

I LOVE YOU TEACHER - PILOT

written by

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I LOVE YOU, PROFESSOR!

PILOT

written

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EXT./CITY OF CURITIBA/CREPÚSCULO

BACKGROUND MUSIC (70s blues)

A gray Galaxie wanders down a quiet street. The car radio plays the same 70s blues in a more muffled, brooding sound. The fingers strum the steering wheel to the rhythm of the music. The car stops at a traffic light. At the wheel, HENRIQUE, a 34-year-old Portuguese teacher, dark hair, white shirt, clumsily tries to keep up with the singer.

The signal opens. The car starts to move while Henrique continues to grumble. Soon he enters a wider street that is even less busy, very tree-lined and with wide sidewalks. Beautiful houses with well-ordered architecture. Soon the car is parked in front of a gray house. A PUPPY called ULISSES, brown with white spots, a mongrel with a predominant Labrador breed, jumps out and barks happily in the direction of the car. Henrique pressed the button on a remote control in an attempt to open the gate and curses something for not working.

HENRIQUE

Hello, buddy... How are you? Why are you out?

Henrique opens the door when he sees the little dog jumping and scratching. The dog climbs onto the seat as soon as Henrique gets up and barks, looking at him and the steering wheel.

HENRIQUE (CONT'D)

No, partner, not today. I've got things to do, exams to grade, a bit of rest... Go call Mom...

The dog kept barking.

HENRIQUE (CONT'D)

Come down, Ulysses. Not today, son.

The dog obeys. Henrique tries to press the garage door button outside the car one more time as he approaches. He sees some boxes on the side and frowns strangely.

HENRIQUE (CONT'D)

Damn it, jamming that door again!
MELISSA! Mel?

Henrique pushes open the garage door with difficulty. Henrique finds the garage in disarray, some bags, boxes and sacks on the floor.

HENRIQUE (CONT'D)

What's that?

MELISSA, blonde, curly hair tied in a bun on top of her head, short white T-shirt with a red rose printed on it and a wide collar down to her shoulders, ripped jeans and a red All-Star. suddenly appears with a box in her hands.

MELISSA

Hi, Henrique...

Melissa didn't even raise her eyes. She looked embarrassed. She goes to the corner of the garage and starts putting some potted plants in the box.

HENRIQUE

What... what are you doing? What are you going to do with the violets and cacti?

Melissa stopped for a moment and sighed. Her face was sad.

MELISSA

Sorry... I really have to do that...

Henry was distraught.

HENRIQUE

Mel... you promised me one more conversation...

Melissa continued to arrange the plants in the box.

HENRIQUE (CONT'D)

You promised we'd make your mother's German pie recipe and talk about it...

Melissa gets up, picks up another potted plant and squats in front of the box again.

HENRIQUE (CONT'D)

(more comiserate voice)

Why did you change your mind so suddenly?

Melissa stabs her finger into a cactus and curses an ugly name.

MELISSA

Damn it, Henrique! We can't do it anymore. We fight over a pillow, we haven't had sex for two-three weeks, the last time was as quick as a flash pee in Siberia. We're torturing ourselves... don't you see?

HENRIQUE

But I love you... we can fix this...

MELISSA

No... we can't... you know that.

A horn is heard outside. Henry frowns and turns his eyes to the street. A black car with dark windows is stopped.

HENRIQUE

But... who is it?

Melissa struggles to pick up three stacked boxes, including the one that held the plants, and heads outside. A man quickly gets out of the car and opens the trunk. Henrique recognizes him.

HENRIQUE (CONT'D)

Doctor Carlos?

CARLOS, one meter ninety, wavy hair with layers, big and unkempt. He wears a red checkered shirt and black pants. He waves to Henrique, who doesn't react. Melissa puts the boxes in the trunk. Carlos closes the trunk, leans against the car and lights a cigarette. He has a cynical smile on his face. Melissa turns back towards Henrique, who is standing angrily, uncomprehending.

HENRIQUE (CONT'D)

For how long?

MELISSA

Look, let's not make things worse, okay? You'll be fine. I took my clothes and stuff earlier. I left that cake tin you love.

Melissa quickly strokes Henrique's cheek and walks away.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

I'll leave Ulysses with you.

HENRIQUE

But... you love him...

MELISSA

But Cacá doesn't like dogs very much...

Ulysses barks a lot at Carlos.

CARLOS

(tapping his foot)

Pass! Let's go!

HENRIQUE

Cacá...?

(Henry grimaces)

MELISSA

Take care, okay?

Melissa drives away. Henrique, distraught, watches her get into the car. The car then drives off quickly. Henrique stood still for a long time. The sky had darkened completely.

Henrique comes to his senses when he hears the voice of a neighbor, Dona RUTH, a middle-aged woman with a knee-length dress and gray hair tied up in a ponytail.

DONA RUTH

I know what it's like, son. When my husband Elvis left me, it was worse than death.

Henrique flashes an amused smile.

DONA RUTH (CONT'D)

I was heartbroken. But I got used to it. The other five husbands who left, I just asked them to close the door when they left.

(laughs)

Henrique smiles back and heads for the car. He gets in, starts it and drives it inside. The garage door starts to lower by itself. Ulysses barks a few times. Henrique looks at the door in amazement and shakes his head negatively. Henrique stays in the car for a while, his head resting on the seat, staring at the ceiling.

INT/HENRIQUE'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM/NIGHT

Henry is sitting, slumped on the sofa in the living room, watching the hands of the huge clock work their way over the Roman numerals.

Henrique's eyes are soft, half-open. He's wearing the same clothes as when he arrived. His shirt is half open. A bottle of drink is lying next to him. Large cushions are scattered across the fluffy gray carpet. In the left-hand corner is a large vase of yellow flowers. The only light came from the 50-inch television set on a comedy program just ahead. The audience laughed at the comedian's every move. Next to the sofa, Ulysses was sleeping.

