDA) -- CONTINUOUS**

Lelena slowly opens the door to her granddaughter's room ...

**32 INT. YARA'S BEDROOM (LELENA'S HOUSE) -- NIGHT**

... and surprises an armed intruder next to Yara. On seeing her, the Masked Intruder steps back, straightens up and faces her. Illuminated by the light of the lamp, he looks enormous, although extremely thin.

**LELENA**

*(low voice, very nervous)*

Just stay calm. What do you want?  
Let's talk.

**MASKED INTRUDER**

Talk? Talk doesn't kill hunger!

CUT TO:

**33 EXT. RIVER (JUNGLE) -- DAY**

WADING BIRDS look for food by the river. Shouts of invisible animals resound. Nayola is kneeling on the bank of the river. She looks at the photograph of Ekumbi she's holding in the cup of his hands. Slowly she submerges the photograph as if in farewell. She spreads the fingers of her hands and releases the photograph, which is rapidly moving away in the current.

Nayola looks at the sky and exhales deeply, but gets up in a rush and starts to run along the bank and into the river, as if getting rid of her husband's photograph had been a thoughtless act in a moment of loss of hope. Frightened by the human presence and splashing in the water, the Wading Birds take flight.

Nayola looks for the photograph in waist-deep water, but the current has already dragged it away. Desperate, she punches the water.

Along the bank, the Jackal leaps up and snaps up a Wading Bird.

CUT TO:

**34 INT. KITCHEN - LELENA'S HOUSE (LUANDA) -- JUST AFTER**

Lelena glances discretely at the Masked Intruder's machete resting on the table. The Masked Intruder elbows the spoon away, raises the bowl to sip the soup, but suspends the movement facing Lelena.

**LELENA**

I'll turn my back.

Lelena turns around on the bench. The Masked Intruder moves the mask over a bit, picks up the bowl with both hands, drinks the soup hungrily and returns the bowl to Lelena.

Lelena takes the bowl, gets up and goes to the cooker. She fills the bowl with a second helping of soup.

The Masked Intruder has a coughing fit, recovers and sniffs the ground like an animal. Lelena hands him the bowl. She sits down again on the bench with her back turned towards the Intruder. The Masked Intruder swallows the soup in one gulp and puts the bowl on the table.

Outside, a tropical storm has started up and water is dripping from the ceiling on to the table and the kitchen floor. The Masked Intruder positions the bowl so it catches the drips falling onto the table.

CUT TO:

**EDITING OF NAYOLA'S SEARCH FOR EKUMBI FOR ANOTHER 3 YEARS**

**35 EXT. DIRT ROAD -- DAYS LATER**

To the sound of a nostalgic Angolan song, Nayola and the Jackal walk along a road full of REFUGEES fleeing a new battlefront.

**SUBTITLE: 1998**

DISSOLVE TO:

**36 EXT. SMALL TOWN -- DAY**

Nayola watches a group of CIVILIANS, young and old, fleeing an attack.

DISSOLVE TO:

**37 EXT. AIRPORT RUNWAY -- DAY**

Nayola witnesses the despair of Refugees, adults and children, trying to climb the ladder of access to a rescue plane to escape the war.

**SUBTITLE: 1999**

Two children, a GIRL and a BOY cling to the cockpit window of the plane. The Girl is rescued, the Boy perhaps.

DISSOLVE TO:

**38 EXT. SCRUBLAND -- NIGHT**

Tank guns fire grenades into the mourning night.

DISSOLVE TO:

**39 EXT. BOMBED CITY -- DAY**

Nayola walks down a street with the facades of buildings machine-gunned or destroyed.

Her search for Ekumbi seems to be endless.

DISSOLVE TO:

**40 EXT. MILITARY BASE -- DAY**

Nayola asks about Ekumbi the DRIVER SOLDIER of a transport truck with a little doll hanging from the interior rear view mirror.

DISSOLVE TO:

**41 EXT. WAR REFUGEE CAMP -- DAY**

Nayola wanders amongst WOMEN and CHILDREN who continue to flee the tentacles of war. An epidemic of famine, suffering and loneliness.

DISSOLVE TO:

**42 EXT. ROAD -- DAY**

Confused, a very thin ELDERLY woman, leaning on a cane, approaches a slow-moving war truck. Hunger.

DISSOLVE TO:

**43 EXT. MILITARY COLUMN -- DAY**

Nayola asks the DRIVER of an open-top truck full of Soldiers celebrating a victory for Ekumbi. She looks for Ekumbi in every face.

DISSOLVE TO:

**44 EXT. HELIPORT -- DAY**

Nayola speaks with an AIR FORCE OFFICER, next to a helicopter. She spells out the name, Ekumbi, which we don't heard, but we already learn to read on her lips.

DISSOLVE TO:

**45 EXT. OBSERVATION TOWER -- DAY**

Nayola asks three soldiers about Ekumbi. A huge banana tree testifies the moment.

DISSOLVE TO:

**46 EXT. YARD -- DAY**



The Jackal strays from the dance of an AKIXE\* evoking the spirit of the ancestors to ask for peace.

DISSOLVE TO:

**47 EXT. SCRUBLAND -- DAY**

Ephemeral armistice agreements. SOLDIERS inebriated by the rhythm of the drumming. Nayola is swallowed by the cloud of dust raised by the soldiers' boots.

