

Basic plot of a script



Below is an example of a script layout that all future script writers can be helped with. Note please this story should not be copied and it is just an example for others to follow

The **environment** that I wish to show case should be any urban affluent neighbourhood. I envisaged the neighbourhood to be set as a high-rise apartment complex in Gurgaon. As Gurgaon is set as a developing conglomerate it often faces a peculiar problem of both affluence and neglect at both ends of the spectrum. Many neighbourhoods might have fabulous amenities like swimming pools, gyms and parks but often faces an ironical situation as often there is water logging, overuse of air conditioners during the summers, not taking care of the migratory birds that come to this city during the summer, cutting of trees to make way for roads etc. The civic sense of the city hence is sadly lacking. My film will question

that through the eyes of children, and it will show this irony through satire and wit. I wish to showcase the difference that the environment can become just in few conscious steps by residents of any community.

Characters (6 children, 5 adults and genie)

Rohit: A 13-year-old boy, he is the leader of the children and often motivates them to act. He comes across as strong willed and as a responsible child who can inspire action that is good for others. He has a deep liking for dogs and looks out for sick birds and keeps feeders for them. He initiates a lot of independent actions.

Shivam: A nine-year-old boy who is the side kick of Rohit and follows his action. He likes to hero worship Rohit, and he often protects his ideas, and he decides to do whatever Rohit says. It takes him very little time to get convinced and gets easily motivated. He has no set or rigid thoughts of his own and can get easily influenced. He likes to be known as Rohit's best friend.

Shaan: A 12 -year -old who is the rival of Rohit. He wishes to be the gang leader and often gets into a fight with him and tries to always question his actions. He also is fond of pets and wants to create his own plans but reluctantly must give in. He wishes Shivam to be his friend and gives him treats to "buy" his loyalty.

Sabrina: 9-year-old girl who is the younger sister of Rohit. She admires her elder brother and is protective of him and is willing to fight with Shaan. She comes across as a bully with a strong mind of her own and is more than willing to follow any plan to make the neighbourhood cleaner.

Ira: 9 -year-old girl who is the best friend of Ira. As she is a single child and has no sibling, she longs for a brother like Rohit and as a result often sides with him. She thinks that the world should always be good and is an idealist. She

loves reading and does not seem to enjoy playing games.

Armaan: 8 -year- old slightly confused and likes to be on his own. He is also a single child who is imaginary and does not like taking sides or fighting with anyone. However despite that he is always willing to be in the group and take on any challenge.

Adults

Poonam: She is an overprotective mother who loves children. She often invites them home and gives them treats and is always willing to listen to their problems and is a willing participant of the community.

Abha: the mother of Armaan and she is very close to Poonam and lends her any support needed. She is conscious of bringing about a positive change in the community.

Dadaji: A very man who likes children but does not like dogs or cats. He is unconcerned about the neighbourhood and is cynical of any good or positive steps. He comes across as bickering and not happy with any improvements being made.

Dadiji: She is loving and is the grandmother of Ira. She understands Ira's longingness for a sibling. Often she takes care of the children when their parents are away at work. She is a Samaritan and her husband is not happy that she takes care of others.

Garg Uncle: a single old man who is unconcerned about the neighbourhood, he will be seen as having a major role in the end in taking care of the needs of the children. Also in the end he will finally convince Dadaji that the community must get involved in the efforts of the children

Child/Adult

Genie: the genie can be played by an child (12 plus) or an adult. He is a prankster who has a strong sense of humour.

However he often gets dismayed seeing the climate changes and the unresponsive community members, he misses his family and wants to return to them.

Acts

As the film is created within a few days and is set in only one neighbourhood, it will not involve multiple locations. I wish only to depict an neighbourhood park, club and the affluence will be depicted by the clothes language and a few symbolic gestures like dog walkers, expensive cars around the neighbourhood. The genie should be also often animated to add more intensity and enjoyable viewership.

Thematic Plot: The main theme is to show that small steps can help in changing the environment and help in reducing the effects of climate change. It will also show contemporary problems that most urban cities face. While they boast of fabulous amenities, they remain having several problems that can be easily solved by the neighbourhood. The small efforts can lead to happier living conditions and by reducing climate concerns.

