



ESCURO.

JOKANAAN soluça. Calma e silenciosamente.

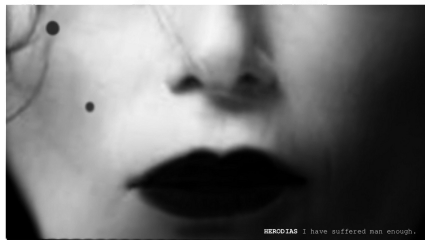
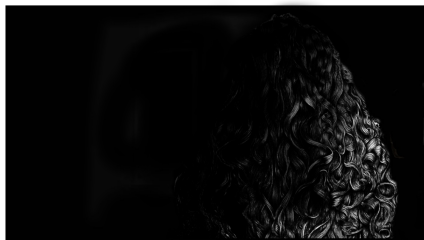
JOKANAAN (v.o.)  
Os centauros esconderam-se  
nos rios e as ninfas  
deixaram os rios e  
encontram-se nas florestas, deitadas por  
baixo das folhas.

A LUA, cheia e fria. Sem estrelas no céu.

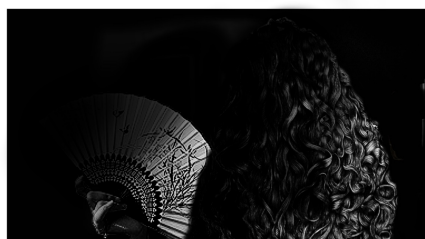
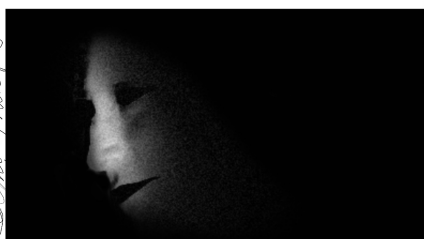
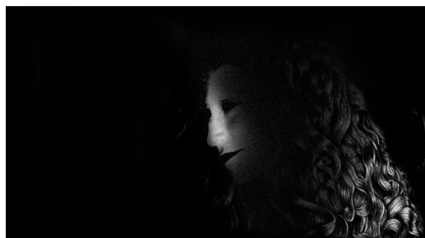
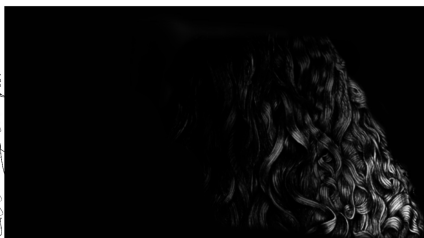




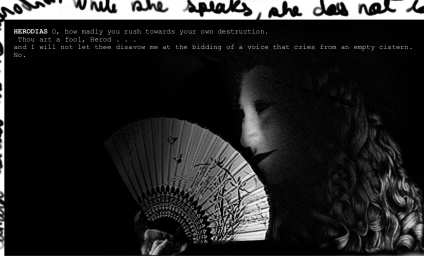
*(Don't close)*



HERODIAS I have suffered not enough.



*cut for Herodias in a separate shot*



*clear her face in a wrap*

*zooming in her last shot  
zooming stops  
camera starts around rotation while she speaks, she does not see  
of this camera*

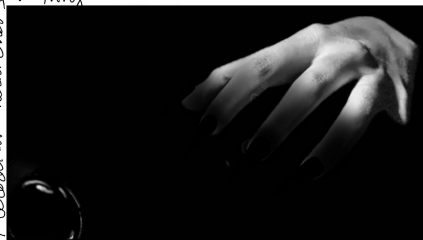
HERODIAS O, how badly you rush towards your own destruction. Thou art a fool, Herodias, and I will not let thee slay me at the bidding of a voice that cries from an empty cistern. No.

*The aura comes to a stop. Silence (kuentha). Herodias*

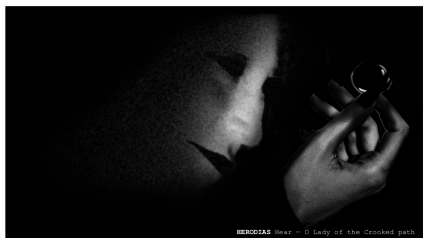
*slight zoom on ring*



*the Mint  
Herodias scratches*



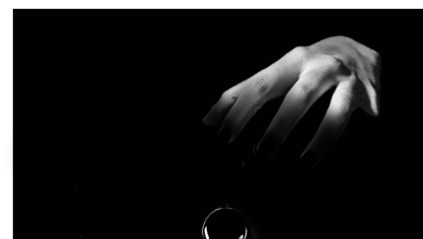
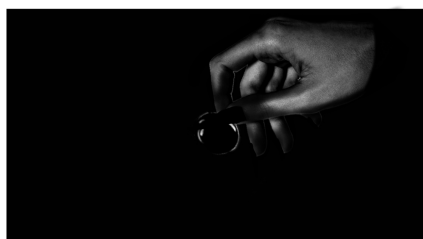
*Herodias massages the ring*



HERODIAS hear - O lady of the Crooked path



HERODIAS hear my whisper, Maximal Identification. Cry in the dark, seek to be found in darkness or memory. Make a gift of mine agony and bind it to a promise when we bound by blood!



