

Nootboom Trailers

WHAT WE CARRY

A Nootboom Story · Het Grootste

FORMAT

Brand film

RUNTIME

~6:00

ASPECT RATIO

2.39:1 anamorphic

LANGUAGE

EN VO · NL dialogue

WRITTEN BY

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CORE: everyone in this business carries three things: the load, the company and the family. The biggest of them isn't on the trailer: it's everything around it. And the biggest is yet to come. That's exactly why the trailer can never let you down. Nooteboom carries the load and the business with you, so you can carry what matters most.

STRUCTURE: only Acts I and II look back. From Act III, the corner someone had already thought about, the film looks forward. From the moment we enter the Nooteboom factory, there are no more flashbacks.

WHAT CHANGED SINCE THE FIRST PRESENTATION

- **From heaviest to biggest.** “Wat is het grootste dat je ooit hebt vervoerd?” The biggest thing isn't on the trailer: it's everything around it, and the biggest is yet to come.
- **Looking forward from Act III.** Only Acts I and II look back. From the corner someone had already thought about, the film looks ahead.
- **Act IV: positive highlights.** A fast montage of life's big, good moments.
- **Act V: The Future.** A new trailer as a 3D model, laser-cut high-strength steel, macro shots of Nooteboom innovations and a trailer still in development.

The Boy

ACT I 0:00–1:30



EXT. TRANSPORT YARD — DAWN

Somewhere in rural Netherlands. Low mist. A working transport company yard: three or four Nooteboom trailers, a couple of trucks, a Portacabin office, a flagpole. Worn concrete. The family name hand-painted on the office wall.

A BOY, around seven. Hair too long. Pyjamas under a coat too big for him. Bare feet in rubber boots. He's perched on the rear loading steps of his grandfather's old Nooteboom semi low-loader, watching the world wake up.

Music in: a single piano note. A cello, low, underneath.

VO — CHILD (warm, unhurried, soft Dutch accent)

Some things are too big for one person to carry.
That's what my grandfather always said.

The GRANDFATHER (late sixties, weathered, broad) climbs down from the cab, just back from an overnight run. Wipes his hands on a rag. Sees the boy. A tired smile.

VO – CHILD

I didn't really understand him. Not back then.

Quick montage, held just long enough to land, like Polaroids:

- The boy running his small palm down the cold steel of the trailer's flank.
- The grandfather lifting him into the cab. The boy's hands on the wheel, barely reaching.
- Wide: the trailer with a yellow excavator strapped down, pulling out of the yard at sunrise. Pendle axles catching the first light.
- The boy chasing the truck to the end of the lane. Stopping. Watching it go.

VO – CHILD

I was just a kid watching the trucks come home.
The dust. The diesel. The men he called family.
And the trailers. Always the trailers.
He'd let me sit in the cab while the engine was still warm.
Let me believe, for a second, that I was the one driving.

EXT. TRANSPORT YARD – LATER THAT MORNING

Boy and grandfather on the loading ramp, sharing a thermos of hot chocolate, the boy's poured into the cup lid. The boy looks up.

BOY (Dutch, subtitled)

Opa... wat is het grootste dat je ooit hebt vervoerd?
[Grandpa... what's the biggest thing you ever carried?]

The grandfather doesn't answer right away. He looks out at the trailer. Then back at the boy. His smile is older than he is.

GRANDFATHER (Dutch, subtitled)

Jongen... het grootste ligt niet op de trailer.
[Son... the biggest thing isn't on the trailer.]

He ruffles the boy's hair. Pours him the last of the chocolate.

VO – CHILD

I didn't know what he meant. Not then.

FAST INTERCUT – ARCHIVE / SEPIA (16mm grain, slight bleach bypass). *The only archive sequence in the film.*

- 1881. Young Willem Nooteboom at the anvil. Sparks.
- HENK JAN NOOTEBOOM bent over carriage-builder templates. Wood. Iron. Pencil behind his ear.
- ANTON NOOTEBOOM in overalls, welding the bed of an early tipper.
- The first Nooteboom low-loader rolls out of the workshop. Flat caps, handshakes, a flashbulb fires.

[Dates to be confirmed with Nooteboom.]

