

HIMAVAT

“Lord Of The Mountains”

Storywriter / Author : Natraj V Shetty

Director : Ajoy Varma Raja

Screenplay : Natraj V. Shetty

Registered @SWA

SWA registration No : 64693

The screenplay will be in Hindi & Chinese. With English & Chinese subtitles while Hindi being talked and with Chinese it will be subtitles in English & Hindi. The Hindi Chinese dialogues will be self expressive with body language gestures dominating the conversation for easy understanding. Hindi will be the dominating medium with 85% communication , rest will in Chinese, with body language / gestures, making it easy for audience to understand & connect.

HIMAVAT - Lord of the Mountains

Screenplay : Natraj V. Shetty

Opening Scene

Scene 1

EXT / INT – COVID-19 PANDEMIC, MARCH 2020 – GLOBAL NEWS COVERAGE

(The scene opens with a montage of television screens, newspapers, and social media clips. Various anchors, reporters, and experts are heard in overlapping voices. The visuals cut between empty streets, overburdened hospitals, and people in masks.)

Television Anchor 1 (India):

"Breaking news! India reports its first nationwide lockdown as COVID-19 cases continue to rise. Streets are deserted, businesses are shut, and fear grips the nation."

Television Anchor 2 (China):

"From Wuhan to the world – the virus spreads rapidly. Despite strict measures, the global death toll climbs steadily."

Social Media Post Voiceover (Indian Citizen):

"We never thought life would change like this. Staying indoors feels like a prison, but we have no choice."

Expert Interview (Global Health Organization):

"This pandemic is a wake-up call. Countries that prioritized defence spending over healthcare systems are now struggling."

(Montage continues with headlines from major newspapers zooming into focus.)

Newspaper Headlines:

"World Battles an Invisible Enemy"

"India in Lockdown: 1.4 Billion Stay Home"

"Global Economy Plummets Amid Pandemic"

(The camera zooms into a living room in India, where a family watches the news. The father looks worried, the mother wipes her hands nervously, and a child scrolls on their phone.)

Television Anchor 3 (India):

"Prime Minister Narendra Modi addresses the nation, urging citizens to stay indoors and follow protocols. Essential services will remain operational, but compliance is key."

PM Modi (on TV):

"Together, we can fight this. Stay strong, stay united. Jai Hind."

(The focus shifts to a hospital in India. Doctors and nurses, wearing protective gear, rush through crowded hallways.)

Doctor (interviewed on TV):

"We're running out of beds and ventilators. This virus doesn't discriminate. We need global solidarity now more than ever."

(Cut to international footage – scenes of empty streets in Beijing, New York, and London. The sound of sirens in the background.)

Television Anchor 4 (Global):

"The world stands still, united in fear but divided in response. From the East to the West, the fight against COVID-19 continues."

(The screen fades to black as the voices become indistinct, leaving an eerie silence. The sound of wind grows louder.)

SUPERIMPOSED TEXT:

"March 2020: The world faces an unprecedented crisis. The mountains remain silent witnesses to the turmoil below."

Scene 2

EXT / INT – APRIL, MAY, AND JUNE 2020 – INDIA-CHINA STAND-OFF AT LADAKH SECTOR (LAC)

(The scene opens with aerial shots of the rugged terrain of Ladakh, showcasing the barren beauty of the region. Soldiers in camouflage patrol the snow-covered heights. The sound of boots crunching on ice mingles with the hum of military vehicles.)

Television Anchor 1 (India):

"Tensions rise at the Line of Actual Control as India and China lock horns in a bitter stand-off. The construction of the Galwan road has become a flashpoint."

Television Anchor 2 (China):

"China reaffirms its territorial sovereignty and accuses India of provoking unnecessary tensions. Both nations deploy troops to the region."

(Cut to news footage of Indian troops mobilizing. Tanks and military convoys snake through mountain passes. Soldiers prepare camps under harsh conditions.)

News Correspondent (India):

"India has responded with a massive defense build-up in the Ladakh sector. From tanks to fighter jets, the nation is ready for any provocation."

