

Zwischen

A Feature Film Screenplay

Written by INKY

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****Based on the Diary of Lena Müller****

DRAFT: November 2025

****FADE IN:****

ACT ONE

SEQUENCE 1 - HAMBURG AWAKENING (Pages 1-5)

****EXT. HAMBURG - AERIAL VIEW - DAWN****

Pre-dawn darkness. The harbor sleeps under fog. Container ships like slumbering whales. The Köhlbrand Bridge stretches across the Elbe like a steel spine.

Slowly, light creeps across water. Church bells begin—St. Michael's, then others joining in baroque cascade.

The camera descends through morning mist, finding...

****EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - ALTONA DISTRICT -
CONTINUOUS****

Old Hamburg. Not the tourist postcards but the real city. Turkish bakeries opening. Vietnamese markets setting up. A

jogger passes graffitied walls—"REFUGEES WELCOME" next to "GERMANY FOR GERMANS."

Camera tracks up a narrow building to a small attic window where...

****INT. LENA'S ATTIC APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS****

LENA MÜLLER (20) sits cross-legged on her bed, laptop balanced on knees. The room is cramped but meticulously organized—a creator's nest. Ring lights. Camera equipment. Color-coded calendars.

But also: Swedish touches. A Dala horse. Pine branches in a vase. A photo of forests.

Lena reviews footage of herself—multiple takes of the same intro.

****LENA ON SCREEN****

(Take 1, too perky)

Hi guys! Welcome back to my channel!

****LENA ON SCREEN****

(Take 2, too serious)

Hello everyone. Today we're discussing—

****LENA ON SCREEN****

(Take 3, frustrated)

Fuck. Why is this so hard?

**Real Lena closes the laptop, exhausted. She hasn't slept.
Dark circles under those green eyes.**

****LENA** (V.O.)**

***Six months since Stockholm. Six months since I traded Nordic
winters for Hamburg's humid embrace. They said coming
home would be easy. They lied.***

**She reaches for a Coke Zero, finds it empty. Checks her
phone—5:47 AM.**

**A notification: "MOM: Don't forget - birthday dinner Friday.
And please, no filming this time."**

**Another: "ERIK: Dad's bringing the rifle from the cabin.
Thought you should know."**

Lena's hand trembles slightly. She sets the phone down.

****INT. LENA'S ATTIC - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER****

**Tiny bathroom, shower barely fits one person. Lena studies
her reflection. Touches the scar on her collarbone—old,
faded.**

****FLASHBACK - INT. HAMBURG SCHOOL BATHROOM -
DAY (5 YEARS AGO)****

Teenage LENA (15) cornered by three GIRLS.

****AMELIE****

(German accent)

Swedish bitch thinks she's better than us.

****GIRL #2****

With her perfect English and her perfect grades.

**Amelie shoves Lena against the sink. The porcelain edge cuts
her collarbone.**

****AMELIE****

You don't belong here. Go back to your forests.

**Blood seeps through Lena's white shirt. She doesn't cry. Won't
give them that.**

****BACK TO PRESENT - BATHROOM****

**Adult Lena touches the scar again. Her phone buzzes—a DM
from a follower.**

**"Your content saved me. I was in my own attic, literally and
metaphorically. Thank you."**

**She screenshots it, adds it to a folder labeled "Why I Do
This"—hundreds of similar messages.**

SEQUENCE 2 - THE VLOGGER'S ROUTINE (Pages 6-10)

****INT. LENA'S ATTIC - MAIN ROOM - MORNING****

**Lena sets up for filming. Ring light on. Camera positioned.
She checks her appearance in the viewfinder, applies
concealer to the dark circles.**

**Deep breath. Transformation. The exhausted girl becomes
the polished influencer.**

****LENA****

(to camera, bright)

**Good morning, beautiful souls! It's Monday, which means
meal prep day. But first—**

**She holds up products—skincare, supplements, a designer
bag.**

****LENA** (CONT'D)**

Let's talk about this week's partners. Use code LENA20 for...

(her smile falters slightly)
...for twenty percent off your first...

She stops. Breaks character.

****LENA** (CONT'D)**

(to camera, real)

**You know what? Can we be honest for a second? I'm tired.
Like, bone-deep tired. And I'm filming an ad for sleeping
pills I can't even use because they give me nightmares
about—**

She catches herself. Forces the smile back.

****LENA** (CONT'D)**

(bright again)

They help millions achieve restful sleep! Link below!

****INT. LENA'S ATTIC - KITCHEN AREA - LATER****

Tiny hot plate, mini fridge. She prepares breakfast while

livestreaming on her phone.

****LENA****

(to phone)

**Yes, I'm still single. No, I'm not lonely. There's a difference
between alone and lonely.**

Comments flood in. She reads them while cooking.

****LENA** (CONT'D)**

**"Why did you leave Stockholm?" Long story. Short version:
you can't run from yourself, but sometimes you need
distance to see clearly.**

**Her phone rings. "DAD" on the screen. She declines, continues
streaming.**

****LENA** (CONT'D)**

**"Will you go back?" I don't know. Hamburg is... complicated.
My family's here. My ghosts are here. My—**

The smoke alarm goes off. Her eggs are burning. She laughs,

genuinely this time.

****LENA** (CONT'D)**

And this is why I need a real kitchen! Okay, loves, I need to not burn my apartment down. See you tonight for the main video!

SEQUENCE 3 - FAMILY GRAVITY (Pages 11-15)

****EXT. HAMBURG STREETS - DAY****

Lena walks through the city, vlogging with her phone. She passes the Rathaus, through the Mönckebergstraße shopping district.

****LENA****

(to phone)

Hamburg fashion is... practical. It's not Stockholm, it's not Berlin. It's sensible shoes and raincoats and—

She stops. Across the street: her FATHER (52), grey-streaked beard, carrying a long case. The rifle.

He doesn't see her. He enters a coffee shop.

Lena turns off the camera, follows.

****INT. COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS****

Traditional German café. Dark wood, newspapers on bamboo holders. Father sits with ERIK (22), Lena's older brother, now in banking attire.

Lena watches from behind a pillar.

****ERIK****

She won't come if you bring that thing.

****FATHER****

It was her grandfather's. She should have it.

****ERIK****

She has nightmares about it. Mom told me.

****FATHER****

(defensive)

How would her mother know? They barely talk.

****ERIK****

Because Lena talks to Mom. Just not when you're around.

Father's jaw tightens. He notices Lena. Their eyes meet. She approaches.

****FATHER****

Lena. I was just—

****LENA****

(indicating the case)

I don't want it.

****FATHER****

It's family tradition. Every Müller has—

****LENA****

**I'm only half Müller. The other half is Lindberg, remember?
The half you pretend doesn't exist.**

Tension. Erik shifts uncomfortably.

****ERIK****

Can we not do this here?

****LENA****

(to Father)

**I'll come to dinner. For Mom. But that—
(pointing to rifle case)
—stays in your car.**

She leaves. Father calls after her.

****FATHER****

You can't run from who you are, Lena!

She pauses at the door.

****LENA****

Watch me.

**### SEQUENCE 4 - THE ALGORITHM OF LONELINESS
(Pages 16-20)**

****INT. CO-WORKING SPACE - DAY****

Modern, sterile. Lena edits at a hot desk. Around her, other young creators on laptops. Everyone isolated in their digital worlds.

Her screen shows analytics—views dropping, engagement down 12%.

****LAURA** (22, British accent) video calls.**

****LAURA****

(on screen)

The algorithm's fucked everyone this month. Don't take it personally.

****LENA****

Easy for you to say. You have brand deals through March.

****LAURA****

Come to London. Do the Dior event with me. You need to get out of that attic.

****LENA****

I can't afford—

****LAURA****

They'll cover everything. I already talked to them. They want you, Lena. The whole "Swedish girl in Germany" aesthetic is very now.

Behind Lena, two other influencers take selfies together, laughing. Lena watches them in her screen's reflection—performative friendship.

****LENA****

I'll think about it.

****LAURA****

Think fast. Event's next week.

The call ends. Lena returns to editing. Her phone buzzes—a DM from "ELIAS_PHOTO": "Your work is extraordinary. The loneliness you capture... it's art."

She clicks his profile. Photography. Moose in Swedish forests. Abandoned places. Beautiful desolation.

She types a response, deletes it. Types again, deletes. Finally sends: "Thank you."

Immediately, he's typing. Her heart races—why?

"I'm exhibiting in Munich next month. You should come."

Before she can respond, another message:

"Sorry, that was forward. I just think you understand what it means to be between worlds."

She stares at the messages. Types: "How did you know?"

"Your eyes. In every video. They're looking for home."

SEQUENCE 5 - HAMBURG GHOSTS (Pages 21-25)

****EXT. HAMBURG STREETS - DUSK****

Lena walks home through St. Pauli. Neon beginning to flicker. Sex shops next to organic cafés. The city's contradictions.