VO – CHILD (quiet, like a secret)

But somewhere, in another yard, in another time...
another family had been figuring it out for a very long time.

[Music shift. Strings warm in.]

The Teenager

ACT II 1:30–2:30



EXT. TRANSPORT YARD — DAWN, NINE YEARS LATER

Same yard. Same trailer, repainted, still working. The boy, now SIXTEEN. Taller. Quieter. Walking the perimeter of a load with his FATHER, checking tie-down points on a crane component.

His father, early fifties, calm, exacting, points at a strap angle. The teen adjusts it. The father nods. Doesn't say much. Doesn't need to.

VO — TEEN

There are some things you don't choose.
They're already in you when you arrive.

Series of shots:

- The teen's hand on a clipboard: route plan, permit numbers.
- His father teaching him to read an axle load chart.
- The teen in the passenger seat, a Nooteboom MANOOVR on an early-morning convoy escort. Watching the road. Watching his father.
- A framed black-and-white photo on the office wall: three generations in front of an old truck. The teen pauses. Then walks on.

VO — TEEN

The smell of metal on your father's hands.
The sound the yard makes at six in the morning.
The names of men in old photographs. Men you've never met, but somehow... know.

INT. TRANSPORT YARD OFFICE — NIGHT

The teen alone, late. He runs his finger down the spine of a battered logbook, entries going back decades, his grandfather's handwriting. Routes through the Alps. A faded Nooteboom delivery certificate from the 1970s pinned to the wall.

VO — TEEN

By sixteen, I knew every weld on that old trailer.
Where it had been. What it had carried.
[He closes the logbook.]
I knew, too, that one day, it would be mine.

INTERCUT — INT. NOOTEBOOM ENGINEERING OFFICE, WIJCHEN — 2005

Engineer's hands at a drafting board. The original PENDEL-X drawings being finalised. A finger traces an axle's pivot point. A second engineer leans in, nods. The blueprint is rolled and walked out of frame.

MATCH CUT: the same geometry, now real, as a Pendel-X axle is lifted by overhead crane onto a brand-new EURO-PX chassis. Sparks. Hydraulics. Precision.

VO — TEEN

Somewhere in the Netherlands, people I'd never met
were already drawing the trailer I didn't yet know I'd drive.

[First hint of forward motion. Tempo lifts.]

The Young Man

ACT III 2:30–3:30



EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD — NIGHT, HEAVY RAIN

A Nooteboom EURO-PX low-loader, cab lights cutting through rain. A 90-tonne excavator on the bed. Two lanes narrowing to one and a half.

In the cab: our protagonist at TWENTY-THREE. Headphones around his neck. Both hands on the wheel. Dispatch crackles in Dutch.

VO — YOUNG ADULT

You think you're ready.
You're not yet.

A bend comes faster than expected. The wheels graze the shoulder.

LOW-ANGLE HERO SHOT — the pendle axle's first appearance as a character.

Slow motion, beneath the trailer. The axles at maximum steering angle. The hydraulics breathe. The platform stays dead level. The load doesn't tilt. Doesn't shift. The trailer takes the corner.

Back in the cab. He breathes out. Sweat at his temple. The road straightens.

VO — YOUNG ADULT

The first time the weight is on your shoulders, the real weight,
you understand what your father meant. What your grandfather
meant.
It's not the steel. It's not the load.

He pulls into a layby at the top of the pass. Kills the engine. Sits in the dark cab. Rain on the roof. His own heartbeat.

VO — YOUNG ADULT

It's the name on the door. The people who came before.
The promises you didn't make, but somehow have to keep.

Insert: the family name painted on the cab door, raindrops running down it.

[Music drops to almost nothing. A single sustained string note.]

VO — YOUNG ADULT

There's a moment, in this work, when you wonder if you're enough.

[Silence.]

He looks in the side mirror.

INSERT — MIRROR: the excavator on the bed behind him, lit by the rear work light. Straps taut. Platform dead level. It hasn't moved a centimetre.

A long breath out. Something in his shoulders lets go.

VO — YOUNG ADULT

The load hadn't moved an inch.
Someone had thought about that corner long before I got there.
That night I learned what you need most in this job:
something under you that never lets you down.