Ending: The ending is envisaged as happy and friendly to the viewers. It should be a feel-good film which is light and comic. It largely caters to audiences who want to see a light film with their families and yet get a strong message in the end. The film can use songs and music. The script should use animation, music and sound effects to enhance the plot. It should be kept fresh and entertaining to all age groups.

The footloose meanderer is not a tramp



Often we see the meandering one as fiddle footed, not sure and vagrant, however I say that they need a new space to create magic. I see them as having the need for new rooms to fund the resonance to their thoughts and actions. For some it could be a brewing a strong cup of coffee in a nice cozy corner while for some it could simply mean moving into a new yet temporary area. Whatever it takes to be meaningful is useful according to me. The problem here arises when others don't see it that way, they see coffee conversations to be competitions and completions to their own unfinished tasks, while some may try and restrict that fleeting soul captured into a box.

I strongly think that all have their own uniqueness in creating magic and not be wanting of any miracle to uplift them from their self inflicted misery. The miracle is in doing, in performing and in creating our own narrative without feeling the need to become a rival or to outshine the other

who is in peace with their own space. It is impossible to explain to the other who has already decided to go into a war path with you, since they never even knew what you gave them for their growth. They take any reason to create a distance and little do they see that distance will never heal but only create more scars that will deepen over time. So what's the solution? A simple text to say, " Hi" or a simple call or if you can a small visit to that now your created distant one. The movement becomes the oar which is in your hand and the fear is never in the failure but in the magic of finding fortunes to come

“Many people hear voices when no one is there. Some of them are called mad and are shut up in rooms where they stare at the walls all day. Others are called writers and they do pretty much the same thing.”– Margaret Chittenden



After months of intense cold, getting up late, sleeping in late I was left without feeling a sense of yes, I have done it, I finally today found my day restored. It was as simple as getting back to my physical space that had given me so much comfort before. I have a beautiful office, small compact and well done to suit my writing and reading habits and finally almost after eight months I went back to it. The space enveloped me with total warmth and love. I felt finally that this was I was lacking all this while. I needed to just get back to my most loved space that I had somehow neglected over the months.

All of us I am sure have beautiful spaces in our homes where we find peace, maybe just as simple as a sofa or a comfortable desk. However we often avoid going there feeling that space is redundant and no longer serves the purpose for which it was constructed. Maybe that room gives just so much grief, so we want run away from it, we refuse to enter to enter and try and

create new spaces in nameless domains. However we are yet never able to own it and hence we are at a loss. I see this as a blind refusal, a blind negation to create a new routine to back to the old one. I also see this as being thankless and to be harsh enough to say callous to a space maybe created with great love, fostered with warmth and growth of thoughts and ideas.

I would only gently nudge people to get back to disorganised spaces not because I wish them to find the keys to face their grief and remain there to be disheartened but to find new comforts. This time the new joys could be with others who wish to create a magical garden with you, each step together confident and delightful. Dear Readers, I urge you to find your comfortable magic spot at home to claim it back with the same love and care as always done before. Give it that special hug that it needs maybe with a song, maybe with a painting hung or just flowers on the desk that will always smile back at you.

“Making a dream into reality begins with what you have, not with what you are waiting on.”



I come across people who choose to wait endlessly for the right moment, the right opportunity, the right company to start with. The wait for trust to develop and faith to build is like cementing your house. For me my heathen may just be made of tiny straws and sticks but my large dream is built on whatever little I may possess. Not that I am sure of my ideas would make a huge sale, not sure that I will knock that century, not sure that I will come home with my awards hanging on the wall. But yes I am sure of my sure steps, despite it being many times small, I am happy with the rewards of a simple smile to a day well done.

I rarely feel negative only because I know that dreams are to start with whatever you might have, less or more is not the answer here but it is the feeling of abundance that you are born with. I have no sense of fear of loss, of power going away from my hands as I have always been like that. I cannot imagine to wait it out, and even if I have to in some cases, I will make sure to fill that time with twigs and sands.

My sand will make the mirror through which I can reflect the

sun's rays that will illuminate my entire inner core. I say so because I am sure as I have done this so many times before, to pick the little pieces and restore each one into a fabulous painting that existed over centuries. I urge each one of you readers to be sure of your dreams, to embark and soar across the clouds and not think of the dangers of the flight. Let Amelia Earhart the solo woman to fly a plane across the world be your inspiration, yes she was lost to all of us, but she so was sure of her dreams she chose the distance sun to be the mirror of her radiant face. Let us face the same brilliance with no trepidation, no racing pulses but a simple weaving of in and out like riding across the soft fluffy white of the vault of heaven to open to the dazzling gold hidden in.

