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ERRARE

Brother 1 - Hi. Thank you for coming. I don't think I could do this by myself. Let me just seat here on the couch with you for a minute. I know this is weird, we barely know each other, but I really need your help. I've just arrived in town and I only have two days to find my brother. I have no idea what happened to him. One day he just left. Later I found out he was here and that's the last I heard from him. I thought it would be easy to get here and find him. But all he left me was a tape and a sort of map. It appears that I'm supposed to go some place. I don't know what for. Let's try to follow the directions he left me. This is how we'll do it: we'll walk slowly and carefully. Try to keep to my pace. We can't lose each other. I don't know the town, but I know where we are supposed to start. Are you ready? So, let's get up and go out into the street.

(...)

We are in "Strada Melloni". Let's turn left and move on keeping to the sidewalk.

(...)

At the corner we cross the street in the direction of the ice-cream shop "Gelataria Parmigianino". The cars here are coming from our left. Let's go.

(...)

We are facing the ice-cream shop. Let's turn left and move on, always keeping to the sidewalk.

(...)

We enter the "Borgo del Parmigianino" and we keep going straight ahead.

This is where it starts.

Brother 2 - Hi. So you came, after all. I want to show you something. Are you on the right place? Move on straight ahead.

Brother 1 – Let's go. Straight ahead.

(...)

On our right we find the "Borgo Montassú". Let's stop at the corner. I don't know what we're supposed to do. He doesn't say anything.

Brother 2 - Oh! You're already there? You mustn't run. You've always walked too fast. Now you'll have to keep to my pace. Walk slowly and stop at every junction. There are too many lives to bump into; we'll move on gently. Cross the road and keep going straight ahead.

Brother 1 - O.K. We keep going straight ahead. We continue through the Borgo del Parmigianino. Let's go.

Brother 2 - Imagine this is a game. This city is my creation. Only I know its name. You go where I tell you to go. When you have reached the end you'll know where you are. Trust me. Open your eyes. These are our streets... We can call them ours, can't we? We are walking them together.

Brother 1 - We go under the balconies.

Brother 2 - You see, when I got here I felt just like you're feeling now. I didn't know anything either. As I walked through these streets my distracted eyes betrayed me, laying on every little thing and seeing it all for the first time. What makes us foreigners is this pace of ours that is neither the pace of a tourist enjoying a view nor the hasty pace of someone who lives here.

Brother 1 - Once more under the balconies.

Brother 2 - Having no destination, no one expecting us someplace. No coffee shop or store where you are welcomed with the regular "Hi", no *rendez-vous*, no home to go back to at the end of the day.

Brother 1 - We keep going straight ahead, in the direction of the tobacco shop, which has the sign with the big "T" at the door.

Brother 2 - It all started with little things.

One day I walked out of a coffee shop leaving my coat behind. A few days before I had looked for my glasses where I always kept them and I realized they were missing. On the morning after that day of the coffee shop incident, I found myself on the street missing my house keys. And that was when I realized this was getting serious.

Brother 1 - We pass by the tobacco shop and we approach a junction. We move on always keeping to the sidewalk.

Brother 2 - To any other person these things would seem trivial, a chain of little distractions. But I don't have little distractions. Not little ones. Or rather, I didn't use to have them.

Brother 1 - At the corner we will cross in front. The cars are coming from our right. We keep going ahead along this street, always keeping to the sidewalk on the right.

Brother 2 - I started walking with an uncertain pace, with a terrible fear that one of these little distractions might cause a catastrophe. And the thing is, this blank in my memory didn't stop there. It just kept moving on as if, little by little, some naughty child was taking colourful blocks of information out of my brain.

Brother 1 - At the corner we cross the road and walk ahead through the "Borgo del Naviglio". Watch out, the cars are coming from behind. We keep going on the sidewalk on the left.

Brother 2 - Now change sidewalks. Go to the one where the salmon coloured house his.

Brother 1 - Ah! It must be that orange house. O.K. Let's cross over to the other sidewalk, in the direction of the house, which has the number 5. Watch out for the cars.

(...)

We move on straight ahead.

Brother 2 - All of a sudden I realized I was forgetting to make decisions. I started to forget not the people - I never forgot people - but the reasons why I remembered them.

Brother 1 - Here the street curves slightly to the right.

Brother 2 - One day I realized that I couldn't remember the places, that I cruised the streets and my mind saw them only as street names, that I could be in a house and it was the same as being in any other house, or in a square or in an alley. And that was when I decided to leave and move on to a foreign town.