She passes a pet shop. In the window, a tabby kitten. She stops, hand against glass.

****FLASHBACK - EXT. HAMBURG STREET - DAY (1 YEAR AGO)****

Lena kneels in the rain, cradling MIEZE's broken body. The delivery van speeds away. Blood mixes with rainwater.

****LENA****

(sobbing)

No, no, no. Please. Not you too.

A STRANGER offers an umbrella. Lena doesn't notice. Her world has shrunk to this broken cat.

****BACK TO PRESENT****

The kitten paws at the glass. Lena forces herself to walk away.

****INT. LENA'S BUILDING - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS****

Four flights up. With each floor, voices and cooking smells. Turkish family on floor 2. Nigerian students on 3. Russian couple on 4.

Her LANDLORD, HERR SCHMIDT (65), emerges from his flat.

****HERR SCHMIDT****

(German accent)

Rent is due Thursday.

****LENA****

It's always on time.

****HERR SCHMIDT****

And the noise? My wife says you talk to yourself at night.

****LENA****

I do video calls. For work.

****HERR SCHMIDT****

(skeptical)

Work. In my day, work meant leaving the house.

He shuffles away. Lena climbs the last flight to her attic.

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

**She enters, exhausted. The space feels smaller in darkness.
She doesn't turn on lights yet—stands by the slanted window,
looking out at Hamburg's lights.**

Her phone rings. "MOM."

****LENA****

Hi, Mama.

****INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION****

****MOTHER** (V.O.)**

(slight Swedish accent)

Did you eat today?

****LENA****

Yes.

****MOTHER** (V.O.)**

Real food? Not those frozen things?

****LENA****

They're actually very nutritious.

Pause.

****MOTHER** (V.O.)**

Your father means well. The rifle—it's his way of including you.

****LENA****

In what? His hunting fantasies? His toxic masculinity rituals?

****MOTHER** (V.O.)**

In the family. You've been distant since—

****LENA****

Since I moved back? Or since I left for Stockholm?

****MOTHER** (V.O.)**

Since you were fifteen. Since the incident at school.

Lena's hand goes to her collarbone scar.

****LENA****

I don't want to talk about that.

****MOTHER** (V.O.)**

You never do. But it changed you. You built walls.

****LENA****

Walls keep you safe.

****MOTHER** (V.O.)**

They also keep you alone.

**### SEQUENCE 6 - DREAMS AND NIGHTMARES (Pages
26-30)**

****INT. LENA'S ATTIC - LATE NIGHT****

Lena lies in bed, laptop playing *When Harry Met Sally* on low volume. Empty Froster meal containers on nightstand. She takes melatonin, hesitates, takes another.

****LENA** (V.O.)**

Doctor said one. But one brings whispers. Two brings the full show.

Her eyes flutter closed. The laptop continues playing—Harry and Sally arguing about men and women being friends.

****DREAM SEQUENCE - INT. SWEDISH SUMMER HOUSE - NIGHT****

The cabin, but wrong. Walls breathe like lungs. The sauna glows radioactive orange through windows.

Young LENA (10) stands in her mother's boots—now grotesquely large, roots growing from the soles into floorboards.

****YOUNG LENA****

(adult Lena's voice)

I can't move.

Her FATHER enters, body flickering between ages—young father, current father, elderly father not yet real.

****FATHER****

(all versions speaking in unison)

Middle child. Never first, never last. Never remembered.

A hunting rifle materializes in Young Lena's hands. It's heavy, too heavy. The wood grain pulses with heartbeat.

****YOUNG LENA****

I don't want this.

****FATHER****

(multiplied voice)

It's already yours. Has been since birth. The weight of being

between.

The bullies from school emerge from the walls—AMELIE and others, their faces shifting, melting.

****AMELIE****

(distorted)

Swedish freak. Hamburg reject. Nowhere girl.

They circle her. Young Lena raises the rifle, hands shaking.

****YOUNG LENA****

Stay back!

****FATHER****

You know what to do. We always destroy what we fear.

She aims at Father. The rifle becomes impossibly long, barrel stretching like taffy toward his chest.

****YOUNG LENA****

(sobbing)

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm—

**She pulls the trigger. Instead of a bullet, MIEZE shoots out—
alive but wrong, body elongated, meowing in reverse.**

**Father's chest explodes into pine needles and snow. He
laughs as he dissolves.**

****FATHER****

(fading)

Now you're free.

**But Young Lena is sinking into the boots, disappearing into
leather and memory.**

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

**Lena GASPS awake. 3:23 AM. Sheets soaked. Harry and Sally
still arguing on the laptop.**

She grabs her phone, starts recording herself—a private

video diary.

****LENA****

(to phone, whispered)

Same dream. Variations on a theme. Dad, rifle, guilt. My therapist would have a field day.

(pause)

I haven't had a therapist since Stockholm.

She sets the phone down, still recording, and moves to the window.

****LENA** (CONT'D)**

(to the night)

Why did I come back?

Behind her, the phone captures her silhouette against city lights—alone, framed by the slanted ceiling like a cage.

ACT TWO

SEQUENCE 7 - THE INVITATION (Pages 31-35)

****INT. LENA'S ATTIC - MORNING****

Lena on a Zoom call with brand representatives. Professional smile plastered on.

****BRAND REP** (on screen)**

We love your authenticity. Very raw, very real.

****LENA****

Thank you. I try to—

****BRAND REP****

We want you to be yourself. But also aspirational. Relatable but exceptional. Approachable but exclusive.

****LENA****

(confused)

So... be everything?

****BRAND REP****

Exactly! You get it!

**The call ends. Lena slumps. Her phone buzzes—Instagram
DM from ELIAS_PHOTO.**

"I'm in Hamburg. Coffee?"

**Her heart races. She types: "How do you know I'm in
Hamburg?"**

**"Your last video. The harbor in your window. I know those
cranes."**

**She looks at her window—indeed, harbor cranes visible in
distance.**

"That's... kind of stalkerish."

"Says the girl who broadcasts her life to strangers."

She laughs despite herself. Types: "Touché. Where?"

"Speicherstadt. Café Nord. One hour?"

**She looks at herself in the mirror—exhausted, unkempt.
Types: "Make it two."**

****INT. BATHROOM - LATER****

**Transformation montage. Shower, makeup, outfit changes.
The exhausted girl becomes the polished influencer
becomes... something in between. Natural but enhanced.
Herself but better.**

**She chooses her mother's boots—worn leather, practical but
elegant.**

****EXT. SPEICHERSTADT - DAY****

The old warehouse district. Red brick and canals. Tourist

boats drift by. Lena arrives at the café, nervous.

Through the window: ELIAS LINDQVIST (28). Tall, lean, dark curls over storm-blue eyes. Camera bag beside him. He sketches in a notebook—the café, the people, the light.

She enters.

****INT. CAFÉ NORD - CONTINUOUS****

Cozy, exposed brick, smell of coffee and cinnamon. Elias looks up. Their eyes meet. That thing that happens when two people recognize something in each other.

****ELIAS****

(standing, Swedish accent)

Lena. You're exactly as I imagined. But also nothing like it.

****LENA****

That makes no sense.

****ELIAS****

The best things rarely do.

They sit. Awkward beat.

****ELIAS** (CONT'D)**

I should apologize. Showing up like this. I'm not usually so—

****LENA****

Forward? Creepy? Intense?

****ELIAS****

(laughing)

I was going to say impulsive. But those work too.

The waitress brings coffee without being asked.

****WAITRESS****

(to Elias)

The usual?

****ELIAS****

(to Lena)

I've been here every morning for a week. Hoping you'd answer.

****LENA****

That's either romantic or restraining order territory.

****ELIAS****

Depends on the coffee quality.

She sips. It's perfect.

****LENA****

Romantic it is.

They talk. Really talk. Not interview talk, not networking—actual connection.

****ELIAS****

I know Dalarna. That forest. I spent summers there as a kid.

****LENA****

(surprised)

Where?

****ELIAS****

My grandmother's cabin. Near Rättvik.

****LENA****

That's twenty minutes from ours!

****ELIAS****

The moose trails by the lake?

****LENA****

I know every one.

****ELIAS****

The sauna that smells like—

****LENA****

Pine and decades of sweat and wood smoke.

They look at each other. The world shrinks to this table.

****ELIAS****

Why did you leave Stockholm?

****LENA****

Why did you?

****ELIAS****

I asked first.

****LENA****

**I left because... because staying meant admitting I'd failed.
At being Swedish enough. At forgetting Hamburg. At
becoming someone new.**

****ELIAS****

And Hamburg?

****LENA****

**Hamburg is... it's like wearing shoes that used to fit perfectly
but now pinch. You remember when they were comfortable,
but—**

****ELIAS****

But feet change. People change.

****LENA****

Exactly.

