

THE DEATH AND DEATH OF QUINCAS BERRO D'ÁGUA

By

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Over the dark screen one can hear the sound of the sea...

FADE IN:

EXT. - QUAYSIDE/MARKET - DUSK (6:30 P.M.)

LONG SHOT of the quayside. End of the day at the open street market. Sellers collect the merchandise; customers take advantage of the last bargains. Pick pockets grab the remains from the ground.

A barge crosses the São Marcelo Fort and moves towards Salvador, the camera accompanies it and leads us to the frail silhouette of QUINCAS BERRO D'ÁGUA - 70 years old, disheveled white hair, furrowed suit, a cheap cigar resting on his ear.

Quincas walks amongst the fruit and animal stands, passing by the loaders that remove merchandise from the boats and carry them to trucks and carts.

CUT TO:

EXT. - LADEIRA DA CONCEIÇÃO - NIGHT (12:30 A.M.)

Bargers, truck drivers, dockers go up and down the Ladeira da Conceição looking for company. At the brothel's doors, women of all kinds invite them in. Open shot - Quincas, small in the frame, advances with difficulty.

The camera follows Quincas' slow footsteps. The lofts with peeling walls have the texture of grimy clothes and of a face weathered by time.

In contrast with the frail body, we see Quincas' grandiose shadow projected on a stone wall. Berro D'Água puts his hand on his liver. Sailors walk past him making a racket. The shortness of breath gets mixed up with the dramatic voice of...

CUT TO:

INT. - MANUELA'S CABARET/PARLOR - NIGHT (12:50 A.M.)

...MANUELA, a 60 year old madam - exaggerated make up, big breasts, red hair - which is singing Los Maredos , a tango, for a rowdy crowd.

Dim lights, cigarette smoke. Some girls show off, grabbing the customers' attention.

MANUELA

Rara, como encendiada, te vi bebiendo, linda y fatal. Bebías y en el frangor del champán, loca reías por no llorar...

Manuela cannot disguise her anxiety, loses her concentration for a minute, sheds eyes from the stage lights and looks for someone at a table near the stage.

A worried look, PÉ DE VENTO - 37 years old, a bony mulatto with a trimmed moustache - pours liquor into an ashtray for a mouse.

CURIÓ - 37 years old, cross-eyed, wearing coat tail with some leftover clown make up on his face - keeps staring at MARILENE, a voluptuous black woman strutting around the lounge.

MARTIM - 35 years old, a dusky brown man, beat up army jacket, plays with a deck of cards and directs the attention towards PASTINHA - 33 years old, a black man with straightened hair and orisha beads around his neck - that comes into the cabaret and sits next to him.

PASTINHA

Checked High Priestess Ana's *candomblé* grounds, went by Bootylicious Benedita and Alonso's bar...

MARTIM
And?

PASTINHA
Not a sign of the old man.

ZICO - an elegant black man, skinny and with spiky hair, wearing a shabby white suit also comes to the table.

ZICO
At the Moon Canteen and Quitéria's nothing as well.

Martim is intrigued.

There is an empty chair amongst them. With a trembling voice, Manuela sings, unable to conceal her anxiety.

MANUELA
Esta noche, amiga mía, el alcohol nos ha embriagado...

CUT TO:

EXT. - LADEIRA DO TABUÃO - NIGHT (12:50 A.M.)

BIRD'S EYE SHOT, Quincas, small in the frame, goes up the dark and almost empty slope with some effort. He leans on a pole to regain his breath.

MANUELA (O.S.)
Qué me importa que se ríen y nos llamen los mareados...

EXTREME CLOSE-UP show the feet walking along with difficulty on the paving-stone street.

CUT TO:

INT. - QUINCAS' HOUSE/STAIRWAY - NIGHT (12:50 A.M.)

Quincas climbs the narrow and steep stairway of a wrecked old townhouse. He hesitates, makes an effort to continue climbing. The ambiance is lit by the remnant of light coming from the floor above.

MANUELA (O.S.)

Tres cosas llevan mi alma herida: amora, pesar, dolor... Hoy vas a entrar en mi pasado y nuevas sendas tomaremos...

EXTREME CLOSE-UP silhouette of the face, gasping for air, making an effort to go ahead.

CUT TO:

INT. - MANUELA'S CABARET/PARLOR - NIGHT (12:55 A.M.)

Manuela searches the crowd with her eyes. Feedback noises. Starts singing again.

MANUELA

...Hoy vas a entrar en mi pasado. Em el pasado de mi vida.

Curió takes notice of the madam's restlessness and stares at Pastinha, worried.

Corporal Martins, seductively, caresses the legs of LOLITA, a thin veteran who runs the bar.

MARTIM

Could'ya bring a bottle gorgeous?

LOLITA

Mr. Quincas better arrive soon. Doña Manuela said to give free drinks to none before Mr. Quincas arrives.

Martim points to a table where a fat drunk struggles to keep his eyes open.

MARTIM

My buddy there says to put it on his tap... Ain't it so partner?

The drunk doesn't seem to understand what is happening, but gives a thumbs up.

Amongst the friends, the empty chair seems to fill the table. Pastinha picks up a cigarette butt from the ashtray and lights it up. Keeps his eye trained on the door.

CUT TO:

INT. - QUINCAS' BEDROOM - NIGHT (12:55 A.M.)

Quincas opens the door to a dark attic, almost in ruins. We see his shadow on the floor. He messes with a bundle of wires where a lamp is hanging from. The light flickers before turning on.

He takes a bottle from the windowsill, sits on a canvas bed and take a deep breathe. He seems scared, but the expression on his face slowly softens.

In a corner of the room he sees a small altar where Yemaja, surrounded by seashells, shares the space with Saint George Ogoun, a figure of the Old Black Man and a fat smiley Buddha.

Berro D'Água looks at everything around as if saying goodbye - the room filled with strange objects, witnesses to a degraded and happy life. Quincas drinks his last drink from the bottle.

MANUELA

Qué grande ha sido nuestro amor y sin embargo ay! Mirá lo que quedó.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP the lifeless hand and the bottle fallen on the ground. The liquid pours out on the wooden floor.

CUT TO:

INT. - MANUELA'S CABARET/PARLOR - NIGHT (12:57 A.M.)

A loud feedback noise. Manuela interrupts the song, leaves the stage and goes to the table where Martim, Curió, Pastinha and Pé de Vento are and downs a shot of spirits.

MARTIM

Calm down Donã Manuela... He's gotta have stopped somewhere. D'you think Quincas would miss his own 70th birthday party?

Manuela protests with a choked voice.

MANUELA

Calm down *mis cojones!* Can't believe the *hijo de puta* skipped his own *cumpleaños*...

Lolita adds fuel to the fire by pointing to a chocolate flavor butt shaped cake forgotten on the counter.

LOLITA

We bak'd him a lovely cake.

SHIRLEY, an elegant transvestite, adds:

SHIRLEY

Mr. Quincas came by earlier, left some bottles and promised he'd party 'til midnight tomorrow.

PÉ DE VENTO

You know Quincas mam... Last year he was gone for two whole days and turned up in his underwear in the tower of Paço Church.