DISSOLVE TO:

**48 EXT. CITY -- DAY**

Nayola asks a SOLDIER for Ekumbi while a CIVILIAN, wearing a Sunday coat, runs across the street, holding a gun.

**SUBTITLE: 2000**

On the corner of the street, a COMRADE counterattacks to an ambush with a machine gun burst.

DISSOLVE TO:

**49 EXT. BACKYARD -- DAY**

Nayola asks about Ekumbi to a SOLDIER who fell asleep sitting on a sofa.

DISSOLVE TO:

**50 EXT. COLUMN OF REFUGEES -- DAY**

Nayola wanders among REFUGEES, on foot and in open boxes of trucks. She stops at the face of each man, hoping to find Ekumbi.

DISSOLVE TO:

**51 EXT. ROAD -- DAY**

NAYOLA'S POV FROM A TRUCK IN PROGRESS

Destruction, as far as her eyes can see.

**END OF THE EDITING SEQUENCE**

DISSOLVE TO:

**52 EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF A BESIEGED CITY -- DAY**

Nayola gets down from an open-topped truck, crammed full of Refugees, but no one else gets out. In the distance, she sees a city.

CUT TO:

**53 EXT. BESIEGED CITY -- DAY**

The uncanny sight of a GIRAFFE wandering about a war-torn city. The buildings torn to pieces by heavy artillery. There is no one in sight, but the Giraffe turns its head towards the main avenue and walks into the centre of the road. Moments later, Nayola and the Giraffe cross paths, but don't even exchange glances, as if in that Time and Place everything was possible. She carries on her way. The Jackal follows her.

Nayola turns a corner and passes under the cannon of a bombed-out tank. She walks along the side of a colonial house, whose roof and first floor have collapsed onto each other, in an impossible "house of cards". In the sky, two parachutes are puzzlingly immobile holding inaccessible crates.

A berry of rice falls on top of her head. She stops. She looks at the sky, sees a parachute mysteriously standing in the air with a bundle with the United Nations logo, from



which the rice berries fall. A BIRD flies from inside the crate.

Nayola crouches down, fills the shells of her hands with the rice berries scattered on the floor and eats them. The Jackal approaches, Nayola holds out a handful of rice, the animal sniffs the rice berries, and Nayola strokes him on the forehead. It's the first time we've seen them so close. The Jackal hears something that makes him move away. Nayola collects the rice berries from the ground into the backpack.

The Jackal takes a defensive position in the middle of the road. Nayola gets up. Suddenly, menacing snores sound, and three HYENAS appear from behind a pile of rubble. Nayola leans against the wall of a house and remains still. The Hyenas surround her, but the Jackal comes between them and Nayola. The Hyenas charge it. The Jackal breaks the siege and escapes them, taking the Hyenas after it, but a Hyena turns back and runs towards Nayola who takes refuge inside the house.

**54 INT. RUINS (COLONIAL HOUSE) -- DAY**

Terrified, Nayola crawls along a room partially blocked by rubble. The Hyena is closing in on her; it grabs a shoe of Nayola's that kicks the animal until she gets loose. Nayola crawls as fast as she can. The Hyena chases her, but the ruins narrows into a tunnel so small the Hyena can't get through and snarls furiously. Nayola escapes by crawling away.

She moves forward, crawling around, avoiding injuring her hands on broken crockery and glass, and skirting around 50s/60s photographs of white colonialists covered in dust.

Finally, she manages to get up ...

**55 INT. CORRIDOR (COLONIAL HOUSE) -- DAY**

... and finds herself in a wide corridor with tile panels on the walls depicting wild animals, rhinos, zebras and hippos.

Nayola stops and looks at a tile panel portraying an Angolan woman with her baby on her back and a cot on her head, full of basketry for sale. Two white angels frame the mother and baby. Nayola plucks an iron from a beam and repeatedly taps the iron against the panel. Revolt grows on her face as she hear tiles breaking and falling apart on the floor. Finally, Nayola drops the iron and walks away. We contemplate the panel where mother and baby are free from the colonial frame and the angelic guard.

Nayola walks through several rooms until she catches a glimpse of light coming out of a hole in a door. African rhythms resonate on the other side. Nayola crouches down, kitten and stands up into a great hall.


**56 INT. GREAT HALL (COLONIAL HOUSE) -- DAY**

SOLDIERS and REFUGEES dance. Nayola makes her way between the crowds to peek at the dancers. She stops beside a YOUNG MOTHER with a BABY on her back. The Baby holds out a hand, Nayola offers the Baby her fingers of one hand. Baby's and Nayola's fingers dance to the beat of the music. Someone announces a guest.

**PRESENTER (O.S.)**

Hello people! Let's stop with the music for a while, but let's continue ... with our ... Lotte! She's going to sing for us. Madame, s'il vous plait.

Clapping and silence.

 LOTTE (28 years old), a chubby Belgian nurse in a white coat with a white cap covering her long blond hair and an armband bearing the International Red Cross logo, sings in a strange language\*, illuminated by the light that enters the room through a hole in the roof made by a mortar. The song enters Nayola's heart like a balm. Time stands still, until the roar of the four engines of a cargo airship shuts up Lotte. The Refugees rush euphorically out into the street. The Soldiers grab their weapons and get into combat position, sheltered behind what's left of the walls outdoors.