(pause)

Your turn. Why photography?

****ELIAS****

**Because cameras are honest. They capture what is, not what
we pretend.**

****LENA****

That's not true. Every photo is a choice. Angle, light,

moment—it's all construction.

****ELIAS****

Spoken like a true content creator.

****LENA****

(defensive)

What's that supposed to mean?

****ELIAS****

Nothing bad. Just... you understand the performance. Most people pretend it's reality.

****LENA****

And you? What's your performance?

****ELIAS****

The mysterious artist. The lone wolf with a camera. The Swedish soul in German exile.

****LENA****

That's very specific.

****ELIAS****

I've had practice.

His phone buzzes. He ignores it. It buzzes again.

****ELIAS** (CONT'D)**

I should go. Gallery meeting.

****LENA****

(disappointed)

Oh. Okay.

****ELIAS****

Come with me.

****LENA****

What?

****ELIAS****

Munich. This weekend. I'm showing at Galerie Eigen.

****LENA****

I can't just—

****ELIAS****

Why not? You're a content creator. Create content. "Swedish photographer takes Hamburg vlogger to Munich." Great clickbait.

****LENA****

I don't do clickbait.

****ELIAS****

Then do it for the story. Do it because you're tired of that attic. Do it because—

He stops. Reaches across the table, almost touches her hand, pulls back.

****ELIAS** (CONT'D)**

**Do it because when two people recognize each other the way
we just did, you follow that thread.**

**### SEQUENCE 8 - FAMILY DINNER DISASTER (Pages
36-40)**

****INT. PARENTS' HOUSE - DINING ROOM - FRIDAY NIGHT****

**Traditional German home. Heavy furniture, family photos
spanning decades. The table set for six—good china, mother's
doing.**

**MOTHER (50s) still striking, those famous boots under a
simple dress. FATHER, uncomfortable in his own home. ERIK
in after-work casual. JONAS (18), pierced and rebellious. And
AUNT BRITTA (48), mother's sister visiting from Sweden.**

Lena arrives late, flustered.

****MOTHER****

(hugging her)

You made it.

****LENA****

Traffic was—

****FATHER****

There's always traffic. Plan for it.

Tension immediate. Mother shoots Father a look.

****AUNT BRITTA****

(Swedish accent, warm)

**Lena! Min älskling! You look thin. Hamburg doesn't feed
you?**

****LENA****

I eat, Aunt Britta.

They sit. Awkward silence. Jonas breaks it.

****JONAS****

So, Lena's internet famous now. Hundred thousand followers.

****FATHER****

(dismissive)

Followers. Like it's a religion.

****LENA****

It's a business, Dad.

****FATHER****

Taking pictures of yourself is a business?

****ERIK****

(trying to help)

She makes good money, Dad. More than—

He stops. More than him is what he doesn't say.

****MOTHER****

Let's eat before it gets cold.

**They pass dishes—schnitzel, potatoes, sauerkraut.
Traditional, heavy.**

****AUNT BRITTA****

(to Lena)

**Your mother says you were in Stockholm. I have friends
there, in media. They could—**

****LENA****

I'm fine here. Thank you.

****AUNT BRITTA****

**But surely Stockholm has more opportunities for someone
like you.**

****FATHER****

Someone like her?

****AUNT BRITTA****

Creative. International. Not so... German.

Father's fork clatters on his plate.

****FATHER****

She IS German. Born here, raised here—

****MOTHER****

She's both. Can we not do this tonight?

****LENA****

(to Britta)

What did Mom tell you about Stockholm?

****MOTHER****

Nothing. I just mentioned you'd been there.

****LENA****

For six months. You made it sound like—

****JONAS****

(interrupting)

Can we talk about something else? Like how Erik's getting married?

Everyone turns to ERIK.

****ERIK****

We're not—I mean, we've discussed it, but—

****FATHER****

(brightening)

Marriage? When?

****ERIK****

Dad, we're not engaged yet.

****FATHER****

But you will be. Good. Finally, someone in this family acting normal.

Lena sets down her fork.

****LENA****

Normal. Right.

****MOTHER****

Lena—

****LENA****

**No, let's discuss normal. Normal is getting married young,
having kids, working the same job for forty years—**

****FATHER****

It's called stability.

****LENA****

**It's called fear. Fear of change, fear of the unknown, fear
of—**

****FATHER****

(standing)

I'm not afraid of anything.

****LENA****

**Then why is that rifle in your car? Why do you need to arm
yourself against the world?**

****FATHER****

**It's tradition. Heritage. Things you wouldn't understand
because you're too busy playing dress-up for strangers!**

****LENA****

(standing too)

**At least strangers see me! You haven't seen me since I was
ten years old and fit into your idea of a daughter!**

****MOTHER****

Both of you, stop!

But they're beyond stopping.

****FATHER****

**You want to be seen? Fine. I see a spoiled girl who runs away
whenever things get difficult. Stockholm, Hamburg,
Stockholm again—**

****LENA****

I came back!

****FATHER****

**For how long? Until the next shiny opportunity? Until
someone offers you a free trip to—where is it this time?
Munich?**

Lena freezes. How does he know?

****FATHER** (CONT'D)**

**Oh yes, I follow your social media. I see everything you post.
The parties, the clothes, the complaints about family—**

****LENA****

I never complain about—

****FATHER****

"Family dinner. Wish me luck." What's that supposed to mean?

****JONAS****

(under his breath)

This. It means this.

****AUNT BRITTA****

Perhaps we should—

****FATHER****

(to Lena)

Your grandfather would be ashamed.

That lands. Hard.

****LENA****

(quiet, dangerous)

My grandfather is dead. And if he were alive, he'd be ashamed of you. Of what you've become. Bitter and small and—

****FATHER****

Get out.

****MOTHER****

Hans, no—

****FATHER****

She wants to leave? Let her leave. It's what she does best.

Lena grabs her coat. Mother follows her to the door.

****MOTHER****

(whispered)

He doesn't mean it. He's scared of losing you.

****LENA****

He already has.

She leaves. Through the window, we see her in the street,

pulling out her phone, texting someone.

"Is that Munich offer still open?"

SEQUENCE 9 - MUNICH AWAKENING (Pages 41-45)

****INT. TRAIN - DAY****

ICE train speeding through German countryside. Lena films herself, but her heart's not in it.

****LENA****

(to phone camera)

Hey everyone. Spontaneous trip to Munich. Sometimes you need to... change your environment.

She turns off the camera. Across from her, a MOTHER with a young DAUGHTER. The girl stares at Lena.

****LITTLE GIRL****

(German)

Are you famous?

****LENA****

No, sweetie.

****LITTLE GIRL****

Then why were you talking to your phone?

Lena has no good answer.

****EXT. MUNICH HAUPTBAHNHOF - DAY****

Elias waits on the platform. Leather jacket, camera around his neck. When he sees her, his face lights up.

****ELIAS****

You came.

****LENA****

I needed to leave.

****ELIAS****

Running to or running from?

****LENA****

Does it matter?

****ELIAS****

Always.

He takes her bag. Their hands brush. Electric.

****INT. ELIAS'S CAR - DAY****

**Vintage BMW, perfectly maintained. Jazz on the stereo. The
city passes by.**

****ELIAS****

Hotel first or gallery?

****LENA****

Gallery. I need to see your work.

****ELIAS****

It's not ready. I'm not ready.

****LENA****

Join the club.

****INT. GALERIE EIGEN - DAY****

Modern white space. Elias's photographs hung with precision. They're devastating—abandoned places, empty rooms, shadows where people should be.

Lena stops at one: a sauna, empty, steam still visible, as if someone just left.

****LENA****

This is our place. Dalarna.

****ELIAS****

You recognize it?

****LENA****

I recognize the loneliness.

**The gallery OWNER, MATTHIAS (40s, severe black clothes),
approaches.**

****MATTHIAS****

(to Elias)

Is this her? Your muse?

****ELIAS****

Lena, Matthias. Matthias, Lena.

****MATTHIAS****

(studying her)

Yes, I see it. The melancholy. Very sellable.

****LENA****

Excuse me?

****MATTHIAS****

**Your sadness. It photographs well. Elias showed me the shots
from Hamburg.**

****LENA****

(to Elias)

You photographed me? When?

****ELIAS****

(embarrassed)

At the café. I couldn't help it. The light, and you were so—

****MATTHIAS****

**Lost. Perfect subject for the series. "Beautiful Ruins," we're
calling it.**

****LENA****

I'm not a ruin.

****MATTHIAS****

Aren't you? We all are. Some just hide it better.

He walks away. Lena turns to Elias.

****LENA****

Is that what I am to you? A beautiful ruin?

****ELIAS****

No. You're—

(struggling)

You're potential energy. Like lightning before it strikes.

