

Working Title: Floating Life

Estimated Duration: 20 - 25 min.

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Draft 9

NOTE

- (V.O) SUGGESTS SOUNDS COMING FROM THE VOICE RECORDER OUR PROTAGONIST CARRIES
- X'S RECORDINGS progresses the entire imagework attempted to capture in words
 - Dialogues are in **BOLD** font
- Descriptive Narrative is not **BOLD** and requires honest attention of the reader if they like to read with their eyes

1. - INT. - A PROJECTION HALL - DAY

This is the scene where the images of a film projector and the processes which bring film to life are seen on the screen. The film leader begins to roll. These images are used to make the audience aware that they are watching a film within a film.

The images of the projector and the film are lit on the screen and we see a television (**X, OUR PROTAGONIST, A MAN IN HIS MID TWENTIES OWNS**) beside a door that slams shut and it turns on and plays white noise first as the camera slowly tracks into it and playing fast cut montages of the violence and the inhuman acts and the political scenario prevalent in a country.

The camera shall track in to the pixel level of the television until we get to see the white noise again. It is then that the camera shall track back and the 35mm projector shall tear off leaving silence and darkness.

2. - EXT. - THE NORTHERN AREA (near the border) - Day

We hear sounds of wind blowing. We hear sounds of a beep of the camera turning on and the tape recoil, the frame appears with the TCR Counter (**THE P.O.V of a Handycam**). The camera tracks beyond the TCR counter and into the landscape. We see a wide field that is covered in snow. We see a shot of the ice melting on the edge of a rock and get to hear the sound of a gun shot the moment a water droplet falls. X is seen lying in the snow.

We crab right from the snow to a close up of his face that is partly concealed by a voice recorder with a hand on it, the finger presses the play button. The voice recorder starts playing. His eyes, not in focus, seem not to move, we see the voice recorder in the foreground.

X (V.O)

Here I see my life in images, a frame within a frame.

We see a soldier hiding in the trees and looking toward X through the clearing, **military radio interference makes it hard to hear the rest.**

No matter what the order.

We cut to the tape in the voice recorder playing.

They lead up to one conclusion.

In life there are several conclusions.

The fact that, conclusion being, all, is a mystery.

We see a
gun partly
concealed
by the
jacket
beside the
shoe as the
wind
catches on
the coat.
Military
radio
interferenc
e makes it
hard to
hear the
rest.

Watching life in a jagged, contorted and bent fashion.

We cut back to a top shot that has a TCR counter rolling.

Gives an idea, that at most times...

We have failed to read between the lines.

We see a pair of legs dressed in high boots and army trousers running toward X and we see it from the OTS of the tape recorder playing. **Military radio interference makes it hard to hear the rest.**

The scene cuts to black as soon as X's body is heaved to one side. It will be accompanied with a certain beat of a music that shall continue through the montage sequence.

3. - MONTAGE SEQUENCE -

The purpose of these images is foreshadowing them. Here it is necessary because it builds suspense.

1. An unknown woman is seen running through the corridors of Badshahi Mosque **(PAID OFF IN 13C)**
2. BCU of the main character's face and eyes as he is falling **(PAID OFF IN 13C)**
3. The Main character's P.O.V as he sees the world upside down **(PAID OFF IN 13C)**
4. TCR Counter Playing on the frame we see Y looking up to the sky
(WHO IS PAID OFF IN SCENE 7)
5. P.O.V X's feet running on the cliff
(PAID OFF IN SCENE 14)
6. A hand (X's) appearing and disappearing on the right half of the screen **(PAID OFF IN SCENE 8)**
7. The underwater shot before X falls in it.
(PAID OFF IN SCENE 14)
8. The scroll that the anima draws unfolds revealing the painting
(PAID OFF IN SCENE 8)
9. The edge of the cliff where the character jumps off
(PAID OFF IN SCENE 14)
10. The hand of the woman painting in the scroll
(PAID OFF IN SCENE 10)
11. Shot of a moving road with TCR Counter
(PAID OFF IN SCENE 10)
12. The Shaman as he slowly turns around.

Fade Out

4. - EXT. - TRAVELLING (On a Highway) - MIDDAY

We look at a shot of a moving road. We see X, with a bigger beard. His hand holds a few still photos from the refugee camp against the steering wheel.

X (V.O)

Away from the madding crowd, I set off.

We see the high speed wheel moving on the road.

What I pictured. Seemed real enough.

He takes up the picture of our REFUGEE CHILD, Y, and sticks it to the mirror.

It led me to draw a road map.

Shot of the road that he is going to and we also see markings on a piece of map that is marked.

X

Even I cannot tell whether I'm still the same.

We cut to the handy cam that is recording X with the TCR counter.

X picks up Y's scrapbook lying just close to the camera and opens it on the steering wheel. We cut to the shot of the road X leaves behind.

