

THE LOST NATURE — A DETAILED NARRATIVE TREATMENT

PROLOGUE: THE GREY HORIZON The year is 2174. The sky no longer remembers blue; it remembers only the dull, unending grey of industry and neglect. Cities have become layers of concrete and metal, stacked upon one another to hold a population that once lived closer to soil and sun. Air filters hum on every building, and markets sell nutrition in small, sterile vials. The language of eating has been reduced to measurements, capsules, and expiration dates. Gardens exist only as images on screens, and children know the word 'village' as a textbook chapter labelled 'The Old World'.

In that world lives VEHAAN — thirty, thin-shouldered, and hollow-eyed. He moves through his life like a man sleepwalking inside a mask. Each morning is the same ritual: a measured capsule of protein, a vitamin patch applied to the temple, and a hurried commute to the fluorescent office. At work he types for hours, answering queries that matter to stockholders more than to human beings. Tablets replace meals, and the few meals he shares with his family are eaten under a dim ceiling light, three bodies together yet miles apart from one another.

That disconnect becomes a wound in the life of his daughter, ANVI, who at seven still collects red paper stars and pastes them onto the corners of her notebooks. One evening, clutching a crayon-sketched picture of a tree and two laughing people, she walks into the living room and finds her father scrolling through endless reports. The sadness in her small voice cuts deeper than any blade.

"Pappa... why don't you play with me? Why don't you laugh?" she asks, voice barely holding the weight of tears.

The question lands on Vehaan like a meteor. He looks at his child and sees a mirror of everything he has lost — wonder, unhurried time, the peaceful lack of an agenda. He answers, voice thick with an exhausted honesty: "I don't have the strength, Anvi. The food... the pills keep us alive but they do not give us strength to live."

This moment is small and private, but it fractures his world. Anvi's words become the ember that will not die out. Vehaan sits awake long after the house sleeps, replaying the laughter he once heard in the stories of his grandfather. He remembers tales of long summers, of hands deep in soil, and of food that tasted like sunlight rather than a formula. The memory is a sting: fertile soil and fresh water, people who lived longer, who worked with their hands and died with the satisfaction of a life well lived. Where were such places now?

THE BOOK AND THE BEGINNING The very next morning, life continues on the surface — the commute, the office, the perfunctory nods. While hurrying through the plaza with a cup of synthetic coffee, Vehaan collides with a stranger. A heavy book slips from between the stranger's arms and falls to the pavement. Instinctively, Vehaan picks it up. Its cover is weathered, the spine cracked, and on it is embossed one single word: VRISKHAYAN. Beneath it, in ink somewhat faded, the author's name: VYAS.

Vehaan is hurried, late for work, but curiosity grips him. He flips the book open in the smallest of moments — by a stairwell, in a bathroom stall, hidden beneath a conference table — and begins to read. The book reads not like a distant history but as a living map. Vyas writes with affection and precision about a village that resisted the decay of modernity: fields that still breathed, wells that still sang, a way of life that treated food as the center of being rather than a commodity.

The most electrifying line appears at the very end. It is a simple sentence, hand-inked with no flourish: “This is not the story of the past. This is the story of today. Somewhere, Vrikshayan still breathes.” A card falls from between the pages — a publishing contact and a sparse telephone number. Vehaan reaches for the number like a drowning man reaches for a hand.

His attempts to contact the author are hamstrung by distance and by an indifferent network. Ten days of failed calls sink the hope into a dull ache. Still, the message finally makes its way through: Vyas responds, reserved and cautious. He speaks of an undivulged village, of rules — strict ones — and of the dangers of exposure. He says that Vrikshayan must protect itself, but he is willing to talk to Vehaan at a market outpost if Vehaan proves his intent.

THE JOURNEY OF SACRIFICE Vehaan proves himself in the only way he can: by persistence that borders on fanaticism. He spends his savings on travel; when the money runs out he sleeps by the food stalls, asking for only chai and perhaps a single idli. News of his condition reaches Vyas, who watches with a mixture of curiosity and a dawning respect. In the end, moved by the man’s willingness to lose everything, Vyas agrees to take Vehaan along the hidden path.

The road to Vrikshayan is neither wide nor easy. Vyas leads Vehaan into a wildness that the new maps do not show — through forests where the light is filtered and thick, past waterfalls that scatter rainbows even in the pall of dust-filled air, and over fields of tall grass that whisper their own kind of prayer. Animals slink at the edge of visibility; the air tastes of moss and loam. It is grueling. They walk for a day and a night. At midnight, arriving at the rim of the village, the two men find a settlement that is quiet and cautious. Vyas leads Vehaan to his house and the two sleep under an open sky, the stars unpolluted by neon for perhaps the first time in Vehaan’s life.