Manuela looks at the sweetmeats, eyes filled with tears.

CUT TO:

EXT. - ROSÁRIO CHURCH - DAY (7:00 A.M.)

DOLLY ZOOM on the old townhouse. Day starts to rise.

CUT TO:

EXT. - HISTORIC CENTER/VIEW OF THE HOTEL PELOURINHO - DAY
(7:00 A.M.)

People sleep on the streets. Men in hats and women dressed in white leave to face another day. Some other women lay out clothes on the peeled walls of the slums.

CUT TO:

INT. - QUINCAS' BEDROOM - DAY (8:00 A.M.)

Zico finds Quincas' bedroom's door slightly ajar, he goes inside bringing some herbs wrapped in newspaper and sees a smiling Quincas lying on the canvas bed.

ZICO

High Priestess Ana sent these old daddy... Says she had some strange dreams and is waiting for you at the *candomblé* grounds today and don't go feeding her no lines.

Quincas doesn't say a word, he just stares at Zico with a smile frozen on his face and eyes wide open.

ZICO (cont'd)

You'd better come up with a very good excuse, Doña Manuela was up waiting for you 'til the break of day.

Quincas remains still and doesn't say a word. Zico thinks it's funny.

ZICO (cont'd)

The binge was good, huh?

Quincas smiles without answering. His toe sticks out through a hole in his sock, his shoes on the floor.

ZICO (cont'd)

Stop *foolin'* 'round. You better get up 'cause your potato is baking.

Zico looks again. He finds the spilled drink and the broken glass on the floor and finds it strange. He comes close to the body. Zico gets the creeps, drops the package on the floor and leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. - LADEIRA DO TABUÃO - DAY (8:15 A.M.)

Zico, nervous, goes down the slope and bumps into Pastinha, who is carrying some lady's merchandise in a wheelbarrow.

CUT TO:

EXT. - PRAÇA DA SÉ - DAY (8:15 A.M.)

From the window of a big old townhouse, mannequins observe the up and down of people carrying all sorts of things on their heads.

CUT TO:

EXT. - LADEIRA DO TABUÃO - DAY (8:15 A.M.)

BIRD'S EYE SHOT, we can't hear what is said. Under a barrage of protests from his client, Pastinha, stunned, let's go of the wheelbarrow. Fruits and vegetables roll down the slope.

CUT TO:

INT. - VANDA'S HOUSE/PATIO - DAY (9:30 A.M.)

A middle class home. Dark furniture covered in porcelains, crystals and trinkets. In the middle of the room a painting of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception. The television is on some uncouth game show. Vanda, 28 years old, white skin, delicate features, bright eyes, comes in with a tray of biscuits and a juice jar and serves MOEMA, a dusky brown woman of the same age. Both observe NORMINHA, a bit older, who shows the pictures of her trip to Argentina.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP two porcelain tango dancers spin slowly on a jewelry box.

NORMINHA

Buenos Aires is pure luxury, everything is clean, organized,
and everyone is filthy chic.

A black girl, standing by the door, pays attention to the conversation from a distance and her eyes are fixed on the porcelain dancers.

NORMINHA (cont'd)

Everyone is beautiful. Garbage men, traffic guard, all white. I wanted to take a picture with this blond waiter, looked just like Paul Newman, but Waldomiro got jealous.

The pictures go from hand to hand. The gazes mix admiration and envy. The doorbell rings. Vanda signals the black girl to go get the door.

VANDA

Go get the door Lisete, are you sleeping?

The girl rushes, Moema teases Norminha.

MOEMA

You must have gone to many restaurants..

Without removing her cigarette from her lips, Norminha nods, takes a biscuit from the tray.

MOEMA (cont'd)

Those love handles got easier to grasp, didn't they?

Norminha grins through clenched teeth, swallows the biscuit without chewing.

NORMINHA

Tell me about your vacation Moema, you went down the road to Feira de Santana, didn't you?

The black girl interrupts.

GIRL

It's for you Mrs. Vanda.

VANDA

Who is it?

GIRL

Said they wanna talk to you, mam.

CUT TO:

INT. EXT. - VANDA'S HOUSE/FAÇADE - DAY (9:35 A.M.)

Vanda opens the door and stumbles upon Zico, a rachitic black man wearing a beat up white suit. She stares at him with suspicion, speaks with the front door only a tad open. Zico is impressed by the house, the beauty and the posture of Quincas' daughter. He checks the address on a crumpled piece of paper, takes a deep breath and greets Vanda, overdoing the august tone.

ZICO

My presence here is not due to pleasantries; misfortune often sneaks upon us at dead of night without warning.

VANDA

If you are selling insurance the answer is no.

ZICO

There are moments during which a heartfelt word of solace is worth more than...

VANDA

If you are a bible thumping protestant it is even worse.

Vanda prepares herself to close the door. Zico stops her.

ZICO

Just a minute.

VANDA

Excuse me sir.

Zico takes a deep breath before he tells her the news.

ZICO

I have come to inform of your father's passing.

VANDA

My father?

ZICO

Our late Quincas.

CUT TO:

INT. - VANDA'S HOUSE/PATIO - DAY (9:40 A.M.)

Vanda returns to the porch looking pale. Her friends pull out a chair for her.

NORMINHA

What is it? Are you feeling sick?

Vanda remains silent, short of breathe.

MOEMA

Do you want some water Vanda?

VANDA

My father...died.

The friends look at each other, finding the news strange.

MOEMA

Didn't your father live abroad?

NORMINHA

Abroad?

MOEMA

Didn't you know, Norminha? Her father left with an Italian woman.

Vanda stutters, doesn't seem to know what to say. Moema pours a glass of liquor for her friend. Vanda knocks it back.

MOEMA (cont'd)

With the daughter of a commander, wasn't it Vanda?

Vanda nods her head, confirming. Norminha finds it strange.

NORMINHA

I always thought Mrs.Otacília had died a widow.

CUT TO:

INT. - VANDA'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY (9:40 A.M.)

Zico goes into the living room and admires a portrait of Quincas, 15 years younger and almost unrecognizable: healthy face, tie, trimmed moustache, hair parted nicely. Next to it, on a frame just like it, Mrs.Otacília, the wife, in a black lace dress.

Zico observes everything, curious; he opens a dish cabinet filled with silverware and places two silver spoons in his pocket.

HIGH ANGLE - POV of the portraits - Zico casts another glance at the photograph of Quincas and decides to return the spoons.

CUT TO:

INT. - VANDA'S HOUSE/INSIDE PORCH - DAY (9:45 A.M.)

LEONARDO, the husband - hair impeccably brushed - passes by the door, notices his wife is not well and comes in.

MOEMA
Will he be buried here?

Vanda nods, confirming.

VANDA
It was his wish.

MOEMA
Where?

VANDA
In the family vault... at Quintas Graveyard.

Vanda seeks her husband with a glance.

LEONARDO
Please excuse me. Vanda is nervous, we'll have to get to the airport to pick up the body, make all the arrangements...