We Cut to:

5. - INT. - THE PHOTO LABORATORY/SETUP - DAY

Crabbing of the camera on a wall to a particular door knob which is opened and we see a character writing in a scrap book on a desk. It is a well equipped photo laboratory where graphs and plans are also set up. The camera tracks forward to the man and we also see a few close ups of the photos that he is re arranging.

We cut to X facing the camera (outdoors) and aiming his SLR as if to click a picture. The result picture is seen on the screen. This action is repeated sometimes with a different set of people. The same picture is seen on the table as being re arranged or a part of pictures.

We cut back to the steering wheel and the hand holding the photos, out of which one is of snow and an illustration of the landscape of the fairy mountains in the child's scrapbook.

X (V.O)

It is of no use to fill a void,

We cut to X's photo scrap book landing in the water puddle. It opens with the pictures falling out of it into the water.

With the bits of reality I see, note down, collect.

My pictures have people who turned into stories.

We cut to the close up of the pictures.

Making Stories. Keeping me afloat.

We see the road in motion until it reaches an area where there has been a recent snowfall.

Till Now... Until I opened my eyes.

THE CAMERA TRACKS FORWARD TO THE X'S DESK TO A PARTIAL CLOSE UP OF HIS FACE AS HE IS SEEN COMPARING THE CHILD'S SCRAPBOOK TO HIS.

IT IS THEN WE SEE THAT A CERTAIN WINDOW BEHIND HIM SMASHES WITH GLASS FALLING.

I could never be a part of it.

It is too great a burden to carry.

We see that he is standing outside his office and is recoiling from the force of throwing the stone. The camera crabs left to black once we see X get into his car and leave.

6. EXT. - THE NORTHERN AREA - DAY

X (V.O)

A burden of lies.

And I chose to free myself.

We hear X switching off the voice recorder.

We see his close up of his face as we crab left from black to right where he is looking upward to a beam of light and smears some paint on his face.

We get to hear hums and crackles of a video camera being switched on. The lens cap is removed and we see the handycam coming out of the bag and its pointed toward Y's scrapbook until the tape end sign appears.

X

You call it madness. I call it coming close.

Where are you leading me now?

X keeps the camera opposite the entrance of the cave and we see him go out of the cave. His body is seen to have extensive marks that resemble drawings on the scroll.

We cut to outside the cave through the girl's P.O.V. We see X coming out of the cave, with a full moustache and a beard and messy, rushing forth struggling with the difficulties the landscape provides. Crosses the river from one side and keeps going up. We cut simultaneously X from the little girl's P.O.V and X struggling to get to the top of the waterfall.

X is struggling to get to one side by scaling down a rough terrain. He slips on an edge and falls.

We see the stone fall to flat ground. We follow the stone until it motions to a halt. We cut to the close up of a small girl looking at the stone and then looking into the camera (X P.O.V).

We cut to X reading Y's scrapbook in the jeep. He turns a page on which the picture of a house is scribbled to a one that portrays a little girl with scenery behind her.

Y (V.O) (DIFFERENT LANGUAGE)

**When you arise and look about. Your path is strewn with stones.
You are lost. Look about for the little one.**

You do not know; but she watches over you.

**When you meet. You understand, your path was only beneath the
stones that made it so hard to see.**

The little one shall lead you to my friend.

We cut to the shot of the stone being picked up. We cut to the girl's close up her upward eye movement following the stone and then to X.

The girl begins to smile. We hear sounds of pages rustling and we cut to X holding up the drawing of THE SHAMAN with Y's photo.

We cut to X washing his face and drinking water from the river bank as the little girl moves along.

We cut to X's P.O.V of following the girl. He takes out his camera to take a picture (the camera shooting him is attached to his body).

7. EXT. - REFUGEE CAMP - DAY

There is a sideways tracking from the back of X's head that reveals he is in a refugee camp instead, the camera pans right and we hear a few clicks of the camera. On the fourth click, the refugee camp is emphasized through the point of view of the still camera, takes some pictures that stay for a second on the screen.

X (V.O.)

Pictures are a good way of keeping things alive.

He clicks stop on
the voice
recorder.

We see the door open and the lights being switched on in the photo lab. It is night time. We cut to a counter top where X unloads some rolls. We see the pictures X took earlier in this scene UN DEVELOP in a tray.

X (V.O.)

The defiant face that could not remember how to smile. His wrinkles lacked speech. I lack language.

Only the look in their eyes. Told so much more.

We cut to the P.O.V of a handycam with TCR counter, crabbing right until it reaches the MEDICINE MAN CUM FLUTE PLAYER.

X

Refuge and music.

X has a set of pictures in his hands near the steering wheel, among them is the MEDICINE MAN CUM FLUTE PLAYER. He flips the photo and we see "source?" written at the back.

We cut to P.O.V of a handy cam with the TCR counter showing the MEDICINE MAN CUM FLUTE PLAYER turn off.

