



LITERARY SCRIPT





What happened to the Heart Emotional Treasure Box



Born from the stories of 12 women who were victims of domestic violence, this literary script was the basis for the directorial script for the show What happened to the Heart - Emotional Treasure Box, which premiered at the National Athenaeum in Iași, on February 22, 2025.

The stories of the heroines in this play were collected by two young writers – Paula Ciortan and Dina Kolcu.

4 skilled people in the field of screenwriting worked together on these stories. They researched, analyzed and extracted key moments from women's stories: Jørgen Lorentzen and Marius Kolbenstved (Norway), Silvia Ghilaș (Romania) and Cristina Chertz (Germany)

The final form of the literary script was written by Cristina Chertz



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Act I

Monologue for the beginning of the theater performance:

(in the context of what was discussed in the making of the show, the monologue could be "a piece of art" in which the actress would say the monologue in her entirety in her mind but with as few words spoken as possible)

(A dim light comes on on the stage, revealing a woman standing on the floor. She is alone, facing the audience, but she seems to speak more for herself. Her voice trembles, but it has an intensity that captivates. From the background, a faint sound of rain can be heard, like an echo of pain.)

SHE:

It's hard to find the words... It's like I'm speaking for someone else. Someone who, perhaps, needs to hear that. Someone who is not me, but maybe I could be.

*(He stops, takes a deep breath, then continues with his eyes fixed on a distant spot in the audience.)
I'm speaking for you...*

I was a hungry child. Not just hungry for food – although, yes, my stomach knew that emptiness all too well. No, my hunger was deeper. It was the hunger for love, for a look that would tell me "I see you, you exist, you deserve it." But that look never came.

(a little girl comes from the left of the stage, passes in front of the actress with a mirror in her hand....the actress mirrors herself in the mirror; looks at the little girl, looks in the mirror... The little girl places the mirror to the right of the stage and disappears. The actress looks in the mirror... She is a mother herself and remembers her mother.)

Mother... Mother... (pause, clenches her hands, her voice breaks) Mom was a steamer. A ghostly figure, lost between her bottles of alcohol and oppressive silences. He didn't make food for us – not for me or my brothers. But for him... For him, yes. My father received everything we dreamed of: a perfectly arranged plate, steamers that danced like promises that we never had. And us? We were watching.

(He wraps his arms around his body, as if trying to warm up a frozen memory.)

Dad... Oh, Dad was an idol. His eyes were like autumn forests and his gait was like a calculated dance. I watched him tie his tie, and every gesture seemed to say "I'm here to protect." But... It wasn't like that. No, my father has transformed. From a hero, he became the storm that threw us into the shadows.

(the sound of rain intensifies, thunder, lightning... the atmosphere of her childhood home).

(His voice becomes sharper, like a blade cutting through the air in the room.)



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And then I left. I ran away from the fallen idol, from my mother's steam, from the hunger that squeezed my stomach and soul. I thought that if I left, I would be saved. I thought that the world outside would be different. But life... Life has a special way of laughing in your face.

(He approaches the edge of the stage, his hands outstretched, as if asking for help. From the request for help... She starts dancing happily. A spring rain is heard... birds singing in the morning...)

I fell in love. I thought it was good. That he will be different. That in his eyes I will finally find that "I see you." And, for a while, it was fine. Everything was shining, like a blue sky after the rain. But... The sky has darkened again.

(A shadow passes in front of the actress..... She moves as if the shadow has slapped her across the cheek... an echo of a blow is heard. A tear rolls down her cheek, but she continues, her voice broken but strong.)

The first shot... The first blow was as if my world had collapsed. His palm burned me, but what hurt me the most was my silence. *(a silence of the grave)* The silence that followed. *(you can hear a heartbeat at first, slowly and then louder and louder....then again a grave silence)*

Why didn't I say anything? Why did I stay?

(The woman's figure becomes straighter, as if gathering the last remnants of her strength.)