Social Media Post Voiceover (Indian Citizen):

"Our soldiers are standing strong in the coldest of terrains. Proud of our brave hearts defending the nation!"

(Montage of Chinese troops on the other side of the LAC, setting up tents and moving in reinforcements. Footage of satellite images of the disputed area is displayed on news channels.)

Expert Panel Discussion (Global Affairs):

Expert 1:

"The Ladakh stand-off is the result of decades-long disputes between the two nuclear powers. If this escalates, the consequences could be catastrophic."

Expert 2:

"Both countries are posturing for dominance. This conflict underscores the fragility of peace in a world already ravaged by a pandemic."

(The camera focuses on the Galwan Valley, with its serene rivers and jagged peaks. The tranquility of nature contrasts with the presence of heavily armed forces.)

Television Anchor 3 (India):

"The situation escalates as Chinese forces allegedly cross the LAC, provoking a response from India. Talks between the two nations have yet to yield results."

(The scene shifts to a family in India watching the news. The father clenches his fists, the mother mutters a prayer, and the child looks at a map of Ladakh on their phone.)

Social Media Voiceover (Global Citizen):

"In a world divided by invisible borders, when will we realize that humanity suffers as a whole? We need unity, not war."

(The screen shows newspaper headlines.)

Newspaper Headlines:

"Ladakh Standoff: China Provokes, India Responds"

"Tensions on the Roof of the World"

"The Fragile Peace on the Himalayan Frontier"

(Cut to an interview with a retired army officer.)

Retired Army Officer:

"The mountains, they don't care for our borders. They've stood here for millennia, witnessing countless conflicts. What are we leaving behind for the future generations?"

(The camera pans to the peaks of the Himalayas. Snowstorms brew at the summits, symbolizing the brewing tensions below.)

Voiceover (Narrator):

"The man-made conflict divides the world into fragments. Is there a way to rise above these divisions? To heal the wounds and make the world a better place – for you, for me, and for the entire human race?"

(The screen fades to black with the sound of the wind howling through the mountains. The next scene looms.)

SUPERIMPOSED TEXT:

"Summer 2020: In the shadow of the Himalayas, humanity faces its own demons. Will we learn from the mountains, or continue to repeat the mistakes of the past?"

Scene 3

EXT / INT – MID-JUNE 2020 – GALWAN VALLEY CLASH

(The scene opens with the rugged landscape of the Galwan Valley. The moonlight reflects off the icy river, casting an eerie glow over the treacherous terrain. Tension is palpable as Indian and Chinese troops confront each other near the riverbank. Soldiers shout commands in their respective languages.)

Background Noise (Shouting and Clashing):

"Retreat!"

"This is our land!"

(Suddenly, chaos erupts. Soldiers grapple in close combat, using stones, rods, and bare hands. The sound of clashing metal and heavy breathing dominates the scene.)

Television Anchor 1 (India):

"Breaking news: A violent clash has erupted between Indian and Chinese troops in the Galwan Valley. Casualties have been reported on both sides."

Television Anchor 2 (China):

"Chinese soldiers have defended our sovereignty against Indian aggression. The situation remains tense at the Line of Actual Control."

(The camera cuts to Indian soldiers falling into the icy Galwan River, struggling against the strong currents. A few soldiers reach out to help their comrades, but the fast-flowing water sweeps some away - TV reporting)

Social Media Post Voiceover (Indian Citizen):

"Our brave soldiers are fighting under impossible conditions. We pray for their safety.
#GalwanHeroes"

Television Anchor 3 (India):

"Reports suggest several Indian soldiers are missing, and some have succumbed to injuries in the brutal hand-to-hand combat. The nation mourns the loss of its heroes."

(The screen cuts to a hospital where injured soldiers are being treated. Doctors work tirelessly, while their faces reflect the burden of witnessing the aftermath of the clash.)

Injured Soldier (in an interview):

"They came in waves. It was brutal, but we didn't back down. We fought till the end."

