

THE WOMAN THAT DIDN'T EXIST

Written by

Catarina S. Cesar

**BLACK SCREEN:**

SARAH (V.O.)

When I entered in my room  
yesterday, I found a woman... A  
woman that wasn't there.

[BEAT]

She asked:

"I used to have many souls, but  
any of them could tell me:  
Why was I written?"

**INT. CAR - DUSK**

SARAH (30's) is driving her car listening rock music. Her wrists are full of bracelets and her clothes subjects a spontaneous free spirit full of life, as long as with the decoration inside the car.

When suddenly another vehicle crosses in her way, and both  
CRASH.

Thousands of little pieces of glass spread and flies like  
little dust in the wind, before it hits the ground.

**INT. SARAH'S ATTIC - WEEKS AFTER**

ZOOM OUT: From the micro pieces of glass to the glint of  
light on Sarah's eye that is reflected in her mirror.

Sarah stares herself with a soft expression and penetrator  
look on the mirror hung in a painting board. She's now with  
a bandage on her head and bits of ink on her face, while  
trying to make her own portrait.

MARTHA (30's) is also in the room, showing her some  
pictures of random moments.

SARAH

(looking at the pics)

No...

(another pic)

Nothing.

MARTHA

The first year is always the most difficult.

Sarah suddenly remembers something.

SARAH

You said the same thing when I moved to this city.

MARTHA

Good! That's wasn't that far ago. You will remember the rest soon.

(comforts her)

And it's ok if you don't.

Sarah turns to her portrait, as she is speaking with it instead.

SARAH

I don't know what, or how to feel... I can't feel where I am anymore, it's empty. It's like I turned my own landscape.

MARTHA

Oh no, look at the time. I have to go. I'll return next Saturday; until then don't be so hard on yourself: This doesn't define you. You're still Sarah. Our Sarah!

Sarah still stares at the painting with doubts, as she's asking: *What does that mean?*

**INT. SUPERMARKET - NEXT DAY**

Sarah is undecided, looking at the food, with an empty basket. An Arabic MAN (50's) is looking at her with a serious look.

He comes close to her without looking away, and call her:

MAN

Aysha!

He approach her, now with an angry face.

SARAH

I'm Sarah.

She step back.

MAN

Aysha! Aysha!

Sarah is afraid, and runs to her car.

**INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (same day)**

Sarah's tries to sleep, but she can't.

**FLASHBACK:** The car accident.

The MAN of the shop, is the same MAN driving the car.

**END OF FLASHBACK**

Sarah gets up and start and goes to the attic.

**INT. SARAH'S ATTIC - NIGHT**

The attic is dark only with the light of the full moon through the windows. She finds a box; inside there's a different passport, photos with her using a scarf on her head and another family.

INSERT: Passport name - "Aysha".

She get's silent... In the corner there's her portrait, the expression of the portrait changes and she strangely moves and looks at real Sarah.

Real Sarah's now looks at her mirror, she has no face!

**INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Sarah wakes up with a heavy breathing. She's decided, and goes to the attic again.

**INT. ATTIC - NIGHT**

Sarah finds the passport and photos. She cries.

Suddenly, a strange SOUND seems to come from outside.

She looks through the window, with the wide starlight sky:  
The MAN (50's) is outside, in the street, looking at her.  
INSERT: Portrait - Sarah destroys the portrait with more  
paint. Looks like abstract art now.

Sarah packs her stuff, including Aysha items.

**EXT/INT. SARAH'S HOUSE/ CAR - SAME NIGHT**

Sarah waits for the man to leave. And get's out of the  
house with her bag.

Enters in the car, and clutch the pedal. She drives in the  
direction of the sunrise.

INSERT - Sarah's hand passing on Aysha box.

SARAH/AYSHA (V.O.)

When I entered in my room  
yesterday, I found a woman... A  
woman that wasn't there.

[BEAT]

*Not anymore.*