CUT TO:

**57 EXT. SKY -- DAY**

A cargo airship with the United Nations logo painted on the underside of the wings, airdrops several parachutes carrying bundles of food with the United Nations World Food Program logo, and then flies away like a hurrying benefactor.

CUT TO:

**58 EXT. MAIN AVENUE (BESIEGED CITY) -- DAY**

The Refugees come together in the middle of the road, staring in desperation at the slow descent of the parachutes. One parachute glides away into the distance, another parachute remains inexplicably suspended in the sky, but the third parachute drops down over them as if attracted by a hungry magnet. The Refugees raise their arms to the bundle, under the worried eye of Nayola in the great hall.

The parachute falls right on top of the Refugees, as a fishing net cast over an innocent shoal of fish. At that instant, we can see the reflection of the rifles of the SNIPERS of the two opposing armies fighting for control of the city, concealed in deathly vantage points, on both sides of the avenue.

CUT TO:

**59 EXT./INT./EXT. UNDERNEATH THE PARACHUTE - MAIN AVENUE  
(BESIEGED CITY) -- DAY**

The moment the Refugees begin to come out from underneath the parachute with bags of rice on their heads, the Snipers begin shooting at them with symmetrical precision. The Snipers hidden on the left of the avenue fire at the Refugees coming from right, whilst the Snipers hidden on the right of the avenue target the Refugees coming from the left.

The Jackal watches the massacre atop a pile of rubble.

The Young Mother, with her Baby on her back, drags a bag of rice across the floor. A Refugee climbs out from under the parachute with a bag of rice, slings it over his shoulder, and runs away. Another Refugee climbs out from under the parachute, advances towards the Young Mother and tries to steal her bag of rice. The Young Mother doesn't let go of the bag, resists the Refugee's pulls, falls but doesn't let go of the bag. The Refugee drags the Young Mother. Nayola runs to the Refugee and throws herself on him, knocking him down. A bullet hits the Young Mother and makes her topple over without letting out a scream. Nayola punches the Refugee with a force she didn't know she had and hits the back of his head with violence on the ground until he loses consciousness.

Amidst the bursts of automatic fire, Nayola begins to make out the sound of a Baby crying behind her. She spots the Baby wriggling inside its cloth papoose, still tied to the mother's body in the middle of the avenue and crawls up to her. Nayola grabs the Baby, but she's in shock. Stretches and doesn't stop crying. Disturbed, Nayola puts the Baby back on her mother's lap.

Nayola looks apprehensively at her palms. That's why she doesn't notice the arrival of Lotte, who is already rocking the Baby, trying to calm her down.

Nayola and Lotte look at each other for a long time. The nurse smiles at Nayola. Then she crawls away, holding the Baby with one arm.

Nayola stands motionless beside the corpse of the Young Mother.

The Jackal watches them from the top of the rubble heap, moving witness to the horrors of war.

BACK TO BREAK IN:

**60 INT. KITCHEN - LELENA'S HOUSE (LUANDA) -- NIGHT**

A melody of dripping rain landing in water. On the kitchen floor, there are already several pans, buckets and bowls collecting drops of water. Lelena and the Masked Intruder remain seated at the table. There's only an empty soup bowl left on the table.

**LELENA**

The war is already over.

**MASKED INTRUDER**

We killed a lot and died a lot. Only a few of us survived to tell how it was.

**LELENA**

I also suffered a lot. In the War of Independence, the Portuguese killed my man. I fled south to here. Then in the Civil War, I lost my son-in-law, and after ...

*(moved)*

... my daughter.

The Masked Intruder clenches both fists. Lelena looks at him.

**LELENA**

As you can see, I only have war in my life.

In an unexpected fit of indignation, the Masked Intruder punches the table with both fists. The impact makes the bowl bounce and shatter on the ground. They both freeze. The dripping of the rainwater into the pans, buckets and bowls intensifies the suspense. The door to Yara's bedroom grates as it opens.

LELENA'S POV

The figure of her granddaughter, dressed in a transparent nightgown, appears at the door of the room.

Yara walks forward, eyes half-closed in sleep, yawns, opens the fridge door and takes out a glass of water.

**YARA**

*(sleepy voice)*

I just came to get some water, mum.

Yara takes a few gulps of water as she watches her grandmother's eccentric visitor.

**YARA**

I didn't know you had company.

*(humouredly)*

Who is this joker?

Lelena hesitates before answering.

**LELENA**

A neighbour from the old times.

**YARA**

*(to the Masked Intruder)*

I like your jackal mask!

The Masked Intruder points to the mask.

**MASKED INTRUDER**

This is us.

**YARA**

Ya! I get you, I think everyone should wear a mask that would show who we really ar. For example, I would wear a mask made of jellyfish, I seem to be made of water and light, but if someone tries to grab me I burn!

Yara puts her glass down on the table, cups it with one hand, and whispers close to the Masked Intruder's ear.

**YARA**

However, my grandmother would wear a hyena mask.

Lelena pretends she didn't hear and points to the shards of glass next to her granddaughter's bare feet.

**LELENA**

Mind the glass.

Yara ignores her grandmother's advice.

**MASKED INTRUDER**

*(to Lelena)*

What happened to her mother?

Yara cuts in before her grandmother has time to answer. There is disenchantment in her voice.

