

MARIE-LAURE



PARIS

The museum air smells old.
I follow in my father's foot-
steps, and he lets me hold
the key.

SEEING WITHOUT SIGHT

I count every step.
Every sound builds
a map and I start to
see through distance.



MINIATURE CITY



The model of Paris fits in my hands.



THE M

THE M

“If you can imagine it,
you can find it.”

L
ON

The train trembles.
Salt enters the air.
The city by the sea
unfolds before us.



The house is quiet
except for the sea.

N

SAINT-MALO

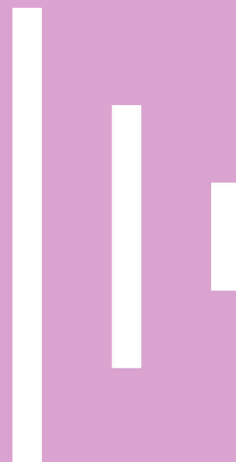
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PATI

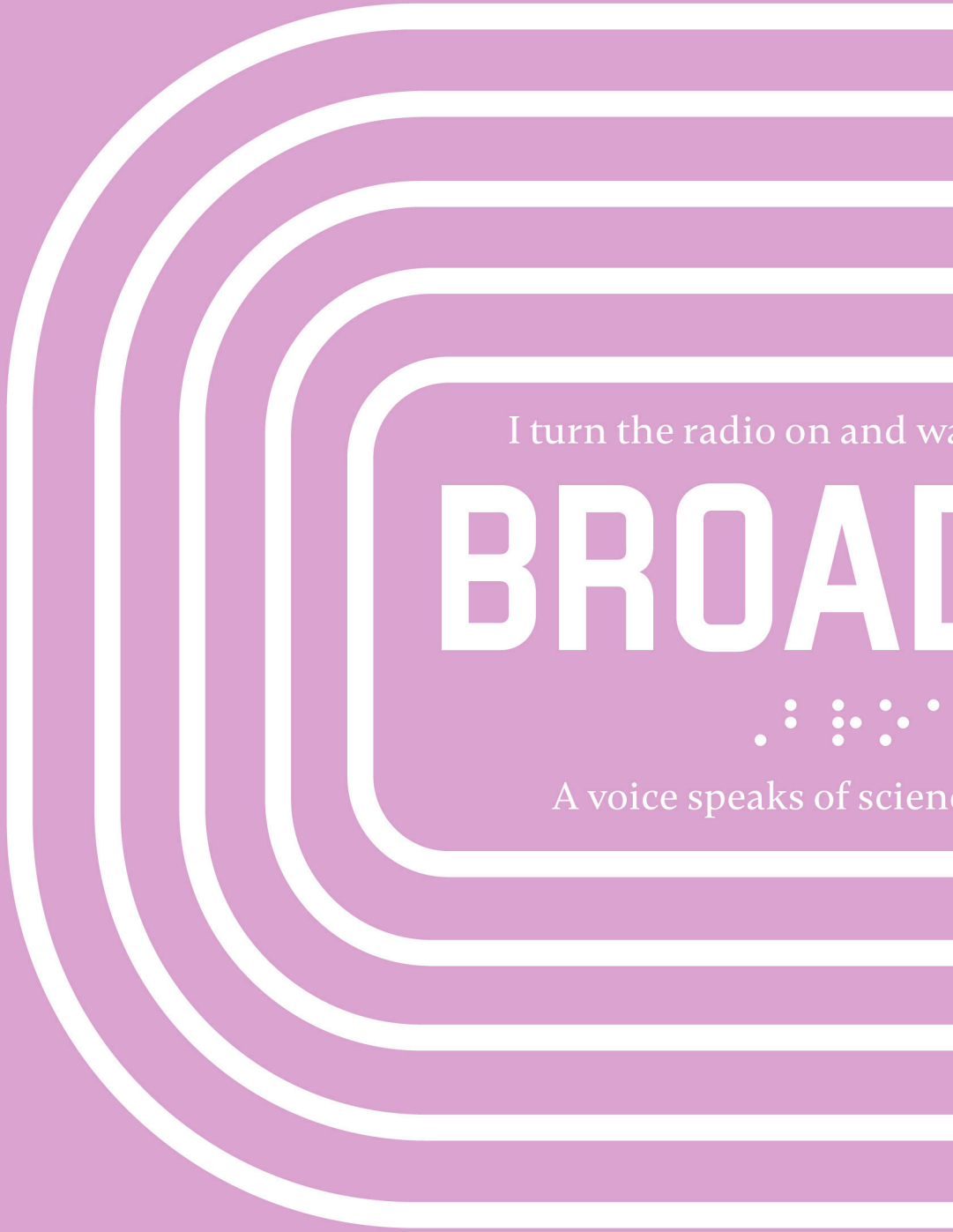
Wait for something human.

