

# THE KEY

short film

By Joseph Taigen

I returned home after lunch, at the usual place, taking the metro and then walking to my street a little, trying to avoid most of the dangers and traps that the city invariably offers us, whether because of the economic, cultural or because of the thirst I find in her to get something, something that is to survive and make ends meet and at least get to work. I was on a very psychotic wave, but I took my pills, one in the morning, two at night, with dinner, but I was essentially looking for the idea of going to New York to defend my thesis, either in Portuguese or in English. Later I realized that, whether in one language or another, I would be bullied, humiliated, even, but I kept insisting on the idea of freeing myself from medicines and tobacco. Later I realized that this was the reason why a Brazilian woman had left me planted in my place of travel. I realized, therefore, that most people do not understand who takes psychotropic drugs, especially a stranger who approaches them. Then I got home and there I noticed that I had dropped the key from my shorts pocket, so I rang the bells of several neighbors so that they could help me. I went to the nearest town in search of firefighters and a police station, as I knew that either one or the other could help me. Yes, I did the way back from the race before, walking, asking for the key in several places, to several people. But nothing came of it. I went to the police and they helped me there, saying that they would go to my house with the firemen, and that I would have to wait at the door. However, I spoke with a neighbor, Zeca, while I was waiting, then, as if the police and firefighters had already arrived, we talked and ended up concluding that I, essentially, would have to solve the problem in another way, by breaking down the door's cannon. As if he sensed something was wrong with me, my next door neighbor opened the door for me and I spoke to him. He called a gentleman from the neighborhood who opened locks, but as if the door had four turns of the latch, he couldn't, so he suggested that he stay there, in a boarding house or somewhere else, until tomorrow, when he would call a colleague who, for a beautiful one of a makeup, would open the door for me and put another lock. I went into my neighbor Jonas' house, talked a little with him, called my sister and he would have to solve the problem in another way, by breaking open the door's barrel. As if he sensed something was wrong with me, my next door neighbor opened the door for me and I spoke to him. He called a gentleman from the neighborhood who opened locks, but as if the door had four turns of the latch, he couldn't, so he suggested that he stay there, in a boarding house or somewhere else, until tomorrow, when he would call a colleague who, for a beautiful one of a makeup, would open the door for me and put another lock. I went into my neighbor Jonas' house, talked a little with him, called my sister and he would have to solve the problem in another way, by breaking open the door's barrel. As if he sensed something was wrong with me, my next door neighbor opened the door for me and I spoke to him. He called a gentleman from the neighborhood who opened locks, but as if the door had four turns of the latch, he couldn't, so he suggested that he stay there, in a boarding house or somewhere else, until tomorrow, when he would call a colleague who, for a beautiful one of a makeup, would open the door for me and put another lock. I went into my neighbor Jonas' house, talked a little with him, called my sister and but as if the door had four turns of the latch, he couldn't, so he suggested that I stay there, in a boarding house or elsewhere, until tomorrow, when I would call a colleague who, for a beauty of a make-up, would open the door for me. door and put another lock. I went into my neighbor Jonas' house, talked a little with him, called my sister and but as if the door had four turns of the latch, he couldn't, so he suggested that I stay there, in a boarding house or elsewhere, until tomorrow, when I would call a colleague who, for a beauty of a make-up, would open the door for me. door and put another lock. I went into my neighbor Jonas' house, talked a little with him, called my sister and

we decided that we had to return to the land of my parents. That's what I did. At the Cromi station, the lady in charge seemed to want to make my life difficult, even though I explained that I didn't have a key, but I felt a strange attraction to her, I must confess, she had particularly beautiful eyes. Yes, the city was Lisbon, where, for me, everything and nothing happens. So I arrived in Riachos and talked to my mother, I already missed her a little, after my sister brought me from the city closest to my parents' house. I spoke to two girls on the train, I was particularly excited, despite what was happening to me, but I ended up realizing that that key, lost forever, could only be replaced by another, in the hands of my mana. I noticed that several people were making fun of me, but I was more or less alone in this, even if helped, not yours, by many people. At a certain point, I suspected that there might be a conspiracy for me not to get the key, or having to return to Riachos, almost by force, for whatever reason, as if my behavior was strange, nosy, aggressive, rude. I was just getting ready to defend my thesis and I was pissed that I didn't have a job for God knows how long. Many would think I was crazy, but I continued, most of the time in a good mood, as if no one, not even the gods, could disturb my good mood and even happiness. The police kept tabs on where I live, as did the firefighters, but I think I got it. Everyone has their job. I am not necessarily an anthropologist because I have a degree, nor necessarily a philosopher because I have a thesis in hand. Each one has his craft, and all this will then be a matter of the bones of the craft. Being a writer, on the other hand, is an adventure for which only after this day am I prepared or do I realize something. Judging gets you nowhere, although instinct, convictions and prejudices can lead you there, at a certain point. In fact, I wanted to leave the country, to escape the stress I'm subject to, but I finally lost interest in women. The key did not appear, nor did it have to. I suppose someone found it and will be in the lost and found for some time. Someone could enter my house while I was sleeping, if they knew the address, or it could have been thrown into the river. It may even be serving in another lock. it is a venture for which only after this day am I prepared or perceive something. Judging gets you nowhere, although instinct, convictions and prejudices can lead you there, at a certain point. In fact, I wanted to leave the country, to escape the stress I'm subject to, but I finally lost interest in women. The key did not appear, nor did it have to. I suppose someone found it and will be in the lost and found for some time. Someone could enter my house while I was sleeping, if they knew the address, or it could have been thrown into the river. It may even be serving in another lock. it is a venture for which only after this day am I prepared or perceive something. Judging gets you nowhere, although instinct, convictions and prejudices can lead you there, at a certain point. In fact, I wanted to leave the country, to escape the stress I'm subject to, but I finally lost interest in women. The key did not appear, nor did it have to. I suppose someone found it and will be in the lost and found for some time. Someone could enter my house while I was sleeping, if they knew the address, or it could have been thrown into the river. It may even be serving in another lock. I wanted to leave the country, to escape the stress I am subject to, but I finally lost interest in women. The key did not appear, nor did it have to. I suppose someone found it and will be in the lost and found for some time. Someone could enter my house while I was sleeping, if they knew the address, or it could have been thrown into the river. It may even be serving in another lock.

There the adventure can be repeated, if the inhabitant runs and has his pocket in his shorts, like me, if he hears enthusiastic and boiling pop music from the 80s....