CUT TO:

INT. - VANDA'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - DAY (10:15 A.M.)

Vanda rushes into the bedroom, takes a blouse from the wardrobe, puts it on, sits at the dressing table and ties her hair in front of a mirror.

On a frame we see a photograph of Vanda and Leonardo's wedding next to a photograph of Otacília and Quincas.

Leonardo comes in the bedroom wearing a shirt and underwear, knots his tie and sits on the bed to put on his pants.

VANDA

What are we to do Leonardo?

LEONARDO

Beats me...I always thought this commander story was ridiculous.

VANDA

What did you want? For me to tell everyone that your father-in-law was a ragged drunk?

LEONARDO

Delusions of grandeur... You could have said he went up the coast to Sergipe and married a teacher.

Leonardo finishes putting on his pants, walks to the mirror, fixes his hair, kisses Vanda's forehead.

LEONARDO

It's almost 10 o'clock. I have to drop by work to let them know. I'll call Marisa and Adalberto. See you after lunch.

Leonardo leaves the bedroom. Vanda, alone, takes a golden watch from the drawer and, for an instant, shows some grief.

Leonardo returns to grab his briefcase which he forgot in the bedroom. Vanda quickly puts away the watch in her purse.

Alone in the bedroom again, Vanda takes a deep breath. We see her face reflected on the glass of a frame where Quincas, with Otacília at his side, poses for a photograph while receiving the watch. The camera slowly starts to move into the frame, which becomes mixed up with Vanda's recollection.

Off screen we hear a photographer's voice.

Photographer (O.S.)

Everyone look at the camera, smile... yes...

CUT TO:

INT. - SOARES' FAMILY HOME - DAY - FLASHBACK

..With his wife at his side, surrounded by office colleagues, Quincas, stuffed in a dark suit, poses for the photograph and receives the watch from the previous scene from a colleague.

LONG TAKE - The camera slowly moves towards Quincas. An office colleague improvises a speech.

COLLEAGUE

We take the opportunity to pay homage to our dear Joaquim Quincas... unblemished civil servant, exemplary family man, irreproachable friend, to whom I give this small token from your colleagues at the state tax bureau on the occasion of your 57th birthday.

The friends clap without much enthusiasm. The party is a bore. A FAT COLLEAGUE stands close to the table with sweetmeets the entire time. Quincas listens to the speech, his thoughts far away and gives handshakes in mechanical manner.

COLLEAGUE 2

Congratulations!

QUINCAS

Thank You.

Vanda, 14, observes her dad, proud.

Otacília, the wife, passes around the tray with her snacks, greets everyone as if she were the one receiving the honors.

OTACÍLIA

Try this one Mr.Carlos... I made them myself.

Otacília goes over to her husband.

OTACÍLIA (cont'd)

Fix your tie Joaquim... go over there and say hello to your boss's wife.

QUINCAS

Going.

Otacília complains through her frozen smile.

OTACÍLIA

Don't be such a slow poke Joaquim... they'll be leaving soon.

Vanda observes her dad. Dissembling, Quincas, turns to Vanda, stuffs two pieces of bread in his mouth and makes a face, imitating his wife.

CUT TO:

INT. - QUINCAS' BEDROOM - DAY (11:40 A.M.)

EXTREME CLOSE-UP of Quincas' face, HIGH ANGLE, looking at the camera with jeering sneer leer.

All the poor people from Tabuão have come to mourn the body. A pandemonium of cries and wailing. Prostitutes, winos, bums, street juveniles, and transvestites who cannot accept their friend's death.

With a stick, a youngster pokes the deceased's toe through a hole on the shoe sole and gets a wrap on head from his dad.

Vanda comes in the small bedroom and cannot conceal her edginess towards the group of wretches. The folk from Tabuão observe her with curiosity and whispers. Zico clears up in low voice, making sure to demonstrate his intimacy.

ZICO

It's the daughter... good folk. Top notch house.

Vanda remains completely still observing her father's disheveled hair, dirty fingernails, and the patched up pants. She displays some anguish but lifts her head.

Accompanied by two women, a black man dressed in white clothes enters the small bedroom. People make room for him to walk, eyeing him with reverence. The man puts his hand on the deceased's forehead and says some words in Yoruba.

Vanda asks Zico

VANDA

What's he doing?

Zico replies in a whisper.

ZICO

Prepin' the body.

VANDA

Is he from the mortuary?

ZICO

He is *Kambondo*...

VANDA

He's what?

ZICO

He's from High Priestess Ana's *candomblé* grounds; came to make the arrange...

Vanda does not allow Zico to finish the sentence, says to the man firmly

VANDA

Excuse me sir, but our family is catholic.

Tata does not understand and tension fills the room.

VANDA (cont'd)

You will have to do your ceremony elsewhere.

Tata Kambondo stares at Quincas' face, shoots Vanda stern look, shakes his head and leaves the small bedroom without saying a word.

Zico is a bit embarrassed.

ZICO

But Ms. Vanda...

Vanda builds up her courage and turns to Quincas' friends.

VANDA

You gentleman wish anything else? If not then please excuse me.

People resist, but faced with Vanda's unyielding stance, they slowly start to exit, amid protests. Zico nods his head in approval of Vanda. A one-legged man passes by hopping; his crutch becomes stuck on a crack on the floor.

ZICO

You all please excuse us... Ms. Vanny needs some quiet time with her dad.

Zico puts his hands on Vanda's back, familiar and solidary.

VANDA
You too sir.

ZICO
Me?

VANDA
Yes, you, are you deaf?

Zico is the last one to leave, outraged.

Vanda is alone with her father's corpse. She makes room around her, sits down and tries to fan off the heat.

CUT TO:

EXT. - BAIXA DOS SAPATEIROS - WORLD CHEAP WEAR STORE - DAY
(11:40 A.M.)

Noises of people talking and bargaining. A *cachaça* bottle in hand, Pastinha walks against the flow of shoppers. Thick tears roll down his cheeks, he bumps into a man and goes on without apologizing.

Curió, dressed in a beat-up coat tail, hands out leaflets and announces a sale at the World Cheap Wear Store. Despite his efforts, few of those passing give him any attention.

CURIÓ
The Arab has lost it for good! First class merchandise at dirt cheap prices. Adam walked 'round naked 'cause the Arab wasn't 'round.

Pastinha says something to Curió, who drops the leaflets on the ground. We can't hear what they are saying because of the noise.

CUT TO:

INT. - GOVERNMENT OFFICE BUILDING - DAY (11:45 A.M.)

A room with white walls, filled with metal and wooden file cabinets. Four people work reading documents and stamping papers. Leonardo seems distracted, concerned with his father-in-law's funeral. He finishes checking a small pile of documents and stands up to go speak to his supervisor, who has just walked into the room.

LEONARDO

I'd like to speak to you sir... I'm going to need to leave early.

The supervisor comes close to him, doesn't let Leonardo get up from his chair.

SUPERVISOR

You shouldn't even have to come to work.

Leonardo is caught by surprise.

LEONARDO

No?!

SUPERVISOR

Moema called my wife to let her know of the funeral... please give your wife my condolences.