PODCAST



ce. I think of my father.





I turn the radio on and wa

BROAD



A voice speaks of scient

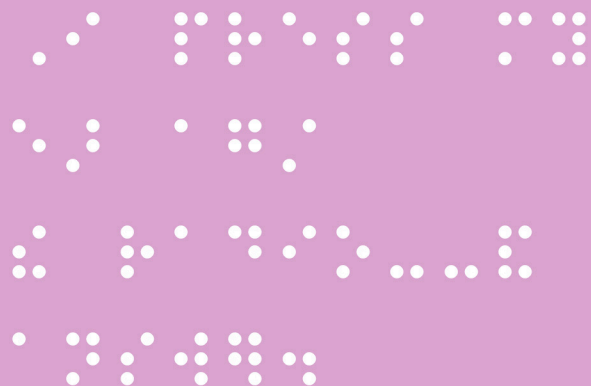
THE FUDGE

fills the room.

The bombs make the house shudder.

I press my ear to the radio—


and answer.



Someone is calling through the storm.


S

Static




“YES.”

⠠⠽⠑⠳⠦



“YES.”

⠠⠽⠑⠳⠦

The background is a solid purple color. Overlaid on this are several white geometric shapes. On the left, there are two overlapping circles. To their right, there is a large, thick white arc that curves from the top right towards the bottom. Another thick white arc is positioned below the large one, curving from the bottom left towards the right. A vertical white line segment is on the far right edge. On the left side, there are several white curved segments of varying lengths, some appearing to be parts of larger circles or arcs that are partially cut off by the frame.

Dust drifts.
The guns quiet.
She counts her breaths.



HER HANDS

They find the model.
Streets under her fingers.
Now just a map of what
once was.