These questions haunt me every night, like whispers that don't fall silent. And I know... I know you are thinking about them now. You may wonder if I didn't have the courage, if I didn't have options. But it's not that simple. It never was.

It all started slowly. Like a drop. A small, cold drop that falls on your forehead. At first you don't even feel it. You tell yourself that maybe it's just the rain. But then comes another... and another... and another. And that drop, apparently innocent, begins to dig you, to grind you. Until it becomes a part of you.

Each day began and ended with the same thought: When would it all end? I hoped for liberation, no matter what, but the years passed and nothing seemed to change. Everything had become a vicious circle.

Every day, I wanted everything to end as soon as possible. I often thought about running away, about what it would mean to leave everything behind. But where would I go? Who would believe me? Who would help me?

Sometimes, even I started to doubt myself. Maybe it was my fault. Maybe I deserved everything that happened to me. There were times when I felt like I couldn't take it anymore and I ran down the road like crazy. I would run without knowing where, without having a plan. I would just run, feeling tears burning my cheeks and my heart beating desperately.



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I prayed that someone would see me, stop me, ask what happened. I looked into the eyes of passers-by, hoping that one of them would acknowledge my pain and do something. But no one did anything. People looked, some with pity, others with curiosity, but no one approached me to ask me if I was okay. Sometimes I imagined that a stranger would appear, like in a movie, and save me. That he would extend his hand, take me from there and take me to a place where I can breathe, without fear. But that never happened.

His words were the first drop. "You are too sensitive. You exaggerate. Who takes you seriously anymore?" There was a word here, a look there, a long sigh that said more than any cry. It made me doubt myself. He convinced me that he could... I really always make mistakes. That maybe... I'm not enough.

Then, his mother... Oh, his mother! She was a different kind of drop. It came with poisoned jam. "You know, you won't find someone else like him. It's hard to be a woman. You have to understand him, support him. He works for you. What do you do? I felt guilty just standing around her.

But the worst... The worst was when he lost control. There were times when the silence was suddenly broken, like a glass slammed against the wall. And then the blows came. A slap. A punch on the table. Sometimes even over me. But he also told me: "You challenged me. You drive me crazy!" .. And I came to believe. And I came to believe. To think I'm to blame. That I cause the storms. That if I behave better, if I smile more often, maybe the drops will stop.

But the drops. They have not stopped. They have transformed. From whispers to screams. From cold looks to blows. And with each stroke I felt my heart start beating faster. Louder and louder. Until the drops were no longer just on the skin. They were in me. In my heart.

And every heartbeat said the same thing: "Stay. For her. For your little girl." I was afraid. Not just about him, but about what it might mean to leave. How to leave? Where should I go? What am I going to say to my child? That our life was a lie? That her mother is too weak to change anything?

And that's when I stayed. Because every heartbeat was a prayer. A compromise. An apology. I stayed because I hoped it would be better. Because I told myself that it can't always be like this. But the best was not coming.

It took me thousands of moments of despair, thousands of sleepless nights and hidden tears to understand something simple but profound: the hero I was waiting for was, in fact, me. No one came to save me. There was no knight in shining armor, no hand reaching out from the sky.

Years have passed. Years of drops that dug an abyss in me. Years in which every blow – be it with a word or a slap – became part of me. Years in which I hid, even from myself.



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But one day... One day I heard a different beating. It wasn't my heart. It was her heart. My little girl's. And she wasn't beating out of fear. She was beating for life. And that's when I understood. If I can't run for myself, I can run for her. I can show him that there is another world. One where the heart beats with joy, not terror.

I stayed too long. I was too patient. For him, for my child, for all those who did not see what was happening. I left. I took my child and left.

At that moment, I realized that I had nothing left to lose. Everything had been stolen from me: my dignity, my self-confidence, my freedom. All I had left was that little spark of hope that refused to die. And then I knew: if I stayed, I would be completely lost. And I couldn't accept that. I walked out the door without looking back.