Leonardo, embarrassed, thanks him. The supervisor comes close to him, as if he were going to tell him a secret.

SUPERVISOR

People are commenting that the commander had deep pockets.

Leonardo is a little embarrassed.

LEONARDO

We don't know anything yet.

A co-worker interrupts. Other co-workers come close, curious. Leonardo seems to enjoy being the center of attentions.

FEMALE CO-WORKER

We'd like to send a wreath, Eduardo.

LEONARDO

Its Leonardo... you can have it sent to my house, it will make Vanda very happy.

Exaggerated cleavage, the co-worker bends over Leonardo.

FEMALE CO-WORKER

Write the address here..

SUPERVISOR

Tomorrow at 8am we will be at Quintas Graveyard to pay our respects.

CUT TO:

EXT. - QUAYSIDE/MARKET - DAY (12:20 P.M.)

Severe noon heat, Martim, Curió and Pastinha cross the street fair in front of the quayside. *Cachaça* bottle in hand, Pastinha howls like a wolf. The dry, strong voice echoes through the street fair, where animals, fruits, furniture and even Orisha beads, figures of Pomba-Gira, Old Black Man and Eshu, amongst other are sold.

PASTINHA

On the day of his party..

Pé de Vento joins them, puts his hand in his pocket as if he were going to get a handkerchief, takes out a bullfrog and shows it to his friends.

PÉ-DE-VENTO

I was gonna to sell it to the laboratory, but the lil' thing's so cute I kept it.

CURIÓ

Quincas promised he'd spend his entire birthday drinking..

Martim, the only one who appears to be calm, takes a bite from a jackfruit and spits out the kernel on Curió's head.

MARTIM

Is the birthday over already? I bet Berro D'Água made this up to give us a good fright.

Pastinha dries his tears.

PASTINHA

You think so Martim?

MARTIM

D'you forget that one time at Adalice's samba party when he put a gecko inside maestro Vivaldo's trombone... Poor guy spent the whole night eating water and three days as stiff as a tree.

Pastinha depicts a smile.

MARTIM (cont'd)

Don't you know Quincas? He didn't know if he should go to Manuela's party or High Priestess Ana's *candomblé* grounds... so he made this up to not brush-off anyone..

Pé de Vento puts away the bullfrog, walks behind, cranky.

PÉ DE VENTO

For real... If this is a prank, I'll get him for it.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. - MANUELA'S CABARET/MANUELA'S BEDROOM/FAÇADE - DAY
(12:30 P.M.)

A black shawl of the typical Spanish widow, a spirits bottle in hand. Manuela, eyes swollen, thick tears rolling down her cheeks, in her night gown. Manuela hangs herself on her bedroom's door.

MANUELA

No puedo... no puedo creer!

SHIRLEY

Don't do such a crazy thing Doña Manuela!

The girls try to come near her, Manuela goads them away.

MANUELA

No se aproximem! Si alguien der mas un paso yo me atiro.

CUT TO:

EXT. - LADEIRA DA CONCEIÇÃO - DAY (12:30 P.M.)

A small group start gathering under the window. Two nippers provoke the madam.

NIPPER 2

Get out 'cause the loonie's gonna fly!

NIPPER 1

That's not underwear, sucker!

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. - MANUELA'S CABARET/MANUELA'S BEDROOM/FAÇADE - DAY
(12:30 P.M.)

Manuela sticks her nightgown in between her legs, throws the bottle at the nippers and points at them.

MANUELA

Negritos hijos de puta! Delinquentes juveniles!

LOLITA

There's a canopy down there, if you jump, the most will happen is you'll a break a leg and burn your fingers.

The theatrical and exaggerated gestures do not hide the intensity of the madam's suffering. Manuela hesitates, has a new breakdown and almost slips accidentally.

CUT TO:

INT. - QUINCA'S BEDROOM - DAY (12:35 P.M.)

Vanda, worried, guides the work of two mortuary agents who give the last touches to the deceased - now settled in a casket with golden handles, shaved, dressed in a suit, tie and polished shoes.

VANDA

Brush it sideways. The tie is crooked... there...

The two men, covered in sweat, comply, com grudgingly.

VANDA (cont'd)

Please fix the collar, mister... the face is looking a bit pale.

MORTUARY AGENT 1
He's dead, ma'am.

VANDA

Would you please put on a bit more powder sir?

They add loads of powder on the face and consider the job finished.

MORTUARY AGENT 1

Nailed it, right ma'am?

Vanda nods her head in agreement. She points at the Orisha beads around her father's neck.

VANDA

Can you remove the beads please?

The two mortuary agents look at each other, they don't seem willing to fulfill the request.

MORTUARY AGENT 1

Best leave them there.

MORTUARY AGENT 2

You can remove them later, ma'am..

An employee hands Vanda a piece of paper.

MORTUARY AGENT 2

Will you please sign here ma'am?

Vanda signs the paper, digs some coins in her purse, the two mortuary agents leave, unhappy with the tip. Vanda is alone with the corpse. Two altar candles cast a pale flame, drowned out by light coming in the window. Vanda fixes Quincas' hair and sighs, satisfied with the sight of her dad all cleaned up. She takes the golden watch from her purse and places it carefully inside the suit.

She reaches for the Orisha heads around her father's neck, but a gust of wind makes the flames from the candles flicker. Vanda feels a chill, walks to the window and shuts it.

Vanda looks around the dirty room, filled with infiltrations. The heat seems to make her sleepy. She observes her father's small altar in the corner of the bedroom, she turns to Quincas' old clothes in another corner, which have become a landing strip for horse-meat flies.

She sees a slip of light leaking from a small door in the back of the bedroom and walks towards it. Off screen we hear a female voice and a sewing machine. The camera closes in on Vanda's face, who sees the image of the past as if it were happening before her...

OTACÍLIA (O.S.)

Did you see the dress Mariela was wearing at Jucelia's 15th birthday party, Vanny?

CUT TO:

INT. - SOARES' FAMILY HOME - DAY (FLASHBACK)

...Vanda's POV, the image goes in and out of focus. Otacília works at a sewing machine. Vanda, 14 years old, walks in the living room and goes to a cabinet to grab a cookie. Her hair is tied like her mom's and she is dressed like a tiny adult. Quincas, sitting on a armchair, reads the paper.

Otacília notices he has put his feet on the coffee table and signals him to remove them.

OTACÍLIA

...Mariela, Mr.Pereira's daughter, that is, if she really is his daughter, because she looks nothing like him.

VANDA

She looked like she was dressed in a potato sack, right mom?

OTACÍLIA

I felt really bad for the poor thing out on the dance floor with those flappy ears. Not that I'm criticizing because if God made her that way it's because He had His reasons, but it sure breaks my heart. You know what's your mom's problem, dear? I'm too soft. Sometimes people don't understand why not everyone is just like us...

Quincas looks at his wife out of the corner of his eye, but says nothing. He is bothered by the conversation, he forgets and puts his feet on the coffee table again.

OTACÍLIA (cont'd)

Joaquim, I've told you to take your feet off the table.

