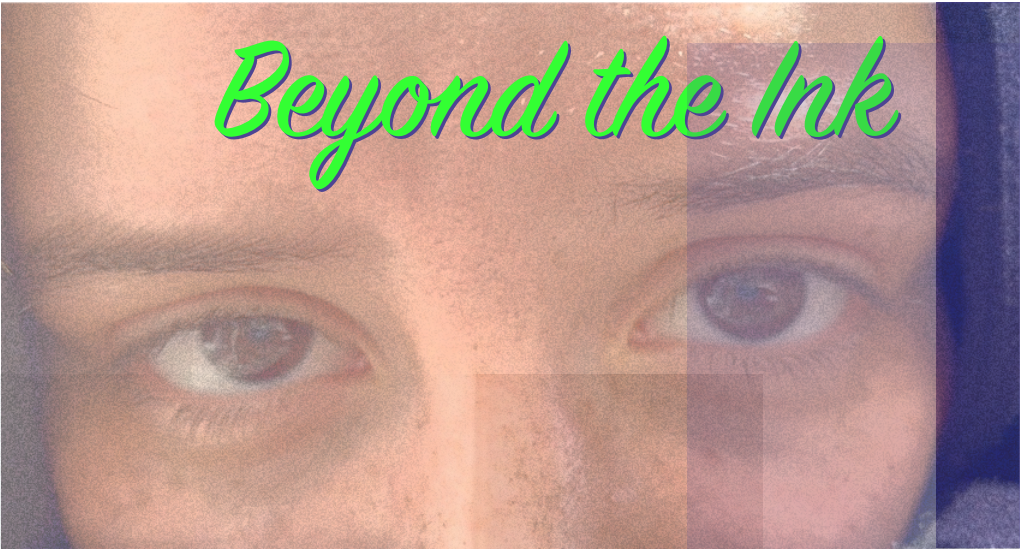


BEYOND THE INK
Page written by Vera Ramos

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BODY SWAPPING!
Since we couldn't exactly film every "life"
we originally created for the script our
improvs consisted of:
Student in a university class
Passionate reader in a library
Adventure lover by the sea
Tourist exploring crowded streets
Writer in a coffee shop
Which one is your favourite?

Seventeen-year-old Lily sits on a thin mattress inside a worn-out tent, its edges fluttering in the cold wind. Nearby, a small fire crackles, its flames dancing as if guarding the quiet of the moment. Far away, the soft sounds of explosions come and go, but she's used to the quiet that comes after—like the world stops for a moment to make space for a new dream. She holds a tattered old book, its pages frayed from being passed around, and begins to read softly, her voice rough from smoke and dust: "I saw my life branching out before me like the green fig tree in the story. From the tip of every branch, like a fat purple fig, a wonderful future beckoned and winked..." She stops, swallows hard, then pulls out a patched notebook and begins to write: "I wish I could live every life I ever imagined... to be everyone I once dreamed of becoming, far from this ash. But Lily didn't realize that sometimes, words are more than just ink on paper. As she writes, the world around her begins to shift. The wind stills. The fire calms. The tent fades. In a blink ,she finds herself in a modern lecture hall, filled with technology and spacious rooms. Another flash: she finds herself standing in front of a blackboard, looking at students listening with

wide eyes. She knows exactly what she's saying—her voice is strong, full. Another flash: a wooden table in a quiet café, pages covered in poetry lying before her, as if she had bled out every story that never found a chance to be told. Another flash: a crowded city street, she's holding a child's hand—they laugh, run, live She's suddenly back in the tent. The fire still burns, but it's not the same. Her eyes are filled with a wonder she's never known before. What she experienced wasn't just imagination—it was a taste of what's possible. She picks up the book again and continues reading: "I saw myself sitting in the crotch of this fig tree, starving to death, just because I couldn't make up my mind which of the figs I would choose..." This time, she doesn't feel despair—but urgency. She grabs her pencil and writes—not about escape, but about resolve. About a path she'll create for herself—even under tents, even among the ashes and under thr sounds of bombing She writes: "I won't choose just one fig... I will grow a tree from the roots of this pain, and make it bear fruit the way I want.

Coming up with the scenes was a full team effort. We imagined, we debated, and sometimes we just laughed through the chaos. Not everything went as planned, so we had to improvise a few moments. Despite that, the results were pretty close to the overall idea!!

SCENE 8 – Busy Street – Day

Shot #	Shot Size / Angle	Movement	INT/EXT	Time of Day	Shot Description
8.1	Wide	Tracking	EXT	Day	Lily runs through the crowd holding a child's hand.
8.2	Medium	Static	EXT	Day	They laugh and smile joyfully.

SCENE 9 – Back to Tent – Night

Shot #	Shot Size / Angle	Movement	INT/EXT	Time of Day	Shot Description
9.1	Wide	Static	INT	Night	Lily returns to the tent, fire still burning.
9.2	Close-Up	Static	INT	Night	Her eyes now filled with

Probably one of the hardest yet more enjoyable parts of this project, having to film in the crowded streets of Porto was truly chaotic. We also committed the mistake of underrating the audio, all of the videos start with either Mafalda or me saying : "zuuuum" as a way of saying "action". There were a lot of struggles to find ways to portay Gaza as well, since everything including our character was filmed in Portugal. However, we had the amazing help of students from other groups, as Farah Albahnsawy, who were able to film, and provided us with beautiful shots.