We see from Y's point of view where he sees X switching off the camera, a cycle tire that the children are playing with in the camp hits X in the back. A boy comes and takes it away; more children come and follow the boy in the same shot, the MEDICINE MAN CUM FLUTE PLAYER IS ALSO VISIBLE. There is a sideways tracking behind a wall and on the other side, we see X greeting the Translator as we see Y hiding behind the wall.

We hear the click of the camera and see a picture of an old man and in the back ground is Y 'aware of the camera'. We see Y's subjective P.O.V for the moment as he walks on, we do see X photographing the old man.

We cut to the photo lab where X sees the light impression of a negative of Y with the old man. We see X developing a picture of a bigger size and we find out Y being aware that his picture is being taken.

We see X filming in the camp and the resulting shot of the refugees cut together until the cutting pattern's tempo is worked up. We cut to the refugee camp photos and development. We divide these actions in to multi screens playing a lot of footage together.

X (V.O)

Truth is a thin blurring line when it comes to remembering a picture.

It changes with age.

It changes with context; for motives.

We cut to X who looks into the camera (MEDICINE MAN'S EYES). We get to hear the translator as he translates after X is done speaking.

X

Thus the act of shooting photos is not wrong.

We cut to introduce the **MEDICINE MAN CUM FLUTE PLAYER** with the TCR counter look away from the camera and resume flute playing for a while. The sound overlaps the following:

We cut to an office peon smoking a cigarette. His shoulder is the only visible and the cup beside it. The peon flicks the ash in the cup. THE BOSS is introduced here and the camera crabs left to black as he walks out of no where. We cut to his P.O.V and see both X with his back toward him and the peon. We cut to X turning around (with the camera attached to his body) and looking at THE BOSS as he walks toward the peon. We only see his hand smashing the cup. We cut to X who is watching all of this from his end. He picks up his voice recorder and speaks. (CHANGE)

X

It actually depends on who you work for.

We cut to the dark room and X is scanning the negatives that contain a picture of a medicine man cum flute player. The photo is circled with a red marker and we zoom into it. The sound of the interview is introduced earlier.

7A. EXT - REFUGEE CAMP - DAY

We cut to the TCR Counter and into the medicine man's interview. Each dialogue said by MED MAN AND X shall be translated by the translator there.

X

Yesterday when I filmed you I understood that you had; in a way, devoted yourself to traveling.

I could relate, when you said, it is instinctive, yet controlled madness.

Spending several years in your journey, what do you hope to achieve?

Did it affect your viewpoint of truth, when you first discovered, why different customs were in conflict?

MEDICINE MAN CUM FLUTE PLAYER

There are perfectly satisfactory answers to all your questions.

But I don't think you can understand how little you can learn from them.

Your Questions.

Are much more revealing about yourself

than my answer could be about me.

X

I meant them sincerely out of curiosity.

MEDICINE MAN CUM FLUTE PLAYER

Curiosity is a spark, to either a journey. Or a consequence.

We can have a conversation.

But only if its not just what you think is sincere but also,

What I believe to be honest.

What you pre conceive

is how you act.

And it comes to be...

He gives X the black stone.

The interview pauses right in the middle and the camera tracks back from the screen to show the editing suite on which our main character is working with the footage. It tracks back to considerable distance until the screen behind him is bombarded with multi screens of the shot footage. It finally ends as the door slams shut on the camera.

We hear the sound of a knock on the door. We see X enter an office, slightly pausing at the door step. The Boss looks into the camera (X's eyes) and turns to look at the television playing, as he sits comfortably in a reclined chair in an office decorated in lavish taste, smoking and looking at X's tapes. There is tension mounting. We crab right to the smoke from THE BOSS'S cigarette.

We see through the television that the medicine man takes the camera and points it on X and The Boss puts it on pause. He continues to stare at the television.

The Boss

What am I to assume of this?

X

I'm not finished yet. I took a lot of photos. Have enough footage.

The Boss

You were supposed to write. Not just take photos. Just write a story.

X

Yes, I know. But the story is about photos. (V.O) And how you choose to portray them)

The Boss

Four weeks on the road and all you have is a pile of post cards.

You were supposed to write man! Images I could have arranged for!

X (V.O) Picture 1

Portray defiance as defeat.

Sure, who would want to argue with that?

The Boss (contd.)

You were supposed to write about their sorry plight.

X (V.O) Picture 2

Always choose the easy exit. It pays.

The Boss (contd.)

I have a reputation to keep whilst you ignore the publisher's deadlines. My company's efficiency is put to test yet again.

X (V.O) Picture 3

The image is of a homeless man nearly dead.

Maintain efficiency. Chaos sells. Achieve new heights each day.

The Boss

I do not want to look like a fool.

X is sitting facing the boss as he takes out his camera to photograph The Boss.

X (V.O) Picture 4

We get to see the boss' picture.

Or you mean, keep spinning fairy tales about facts and romanticize a degrading scenario; while you were never there. That in itself is a sorry plight.

The stop motion of a photomontage in the camera display begins, it shows X and Y.

We cut to X watching this montage from a top shot. We stop at Y's photo.