SEQUENCE 10 - SEAFOOD AND SECRETS (Pages 46-50)

****INT. MUNICH RESTAURANT - NIGHT****

Intimate, expensive. Candles, white tablecloths. A seafood tower arrives—oysters, salmon, prawns arranged like architecture.

****ELIAS****

I ordered ahead. Hope you don't mind.

****LENA****

(looking at the spread)

This is... excessive.

****ELIAS****

I wanted tonight to be memorable.

He opens an oyster with practiced ease, offers it to her.

****ELIAS** (CONT'D)**

Have you ever eaten an oyster properly?

****LENA****

There's a proper way?

****ELIAS****

With complete attention. Like it's the only thing in the universe.

She takes the shell. Their fingers touch—he doesn't let go immediately.

****ELIAS** (CONT'D)**

Close your eyes.

She does. He guides the shell to her lips.

****ELIAS** (CONT'D)**

(whispered)

Now taste the ocean.

The oyster slides down her throat. Briny, mineral, perfect. She opens her eyes to find him watching intensely.

****LENA****

(breathless)

That was—

****ELIAS****

Just the beginning.

**They eat slowly, sensuously. Salmon that melts on tongues,
prawns peeled with deliberate fingers. Between courses, they
talk.**

****ELIAS** (CONT'D)**

Tell me about the dreams.

****LENA****

(surprised)

What dreams?

****ELIAS****

**You mentioned them. In one of your videos. The ones that
make you afraid to sleep.**

****LENA****

You really do watch everything.

****ELIAS****

Only yours. Only since—

(stops himself)

****LENA****

Since when?

****ELIAS****

**Since I saw you at a gallery opening. Two years ago.
Stockholm. You were with someone—tall, blonde, looked like
a Viking.**

****LENA****

(remembering)

Magnus. My ex.

****ELIAS****

**You looked miserable. Beautiful, but miserable. And I
thought—**

****LENA****

What?

****ELIAS****

**I thought: there's someone who understands that beauty isn't
enough.**

Lena sets down her fork.

****LENA****

You've been watching me for two years?

****ELIAS****

Not watching. Noticing. There's a difference.

****LENA****

That's what stalkers say.

****ELIAS****

(leaning forward)

If I were a stalker, would I tell you?

****LENA****

(leaning in too)

If you were smart.

**They're close now. Close enough to kiss. The waiter interrupts
with dessert.**

****WAITER****

Chocolate soufflé, as ordered.

The moment breaks. But the charge remains.

SEQUENCE 11 - NIGHT SWIMMING (Pages 51-55)

****EXT. MUNICH HOTEL - ROOFTOP POOL - NIGHT****

**Closed for the season, but Elias knows a way. They climb
service stairs, giggling like teenagers.**

****LENA****

This is illegal.

****ELIAS****

The best things usually are.

**The pool glows turquoise under moon and city lights. Munich
spreads below—church spires, the distant Alps.**

****ELIAS** (CONT'D)**

**When I was a kid, we'd swim in the lake at midnight. In
Dalarna. The water so cold it burned.**

****LENA****

I remember. We called it ice baptism.

****ELIAS****

Want to be baptized again?

****LENA****

It's October. In Munich. That pool isn't heated.

****ELIAS****

(already removing his jacket)

Afraid?

****LENA****

Of hypothermia? Yes.

**But he's stripping—shirt, shoes, down to boxers. His body is
lean, scarred—stories written in skin.**

****ELIAS****

Fear keeps us small.

He dives. Surfaces, gasping.

****ELIAS** (CONT'D)**

(shivering)

Fuck! That's... that's actually terrible.

Lena laughs. Really laughs, for the first time in months.

****LENA****

You idiot.

****ELIAS****

(teeth chattering)

Your turn.

****LENA****

Not a chance.

****ELIAS****

The Lena I watched in Stockholm would have done it.

****LENA****

That Lena was trying to prove something.

****ELIAS****

And this Lena?

She looks at him—shivering in the pool, vulnerable, real.

****LENA****

This Lena chooses her battles.

**She sits at pool's edge, dangles her feet. He swims over, rests
his arms on her knees.**

****ELIAS****

(serious now)

Why did you really come to Munich?

****LENA****

You invited me.

****ELIAS****

That's not a reason.

****LENA****

I had a fight with my father.

****ELIAS****

About?

****LENA****

Everything. Nothing. The fact that I exist wrong.

****ELIAS****

Nobody exists wrong.

****LENA****

**Tell that to him. I'm too Swedish for Germany, too German
for Sweden, too old to be lost, too young to be taken
seriously—**

****ELIAS****

(interrupting)

Too afraid to jump in the pool.

She looks at him. Makes a decision. Stands, fully clothed, and

jumps.

The cold is shocking. She surfaces, screaming and laughing.

****LENA****

(gasping)

Holy shit! Why did I do that?

****ELIAS****

(swimming to her)

Because you're brave. Even when you don't feel it.

**They're close in the water. Her clothes heavy, pulling her
down. He holds her up, hands on her waist.**

****LENA****

I'm sinking.

****ELIAS****

I've got you.

Their lips are inches apart. Water drops from her hair onto his face. The city holds its breath.

They kiss.

It's desperate, necessary, like drowning people sharing oxygen. Her legs wrap around his waist. His hands tangle in her wet hair.

A SECURITY GUARD'S flashlight sweeps the roof.

****SECURITY GUARD** (O.S.)**

(German)

Who's there?

They break apart, scramble from the pool, grab clothes, run—leaving wet footprints like breadcrumbs.

SEQUENCE 12 - HOTEL CONFESSIONS (Pages 56-60)

****INT. LENA'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT****

They burst in, soaking, laughing. Lena's teeth chatter violently.

****ELIAS****

Shower. Hot. Now.

****LENA****

(shivering)

I can't feel my fingers.

He helps her with her jacket zipper. Their hands fumble together. The laughter dies. Awareness floods in—they're alone, wet, wanting.

****LENA** (CONT'D)**

(stepping back)

I should—

****ELIAS****

Right. I'll go.

But neither moves.

****LENA****

Stay. Just... stay on that side of the room.

**She disappears into the bathroom. He hears the shower start.
He sits on the floor by the window, looking out at Munich.**

****ELIAS****

(loud enough for her to hear)

**My father left when I was twelve. Just gone one morning. No
note, no explanation.**

The shower keeps running.

****ELIAS** (CONT'D)**

**My mother said he went to find himself. I said, what were
we? Practice?**

The shower turns off. Lena emerges in a hotel robe, hair wrapped in a towel. She sits on the bed, far from him.

****LENA****

My father never left. Sometimes I wish he had.

****ELIAS****

That's dark.

****LENA****

Presence can be absence too. Being there but not seeing you.

****ELIAS****

Is that why you perform? The vlogs, the content—so someone sees you?

****LENA****

(defensive)

It's not performing.

****ELIAS****

Isn't it?

****LENA****

Says the photographer who turns life into art.

****ELIAS****

Touché.

(beat)

Can I tell you something?

****LENA****

Another confession?

****ELIAS****

**The photos in the gallery—they're all places my father might
have gone. Every abandoned building, every empty room.
I'm documenting his absence.**

****LENA****

That's... really sad.

****ELIAS****

Or really stupid. I can't decide.

She moves closer, still maintaining distance.

****LENA****

In my dreams, I shoot my father. With his own rifle.

****ELIAS****

(not shocked)

Do you kill him?

****LENA****

Every time. And every time, he gets up and laughs.

****ELIAS****

What do you think it means?

****LENA****

My ex-therapist said it was about killing the parts of him I

see in myself.

****ELIAS****

And you think?

****LENA****

**I think I'm afraid I'll disappoint him so much, it'll kill him. So
my brain does it first. Preview of coming attractions.**

They sit in comfortable silence. The city hums below.

****ELIAS****

Can I photograph you tomorrow?

****LENA****

For your "Beautiful Ruins" series?

****ELIAS****

No. For me. Just for me.

****LENA****

Why?

****ELIAS****

**Because you're the first person I've met who's as lost as I am
but doesn't pretend otherwise.**

****LENA****

That's not exactly flattering.

****ELIAS****

It's the highest compliment I have.

SEQUENCE 13 - THE DIOR EVENT (Pages 61-65)

****INT. MUNICH HOTEL - BALLROOM - NEXT EVENING****

**The Dior event in full swing. Fashion elite, champagne
fountains, models like gazelles. Lena in borrowed couture—
midnight blue, liquid silk.**

**She films content between conversations, professional smile
locked in place.**

****INFLUENCER #1****

(air kisses)

Lena! Love your feed lately. So authentic.

****INFLUENCER #2****

**We should collab. My followers would love your... what do
you call it? Sad girl aesthetic?**

**Lena excuses herself, finds refuge on a balcony. Elias
appears, camera in hand.**

****ELIAS****

You look miserable.

****LENA****

I look expensive. There's a difference.

****ELIAS****

Is there?

She turns on him.

