

not far out

by

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third draft

(Dialog in Portuguese language)

BLACK

Sound of waves moving back and forth and hitting rocks.

Then nothing

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's far before dawn as we stand in a dark lit bedroom seeing MANUÉL - in his early thirties and with a light beard stumble on his face - getting up while actively trying not to wake up his girlfriend SOFIA - probably same age - who sounds as if she would wake up in a second. He looks around the room searching for his swimming stuff, going through closets and drawers, as quiet as possible and still tired.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Right between the wall and the shower curtain we can see Manuél showering. He is showering very cold, his face expression tells us.

He then shaves his face and body with a wet razor and shaving cream in front of the mirror.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

With slightly wet hair, Manuél is filling up the mixer with food. Right before enabling it he turns around and closes the door to the bedroom, not wanting to wake Sofia.

After the loud noise of the twenty second mixing procedure, Manuél sits down with his shake at the kitchen table.

The door slowly swings open, Sofia, of course, has been woken up and enters.

MANUÉL
(definitely apologetic)
I'm sorry.

Sofia sits down too.

SOFIA
(definitely tired)
There is no door in the world to
cover that sound.
Morning.

MANUÉL

Good morning.

He offers her his shake. She refuses.

SOFIA

Just going to the bath and back in bed.

How far today?

MANUÉL

9,5 out and 9,5 back. We wanna rest at the lighthouse.

SOFIA

That's a lot, isn't it?

MANUÉL

I have to catch up, last week was loose.

SOFIA

Don't swim too far and don't come back too late, okay.

MANUÉL

There is wind today. Hope I don't float that much.

She stands up and gives him a kiss, slowly leaving the room.

SOFIA

Berto picking you up?

MANUÉL

Should be here soon.

SOFIA

(on her way out)

Papa Berto.

MANUÉL

(shouting through the corridor)

No activity for you today?

SOFIA (O.S.)

Later, much much later.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Manuél is waiting for his longtime friend Berto to pick him up. While standing his phone rings.

MANUÉL

Brother, I was thinking about you.

BERTO (ON THE PHONE)

I know. Lia was crying the whole night. She is having a toothache.

MANUÉL

Where are you right now?

BERTO (ON THE PHONE)

At the hospital, sorry brother.

MANUÉL

No, it's good, take care.

BERTO (ON THE PHONE)

Thank you. How are you feeling?

MANUÉL

Oh, very good today.

BERTO (ON THE PHONE)

Okay go back to bed. Sofia will certainly be happy to have you there today.

MANUÉL

Sofia is certainly pissed, I woke her up again.

BERTO (ON THE PHONE)

Good. I have to go back inside. See you on Wednesday.

MANUÉL

You too.

He hangs up but is still standing there. He looks at his car, ponders for a moment and then gets in it.

The Sky is slowly becoming bluer.

INT./EXT. CAR - DAWN

Manuël is in the car on the way to the beach. From outside we see him driving through countrysides. As the camera pans left, the ocean expands under the hills. We take a glance at the waves.

EXT. BEACH - DAWN

After arriving at the beach, Manuël changes his clothes to a pair of trunks, swimming goggles and a cap. He hides his keys under a rock nearby. Then stretches. The Sky is starting to dawn now.

EXT. SEA - DAWN

He swims away from land, wind is there and a few waves too. We change between being above and under the water, seeing Manuël swim evenly and still calm.

INT./EXT. CORRIDOR/FRONT DOOR - DAY

By day, we are back with Sofia, who is preparing herself for a run. She exits the front door and starts running only to stop again immediately. She notices the empty parking space in front of the house. She briefly mulls over it but does not think too much of it and continues her run.

EXT. SEA - DAY

It is daytime and we are back at the sea. The waves have dramatically increased in the meantime. Not only is he not getting forward but he is also struggling to keep himself above the water surface steadily. Again and again he swallows water and spits it out coughing. The attempts to gather strength on his back fail. He is completely exhausted.

His situation is deteriorating more and more and as he stays under water for longer times it looks like Manuël is actually drowning. The waves are just too strong at this point. It is impossible even trying to get a sense of control at this moment. His hands are the only part above the water frequently.

In this inevitable situation, a life jacket suddenly floats right into Manuél's arms. He throws himself on it, and tries to stabilize himself and his breathing. Slowly the waves calm down again.

Frantically he looks up and around, searching in vain for a boat or people who might have thrown off the west. The water calms down more and we see a second vest floating towards him. Manuèl looks ahead. And as we see many more, a picture of at least thirty life jackets emerges from above. The water stands still now

EXT. BEACH - DAWN - EARLIER

By dawn we are back at the beach again and for a few moments we look directly at the water coming back and forth to us, while seeing the horizon of the ocean only guessing where the next land might be starting. Manuèl passes us, walking into the ocean stalking forward, until finally he is able to swim. (We lose him more and more in the horizon but further right an object is floating more and more to us.)

FADE OUT