We see him lying against the tire of his vehicle wearing the locket and with a big beard (a belonging from the Shaman).

He picks up the child's scrapbook and turns a few pages. We see through his P.O.V that he's looking at the Shaman's drawing.

X

We will get to know each other. I must. Soon...

Fade Out

8. INT. /EXT. - THE LOCAL'S HOUSE/NORTHERN AREA - DAY

We get to see the locket that X was wearing swinging back and forth. We see a bunch of locals from the northern area looking in awe toward the Shaman.

An ailing man lies on the bed. The camera tracks in from the foot of the bed (where the locals are sitting) to the head of the bed (where the Shaman is rocking back and forth).

We see a certain pan that contains leaves. Smoldering pieces of charcoal are kept on it and placed at the foot of the Shaman that sinks down and inhales them. We see his face as he inhales the smoke.

He enters a state of trance and begins to squeal, spin and shake his head back and forth. The camera is attached to his body on a fixed shot when he falls down and is lifted up in the air with the light getting brighter until there is blank white.

There is a fade in to a hand that is seen spinning (the camera is attached to the arm of X). Thus, we see **IMAGE 6 FROM SCENE 3 PAID OFF** here as we see X's arm appear and disappear. We see a top shot that X is spinning near the cliff he has to jump off from.

We cut to the trembling Shaman being held in the arms of the unknown woman, and her face is partially visible.

We see a pool of water containing much black stones. We see black color being dissolved inside until the water is clear it is then the paint brush is introduced in the pan.

We follow the brush strokes where it paints. We cut to a long shot of THE UNKNOWN WOMAN, tracking in from the far end of her scroll; we never actually get to see her face. **IMAGE 8 FROM SCENE 3 IS PAID OFF HERE.**

She taps her hand on the pan containing the black stones and the camera tracks into the water reflections in the pan and X's face is seen in the pan.

We see the Shaman's hand clenched tight and releasing grip slowly until we get to see the black stone in his hand.

The door to the house where the Shaman performed his ritual bursts open and we see him digging furiously in the earth just beside the doorstep.

We get to see that some bones are buried beneath the earth. We see the Shaman putting the bones in the river and we see them flowing away.

IMAGE 4 FROM SCENE 3 IS PAID OFF HERE AS Y TURNS TO LOOK INTO THE CAMERA WITH THE TCR COUNTER. We pan left to a bunch of children that have a handy cam in their hands.

We cut to the handy cam the children hold and see Y running in the direction of the vehicle in the back ground as X is seen holding the company camera toward them.

From under X's jeep we see Y's legs running toward it until concealed. We catch Y getting inside just in time as he ducks inside the jeep. Through Y's eyes looking through the window we see X filming children and the children filming him. We cut to their respective shots.

X

Who do you belong to?

Where do you go to?

It shall always be a mystery

How you would look at life with your eyes.

Perhaps not bigger than the mystery of God.

He is leaning back against his jeep recording himself in the recorder and the video camera. He switches the video camera off.

10. EXT. - THE ABANDONED CITY - DAY

We cut to the shot of a road moving. We see the main character's hand feeling the wind. We crab left from the red cloth flowing in the air to the Shaman.

We see X's vehicle from the Shaman's P.O.V. We cut to the shot of the moving road and are driven up to an abandoned city in ruins, we hear X get out of the car and walk toward it. We crab right from a wall to a street and find X speaking in the voice recorder.

X

People don't wait. They struggle to live. With or without us.

The abandoned city is still and quiet and empty. We cut to a video camera being switched on and its lens cap is removed and it is recording a shot of the empty city X walks in front of it and takes a picture.

We see the handy cam in the picture that develops in the lab. We cut to X facing the camera while he is about to take a picture. It is through X's P.O.V we see the abandoned city and when we hear the sound of a shutter clicking, we also see the result picture being dried on a line with other pictures.

We introduce the city's emptiness whilst the following V.O. overlaps it. Sometimes X is heard in his natural voice saying the dialogues and we switch back to V.O.

X

Here returns the prodigal who only knew how to run.

We cut back to the dark room where he is seen working rigorously on a particular image.

X

Never being able to run away from himself.

We cut to X holding a cigarette that is half turned to ash.

He chose to return.

We cut to an empty street.

He remembered faces and few names from early child hood memories.

We cut to an empty house.

He did not remember any stories, he once shared with them.

We cut to an empty prayer place.

Life went on. But he was to loose. In chasing dreams of a better world, he was the one left alone.

Back in those days when life thrived through its walls and roads, it was he who had said, this place has nothing...

Only when there was nothing else left to loose, he came back. There was nothing to claim. Even the ghosts had deserted it, tired of haunting.

In vain he hope for some on to come. Tell him a story. Help him remember through their eyes.

We cut to X and half his face is concealed.

It could never be... Turn the chapter. Start over. Fool myself into writing over and over till I find you. Incomplete letters growing in number filled with stories I wanted to tell you. Instead I come back to each day to a reflection growing hollow.