Every step I took was like a release, as if the weight of years of suffering was beginning to lift off my shoulders. I walked down the street without knowing exactly where I was going, but feeling that any place is better than that. I promised myself that I would never return to that place of suffering. That I would fight for myself, that I would be my own hero, no matter how hard it was. I discovered the power that I always had in me, but that I had not been aware of. The strength to stand up, to say "no", to live my life according to my own rules.

And yes, I was terrified. They still are. But you know what? Now every beat of my heart says something different. Say, "I'm alive. I'm here. And I'm free."

I'm here to tell my story. The story of a woman who was hungry, who was injured, but who is still alive.

(He gets closer to the audience, with an intensity that electrifies the hall.) This is not just my story. It's also your story... (to the public)

It's the story of all those who felt invisible. And if you hear me, if you see me now, I want you to know one thing: you are more than your pain. You deserve more.

(The actress could take the mirror, go out into the room and mirror the faces of the women who are in the audience on her way out. Maybe it's their story...)

(The light slowly fades, leaving only the silhouette of a shadow in the dark behind the scene. The background with the sound of rain becomes clearer, like a release.)

Important images used:

Mirror-mirroring - Shadow (he? she? Her fear? Her fear?) - Sounds: rain, heartbeat.



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Act II

The reflection of an imperfect story

Characters:

SHE – a young, bright woman, full of hope.

HIM – charismatic, charming, but with a subtle shadow lurking in his behavior.

HIS MOTHER – an authoritative presence, with an apparently benevolent tone, but loaded with subtle criticism.

Setting: The stage is divided into two spaces. On the left, a warm corner, with a small table and two chairs, illuminated by a lamp with a soft lampshade – the space of their happiness and privacy. On the right, a large mirror that distorts.

The mirror is the central element of the scene, subtly capturing and distorting the actions and expressions of the characters (to play this mirror - at the discretion of the actors and the director). In the background, a diffused light creates dancing shadows (the ballet girls who continue their moment by ending with music – foreshadowing the unrest that lurks). In one corner of the stage (right back/ behind the mirror - barely visible, the mother-in-law motionless like a mannequin - covered with a fur cape resembling the skin of a wolf, at the back she has a wolf's head - symbolizing the hidden presence of the true nature of HIM.

Scene 1 – Smiles and Whispers

(Faint rain noise, almost like a whisper, is heard in the background, accentuating the intimate atmosphere between HER and HIM.)

(On the left, SHE and HE are at the table. A cup of tea smokes between them. HE holds her hand while SHE laughs, looking at him with admiration.)

SHE (smiling widely): I can't believe how many stories you know. It's like I'm reading a book when you speak. (He runs his hand through her hair, visibly relaxed.)

HIM (charming): The books? I'm nothing next to you. You... You are my favorite story. (He raises her hand and kisses her fingers, with an intense look.)

(The mirror reflects the scene. His smile seems slightly stiff, and his hands seem to squeeze her too tightly, details that SHE does not notice. The sound of rain intensifies slightly, foreshadowing a hidden tension.)

EA: Sometimes I wonder what you saw in me. I... just a simple girl...

HE (suddenly serious): Stop saying that. I don't want to hear you talk like that about you anymore. You are everything I ever dreamed of.

(He leans over the table and touches his cheek.)

EL: But you have to be more sure of yourself. World... She is not gentle with the weak.



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SHE (*blinking confusedly, but still smiling*): **You're right... Maybe I'm underestimating myself too much.**

Scene 2 – Parallel mirrors

(The rain stops suddenly, and in its place a faint heartbeat begins to be heard, which slowly increases in intensity as the tension between HIM and HER increases.)

(The scene moves in front of the mirror. She looks at her reflection, dressed in a simple dress. HE stands behind her, staring at her intensely, as if trying to mold something invisible into her.)

