

The old Cipriano had predicted his own death in dreams, and became imprisoned in these dreams. He also predicted the wanderings of his children in search for a cemetery on the shores of the sea, where he should be buried. He sang of his death as it approached.”

cipriano

written and directed by douglas machado

°SINOPSIS

An old man, named Cipriano, is about to die. He spent his whole life tormented by dreams and now he is lost inside one of them.

His children, Bigail and Vicente, are searching for a cemetery by the sea, where he should be buried. Life and death.

Short stories, dreams and religions.

A trip into the imaginary through a lengthy peregrination along the "Sertão".

°CHARACTERS

BIGAIL

brings the melancholy of the possible loss of her father and decides to realise his ultimate dream.
 girl of an expressive face, thin body.
 some anxiety in her talking.
 wears sunday clothes.
 a brother, Vicente and a father, Cipriano.

VICENTE

a half-blind young man that speaks a strange language.
 he gives life to his own visions, as if they were real.
 impulsive, with a nervous walk.
 dresses like Saint Francis of Asisi, a promise he carries from his birth.
 a sister, Bigail, a father, Cipriano and an accordion.

CIPRIANO

from the world of dreams, he barely went out.
 an old man, white hair and beard.
 he is dressed in black (pants and a long sleeve shirt).
 barefooted.
 a daughter, Bigail, a son, Vicente and a mule.

MULE

carries Cipriano on its back through the dry lands on his long journey.
 one owner, two heirs.

TWIN DEVILS

as is said in the dreams;
 sons of the Devil... the ones that spit fire.
 they are wearing white men's suits (black neck-ties). they have goat's feet.

DEATH

trapped in an abandoned church,
 death dances.
 presents itself with a naked torso, bald head and ashes all over its body.
 a small knife by its fist,
 a long white skirt, that spreads on the floor.

OLD PRAYER LADIES

recites the blessed and the dead's prayer.
 carry the candles in pilgrimage.
 they are angels and old, very old.

°SCREENPLAY

1.

EXT: MORNING.

VICENTE IS BENEATH THE SURFACE OF THE WATER IN A RIVER (LITTLE FISH BITES HIS EYES). HIS HEAD IS UP-SIDE DOWN. WE SEE TAKES FROM CIPRIANO'S HOUSE.

VICENTE'S VOICE IN OFF:

Talking about Saints, I remember:

Saint Jeremias, Saint Bartolomeu, Saint Bernard, Saint Gregorian, Saint Francis of Asisi... Saint Jorge, Saint Dimas, Saint Lazaro, Saint Lucas, Saint Quirino, Saint Zebedeu, Saint Giovanni and Saint Florence.

About Santa, I have in mind:

Santa Barbara, Santa Clara, Santa Rita of the Impossible, Santa Maria, Santa Eremita, Santa Joana Dárc and Santa Hedwiges.

If you mention The Holy Mary, I can think of several names:

Holy Mary of the Anunciation, Holy Mary of the afflicteds, Holy Mary of the Miracles, Holy Mary of the Snows, Holy Mary of the Candeias and Holy Mary of the Head.

Again, about Saints, I know by heart:

Saint Agostinho and Saint Andre Avelino.

Vaqueirinho Sebastião, I remember I owe a mass... Dona Rosa asked me long time ago.

I can count in my memory several dead people.

But that's not what I should be talking about...

(FREEZE THE IMAGE)

... and it's not exactly here this story begins!

SPEED BACK EXTREMELY FAST ALL THE PREVIOUS SEQUENCES UP TO A DARK BACKGROUND (WE WERE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FILM).

VICENTE'S VOICE IN OFF:

You are here to hear me talk about Cipriano. A father whom I had denied but, surviving his own fate, today I keep only recovered memories. My voice now, is an understandable voice, my body is under control and calm... the Saint Francis of Asisi clothes I used to wear, I burned. Therefore I can recollect our past and tell Cipriano's story as if were in the present time. A story which is also mine... and my sisters.

FADE

OPEN CREDIT LIST

FADE

2.

EXT: HIGH NOON.

CIPRIANO LIES ON THE GROUND FLOOR – SURROUNDED BY BUSHES.