Otacília and Vanda start badmouthing the neighbor again. The gossiping gets mixed up with the sound of the news report coming from the radio and the intermittent sound of the sewing machine and loses is not as clear. It starts turning into an indistinctive noise that sounds like a swarm of flies.

OTACÍLIA (cont'd)

What about Ludmila Bastos showing off with that filthy chic dress? Where did she ever get the money to get an outfit like that? ... I better shut my mouth.

Quincas drops his newspaper and says course as a gob:

QUINCAS
SHREWS.

He gets up from the couch, folds the newspaper, leaves the watch on the table, turns around to his wife and daughter...

CUT TO:

INT. - QUINCAS BEDROOM - DAY (12:40 P.M.)

A close up on Quincas' dead face, framed in a similar manner as the previous scene.

We hear once more the slashing voice: SHREWS! Except now it is Vanda, as an adult, who gets startled as if the offense had come out of the dead Quincas' mouth.

Steps are heard on the stairs. The steps come closer and closer, as in a cliché horror movie. In walks AUNT MARISA, 67 years old, glasses with thick lens, comes right behind her, accompanied by Leonardo.

AUNT MARISA

You are despondent, Vanda. It's no wonder in this heat...

UNCLE ADALBERTO

I asked them to bring a fan from the store... infernal heat!

Aunt Marisa takes a deep breath, comes close to the body, and nods her head in approval of the changes. Adalberto tries to squeeze out a tear but can't. For a few moments, everyone is silent, each one in a corner. Marisa finishes opening the windows, enjoys the breeze coming in from the street, farts discreetly and lights a match to conceal the smell.

AUNT MARISA

This room is pure stench... I cannot understand how Joaquim could live in this filth.

The light bulb inside the room flickers. Marisa has the impression she hears her brother's ironic tone.

QUINCAS (O.S.)

DEADLY OLD FART BAG

Marisa notices there is no reaction from anyone else and figures it was her imagination.

Adalberto takes a wooden box and uses it for a chair, taking a seat next to his niece.

AUNT MARISA

When they find out about everything, our family will be the biggest joke in Bahia.

LEONARDO

I was thinking about it on the way here... No one needs to know. All we have to do is get to the chapel bright and early and keep mum about the subject.

VANDA

Are you nuts Leonardo?

Aunt Marisa nods her head in agreement.

LEONARDO

Look at him Vanda... dressed like that, who could ever tell he lived like a bum?

Aunt Marisa nods her head in agreement.

AUNT MARISA

At least he won't open his mouth to say anything, isn't it so commander?

LEONARDO

Think about it. To be related to a commander has its advantages. You should have seen how the folks at the office were treating me.

ADALBERTO

Maybe Leonardo has a point.

Aunt Marisa nods her head in agreement. Vanda looks at the body, seems in doubt.

LEONARDO

If you think it's better, you can spill the beans. It's alright with me because I wasn't really related to him.

Pé de Vento, Martim, Curió appear, they walk in and stand next to the doorway. Pastinha further behind, is too embarrassed to come in. The family cuts the conversation short and stares at the derelict bunch.

Pé de Vento puts the bull frog in his pocket. Martim greets the present.

MARTIM

Good afternoon... excuse us... we'd like to pay our respects to the deceased.

The family's presence intimidates them. Pastinha stands at the doorway. Martim comes near the coffin, takes off his hat, and stares at the man in it, finding it hard to recognize the old Berro D'Água.

Pé de Vento and Curió also come near. The friends hold back Pastinha so he won't throw himself at the coffin.

PASTINHA

He was our dad...he was our dad!

Curió and Pé de Vento manage to get Pastinha to settle in a corner of the room.

The commotion is like a punch in Vanda's stomach. She looks at her father. Quincas smiles, even dead he seems to prefer the company of his friends.

VANDA

Now that you have said your goodbyes will you please excuse us.

MARTIM

Very sorry mam, but we're staying with Quincas all night long.

CURIÓ

The old sailor was the most loved by all.

Aunt Marisa finds that funny.

AUNT MARISA

Sailor?! Joaquim could not set foot on the Itaparica ferry boat that he was already huffing and puffing.

Pastinha finds the comment weird. Pé de Vento doesn't like it at all. He stares at Marisa po-faced.

CUT TO:

INT. - HIGH PRIESTESS ANA'S CANDOMBLÉ GROUNDS - DAY (1:30 P.M.)

There is little going on at the temple. Two young men eat from a clay pot, a fat lady picks lice off a child's head. Sad eyes, visibly upset Ana - a 70 years old a High Priestess of Candomblé - holds in her hands a picture of Quincas on board a barge and comments with an initiate.

HIGH PRIESTESS ANA

I've been dreaming of him for two weeks...

She puts the photograph on a small altar, next to an idol of Yemaja and a wooden boat surrounded by gifts.

Then Tata Kambondo MARCELINO and an initiate come near her in a reverent manner.

ZEZÉ

We're *comin'* from Mr. Berro D'Agua, Priestess...

HIGH PRIESTESS ANA
Did you make the arrangements?

TATA KAMBONDO
His daughter wouldn't let us.

HIGH PRIESTESS ANA
Daughter?

TATA KAMBONDO
She sent us away.

High Priestess Ana doesn't seem surprised.

HIGH PRIESTESS ANA
And what was this daughter like?

ZEZÉ
She was one sour whitey, Priestess, looked at us all hoity-
toity.

High Priestess Ana does not conceal her concerns.

TATA KAMBONDO
After what happened there's no way we can still have the
party.

Zeze nods her head in agreement. High Priestess Ana takes a
breath before speaking.

HIGH PRIESTESS ANA
I asked the cowrie-shells, asked Yemaja and she said the party
is going to happen.

Tata Kambondo and the initiate are surprised.

INITIATE
But Priestess...

HIGH PRIESTESS ANA
I've asked the cowrie-shells twice to be sure, if Yemaja wants
the party she has her reasons.

Tata nods his head in agreement. The initiate remains worried.

MARGARETH
Something's strange, Priestess, you'd never believe it, but I
swear that when I was leaving I looked at Mr. Quincas and he,
as dead as he was, winked at me.

High Priestess Ana looks at Margareth as if she was hearing
the most natural thing in the world.

HIGH PRIESTESS ANA
It'd be more strange for him to see you in such a skirt and
not do anything... go put on something decent and get to work.

Margareth leaves, embarrassed. High Priestess Ana sees the
other initiates standing around watching her and gives them a
hard time.

HIGH PRIESTESS ANA
What you waitin' for? Y'all become paralyzed or somethin'? Get
going 'cause there's plenty to be done.

CUT TO:

EXT. - QUINCAS' BEDROOM / LADEIRA DO TABUÃO - DAY (4:00 P.M.)

Uncle Adalberto smokes a cigarette by the old townhouse's
door, thoughtful.

Vanda shows up behind him, followed by Leonardo.

VANDA
Uncle, they can't stay here..

Uncle Adalberto scowls, concerned. Vanda lights a cigarette.

LEONARDO
Don't you have a friend who is a cop? We could call the
police.