Brother 1 - We'll ignore the street on our left. We continue straight ahead, keeping to this sidewalk.

Brother 2 - You didn't even look, did you? You didn't notice the colours of the houses. There are rainbows which have the colours of the earth, you know?

(...)

On your right there is a little square with a small drinking fountain. Go in and stop at the end.

Brother 1 - O.K. Let's enter the square in the direction of the fountain and go all the way to the other side. We stop by the iron fence.

Only you would call this a square.

Brother 2 - Because, you see, what could be worse than losing your memory in your hometown, the very cradle and nursery of your memories?

As it is, at least here I cross the streets and walk and remember nothing, but I feel this immense relief in knowing that here there is nothing I could possibly remember.

Without memory I need the town in order to know that I exist.

I walk to be written, transforming and being transformed without leaving a trace.

I walk as if I were a book, open to notes scribbled in the margins and to the smell of hands and of bookshelves. A book that spreads out of its pages like a house expanding behind a breach too small to contain such grand images.

Then the bookshelves move, showing secret passages and different scales.

(...)

You can go on, now. But change streets. And go slowly.

Brother 1 - Let's leave the square and go into another street. We enter that street which has the traffic prohibition sign.

(...)

Bread leftovers, walled up windows near new shutters... It looks like... scars.

(...)

We are at "Borgo Gazzola". We keep going ahead on the left sidewalk.

Here the cars are coming from ahead.

Old Man - Back then, our biggest entertainment was going to the market, when it was still at Viale Mentana.

Old Woman - Or going to Via Cavour.

Brother 1 - Here the street starts getting wider.

Old Man - On Sundays we went dancing at someone's house. Sometimes we went to the cinema. We walked around a bit.

Old Woman - There was only one prostitute in town. She lived in a small house. When she had a costumer she lighted a lamp on a hole outside, where there used to be an image of Our Lady of Annunciation.

Brother 1 - The street is now narrowing again. Let's go all the way to the end of the street.

Old Woman - After the war, the girl left with an American photographer. But to this day those bricks get lighten every time someone makes love behind those walls.

Brother 2 - Now move towards the avenue.

Brother 1 - So, at the end of "Borgo Gazzola" we turn right and go straight ahead in the direction of the avenue.

(...)

We are reaching the avenue. Let's turn right. Always keeping to the sidewalk.

Brother 2 - Look to the other side.

Brother 1 - On our left there's a zebra crossing. Let's go to the start of the zebra crossing. We stop before crossing it.

I don't know if I'm supposed to cross.

Brother 2 - The bridge is not that long; the river is just a pond. On the other side the sky is still the same and people go by, back and forth, as if they're used to doing it.

So, why don't you dare to walk these final steps? Because no one called you from the other side? Because you're afraid that it would all be different, there? Or could it be that you're afraid it would all be exactly the same?

And if you don't dare to go there, why are you standing here? Gazing at it all, eaten by that severe curiosity that no fear can destroy?

Brother 1 - We are not going to cross over.

Brother 2 - Turn back.

Brother 1 - We'll turn back just as we came. Let's go. Let's get out of the avenue and go into the street where we were before.

(...)

We leave the avenue, turning left to enter the street where we came from.

Brother 2 - Now keep going straight ahead.

Brother 1 - O.K. So, this time we go straight ahead to the street in front of us.
We cross over to the sidewalk on the right and we keep going. Be careful of the traffic.

Brother 2 - At the street where the bended houses are, you can hear a kind of music. Threads of music, traces of sounds.
First I thought it was the sound of dream-catchers. Then I realized it was the walls. A sort of slow and deep breathing of the plaster.

Brother 1 - We are reaching a junction. Let's cross over carefully and move straight ahead keeping to the sidewalk on the right.

Brother 2 - It seems a mockery, this strange alphabet. Can you see the nameplate?

Brother 1 - On the other side of the street, on the house with the number 11, there is a strange nameplate. Let's stop and try to read it from here.

Brother 2 - They are probably still letters, these distant signs of some ancient idea. It makes me feel like an illiterate of life and of myself. The memory of words fading more and more.

Brother 1 - Let's proceed, straight ahead, keeping to the sidewalk on the right. Let's go.

Man 1 - I failed, didn't I? Because if you leave but then spend all your life doing nothing...
Now I know I've failed, then I didn't.