VICENTE'S VOICE IN OFF:

Ci-pri-a-no! He's so old that I won't count his years... it seems he is locked in his age. My sister Bigail says that he spent his entire life tormented by dreams... talking about saints that spit fire, about huge waves, higher than a church, of a lost cemetery, where he should be buried. I don't remember when but one day he woke up frightened... and shut himself in, never spoke again. It doesn't matter. He doesn't talk. He doesn't close his eyes. I will never know why. I didn't want to be his son and therefore I am not. He dreams, I live. I like Bigail... and together with her I stay.

FADE

CREDIT:

Sertão of Piauí

Brazil

FADE

3.

EXT/INT: CIPRIANO'S HOUSE (INDOORS/OUTDOORS).

DIFFERENT MOMENTS OF THE DAY & THE NIGHT.

A HUMBLE HOUSE, MADE OF BRICK AND STRAW, ISOLATED. IN FRONT OF IT, THERE ARE THREE OLD WOMEN (SEATED, WEARING WHITE DRESS WITH VEILES COVERING THEIR HEADS). EACH ONE OF THEM STARTS PRAYING, SEPARATELY, A BLESSING FOR CIPRIANO. THEY WILL ALSO PREPARE HIM FOR HIS JOURNEY TOWARD THE CEMETERY.

DONA ROSA:

"My guardian angel, I'm here to know
about the day and time at which I am meant to die...
I was supposed to die when God was served
My guardian angel, my beloved Jesus.
My beloved Jesus from the Kingdom of Glory...
give me my rosary because I want to go back
I want to go back to heaven, too...
God gives me his glory forever, amen!

VICENTE'S VOICE IN OFF:

Dona Rosa, Dona Cotinha and Dona Maria... they are the ones who pray for Cipriano's soul. They watch over his body and prepare for his journey.

DONA COTINHA:

"Little angel that guards me
To whom my soul I already gave...
speak up the bell and speak up the church, I never forget him,
speak up the bell and speak up the church, I never forget him".

DONA MARIA:

"Little angel that guards me, where is the soul I gave you?
 Meanwhile it was mine, never had I let it be separated from me.
 The church knew very well that in this world I was born...
 speak up the church and strike the bell, oh my God I knew it so well,
 speak up the church and strike the bell, oh my God I knew it so well".

VICENTE'S VOICE IN OFF:

My sister Bigail doesn't know how much all of these things were part of her father's dream... the five dreams he used to have in disorder. Five dreams that lead us to his death like written words... lost in time, roving in books which I never read.

4.

INT: CIPRIANO'S HOUSE / NIGHT.

LIGHT: CANDLES.

FADE

CREDIT:

First Dream

DEVILS

FADE

CIPRIANO IS SITTING ON A SMALL WOODEN CHAIR. HANDS CROSSED BETWEEN HIS LEGS, BAREFOOTED, LOOKING DOWN. WE CAN SEE AN OLD VAQUEIRO'S CLOTHES, SOME FURNITURE, AN ACCORDION ON THE FLOOR, IMAGES OF SAINTS (DIFFERENT SIZES), OLD PHOTOS AND SOME CANDLES. THERE IS NO ELECTRIC LIGHT. THESE DREAM SEQUENCES, FROM NOW ON (NUMBERS 6, 10, 12 AND 15), WILL BE ABOUT WHAT IS GOING TO HAPPEN TO HIS SONS PEREGRINATION TOWARD THE CEMETERY. WE HEAR THE OLD PRAYER LADIES IN THE BACKGROUND.

OLD PRAYER LADIES:

Our Father who art in heaven
 Hallowed be thy name
 Thy Kingdom come,
 Thy will be done
 On earth as it is in heaven
 Give us this day our daily bread
 And forgive us our trespasses
 As we forgive those who trespass against us
 Lead us not into temptation
 But deliver us from evil
 For thine is the Kingdom, the power and the glory
 For ever and ever,
 Amen

Hail Mary, full of grace
 The Lord is with thee
 Blessed art thou amongst women
 And blessed art the fruit of thy womb, Jesus
 Holy Mary, Mother of God
 Pray for our sinners now
 And at the hour of our death,
 Amen
 (THEY CONTINUE PRAYING THE "HAIL MARY" UNTIL THE END OF THIS DREAM SEQUENCE)

5.