The radio crackles.

DISPATCH (Dutch, over radio, subtitled)

Alles goed daar?

[Everything alright up there?]

YOUNG ADULT (Dutch, subtitled)

Alles goed. Lading staat.

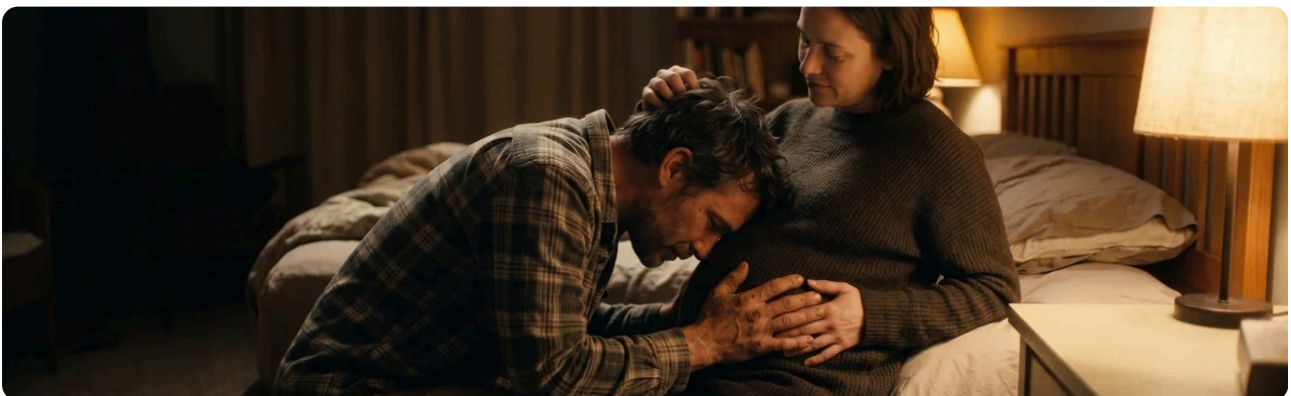
[All good. Load's secure.]

He looks up through the windshield. Dawn is breaking over the pass. He starts the engine.

The truck pulls back onto the road. Headlights into morning.

The Weight of Life

ACT IV 3:30–4:30



[Music: warm, building. A fast montage of life's big, positive highlights. Each beat held just long enough. Real and warm.]

- **EXT. TRANSPORT YARD — DAWN.** His father's last run. The old man walks the length of the trailer one final time, running his palm down the steel, the same gesture as the boy in Act I. At the office door he stops, presses the keys to the yard into his son's hand. The company is his now. His father says nothing. A hand on the shoulder. Then he climbs into the passenger seat of the truck.
- **INT. YARD OFFICE — NIGHT.** The planning board full. A contract for the biggest job the company has ever taken on. He reads it twice. Looks out the window at the trailers under the yard lights. Signs.
- **EXT. REGISTRY OFFICE — DAY.** A small wedding. His wife in a simple cream dress. Both laughing. Confetti.
- **INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR — NIGHT.** He sits on a plastic chair, looking at the floor. Then up. A midwife appears in the doorway and nods. He covers his mouth with his hand.
- **EXT. TRANSPORT YARD — DAY.** A few years on. His DAUGHTER, four, walking across the yard carrying a wrench almost as big as she is. He's behind her, hands in his pockets, watching, smiling.
- **EXT. YARD — NIGHT.** Mid-thirties now. Applying the family name to a cab door himself, under a single yellow work light. With care.
- **EXT. DUTCH POLDER — GOLDEN HOUR.** Wide, magnificent: a 70-metre wind turbine blade snaking across the landscape on a Nooteboom SUPER WING CARRIER. Escort vehicles. His pilot car leads. The blade looks like it belongs to the sky, not the road.

VO — ADULT

Life puts a lot on you.

A company with your name on it.

A wife. A child.

A father who hands you the keys, and not one word of advice.

He doesn't have to.

You learn what it means to carry. Not just on the road. Everywhere.

[Pause. Music holds.]

Cut to: him at the wheel of his own truck. Older eyes. The yard reflected briefly in the side mirror.

VO — ADULT

And somewhere along the way... you stop being the boy on the trailer.