(The scene transitions to a press briefing by the Indian Army.)

Indian Army Spokesperson:

"The incident in the Galwan Valley has claimed the lives of 20 brave soldiers. Their sacrifice will not be forgotten. The Indian Army remains resolute in defending our nation's sovereignty."

(The camera pans to a candlelight vigil in India, where citizens gather to pay tribute to the fallen soldiers. Families hold pictures of their loved ones, tears streaming down their faces.)

Voiceover (Narrator):

"The icy river claimed lives, the mountains bore witness, and the world watched as humanity struggled against its own shadow. Was it pride or folly that led to this bloodshed?"

(The screen cuts to international news coverage.)

Global News Anchor:

"The Galwan Valley clash has sent shockwaves across the world. Nations call for restraint, but the fragile peace hangs by a thread."

(Newspaper headlines flash on the screen.)

Newspaper Headlines:

"Galwan Clash: 20 Indian Soldiers Martyred"

"China-India Tensions Escalate"

"The Cost of Conflict in the Himalayas"

(The scene ends with a slow pan over the Galwan Valley, now eerily quiet. The river flows steadily, as if washing away the bloodshed. The camera tilts upward, capturing the towering mountains, stoic and indifferent.)

Voiceover (Narrator):

"In the heart of the Himalayas, where nature reigns supreme, humanity's struggles seem small and fleeting. Will we ever learn from the eternal mountains that rise above us?"

SUPERIMPOSED TEXT:

"June 2020: The Galwan clash reminds the world of the cost of division. Will we rise above conflict, or will history repeat itself once more?"

Scene 4

EXT / INT – MID-JUNE 2020 – CONFLICTING CLAIMS AT THE LAC

(The scene begins with a breath-taking aerial shot of the Line of Actual Control (LAC) in the Galwan Valley. Snow-covered peaks loom over the tense standoff below. The visuals cut between Indian and Chinese patrols in the disputed area.)

Television Anchor 1 (India):

"India claims its forces intercepted a three-member Chinese patrol party attempting to intrude into Indian territory. The situation along the LAC remains tense."

Television Anchor 2 (China):

"China accuses Indian forces of aggression, alleging that three of its soldiers have been taken prisoner during a routine patrol. India denies these claims."

(The screen transitions to Indian military officers addressing the media.)

Indian Army Spokesperson (Press Briefing):

"Our forces acted with professionalism and restraint. We intercepted a Chinese patrol that had crossed into Indian territory and ensured they returned without escalation. Claims of prisoners being taken are false and baseless."

(Cut to news footage of a Chinese press briefing.)

Chinese Spokesperson (Translated):

"Indian troops have violated the spirit of our agreements, attacking a routine patrol and detaining three of our soldiers. We demand their immediate release."

(The camera shows Indian soldiers standing guard at a forward post, scanning the mountains with binoculars. In another clip, Chinese troops march in formation on the other side of the LAC.)

Television Anchor 3 (India):

"Sources within the Indian Army refute China's allegations, stating that the patrol was stopped but no soldiers were detained. The situation remains sensitive as both sides engage in high-level talks."

(A montage of reactions on social media plays.)

Social Media Post Voiceovers:

(Indian User): "India has every right to protect its borders. Enough of these provocations!"

(Chinese User): "China is merely defending its sovereignty. Why does India provoke?"

(Neutral Voice): "Why can't these two nations, with so much history and culture, find a peaceful solution?"

(The camera pans to international news coverage.)

Global News Anchor:

"Conflicting reports from India and China highlight the fragile nature of their relationship. Experts warn that miscommunication could lead to further escalation."

(The screen transitions to an interview with a retired Indian diplomat.)

Retired Diplomat (Interview):

"This is a classic example of the dangers of a lack of trust and transparency. Both sides need to de-escalate and work towards rebuilding confidence."

(The camera focuses on a map of the LAC, with flashing indicators showing disputed areas. A voiceover narrates the stakes of the conflict.)