EXT: CIPRIANO'S HOUSE / NIGHT.

LIGHT: FIRE.

(THE THREE OLD LADIES DO NOT PARTICIPATE IN THIS SEQUENCE)

CIPRIANO'S HOUSE IS BURNING. THE DEVILS CAME TO SET IT AFIRE. WE SEE CIPRIANO LYING ON THE GROUND FLOOR – SURROUNDED BY BUSHES. BIGAIL KEEPS TRYING TO SAVE WHAT IS POSSIBLE (PICTURES, VICENTE'S ACORDEON, A TRUNK ETC...) - SHE LEAVES THOSE THINGS BY THE SIDE OF CIPRIANO. WE SEE VICENTE SHOUTING, THE DEVILS SPITTING FIRE AND A MULE, TIED TO A TREE ABOUT SIX METERS FROM THE BURNING HOUSE, TRYING TO RUN AWAY - AGITATED BY THE FIRE. BIGAIL COMES AND TAKES VICENTE IN HER ARMS.

BIGAIL:

Vicente, run!...

VICENTE CONTINUES WITH HIS SHOUTING WHILE BIGAIL HOLDS HIM STILL. CIPRIANO IS SEATED NEARBY.

VICENTE'S VOICE IN OFF:

Germana was my mother's name. She died when I was born and at that time my once calm thoughts became a thunder-storm in my body: my voice came out strangely, my eyes were strange, my body was like the master of its own movements. Bigail could understand me.

VICENTE:

Bigail.

VICENTE'S VOICE IN OFF:

Germana died. I stayed alive. The old man was also dead to me but not to Bigail...

BIGAIL KEEPS HER EYES ON THE BURNING HOUSE WHILE HOLDING VICENTE. IN THIS SEQUENCE, WE SEE INSERTS OF BIGAIL PREPARING HER BROTHER AND FATHER TO LEAVE THEIR HOME.

BIGAIL:

It's like the dream where he was by the sea.

It says that he was alone,... alone on his horse like the "vaqueiro" he was, in the old times. After some miles, he saw a cemetery, like a fisherman's graveyard... and he stopped there, watching. Soon he noticed, at the foot of the cemetery, two twins, like Cosmus and Damien. But they didn't appear saintly. Even in their gait they lacked the blessing of the Lord. The offspring of evil,... I don't know. Then they called our father, signalling to him. He refused to go. They were saying that they would come for him. That there was no way out. Even if they needed to burn his house down, even if they had to challenge his Guardian Angel they would take him.

VICENTE:

Trás mooortrakz, Biiigáiiiiiii, trás mooortrakzvéri!!!

BIGAIL:

Yes, it could be true that he is dead... but it could be that he's only dreaming. Either way, it's on the sea shore that he must be buried. Not here.

STARTS THE WALKING SEQUENCE.

VICENTE'S VOICE IN OFF:

In this solitude of the "Sertão" the ways all look the same. The paths are the same. The leaves don't move. Bigail walks and walks and buries herself in her own silence, in her distant memories. I let her be, I distract myself... I build up my world and come back to visit her often. The father is hers, not mine. I didn't want to be his son and therefore I am not. He dreams, I live. I like Bigail... and together with her I stay.

CONTINUE ON THE WALKING SEQUENCE.

6.

INT: CIPRIANO'S HOUSE / NIGHT.

LIGHT: CANDLE.

FADE

CREDIT:

Second Dream

DEATH

FADE

THE SCENERY AND LIGHT IS THE SAME DESCRIBED IN NUMBER 4. WE HEAR DONA MARIA RECITING A BLESSING.

DONA MARIA'S VOICE IN OFF:

Let us recite a rosary

To a lost soul in purgatory

To the archangel Saint Michael,

To the angels prepared for the battle...

And to the archangel Saint Michael,

To the angels prepared for the battle.

Let us recite two rosaries
 To a lost soul in purgatory
 To the archangel Saint Michael,
 To the angels prepared for the battle...
 And to the archangel Saint Michael,
 To the angels prepared for the battle.

Let us recite three rosaries
 To a lost soul in purgatory
 To the archangel Saint Michael,
 To the angels prepared for the battle...
 And to the archangel Saint Michael,
 To the angels prepared for the battle.

7.