INT/HENRIQUE'S HOUSE/ROOM/DAY

Henrique is lying on the sofa, fast asleep, his mouth open, his hair disheveled. A news program is on the television. Ulysses passes through the living room carrying a newspaper in his mouth. He hears something, drops the newspaper and barks at the door that leads to the side of the house. Henrique opens his eyes and hears birds singing outside. He grimaces in pain. He looks at the clock in the living room, which reads half past six. He tries to get up with difficulty. He stands, but soon collapses, emitting a grunt of pain. Ulysses appears, licking his face.

CUT TO

OUTSIDE/HENRIQUE'S HOUSE/MORNING

Outside, Ruth looks at some flowers in front of her house and hears Henrique crying loudly and desperately in the bathroom. She presses her lips together and raises her eyebrows in lamentation.

EXT./SCHOOL STUDIUM SEMPER/MORNING

Henrique drives his car into the parking space where he always leaves it. But he notices that another car is parked there. He sighs and presses his hands on the steering wheel. Then he reverses and leaves it in the block below. He gets out of the car and some students greet him.

INT/SCHOOL STUDIO SEMPER/INTERIOR/CORRIDOR/MORNING

Henrique walks down the corridor between several students. He's wearing a blue sweater, worn jeans and white all-stars. His hair is messy.

Different students in the corridor. Some talk loudly, others laugh, others shout in surprise, others hug. Some say good morning to Henrique, who replies.

When he goes up the stairs, he bumps into Tábata, with partly wavy shoulder-length hair, glasses duly placed on her delicate nose, where there is a small ring piercing, just below on the left side above her upper lip, a small birthmark, a mole, 1.70, shapely body.

Notebooks and other things she was carrying fall to the floor. Henrique bends down to pick things up quickly, apologizing. She tries to bend down clumsily, but recoils when she almost hits him with her head.

HENRIQUE

Sorry! I'm sorry! I'm sorry. I was distracted.

TABATA

It was my fault, I was the one who was distracted.

Henrique gathers his notebooks, pens and papers at Tábata's feet. He notices a yellow alls-tar on her feet. He hands the partially arranged materials to Tábata.

HENRIQUE

There you go. Are you... new here? I've never seen you in these corridors.

TABATA

Ah, yes... yes. I'm new. My first day today. I've been in town since last week.

HENRIQUE

Ah, nice. Welcome back!

TABATA

Thank you.
(shy smile)

The two turned to continue on their way, but Henrique turned back to her.

HENRIQUE

Sorry... I didn't introduce myself. I'm Henrique, a Portuguese teacher.

TABATA

Nice to meet you. I'm Tábata Kania, a girl from Santa Catarina lost in Curitiba.

HENRIQUE

It's the first time I've been to a farewell, but I'm glad I had to go. We'll talk.

Tábata just smiles and waves shyly with one hand.

Henry climbs the stairs, frowning in confusion. Still looking at the steps under that flight of stairs. He gave a slight smile. He continued up, where there was less traffic. After a few flights, he soon reached the teachers' lounge. He enters the room and soon a murmur of voices among the teachers echoes. ALICE, the coordinator, in her 50s with red hair, wearing a gray suit with the school logo on the tight hat, approaches him.

COORDINATOR ALICE

Good morning, big boy!

HENRIQUE

Good morning.
(bitter smile)

CHARLES, a white professor of literature in his 40s, his hair partly gray and spiky, wearing worn-out pants and a tight polo shirt, approaches him.

CHARLES

Speak up, my good man. You don't look so good.

HENRIQUE

Good morning, Charles. Did you take your son's shirt to work again?

CHARLES

Funny. Don't make jokes, I know you. You're sad. Oh, man. Can you believe I'm taking you horseback riding in Parque dos Tropeiros?

Henry finishes sweetening his coffee and walks over to the table. Charles follows him after he has also sweetened his coffee.

HENRIQUE

I still don't understand your excitement. You've hated riding since the day your father made you ride from one town to another after you stole some horses, haven't you?

CHARLES

Ah, that was child's play. The thing is, there are some hot girls there, I'll tell you about it. They're veterinary students doing their internship hours.

HENRIQUE

Ah, now I understand your sudden desire for horses. Charles, "sir" is already a "sir".

CHARLES

I swear I thought you were my friend until now.

Henry smiles with a snuffle.

HENRIQUE

You really don't learn.

CHARLES

If it wasn't for your Mel, you could stick me there, you know?

HENRIQUE

Come on, comrade. You've come straight from the slums, from the boca de fumo to teach? Don't forget that you teach literature. Let's go to class, it's almost time.

Henrique stands up. Charles laughs, but it's strange.

CHARLES

Eita. What was that? What brand is the brown spider that bit you? Tell me what happened.

Henry throws the plastic cup in the garbage can and heads for the exit in silence. In the corridor Charles insists.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

My partner, you're not cool. I've known you for decades. Is everything all right with Ulysses? With your Galaxie? With Melissa?

HENRIQUE

Why did you say exactly in that order?

Charles lets out a laugh.

CHARLES

As I told you, decades... I know you love Melissa, but first comes Galaxie, but before Galaxie comes Ulysses, the mongrel who was run over and you saved him.

Henry sighed, shaking his head negatively.

HENRIQUE

Man, I wish... Mel left yesterday with her gynecologist.

Charles pulled in as much air as he could with his mouth, making a sound.

CHARLES

Fuckin' hell, man!

Henry stops walking, startled by his friend's reaction.

HENRIQUE

My mouthy friend! You're in a fucking school!

Charles was shocked by the news.