UNCLE ADALBERTO
And make a scene? There's no food or drinks here. When night
falls, they'll get tired and vanish looking for booze.

VANDA
But what if..

Adalberto doesn't let his niece finish.

UNCLE ADALBERTO
If they stay we'll tell them that the burial is at Campo Santo
Graveyard instead of Quintas.

Leonardo smiles, enjoying the idea. Vanda returns the
cigarette.

LEONARDO
You still got that truck Adalberto?

ADALBERTO
It's back at the store.

LEONARDO
I'll go get it.. at daybreak we'll take the body to the
cemetery, get rid of the bums and everything will be fixed.

Lolita climbs up the stairs in a short skirt, accompanied by Shirley, a transvestite who is carrying a bouquet of flowers which is kind of shriveled. They greet the family and go up the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. - QUINCAS' BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON (4:05 P.M.)

Pastinha, sitting on the floor, whines. Martim walks around the bedroom, agitated, stops besides the coffin, shakes Quincas slightly, as if doubting he's dead. Shirley and Lolita walk in the bedroom and are greeted by the corporal with a tip of a hat. Shirley bends over to place the flowers in Quincas' hands and can't hold back the tears. Lolita, drunk, places a kiss on his forehead, almost knocks over the coffin. Martim helps her set it on the easel.

SHIRLEY

If Doña Manuela could only see you, so handsome, she'd go nuts for good. Oh Quin-quin..

MARTIM

Manuela's not coming? He misses her.

LOLITA

The poor thing wouldn't even let us take down the birthday table... she's already tried to throw herself out the window, took a whole bottle of pills.

PÉ DE VENTO

The whole bottle?

Vanda, Leonardo and Adalberto return to the bedroom.

SHIRLEY

Thank God t'was magnesium pills. Spent the whole day in the loo... weeping top and bottom.

Lolita pokes her mate, notices the reproaching looks and tries to make a joke.

LOLITA

Each one weeps where they miss it most.

Vanda seems ready to burst.

VANDA

Please show some respect for the family's grief.

Lolita and Shirley cross over to the side where the friends are. In detail the smoky jungle frog, who observes everything from the inside Pé de Vento's pocket. The air is thick, Martim tries to be diplomatic.

MARTIM

They're our folk, Quincas' crazy 'bout'em.

LOLITA

Quinquin didn't like to see anyone sad... look at him, he thinks your glum faces to be very funny.

For a while nobody said anything. The two groups look at each other with suspicions.

Shirley won't stop staring at Leonardo, winks at him.

The silence is broken by Pastinha, who, sitting alone in a corner, lets out another desperate howl.

A lad comes in carrying a heavy fan. He passes in between the two groups and almost knocks over the coffin.

The appliance is set in the middle of the bedroom delineating the space. On one side the relatives, on the other the friends. Uncle Adalberto fixes it turning it towards the family's side.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP the hoop of the fan. CLOSE-UP Quinca's face, who seems amused by the situation.

CUT TO:

EXT. - CIDADE ALTA - DUSK (6:30 P.M.)

LONG SHOT of the city as it night sets in: The old townhouses and the church of the Cidade Alta silhouetted.

CUT TO:

EXT. - CIDADE ALTA - DUSK (6:30 P.M.)

A kite tangled on an electricity cable sways with the wind.

CUT TO:

EXT. - CIDADE ALTA - DUSK (6:30 P.M.)

A barge slowly crosses the Baía de Todos os Santos.

CUT TO:

EXT. - CIDADE ALTA - DUSK (6:30 P.M.) - VIEW OF THE HOTEL PELOURINHO

The same woman who was hanging wet clothes on a clothesline at the beginning of the day now collects them as dusk falls.

CUT TO:

INT. - MANUELA'S CABARET / PARLOR - DUSK (6:30 P.M.)

FULL SHOT The empty parlor, chairs piled up on the tables. In the back, Manuela, by herself sitting facing a half empty bottle of brandy.

On the gramophone a scratched record plays *Los Mareados*, a tango.

SINGER ON RECORD

Rara, como encendida, te vi bebiendo, linda y fatal. Bebías y en el fragor del champán, loca reías por no llorar.

Manuela empties the glass and dances alone in the ballroom. Slightly keeling over from hitting the bottle, she spins as if in the arms of an invisible partner.

SINGER

Esta noche, amiga mía, el alcohol nos ha embriagado. Qué me importa que se rían...

Zico walks into the parlor and contemplates the scene, both pathetic and touching. He stops at the door without making any noise.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP The needle spinning on the scratched record, which gets stuck and repeats the same part of the song over and over.

SINGER

*Qué me importa que se rían... Qué me importa que se rían...
Qué me importa que se rían...*

Manuela stops dancing, walks over to the gramophone and taps the needle.

MANUELA
Carajo

Manuela notices Zico, waves him in.

ZICO

Doña Manuela, you won't believe it mam, they kicked us out of my buddy's pad.

MANUELA

Sientate, Zico.

Manuela pours a glass of brandy and cuts a piece of Quincas' cake, serving it on a plate to Zico.

ZICO

You be generous *wi'the frostin'* mam.

Zico takes a bites, moved, speaks with his mouth full.

ZICO (cont'd)

Who'd have guessed that our sea wolf would go belly up like that.

Moved, Manuela walks over to the window and sighs.

Two nippers (the same ones which mocked when she threatened to throw herself out the window) sing a little song to torment the madam:

NIPPERS

Wetback Manuela got a castanet winker-stinker.
Spigotty Manuela got a stinking dead end street.

MANUELA

Macaquitos pendejos... van todos tomar em el médio del culo.

The nippers get a kick out of it. Manuel makes obscene gestures and closes the window.

CUT TO:

INT. - QUINCAS' BEDROOM - NIGHT (7:00 P.M.)

EXTREME CLOSE-UP Pé de Vento's bullfrog, eyes bulging, still as everyone else in the room.

Everyone is silent, the blades of the fan spin lazily, Pastinha wails sitting on the floor, and time seems to stand still in the small room.

The silence is disrupted by a noise coming from Marisa's belly. She smiles, puts on a false front, rises from her chair and walks all the way to the back of the room to stretch her legs. Uncle Adalberto immediately occupies the place his sister had taken.

Curió, nervous, stumbles, takes out a crumpled piece of paper from his pocket and comes near of the coffin. Tia Marisa, in the back, lights another match and smiles, relieved.

CURIÓ

If you'll excuse me, I'd like to read a *c'ple* verses I wrote for Berro D'Água.

Pé de Vento notes to Tia Marisa.

PÉ DE VENTO

Show off!

Marisa nods her head, in agreement. Vanda looks at her aunt, in disapproval of the rapprochements.

CURIÓ

The day I showed him my poems Quincas said: Curió, son, it's shit, but shitty poetry's better than no crap at all.

Curió stutters a little, but manages to keep his nerves under control.

CURIÓ (cont'd)

The whores of Bahia cry. Butts in despair whimpering..

Pastinha cannot contain his tears.

Curió (cont'd)

With you, oh sultan of the seas of sluggishness, night is gone taking along the moon and our joy. Oh Quincas, father dearest.
Without you we've lost our home.