EXT: IN FRONT OF AN ABANDONED CHURCH / NIGHT.

IN FRONT OF AN ABANDONED CHURCH DEATH DANCES. IT IS DRESSED IN A LONG WHITE SKIRT (NAKED TORSO AND BALD HEAD) WITH ASHES ALL OVER ITS BODY.

WHEN BIGAIL, CIPRIANO AND VICENTE REACH THE ABANDONED CHURCH, DEATH STOPS ITS DANCING AND OBSERVES THEM.

BIGAIL STOPS IN FRONT OF AN OLD INCLINED WOODEN CROSS (ABOUT THREE METERS HIGH) AND STARTS TYING UP THE MULE'S REIN (CIPRIANO ON ITS BACK) WHILE VICENTE FALLS ASLEEP.

WHILE BIGAIL IS TYING UP THE MULE'S REIN, SHE RECOLLECTS HER MEMORIES CONCERNING THIS CHURCH, WHICH ONCE WAS NEW AND CLEAN. HER MEMORY IS ABOUT THE TIME SHE USED TO COME TO PRAY FOR KEEPING CIPRIANO ALIVE BY MAINTAINING HIS SOUL INSIDE A SMALL CRYSTAL BALL. A MAGIC AGREEMENT WITH DEATH SHE KEPT SECRET.

DEATH KEEPS LOOKING STRAIGHT AT CIPRIANO.

BIGAIL:

Our father...

DEATH (DOUBLE VOICE ON ITS TALKING):

(I know,...) I know,...

(be thy not afraid) be thy not afraid.

(The time was foreseen...) The time was foreseen...

(his Death holds him still) his Death holds him still.

(Enter beautiful girl...) Enter beautiful girl...

(perform your obligations) perform your obligations.

BIGAIL STEPS AHEAD THE CHURCH'S PLATFORM AND GETS INTO THE CHURCH.

8.

INT: INSIDE THE ABANDONED CHURCH / NIGHT.

AS BIGAIL GOES INTO THE CHURCH, SHE SEES DEATH AGAIN – WATCHING OVER HER. SHE TAKES THE SMALL CRYSTAL BALL FROM HER BAG AND STARTS, WITH A LOW VOICE, RECITING A BLESSING.

IN A CERTAIN MOMENT, WE HEAR AN OLD PRAYER LADY'S VOICE AS WELL, RECITING THE SAME BLESSING. THIS VOICE WILL KEEP ON AS A SOUND TRACK WHEN BIGAIL GETS INVOLVED IN HER OWN HALLUCINATION – FLYING IN CIRCLES INSIDE THE ABANDONED CHURCH.

BIGAIL:

Oh Mary, Holy Mary...
hear ye the voice that's calling,
there is a soul in hell,
for three long days it's been entreating.

Oh Michael, Saint Michael...
take an angel as Your guide.
Bring to us that soul,
which is there by your side.

Oh for those indoors, and for those outside... hell trembled.
I came, sent by the Mother of God,
to bring back this soul.

Oh Michael, Saint Michael...
this soul I shall not give Thee.
and she who asked me to bring this soul,
was the Holy Mother of God...
and she who asked me to bring this soul,
was the Holy Mother of God...

OLD PRAYER LADY'S VOICE IN OFF:

Oh Michael, Saint Michael...
this soul I shall not give Thee.
It is already three full days
since first this soul came to me...
It is already three full days
since first this soul came to me...

Be it three million years,
I'll take this soul from Your inferno...
and she who asked me to bring this soul,
was the Holy Mother of God...
and she who asked me to bring this soul,
was the Holy Mother of God...

Oh Michael, Saint Michael...
 this soul I shall not give Thee.
 It is already three full days
 since first this soul came to me...

Be it twenty years,
 I'll take this soul from You...
 I shall take it under my guidance,
 back into the hands of the God...
 I shall take it under my guidance,
 back into the hands of the God...

My people, come to see,
 the miracle of the Holy Mary...
 My people, come to see,
 the miracle of the Holy Mary...
 Who once was in hell,
 Today rests in heaven.
 Who once was in hell,
 Today rests in heaven.

9.

EXT: IN FRONT OF AN ABANDONED CHURCH / NIGHT.