Brother 1 - We pass by the church and then by the cinema.
We cross over at the "Borgo Guazzo" and we keep going, always on the sidewalk on the right.

Brother 2 - A huge tree stretches its branches as pondering fingers.
A huge tree spreads ideas into the sky, opening out the cloisters.
Giving itself to silence and thus hearing the wind. As if squares were born from its roots, it remains. Creating a space as if it was expecting someone.

Brother 1 - Stretches its branches? Where to? It's stuck between buildings.
We are reaching the end of "Borgo della Trinitá".

(...)

Let's cross the road in front of us. Watch out for the cars.
We'll stop on the sidewalk on the other side.

Brother 2 - These signs are not meant for us. Go on.

Brother 1 - So, at the sidewalk, facing the house with the number 41, we turn left. Let's go.
We go past the traffic prohibition sign and we keep going.

Man 2 - It was a rich people's house...

Brother 1 - Look! Fading frescoes.

Man 2 - They built the rooms and the service areas, leaving the monumental ballroom to the end.

Brother 1 - Here the street starts to curve slightly to the right.

It's probably better to change sidewalks.

Let's move over to the opposite sidewalk. We cross the road carefully and keep going straight ahead.

Man 2 - When the first part of the house was ready they made the fresco that would adorn what should be the interior wall of the ballroom. In the meanwhile, however, all the money was spent and the family became deeply in debt. So the road ended up passing through where the ballroom was supposed to be and the creditors built their houses on the other side, facing the fresco.

Brother 1 - We pass by the bus stop. We are reaching a junction.

(...)

At the junction we cross in front and move on ahead, keeping to the sidewalk on the left. Be careful of the cars. Let's go. Straight ahead.

(...)

Gazzola, Massera... these are street names... Oh, no. It's people.

We enter the "Borgo degli Studi."

Old Benita - I loved to sing and I sang pretty well. And one evening when I was singing, these boys that they had arrested in the mountains, they heard me sing and they called me: "Benita, Benita! Tomorrow they will shoot us". We all started to cry. Then they asked me: "Sing us that song, we'll never hear you again." And so I sang to them: "Wait for me my love, don't leave me..."

Brother 2 - There is a square ahead. I want you to see it.

Brother 1 - On our left there's the square "Piazzale San Francesco".

Let's enter the square through the central opening.

(...)

On our left there are four wooden benches. Let's go all the way to the last one, at the bottom.

Brother 2 - Can you see the mark on the floor? The one that divides this place in two? When you cross it you've entered the prison wall. Captured by a line on the floor.

Prisoner 1 - Benita! Benita!

Prisoner 2 - Tomorrow they will shoot us!

Brother 1 - Let's seat here, facing the church.

Prisoner 3 - We'll never hear you again!

Young Benita - (sings) *"Aspettami amore, non mi lasciare, amore aspettami, la vita è bella, quando sono vicina a te."*

Brother 1 - Prison. He mentioned a prison. Can we be mistaken? Maybe he meant the church (...) But what is going on in there? (...) Shall we take a look? Let's go to the church door, the wooden one.

(...)

Look, there is a hole on the door. We can spy through it.

Brother 2 - This is my aspiration; to empty myself entirely leaving erected only the walls of faith and a rose window through which the Sun may occasionally shine.

Then, finally, the others will look not at me but through me, and will see, with an unexpected clarity, the blue sky on the other end.

Brother 1 - Let's move on. Let's go back to the Borgo degli Studi keeping to the left side of the square.

Tsc, now I've got sand on my shoes.

Brother 2 - Do you remember, at the beach, when I ran near the water, pretending to be heavier to make well-imprinted footprints? You used to run after me. You would set your feet where I had put mine, stretching your legs to follow my path, almost falling down.

And from time to time a wave would come and nearly wipe it all out.

Brother 1 - We cross the street carefully and turn left in the direction of the garden.

Brother 2 - You would stop, lost, and then tried to go on, sometimes not even noticing that you were now following the footprints of some stranger.

Brother 1 - On our right there is a narrow passage that leads to the garden. Let's use it.

(...)

Let's go to the centre of the garden.

(...)

Now what? I don't know what to do. It's better to stop here at the centre.

Immigrant Man - Because after learning Italian for three months you can choose four cities where you prefer to study. I chose four cities near the sea: Trieste, Ancona, Napoli and Cagliari. I didn't choose Parma. I didn't even know there was a city named Parma. Then, when I went to the embassy there was a list with my name on it and the city where they were sending me. It was Parma. I asked: "At least Parma is near the sea?" They told me: "Go..." And I came.