MORNING IN VRIKSHAYAN Morning brings a revelation so physical and immediate that it needs no description: birdsong arrives like an orchestra, and the sun is not a pale light but something hot and nourishing. Meadow grasses sway; a stream babbles with the music of its own history. Vehaan steps from the threshold and into a scene that belongs in stories — children running barefoot through fields, elders sitting beneath banyan trees, women singing as they reap. There is laughter that has weight, and faces that wear the honest fatigue of those who live by the land, not by the clock.

But the peace comes with suspicion. The village is built upon rules born of survival — the greatest of which is this: no outsiders. Vyas explains to Vehaan that the villagers have reasons to keep themselves secret. They have weathered raids, contamination, and the slow curiosity of a dying world that views purity as a resource. When the villagers discover Vehaan, they gather in the Racha Banda — a ring of elders assembled to judge his fate.

"There cannot be another voice to break the silence that keeps us alive," says the village head. The air is tense enough to cut with a blade. Vehaan pleads. He tells them of his home, of the little girl who drew paper stars, of a life that crumbled beneath the weight of convenience and greed. He begs not for pardon but for a chance: to work, to earn respect, and to belong.

The tribe is unrelenting. They sanction him as an abandoned one — allowed to stay but not to be embraced. He will be given food only by Vyas and by the kindness of a few, and he must perform his duty without the warmth of inclusion. This punishment stings like cold steel. Vehaan accepts, grateful for even this small right to stand in a place where soil is still dark and alive.

EARTH TASTES LIKE MEMORY The first meal Vehaan eats in Vrikshayan is a single bowl of rice soaked in a vegetable stew. The texture shocks him: it has weight, texture, flavor, and a warmth that reaches bone-deep. Tears come unbidden: he eats as if making up for every lost year. Food becomes a sacrament in Vrikshayan — not merely for its calories but for its relationship to life and ritual. He learns the names of plants, how soil is turned, and the cycles of rain. He learns that food is patient; it waits and forgives the slowness of man's mistakes.

Over time, small acts of courage turn suspicion into acceptance. Vehaan rescues a child from a venomous snake one evening; his hand is steady despite the fear. Later, he notices the elder — a man of ninety winters whose breath falters in the heat — collapse in the field. Vehaan carries him to shade, fetches water, and holds him as the old man's chest steadies. Each action is a note in a song of redemption. The villagers see him not as a man who speaks of cities or capsules but as one who puts his hands to the earth without measuring profit.

THE WHISPER AND THE POST There is happiness, but it is tempered by temptation. Ira, who has arrived with Anvi to join Vehaan, cannot resist the impulse to share the miracle she has found. In the stillness of a night, she writes with trembling fingers and posts a blog — a raw, earnest message about a place where children run barefoot, where food is grown without machines, and where time makes sense again. For Ira, the blog is a love letter and a confession. She believes it will matter only to a few; she does not understand the reach of one message in a world still hungry for hope.

The post finds Sidharth Varma — a titan of manufactured nutrition. A man whose steel jaw and clinical mind have made him a billionaire by convincing a globe to invest in processed sustenance. Sidharth reads the blog and sees not the poetry but the prospect of profit. He imagines supply chains, patents on soil microbes, and branded "Vrikshayan Produce." Within days, he assembles a small army of corporate researchers and private security, and they set their sights on Vrikshayan.

THE INVASION Sidharth's men do not come with offers of partnership; they come like a swarm. They break into fields, pump chemical analysis machines into the soil, lift cattle onto trucks, and steal seed stores. Villagers fight back with sticks and shouts, but the goons have firearms and orders to extract and leave before the world catches the scent of something truly pure. The village burns with the slow, horrible heat of betrayal: granaries are set alight, water turned murky with oil, and precious trees felled. The elder's face is a map of anguish. Chaos becomes the new sound of morning.

Vehaan fights. He steps forward when men reach for children, when hands bind the old, and when the barn squeals under the weight of the enemy. The attackers capture him eventually. They bind him within an old grain storage shed meant for the village's seed; they tie him tight and leave a single, mocking light to swing above his head. The shame of it etches across the faces of those who had earlier accepted him; some cast fearful glances. Others blame him for the catastrophe, accusing that it was his presence — and Ira's blog — that ushered this destruction.

IRA'S PRAYER AND THE TUNNEL Ira is devastated to see her husband taken. Grief fastens on her like cold. She runs to the small stone shrine of Bhu Devi that perches on a hill above the village. The shrine is simple: a carved stone, garlands of dried marigold, and a lamp that has been kept burning for generations. She falls prostrate, pressing the dust into the palms of her hands like supplication.