CHARLES

Dude, you have to tell me this. Jesus Christ!

Henry arrived in front of his office.

HENRIQUE

We'll talk later.

CHARLES

I'm fine. Until then, my anxiety will eat me alive.

HENRIQUE

See you later, crazy, mouthy, perverted boss.

CHARLES

See you later, Mr. Pope!

INT./ STUDIUM SEMPER SCHOOL/CLASSROOM/MORNING

Henrique Benjamin explains to the students.

HENRIQUE

You must read the whole text,
never skip to the announcement of
the question. Please read the
whole text. You need to have a
good vocabulary and know how to
use the information given in the
text. Don't let your opinions
influence your interpretations.

There is a knock on the door. Henrique sees through the small glass space that it is Tábata and frowns. Tábata opens the door as Henrique walks towards her.

TABATA

Sorry, this is 3B, isn't it? I
think that's my class.

Henry is partly surprised.

HENRIQUE

Ah, Tábata, right? Welcome back.

Henrique turned to the class.

HENRIQUE (CONT'D)

Guys, this is Tábata, your new
colleague.

There were disorganized murmurs of "welcome" from the students. Tábata sat down next to a black girl with colorful hair, black lipstick on her big lips, big hoop earrings, wearing a big Jamaican blouse with a dream filter, called TAYALA. Tayala looked her up and down with a frown, then looked straight ahead again. Tábata said "hi" but Tayala just shook her head. Tábata just pressed her lips together in an apathetic smile. MAURÍCIO CEZAR, 17 years old, white skin, black hair, earring in one ear, tattoo on his left hand, loose black shirt over a red T-shirt with a drawing of a skull smoking.

MAURICE

Ixi... it's going to get tense.
He was sitting right next to the
firecracker hair...

Several students laughed.

TAYALA

What's it like?

There were cheers in the class, some angry, some laughing, others inciting a possible fight.

HENRIQUE

Hey! Hey! Please! Quiet!

Mauricio's voice is the only one that remains once the whole gang falls silent.

MAURICE

...Because if she doesn't wash the pots with her head, what's she doing with that tangled rainbow hair...?

The class laughs. Tayala sighs, Tábata purses her lips.

HENRIQUE

Trying to be funny again, Mauricio?

MAURICE

If we don't laugh at life, we're fucked.

(between disdainful laughs)

Mauricio greets a friend with dyed hair from the side with a fist bump.

HENRIQUE

Mauricio, please. I'm asking for respect! Did you know that what you just said is a crime of racism?

MAURICE

Well, are you sour today, professor? What a fucking mimimi.

Henry sighs.

HENRIQUE

Mauricio. Get up! Out of my room now. Please!

Mauricio was surprised and indignant.

MAURICE

What? What the fuck? I was joking!

HENRIQUE

Out!

Mauricio stands up with indignation on his face, approaches Henrique, stares at him, scrunches up his nose and then pulls in a breath a few centimeters from Henrique's face. Seeing that Henrique remained irresolute and indifferent, not intimidated, he moves away, pulls the door hard and slams it, causing a loud noise. Henrique sighs, closes his eyes for a second and looks at the class, which is silent. After a few seconds staring at the table, Henrique decides to continue the lesson.

HENRIQUE (CONT'D)

Let's turn to page 63 and read an excerpt from the book The Continent by Érico Veríssimo. Let's analyze this text.

INT/SCHOOL STUDIUM SEMPER/ROOM/MORNING

HENRIQUE

Well done, everyone! That's all for today. You can hand in your texts here. This note will complement the exam on the 5th.

The students gradually handed in their texts. Tayala approaches and puts in her text. Henrique studies it for a few seconds.

HENRIQUE (CONT'D)

Are you all right?

TAYALA

Yes, I'm fine.

HENRIQUE

Really? Look... if you want we can open an administrative procedure and then even a lawsuit, but think... he's just an immature kid...

TAYALA

Professor, don't worry. Don't worry. I'm fine. Thank you for your concern. See you tomorrow.
(winks and smiles)

HENRIQUE

Okay. Take care.

All the students have handed in their texts, only Tábata remains. She puts the material in her bag and stands up. Henrique watches her as she packs her things. Then she approaches.

TABATA

That's it.

HENRIQUE

Ah, thank you.

Tábata turned and took a few steps towards the door. Henrique called out to her.

HENRIQUE (CONT'D)

Look... you must have had a bad impression of Mauricio. But he's just a boy.

TABATA

Oh, don't worry, I've seen worse, believe me.

Henrique pressed his lips together. Tábata continued to stand a few meters from the door.

TÁBATA (CONT'D)

You... I'm sorry, you...

HENRIQUE

Please, I prefer it to be 'you'.

TABATA

That's all right. You seem to have a lot of self-control, don't you? The boy almost kissed you...
(laughs)

HENRIQUE

Almost bit me, you mean?

Tábata laughs. Henrique sighs heavily as he smells her perfume.

TABATA

Do you have to put up with that every day?

HENRIQUE

Look, some people think we have to educate, my job is to teach, you know... but even so, many teachers, most of them, educate and teach.

(MORE)

HENRIQUE (CONT'D)
All for the greater good. But
educating is the parents' job.
Tomorrow, when he becomes a good
citizen, he'll thank me.

TABATA
Wow... deep. I admire you teachers...Well... I'm
going...

HENRIQUE
See you tomorrow.
(squeezing his lips into
a smile)

Henrique continues to arrange his things on the table.
Tábata stops again halfway and turns around.

TABATA
Excuse me... how old are you?

Henrique takes some books in his hands and closes a drawer,
leaning on his leg. He frowns and smiles.

HENRIQUE
Do you want to analyze my
retirement or find out how I can
look so young?

Tábata smiled.

TABATA
Really... I'm just curious.

