

1. The woman draped with a shawl runs down the steps, holding her small son by the hand.
2. The ranks of soldiers aim, and fire into the crowd.
3. The son of the woman draped with a shawl falls onto the steps. Mechanically, the woman draped with a shawl continues to run down the steps.
4. The fallen boy raises himself and shouts.
5. The fleeing mother stops and turns.
6. The boy falls back, unconscious.
7. In horror, the mother tears at her hair.
8. In terror, the crowd runs down the steps -- over the fallen boy. Her eyes crazed, the mother goes up the steps.
9. In terror, the crowd runs down the steps, trampling the slaughtered boy.
10. In terror, the crowd runs down the steps.
11. The fleeing people trample the slaughtered boy.
12. Her eyes crazed, the mother goes up the steps.
13. The crowd runs down the steps.
14. Her hands to her head in horror, the mother goes up the steps.
15. The crowd tramples the slaughtered boy.
16. Her hands to her head in horror, the mother goes up the steps.
17. The crowd runs down the steps.
18. Her slaughtered son in her arms, the mother goes up the steps towards a rank of soldiers.
19. In terror, the crowd runs down the steps.
20. Her slaughtered son in her arms, the demented mother goes up the steps.
21. Relentless, like a machine, the rank of soldiers with rifles trailed descends the steps.
22. Her slaughtered son in her arms, the demented mother goes up the steps.
23. The rank of soldiers fires into the crowd.
24. In terror, the crowd continues to run down the steps.
25. Her slaughtered son in her arms, the demented mother goes up the steps.
26. Through the corpses strewn on the steps, her slaughtered son in her arms, the mother continues up the steps.
27. Through the corpses strewn on the steps, relentless, the rank of soldiers with rifles trailed continues to descend the steps.
28. Her slaughtered son in her arms, going up the steps strewn with corpses, the mother shouts to the soldiers: [TITLE:] 'Hear me! Don't shoot!'
29. Inexorably, the rank of soldiers moves on. The shadows of the soldiers fall on the steps.
30. Her slaughtered son in her arms, the mother shouts again to the soldiers:
31. She draws close to the rank of soldiers, their rifles aimed and to the officer, his sabre raised.
32. Her slaughtered son in her arms, the mother falls onto the steps.
33. Her slaughtered son held tight to her breast, the mother lies on her back.
34. Her hands are arranged in the form of a cross, and over them creep the advancing shadows of the soldiers.