We cut to the rolling tape and see through X's eyes as he is holding the voice recorder in the snow. We hear the sounds of a wind chime.

We cut to a broken wind chime in a particular flat that does not have a floor. We tilt down and pan left until we see X lying down. We cut to the top of the wind chime to see X lying under it. **IMAGE 1 FROM SCENE 3** plays interrupted by car light passing in the dark (fast speed).

X (V.O THINKING)

I can't go back home. It is hung up too high. Not like a thought in my head. It has a shaken shape. Crumbled volume. Takes me with it each time I sleep.

The fragrance that hung about her.

We cut to a particular corner where we see the red cloth disappearing around the edge whilst a loose brick falls down. We see X turn around and being puzzled for a moment but then catch it just in time. We see the red cloth through the SLR's P.O.V until a photo is taken.

We cut to the same photo developed and is in front of X who sits with the cigarette half turned to ash and there is no red cloth in it.

We cut back to the abandoned city from behind X and see the cloth disappear along the edge; X pauses for a while and then he follows it with the camera tracking in behind him until he takes a turn and finds nothing there.

We cut to the lab where we see the red kerchief flying through the television screen. We cut to X's P.O.V as he runs. It is inter cut at several places with the height up shot of the Shaman (he is standing

opposite to where X is but quite far away). By the time we reach the Shaman's eyes, we see X appearing on the opposite building.

We cut to an eagle perched on a tree that immediately flies out of the frame. We cut to the bird's eyes view and see X below us. We cut to X's feet and see the locket being dropped on the ground.

We cut to the P.O.V of the handy cam with the TCR counter as it zooms in to see the source of the red cloth. We cut to the handy cam, with its LCD open shooting the red cloth in the distance. We cut to the time lapse of sun setting.

We film time lapses of the shadows increasing. We cut to the sun fully setting and things going dark. We cut to its walls and see X sleeping in a courtyard with fire kindling. We see still photos appearing on the walls of people standing in a group. X is seen stirring in his sleep.

11. EXT. - DREAM SEQUENCE -

A woman (who consoled the Shaman) appears from an underpass and the X is looking at her and waving toward her. She says something inaudible and the X runs toward her. The images of the scroll and the Shaman are also inter cut in a montage. We cut to X's reflection as he is closes the sliding bathroom mirror. We cut to a close up of the stone being there as the glass door is closed. The locket is seen falling to the ground and the stone is bleeding against the backdrop of a windscreen in traffic.

We see X wake up, the camera attached to his body, looking to one side.

12. EXT. - CITY MONTAGE - NIGHT

We see X's shadow walk across the wall until it disappears off the frame. It is then that X comes forth the camera and clicks a picture beginning the montage.

The montage is fast cut that juxtaposes city life, emphasizing a bit on bourgeois luxuries as well as the poor and the kind of human condition that is decaying within the city.

The montage is built up into a crescendo of loud sounds and more disturbing images and we cut to a chain passing through a socket around a door. We cut to the chain wrapping around one of X's leg. We continue this montage treatment until we see the whole door chained and X is sitting in front of the dim lit chained door with his head in his hands.

We see the door of his house burst open and X is standing on the threshold. We cut to the car door opening and X taking out his equipment. He searches in the back with a torch in his hand and finds Y hiding. There is a moment of confusion.

We cut to the Y's scrapbook where we see the drawing of a little child holding a big man's hand.

We cut to X giving the scabies ridden Y a bath. Turning off the lights (Y is in bed) and the camera crabs right following X until he exits the room. The camera crabs left back to Y and we see his eyes open.

We cut to the shot of road moving. We see X lying in an open field. He sees stars, his beard is bigger.

Y (V.O)

My friend used to say, I saw you when you blinked with the stars. But I lost him since catastrophe struck. Don't know where he might be. I know he is looking for me.

Fade Out, The Sounds of the night increase

We Fade in to **IMAGE 1 SCENE 3**

13 (A). EXT. - THE CONFRONTATION - DAY

We see a paper plane in flight. Strips of X's scrapbook are being torn slow but sure. We see the stone bleeding. A book is thrown outside the window of a car. The **PIERCING SOUND** gets louder and louder until it mixes with the alarm clock. It is a fast montage of X waking up, going through the road to work and a projector, and it lighting up the screen.

The pictures he took were being displayed. We cut to a two shot of X and THE BOSS (with a peon standing behind him.) sitting across, with the TCR counter.

THE BOSS

The session commences and you may switch off the video feed prior to matters of confidentiality.

X

Finicky about letting out your trade secrets of the business that you mean...

THE BOSS

I am not sure when you gave yourself the right to reject a system that took sixty four years to be built?

X

This document exposes one of the many cracks in your fortress of dreams.

The camera is turned off by a peon standing behind THE BOSS.

