

# *EUFEMIA*

written by  
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M A G N I F I C A

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FADE IN:

**1 EXT. SHEDAH VALLEY - DAWN****1**

Blurry pastel light thickens ray by ray. The image of the Shedah Valley, saturated in bright colors, appears.

From the mountainous landscape of the vast land of water emerge:

- Great Lake, a calm navy-blue surface, unwavering with nothing. Here and there are oaks. Then:

- Medium Lake, turquoise, with a thicket of sprawling trees all around. Farther:

- Little Lake, with lush, but quite low vegetation around. Behind the hill, you can already see:

- Pond, where hot water evaporates. Bubbles are breaking over the surface. And finally:

- Small Pond, shallow like a paddling pool.

**2 EXT. GREAT LAKE - CONTINUOUS****2**

The picture comes full circle and returns to the Great Lake. It stops; and here, the calm, undisturbed surface of the water is still asleep.

Lazy blueness is spreading all around.

Mature oaks grow on the horizon.

Two fluffy dragon horns rise, and right behind them, the ears emerge gently over the perfect smoothness of the water.

## *EUFEMIA*

Then a gaze with long lashes emerges. Immediately after that comes the entire head of the blue-and-white dragon. It's EUFEMIA. She leans on her back and lies down with concentration.

She extracts two large wings from under the water and makes a gentle swing behind herself. She floats on her back, backward, and watches the calm sky.

The lazy sky is just waking up. Its colors are still insatiable, just a few fluffy clouds here and there.

Eufemia swims, relaxing. She is breathing confidently, exhaling. She floats, moving her legs. She starts to float along a little faster, still backward. She pushes herself with her feet again and again. She breathes calmly.

She looks up, there: the three dragons are gently shimmering, FLASHING. They make circles in the sky and begin to fly down, one after another.

The first is a dark navy-blue miss, NAORA, gaining momentum and descending from the sky. She gracefully jumps straight into the water and emerges in no time. Her laugh reveals a cute little gap between her teeth.

The second dragon, the younger one, is the blue-and-light-yellow DELPHINA with a thick fringe. She spirals down from the sky and sits on the water Turkish-style.

And finally, the third—the youngest—is still a teenager: canary-white NONNA with frivolous bushy eyebrows and two tassels on top of her head. She approaches the landing, already hooking her feet and trying to brake.

She brakes. She brakes and brakes. Her feet splash water in all directions. Delphina doesn't like it.

Eventually, Nonna stops in the water and squats. She turns back with unprecedented satisfaction.

Eufemia looks around.

EUFEMIA

Please swim over to me, all of you.

She dips under the ridge. Only her head remains above the water.

The three dragons dive in and swim toward Eufemia.

DELPHINA

(to Eufemia)

Mom, I'm nervous.

NAORA

(to Delphina)

Sure, these are your last moments of freedom.

She squints boldly. Eufemia gazes preventively.

EUFEMIA

(to Naora)

Naora, please don't start.

Naora rolls her eyes.

Delphina is concerned and bites her lip nervously.

Eufemia dives, leaving only her eyes above the surface of the water. Delphina looks at her. Her mother winks at her, and she bursts out laughing.

DELPHINA

Haha! Mom, you are the best.

Her mother emerges.

EUFEMIA

Delphina, you'll see everything will be fine.  
As always, anyway.

NONNA

Yeah, listen to Mom. Mom knows best.

She fixes her ponytail.

Eufemia looks at the youngest dragon with love.

Naora lies down on her back, pushes her feet away, and floats among the chatting dragons.

NAORA

Eww. I'll never get married.

EUFEMIA

Oh! Don't say that, not "never"!

Naora floats on the ridge in front of her.

NAORA

Gosh, Mom. Don't be so nervous.

EUFEMIA

Oh, I guess I'm getting stressed out before the wedding as well.

She massages her agitated temples.

NONNA

Yeah.