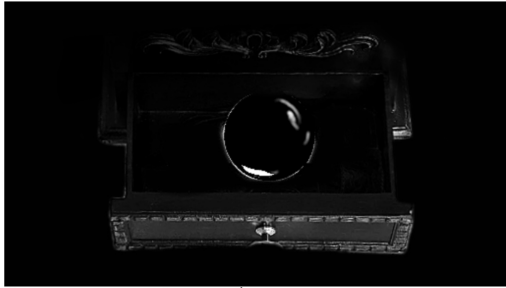
*sound of metal ring falling onto her  
Herodias cracks her right hand fingers*



*ring is back to its original position*



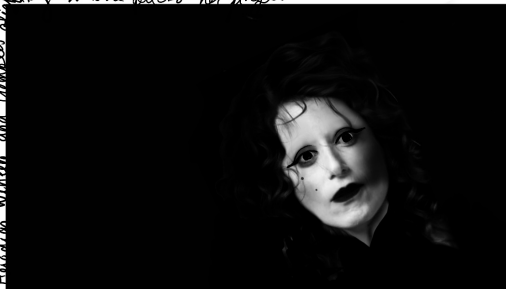




*Herodias Wines and trembles slightly as she picks her finger*



*Herodias Wines and trembles slightly as she picks her finger*

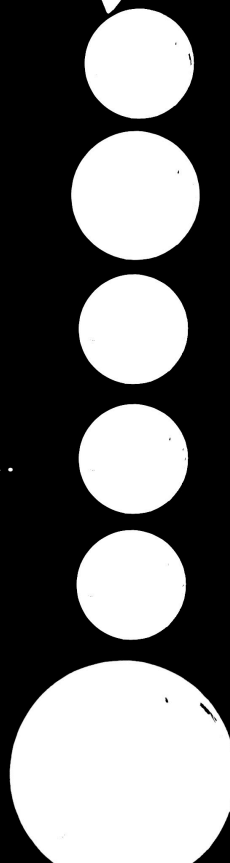


STORYBOARD (EXCERTO) . a maldição de Herodias



JOKANAAN (v.o.)  
Miséria para vós, ó  
opressores desta terra. Ó  
raça de víboras, repletas de orgulho.  
Escumalha apodrecida.

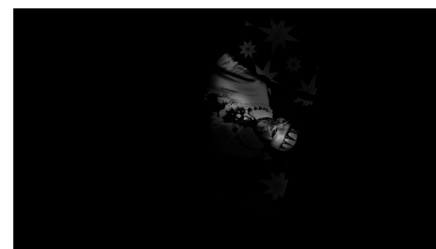
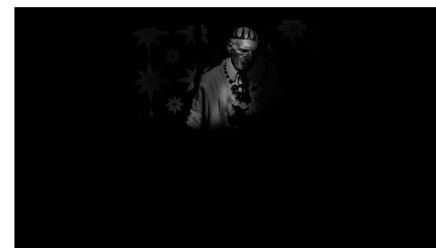
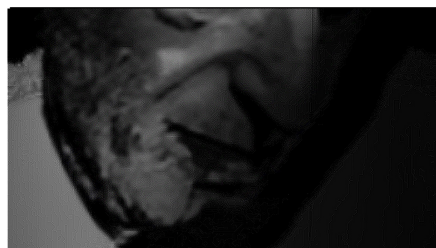
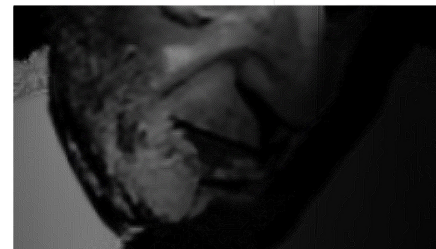
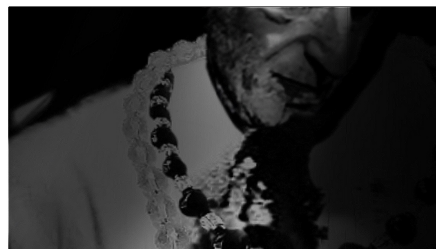
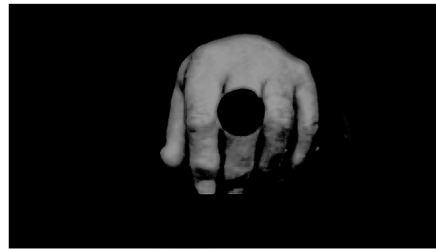
PHANUEL vira a primeira carta.