ALL WE NEED SOMETIMES IS A FRIEND



I choose to be described as a loner in my heart, yet because

of my profession in theatre I am surrounded many times with a bevy of people around. However I feel distant and remote from everyone in my career. Normalcy always appeals to me and I like people who are doctors, lawyers and principals of schools. I like talking to them because I feel they help me keep grounded and true to the earth. However will they be able to understand the highs and lows of my profession that is left much to my inner debate. They sometimes hardly get the time to talk, my doctor friends might be in a surgery or seeing a patient, my lawyer confidant reaches so late from work and principals are very very busy with numerous duties. I wonder then do they ever see who then does an artist talk to? Who will she discuss her fears, her joys her failures and victories with? Perhaps to none!

All I do is many times is to create endless amounts work, so that it can fill that space that I require in a friend. Many times in the past, I would sit in a coffee shop by myself looking and peering into an menu that made little sense. Work is a filler to many like us. Its a space of relief for showing the normalcy around, ironically in art. I make sure to extend that space to talk to my peers of so called everyday mundane existence. What might seem ordinary to all is extraordinary to me and I need that to find astonishing moments in that standard life. That is my cup of coffee.

I wish for that standard everyday one, not to see me as " famous, prolific etc etc" not because I am humble but because I just want to exist as a everyday person. I do my work as any other career with its own added advantages and disadvantages too but somehow it never gets me that much needed " coffee friend" that all can have more easily than me! Yes we all just need a friend, a standard regular one who live never leave you alone and you can share and sip your espresso with.

The Art of Listening Well



Most people do not listen with the intent to understand; they listen with the intent to reply.

Stephen Covey

We all need to develop the art of listen, because listening often is seen an response to replying. The moment we loose the

intention behind the art of listening we have created a cess pool in our mind, our chest feels heavy and breathing becomes difficult. We do not quite understand what has gone wrong, is it our mind that is playing a trick on us or is what we are experiencing the truth. the moment we hear people out we are receiving them and accepting them with not only love but respect. Our heart lightens in sheer brightness refusing to turn away from any awkward conversation. We can tackle situations with much more ease which we had not before.

I wish people could tune in to other people, as its as simple like catching the frequency of a radio station. All people emit signals sometimes weak that we cant monitor while some are clear and strong. The moment we are ready to attend to the oscillating nerves around we have restored our faith in that human who will then be with us forever. We would have then found a friend we all need so much. Trying times will get easier wisdom gained will become our reward. So try and listen now to the numerous hearts that are beating faintly.

**I create because I care not
because I dare**



Creativity is another form of compassion and empathy, it does not come as a reason for being brave or being termed as being brave. It is an act that makes one think, write or feel as one wishes to have a reason to live beyond the realms of just day dreams and unadjoined pauses. Creativity does not create any boastful moments nor any outstanding thoughts but only because one seems to care for the unexplained.

The moment we decide to find the reason for the unexplained brief minutes and join in that dance of uniqueness, despite facing many times stares from strangers, we do not even realise how we have affected people. Yes we are often melodramatic, slushy, sugary and moonstruck but that spooning we do is only our boon perhaps. Let me be truthful it might not have the same vapid and sugary affect on people who live with us. No one wants to permanently live besides a coca cola fizzy drink do they?! So they think its better to leave the inventive one to their own sloppy stir.

Your near and dear ones arrive only when the " prolific production of soft boiled eggs" have been devoured and eaten and that misty eyed one is has now become half sleepy eyed. Its safer to savour the hardened overnight eggs surely! Unfortunately, the soap operatic one at the rise of the next day, will always tweak in the vanguard yet again and again.

Vanity worn as the cuff links seeks to imagine that creativity is a care, and not a bravado, as seen to many. So what do I really want to say across this jumbling of too many dreamy ideas, its one simple line " creative people come from another planet and its impossible to fit them in slots or to deal with them, leave alone live with them !!"