rs



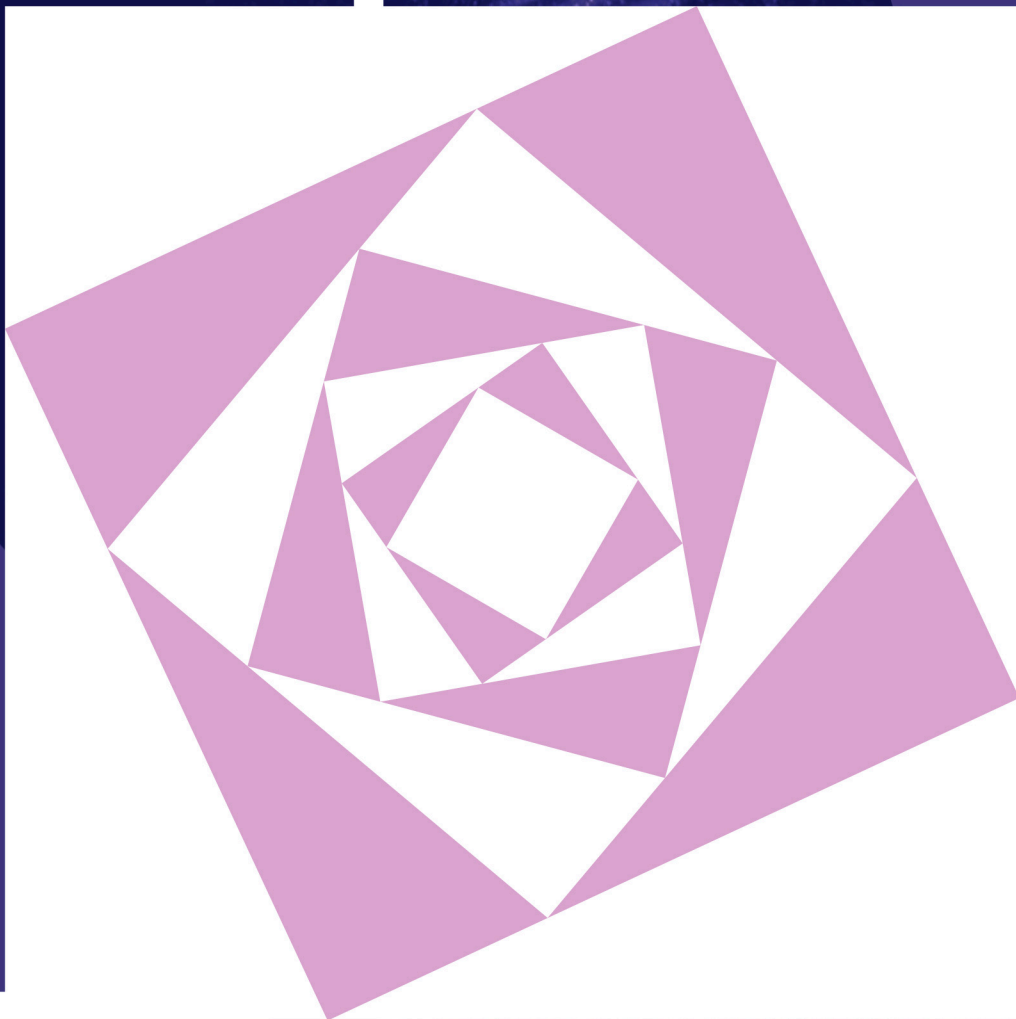
Salt and ash in the air.
Each step forward
is remembering.



**YEAR
PASS**

THE RADIO

It stops humming.
The city changes,
yet she still knows
every wall.



She faces the quiet.