BIGAIL UNTIES THE MULE'S REIN AND LEAVES THE ABANDONED CHURCH – TOGETHER WITH CIPRIANO (ON THE MULE'S BACK) AND VICENTE.

10.

INT: CIPRIANO'S HOUSE / NIGHT.

LIGHT: CANDLE.

FADE

CREDIT:

Third Dream

PROCESSION

FADE

THE SCENERY AND LIGHT IS THE SAME DESCRIBED IN NUMBER 4. WE HEAR A PROCESSION OF OLD PRAYER LADIES.

PROCESSION OF OLD PRAYER LADIES (VOICES IN OFF):

One death-watch for God,
 of the Imaculate Conception...
 farewell my soulmates,

the souls are my brothers.
farewell my soulmates,
the souls are my brothers.

Two death-watches for God,
of the Immaculate Conception...
farewell my soulmates,
the souls are my brothers.
farewell my soulmates,
the souls are my brothers.

Three death-watches for God
of the Immaculate Conception...
farewell my soulmates,
the souls are my brothers.
farewell my soulmates,
the souls are my brothers.

11.

EXT: MORNING.

WE SEE A RIVER WITH CARNAUBA TREES NEAR THE SHORE. THE CHARACTERS' CLOTHES ARE DRYING OVER SOME STONES. VICENTE IS BENEATH THE SURFACE OF THE WATER IN A RIVER (LITTLE FISH BITES HIS EYES). HIS HEAD IS UP SIDE DOWN.

VICENTE'S VOICE IN OFF:

Talking about Saints, I remember:

Saint Jeremias, Saint Bartolomeu, Saint Bernard, Saint Gregorian, Saint Francis of Asisi... Saint Jorge, Saint Dimas, Saint Lazaro, Saint Lucas, Saint Quirino, Saint Zebedeu, Saint Giovanni and Saint Florence.

About Santa, I have in mind:

Santa Barbara, Santa Clara, Santa Rita of the Impossible, Santa Maria, Santa Eremita, Santa Joana D'arc and Santa Hedwiges.

If you mention The Holy Mary, I can think of several names:

Holy Mary of the Anunciation, Holy Mary of the afflicteds, Holy Mary of the Miracles, Holy Mary of the Snows, Holy Mary of the Candeias and Holy Mary of the Head.

Again, about Saints, I know by heart:

Saint Agostinho and Saint Andre Avelino.

Vaqueirinho Sebastião, I remember I owe a mass... Dona Rosa asked me long time ago.

I can count in my memory several dead people. I remember several old prayer ladies. Sometimes they come in procession when I call them up: old beautiful ladies, they look like angels! There is always a Song for those dead. Some lovely prayer as a guide... relieving the pain.

VICENTE SINGS A DEATH-WATCH PRAYER. HE RAISES HIS HANDS AS CALLS THE OLD PRAYER LADIES IN PROCESSION.

VICENTE:

He who shall serve those dead,
Shall serve with good heart...
farewell my soulmates,
the souls are my brothers.

(SHOUTING)

Farewell my soulmates,
the souls are my brothers.

A PROCESSION OF OLD PRAYER LADIES PASSES BY THE RIVER. THEY ARE WEARING BLACK DRESSES, CARRYING CANDLES IN THEIR HANDS AND THREE ARCS WITH SEVERAL PAPER FLOWERS – OF DIFFERENT COLOURS. AMONG THEM, HOWEVER, ONE IS DRESSED IN BLUE, IN CHILD RENS' CLOTHES, HOLDING MANY ROSARIES. THEY ARE SINGING THE SAME DEATH-WATCH PRAYER THAT VICENTE WAS.

BIGAIL, WHO IS SEATED NEAR CIPRIANO, HOLDS THE CRYSTAL BALL IN HER HANDS AND LOOKS TOWARDS VICENTE, WITHOUT SEEING THE PROCESSION.

VICENTE RUNS AFTER THE PROCESSION OF OLD PRAYER LADIES.

PROCESSION OF OLD PRAYER LADIES:

...of the Immaculate Conception,
farewell my soulmates,
the souls are my brothers.
Farewell my soulmates,
the souls are my brothers.

Four death-watches for God,
of the Immaculate Conception...

...of the Immaculate Conception,
farewell my soulmates,
the souls are my brothers.