EL: **Do you see what I see? A beautiful, strong woman... But you have to work on the way you behave. People judge, you know?**

SHE (*whispered*): **But... I'm trying.**

(In the mirror, HE runs his hand over her shoulder, but his hand shows a wolf's claw pressing against her skin. The heartbeat becomes stronger for a few moments, synchronized with HIM's fixed gaze.)

HE (*caressing her*): **I know, baby. I know. But you have to be more careful... My mother... Well, it's harder to please. He wants the best for me, for us.**

(SHE lowers her gaze, visibly unsure.)

HER (*trying to smile*): **I'm going to try harder. And... Maybe I'll get to like him.**

HE (*sighs*): **Of course he'll like you. You just have to understand that she sees things differently. And that... This does not mean that you are not a beautiful, a smart person... a special one.**

(As he speaks, he looks at himself in the mirror. In the mirror, he begins to behaviorally transform into a wolf. The light dims, and HE disappears to the right. The heartbeat stops suddenly, leaving a pressing void.)

Scene 3 – Maternal interference 1

(The sound of rain returns, slightly irregularly, like a tense drip, as HIS MOTHER enters the stage.)

(HIS MOTHER enters the scene on the left, where the table is. She is at the table with a rolling pin in her hand, preparing cakes. On the table is a cake pan. HIS MOTHER is elegant, in wolf fur, but with a sober attitude. He approaches HER with a cold smile.)

HIS MOTHER: **Well, my dear, HE told me that you wanted to try making that cake... that he likes so much.**

SHE (*shyly*): **Yes, I want to try. I want to do what she likes the most.**

HIS MOTHER (*with a short laugh*): **My dear, this is not just a cake. It takes talent. But, who knows... maybe you succeed. If not, I'll teach you...**

(He moves away from the table, walking towards the mirror. Through the mirror, he looks critically at HER. The sound of rain stops again, leaving the scene silent for a few moments, intensifying the discomfort.)



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Scene 4 - Maternal Interference 2 "The Kitchen"

(On the table are vegetables for cooking, a knife, and a chopping board. SHE is bent over the chopping board, concentrated, as HER husband's MOTHER enters, wearing an impeccable apron. MOTHER's tone is sweet, but sharp, every word is calculated to hit. EA avoids eye contact.)

MOTHER:

(He looks at the chopping board.)

Don't cut the onion like that. Let me do it.

SHE:

(He stops, but doesn't look up.)

It's good how they do it. I've cut so many times...

MOTHER:

(She walks over, takes the knife from her hand, almost brutally, but keeps a smile.)

Darling, don't be upset, but you still have a lot to learn. It's not your fault, it's just that you didn't have anyone.

SHE:

(Slowly, resignedly.)

I'm doing the best I can.

MOTHER:

(Start cutting the onion with precise movements.)

Oh, I'm sure you do. But you see... A real housewife can be seen from the details. From the dust on the furniture, from the way the house smells. And... Well, let's be honest, sometimes it's like you're in a hurry to finish faster than to do well.

SHE:

(He bites his lip, but finally looks up.) We cleaned up this morning.

I also wiped the dust.

MOTHER:

(He laughs softly, but the contempt is obvious.)

You forgot that place next to the library. It wasn't erased there, I'm sure. I'm just telling you to help you. You want to learn, don't you?

SHE:

(Visibly affected, but tries to stay calm.)

Yes...

MOTHER:

(Almost singing.)

Well. Because otherwise... What kind of woman are you?



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SHE:

(Her voice trembles.)

What kind of woman? I'm doing everything I can for this house, for... for everyone.

MOTHER:

(He gives him a long look and sighs.)

And yet, you are so far from the standards of a real housewife. You know, when I was your age, I did everything perfectly. No help. But you... You still have to learn.

SHE:

(Trying to defend himself.)

I do this because I care, because I want to...