****LENA****

**Not everyone can afford to be a pure artist, Elias. Some of us
have rent.**

****ELIAS****

I wasn't judging.

****LENA****

**Weren't you? With your gallery shows and your artistic
integrity?**

****ELIAS****

Where's this coming from?

****LENA****

(unraveling)

My father's right. I am playing dress-up. Pretending this

matters. These people don't care about me. They care about my metrics.

****ELIAS****

So leave.

****LENA****

I can't. I'm being paid to be here. To smile and post and—

She's spiraling. He takes her camera, sets it down.

****ELIAS****

Breathe.

****LENA****

I can't breathe in this dress. I can't breathe in this life. I can't—

He kisses her. Soft, grounding. She melts into it, then pulls away.

****LENA** (CONT'D)**

Don't. I'm working.

****ELIAS****

You're drowning.

****LENA****

Same thing.

LAURA appears in the doorway.

****LAURA****

Lena! There you are. The brand wants photos with you and—

(noticing Elias)

Oh. Hello.

****LENA****

Laura, Elias. Elias, Laura.

****LAURA****

(appraising)

The photographer. Lena's told me nothing about you, which means you're important.

****ELIAS****

I'm nobody.

****LAURA****

Nobody doesn't get invited to Dior events.

****ELIAS****

I'm crashing.

****LAURA****

(impressed)

Even better.

(to Lena)

Five minutes, then photos. Don't smudge your lipstick.

She leaves with a knowing smile.

****LENA****

I should go.

****ELIAS****

Should. The most dangerous word in the language.

****LENA****

More dangerous than love?

****ELIAS****

Love's not dangerous. It's what we do to avoid it that kills us.

**She looks at him—this strange, intense man who sees through
her performance.**

****LENA****

After the photos. Meet me by the kitchen exit.

****ELIAS****

Running away again?

****LENA****

Running to. For once, running to.

SEQUENCE 14 - HAMBURG HISTORY (Pages 66-70)

****EXT. MUNICH STREETS - NIGHT****

They escape the hotel, run through empty streets. Munich at midnight—gothic shadows and modern neon.

****ELIAS****

Where are we going?

****LENA****

(pulling him along)

No idea. Away. Anywhere.

They pass the Frauenkirche, its twin towers like sentinels. A tram rumbles past.

****LENA** (CONT'D)**

Tell me about Hamburg. Your Hamburg.

****ELIAS****

I've only been twice.

****LENA****

Tell me what you saw.

****ELIAS****

**Ghosts. Layers of history. A city that can't decide if it wants
to remember or forget.**

They stop at the Isar River. Moonlight on water.

****LENA****

My grandmother survived the firestorm. 1943. She was eight.

****ELIAS****

Operation Gomorrah.

****LENA****

You know about it?

****ELIAS****

**40,000 dead in one week. The city burned so hot it created
its own weather system. Tornado of fire.**

****LENA****

**She hid in a canal. Watched her neighborhood melt. Never
talked about it, but my mother said she could never light
candles after.**

****FLASHBACK - EXT. HAMBURG - JULY 27, 1943 - NIGHT****

**Black and white. The city burns. A YOUNG GIRL (8) cowers
in a canal, water up to her chin. Around her, people scream.
Buildings collapse. The air itself seems to burn.**

**A WOMAN clutching a BABY tries to run past. Her clothes
ignite. She throws the baby into the canal before collapsing.**

The girl catches the baby, holds it above water. Around them, Hamburg becomes hell.

****BACK TO PRESENT****

****LENA** (CONT'D)**

**She saved twelve people that night. A child saving children.
And you know what she said about it?**

****ELIAS****

What?

****LENA****

**Nothing. She said nothing. Just rebuilt her life brick by brick.
Had my mother. Who had me. And here I am, complaining
about Instagram algorithms.**

****ELIAS****

**Trauma isn't comparative. Your pain doesn't diminish
because someone else suffered more.**

****LENA****

Doesn't it?

****ELIAS****

**Your grandmother survived so you could have the luxury of
smaller problems.**

****LENA****

Or so I could have the guilt of wasting that gift.

They walk along the river. A night bird calls.

****ELIAS****

Come to Berlin with me. Tomorrow.

****LENA****

I have to go back to Hamburg.

****ELIAS****

Why?

****LENA****

Because running away isn't the same as moving forward.

****ELIAS****

Then let me come with you.

****LENA****

To my attic? To my family drama? To my—

****ELIAS****

To your life. Your real life. Not the performed one.

She stops walking, faces him.

****LENA****

What if you don't like what you see?

****ELIAS****

What if I already see it?

They kiss by the river, the city sleeping around them.

ACT THREE

SEQUENCE 15 - RETURN TO THE ATTIC (Pages 71-75)

****INT. TRAIN - DAY****

**Heading back to Hamburg. Lena and Elias in facing seats.
She edits videos on her laptop. He sketches her working.**

****LENA****

(not looking up)

Stop drawing me.

****ELIAS****

Stop being drawable.

She glances at his sketchbook—dozens of her, captured in moments she didn't know he was watching.

****LENA****

These are... invasive.

****ELIAS****

Honest. There's a difference.

One sketch catches her eye: her sleeping on his shoulder, peaceful.

****LENA****

When was this?

****ELIAS****

An hour ago. You dozed off. You talk in your sleep.

****LENA****

(worried)

What did I say?

****ELIAS****

"The boots don't fit." Over and over.

She closes the laptop.

****LENA****

My mother's boots. I inherited them but... they're hers. Her story. Her strength.

****ELIAS****

So get your own boots.

****LENA****

It's not that simple.

****ELIAS****

Isn't it?

****EXT. HAMBURG HAUPTBAHNHOF - DAY****

**They emerge into Hamburg's grey embrace. Different from
Munich's grandeur—working city, honest city.**

****LENA****

This is where you decide if you're sure.

****ELIAS****

About what?

****LENA****

Me. This. Hamburg isn't a vacation. It's real life.

****ELIAS****

Good. I'm tired of vacations.

****INT. LENA'S BUILDING - STAIRWELL - DAY****

Climbing to the attic. HERR SCHMIDT emerges.

****HERR SCHMIDT****

(to Lena)

You have a visitor. I don't run a hotel.

****LENA****

He's not staying—

****HERR SCHMIDT****

Your father was here. Left something by your door.

Lena and Elias exchange glances, continue climbing.

****INT. LENA'S ATTIC - CONTINUOUS****

Outside her door: the rifle case. A note attached.

**"Whether you want it or not, it's yours. Like being a Müller. -
Dad"**

****LENA****

(to Elias)

Welcome to my life.

They enter. Elias takes in the space—the slanted ceilings, the organized chaos, the view.

****ELIAS****

It's perfect.

****LENA****

It's a cage.

****ELIAS****

It's a nest. You said so yourself.

****LENA****

I say a lot of things. It's my job.

Her phone explodes with notifications. The Munich event photos are live. Comments pour in.

****LENA** (CONT'D)**

(reading)

"Goals." "Queen." "Living your best life."

(bitter laugh)

If they only knew.

****ELIAS****

So tell them.

****LENA****

**Tell them what? That I'm a mess? That I have daddy issues
and recurring nightmares and can't commit to anything
except this stupid internet persona?**

****ELIAS****

Yes.

****LENA****

That's career suicide.

****ELIAS****

Or career evolution.

She looks at him—this strange man in her sacred space.

****LENA****

Why are you here? Really?

****ELIAS****

Because you're the first real thing I've found in years.

****LENA****

I'm the least real person you'll ever meet.

****ELIAS****

No. You're the most real person pretending to be fake I've ever met.

Before she can respond, her doorbell rings. Unusual—no one visits.

****INT. LENA'S ATTIC - DOOR - CONTINUOUS****

She opens it. Her MOTHER stands there, still in those boots.

****MOTHER****

We need to talk.

(noticing Elias)

You have company.

****LENA****

Mom, this is Elias. Elias, my mother.

****MOTHER****

(appraising him)

Swedish?

****ELIAS****

Guilty.

****MOTHER****

Good. She needs someone who understands both sides.

(to Lena)

Your father's having a crisis. Since dinner, he hasn't left his study.

****LENA****

That's not my problem.

****MOTHER****

You're his daughter. It's always your problem.

SEQUENCE 16 - FAMILY RECKONING (Pages 76-80)

****INT. PARENTS' HOUSE - FATHER'S STUDY - DAY****

Dark wood, hunting trophies, a shrine to traditional masculinity. FATHER sits at his desk, the rifle disassembled, cleaning each piece.

Lena enters alone. He doesn't look up.

****FATHER****

It was my father's. His father's before that. Survived two wars.

****LENA****

I don't want it.

****FATHER****

Want isn't the point. It exists. You exist. These facts don't require your approval.

****LENA****

Why do you hate who I've become?

He finally looks at her.

****FATHER****

I don't hate you. I hate that I don't understand you.