Brother 2 - Don't despair, you're almost there. Keep walking. Go up. It's straight ahead.

Brother 1 - Let's leave the garden.

Let's climb the ramp at the right of the statue.

Brother 2 - Fading Madonas... it's the sons who nurse them.

Brother 1 - At the end of the ramp we cross over and go straight ahead, using the sidewalk on the left. Let's go, straight ahead.

Brother 2 - You can move your hand along the wall to know that you're alive.

Brother 1 - We are at the "Borgo Pipa". We keep going, straight ahead.

Brother 2 - We'll never know for sure if any of this is true. If you've ever enjoyed warm milk, if the stones were big and many, if the wheel chain of my bicycle did get out always on the same curve. The books are never about hidden kitchen gardens, kids or breakfasts. And memory deceives more than it reveals. Between two streets there is always a blankness uniting them. The length of the table-leg is always bigger than the top where our heads bump. We have to find a trustful measure to organize memory and to turn the pages of the books.

Brother 1 - We're approaching a sort of square. We keep to the sidewalk on the left. More scars! There, just ahead... the strange thing is that it doesn't look mended... it looks like... who knows what it looks like.

(...)

We turn slightly to the left, always keeping to this sidewalk.

Brother 2 - To rub against the walls. Feel the landscapes revealed at the other end. That's where you must go: to the other side of these walls. Always along the wall, death is certain.

Brother 1 - The wall on our left is nearly finishing. We move along the building, turning left, always keeping to this sidewalk, always along the wall.

(...)

We keep going.

At the bottom, on our left, there seems to be an open door. It must give access to the interior. That's where we want to go.

Brother 2 - The gate is closed.

You can access the cloisters through the shop, the small door on the left. You must enter the shop and go out into the cloister. Sometimes the doors are closed because of the wind, but you can open them. You must push the first one and pull the second.

Brother 1 - O.k. Let's go.

Brother 2 - You are at the first cloister, with your back to the door. Turn right and move in the direction of the second cloister.

Brother 1 - Let's go.

Brother 2 - At the second cloister keep going straight ahead.

(...)

At the bottom turn left.

(...)

Move on straight ahead and enter the hall.

(...)

As you reach the hall, you must turn right at the bottom and step out into the third cloister.

At the cloister, turn to your left.

(...)

Stop just after the flowerpot. Sit down. Have some rest.

(...)

And now listen.

Brother 1 - Birds and wind. O.K. (...) Birds and wind (...) What time is my flight tomorrow?... I must be there one hour earlier, at least (...) To listen, to listen. (...) Could that be someone praying? (...) Why are those windows so small? (...) I still haven't bought anything to take home with me. Damn. (...) Oh! The tree that-

The recording has ended.

Brother 1 - What? It's finished? That's it? Now what?

(...)

Well, we can't stay here forever.

Let's move on. Let's leave the cloister the same way we entered. Let's go.

(...)

We cross the hall... but this time, as we reach the second cloister we turn immediately to the right.

(...)

We keep going straight ahead, in the direction of the first cloister.

(...)

As we reach the first cloister we turn immediately to our left and keep going in the direction of the clock.

(...)

As we reach the clock we turn right and we are going to leave the monastery. We go out as we came in, through the shop.

(...)

We are back at the square, with our back to the monastery's door. Let's turn right and move on, keeping close to the building. Exactly through where we came from. Let's go.

I really don't know where I'm going, but I'll manage. At least now we can move a little bit faster.

(...)

We are reaching the corner. Let's cross over to the sidewalk in front of us and turn right.

(...)

We keep to this sidewalk, which runs along the building on our left.

(...)

Damn him! Making me come here for this! What I am supposed to do now?

(...)

Well, we continue always along this sidewalk, which keeps curving to the left.

He's always complicating things. Always choosing the hard way. Always answering grey when the question is black or white. Always marking the option "other".

(...)

We are at the "Strada del Consorzio" and we keep going straight ahead.

He refuses to believe that the shortest way between two points is a straight line. He says it isn't. He says the stones along the way are more important than the destination.

Woman at the telephone - Do you know what time you'll be back?

Brother 1 - But what then? How can you live with that every day? In the airplane you're asked with a smile: tea or coffee? What do you answer: other? And then what do you drink? Nothing?

Woman at the telephone - But where are you, exactly?