**YARA**

She abandoned me.

Lelena corrects her granddaughter.

**LELENA**

No, she didn't! She disappeared during the war.

Yara folds her arms in annoyance.

**MASKED INTRUDER**

She might still come back.

**YARA**

*(to the Masked Intruder)*

A moment. I'll get something to show you.

Yara goes towards her room.

**LELENA**

Please get out of here!

The Masked Intruder doesn't react to Lelena's plea.

Yara comes back into the kitchen, carrying her mother's journal.

**YARA**

I'm going to tell you a truth about my mother, just like your mask.

**LELENA**

Don't be stupid Yara, you can't do that!

**MASKED INTRUDER**

We'd like that very much.

Lelena looks at the Masked Intruder in surprise as Yara leafs through the journal until she finds the page she is looking for. Yara begins to read.

**YARA**

*(reads)*

"I dreamed of a man running. The man was naked and running in the tall grass. I heard shots."

CUT TO:

**61 NAYOLA'S POETIC MEMORY**

It rains on a grey pond. The shoot of a *mulemba* tree emerges from the pond.

**YARA (O.S.)**

*(reads)*

"He fell face down in the mud. He sank. He disappeared."

The sprout grows massively, transforming itself into a huge *mulemba*.

**YARA**

*(reads)*

"It rained. I heard more shots. Just after soldiers passed."

The trunk of the *mulemba* spears the clouds.

**YARA**

*(reads)*

"Then a tree began to grow in the place where the man disappeared. A *mulemba*, a very tall *mulemba*."

The trunk of the *mulemba* branches into the sky in dozens of green and brown fingers.

Yara stops reading and sighs.

**YARA**

*(to the Masked Intruder)*

You know, it's good that you're here to listen. We even look almost like a family.

Yara closes the journal.

**MASKED INTRUDER**

Is it over?

Yara reopens the journal.

CUT TO:

62    **EXT. TRAIN STATION STOVE -- DAY**

Nayola approaches a train station stove. The Jackal follows her a few meters away. He sits down for a few seconds to rest and then follows her again.

Nayola peers through a glass door, then through several windows, not seeing a soul.

She goes down from the platform to the railway track. She walks away between the railway tracks when a male voice stops her.

**CHIEF STATION MASTER (O.S.)**

Oh girl, don't stay there. It's dangerous.

Nayola turns to see a thin man with a sharp beard, a railway uniform, a cap, and a red flag rolled up in his hand. Nayola approaches him.

**CHIEF STATION MASTER**

The war is over and the train is coming.

**NAYOLA**

Does the elder work here?

**CHIEF STATION MASTER**

I do. My father worked here. My grandfather also worked here and I continue to work here.

Nayola looks at the railway line.

**NAYOLA**

Where does this line go?

The Chief Station Master points out the destination with the flag.

**CHIEF STATION MASTER**

It goes to the city of Luanda.

Nayola lowers her head and closes her eyes when she hears the word "Luanda". She listens the Jackal howling. The wind ruffles her hair. The Chief Station Master's voice echoes in her head.

**CHIEF STATION MASTER**

The wind is changing. Peace is coming to those who weren't bitten by the war. Peace.



**CHIEF STATION MASTER**

*(screams)*

Peace, peace, peace!

He bursts out laughing.

**CHIEF STATION MASTER**

*(repeats in Umbundu  
the warning the  
Shooter gave her in  
the mountains)*

Here is the house of the masked ones  
and nobody gets out!

The Jackal lets out a yelp and runs between the railway tracks in the opposite direction. Nayola turns her back on Luanda and follows the Jackal.

**CHIEF STATION MASTER**

Why are you going there? That way  
you won't get anywhere. Out there  
you're going to the Okavango River.  
The river that dies in the desert.

*(takes a deep breath  
and comments with  
himself)*

What a beautiful death, a death Full  
of life.

He cups his hands to his lips and yells at Nayola.

**CHIEF STATION MASTER**

Be careful! The war is over, the  
train is coming. Peace, peace, peace!

The Chief Station Master walks to the end of the platform, imitating the sound of an invisible train in progress and its whistle. Then he laughs loud like crazy.

CUT TO:

**63 EXT. RAILWAY TRACK -- DAY**

Nayola and the Jackal walk between the railway tracks until they come to a blown-up section of track that runs around the sides of a gorge.

**64 EXT. SECTION OF BLOWN-UP RAILWAY TRACK -- DAY**

Nayola looks despairingly at the railway tracks a dozen or so yards in front of her. A muddy river flows far down below.

The Jackal ventures along a narrow, muddy trail, bouncing between rocks embedded in the hillside to reach the other side of the track. He stops and waits for Nayola to follow him.

It begins to rain.

**65 EXT. HILL SIDE -- DAY**

Nayola puts her feet, very slowly, on the rocks that the Jackal has trampled, but slips several times. The rain comes down more heavily. Mud is beginning to slide down the hill, dislodging skeletons and mines that were buried there. The Jackal stirs anxiously.

A mine slides towards her. Nayola squirms and manages to avoid the touch. The mine passes within inches of her body. Suddenly, a mudslide lifts her off the ground and she slides several yards down the slope. Nayola struggles, tries to grab onto something, but a wave of mud, mines rises over the top of Nayola, and swallows her up.