Voiceover (Narrator):

"On this high-altitude frontier, where every step is contested, mistrust deepens the divide. The mountains may not know borders, but the men who guard them do."

(The scene shifts to a local Ladakh village near the conflict zone. Villagers discuss the rising tensions.)

Villager 1:

"We live in fear. The soldiers come and go, but it is us who bear the uncertainty."

Villager 2:

"These mountains have been our home for generations. We wish for peace, not war."

(The camera pans upward, capturing the imposing Himalayas. Snow begins to fall, blanketing the landscape in silence.)

Voiceover (Narrator):

"The clash of nations echoes across the Himalayas. As the winds carry the stories of conflict, the mountains stand as silent witnesses, indifferent to the struggles of men."

SUPERIMPOSED TEXT:

"Mid-June 2020: In the shadow of the Himalayas, pride and power clash once again. Will dialogue prevail, or will the wounds of history deepen further?"

Note : The Scene 1 to 4 will be in form of Television & Newspapers report with Social Media adding up. With voice over narrating in the background.

Old actual news clips from 2020 , will be shown with copyright approval. The News Anchor / Expert / Army Press Briefing / Diplomat / Injured Soldiers / Villagers etc reports might be created as required.

Scene 5

EXT – MID-JUNE 2020, LADAKH SECTOR NEAR GALWAN VALLEY – NIGHT

DAY 1 – MONDAY

(The scene opens under a full moon. The rugged terrain of the Galwan Valley glows faintly in the moonlight, casting long shadows. The cold wind howls through the mountains, creating an eerie, foreboding atmosphere. The Chinese patrol team of three soldiers cautiously makes their way back toward their camp after being stopped by Indian troops.)

Chinese Patrol Leader (whispering):

"Stay alert. We don't know what's out here."

(The sound of crunching snow under their boots echoes. They glance nervously at the shadows shifting among the rocks. Distant, unidentifiable growls grow louder.)

Soldier 1 (whispering, alarmed):

"Did you hear that?"

Yitang Zhao (calmly, but tense):

"Keep moving. Don't stop."

(Suddenly, the growls turn into guttural snarls. Though the wolves are not shown, their presence is palpable—shadows flicker, and the sound of their padded feet crunching in the snow grows closer.)

Chinese Patrol Leader (shouting):

"Run! Don't let them surround us!"

(Panic ensues. The three soldiers scatter into the darkness as the wolves give chase. Heavy breathing, falling snow, and desperate footsteps fill the soundscape. The camera focuses on Yitang Zhao, a young, muscular soldier of 26, as he stumbles and trips over a loose rock, tumbling down a steep incline toward the river.)

(He lands hard on the rocky riverbed, groaning in pain. The moonlight reveals a deep wound on his right hand—a wolf bite. He clutches it, blood seeping through his fingers.)

Yitang Zhao (grimacing in pain):

"No... no, this can't be happening."

(He looks around, disoriented. The sound of rushing water dominates the scene. He tries to stand but falters, his body shivering from the cold and exhaustion.)

(The camera pulls back to reveal the vast emptiness of the Galwan Valley, with the mighty river flowing relentlessly. The distant howls of wolves echo faintly, but they seem to have retreated for now.)

Yitang Zhao (to himself, whispering):

"Stay awake... You can't fall asleep here."

(He ties a piece of cloth around his wounded hand, wincing in pain. His breath forms visible puffs in the freezing air as he drags himself toward a cluster of rocks for shelter. His eyes dart around, searching for any sign of his comrades, but the silence is deafening.)

(The camera zooms in on his face, a mixture of fear, pain, and determination. He leans against the rocks, his eyes scanning the star-filled sky as he mutters to himself in Mandarin.)

Yitang Zhao (weakly, in Mandarin):

"Mother... I will survive this... I will come home."

(The sound of the river intensifies, and the camera slowly pans upward to the towering mountains. The Galwan River gleams under the moonlight, indifferent to the lone soldier's plight.)