Henry walks to the door with his books in hand and his bag
on his shoulder.

HENRIQUE
I'm twice your age, if you ask me.

Tábata shook her head twice in the affirmative, pursing her
lips in a whisper.

TABATA
Interesting... that "if you ask
me" seemed so suggestive, so
pretentious.

Henry pulled the door open with a frown.

HENRIQUE
What do you mean?

TABATA

Oh, no...

HENRIQUE

Okay. Okay. Hummm.

Tábata laughs. The two walk down the school corridor.

HENRIQUE (CONT'D)

See you tomorrow.

Henrique headed towards the teachers' room, while Tábata headed towards the toilets. Halfway there, he heard someone calling. It's Charles.

CHARLES

"My friend" Who is that girl? You don't waste time, do you? Mel's dead body hasn't even cooled down!

Henry looks at him with a grimace, squinting his eyes.

HENRIQUE

Partner, look for a rehabilitation clinic for Chronic Perverts, you look ugly in the photo. She's a student, you pervert.

Charles is surprised.

CHARLES

No kidding... One hell of a woman... and what a beautiful woman!

HENRIQUE

Yes, she's beautiful, but if she keeps talking like that, she'll get a letter of resignation and a pair of handcuffs.

They arrive in the living room. Henrique puts some things away in the cupboard.

CHARLES

I've got a meeting now, and it's boring as hell. I'd really like to go to a bar and have a drink. Will you wait for me?

Henry grumbles, rummaging through a cupboard.

HENRIQUE

Man, I'm going to wind down here. I don't want to leave. I've left enough food for Ulysses. He'll be fine.

CHARLES

So closed, crazy. Tamo Junto.
I'll leave my bike here and we'll
go by car. Now let me see the
ugly faces of the coordinators.

HENRIQUE

Go on.

Charles leaves the room. He takes out his cell phone and starts looking at photos of him and Melissa. He starts deleting some of hers. Soon a red-haired student appeared in the room. He looked scared.

NOISY STUDENT

Professor! Your car...

Henrique took off his glasses and hurried to keep up with his student. He soon arrived outside and found all four tires of his car were deflated.

HENRIQUE

You've got to be kidding...

He puts his hands on his waist, purses his lips, takes a deep breath and begins to look around the car more carefully. On the left-hand side he finds a note written

BISON NIGGER, THAT'S JUST THE BEGINNING

Henrique feels distressed. Just then a lowered blue sedan passes by on the other side, with a loud stereo and five students inside. At the wheel is Mauricio, who stares at Henrique, laughing and sneering. Then they take the road and disappear. He picks up the phone to call a tire repairer. Shortly afterwards, a tire repairer arrives with a truck and starts to work on the car. Tábata appears, taking Henrique by surprise. She's surprised by all the movement and gets nervous.

TABATA

Hi, teacher. What's going on?

Henry sighs heavily.

TÁBATA (CONT'D)

It goes without saying. It was
that boy, wasn't it?

Henrique sighs again, pursing his lips. Tábata sees the note in Henrique's hand.

TÁBATA (CONT'D)

What's that?

Henry takes the note and hides it in his pocket.

HENRIQUE

It's no big deal, it's just
a complement to the
inconsequential nonsense of
these kids.

TABATA

I'm sorry, professor. Do you need
anything?

HENRIQUE

No... no. No, it's fine. I'll
stay. I'll fix the tires and go
home... Thank you.

Tábata turns to leave, but stops halfway.

TABATA

But... I'm still going to stay
with you for a while... with you,
you look distressed.

Henry looks at her with a smile on his face, trying to
understand her.

HENRIQUE

That's fine. It'll be quick here.

The tire repairer comes up to him.

BORRACHER

Sir. You'll need two new tires.
These two on the left side are
broken. They look like they've
been pricked.

Henrique quickly goes to the tire repairer and then looks
more carefully at the tires. He shakes his head and then
scratches it.

HENRIQUE

All right... There's no other
way... how do we do it?

BORRACHER

I need to go to the garage to
pick up two tires. I have two new
ones that will be perfect here.

Henry nodded.

right back.

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Henrique goes back to Tábata.

TABATA
I think it's going to take a
little longer, isn't it?

HENRIQUE
É...
(sigh)

EXT./HIGH SCHOOL STUDIUM SEMPER/DAY

Henrique is outside talking to Tábata, sitting on a large rock under the shade of a tree. Henrique now has his shirt sleeves pulled up, eating snacks and drinking soda, when Charles appears. He watches the mechanic working on Henrique's car. Then he comes closer to Henrique and Tábata.

CHARLES
Dude, what happened? Hi, lady.
Nice to meet you. I'm Charles, a
literature teacher.

TABATA
Nice to meet you. Tábata Kania,
just a student for now.
(laughs)

Charles looks down at Henrique.

CHARLES
Those sons of bitches

HENRIQUE
Charles.

Charles looked at Tábata.

CHARLES
Excuse me. Was it those comb-
overs? That's a crime, you know.

HENRIQUE
Never mind, one day they'll learn.
Hopefully not in the worst way.

CHARLES
Oh, that's the way it's going to be.

TABATA
Well... I'm off... see you later...

HENRIQUE

Thanks for the company!

Tábata smiles from afar and nods. Charles stares at Henrique.

HENRIQUE (CONT'D)

Don't even start...

INT./BAR/CREPÚSCULO

There are lots of people around, some standing, some sitting and others walking around the room, some laughing loudly, others drinking quietly. The two teacher friends chat in front of the bar while they drink. A TV is on playing some kind of game.

CHARLES

I told her I couldn't do it, man... how am I going to present the quarterly assessment with those students below average? Does everyone want to pass the year just on the basis of attendance? Absurd, man. Poor world in a few years' time.