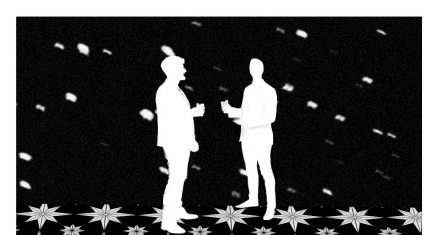
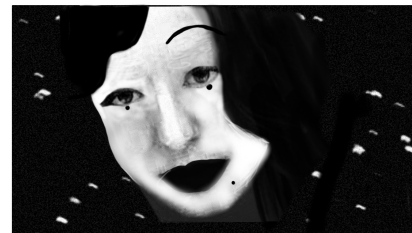
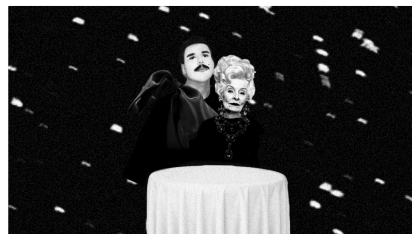
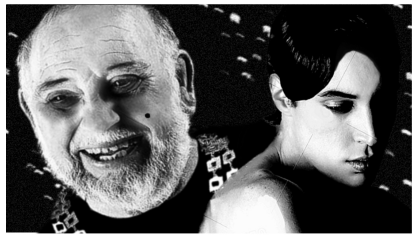
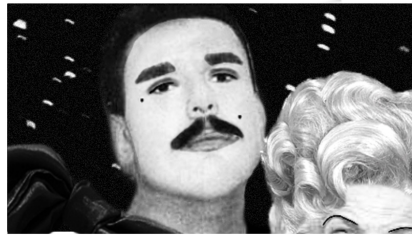
JOKANAAN (v.o.)

Escondam-se no rio e a vossa vergonha  
seguir-vos-á. A vossa desgraça será  
conhecida por todos os homens.