MOTHER:

(He interrupts her, throwing the knife on the table.)

Honey, it's simple: in this house, things have to be done like the world. Not for my sake. For him. For your husband. I? I'm just trying to help you. To teach you.

(He shrugs his shoulders, with a false innocence.)

Well... Not everyone is born for it. But don't be discouraged, dear. I try to be patient.

*(MOM wipes her hands on her apron and walks out with an expression of triumph. She remains alone, leaning over the table, her hands clasping the edge, trembling with anger and helplessness.)
(The lights dim slowly, leaving only the sound of a heartbeat.)*

The End of the Act – A Shadow in Their Light

(Intense rain noise and pounding heartbeats accompany the last moments of the scene.) (SHE and HE are alone in the scene. The light becomes warmer, and HE takes her in his arms.)

EL: Stop thinking about what mom says. For me, you are perfect.

(SHE continues to the table, preparing the cakes, while HE walks to the mirror. The heartbeat increases again, while the mirror reflects EL's wolf cape.)

SHE: You are everything I wanted. *(She walks over, kisses HIM.)* **It looks very good on you.** *(in reference to the wolf's coat)*

*(SHE walks to the left, cake tray in hand, as if walking in the kitchen. The heartbeat stops suddenly. In the mirror, HE is just a shadow wearing the wolf's cloak, and the curtain slowly falls.)
(Soothing music, but with mysterious tones, accompanies the fall of the curtain.)*



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Act III

From laughter to frozen silences

The first part must be played like a real comedy / the transition to violence is sudden (a phenomenon known by women victims of domestic violence)

Setting

The scene retains the structure of the previous acts: the warm corner on the left, the distorting mirror in the center-right and shadows dancing in the background. In this act, on the left, the table is covered with plates and a tray of food. On the right, next to the mirror, an overturned chair suggests impending chaos.

The noise of rain starts out slightly, as a background presence, but becomes more intense at critical moments. The heartbeat appears as a tense element, gradually increasing towards the end.

Scene 1 – The Comedy of the Reversed Pregnancy

(She, visibly pregnant, runs around the room, holding a pillow and blanket. HE sits in a chair, with a napkin over his forehead and a pillow under his shirt, as if he were pretending to be pregnant.)

SHE *(laughing, but visibly exhausted)*: **Oh, my dear, do you crave again?! You've finished all of last night's cake!**

HIM *(affected, his voice changed dramatically)*: **You don't understand me! This kid wants pizza now! With pineapple! And if I don't have one, I feel like crying!**

(SHE looks at him in amusement and pulls a box of pizza out from under the table. He offers it, but HE raises an eyebrow theatrically.)

EL: **Where is the pineapple? Forgot the pineapple? I'm going to die here of craving!**

SHE *(in an irritated comic tone)*: **If you were pregnant, I think it would hospitalize us both!**

(She places the pizza in his arms and hugs him playfully. They both laugh, and the rain outside becomes a calm whisper. The mirror reflects the scene.)



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Scene 2 – Switching to Tension

(HE is in front of the mirror with the pillow under his shirt (playing the role of the pregnant woman)... SHE walks over to the mirror, holding a wolf coat for HIM. She looks at his reflection with a slight smile.)

SHE: My dear, you look good with this shirt... maybe...

(Her voice cuts off when HE suddenly looks at her in the mirror. His reflection shows the face of a wolf for a moment. The heartbeat starts slowly, like an echo.)

HE (in a sharper tone): Maybe what? Maybe you shouldn't comment so much anymore. I feel pretty good in what I wear, thank you.

(She takes a step back, visibly surprised, but tries to mask it.)

SHE (in a low voice): I just wanted to... to help you...

HIM (pillow falls out of his shirt): Help? Help? All you do is pretend to be right in everything. But, hey, what do I know? I'm just the "pregnant" of the house, right?