HENRIQUE

No way, man.

Charles turns the beer bottle over in his mouth.

CHARLES

Dude, don't be like that... women like Melissa, who don't value men like you, will only suffer and end up alone.

Henry sighs and purses his lips, looking away.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

How can you suddenly stop liking someone, man? You were so close to each other.

HENRIQUE

That's right, partner... at the beginning of these three years, I think the first year we really liked each other, but then things got boring, monotonous... a lot of my fault too...

CHARLES

Man, I don't know... her leaving the house and asking her lover to pick her up, knowing you'd be there, is just too cruel.

HENRIQUE

I thought so too. I wouldn't do that to her, ever.

CHARLES

You see, trout, that's your problem. That's why they bully you, because they know you can hardly react. All right, you almost killed a guy in college by beating him up, but you've changed a lot, you used to be crazier...

HENRIQUE

Man, we mature. I choose empathy and not being a bad character. I choose to be human.

CHARLES

I didn't know that to mature was to become Jesus Christ, you don't react, my brother.

HENRIQUE

Man, I really loved that woman, I was very much in love, I don't know exactly where we lost each other.

Charles noticed that Henrique began to drink faster and became more distressed.

CHARLES

That's cool. I'll tell you what. How about we go home now? You need to drive. I'll drop you off near home and you can go home.

HENRIQUE

Okay. Okay. "Let's go.

EXT./CURITIBA/NIGHT

Henrique drives his car along the damp street. It's raining lightly at the moment. An upbeat 80s rock song is playing on the radio. Charles is next to him and tries to keep up with the singer.

CHARLES

Oh man, that's all I needed...

HENRIQUE

Don't complain, you really need a shower. It'll make Saturday's shower better.

CHARLES

Funny.

HENRIQUE

Do you want me to go around the corner and leave you in front?

CHARLES

No, no. Right here. It'll take you half an hour just to make those contours in that damned binary.

Then the car stops. Charles gets out with his briefcase on his head.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Take care, the stallion. Come sober tomorrow.

HENRIQUE

See you later, the mobster. Go through the shadows.

Charles ran and soon turned down another block. Henry saw him enter his house as he steered the car into the next street on the left.

OUTSIDE/HENRIQUE'S HOUSE/NIGHT

The gray Galaxie pulls up in front of the white gate. It's raining heavily. Henrique picks up the control and presses it, again it doesn't work, he sighs, grabs an umbrella from behind the passenger seat, opens the car door, opens the umbrella and gets out, pushing the door. When he gets under the eaves, he's startled. A figure of a person is standing there. Henrique heard Ulysses' relentless barking.

HENRIQUE

Who are you?

VOICE OF THE VOICE

Calm down, it's me!

Henrique recognizes the voice. Táбата soon approaches and the light from the eaves reveals her.

She was wearing a flowery dress that hit the middle of her thighs, a denim jacket and her school bag on one shoulder.

HENRIQUE

Tábata...? What are you doing here?

Henry notices that she is partially wet, her eyes are red and her face is swollen. A sign that she had been crying.

TABATA

Can we talk...?

Henrique stares at her, bemused.

HENRIQUE

Okay... I'll put the car away
and... we'll talk.

He opens the garage door with difficulty. Ulysses comes out, bouncing, sniffs Tábata, who comes in and barks at her. She tries to distract him with her hands. Henrique scolds him. Henrique goes to his car and parks it in the garage.

INT/HENRIQUE'S HOUSE/DINING ROOM/NIGHT

Henrique is sitting with his hands folded on the square marble table, analyzing Tábata who is sitting opposite him, his brow furrowed upwards, eyes squeezed shut, head tilted slightly to one side. Tábata stares at him, trying to understand what comes next. A single light illuminates the table where they are standing. The rest of the room is dark, except for the living room light, which is only on at the sides between the plasterwork. Tábata shivers slightly. Ulysses stares at Tábata too. Ears perked up. Henrique looks at Ulysses.

HENRIQUE

What's that, man?
(nods to the side where
Tábata is)

Ulysses barks. Henrique looks at Tábata with a more compassionate face. Tábata smiles a little with her lips. They stare at each other for a few seconds. They both stand up suddenly. Tábata advances across the table and grabs Henrique, kissing him. Ulysses is startled and starts barking. Henrique takes her in his arms and kisses her intensely. His lips, his neck, his face. He stupidly takes off his jacket and throws it on the floor. Their breathing is rapid. Tábata helps him take off his shirt. The kisses are intense.

Henrique lifts Tábata's dress and places her on the table. He hugs her. She bites his shoulder. Tábata lets out a hoarse moan of pleasure that echoes.

INT/HENRIQUE'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM/NIGHT

Henrique is arranging the cushions on the large sofa in the living room, then picks up some papers from the floor, then tidies up the large, shaggy carpet. Ulysses is lying down in the corner. Then Henrique looks up and sees Tábata standing at the foot of the stairs. She's dressed in white soccer shorts and a blue sweatshirt, well above her number. Her hair is damp.

HENRIQUE

Hi... how's the hot bath?

Tábata pressed her lips together and shook her head.

TABATA

Better... Thanks for the clothes...

HENRIQUE

They look good on you.

Tábata laughs. Henrique fluffs up the sofa.

HENRIQUE (CONT'D)

Done! House more or less fixed up.

Tábata squeezes her lips together. She's still standing near the corridor. After a short silence while Henrique adjusted something on the Home Teacher near the TV.

TABATA

Look... I wanted to...

Henry turned around sighing.

HENRIQUE

Come here. Let's talk.

Tábata approached and sat down on the sofa. Henrique did the same.

TABATA

I... got home today and ended up arguing with my father... he wants me to go back to his company in Joiville, but I don't want to... we had a bad fight...