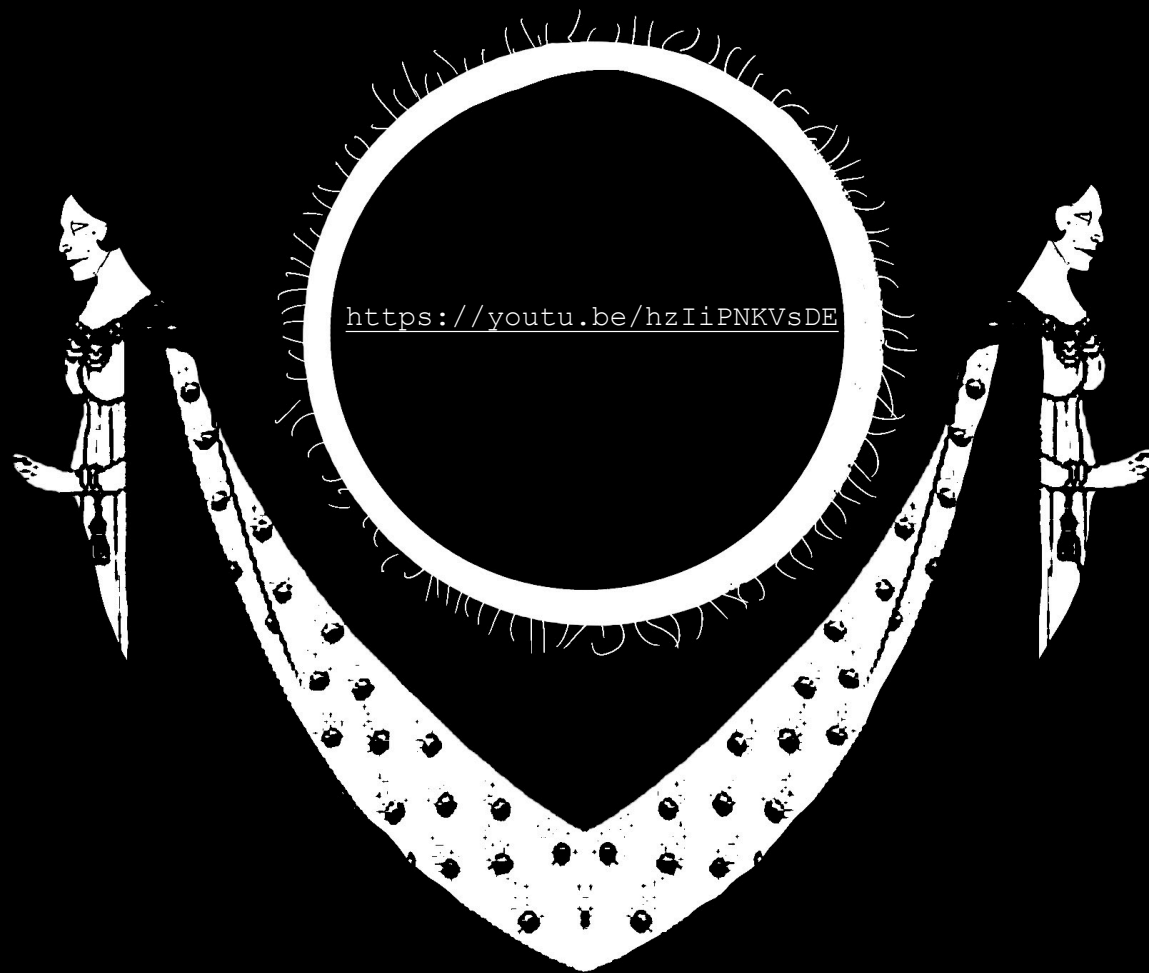


STORYBOARD (EXCERTO) . a morte de Herod

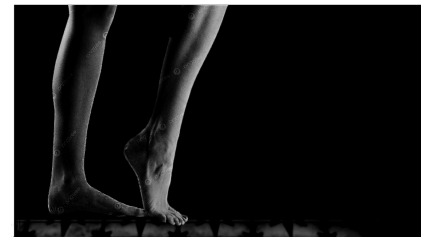
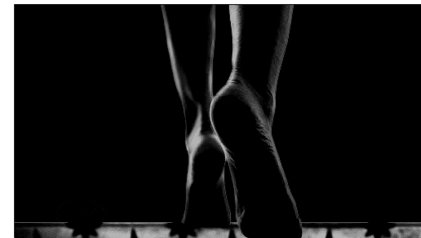
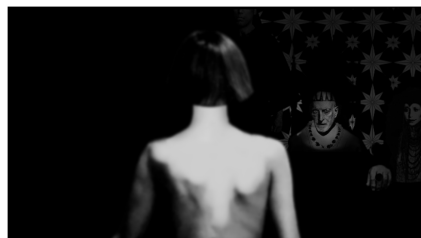
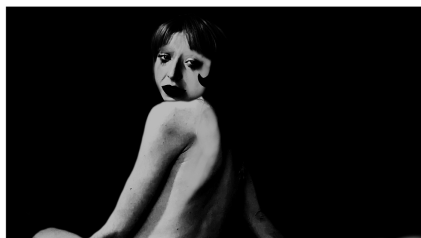
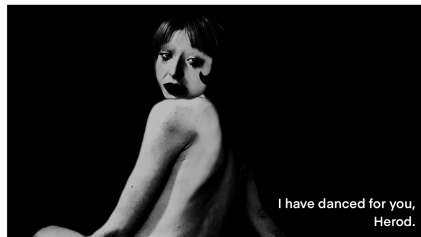
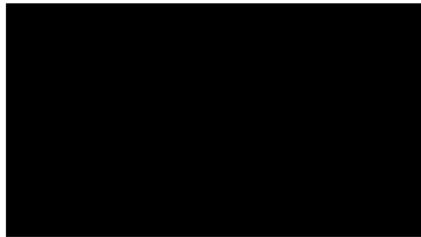
STORYBOARD (EXCERTO) . O banquete de Herod

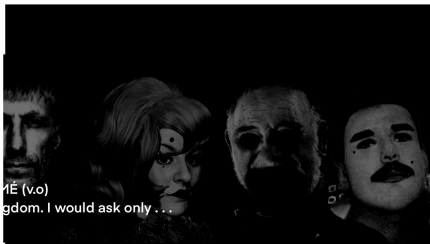
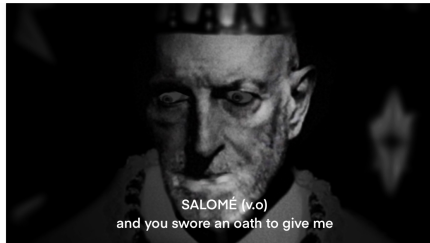














A VOZ DE JOKANAAN estremece pelo salão de banquete como uma brisa fria que arrepia. Os convidados e criados viram-se estupefactos, as suas bocas entreabertas e os seus olhos arregalados.

A VOZ DE JOKANAAN, apesar de frágil e seca, estremece e ressoa com uma autoridade possuída por ambos o divino e o demoníaco.

SALOMÉ fecha os olhos perante o discurso do profeta.