Martim and Shirley clap. Lolita exits. Off screen we hear the sounds of her puking on the stairs. Shirley walks out to take care of her friend.

Vanda cannot stand her father's smile, the heat, the smell of vomit which spreads around the room.

Tia Marisa fans herself, gets dizzy from the heat.

TIA MARISA

I'm not feeling well.

Leonardo stands near the candles, looks at his watch and speaks with Adalberto.

LEONARDO

It is better for me to take them now Adalberto...On the way back
I will pick up the truck.

Leonardo says to Vanda.

LEONARDO (cont'd)

You must rest some in order to be here tomorrow morning.

Vanda doesn't seem willing to leave.

TIO ADALBERTO
And I'm to stay here by myself?

LEONARDO
I'll be back in a jiffy.

CUT TO:

EXT. - LADEIRA DO TABUÃO - NIGHT (7:20 P.M.)

Leonardo leads Vanda and Marisa down the LADEIRA DO TABUÃO, dark and almost deserted. A dog barks and runs to the gate, frightening the three.

VANDA
We have to get my father out of here soon.

AUNT MARISA
A bunch of potheads. Could you smell their dragon breath? If you lit a match the whole place might blow up.

VANDA
I cannot understand how my father could leave his family to live amongst the likes of such people.

LONG SHOT: Leonardo hastens the pace, trying to distance himself from two fellows who are walking on the other side of the street.

CUT TO:

INT. - QUINCAS' BERDOOM - NIGHT (8:10 P.M.)

Martim walks around the room, as if he were looking for something. Curió smokes a cigarette, sitting inside an old tin tub. Pastinha, next to me, does not stop sniffing.

Uncle Adalberto snores, leaning back in his chair. Pé de Vento mimics the way he is sleeping, with a hand on his belly and mouth open. He threatens to throw the bullfrog inside the mouth. Curió looks disgusted. Pastinha finds it funny.

PÉ DE VENTO

This family's a bunch of penny pinchers. Where's the chairs for the guests?

CURIÓ

You deserved a better party daddy.

Martim goes through Quincas' belongings and finds a bottle of *Dickraiser cachaça*. He takes a gulp and hands the bottle over to Pé de Vento, who comes close to Quincas and whispers.

MARTIM

Be cool mate, your *buddies'll* get you outta this one.

For some time they all remain silent. The bottle makes rounds, Curió sighs. Pastinha walks to the window.

CURIÓ

At a time like this Benedita must be crying... she was crazy about Quincas.

PÉ DE VENTO

Badass Benedita... That ass made five Brazilians bite the dust.

CURIÓ

Five?!

PÉ DE VENTO

Crispim and Delicious Moacir felt the steel kiss because of her... *T'was* too much for good ole' Josué, his heart couldn't

take it... Zé Bola fell out the third floor window when he saw
the broad in shorts.

CURIÓ
That's four.

Pastinha watches Quincas, moved.

PÉ DE VENTO - (V.O.)
Olímpico, the son of Mrs. Edith who makes sweet coconut candy,
was under the townhouse when Zé Bola fell.

Pastinha takes a sip, hears some yelling outside, goes to the
window and sees...

CUT TO:

INT. EXT. - QUINCAS' BEDROOM - WINDOW - NIGHT (8:10 P.M.)

The friends watch Benedita (O.S.)

CUT TO:

EXT. - LADEIRA DO TABUÃO - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

...Benedita, a Negro woman with scraggly hair, shorts shoved
up her ass, dark teeth from chewing tobacco, being led by two
officers into a paddy wagon. She has a boy of about 1 in her
arms. The boy cries, frightened. (Scene seen from above, from
Pastinha's POV)

BENEDITA
Let my son go... *whatcha' gonna do wit' him?*

OFFICER
The child is going to Juvenile Court.

BENEDITA

What *freakin'* Juvenile Court?! My son stays with me.

A group of nippers, at the entrance of Cazuza's bar, applauds her rebel.

A woman who is hanging clothes on the window complains of all the shouting.

NEIGHBOR

Shut up Benedita you pothead!

BENEDITA

Go wash some undies you ballsy biddy.

CUT TO:

INT EXT. - LADEIRA DO TABUÃO - NIGHT (9:10 P.M.)

Martim, Pé de Vento and Curió have joined Pastinha at the window. The *cachaça* bottle going around. The present and memories meld into a single SHOT.

CUT TO:

EXT. - LADEIRA DO TABUÃO - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The officers pull the child. Benedita bites one of them on the hand.

Quincas butts into the wrangle, tries to appear sober and respectable, despite the ragged appearance.

QUINCAS
The boy stays with me.

OFFICER
And you are his...

Quincas thinks for a second.

QUINCAS
Father.

The Officer looks at the boy, bluish black.

OFFICER
The kid doesn't look like you.

QUINCAS
Folks working in Benedita's line of work are like that, the
boy takes a little after one, a little after another.

Berro D'Água takes the boy from the Officer's arms. Benedita
looks at him, eyes filled with tears.

BENEDITA
Can't you see the boy got his eyes?

The Officer remains skeptical.

QUINCAS
This is Brazil, my good fellow... every now and then a white
fella's born in a black *fella's* house, a mulatto in a Japanese
house.

Benedita turns over to Quincas, who has her son in his arms,
looks at both of them tenderly and yells, with watery eyes.

BENEDITA

Quincas, you *ole'* cheeky cuckold, you *betta' whatch* that kid right, or else...

Quincas waves with the boy in his arms and winks. The child stops crying.

Before going inside the paddy-wagon, Benedita turns her wrath upon the curious bystanders.

BENEDITA (cont'd)

And *whatcha* standing around for? Never seen me? Go *n'take* care of your own business you *cooch-of-cuckolds!*

CUT TO:

INT. - VANDA'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (8:15 P.M.)

Vanda walks into the house with her husband - they stumble into with half a dozen wreaths addressed to the commander - and are surprised to see...

... Norminha and Moema sitting on the living room couch.

VANDA

You guys...here?

MOEMA

We didn't want to leave you alone during such a difficult time.

Vanda cannot disguise her languor. Leonardo goes to the kitchen and leaves his wife with her friends.

NORMINHA

Are you ok, Vanda?

VANDA
I have a migraine.

NORMINHA
Don't worry about a thing.

MOEMA
I ordered a few cakes and drinks in case someone comes by
after the funeral.

NORMINHA
I've taken the liberty of letting some of our friends know...
Just the closest ones: Nininha, Deuzete, Adelena Costa...

Vanda stops her.

VANDA
Thank you.

NORMINHA
You know Vanda... This morning, when you told us your dad's
story... I thought it kind of fishy...

Vanda doesn't understand what she is hinting at.

NORMINHA (cont'd)
And then I got here and saw all these wreaths and... well, you
know... I owe you an apology.

Exhausted Vanda sits on a chair and covers her face with her
hands. Norminha rubs her back, Moema goes off to get some
water. For an instant, Vanda feels like coming clean.

VANDA
It's just that my dad...

Leonardo comes back eating a chicken wing; he interrupts and
walks the friends out the door.