Nayola tries to swim, but is swept away by the swirling water and mud, faints and sinks.

CUT TO:

**66 NAYOLA'S IDYLIC FANTASY**

Nayola and Ekumbi are sitting on the ground, leaning against a tree trunk. Nayola has Yara baby in her arms.

DISSOLVE TO:

Nayola and Ekumbi are still sitting on the floor, but now Ekumbi is playing with Yara baby. Nayola curls up on Ekumbi's back.

DISSOLVE TO:

Yara child appears from between Nayola's legs. She gives a hand to the mother who sits and contemplates her child. They hug each other. Nayola lifts Yara on her knees, and the child spreads her arms as if they were the wings of an airplane.

DISSOLVE TO:

Sitting on the floor, Yara child plays with the tail of a spotted dog. Nayola and Ekumbi watch their daughter and look at each other in love. Ekumbi kisses Nayola.

DISSOLVE TO:

Nayola and Yara child walk side by side. Ekumbi appears from behind his daughter, puts her on his piggyback and advances in the direction the child is pointing.

DISSOLVE TO:

Nayola, Ekumbi and Yara are sitting on the sand of a beach making a magic triangle holding hands. Yara child covers her parents' feet with sand. Ekumbi rests his palm in the sand, making a handprint. Nayola imitates him. Yara imitates them, making a handprint of her little palm in the middle of the handprints of her parents'.

DISSOLVE TO:

Yara girl feels the tide coming and going in her feet. She already has the rebellious look of the future human rights activist that she will become. Nayola hugs her daughter. Yara smiles and closes her eyes in the protection of her mother's shield.

DISSOLVE TO:

Yara girl lays her head sleepily on the table as her parents clear the dinner table.

**YARA (O.S.)**

*(reads)*

"Yesterday I walked through the city  
dragging my pregnant belly with me.  
People looked at me with pity."

BACK TO BREAK IN:

**67 INT. KITCHEN (LELENA'S HOUSE) -- CONTINUOUS**

**YARA**

*(reads)*

"I don't want anyone's sympathy."

Yara stops reading and asks the Masked Intruder.

**YARA**

Tell me, would you leave your two-  
year-old daughter behind to go looking  
for your wife?

The Masked Intruder shrugs his shoulders and points to the journal.

**MASKED INTRUDER**

Can I see it?

Yara hands him the journal. The Masked Intruder removes his gloves and puts them on the table. He takes the diary, for a fraction of a second his fingers touch the girl's fingers.

The Masked Intruder leafs through it delicately. Lelena fixes her eyes on the Masked Intruder's hands.

Suddenly, sound POLICE SIRENS in that corner of the musseque. The Masked Intruder gets up, holding the journal, takes the machete from between his legs, holds it in his free hand and walks towards the front door, draws back the corner of the curtain and peers outside.

MASKED INTRUDER'S POV

A 4x4 police pickup truck is blocking the street outside Lelena's house. A Police officer is indicating a nearby house to another Police officer.

Yara is surprised to see the weapon in the hand of her grandmother's acquaintance.

**YARA**

*(whispers to her  
grandmother  
suspiciously)*

Who is this guy, mum?

The Masked Intruder is still looking through the window of the front door.

**LELENA**

*(whispers to her  
granddaughter)*

He's a robber.

**YARA**

*(whispers)*

Did that bastard threaten you?

Lelena doesn't confirm it, but neither does she deny it.

**YARA**

*(whispers)*

It's time to show him who's boss.

Lelena grabs her granddaughter's hand.

**LELENA**

*(murmurs)*

Don't do that else, he might kill us!

**YARA**

*(whispers)*

Keep calm, mum. Trust me.

The Masked Intruder goes back over to them.

**MASKED INTRUDER**

*(whispers)*

The police are after us.

Lelena gets up from the table.

**LELENA**

*(helpful)*

You can escape through the window.  
Come, I'll show you. Let's go.

The Masked Intruder keeps the diary under his arm.

**YARA**

*(raising her voice)*

No way! My mother's diary stays with  
me.

The Masked Intruder pushes the diary out of Yara's reach.

**YARA**

*(to her grandmother,  
disorientated)*

Wait mom, who is this man?

Lelena can neither face nor respond to her granddaughter.

**YARA**

*(to the Masked  
Intruder, overcome  
with emotion)*

Are you ... my father?

**LELENA**

What foolishness Yara!

Angry, the Masked Intruder points the machete at Lelena.

Artful, Yara adopts a submissive tone.

**YARA**

All right then. Take whatever you  
want and go.

Lelena goes to her granddaughter's room, followed by the Masked Intruder that drops his guard. Yara leaps onto his back and grabs him by the neck. She manages to bring him

down. They fall to the ground with a crash. The Masked Intruder drops his machete. Yara grabs the machete, gets up and points the weapon at him. The Masked Intruder sits on the floor with a violent fit of coughing.

Lelena moves in between her granddaughter and the Masked Intruder.

**LELENA**

*(whispers)*

Stop, Yara! Don't do anything stupid.

**YARA**

Out of my way mum!

**LELENA**

*(asks her  
granddaughter, panting)*

Don't do that.

The Masked Intruder stands up.

**MASKED INTRUDER**

*(to Yara)*

Let us go. It's best for everyone.

**YARA**

Shut up or I'll give you a beating.