(MORE)

TÁBATA (CONT'D)

I've been afraid to go back there
ever since my uncle Thomas, his
brother, started working there.

Henry frowns and purses his lips.

HENRIQUE

Humm... Keep going.

Tábata sighed. Henrique looked at her suspiciously.

TABATA

It's hard for me... But...
(Sigh)

HENRIQUE

Go ahead... don't be afraid... I
can see you're holding a volcano
inside.

Tábata's eyes began to moisten. She looks Henry in the
eye. Henrique looks at her more alarmed.

HENRIQUE (CONT'D)

Go on, darling... let off steam,
trust me...

Tábata sighs in a short pause.

TABATA

I was abused when I was eight
years old by this uncle of mine?
It was never very clear to me, I
ended up forgetting, you know...
but when I was twelve to thirteen,
we were on the beach and he tried
again, but he didn't succeed, my
father almost caught him, he
disguised it well. Then I said I
was going to tell my parents, and
he said that no one would believe
me and if that happened, he would
kill me and my whole family... it
was terrible... since then I've
tried to make things seem
normal... I didn't tell my parents
just because of that, it's because
of the shame too and that they
don't believe me, you know?

Henrique's face is more frightened and with a mixture of
indignation.

TÁBATA (CONT'D)

My uncle is the pastor of a well-known church, you know... he's very respected, because he goes into the communities to help people who live in precarious situations, he does a lot of charitable acts, this year he was invited by some parties to run for mayor, people like him, you know... But they don't know him that way, if I say anything nobody will believe me... When he started working with my father last year, the traumas came back like ghosts, I can't sleep properly, I keep thinking all the time that he might come into the room where I work, or break into my house and come into my room... I have horrible nightmares...

Henry sighs heavily.

HENRIQUE

Are you in a hotel here?

TABATA

No... my father has an apartment here, he does a lot of business here.

Henry sighs.

HENRIQUE

I'm... kind of shocked... you know... I looked at you like that and... I couldn't imagine, what a thing...

Henry looks at her with commiserated eyes.

HENRIQUE (CONT'D)

What can I do for you?

TABATA

Look... I don't want to involve you in this... just let me stay here today, tomorrow I'll leave, this isn't your problem, I'm sorry...

HENRIQUE

Look... I think I've accidentally got involved now... it can't stay like this...

TABATA

Look, please don't do anything, I came here because I felt safe with you, you seem like a very nice person, and I don't want to spoil anything good about you.

Tábata gets up.

TÁBATA (CONT'D)

On second thoughts, I think I'll go, it wasn't a good idea to show up, I...

Henry stood up.

TÁBATA (CONT'D)

Hey! Calm down... it's not like that, please... I'm not going to do anything I don't want to do, I just want to help, stay calm... stay here for today, we'll talk more, I can't let you go out like this... it's cold and raining... stay calm, I'll order something for us to eat...

Tábata pressed her lips together.

HENRIQUE

Come here.

Henrique goes over to Tábata and hugs her. She snuggles into his arms.

INT/HENRIQUE'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM/NIGHT

The TV is on a comedy channel. The pizza box is on the coffee table next to two wine glasses. A bottle of wine is on the floor next to the sofa. Tábata is sitting on the sofa like an Indian, eating a large piece of pizza. She wears large round glasses. Henrique is wearing gray sweatpants and a white T-shirt with the words "There is no time for prejudice, brother!" written in large, irregular letters. He grabs a piece of pizza from the table. While laughing at a joke the comedian told on TV. A soundtrack of laughter plays in the background.

TABATA

That girl in the painting...

Henry grumbles as he chews.

TÁBATA (CONT'D)

Your... girlfriend?

HENRIQUE

My ex... We lived together for three years. She cheated on me with the big gynecologist. He picked her up at the door yesterday.

(He says looking at the TV the whole time)

Henrique laughs, pointing at the TV as he chews. He holds a piece of pizza in his hands. Táбата is paralyzed, her eyes wide, staring at Henrique. He bends down to pick up the bottle of wine.

TABATA

Is that so?

HENRIQUE

Yes...

TABATA

What a daughter of a...

HENRIQUE

Don't... don't do it... it's not worth it... feel anger towards someone who is worth it...

TABATA

I'm sorry... but what nonsense you've told... I can't understand it... you must be holding a bar... How can you?

Henry sighs after taking a sip of wine.

HENRIQUE

Look... I wasn't like that, you know... calm, I was very agitated and anxious, I've changed a lot over the last few years. Especially after I almost killed a colleague at university in a bad fight. That was a trauma for me. I pushed a lot of people out of my life because of that. I had to mold myself, I was very stressed. What's more, my own psychiatrist warned me that my heart wouldn't last until I was thirty if I carried on like that.

(MORE)

HENRIQUE (CONT'D)

So I dedicated myself deeply to various psychological and physical treatments. I took part in road races, martial arts, meditation, hypnotism and other activities. Anyway... I ended up finding a click, you know, to switch off, so I can control myself well, think before I act and so on...

TABATA

Wow... what a story... But don't you think he's very nice?
(laughs)

HENRIQUE

I don't know... I prefer it like this to the way it was before, just over ten years ago, when I was like a gunpowder, all it took was the snap of a finger for me to ignite. I started teaching after the treatment, otherwise I might have made a mess of things with irreverent and inconsequential students like Maurício, for example.

TABATA

But from what I've seen, anyone would like to hang Maurício.
(laughs)

Henry laughs.

HENRIQUE

That's true... but there are other ways, everyone has a glass ceiling, a weak point, an Achilles heel, you know... so we have to use that, but not against, in this case, but in favor of the person and all of us, of course.

Tábata shakes her head slowly in agreement, while Henrique Pours wine into his glass.