...farewell my soulmates,
the souls are my brothers.
Farewell my soulmates,
the souls are my brothers.

Five death-watches for God
of the Immaculate Conception...
farewell my soulmates,
the souls are my brothers.

(SANTA BEATA'S P.O.V. TOWARDS CIPRIANO)

...farewell my soulmates,
the souls are my brothers.

Six death-watches for God
of the Immaculate Conception...
farewell my soulmates,
the souls are my brothers.
Farewell my soulmates,
the souls are my brothers.

Seven death-watches for God
of the Immaculate Conception...
farewell my soulmates,
the souls are my brothers.
Farewell my soulmates,
the souls are my brothers.

IN TIME, THE PROCESSION OF THE OLD PRAYER LADIES DISAPPEARS. VICENTE STAYS ALONE – LOST IN THE "SERTÃO".

VICENTE:
Bigail.

12.
INT: CIPRIANO'S HOUSE / NIGHT.
LIGHT: CANDLE.

FADE
CREDIT:
Fourth Dream
CEMETERY
FADE

THE SCENERY AND LIGHT IS THE SAME DESCRIBED IN NUMBER 4. WE HEAR A LULLABY SANG BY BIGAIL.

BIGAIL'S LULLABY (VOICE IN OFF):
Angel fallen from heaven,
angel without an angel's wings...
fall dreary from the heavens on fire,
fall sadly from heaven, my angel.
Fall dreary from the heavens on fire,
fall sadly from heaven, my angel.

13.

EXT: THE FIELDS OF THE "SERTÃO" / DAY TIME.

VICENTE IS WALKING AND RUNNING ALONE ON THE DRY-LANDS (DIFFERENT LOCATIONS). WE HEAR BIGAIL'S VOICE WHISPERING A LULLABY.

VICENTE'S VOICE IN OFF:

I kept in mind this lullaby from Bigail while running away. When one runs through these paths, one must search for recollection in one's memories. It must be temporary, I thought... it must be temporary! And I ran as if without destiny but knowing that I was, somehow, guided by the old Cipriano... I could smell him. To have brought the old prayer ladies in procession was a predestination... it was so I would get lost and by getting lost, find the cemetery. I insist on thinking that, if I find it... my joy will be greater.

14.

EXT: CEMETERY IN FRONT OF THE SEA / DAY TIME.

THE CEMETERY IS ABOVE THE SEA LEVEL. THERE ARE NO GATES, NOR WIRE FENCE - THE GROUND IS MADE OF BEACH SAND. THE SOUND OF THE WIND STRESSES THE ATMOSPHERE OF SOLITUDE. WE SEE VICENTE COMING OUT FROM THE BUSHES. WE SEE CIPRIANO ON HORSE BACK, DRESSED AS A VAQUEIRO, RIDING HIS HORSE SLOWLY BETWEEN THE SEPULTURES - AS IF HE WERE WAITING FOR HIS SON. WE SEE VICENTE COMING. THEY MEET EACH OTHER.

BIGAIL'S LULLABY (VOICE IN OFF):

Angel fallen from heaven,
angel without an angel's wings...
fall dreary from the heavens on fire,
fall sadly from heaven, my angel.
Fall dreary from the heavens on fire,
fall sadly from heaven, my angel.

15.

INT: CIPRIANO'S HOUSE / NIGHT.

LIGHT: CANDLE LIGHTS.

FADE

CREDIT:

Fifth Dream

PRAYER OF MERCY

FADE

THE SCENERY AND LIGHT IS THE SAME DESCRIBED IN NUMBER 4. WE HEAR DONA ROSA'S VOICE IN OFF, PRAYING A DEATH-WATCH.

DONA ROSA'S VOICE IN OFF:
 A death-watch from our Dear Lord,
 late at night, a soul arrived
 and at dawn, this soul had gone...
 My Santa Madalena, my Saint Salvador.
 Let's make a visit, a visitation...
 Visit the dead above their graves.
 Let's make a visit, a visitation...
 Visit the dead above their graves.

16.

EXT: CEMETERY IN FRONT OF THE SEA / MORNING.
 (CIPRIANO'S FUNERAL)

WE SEE BIGAIL'S FACE THROUGH A CRYSTAL BALL CLOSE-UP – HER HEAD IS UP SIDE DOWN.