Lelena holds her granddaughter, stopping her from getting close to the Masked Intruder.

**YARA**

Mum, open the door and shout to those police officers to come quick.

Lelena walks towards the door but stops halfway.

**LELENA**

*(hesitant)*

What if it's you they're after?

Yara is speechless as if the truth had kicked her in the stomach.

**MASKED INTRUDER**

*(surprised)*

Her?

Yara points the machete at the Masked Intruder.

**YARA**

Shut your mouth!

**MASKED INTRUDER**

What did you do to make them come after you?

**YARA**

I sang my music! My truths!

**LELENA**

Please Yara go to the hiding place.

Yara points the machete at the Masked Intruder.

**YARA**

*(to the Masked Intruder)*

The journal doesn't leave this house!

**LELENA**

*(to the Masked Intruder)*

You'll give the journal back, won't you?

The Masked Intruder nods his head.

**YARA**

*(to the Masked Intruder)*

You, sit down at the table, take off your mask, and if they ask, say you're a visitor.

She hands the machete to her grandmother.

**YARA**

*(whispers to her grandmother)*

Don't let him out of your sight, mum.

Lelena takes the machete. Yara goes to her room, opens the door, but before going in, warns the Masked Intruder.

**YARA**

If anything happens to her, I'll hunt you down to hell.

Yara closes the door of her bedroom tightly.

Lelena puts the machete on a chair and whispers.

**LELENA**

*(thrilled)*

I knew you through your fingers. Let me look at you.

The Masked Intruder goes to the front door, raises the corner of the curtain and looks outside.

Lelena's face registers disappointment.

**68 EXT./ INT. KITCHEN - LELENA'S HOUSE (LUANDA) -- CONTINUOUS**

MASKED INTRUDER'S POV

The Police officers, who ambushed Yara in the city, knock on the door of Lelena's neighbours.

**POLICE**

Open the door! Police!

Lelena's NEIGHBOUR opens the door. The Police Commander shows her the photograph of Yara's face on the cover of the CD "New Country". The Neighbour denies recognizing the face, but stares on the alley opposite, a gesture that's noticed by the Police Commander.

The Masked Intruder adjusts the window curtain. He witnessed that involuntary denunciation.

**LELENA**

Are you still angry with me?

The Masked Intruder turns to Lelena and removes her mask. Lelena is shocked to see her daughter's face marked by so much suffering. Nayola bends over to cough, but can't. Again, she tries to cough but is unable to. She starts choking. In pain, she sits down on the floor near the front door and finally coughs up a piece of shrapnel, which rolls on the kitchen floor. Lelena stares, incredulous.

Nayola remains silent. Lelena leans the machete on the ground, takes the chair and sits down opposite her daughter.

**NAYOLA**

I had to see Yara.

**LELENA**

And your mother?

Nayola looks at her mother. A sorry silence settles between them.

CUT TO:



**69 EXT. RIVER -- DAY**

Splash! Using the strength of its jaws, the Jackal pulls her back by her belt, lifeless, onto a floating fragment of bow of a military boat.

CUT TO:

**70 EXT. FRAGMENT OF BOW OF A MILITARY BOAT (RIVER) -- MOMENTS LATER**

Nayola recovers consciousness. She coughs up water and mud.

NAYOLA'S POV

The river is disconcertingly peaceful. Mangroves reflected in the water flank it.

AERIAL SHOT

The river drains its water into the thirsty desert, branching out into streams forming a magical hair.

**71 EXT. FRAGMENT OF BOW OF A MILITARY BOAT (RIVER) -- LATER**

They sail in the lazy current. Nayola fell asleep sitting with her head resting on one knee. The Jackal sits in a watchful posture. A huge DRAGONFLY flies over them. The Jackal pursues her with the gaze.

Finally, the river flows into the desert and the bow gently runs aground onto the burning hot sands, along with other war debris dragged by the current. A cloud of water vapour rises into the sky like a cleansing blessing that wakes Nayola up.

The Jackal advances into the desert without hesitation.

Nayola gets off the fragment of bow and follows the animal.

CUT TO:

**72 EXT. DESERT -- DAY**

The Jackal stops and puts an ear to the sand. Nayola imitates it. The sound of the river gurgling under the earth, surprises her. The Jackal nuzzles her hair and leaves.

Nayola stays there for a moment, her face in the sand, listening to the bubbling of the underground river. Then she gets up and sets off, ignoring the small oasis behind her.

CUT TO:

73 **EXT. DUNES (DESERT) -- LATER**

The Jackal climbs up and down the crest of a line of dunes. Nayola staggers after him on an increasingly unsteady walk.

CUT TO:

74 **EXT. VALLEY OF HELL (DESERT) -- DUSK**

The Jackal and Nayola move on towards the horizon until they become two quivering points on the scorching sands.

Nayola faints in the immense arid valley.

**NAYOLA (O.S.)**

*(proud)*

Yara is strong. Full of fight and ideas. Just like her father.

BACK TO BREAK IN:

75 **INT. KITCHEN (LELENA'S HOUSE) -- NIGHT**

Lelena and Nayola continue to talk still in the same positions, whispering.

**LELENA**

This girl is full of surprises.  
*(in Kimbundu)*

One day she took the only photograph of you, I had. Took a bottle of red varnish and started painting it. She painted your lips, nose, eyes and eyebrows. She said she wanted to make her mother beautiful. By accident, she spilt the bottle of varnish and inked your photo in red.