INT/HENRIQUE'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM/NIGHT

Henrique prepares the sofa for Tábata to sleep on. Tábata is in the bathroom brushing her teeth. He fluffs the pillow and adjusts the blanket. Tábata appears in the living room.

TABATA

Your bathroom is amazing.

HENRIQUE

I like a comfortable bathroom.

TABATA

By the way, your house is beautiful.

HENRIQUE

Thank you. But believe me, it has to have a feminine touch to look like that.

Henrique finishes tidying up the sofa, which has become a bed.

TABATA

Look, teacher, I'm really sorry for this inconvenience, I really am... I was desperate and sad, so I got your address at school.

HENRIQUE

But...

TABATA

I called and made up a story about a card to send and they gave me your address.

HENRIQUE

Boy, what a thing... we have to change that policy there...

TABATA

I'm sorry...

HENRIQUE

Don't worry... just sleep it off. I've got to correct the text analyses that those pricks did today, including yours.

(laughs)

But don't worry, watch TV until you go to sleep. Forget about your problems for a while, it's good for you. Tomorrow will be a little better.

Tábata holds the pillow in her hands.

TABATA

Thank you, you're really sweet.

HENRIQUE

That's it, it's the least I can do. Good night.

TABATA

Good evening.

Henry turns away and walks over to Ulysses, who is lying on his pillow.

HENRIQUE

Let me see... there's water...
food ok! Just a little pee on the
paper.

Tábata lies on the sofa and listens to Henrique, who is closer to the kitchen. She smiles.

INT/HENRIQUE'S HOUSE/BEDROOM/NIGHT

It's late, after midnight. Henrique is sitting at his desk, with only the light of a lamp on. He's scribbling something in the text while whispering what he's written. He sighs, takes off his glasses and rubs his eyes. He stretches and realizes that Ulysses is in his room.

HENRIQUE

Hey, buddy, were you feeling lonely? You can stay here with me. You never slept here, did you? Mom wouldn't let you... a bit syrupy, wasn't she?

Ulysses approaches, wagging his tail slowly. Henry strokes it.

HENRIQUE (CONT'D)

All right, let me finish this. Do you want to help me? No, do you? If it was about cookies you'd help, I bet.

Henrique puts on his glasses and picks up the next text. Suddenly he reads Tábata's name in the header. Then he looks at the text.

HENRIQUE (CONT'D)

"Here, continent means
agglutination, cohesion,
family effort in a common sense.

(MORE)

HENRIQUE (CONT'D)
 Quite different from archipelago,
 which brings the idea of
 disintegration, the end of the
 clan, splintering, isolation of
 individuals..."

Henry took off his glasses and frowned in astonishment.

HENRIQUE (CONT'D)
 Holy shit! This text is perfect!
 It deserves an A.

He pauses and looks at the wall in front of him.

HENRIQUE (CONT'D)
 Who are you, Tábata?
 (Almost in a
 whisper)

TABATA
 Only Tábata, why?

Henrique's body spasms slightly as he is startled.

HENRIQUE
 You want to kill me with
 your heart? I thought you'd
 already fainted.

TABATA
 I'm sorry... I couldn't sleep. I
 went to the bathroom...

HENRIQUE
 Well... I don't know if I
 mentioned it, but there's one
 below...

Tábata approaches slowly.

TABATA
 I was thinking about you,
 Professor.

Tábata reaches Henrique and strokes the back of his neck. He
 closes his eyes.

HENRIQUE
 Ah... no... don't do that...
 (almost in a whisper)

Tábata kneels down.

TABATA
 You need to relax.

Henrique throws his head back. She performs oral sex on him. But it's hidden by the shadow.

HENRIQUE

What's in the paper tomorrow?
Teacher gets student drunk and
rapes her all night?

TABATA

Exactly!
(laughs)

INT/HENRIQUE'S HOUSE/BEDROOM/MORNING

Henry starts to wake up screaming.

MELISSA

Henry? Darling? Are you
there? I need to get my
earrings that I forgot.
Darling...

Melissa climbs the stairs and pushes open the bedroom door. Henrique is already standing, shirtless and wearing a pair of shorts. Tábata is still up covering her breasts, her hair messy, her face frightened, alert. Melissa is stunned.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Jesus, man! You really didn't
waste any time! Have you called a
prostitute yet?

Melissa looks at Tábata.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Sorry, nothing against your work.

HENRIQUE

Look, she's not a prostitute,
she's...

TABATA

A colleague from work!

MELISSA

I know... congratulations, she's
beautiful. How many minutes did
she last with you? Two minutes?
Five? More than ten you can
celebrate!

HENRIQUE

Melissa! Please, Melissa!

MELISSA
Where have you put my fucking earrings?

HENRIQUE
I don't know which earrings you're talking about.

Melissa goes through the drawers of a small chest of drawers, the bedside tables, opens and closes the drawers stupidly. She goes to the bathroom, opens the cupboard.

MELISSA
I found the damn thing! Bye!

She comes down the stairs and screams from below.

MELISSA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Ah, you can fuck again. If he manages to get it up again, you see, darling? It's one a month, and that's it...

In the bedroom, Henrique looks at Melissa and shakes his head negatively.

TABATA
You were great!
(she whispered, gesturing)

Henry purses his lips in confusion.

HENRIQUE
Thanks!
(whisper)

EXT./HENRIQUE'S HOUSE/FRONT OF HOUSE

Melissa gets into Carlos' car and slams the door.

CARLOS
Is everything all right?

MELISSA
Yes, it is!

CARLOS
Was he there?

MELISSA
I was with a whore!

CARLOS

But look at that little bugger...!

MELISSA

Just drive, please!