14. INT. /EXT. - X'S HOME AND OTHER PLACES - DAY

We see breakfast being prepared on the stove. We see a plate of eggs and bread being served. We cut to the top shot and see X going back to his seat to face Y. We cut to the frame with the TCR counter showing Y sitting in the corner of the sofa and Y is reluctant to eat. X asks Y some questions.

X

Tumhare liay hai. Ghabrao mat, kha lo.

Y does not respond but continues to stare into blank space.

X

Kitne arsay se thay wahaan?

X

Koi... Dost? Yaad to aati hogi?

X

Tumhare camp ke dost tumhari kami mehsoos karte hon ge.

X

Kia hua?

Y gets up from the sofa and runs toward a door behind the sofa and locks himself inside. X switches off the camera.

We cut to X walking near a market; the camera is attached to his body. X is seen sitting with a cup of tea in his hand.

X (V.O)

I remember trying to fool myself into thinking that this would only be just another dream. I'll go back home and the only person left to talk to me would be myself. If only wishful thinking could make it true. I wouldn't choose to walk back.

He drinks from the cup and puts it on the table. We cut to a profile shot of X as it tracks right. We cut to the shot where the camera is attached to his body and we see him look at something and stop in his tracks. We cut to X's reflection in a glass where he looks at his big beard, X looks at a picture to his left and the camera pans left to show a picture of a man with a big beard. We cut to Y who lies under the bed and we see the door open, X's feet walk toward the bed and we see his face as he kneels down to look at Y (X has a trimmed beard).

We cut to the shot of a table where the camera crabs right to show pencils strewn and a sketch pad that has contorted lines on it with the

page torn in a few places. The camera stops at building blocks. We cut to the building blocks being pushed toward Y. We cut to a top shot where we see Y and X sitting facing each other. In a while, Y takes the building blocks. We cut to X seeming happy with the building blocks in the foreground being arranged. We cut to Y who completes the exercise, looks at X and smashes the building blocks.

We cut to Y sitting in the car and looking into space. We cut to what he sees, a man selling toys, especially a toy car. We see X take Y to rides in a play land. We see X recording Y in a number of places. Notes the child's reactions in his scrapbook.

The camera is mounted on the ride showing X and Y. We cut to a shot where Y is exclaiming the joy of the ride in a completely different language and X is smiling and nodding his head (and says Si, Prego). We see X and Y eating an ice cream in the same shot. We see a stop motion of a ride in the play land that X shows to Y as they sit on a road.

X looks at the time. It is about to be 8 pm and in the perspective of the watch we see the headlights of cars being focused in on the road and the power is cut in the building beside the road. The hand with the watch is lowered once the focus shifts to the light. We cut to the silhouette shot of X in perspective of the headlight and he sits down. We cut to a well composed shot of the head lights of the cars. We cut to X looking at them it is a two shot (we do not cross the axis). We cut to a frontal on the other side of the road. We cut to a well composed shot of the reflection of the lights on the road. We cut to Y who is staring at that.

X shows some photos of some of the places he has been to and Y picks up one and draws it for him.

WE HEAR A DOOR CLOSE AND WE CUT TO THE CAMERA CRABBING LEFT FROM THE BEDROOM DOOR BACK TO Y. We see Y who opens his eyes night and secretly going downstairs. The child writes something every day in a different language in his scrapbook.

We see both X and Y stop by at a gas station. The camera tracks in where X (**with a trimmed beard**) gets out of the car and goes into a building and comes out from one of the smaller doors outside it in the same frame (**he has a bigger beard**). The camera tracks back and we get to see the car with no Y in it. We cut to X sitting in the car and the camera is where Y was. X looks at the passenger seat. It has X's scrapbook. We see his scrapbook landing in a puddle of water.

IMAGE 5, 7 & 9 FROM SCENE 3 ARE PAID OFF HERE as X jumps off the cliff into the water and swims to frame out of the underwater shot.

13 (B). EXT. - THE CONFRONTATION - DAY

THE BOSS

And you consider yourself the hero. The messiah of this never ending tale. Pieced by sheer circumstantial evidence to sensationalize your projected case.

We see Y putting his scrapbook along with X's presentation files.

X

An image is barren. You give meaning to it.

We cut to X brushing his teeth. We cut to the shot of a road through the city as he goes for work.

X

How real do you think is reality? One person's thought, can be, conditioned, controlled and manipulated.

We cut to a two shot that shows the projector between X and THE BOSS. We cut to the wheel of the jeep moving on rough terrain. We cut to X asking for directions in various situations and being pointed to the house that the child had drawn.

We see X removing the bolt. We cut to inside the house where we see the door opening slow. X goes inside. We cut to X's P.O.V as we track into an old picture of the people and the shaman part of the ritual in the house, we stay on the image for a moment.

We cut to Y as he is doing something when X is not home. Y opens the door in X's house.

X

Two kinds of truth pervade our lives. Our relative truth.

And a bequeathed truth endowed by those who play with power.

We cut to a shot of a child's picture on the jeep windscreen in perspective of a moving road.

We see the kid sleeping after he is done with his drawing on X's lap. X is smoking a cigarette.