Brother 1 - And where are the stones along the way? Are we supposed to wait for them at the baggage delivery? Standing at the airport, forever postponing the arrival to our destination?

Woman at the telephone - Where is that? Parma?

Brother 1 - We are reaching the square.

Woman at the telephone - On the Internet I found four or five, in the USA alone.

Brother 1 - Let's cross over and go straight ahead to the narrow sidewalk where the dustbin is.

(...)

Always along this sidewalk, walking under the lampposts.

(...)

We are reaching the end of the square. Let's enter this alley on our right. It's the "Vicolo del Vescovado".

We go straight ahead through the alley.

(...)

We keep going straight ahead, passing through the gallery.

(...)

Woman at airport1 - No route changes are permitted

We are entering the gallery. At the bottom we will turn left.

(...)

We turn left and keep going straight ahead.

Woman at the airport 2 - All monies paid are non-refundable.

Dates and times and names are changeable subject to fee and upgrades

You are recommended to buy suitable insurance

Some of your details may be passed to aid your booking with our partners

You will need to provide confirmation number and positive photo I.D.

All times displayed are local

You are advised to review your details between 24 and 72 hours prior to departure

It is your responsibility to advise of any changes to your contact details

Be sure to return

No changes No route

Brother 1 - We are reaching the end of the alley. Let's cross over the road towards the illustration shop.

(...)

We stop, facing the shop.

What a mess! What am I doing here?

(...)

Well, let's turn right. Let's go. In the direction of the junction.

Foreigner - Inevitably, you know, I-NE-VI-TABLY, suffering and whining and complaining, but still... still...

Brother 1 - At the junction we will turn left.

Woman on the street 1 - *Sei sempre stata così. Solo che a volte ti ricordi è a volte no.*

Brother 1 – Turning left we enter "Strada Cavour". Let's go straight ahead, keeping to the sidewalk on the left, close to the shops.

Woman at the street 2 -

Boy on the street - Lasa stār! Ca' tova a te gh'l'è in tésta.

Brother 1 - This street... is the same everywhere. Where are all these people going?

(...)

We ignore the Borgo S. Biagio, on our left, and we keep going straight ahead.

Brother 2 - They placed me on the shop window, among portraits and wedding pictures, my elbows on the table and my head between my hands. On the shop window, in front of Nino's coffee shop. Nino, who used to call me Paul because he thought I looked just like Paul Newman.

Paul Newman, me, who always stopped one inch before departure.

Brother 1 - Another church... We ignore the narrow street on our left. We go straight ahead.

Look, can you see that bookshop to our left? Let's go over there.

(...)

Let's stop near the bookshop window.

I need to stop for a while.

"Then the bookshelves move, showing secret passages and different scales."

Let's go inside the bookshop and follow through the narrow corridor on the right, close to the tall bookshelves.

(...)

These bookshelves to our right have shelves at the top and drawers at the bottom. Can you see?

(...)

Stop near the last bookshelf that has drawers on it.

(...)

Ah!

If you lean on it, it will move.

It's a door.

Don't open it!

(...)

Let's go back to the bookshops' door, now using the central corridor. Let's go.

(...)

Wait. On our right, before the door, there are some winding stairs.

"Un mondo di Tasca Bili"

Let's go downstairs. Be careful.

(...)

We go past the two arches in front of us and we enter the last room. Beware of the step.

(...)

In this last room, there is a black sofa. Let's sit down for a little while.

Brother 2 - Remember when we played “hide and seek”? Sandro used to hide on that twisted tree. The one with the branches that you could climb on like a ladder. Then he would stay there until he was the last one. He jumped on our backs and ran to free everyone out.

Sandro – *Tana libera tutti!*

Brother 2 - He always fooled us. And the tree wasn't that tall or thick. We just never remembered to look up.

Brother 1 - I used to hide on the library, among bushes of books. To me books were places where you kept broken things, things with no owner and no place. I used to hide there because I knew he hated the smell of naphthaline that they put on the shelves for fear of the moths.

(...)

Well, let's get up and go out.

(...)

We go past the first arch. Be careful of the step.

(...)

Stop. There's a book out of place. Can you see it? Here, at the second room. On the bookshelves to our right, on the top shelf. Lying on the top, just at the feet of Christ. Could it have been left there on purpose? Pick it up. Can you reach it?

(...)

See? There's a marked page, page 86. Open it.

(...)

Hm. I see.