OUTSIDE/HENRIQUE'S HOUSE/MORNING

Henrique maneuvers the car out into the street. He presses the control and the door goes down. He gestures in appreciation that the door worked. Tábata gets into the car. Someone behind a tree photographs the action. Tábata strokes Henrique's face as he accelerates the car away. More photos are taken.

EXT./CURITIBA/ STREET/ AFTERNOON

The Galaxie stops. Tábata kisses Henrique on the lips, OPENS THE DOOR and goes downstairs. Someone photographs everything from afar. Tábata runs and catches a taxi straight away. The Galaxie follows.

EXT./SCHOOL/PARK/MORNING

Henrique turns the car around and sees that Mauricio's blue car is parked in his space. He sighs, reverses and leaves the car in a nearby parking space. He gets out, studies the blue car once more and shakes his head positively.

INT./SCHOOL/TEACHERS' ROOM/MORNING

Henry talks to a teacher with short hair and a red dress. Charles arrives, fixing his shirt.

CHARLES

Good morning, good morning!

HENRIQUE

Good morning, champ!

Charles walks over to the coffee table.

CHARLES

I see you're excited today.

The teacher, who was talking to Henrique, walks away after asking to be excused.

HENRIQUE

Yeah, I'm feeling better. I got a good night's sleep.

CHARLES
That's great! I thought I'd get a
certificate today!

HENRIQUE
Me? When did I do that?

CHARLES
Oh, that's right, you're an
asshole of a pope.

Charles takes a sip of coffee and burns his lips.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
Fuck!

HENRIQUE
Ah, old Charles, cursing and
making his colleagues frown.

CHARLES
They should be used to it by now.

HENRIQUE
You didn't want to wear Fred's
clothes today?

Charles laughs.

CHARLES
Are you doing stand-up for the class today?

Henry laughs.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
Tell me... Melissa came back to
have a chat and you ended up
having violent, ravishing sex.

Henry grimaces.

HENRIQUE
Dude, she did show up. This
morning, breaking into my house.
I'm going to have to change the
locks.

CHARLES
AH! I knew it!

HENRIQUE
She went to the gynecologist.

CHARLES

What...? There was a threesome...?

HENRIQUE

So many years and I can't get used to your perversity...

CHARLES

You're too old-fashioned! At twenty-five, you've decided to turn sixty right away. Sexagenarian old man!

Henry laughs.

HENRIQUE

She was furious when she saw me with Tá...

Henrique is paralyzed. Charles stares at him.

CHARLES

No... no... Have you ever called a prostitute? Bro... talk about me later! Who is it? Those pimps we used to call in college when we got dumped?

Henry sighs with relief.

HENRIQUE

Yeah... man, I called. One of those hot girls...

CHARLES

Oh, you naughty boy! You fucking pervert! Tamo Junto, brother! What a delight to know that Mel saw... she doesn't deserve you, man...

HENRIQUE

It's true... Well, let's get going...

CHARLES

But what about... tell me more...

The two men were already on their feet heading for the door.

HENRIQUE

Man... we just had sex like any couple. It was nice, relaxing...

CHARLES

Ahh... that's my partner...

HENRIQUE

Man, I feel like it's my first time... stop it, you're stoned, aren't you...?

CHARLES

No, man... I just don't like seeing you slumped in the corners...

HENRIQUE

I know... you like listening to erotic tales, I know...

CHARLES

Yes, also... I confess, but what you said is true.

HENRIQUE

Go on, I need to make a call first.

CHARLES

All right. See you later... eater...

Henrique laughs, picking up his cell phone. A few students pass by. He approaches a window and notices the parking lot below.

HENRIQUE

Hello! I'd like to make a complaint...

INT./SCHOOL/CLASSROOM 3 B

Henrique explains to the students

HENRIQUE (CONT'D)

...So syntax also studies the relationships between the various clauses that make up a period.

Someone knocks on the door. Henrique sees coordinator Alice and principal MARTA, hair tied back with a clip, wearing a dark brown jacket, a black skirt and a white shirt underneath. She is accompanied by a policewoman.

DIRECTOR MARTA

Excuse me, Henrique. I need to take one of your students.

The policewoman stands in the corridor.

DIRECTOR MARTA (CONT'D)
Mauricio Cezar. Please join me.

Mauricio Cezar stands up, looking frightened.

DIRECTOR MARTA (CONT'D)
You can take your things. Your
bag, your materials.

A few students murmur. Mauricio quickly packs his things and leaves, his face shaken, he looks at Henrique and his face changes to one of revolt, then he smiles.

INT./SCHOOL/CLASSROOM 3 B

Mauricio walks alongside the principal and the policewoman.

POLICE
How old are you?

MAURICE
I'm 17, I'll be 18 at the end of
the year.

POLICE
Right. So you don't have a
driver's license, do you?

Mauricio squeezes his lips together and closes his eyes.

MAURICE
But... I live nearby... I'm fine,
it's quiet...

POLICE
Do you have a license?

MAURICE
No, I...

POLICE
Let's go to the police station...
your father could be indicted...

MAURICE
Please... don't involve him... I
promise not to come anymore...

POLICE
Sorry, kid, we're going to have
to tow your car away and subpoena
your father for a statement.

(MORE)

POLICE (CONT'D)

We have several reports of racing, disturbances and dangerous driving involving that car. You are his responsibility.

Mauricio swallows. And presses his jaw together.

INT/SCHOOL STUDIUM SEMPER/INTERIOR/CLASSROOM 3 B

Henrique is sitting at his desk. The class is quietly doing an assignment. Henrique's cell phone vibrates several times. He takes it out of his pocket and when he opens it, his eyes widen, he breathes heavily, his nostrils flaring. On the screen there is a photo of him kissing Tábata, him in the car at the wheel and her with the door half open. He checked the number, it was unknown. He looks ahead, his face haunted.

END