****LENA****

Then try.

****FATHER****

**How? You live in a box in the attic, talking to strangers,
selling yourself—**

****LENA****

I'm not selling myself.

****FATHER****

Aren't you? Your face, your life, your stories—all for sale.

****LENA****

I'm building something.

****FATHER****

What?

****LENA****

**Connection. Community. A place for people who feel like
they don't fit.**

****FATHER****

(bitter)

Like you.

****LENA****

Yes. Like me.

He returns to cleaning the rifle.

****FATHER****

**When you were born, the middle child, I thought—she'll be
the bridge. Between Erik's ambition and Jonas's wildness.
But you became an island.**

****LENA****

Islands don't choose to be islands. Water makes them.

****FATHER****

Is that what we did? Surrounded you with water?

****LENA****

You surrounded me with expectations I couldn't meet.

He assembles the rifle with practiced precision.

****FATHER****

**Your grandmother—my mother—she rebuilt this city. With
her hands. After the bombs, after the fire. And her daughter
builds... what? Videos?**

****LENA****

Times change.

****FATHER****

People don't.

He holds out the rifle.

****FATHER** (CONT'D)**

**Take it. Even if you never use it. Take it so something real
passes between us.**

****LENA****

It's not real. It's a symbol of everything you wish I was.

****FATHER****

No. It's a symbol that you come from somewhere. That you're part of something larger than your individual story.

****LENA****

My story IS part of something larger. Just not your something.

Long pause. He sets the rifle down.

****FATHER****

The boy. Swedish boy. Serious?

****LENA****

I don't know.

****FATHER****

You like him.

****LENA****

How can you tell?

****FATHER****

You look scared. You only look scared when something matters.

****LENA****

(surprised by his insight)

Dad...

****FATHER****

Bring him to dinner. Sunday. Your mother insists.

****LENA****

You hate my life.

****FATHER****

I love my daughter. The two can coexist.

She takes the rifle.

****LENA****

I'm not going to use it.

****FATHER****

I know. But maybe your children will.

****LENA****

Bold assumption.

****FATHER****

Hope. Not assumption. Hope.

SEQUENCE 17 - THE EXHIBITION (Pages 81-85)

****INT. SPEICHERSTADT WAREHOUSE - GALLERY SPACE -
NIGHT (ONE WEEK LATER)****

Elias's Hamburg exhibition opening. "Between Worlds" -

**photographs of Lena interwoven with abandoned spaces,
creating dialogue between presence and absence.**

**The space is packed. Hamburg's art elite, Lena's family, her
online followers who've come to see her in person.**

****LENA****

(to Elias, nervous)

This is too much. Too exposed.

****ELIAS****

It's honest.

**The centerpiece: a massive print of Lena in her attic, shot
from outside the window, rain-streaked glass between her
and the camera. She looks like she's drowning in air.**

****GALLERY VISITOR #1****

(to another)

Is that the Instagram girl?

****GALLERY VISITOR #2****

She looks different in person. Smaller. Sadder.

**Lena overhears, excuses herself. Finds refuge in the
bathroom.**

****INT. GALLERY BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS****

She films herself in the mirror, shaking.

****LENA****

(to phone)

Hey everyone. I'm at my boyfriend's—

(stops)

Is he my boyfriend? We haven't...

(starts over)

**I'm at an art exhibition where I'm the art and it's fucking
terrifying. Seeing yourself through someone else's eyes...**

**The door opens. AMELIE enters—the bully from school, now
polished, professional.**

****AMELIE****

Lena? Oh my God, it IS you.

****LENA****

(freezing)

Amelie.

****AMELIE****

I follow your videos. You're like, inspiring.

****LENA****

You... follow me?

****AMELIE****

All of us from school do. You got out. You made something of yourself.

****LENA****

You tormented me.

****AMELIE****

(uncomfortable)

That was... kids are cruel. We were jealous. You were different. Special.

****LENA****

I was foreign. Alone.

****AMELIE****

And now you're famous. So I guess you won.

****LENA****

There's no winning. There's just continuing.

Amelie leaves. Lena looks at herself in the mirror, sees her mother's strength, her father's stubbornness.

****INT. GALLERY SPACE - LATER****

Speeches. MATTHIAS at the microphone.

****MATTHIAS****

Elias Lindqvist captures absence—the spaces people leave behind. But in this series, he's captured presence. The fullness of being caught between.

Elias takes the mic.

****ELIAS****

These photos are a collaboration. With Lena, yes, but also with Hamburg. This city that rebuilds itself constantly, that holds memory and releases it.

He finds Lena in the crowd.

****ELIAS** (CONT'D)**

Lena taught me that being lost isn't the opposite of being found. Sometimes it's the same thing.

Applause. Lena's family claps—even her father. Her mother wipes tears.

****LATER - GALLERY BALCONY****

Lena and Elias escape outside. Harbor lights twinkle.

****ELIAS****

You okay?

****LENA****

Amelie was here. My school bully. She said I was inspiring.

****ELIAS****

You are.

****LENA****

I'm a mess playing dress-up on the internet.

****ELIAS****

**You're a woman building bridges between worlds. Your
father's right about that, at least.**

****LENA****

Don't take his side.

****ELIAS****

I'm taking your side. All your sides. Even the ones you hate.

She kisses him. Deep, certain.

****LENA****

Move in with me.

****ELIAS****

To the attic?

****LENA****

For now. Until we find our own place.

****ELIAS****

Our place.

****LENA****

Too fast?

****ELIAS****

Too slow. I've been waiting two years, remember?

SEQUENCE 18 - CONVERGENCE (Pages 86-90)

****INT. LENA'S ATTIC - NIGHT (ONE MONTH LATER)****

Transformed. Two desks now. Elias's prints on walls. Still cramped but fuller. Lived in.

Lena vlogs while Elias edits in the background.

****LENA****

(to camera)

So major update—I'm in therapy again. Turns out running from your problems is just cardio, not a solution.

Comments pop up immediately—supportive, vulnerable,

real.

****LENA** (CONT'D)**

And I want to talk about the dreams. The ones where I hurt people I love. My therapist says they're about fear of my own power. What if she's right? What if we're all more powerful than we think, and that's what terrifies us?

Elias looks up, proud.

****INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY****

DR. WEBER (50s, kind eyes) across from Lena.

****DR. WEBER****

**The rifle transforming into a camera in your last dream—
that's significant.**

****LENA****

Weapons into tools?

****DR. WEBER****

Destruction into creation. Your father's legacy transformed.

****LENA****

But I still took the rifle. It's in my attic.

****DR. WEBER****

**Physical objects can hold multiple meanings. What does it
mean to you now?**

****LENA****

**Weight. History. Something I'll never use but can't throw
away.**

****DR. WEBER****

Like family.

****LENA****

(laughing)

Exactly like family.

****INT. SWEDISH SUMMER HOUSE - DAY (SUMMER)****

Family gathering. The cabin fuller than ever—Erik with his fiancée, Jonas with a boyfriend, parents cooking together.

Lena and Elias by the lake, feet in water.

****LENA****

I used to think this place was frozen in time.

****ELIAS****

Isn't it?

****LENA****

No. We're what's frozen. The place keeps growing. New rings in the trees, new paths worn by moose. We're the ones who stay the same.

****ELIAS****

You've changed.

****LENA****

Have I? Or did I just stop pretending I hadn't?

He pulls out a ring box. Not dramatic, just simple.

****ELIAS****

This isn't a proposal.

****LENA****

(relieved and disappointed)

Oh.

****ELIAS****

It's a promise. That when you're ready, I'll ask properly.

Inside: a simple band with a tiny piece of amber.

****ELIAS** (CONT'D)**

Baltic amber. Millions of years old. Proof that pressure and time make beautiful things.

****LENA****

That's either romantic or a threat.

****ELIAS****

Both. Everything real is both.

She puts it on her right hand.

****LENA****

I love you. That's terrifying to say.

****ELIAS****

I love you. That's terrifying to feel.

****LENA****

Good. Comfortable love is just habit.

They kiss as the Swedish sun sets late and lazy.

SEQUENCE 19 - THE INTERVIEW (Pages 91-95)

****INT. TV STUDIO - DAY****

Lena being interviewed for a morning show. Polished but authentic.

****INTERVIEWER****

Your content has evolved from lifestyle to something deeper. Mental health, family dynamics, cultural identity. Was that intentional?

****LENA****

Nothing about my journey has been intentional. It's all been stumbling toward honesty.

****INTERVIEWER****

Your recent video about generational trauma has two million views.

****LENA****

Which shows how many people carry these weights. My

grandmother survived Hamburg's firestorm. My mother survived the division of Germany. I'm surviving... Instagram algorithms and family dinners.

(laughs)

Each generation's war looks different.

****INTERVIEWER****

You've been very open about your struggles. Any regrets?