[Beat.]

You become the man at the wheel.



INT. NOOTEBOOM FACTORY, WIJCHEN – DAY

For the first time, we step inside Nooteboom. A wide, almost reverent shot of the production floor. Welders, fabricators, engineers, painters. The skeleton of a MANOOVR being born.

[Music: quieter at first, then a pulse enters underneath. Female voice, wordless. From here on: no flashbacks. Only forward.]

VO – ADULT

People ask me why I still drive Nooteboom.
Simple.
I've got enough to carry.
My name is on the door. My family is at home.
And the load behind me is someone else's promise.
I need a trailer that never lets me down.
In all these years, it never has.

MARINKA NOOTEBOOM walks the production line. Dark blazer. Calm. She lays a hand on a brand-new chassis rail, then keeps walking, through the doors into engineering, where a young team is gathered around a screen. She leans in. Asks a question we never hear. No supertitle. No introduction. She simply is.

VO – ADULT

Because behind every trailer, there's someone who's already
thought about the loads and corners you haven't reached
yet.

FUTURE MONTAGE – building with the pulse:

- A new trailer rotating as a 3D model, load distribution glowing across the deck.
- Laser-cut high-strength steel. A robot weld seam, perfect.
- Macro shots of current Nooteboom innovations. *[Selection to be made with Nooteboom R&D.]*
- An operator steering a trailer's axles on a test site, precision to the centimetre.
- The MWT-XXL under floodlights. Vast. New.
- On an engineer's screen: the silhouette of a trailer still in development.

[All innovation shots to be confirmed with Nooteboom R&D: what exists, what's coming, what may be shown.]

VO — ADULT

Loads get bigger every year. Roads don't get any wider.
So they never stop engineering.

[Beat.]

Somewhere in Wijchen, right now,
someone is drawing the trailer my daughter will drive.

HERO SHOT — RETURN TO THE PENDLE AXLE.

Slow motion, low angle. The axles articulating beneath an impossible load. Each axle swallowing the camber independently. The platform dead level. The load serene. Three, four full seconds. The music opens underneath.

VO — ADULT

The biggest things in life aren't on the trailer.
That's exactly why the trailer can never let you down.

The Handoff

ACT VI 5:30–5:55



EXT. TRANSPORT YARD — DAWN

The same yard as the opening. The same loading steps. A new trailer, same place, same paintjob.

His DAUGHTER. Seven. Hair too long. Pyjamas under a coat too big for her. Bare feet in rubber boots. Perched on the rear. The exact shot from the opening.

She looks up as her father walks toward her in the dawn light.

DAUGHTER (Dutch, subtitled)

Papa... wat is het grootste dat je ooit hebt vervoerd?

[Papa... what's the biggest thing you ever carried?]

He stops. Looks at her for a long moment. Kneels down to her height. The same smile his grandfather gave him, decades ago.

FATHER (Dutch, subtitled)

Lieverd... het grootste ligt niet op de trailer.

[Sweetheart... the biggest thing isn't on the trailer.]

She frowns, the same frown he once had. He smiles, stands, and lays his palm flat on the trailer's steel flank, the same gesture as the boy in Act I.

FATHER (Dutch, subtitled)

Maar deze laat je nooit in de steek.

[But this one will never let you down.]

He lifts her into the cab. She grips the wheel with both hands. He stands beside her on the running board. Both look out at the road ahead.

[Music swells. Full, but never bombastic. Earned.]

MATCH CUT — INT. NOOTEBOOM FACTORY — DAY

A young Nootboom engineer, late twenties, next generation, lifts her own child onto a finished next-generation chassis on the factory floor. The girl laughs. Sparks fall in soft focus behind them.

Close

FINAL SHOT 5:55–6:00



EXT. OPEN ROAD — SUNRISE

A Nootboom trailer carrying a rotor blade longer than anything we've seen in the film pulls out of the yard onto a long, straight road. Pendle axles glinting in low light.

The horizon opens up ahead.

VO — ADULT (soft)

Some things are too big for one person to carry.

[Beat. Music resolves. Like an exhale.]

SUPER: NOOTEBOOM.

GETS YOU THERE.

FADE TO BLACK.

— END —