Voiceover (Narrator):

"In the shadow of the Himalayas, where survival is a battle against the elements, even the strongest are humbled. The mountains hold no allegiance—they test all who dare to tread upon their sacred grounds."

(The scene fades to black, leaving only the sound of the rushing river and the wind.)

SUPERIMPOSED TEXT:

"Day 1: Lost in the heart of the Himalayas, one soldier's struggle for survival begins."

Scene 6

EXT – MID-JUNE 2020, GALWAN VALLEY RIVERBED, LAC – DAWN

DAY 2 – TUESDAY

(The scene opens with the first rays of sunlight breaking over the jagged peaks of the Galwan Valley. The icy river reflects the pale orange hues of the dawn, creating a stark

contrast against the cold, barren landscape. The camera slowly zooms in on a cluster of rocks near the riverbed, where Yitang Zhao is slumped, shivering but alive.)

(His breath forms small clouds in the freezing air. His face is pale and grimy, and his wounded hand, hastily wrapped in cloth, shows dried blood. He stirs, blinking against the light, his eyes bloodshot from a sleepless night.)

Yitang Zhao (to himself in Mandarin, weakly):

"You made it through the night... One step at a time."

(He sits up slowly, grimacing in pain. Reaching into his jacket, he retrieves a small survival kit. The contents include a water bottle, a few packets of dry food, a compass, a flare gun, and a small first-aid pouch. He lays them out on the ground, his hands trembling from the cold.)

(The camera focuses on his hands as he unwraps his wounded hand and applies antiseptic from the kit. He winces but stays silent, his jaw clenched.)

Yitang Zhao (whispering):

"Stay calm. Conserve your strength."

(He picks up the water bottle and shakes it lightly, listening to the faint sloshing sound inside. Opening it, he takes a small sip, his face showing a hint of relief. He closes it tightly, knowing every drop is precious.)

(Next, he examines the dry food—a couple of compact rations, enough to last a day or two if rationed carefully. He bites into one piece, chewing slowly while scanning his surroundings.)

(The camera pans to show the unforgiving landscape around him. The river flows steadily, the mountains stand tall, and the silence is broken only by the occasional gust of wind.)

(Yitang hesitates as he picks up the flare gun. He grips it tightly, his gaze shifting toward the sky and then toward the distant mountains. The decision weighs heavily on him—should he signal for help and risk being detected by the Indian forces?)

Yitang Zhao (to himself, muttering):

"No... Not yet. Wait until there's no other choice."

(He puts the flare gun back into the kit and secures it. Standing up slowly, he leans on the rocks for support, his injured hand tucked close to his body. His eyes follow the river, tracing its path through the valley.)

Yitang Zhao (thinking aloud, in Mandarin):

"The river flows south... Maybe it will lead me to safety. Or to them."

(The camera lingers on his face as determination replaces the fear and pain. He looks at the sky, where birds soar freely, and takes a deep breath, steadying himself against the enormity of his predicament.)

(The scene transitions to a wide shot of Yitang Zhao standing near the riverbed, dwarfed by the towering mountains. The wind picks up, carrying the faint sound of distant echoes—perhaps the rumble of an avalanche or the howl of a predator.)

Voiceover (Narrator):

"Alone in the cradle of the Himalayas, survival is not just a test of strength but of will. As man wrestles with nature, he finds that the greatest battle is within."

SUPERIMPOSED TEXT:

"Day 2: A soldier's fight for survival continues in the heart of the Galwan Valley."

Scene 7

EXT – MID-JUNE 2020, GALWAN VALLEY RIVERBED, LAC – EARLY MORNING

DAY 2 – TUESDAY

(The scene opens with a sweeping shot of the riverbed bathed in the soft, cold light of early morning. The sound of rushing water and the faint rustle of the wind dominate the stillness. Yitang Zhao stands cautiously near the rocks, binoculars in hand, scanning the desolate landscape.)

Close-up on Yitang Zhao's face:

(His breath is visible in the crisp air as his weary eyes focus on the distant riverbank.)