BIGAIL:
 ... they say that when our father arrived it was already too late.
 The sky showed its darkness - like a widow's cloak.
 The weak light flickered from large candles.
 The town was filled with candles and with people!
 A procession of people without end,
 a procession in peregrination.
 Sloping upwards.
 Everyone the same,
 candle in hand, chanting prayer of mercy.
 It was suddenly that he spied an old man,
 seated on the ground reading a chaplet.
 Good sir may I inquire if thou knowst
 of other roads which reach the church?
 There is no way to reach a church without the sloping climb.
 Replied the old man without lifting his head.
 Followeth me then this procession, our father insisted.
 Followeth thee the Lord our God... as followeth those thou sees before thee.

VICENTE:
 Záz, irchim métre ôôôgarblatz!!!

BIGAIL GIVES THE ACCORDEON TO VICENTE, HE STARTS PLAYING IT. THEY ARE UNDER A SMALL TREE IN THE CEMETERY, BESIDE SOME GRAVES. WE CAN SEE THE BEACH IN THE BACKGROUND.

IN FRONT OF THEM, CIPRIANO'S BODY IS LAID DOWN ON THE SAND. BIGAIL STARTS CLOSING THE BUTTONS OF HIS SHIRT. THEN, WITH A WHITE HANDKERCHIEF, SHE TIES HIS CHIN UP - PASSING OVER HIS HEAD - IN ORDER TO NOT LET HIS MOUTH OPEN. LATER ON, SHE PUTS A SMALL SHEET OVER HIS FEET, TAKE HIS HANDS AND CROSS THEM

TOGETHER, OVER HIS BREAST – THEN SHE PUTS THE SMALL CRYSTAL BALL INSIDE HIS
CROSSED HANDS.

TIME PASSES BY, PRESUMEDLY. THERE'S NO CRYING.

WE SEE CIPRIANO' SPIRIT, APPROACHING THE SMALL TREE, WATCHING HIS BODY AND HIS
CHILDREN AS WELL AS DEATH, AT THE ABANDONED CHURCH, WALKING SLOWLY FROM
ONE SIDE TO THE OTHER. WE HEAR A VAQUEIRO'S VOICE SINGING.

VAQUEIRO'S VOICE (SINGING):

Êêêêêêêêêêêêôôôôôôôôôôôôôôôô...

I was born and I grew up taking care of cattle...

Taming wild horses,

passing through wild land.

WE SEE IMAGES OF THE CEMETERY, THE SURROUNDINGS AND CIPRIANO'S GRAVE.

VICENTE'S VOICE IN OFF:

Cipriano was dead. Dead-buried-like-those-that-will-never-ever-come-back. A father whom I had
denied but, surviving his own fate, today I keep only recovered memories. My voice now, is an
understandable voice, my body is under control and calm... my laugh is not a crazy one anymore.
Since that day I could feel my calm. Follow me. Do you think life is bad? Do you think nobody heard
your calling? The world is full of people... the ocean brings their stories.

17.

EXT: SEA-SHORE / TWILIGHT.

WE SEE BIGAIL AND VICENTE TOGETHER IN THE SEA WATER. THE THREE OLD PRAYER
LADIES COME TO BLESS THEM.

VICENTE'S VOICE IN OFF:

The waves are small but it doesn't mean sadness.

DONA COTINHA:

"Little angel that guards me

To whom my soul I already gave...

Speak up the bell and speak up the church, I never forget him,

Speak up the bell and speak up the church, I never forget him".

DONA MARIA:

"The church knew very well that in this world I was born...

Speak up the church and strike the bell, oh my God I knew it so well,

Speak up the church and strike the bell, oh my God I knew it so well".

DONA ROSA:

“My guardian angel, I’m here to know
about the day and time at which I am meant to die...
I was supposed to die when God was served
My guardian angel, my beloved Jesus.
My beloved Jesus from the Kingdom of Glory...
give me my rosary because I want to go back
I want to go back to heaven, too...
God gives me his glory forever, amen!

END CREDITS + MAKING OF (DIVIDED IN THREE PARTS OF TWO MINUTES EACH)

THE END

Translation: BEN LOVELESS – DAVID CURY

cipriano

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