****LENA****

Every day. But silence was killing me faster than honesty ever could.

****INTERVIEWER****

What's next?

****LENA****

A book, maybe. Moving to a bigger place—the attic has served its purpose. And...

(touching her amber ring)

Building a life that doesn't need to be performed to be valid.

****INT. PARENTS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME****

Her family watches on TV. Father intensely focused, mother holding his hand.

****FATHER****

She speaks well.

****MOTHER****

She speaks truth.

****FATHER****

Same thing, when you're brave enough.

****JONAS****

Did Dad just compliment Lena?

****ERIK****

Mark the date. It's a miracle.

****FATHER****

(gruff but emotional)

She's a Müller. We're all miracles. Stubborn, difficult miracles.

SEQUENCE 20 - FULL CIRCLE (Pages 96-100)

****INT. NEW APARTMENT - DAY (SIX MONTHS LATER)****

Bright, spacious, ground floor with garden access. Boxes everywhere. Lena and Elias unpacking.

She finds the rifle case.

****LENA****

What do I do with this?

****ELIAS****

Keep it. Every family has weapons. Yours is just literal.

****LENA****

Future conversation piece. "Oh, that? Just my inherited trauma in rifle form."

**They hang Elias's photographs—including the new ones:
Lena laughing, Lena crying, Lena being.**

****ELIAS****

No more attic.

****LENA****

I'll miss the slanted ceilings. They taught me to duck.

****ELIAS****

Now learn to stand tall.

Her phone rings—her mother.

****MOTHER** (V.O.)**

Come to dinner Sunday. All of us.

****LENA****

All?

****MOTHER** (V.O.)**

Britta's here from Sweden. She has news.

****INT. PARENTS' HOUSE - DINING ROOM - SUNDAY****

**Full table. Multiple conversations. AUNT BRITTA stands,
tapping her glass.**

****AUNT BRITTA****

I'm moving to Hamburg.

Surprise around the table.

****AUNT BRITTA** (CONT'D)**

**At sixty-five, starting over. Because if my niece can bridge
worlds at twenty, I can certainly try.**

****FATHER****

Hamburg's not easy for outsiders.

****AUNT BRITTA****

Neither is family. We manage.

Lena stands.

****LENA****

**A toast. To outsiders who become insiders. To insiders who
feel outside. To the spaces between.**

****EVERYONE****

Prost!/Skål!

**As they drink, Lena catches her reflection in the window—no
longer the scared girl in the attic but not yet whoever she's
becoming.**

****LENA** (V.O.)**

***Every ending is also a beginning. Every closed door, a
window. Every attic, eventually, leads to earth.***

****FINAL SEQUENCE - THE VLOG (Pages 101-105)**

****INT. NEW APARTMENT - LENA'S STUDIO - DAY****

**Professional setup now. Real lights, real camera. But still
Lena, still honest.**

****LENA****

(to camera)

**Hey everyone. Welcome to the new space. No more slanted
ceilings, but don't worry—still plenty of slanted perspectives.**

**She shows the apartment, the garden, Elias working in the
background.**

****LENA** (CONT'D)**

**I want to talk about arrival. We think it's a
destination—"I've arrived." But it's not. It's a practice. Every
day, arriving again. In your body, your life, your choices.**

She holds up the rifle, now mounted on the wall like art.

****LENA** (CONT'D)**

This was my inheritance. A weapon I'll never use. But keeping it reminds me—we all inherit violence. The question is: do we pass it on or transform it?

She sets up the final shot—her and Elias, the Hamburg harbor through their window.

****LENA** (CONT'D)**

Two years ago, I was alone in an attic, talking to strangers. Now I'm... still talking to strangers, but from a better address.

(laughs)

Growth isn't leaving your past behind. It's carrying it differently.

Elias joins her in frame.

****ELIAS****

(to camera)

She still talks in her sleep.

****LENA****

(hitting him playfully)

He still takes photos without asking.

****ELIAS****

We're perfectly imperfect.

****LENA****

(to camera)

Which brings me to our news...

**She shows her left hand—the amber ring has moved fingers,
joined by a simple band.**

****LENA** (CONT'D)**

**We eloped. Yesterday. Just us, the harbor, and a judge who
spoke three languages badly.**

**Comments explode on screen—congratulations, hearts,
surprise.**

****LENA** (CONT'D)**

**No big wedding. No performance. Just a promise to keep
arriving for each other.**

****ELIAS****

And to get a bigger place soon.

****LENA****

(laughing)

Why?

He puts his hand on her stomach. Subtle, but clear.

****LENA** (CONT'D)**

(to camera, emotional)

Okay, so... surprise number two...

She can't finish. Tears come—happy, terrified, real.

****ELIAS****

(to camera)

October. We're due in October.

****LENA****

(composing herself)

**Another little German-Swedish bridge-builder. Another soul
between worlds.**

**She looks directly into the camera—her audience, her
witnesses, her strange digital family.**

****LENA** (CONT'D)**

**Thank you. For watching, for seeing, for letting me be all my
contradictions in public. This isn't an ending—it's a
transformation. The attic girl becomes... something else.
Mother? Wife? Still figuring it out.**

****ELIAS****

(whispering to her)

Just Lena. That's enough.

****LENA****

(to camera, smiling through tears)

**Good week, everyone? See you Sunday. Forever and
always—see you Sunday.**

**She reaches to turn off the camera. Freeze on her face—no
longer lost, not quite found, but fully present.**

****FADE TO BLACK.****

****TITLE CARD:** "Hamburg: Built on water, rebuilt from
ashes, forever becoming."**

****FINAL TITLE CARD:** "For all the middle children building
bridges."**

****FADE OUT.****

****THE END****

EXTENDED SCREENPLAY NOTES

****ADDITIONAL THEMES EXPLORED:****

- **Digital identity vs. authentic self**
- **The weight of inherited objects and trauma**
- **Cities as living organisms that shape their inhabitants**
- **The performance of happiness in social media age**
- **Pregnancy as ultimate transformation and bridge to future**

****CHARACTER ARCS DEEPENED:****

****Lena:** From isolated perfectionist to vulnerable truth-teller; from running between cities to creating home; from rejecting inheritance to transforming it**

****Elias:** From observer to participant; from documenting absence to celebrating presence; from mysterious artist to committed partner**

****Father:** From rigid traditionalist to accepting parent;
from seeing Lena as failure to recognizing her as pioneer**

****Mother:** Quiet strength revealed as active choice; bridge
between father and daughter; keeper of real history**

****VISUAL PROGRESSION:****

- Starts in cramped attic (isolation, limitation)
 - Moves through cities (search, expansion)
- Settles in ground floor apartment (grounding, growth)
 - Views evolve from restricted to panoramic
 - Lighting moves from shadowed to bright
- Camera angles shift from looking up (subordinate) to eye-level (equal)

****SCREENPLAY STRUCTURE:****

- Act 1 (Pages 1-30): Setup, isolation, family conflict
- Act 2A (Pages 31-55): Romance begins, Munich exploration
- Act 2B (Pages 56-75): Deepening connection, Hamburg return
- Act 3 (Pages 76-105): Integration, transformation, new

beginning

****PRODUCTION REQUIREMENTS:****

- **Primary locations: Hamburg (60%), Munich (20%), Sweden (15%), Studio (5%)**
- **Period flashback scenes: 1943 (Hamburg firestorm), 1989 (Berlin Wall)**
- **Seasons: Full year required for seasonal progression**
- **Special requirements: Water scenes, rooftop pool, seafood preparation**
- **Digital/social media integration: Screen captures, comment overlays, vlog segments**

****DIALOGUE NOTES:****

- **Mix of English and German (with subtitles where appropriate)**
- **Swedish phrases for family intimacy**
- **Social media speak vs. real conversation distinction**
- **Generational language differences**

****MUSIC SUGGESTIONS:****

- **Electronic/ambient for vlog scenes**

- **Classical for Hamburg historical moments**
- **Swedish folk for family/tradition scenes**
- **Silence as powerful tool in therapy/confession scenes**
- **Modern pop for Munich party scenes**

This expanded screenplay runs approximately 105 pages in standard format, providing ample material for a full feature film while maintaining narrative momentum and character depth throughout.

Scene 15

****DREAM SEQUENCE - INT. SAUNA/EXT. HAMBURG HARBOR - NIGHT****

Surreal blend: The Swedish sauna overlaid with Hamburg's harbor. Steam becomes fog. Elias emerges naked from vapor, body glistening. Oysters rain from the ceiling, shattering on hot stones.

Lena and Elias make love on wooden benches that transform into dock planks. Moose watch from harbor cranes. No rifle. No chase. Only union.

****INTERCUT - DOCUMENTARY FOOTAGE:** Real Hamburg,
1945-1962. Rebuilding from rubble. Marshall Plan. Economic
miracle.**

Scene 16

****INT. LENA'S ATTIC - MORNING****

**Elias reads news on his tablet. Ukraine conflict, energy crisis,
migration debates.**

****ELIAS****

Germany's changing again. Like '89, but different.

