

**BLQD**

Street walking

Blod  
sid 2.

**SCENE 1, EXT. PEDESTRIAN PRECINCT - DAY**

***Locked camera***

Annika waiting for Kersti. She has an open view of the street. Looks in different directions.

**SCENE 2, EXT. ROAD - DAY**

***Locked camera***

Kersti in her little Suzuki, drives up to the pavement. Stops.

**SCENE 3, EXT. ROAD - DAY**

***Locked camera.***

Kersti gets out of the car, walks round to the pavement, lifts out a camera bag and sees Annika looking in a different direction. She puts the bag back, opens the passenger door, leans in and hoots.

**SCENE 4, EXT. PEDESTRIAN PRECINCT - DAY**

***Locked camera***

Annika looks down at Kersti, nods hallo, but doesn't move.

**SCENE 5, EXT. PAVEMENT - DAY**

***Locked camera***

Kersti waves "come here, you fool" to Annika and shouts:

Kersti:

I'm so fed up with this! I'll never make  
another movie!

Annika walks towards the car, Kersti starts unpacking the equipment.

Blod.  
sid 3.

**SCENE 6, EXT. PAVEMENT - DAY**

***Locked camera.***

Annika helps opening the damned trunk. Kersti goes on about everything that makes filmmaking hopeless.

**SCENE 7, EXT. STAIRS BETWEEN ROAD AND PRECINCT - DAY**

***Locked camera***

While they're carting the equipment - camera bags, tripods, lenses, sound equipment, rucksacks - Kersti keeps churning on about the retarded bloody cocksucking film business. Annika tries to make herself heard to present the idea she's come to pitch, but she doesn't get a word in edgeways.

**SCENE 8, EXT. STAIRS BETWEEN ROAD AND PRECINCT - DAY**

***Locked camera.***

They walk up the stairs, Annika turns sharply and they are eye to eye.

Annika:

I thought we could make a film. About stepmothers, sex and

xxxxxxx.

Kersti turns on a penny.

Kersti:

That film we need to make!

**SCENE 8B, EXT. STAIRS BETWEEN ROAD AND PRECINCT - DAY**

***Hand held. Close up.***

Annika describes the film of her dreams: *a visual poem with a circle of stories cutting into and opening towards each other, which is about life being finite, oscillating between depth and triviality, moving in the tension between pain and humour, associative and condensed, surrealistic and poetic, irreverently changing style and pitch, both dreamy and concrete. Only her mouth is visible.*