The Darkness in Me (A True Story)



As a little pudgy child with dark skin and wild unkept hair, she would scamper in and out quite freely in a light cotton frock. She was unmindful of all watchful eyes and often would get rebuked and laughed at for her skin colour. " Hey you are so dark " said one scornful voice while another said your mother must have drunk a lot of tea and that's why you look like black tea". Somehow it made no sense to her for she would run to the only best friends she had, the flowers in the garden. She would talk endlessly to the roses, the pansies and the lilies who never judged her who smelled sweet as her chattering grew, but the darkness in her decided to stay on.

The darkness always crept around her when she would go to her room to spend some time alone by herself. It would appear like shadows creeping across the room, so she never would keep quiet. She would sing to herself, " I saw that black motor car, come across to me! Go that little motor car far away from me." No one understood her mumbling rhymes and she would get severely scolded for singing the nonsensical rhyme late into the night while others tried to sleep.

However morning always came bright and the flowers bloomed and she would run back to talk happy things to her friends. Yes it was odd to see her sing about that black motor car in the night and yet chatter happily to Rosie or Pansy her bright best friends. " Hey Rosie how do you do? Miss Pansy hope you are fine too!"

Even today when that black motor car comes during the day she does happily chatter but in the night she needs to sing herself to sleep to forget that dark black! The sun does appear and so does her bright smile, the frightened one is brave again, maybe with real friends this time and with real high time moments. She knows now if that horrid black car will come along others will come too, bright white, red and yellow even! She can sing now about all other cars too, " that red one will come to steal my little heart, with yellow roses we will never part! The darkness in me does fade away, within the white light of the day!

I know now as a grown woman, darkness will never reign supreme, for I still believe in my sweet smelling best friends. My darkness today defines me and my beauty!

Kindness Shows the Way

**Kindness can become
its own motive.
We are made kind by
being kind.**

—ERIC HOFFER



Many times we mistake kindness as acts of mercy. Mercy and kindness are totally two different things. Acts of kindness never needs definition nor do they need validation nor do they need gratitude. It is an unconscious value that one performs daily without expectations of someone showing gratitude or even saying thank you. The moment we expect a response from our act of kindness the value of it is lost forever.

I see acts of kindness everywhere, a kind teacher who decides not to shout at her pupil, a friend who might decide to come

and meet her sick friend or a employer giving new clothes to his workers. They do these acts as a value not because of the satisfaction of a " thank you " or someone saying " we are in gratitude to you" but this is because they are not scaling it in utility. If one expects gratitude, then one is only displaying his ego and thus placing himself much higher than the receiver, while true acts of kindness sees all as equals.

Mercy is an act that is deserving of sincere appreciation. Its a rare act, I read of a wife forgiving the killer of her child, that is true mercy. When the president of our country decides on clemency of hanging that is an true act of mercy, when an act of assassination is forgiven that is true mercy and praise worthy of being seen as beyond mere acts of kindness.

Let us stop once to re examine our own deeds and see what are we looking for, if is it praise behind the act of kindness it is unworthy in value. The moment we do not put any value behind the act, we are truly kind. That is worthy of praise as we ourselves do not know when we were kind.

An Idea Away



We are all just an idea a way, a thinking of a new concept, an novelty which we can imagine which we wish to share the world with. However something stops us, is it fear of the unknown, of loss, of insecurity I do not know, but we stop many times mid way. At that those moments of doubt we tend to consult the cynic who has been with us through out. That scornful friend

proves right to us at that time and we tend to overlook the idea that gave us so much joy before and move into the hands of the suspicious player with much ease.

In that moments when we slip into that comatose stage of despair all we need is to shake our inner self doubt and go back to the dream that dwells within us. Many climbers have returned from the base camp of Mount Everest without thinking only because of the fear of the climb. It is the fright of the vault that will kill us and not the jump into the belief that you will win. The moment we feel insignificant we have lost the game. The page turner is the intention to win, the affirmation of the judgement that what you are feeling and what you are about to do, is the truth and only truth.

No one can hold your hand in your resolve to find significance in what you are teaching yourself, as you are the pupil and you are your guru. Caper into the flight, attacking all doubt only to skyrocket yourself higher and higher. Let us hurdle and free ourselves of all chains of uncertainty and find confidence in that belief which is our truth and only truth.