****LENA****

**Hamburg endures. Hanseatic grit, my mother says. We're
traders, survivors.**

****ELIAS****

And you? What do you trade?

****LENA****

**My image for freedom. My privacy for connection. My roots
for wings.**

Scene 17

****EXT. ELBPHILHARMONIE - DAY****

**The stunning glass wave concert hall. Lena and Elias walk
the plaza.**

****LENA** (V.O.)**

***The city rebuilt itself from ashes. 75% destroyed in '43,
Mother told me. 40,000 souls lost in flames. Yet here—this
glass phoenix, €870 million of audacious hope.***

****ELIAS****

(setting up his camera)

Stand there. Where the old harbor meets the new.

He photographs her—part fashion shoot, part love letter.

Scene 18

****INT. SPEICHERSTADT WAREHOUSE - CONVERTED
GALLERY - NIGHT****

**Elias's exhibition opening. The theme: "Borders and Bridges."
Lena's portraits dominate—her face refracted through
water, merged with moose shadows, superimposed on
Hamburg's skyline.**

GUESTS murmur appreciation. Lena's family arrives.

****MOTHER****

(to Lena, privately)

He sees you. Not just your surface.

****LENA****

Like you saw Dad?

****MOTHER****

Your father was thunder. Elias is rain. Both needed, neither complete alone.

Scene 19

****FLASHBACK - INT. BERLIN WALL CHECKPOINT - 1989 - NIGHT****

Young MOTHER (20s) in those same boots, pregnant, waiting at the Brandenburg Gate as the Wall falls. Tears stream as East and West reunite. She clutches Father's hand.

****YOUNG FATHER****

Our children will never know division.

****YOUNG MOTHER****

They'll know different walls.

ACT THREE

Scene 20

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

Lena edits her vlog. On screen: hundreds of comments from viewers finding solace in her journey.

****COMMENT** (V.O.)**

"You make me feel less alone in my own attic."

Elias enters with Chinese takeout.

****ELIAS****

London gallery wants to sponsor your next six months. Full creative freedom.

****LENA****

(conflicted)

Six months away...

****ELIAS****

Or six months together. Your choice.

Scene 21

****INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY****

Lena sits across from DR. KRAUS (60s), wise eyes behind wire-rim glasses.

****DR. KRAUS****

The rifle dream—it's not about killing your father.

****LENA****

Then what?

****DR. KRAUS****

**Perhaps it's about killing the part of him that lives in you.
The thunder you fear you've inherited.**

****LENA****

And my mother's boots?

****DR. KRAUS****

Those you choose to wear. There's a difference.

Scene 22

****EXT. SWEDISH SUMMER HOUSE - DAY****

**The family returns for Midsummer. The cabin unchanged,
frozen in memory. Lena and Elias, her parents, brothers, and
their partners.**

****INT. SAUNA - CONTINUOUS****

**All gathered in the heat. Traditional birch branches for
whisking. Steam thick as history.**

****FATHER****

(to Lena)

I was hard on you. The middle child—I never knew where to place you.

****LENA****

Between. Always between. Sweden and Germany. Child and adult. Your thunder and Mom's rain.

****FATHER****

You found your own weather.

He offers her the birch branches—a ceremonial passing.

Scene 23

****EXT. FOREST - MAGIC HOUR****

Lena and Elias walk among the moose trails. Golden light filters through pines.

****ELIAS****

Marry me.

He kneels in the moss, ring box emerging—inside, not a diamond but a piece of Baltic amber with an ancient insect preserved within.

****ELIAS** (CONT'D)**

Caught between two states. Like us.

****LENA****

(tears flowing)

Between is where I live. Yes.

Scene 24

****DREAM SEQUENCE - INT. VOID/SAUNA - NIGHT****

Final dream. Lena holds the rifle. Her father appears—not threatening, but gentle.

****FATHER****

Shoot.

She aims at the sky and fires. The rifle transforms into a camera. Click. Light explodes—not violence but creation.

Mieze appears, alive, weaving between her legs. The bullies transform into her vlog audience, applauding. Her mother's boots fit perfectly.

Scene 25

****INT. HAMBURG REGISTRY OFFICE - DAY****

Intimate civil ceremony. Lena in her mother's boots and a simple white dress. Elias in Swedish traditional vest over modern suit.

****REGISTRAR****

(in German, subtitled)

Do you, Lena Müller, take this man...

****FLASHBACK MONTAGE:****

- Young Lena fleeing bullies

- The burned Hamburg of 1943
- Her parents at the fallen Wall
- The first vlog in the attic
- The oyster dinner with Elias
- All the borders crossed and bridges built

****LENA****

Ja. Yes. Absolutely.

Scene 26

****INT. LENA'S ATTIC - DAY****

Now transformed into a shared studio. Elias's photographs line one wall, Lena's vlog setup on another. Two desks, intertwined creative spaces.

****LENA** (to camera)**

So that's my story. Hamburg girl, Swedish roots, found love between the borders. The attic's still slanted, but now it holds two.

She holds up her amber ring to the camera. Elias photo-bombs the shot, kissing her cheek.

****LENA** (CONT'D)**

(laughing)

Good week, everyone? See you Sunday. Bye bye.

The camera keeps rolling as they kiss, forgetting the audience.

Scene 27

****EXT. HAMBURG HARBOR - SUNSET****

Wide shot. Lena and Elias walk the docks, her in those eternal boots, him with his camera. The Elbphilharmonie glows behind them like a beacon.

****LENA** (V.O.)**

***Hamburg endures. Not because it forgets the flames, but because it remembers them. Every rebuilt brick a choice,**

every new love a bridge across old wounds.*

**They stop at the water's edge. An oyster shell washes up at
their feet—pearl-empty but whole.**

****ELIAS****

Look. Survived the journey.

****LENA****

Empty shells can hold new treasures.

**She picks it up, holds it to her ear like a child listening for the
ocean.**

****LENA** (CONT'D)**

I hear it. The future.

****ELIAS****

What does it sound like?

****LENA****

Like home. Like everywhere and nowhere. Like us.

Camera pulls back slowly, ascending. The couple becomes silhouettes against the harbor. The city sprawls—ancient and modern, destroyed and reborn, a testament to endurance.

****FADE TO BLACK.****

****TITLE CARD:** "Hamburg was 75% destroyed in 1943. Today it's Europe's second-largest port and Germany's gateway to the world."**

****TITLE CARD:** "For every ending, a beginning. For every border, a bridge."**

****FINAL TITLE CARD:** "For Lena and Elias."**

EPILOGUE

Scene 28

****INT. MATERNITY WARD, HAMBURG - DAY (ONE YEAR
LATER)****

**Lena holds a newborn. Elias beside her, camera ready but
untouched—this moment too precious to mediate.**

****MOTHER****

(holding the baby)

She has your eyes. That Swedish green.

****FATHER****

And Hamburg grit. I can tell.

****LENA****

(to baby)

**You're not between anything, little one. You're the bridge
itself.**

****JONAS****

What will you call her?

****LENA****

Astrid. Swedish star, German soil.

****ELIAS****

Our little Baltic pearl.

The baby grasps Lena's finger with surprising strength.

****LENA** (V.O.)**

Every birth after 1945 was an act of defiance. Every child born to refugees, to the rebuilt, to the remembering—we carry the echoes. But we also carry the song.

Final Scene

****INT. NEW APARTMENT - DAY (SIX MONTHS LATER)****

No longer the attic—a ground-floor flat with a garden view. Stable, rooted, but with huge windows suggesting infinite horizons.

Lena vlogs while Astrid sleeps in a carrier against her chest.

****LENA** (to camera)**

So we left the attic. Not because we outgrew it, but because we grew into something else. The slanted ceiling taught me to duck, to fit into small spaces. But babies need room to stand tall.

Elias appears with coffee and homemade lemon drizzle cake.

****LENA** (CONT'D)**

(taking a bite)

Perfect. Like Swedish summers and Hamburg rain. Like everything that brought us here.

Baby Astrid stirs, makes a small sound.

****LENA** (CONT'D)**

(to camera)

She's awake. Time to close. Thank you for following this

journey. From attic to earth, from solo to symphony.

(smiling)

Good week? See you Sunday. Bye bye.

**She turns off the camera. Picks up Astrid, who gazes at her
with those startling green eyes.**

****LENA** (CONT'D)**

(whispered to baby)

**Your story starts where mine transforms. No rifles, only
cameras. No walls, only windows. No endings, only echoes
becoming song.**

**Through the window: Hamburg rebuilds again, cranes like
metal trees growing toward tomorrow. The Elbe flows
eternal, carrying ships to every corner of the world.**

****FINAL FADE OUT.****

****THE END****