LEONARDO

You must excuse us... We thank you for your support, but it has been a long day.

MOEMA

But...

LEONARDO

Vanda is very tired.

NORMINHA

If you need anything just call.

MOEMA

My friend, be strong. I'll see you at the funeral tomorrow morning.

CUT TO:

INT. - QUINCAS' BEDROOM - NIGHT (8:30 P.M.)

In a corner of the room Curió, his back to the camera, takes a piss inside an empty bottle. Martim, thoughtful, walks by him towards the casket.

Adalberto is still snoring, a strand of drool sliding from the corner of his mouth. Martim comes close to Quincas. He speaks in his ear.

MARTIM

I know ya' *foolin'* 'round Quincas... If you can hear *gimme* a sign.

For a few seconds nothing happens. Martim steals a cigarette from Adalberto, goes to the window and lights it, despondent.

CLOSE-UP the bullfrog in Pé de Vento's pocket, he pets the little animal and comes near of Quincas and sighs, wistful.

PÉ DE VENTO

For a guy who said he'd go on a bender you're *kinda* quiet
ain't you daddy?

The bullfrog jumps from his hands and hides on the bottom of the coffin. It goes inside the jacket and jumps inside the shirt, as if it were a heart beating.

PASTINHA

Will you look at that? The frog likes him...

PÉ DE VENTO

BULLfrog, not frog.

Martim interprets the smoky jungle frog's jump as a sign sent by Quincas. The friends have fun trying to rescue the little animal, which finally jumps out and is caught by Pé de Vento.

PÉ DE VENTO (cont'd)

There *ya'* go, come to daddy.

Pé de Vento, Curió and Pastinha walk away with the bullfrog.

Martim stares at Adalberto, snoring with his mouth open, comes close and gives a tiny kick to the chair's legs.

Adalberto falls over at last and wakes up startled. He tries to move but his back is locked and he moans with the pain.

Martim, Curió and Pastinha help him up.

UNCLE ADALBERTO

My back will end up killing me...

MARTIM
You ok commander?

UNCLE ADALBERTO
I forgot to take my medication.

A pop is heard and he can finally stretch up.

MARTIM
Feel free to run home for a quick shower and to grab your medication...

UNCLE ADALBERTO
Better not... I promised...

Adalberto is tempted. Martim notices.

MARTIM
They won't hear a word about it. I *ain't* opening my trap.

UNCLE ADALBERTO
Tell me something, will you really be here all night?

CURIÓ
We were very close.

Adalberto hesitates. He feels his back pop once again.

UNCLE ADALBERTO
I was thinking of running back home for just a minute.

MARTIM
Go on without a care, don't forget to grab a bite, an empty sack won't sit upright.

Uncle Adalberto agrees, smiling.

PÉ DE VENTO

If you'd spare some change, your friends will be grateful...
candle's almost burn out and we have to get another.

Adalberto thinks for a moment, sticks his hand in his pocket,
pulling out two bills and hands them to Curió.

UNCLE ADALBERTO

With the change you can buy some sandwiches. I'll be back
before ten... but please don't leave him alone for a single
minute.

Martim salutes.

MARTIM

At ease sir, we won't abandon post.

Pé de Vento sees the bottle Curió pissed in in the corner.

PÉ DE VENTO

We found a bottle of booze... If you *wanna* take a sip for the
walk sir.

Uncle Adalberto smiles, thanking the kindness. The friends are
surprised by Pé de Vento's evilness.

CURIÓ

Better not...

MARTIM

You *gonna* take medication sir.

CUT TO:

INT. EXT. - GENERAL STORE - NIGHT (8:45 P.M.)

Curió and Pé de Vento walk through a dark street, go into a bodega and speak to Laurinha, a sleepy mulatto girl listening to a radio. Curió orders.

CURIÓ

Three bottles of *cachaça*, four fried pastry, four cigars and a bag of tapioca air cookies.

Laurinda gets up from her chair in no hurry and goes up a ladder to grab the cigars from a high shelf. Pé de Vento comes close to the counter to look at her underwear.

PÉ DE VENTO

I want those from the taller shelf... on the other side... there.

Curió tries not to peek but cannot resist.

PÉ DE VENTO

Over there, the blue ones.

Laurinda turns around and catches Curió looking and fixes her skirt. She goes down the ladder and puts the order on the counter, cranky.

Curió, embarrassed, hands her the money. Grudgingly she counts the money.

LAURINDA

It's not enough.

CURIÓ

What's not enough?

LAURINDA

You got fifteen, makes you short six fifty.

PÉ DE VENTO

Mingy old scumbag ... best not have a family like that.

Pé de Vento puts the bullfrog on the counter.

PÉ DE VENTO (cont'd)

Would'ya take a bullfrog as part of the payment? It matches you... and the color of your panties.

CUT TO:

INT. - QUINCAS' BEDROOM - NIGHT (9:10 P.M.)

The friends drink straight from the bottles, which are halfway done. Pé de Vento gets up and lights a cigar on a candle which is almost at the stub.

PÉ DE VENTO

I think he's too quiet... think he misses Manuela.

MARTIM

Thirsty chief? This infernal heat... Everyone drinking in front of you, not even offering a sip.

Martim opens Quincas' mouth and Pé de Vento pours the *cachaça*, which spreads through the collar of the jacket.

PÉ DE VENTO

Drink a bit more dad.

Quincas spits out most of the drink. Martim, Pastinha and Curió come near.

CURIÓ

You're wastin' it.

HIGH ANGLE shows the friends surrounding Quincas.

PASTINHA

He drinks the way he wants, it's the right of the person who has the birthday.

MARTIM

Better sit him up, this way we can see properly.

The friends raise Quincas and give him some to drink, the booze trickles down the mouth.

PASTINHA

At least when it came to the clothes the relatives did it like a boss. He's looking badass.

PÉ DE VENTO

I think it's silly to put on new clothes. Such a nice white shirt... might stain.

The friends remove the shirt. Shaken, Quincas' head bobs, as if he were enjoying the spree.

MARTIM

The shoes are kind of tight... Yours are down to pieces right Curió?

Curió hesitates, looks at the brand new pair of shoes, his are in a pitiful state.

CURIÓ

They'd be just right...

They remove the shoes and pants and notice there is no underwear.

PASTINHA

Not to bad-mouth them, but the family's chintzy, looks like the son in law mooched the BVD's.

Quincas is left completely naked and each friend wears one piece of his outfit. Pastinha puts on the brand new pair of pants. Pé de Vento claims the jacket. Martim realizes the shirt doesn't fit, but keeps it anyway.

Pé de Vento dresses Quincas in Pastinha's pants and is the first to notice the package on the old sailor.

PÉ DE VENTO

Praise the Lord... a third-leg! Manuela must be one happy lady.

ABREVIACÕES

INT. INTERIOR – INTERIOR

EXT. EXT. – EXTERNO

O.S. OFF-SCREEN –

V.O. VOICE-OVER –

POV POINT OF VIEW – PONTO DE VISTA

CONT'D CONTINUED – CONTINUADO

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