Let's put the book back exactly where it was.

Let's go.

We go past the second arch and climb the stairs to get out of the bookshop.

(...)

Let's get out.

(...)

We are now back on the street, with our back to the bookshop.

(...)

Is this a joke?

Are these persons your friends?

You got the whole town looking at me - was this the plan?

Now that everyone thinks I'm nuts... are you happy?

We are too old for this.

I don't have time for this.

Let's go. To our right. Let's go.

Let's go straight ahead going back in the direction that we came from.

(...)

Are you watching me from one of these windows? Where are you spying me from? From the window of that shop? Where from? From that bell tower? Is that where you are? In the bell tower?

Let's change sidewalks. Let's cross the road in the direction of the Banca di Roma and continue straight ahead, keeping to the sidewalk on the left.

(...)

There's a surveillance camera up there. Can you see it? Let's go straight ahead.

(...)

I look like a lunatic, running around from one place to another, not knowing where to go.

(...)

Let's get out of the Strada Cavour taking the first street to the left. I need to get out of here.

(...)

We turn left left and we continue straight ahead, keeping to the sidewalk on the left.

Brother 2 - We entered the church as if we were entering a cave, blinking our eyes. We moved along the side chapels, avoiding the echoes and the old women who sat at the benches, waiting for Mass. Do you remember?

Brother 1 - We ignore the street to our left and we go straight ahead, in the direction of the arches.

Brother 2 - The church was a huge deserted house, with no priests at the confessionals. I remember my hands gluey with perspiration and the butterflies on my stomach, as we entered looking for a priest I didn't recognize and to whom mother asked for confession. Do you remember?

Brother 1 - We reach the end of "Borgo Angelo Mazza". On the other side of the road in front of us there are some yellow arches. Let's cross over in the direction of the central arch. Be very careful of the traffic.

Man at the street 1 - Domani divento biondo, anchi io.

Man at the street 2 - Já estiveste nos quatro cantos do mundo?

Man at the street 3 - São só quatro? Acho que já estive em mais.

Brother 1 - We pass under the central arch and keep going ahead, passing between the trees.

Brother 2 - We learnt together how to ride a bicycle when we were just kids. When I finally managed to keep balance I was quite happy. But you preferred to risk your body and the bicycle learning new and dangerous acrobatics. I remember you broke your arm just before you managed your first perfect stunt.

Brother 1 - We keep going ahead until we reach the road.

Brother 2 - I don't know if I pretended not to be interested on those things to disguise my fear and inability, or if my lack of interest towards adrenaline was genuine. The truth is I eventually learned how to ride a bicycle with no hands when I was caught by surprise by the April cold and I found myself riding home with my hands hidden on my pockets.

Brother 1 - Let's cross the road carefully.

We move on turning right and keeping to the sidewalk.

(...)

That must be a palace, that huge building. Strange... it seems like part of it was demolished but the scar is still there.

(...)

We are reaching the corner. Let's turn left and go straight ahead keeping to this sidewalk.

(...)

Let's proceed in this direction. We must enter that street that continues ahead in front of us. At the next corner we cross over, making a diagonal to enter that street, and we continue ahead. Beware of the step. Beware of the cars.

(...)

As we reach the street we go straight ahead keeping to the sidewalk on the left.

(...)

This city never ends.

(...)

We are reaching the end of "Borgo della Cavalerizza".

Let's move on straight ahead, climbing the street using the sidewalk on the left. Let's go.

At last, a street that climbs.

(...)

We go up all the way to the end of the street.

Brother 2 - Our body should be enough for us to live, when memory becomes a bombed city, filled with scars and broken names.

I gather what's left: the colours from the houses, a rain of daffodils, the narrow light coming from the windows, a singing lesson.

Brother 1 - We are reaching the end of the street. In front of us there's a zebra crossing. Let's cross it carefully. There's a lot of traffic here. I'll wait for you on the other side.

Music on a car -

Brother 1 - Let's stop by the edge wall.

Brother 2 - Now I remember the smell of the books, the wheel chain on the bicycle, the footprints on the sand, the branches of the trees, the confessionals at church. I remember it all and it seems that moments like these could never have been. I can't help wondering how much of it all, books, bicycles, sand, trees and churches, was my creation, past or present, to build these perfect memories that I can carry with me until I die.

Brother 1 - You know... I believe I must go on by myself, now.

Thank you for coming.

We are close to the place where we started. You can go back on your own.

See you around.

THE END