(The mirror reflects the figure of HIM, who begins to wear the wolf's cloak. The light subtly decreases, and the heartbeat becomes stronger.)

Scene 3 – The explosion of drama

(She sits down at the table, appearing visibly exhausted. HE begins to speak, his tone becoming more and more aggressive.)

EL: And when are you going to tidy up? Do you think I like to come home and find everything true? What, just because you're pregnant, do I have to do everything?

HER (trying to stay calm): I cleaned, I cooked... I really took care of you today...

HIM (screaming): And what do you want, a medal? Do you feel like you're the only woman who's ever been pregnant?

(He approaches her. SHE begins to tremble, but remains motionless. The heartbeat is very strong now, and the noise of rain is becoming torrential.)

(SHE slowly stands up, but HE grabs her arm - she has wolf claws squeezing her. Wolf fur begins to appear very visible on EL - fur becomes the main element...)

SHE (crying): Please... , stop...

HIM (in a frighteningly cold tone): If you knew how to listen, maybe it wouldn't be like that. Maybe you wouldn't make mistakes after mistakes.



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(SHE tries to break free, but HE pushes her. She falls, and the mirror reflects the scene as if in a nightmare – SHE is cornered by HIS large wolf-shaped shadow. The light gradually dims, leaving only the sound of heartbeats and rain.)

End of the act

(In the background, film? Scenes full of love between the two... at home... in the park....the mirror breaks slowly, without noise, like an illusion that falls apart. He, wearing the wolf cloak, stands in the middle of the stage, his face hidden in the shadows. EA, center-on the floor, tries to get up, but stays there, exhausted.)

She (monologue) "There are no fights." That's what he said: if there is no blood, there is no fight.

But I lived through all the battles. I was there, in their midst, without armor, without shield, just with my child and a prayer.

The abuse began subtly. A word, a look. A hunch.

Then it turned into imaginary stories about me and any man who breathed next to me. The tractor driver who asphalts the street. The policeman who came after I called 112. Friends. Fellow. Everyone. Absolutely everyone was a suspect.

And I... I was curved. Always a whore.

Then the "lessons" began. Cries. The slap over the face, which didn't matter, because it hadn't ended in blood. The mop handle broke on my back, because I started to wipe the floor without asking for permission.

(He stops, looks down, clenches his hands tighter.)

When I called an association to ask for help, they told me that without a medico-legal certificate they could not accept me.

I didn't have enough tracks, you know?

I didn't have enough blood to prove how dangerous it had become.

I was advised to wait. To wait until he comes and call 112 again.

But I knew what that meant. I knew he could easily annihilate me.

(She takes a deep breath, but tears are shaking in her voice.)

One night, he came home noisy. I opened the door, trying to calm him down. I tried to kiss him, but his palm hit me straight in the face.

My ears were ringing, but I didn't make a sound. I took his slippers, I put them back... Humble. Hoping that he will calm down.



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He grabbed me by the neck. He slammed my head against the mirror. And he told me... He told me that if the mirror breaks, the shards will become knives for my neck.

(He stops, breathes heavily, tries to regain his composure.)

Then there was the fire.

The fire that gripped my hair.

The gasoline thrown by him.

I went to the well to die out, but he caught me and bit me on the mouth until I bled.

(He smiles bitterly.)

It was "my fault". All the time, my fault.

Every shot.

Every insult.

Even my child hit in my arms was... my fault.

I lived on the edge of the abyss.

I didn't sleep all nights, holding my baby to my chest, praying to God that He wouldn't kill me.

But do you know what was the worst? Not the wounds. Do not trace. But terror. The psychological terror that made me think I deserved it.

(She changes her tone, her gaze becomes more determined.)

But I finally understood. We didn't deserve it. No one deserves it.

I made a plan.

I put my documents at hand.

I resisted. I endured.

And one day... One day I left.

(He stares at the audience.)

For me. For my child. For every woman who felt she had no escape.