Nayola covers her lips with her hand to stifle her laughter.

**YARA (O.S.)**

Why are you talking in Kimbundu?

Lelena turns to see her granddaughter, standing at the door to her room and looking at her assertively. Lelena bulky body prevents Yara from seeing Nayola, who takes the opportunity to put on the mask.

**YARA**

What is it you don't want me to know?

**LELENA**

Get back into the hiding place, girl.

**LELENA**

*(in Kimbundu)*

Are you crazy?

Yara closes the bedroom door, annoyed.

Lelena and Nayola look at each other, laugh at the ridiculousness of the situation and then fall silent as if the laughter didn't belong to that moment.

**LELENA**

Stay with us. Your daughter needs you.

*(in Kimbundu)*

You could still come back from this suffering.

**NAYOLA**

No one comes back from the war, Mum.

An icy silence again interposes between mother and daughter.

They listen violent knocks at their door. They get up. Nayola with the Jackal mask on her face.

**POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)**

Open up! Police!

Lelena steps back and knocks the chair over with a thud on the floor. Nayola takes the machete. They wait anxiously.

**POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)**

Open up! I'll break down the door!

The Police hits the street door again, even more forcefully. The handle of the door begins rattling frenetically.

Lelena turns to face her daughter and looks at her sorrowfully. She hugs her with emotion. Nayola hesitates, but ends up by hugging her mother.

The Police keeps knocking on the front door, which is about to jump off its hinges.

Nayola helps her mother to sit against the wall. She takes the journal out from under her shirt and hands it to her mother, who accepts it with a lump in her throat. Nayola opens the door and goes out into the street, in a supreme sacrifice.

We're left with the grimace of pain and dismay of Lelena.

**POLICE OFFICERS (O.S.)**

Machete on the floor. Not another  
step. Calm! Stay still! Otherwise  
I'll shoot! I will shoot!

We hear a tearing Jackal howl.

CUT TO:

**76 EXT. DESERT -- NIGHT**

The silhouette of a magnificent ORYX appears, set against the centre of a stunning Full Moon. When seeing the Oryx the Jackal gets up, takes a step forward and waits close to Nayola's inert body.

The Oryx advances towards Nayola and the Jackal. Camouflaged against the Oryx's silhouette are three SAN, half-naked, armed with bows and arrows.

A San digs in the sand with his hands. Then he sticks a cane deep and sucks water from the subsoil. He keeps the water in a calabash, leans over Nayola and drops water on her lips, under the Jackal's watchful eye.

The San attach a stretcher to the Oryx and place Nayola's body on it. They click their tongues and set off walking. The Jackal follows them at a distance.

They continue walking until they reach a rock formation, on top of a giant dune.

CUT TO:

**77 EXT. ROCK FORMATION (DESERT) -- NIGHT**



The Oryx and the San climb the giant dune, reach the rock formation and stop next to an enormous WELWITSCHIA\*. Two San take Nayola from the stretcher and carry her inside a cave.

The third San leans over the Welwitschia and waters it with water from the calabash while talking with the plant through tongue clicks. Then he invokes the Welwitschia through a mysterious dance.

**78 INT. CAVE -- NIGHT**

A flicker appears at the end of a stick that a San is using to light a fire by creating friction against dry leaves. In an instant, the flames rise up and illuminate the cave.

We see two San next to Nayola's lifeless body lying on the ground. The snaking flames deform the bodies of the San and

the Jackal, into ghostly shadows projected on the surrounding rocks.

CUT TO:

**79 EXT. ROCK FORMATION (DESERT) -- NIGHT**

The Welwitschia moves and stands up. It faces the Full Moon. It seems like a living fossil, sentinel of a lost world, awakened to take part in a ritual. It heads slowly into the cave.

CUT TO:

**80 INT. CAVE -- NIGHT**

A San ties Nayola's feet together with a rope. Another San places a gourd next to Nayola's lifeless body. His fellow places the rope inside the gourd.

The Welwitschia caresses the Jackal's head with her leaf-filament hand. The Jackal opens his mouth. The Welwitschia thrusts her filament hand, deep into the Jackal's bowels and collects rennet from the Jackal's stomach. Then it leans over Nayola, opens her mouth and sticks the filament hand with the rennet, deep into Nayola's body.

CUT TO:

**81 EXT. ROCK FORMATION (DESERT) -- NIGHT**

The three San climb the rock formation carrying the rope to the highest rock.

CUT TO:

**82 INT. CAVERN -- NIGHT**

The Welwitschia removes Nayola's stomach rennet and crushes it between her fingers dripping an ochre liquid into a glazed bowl.

The Welwitschia dips its filament fingers into the liquid ochre and traces a painting on Nayola's face.

Then, it places the bowl on the ground and walks away.

The Jackal goes up to it and sniffs the liquid ochre. It dips a paw into the liquid ochre, spills liquid on the floor, slides its paw over the liquid, and makes a trace on the floor. Then draws a dot next to the line.

With his paw covered in liquid ochre, the Jackal makes some scribbles on the floor of the cave.