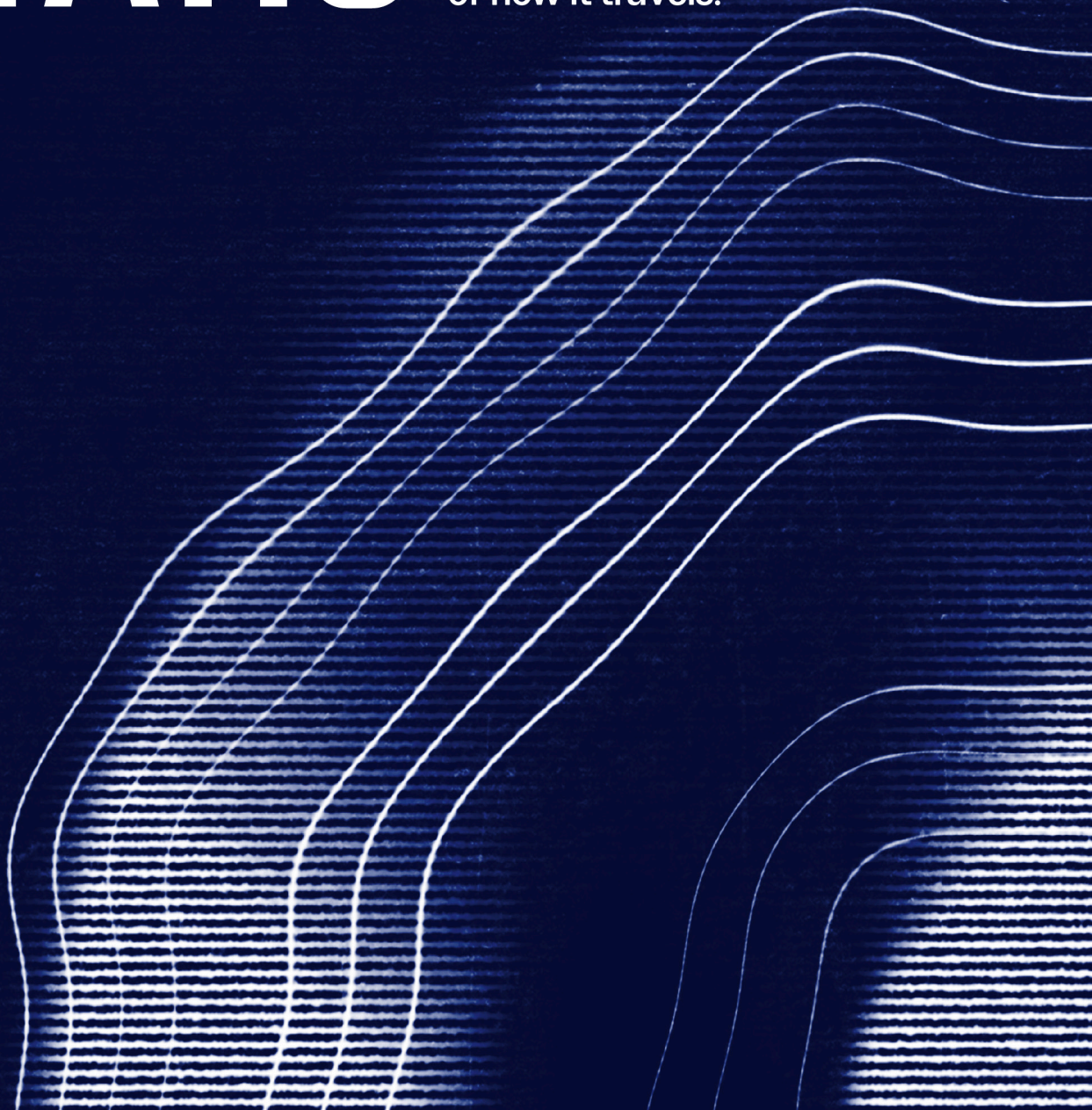
She faces the quiet.

The background of the image is a dark blue field. Overlaid on this are several white, wavy, concentric lines that originate from the top left and curve towards the right side of the frame. These lines vary in density, with some areas being more tightly packed, creating a sense of depth and movement. The overall effect is reminiscent of a stylized fingerprint or a topographical map.

WERNER

STATIC

I hear a voice:
clear, patient, kind.
It speaks of light,
of how it travels.




A BROKEN RADIO

I fix it.
Sparks dance between
copper, and the world
comes rushing in.



GIFTED

The background is a dark, textured blue surface. Overlaid on this are several bright, diagonal, parallel lines of light. These lines are composed of many small, closely spaced horizontal dashes, creating a shimmering, textured effect. The lines run from the top-left towards the bottom-right, with some lines being more prominent than others.

What came naturally:
numbers, patterns, precision
start blending in with the
orders, uniforms, and silence.

The others march and I listen. Sound has weight.

TRAIN

I tell myself that it is all necessary.

NINING

Cities fall in frequencies.

WAR

I trace signals across ruined air.



SAINT- MALO

We arrive at the
edge of the sea.
The air tastes of
salt and electricity.

SEARCHING

There's a voice hidden in the noise.

I find the hour.

RGH

I call out.

se by listening.

Static sharpens into breathing.

**“CAN YOU
HEAR ME?”**

The image is a dark, grainy, blue-toned photograph. A bright, curved light streak, possibly a reflection or a light source, arcs across the center of the frame. The text is positioned in the upper left quadrant, appearing as a white silhouette against the dark background.

It's clear
then gone.
He listens
harder.

THE SIGNAL

It pulls him forward.
He can't stop following.
It sounds like hope.

SPL

THE
ITSO

WAR

OPEN

DRIFTING

Circuits fail.
He remembers a name
he never says aloud.
Frequencies die.