She prays in a voice that has no audience, only the presence of the earth. The lamp's flame trembles. Smoke from the temple's incense drifts through a small, almost innocent crack in the shrine wall. In that moment, memory returns — an old tale of a secret tunnel beneath the goddess's temple, a corridor once used to move quietly in times of plague and siege. Ira remembers a phrase: "The earth gives to those who ask with sacrifice."

She pushes at the loose stone. A cavity opens. The tunnel is small, a dark wound in the world, but it breathes cool, damp air. Ira takes a cloth pouch — herbs of neem and tulsi kept by the women of Vrikshayan for healing rituals — and holds it tight. The tunnel is tight and primal, forcing her into a childlike contortions of movement. Yet with each crawl she feels a strange peace, as if the earth itself were guiding her steps.

THE SMOKE AND THE ESCAPE Ira emerges near the grain shed. She can hear muffled voices and the scrape of ropes. From her small place of hiding she lights the dried herbs within a hollow — the smoke finds the ventilation slats and moves into the shed in thin tendrils. Men cough. Eyes water. Hands flail. Vehaan, partly unconscious, hears the whisper of his wife's voice and senses the wind of salvation. He crawls toward it, following a familiar warmth and the scent that had once nourished their home.

Once free, Vehaan steps into the sharp air like a man reborn. He is not tender in his rage but precise. He uses a plough handle as a staff, a sickle as a blade, whatever tools the land willing hands provide. He fights with a ferocity borne not of hatred but of protection. He moves like a man whose interior life has been watered by a hope he didn't know he possessed. Men fall before him; one by one the invaders are removed from the field of life.

The final confrontation is between Vehaan and Sidharth Varma. Sidharth stands amid broken crates, his expensive coat stained with ash. He reaches into his pocket as if for a pistol but finds it pointless in the face of a man who has tasted earth. Words are thrown between them — an accusation sharpened by greed and a defense forged by love. Vehaan, breathing hard, does what must be done. Sidharth falls.

THE AFTERMATH — THE BURNING For a fleeting breath, victory tastes like the sweetest victory — the thud of a chest that survived and the sight of a child being resettled by a hand that had once trembled. But the joy is hollow. The invaders had planted incendiaries; the fields

sputter and catch. Water is poisoned with chemicals that will take generations to cleanse. Trees blacken and weep sap that turns to tar. The sound of the village becomes the sound of mourning.

Vehaan stands amidst ashes, his hands stained and shaking. He is adored and cursed within the same breath. He says, voice low and broken: “I never wanted this. We tried to save something and brought ruin.” The villagers gather, and grief becomes an ember that both consumes and comforts — a communal fire around which decisions must be made.

THE OLD MAN AND KAILASH It is then the ninety-year-old elder — stooped but with eyes that hold the map of lifetimes — rises. He speaks in a voice that commands silence. Words fall from him like seeds. He tells of an ancestral refuge farther into the forest, called KAILASH, a land that has been kept secret for generations. His voice is not hopeful in any naive sense; it is pragmatic and steadfast. There is still one place pure enough to hold their traditions.

They gather what remains: seeds, a handful of sacred soil, the animals that managed to escape, a few implements, and the scraps of a life. The people move under cover of pre-dawn mist, following the elder through a river of roots and trunks until, finally, they arrive at a clearing. Kailash lies before them like a promise: a spring so clear it reflects every star, a wide and gentle valley that remembers rain, and soil that crumbles in good smell.

REBUILDING AND REBIRTH Kailash is not a miracle. It is, however, an opportunity. They build simple shelters, plant the seeds they were able to save, and tend the land with a reverence that has been forged by pain. Ira plants a sapling first, pressing it into the ground with hands that tremble and steady by turns. Vehaan kneels beside her, and even Anvi helps, tiny fingers pressing soil against roots. Vyas uncovers a new journal and begins to write a new chapter: “The Rebirth of Vrikshayan.”

The film closes not with triumph but with delicate resilience. They have lost a home but not a way of life. The final images are of children carrying water, of elders telling stories beneath a fledgling tree, and of seeds tucked into the dark as if into a mother's breast.

EPILOGUE — THE MESSAGE ON THE SCREEN Text fades onto the screen as the camera pulls upward over Kailash, revealing a green that the audience had almost forgotten existed. The message is simple and urgent:

“This will not be the future... but this can be the future.” “Protect Mother Earth before she becomes only a memory.”

— THE END —