CUT TO:

**83 EXT. ROCK FORMATION (DESERT) -- NIGHT**

The hand of a San takes a never-ending SNAKE out of the gourd. The snake becomes rigid, as if it were an arrow. The San loads the bow with the arrow-snake that opens the mouth showing sharp teeth. The San aims it at the Moon, and fires.

CUT TO:

**84 EXT. SKY -- NIGHT**

The arrow-snake shoots into the sky and embeds itself in the Moon.

CUT TO:

**85 EXT. ROCK FORMATION (DESERT) -- NIGHT**

At that moment, Welwitschia returns to its Jurassic plant body full of ancestral secrets.

From the top of the rocks, the San release the rope that stays suspended in the air attached to the Full Moon.

CUT TO:

**86 INT. CAVE -- NIGHT**

Magically, Nayola is dragged, by the tied feet, towards the cave opening.

Standing up on his hind legs, the Jackal paints scrawls that look like simple human figures on the wall of the cave. Its shadow guides its hand as if it had a life of its own.

CUT TO:

**87 EXT. SKY -- NIGHT**

Nayola suspended in the sky; hung upside down; tied to the Full Moon. A magical umbilical cord. She starts to spin slowly like a flower blown by the Cosmos.

CUT TO:

**88 INT. CAVE -- NIGHT**

Surprisingly, the Jackal has grown human hands. He holds the bowl in one hand and dips the index finger of his other hand into the liquid ochre.

The frame opens up to reveal that as the Jackal paints, his body becomes more human.

He has already painted almost the entire dome of the cave; he is already almost a man.

CUT TO:

**89 EXT. SKY -- NIGHT**

The whole of Nayola's body convulses. She opens her mouth and regurgitates all kinds of weapons and ammunition.

CUT TO:

**90 EXT. ROCK FORMATION (DESERT) -- NIGHT**

An accursed, toxic and sinister scrapheap tumbles onto the white sands and falls down the side of a dune until it lodges itself in the desert, like an unbearable memory of war.

FADE OUT:

**POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)**

I will shoot! I will shoot!

A machine gun burst is heard.

FADE IN:

BACK TO BREAK IN:

**91 INT./EXT. LELENA'S HOUSE (LUANDA) -- NIGHT**

LELENA'S POV

The Police officers put her daughter's body into the back of the pickup truck.

At the front door, Lelena watches them roar off with their sirens blaring and lights flashing.

The moment the blue flashing lights disappear, Yara appears behind her grandmother and hugs her. They remain silent for a few seconds.

**YARA**

Mum, did you know that man?

Lelena denies it with a discreet nod, like a matriarch who will go to any lengths to protect her family.

CUT TO:

**92 INT. CAVE -- AT DAWN**

The first rays of the morning sun break into the cave like a tongue of heat and life that warms Nayola, lifeless on the ground, dressed in military rags. Nayola looks like a black Sleeping Beauty in tragic state of hibernation.

The Jackal has disappeared.

Nayola wakes up. As she sat up, she has a coughing fit. She takes off the mask. She looks surprised at the clothes she has on and at the gloves on her hands.

The morning light gradually reveals the rock paintings.

Nayola contemplates the paintings on the stone, soldiers fighting with machine guns for arms, a fighter plane spitting missiles, hungry refugees with their arms raised to parachutes with food, an incredulous Jackal watching the bestiality of war.

Nayola recognizes the palm print of Ekumbi on the rock. She saw it when she was between life and death sinking in a sea of mud and mines, remembering Yara making a palm print of her little hand in the sand between the palm prints of her parents. She puts her palm on Ekumbi's palm print, her face against the rock, feels it warm, feels Ekumbi, smiles.

BACK TO BREAK IN:

**93 INT. YARA'S BEDROOM - LELENA'S HOUSE (LUANDA) -- NIGHT**

Yara fills her backpack with some clothes.

CUT TO:

**94 INT. KITCHEN - LELENA'S HOUSE (LUANDA) -- NIGHT**

Lelena gives her granddaughter a bundle with food. Yara puts the food in her backpack. She sighs.

**YARA**

I have to disappear for a while.  
Will you be all right on your own?



Lelena nods her head. She gives the journal back to her granddaughter. Yara smiles, packs away the journal and zips up the backpack. They hug each other tenderly.

Yara puts her backpack on her back and opens the front door.

CUT TO:

**95 EXT. ROCK FORMATION (DESERT) -- DAY**

Nayola handles the mask on the ground, looks at her tenderly recognizing the face of the Jackal that guided her in her quest, who saved her several times, who brought her to that magical place to give her a second chance of life. Ekumbi reincarnated into a Jackal. Nayola puts on the mask as if kissing Ekumbi.

BACK TO BREAK IN:

**96 EXT. KITCHEN (LELENA'S HOUSE) -- NIGHT**

Cautious, Yara looks everywhere, confirms that there are no police lurking around, and sneaks out in the dead of night.

CUT TO:

**97 INT. LELENA'S HOUSE (LUANDA) -- NIGHT**

Lelena resumes sewing the traditional cloth garment, pauses and stares at the frame with Nayola's picture.

A tragic secret is kept between mother and daughter.

CUT TO:

**98 EXT. DESERT -- DAY**

Nayola walks over the slope of the dune filled with the oxidized weapons and ammunition she regurgitated. She walks away into the vastness of the desert until she is just a tiny dot. A rice berry.

**THE END**