THE BOSS

May I remind you that you are writing a story or a moral treatise. I am aware of our mandate and basic code of ethics. So far its safe to say we helped design it.

X

Let us not waste each other's time. I want to make it straight, forward and simple. I quit. I refuse to work with an organization that takes a portion of the funds. For the poor shown in the images you show to people. BEG-GING for charity.

And you talk of code of ethics that is tailored to fit your ends. The sorry plight has turned its tables upon you.

X lights a cigarette and disposes off the ash in the cup.

THE BOSS

You are no better than the beast. That bites the very hand it feeds. Do not get personal. Remember it is I who handpicked you for this job. I gave you the growth you needed.

I set you free. But these wings are not meant to fly. Do not get carried away.

We cut to the image X was watching inside the house. We see him come out and looks around.

Y (V.O)

I remember my house with the high terrace. Before catastrophe struck our land.

Y (V.O)

The garden below the terrace gave food we stored.

We cut to the shot from the garden and see X come out of the house, hang around one of the balconies and then frame out.

Y (V.O)

I wait to return, I wait to eat from my garden. I wait to meet my friend. A friend that guides me.

We cut to X reading the child's scrapbook and keeps the image he found. He turns the pages slowly toward the drawing of THE SHAMAN in the scrapbook.

We see the shot of a shaman's face with eyes closed inhaling smoke. He begins the ritual. Y is getting bored and gets the inspiration to pack. We cut to the shaman's face and the ritual.

13 (C). EXT. - THE CONFRONTATION - DAY

X

Tell me something, do you believe in chance?

We cut to X looking inside his folder and finds Y's scrapbook. He looks at it (confused and surprised). We cut to the TCR counter with Y drawing and chatting with X about his drawing. We cut to more of Y's footage. We cut to X shooting Y with the camera at his home. He turns it off and puts it on his table.

We cut to X washing his face. A partial close up of his face. He raises his eyes. We cut to his reflection as he is opening the bathroom mirror. We cut to a close up of the stone being there in two halves.

THE BOSS

No. I do not believe in chance. I believe in the Will of God. In partial fulfillment of the mandate of 1973, part 3, chapter 1, article 41.

X

No wonder... See, but you must believe in chance.

Is it by chance that someone with nothing ends up married to a powerful lady who owns much?

Is it by chance that she dies under mysterious circumstances and he gets control over her property?

Is it by chance that he finds a cause to aid the poor in the lady's name with the aid of a well connected publishing agency of the country only to gain sympathy vote?

Is it by chance that the people that have come across still wait?

Is it by chance that you are hated by those who are affected by your actions?

Is it by chance that your organization alone raised 7 million dollars in the past two years?

Basically, it's one or the other. You either are the most cunning criminal in the history of this country because you have never been caught. Or you are just facing the sorry plight like all those having the chance to lead the nation entire in a deception for a better tomorrow.

Sadly it is just another stint to earn money. A saving apart from the retirement fund this job promises. So I'm asking, are all these co incidences are a fruit of chance, or the will of God?

X is looking inside his folder and finds Y's scrapbook. He looks at it (confused and surprised).

THE BOSS

That would be all. I am letting you go now. You have taken enough time son. I have more pressing matters to attend to. To sum up.

I feel that beneath this entire tirade is one tiny question you want to ask. I understand your hesitation so I would ask it for you.

You want to ask, whether it was my doing with the consequences surrounding the fate of our great lady. Yes?

Give the little boy some good lessons. I believe he is in good hands. Be off with you now boy.

We cut to the TCR counter with Y drawing and chatting with X about his drawing. We cut to more of Y's footage. We cut to X shooting Y with the camera at his home. He turns the camera off.

We cut to X washing his face. A partial close up of his face. He raises his eyes. We cut to his reflection as he is opening the bathroom mirror. We cut to a close up of the stone being there in two halves.

X

That's not the case. The situation is a bit more complicated than that. The common house fly chooses only filth to sit on. Derives its nourishment. Helps it rot and ferment. God created the common house fly for a reason.

Like wise, these pictures only bank on the worst we have.

THE BOSS (V.O)

Enough. I say be over with your bull shit! I wont take this bloody tantrum! Coming from someone who thinks of himself as the unsung martyr! Poet! The lad reckons himself a poet!

Delusions of grandeur!

X (V.O)

I neither have any illusions. No delusions. I just believe. And it is belief that makes the sun shine. And the rain fall.

I'm only worried about the legacy we leave behind for our young when the dream has already gone sour.

We cut to X switching off the voice recorder and driving away. It is a long take in which he puts aside his voice recorder and he wears the locket hanging on to his car mirror. We cut to the P.O.V of the toy car and see it stop at the extreme left of Y. We cut to the Shaman ritual.

We cut to the stone and it is bleeding. X is seen holding it in his hands and they are covered in blood.

We cut to the child motivated by the stray dogs that he was once afraid of and pets a few. We cut to the Shaman ritual. We cut to Y going around the curb.