SHE: She starts crawling towards the audience: I didn't get this far, just to get here.

(The sound of the rain suddenly stops, and the heartbeat becomes weaker and weaker, until silence takes over the stage.)



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Act IV

The scene opens into a semi-dark room with a wide window (left) through which the rain can be seen beating furiously. The dim light that penetrates through the window plays on the wall of the room, outlining shadows (scary - possibly the girls from the ballet?). In the center of the scene, a large mirror reflects a distorted picture of the camera. She sits in a chair in front of the mirror, her eyes blank and her gaze lost, and in the background there is a constant sound of dripping rain, almost in sync with the heartbeat that increases in intensity.

Throughout the room, the shadows in the corners seem to come to life – HE, dark-faced, stands apart, shadowed by a light that barely creeps in, like an unseen presence, like a continuous threat. His mother is an undefined figure that takes shape more and more in the background, an echo of a toxic past. The wolf is no more than a distant fantasy, but still present in her mind, as a frightening image (the coat can be worn by another actor or it can be worn by HIM, or it can best sit on a mannequin).

She looks at the reflection in the mirror and begins to talk to herself, her voice trembling but clear at the same time. The sound of the heartbeat mixes with the sound of the rain, each beating being a rhythm of the approaching release. As she speaks, her little girl gradually appears behind the mirror (she comes from the right), a fragile but bright little girl, who looks at her with big and frozen eyes.

SHE (*whispered words, almost lost in the sound of the rain*):

How did we get here? How did I allow these shadows... Should these spirits of the past consume me? How did I think I could survive in the face of an EL that crushes me, a mother who only shows me contempt and HIM... A wolf that terrorizes me every moment?

She looks carefully at the little girl on the other side of the mirror - she looks at her through the mirror. Her eyes are kind, full of hope and unconditional love. She brings her hand to her chest, feeling her own heartbeat beating loudly and steadily.

EA (*against the inner voice that accuses her*):

But I can't live like this anymore. I can no longer let these shadows rule me. I can no longer let the past destroy my future, my little girl's future. It's not just about me... it's about her. She deserves something else. She deserves a mother who will protect her, who will teach her what true love means. Love without fear. Love that doesn't hurt.

A knocking door noise can be heard in the background, but nothing happens. He is there, somewhere in the darkness, but He is no longer the center of attention. She realizes that she doesn't have to fear him anymore. He must free himself.



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EA (*resolute, out loud*):

Not! I will not let this horror control me anymore. I will not let these shadows scare me anymore. I am stronger than all the pain and fear I have felt so far. My little girl deserves a life in the light, and I will be there for her.

She reaches out to the mirror, and begins to tear pieces of the mirror... as if they were tearing aluminum sheets used for cakes... the pieces fall at her feet.... The shadows in the corners slowly dissipate.

EA (*confident, with a clear and strong voice*):

I will be a strong mother to her. I will face the past and come out of this darkness. I will no longer let myself be overcome by fear or pain. She is light. I will be her light.

The little girl in the mirror is smiling now. It is clear that the girl is free, free from the shadows of the past. The rain is starting to stop. The sound of the heartbeat calms down and turns into a calm harmony, like soothing music that marks the beginning of a new life.

A soft light enters through the window, and the little girl in the mirror reaches out her hand to HER, as if calling her mother to hug her.

SHE (*in a strong and emotional voice, looking at her little girl*):

Come on, mom..... It's time to leave. We will be free now.

With a determined step, EA pulls away from the mirror, leaving behind everything that held her captive. The light outside becomes brighter and brighter, and the room is filled with an unexpected calm and tranquility. In the background, the echo of their footsteps begins to resound, and the gentle sound of the rain coming to a complete stop becomes a symbol of the new freedom that has just begun.

The scene ends with HER and the little girl walking together through the audience, towards the exit. You can feel joy, tranquility, freedom.

... and you can hear your

heartbeat....