We cut to a long shot where we can see the child's shadow on the road walking away with the dogs stopping and not coming beyond a point and the child's shadow keeps walking.

X is seen floating in the lake that he had jumped into. We see X standing on a track and his face is partly taking up space in the frame, it is moving forward while X is stationary. It is intercut with shots where X is asking around people for Y. We cut to X's head in the water as he sinks below.

We cut to a shot of X being alone on the road, it is a silhouette shot with headlights moving in the back ground.

We cut to strips and strips of paper being torn from his scrap book. The pages which have Y's habits on them are preserved with Y's scrapbook.

X makes one into a paper plane and flies it off.

We cut to the P.O.V of a handycam with the TCR counter and see Y's different shots. We cut to Y's close up and a few other shots until the camera tracks back to reveal X watching the footage at the lab. We see him walk out of a door with a television beside it. It turns on and we see the footage from **SCENE 1** and the shots of the shaman and the medicine man cum flute player laughing.

X's shadow is seen running on the ground. We cut to X running and stumbling and falling on the pavement, and is steadying himself, we see that a car passes by him and splashes some water from a puddle below the pavement onto him. We cut to X knocking on a door rapidly. The door opens from the inside and we see X holding a camera in his hands and takes the picture. The result internal reverse shows the translator friend.

Y (V.O)

I see your sadness. It is the same that my friend once had. He too was in search like you are. He told me. Only when you accept darkness within you will you be able to see light.

But remember, the longer you stare in the abyss, the longer the abyss stares back. How long do you think you shall evade yourself with these stories?

You will follow a path. Now, or later, in search of an answer. Choose wisely. Because, darkness follows close behind.

OR

The road will be dark; and you might not know the way,

Yet, with the goal in sight; be certain you won't stray.

It will give you all the strength; and will take you through.

Keep your eyes upon the goal, keep it always in your sight.

It will help you don the crooked road, and lead you to the light.

The montage sequence between X and the translator friend involves X writing and translator speaking. Y's scrapbook. Map gathering. Suggestive interaction between them that shows the friend's doubts.

We cut to the Shamanic ritual where he bites off from the goat's head. We cut to the shot of a moving road. We cut to X that has a bigger beard with photos and a map in his hand. We cut to X opening the two scrapbooks.

He sees in Y's scrapbook we see someone with their back and reading out of the scroll. X turns more pages and holds them open until we reach the page where the little girl is drawn.

We cut to the little girl looking into the camera and she walks ahead near the curb on the side of a mountain. We see X walk ahead and pass around the curb, it is a one shot.

We cut back to X looking at the fairy mountains in Y's scrapbook. We cut to camera crabbing left from the mountain rock surface to X. We cut to the shot of the Fairy Mountains.

We frequently cut between the Shamanic ritual and X facing hardships of the landscape. We cut to the pages of Y's scrapbook from the Fairy Mountains to some blank pages until we reach the shaman's picture. We cut to the Shamanic ritual and the camera tracks in to reveal X coming from one side.

We see X is being watched from another P.O.V (the BSF guards). We cut to a frame where the drawing in the book is held against the shaman in the distance. The book is pulled out when the Shaman focuses in. He turns around and there is a fade from black and white to color. We see X from the Shaman's back. X's P.O.V walks toward the Shaman real slow. We cut to the P.O.V of the BSF guards with the TCR counter where there is no Shaman and only X walking. We cut to X walking toward the shaman

in a frontal mid close up. We cut back to the BSF guards P.O.V and still no Shaman just X walking and he stops, the military radio static gets louder and louder. We cut to the Shaman as he is looking at X.

We cut to the rifle P.O.V and it fires. We see X take the bullet **PAYING OFF IMAGES 2 AND 3 FROM SCENE 3**. We cut to a shot behind X and the Shaman is in the background as X falls.

We crab right from the snow to a close up of his face that is partly concealed by a voice recorder with a hand on it, the fingers press the play button.

IMAGE 1 FROM SCENE 1 IS PAID OFF as the UNKNOWN WOMAN gets closer, it begins to blur until the fade out.

X (V.O)

Here I see my life in images, a frame within a frame.

No matter what the order.

They lead up to one conclusion.

In life there are several conclusions.

The fact that, conclusion being, all, is a mystery.

Watching life in a jagged, contorted and bent fashion.

Gives an idea, that at most times...

We have failed to read between the lines.

In my beginning is my end.

All My Life,

I Have Learned Nothing But About Life Itself...

I Had At One Point, Forgotten The Love For Life

I Had Suffered.

I Would Only Wish Not To Forget It Again.

We cut to X lying in the snow and the soldier standing up right looking in the shaman's direction. We cut to the soldiers P.O.V as we see the red cloth in the snow covered field.

X's things are being packed into cartons. The painting X does in front of Y, in his lawn is washed off. We see that the work is being

supervised by THE BOSS who then exits in a luxury car outside X's house.

END