(Through the binoculars, the camera shows the river flowing steadily. Yitang suddenly stiffens, noticing movement downstream. He adjusts the focus, narrowing his view.)

Yitang Zhao (murmuring to himself in Mandarin):

"What's that...?"

(The camera cuts to his perspective through the binoculars. A figure appears in the distance, struggling to walk along the riverbank. Yitang adjusts the lens for a sharper look.

The figure is an Indian soldier, visibly injured, limping heavily, his left leg dragging with every step. Bloodstains are faintly visible on the soldier's torn uniform.)

Yitang Zhao (thinking aloud):

"He's alive... wounded, but alive."

(Lowering the binoculars, Yitang instinctively looks at his own wounded right hand. He flexes his fingers slightly, wincing as the pain from the wolf bite shoots through his arm. The camera lingers on his face as conflicting emotions flash across it—fear, hope, and a sudden, calculated determination.)

(He retrieves his small revolver from his belt. The camera zooms in as he opens the cylinder and counts the remaining rounds—three bullets. His expression hardens.)

Yitang Zhao (to himself):

"Three bullets... that's all I have."

(He glances back through the binoculars at the Indian soldier, who has now stopped to lean against a boulder, his chest rising and falling heavily. The soldier appears exhausted and unaware of Yitang's presence.)

(The camera shifts to a close-up of Yitang's face as he considers his options. His inner thoughts are conveyed through his expression—a mix of desperation and resolve. He whispers to himself in Mandarin, almost as if convincing himself.)

Yitang Zhao (softly):

"If I take him as a prisoner... they'll reward me. I could finally go home... see my parents after two years."

(He looks to the sky, as if seeking guidance, before taking a deep breath. Resolving to act, he tucks the revolver back into his belt and begins moving cautiously down the riverbed, his boots crunching softly against the icy ground.)

(The camera follows Yitang's slow, deliberate steps as he approaches the Indian soldier from a distance, using the natural terrain as cover. His breathing grows heavier as the effort strains his already injured body.)

(The Indian soldier, unaware, continues to rest against the boulder, his face pale and weary. He winces in pain, clutching his injured leg. A faint sound of flowing water and distant wind is all that fills the air.)

(Yitang stops a few meters away, crouching behind a rock for cover. He carefully peeks out, his hand brushing against the revolver at his waist. For a moment, he hesitates, his face betraying a flicker of doubt.)

Close-up of Yitang Zhao's face:

(He furrows his brows, glancing at the revolver, then at the Indian soldier. His lips tighten as he whispers to himself.)

Yitang Zhao (in Mandarin):

"One chance. I can't mess this up."

(The scene ends with Yitang drawing his revolver and taking a deep breath, preparing to make his next move. The camera pans upward to the imposing mountains and the relentless flow of the river, underscoring the isolation and intensity of the moment.)

Voiceover (Narrator):

"In the wilderness of the Himalayas, survival blurs the lines of loyalty, honor, and necessity. One soldier's choice will echo across the unforgiving valley."

SUPERIMPOSED TEXT:

"Day 2: A fateful encounter on the Galwan River begins."

Scene 8

EXT – MID-JUNE 2020, GALWAN VALLEY RIVERBED, LAC – EARLY MORNING

DAY 2 – TUESDAY

(The scene opens with a close-up of **Major Ajatashatru Dharam Singh (ADS)**, slumped against a boulder near the riverbed. The camera focuses on his face as he blinks, his eyes slowly adjusting to the cold, harsh light of dawn. The sound of rushing water fills the air.)

Close-up on ADS's face:

(His rugged features show signs of fatigue and pain, but his gaze is sharp and focused. He presses his hand against his injured left leg, wincing as he tests his ability to move.)

ADS (to himself, softly):

"Still alive. Good."

(He adjusts himself against the rock, gritting his teeth to suppress the pain. Reaching into his jacket, he checks the contents of his provisions—a small water flask and a few energy bars. He frowns, realizing how little he has.)

ADS (muttering):

"Not much, but enough for now."

(He notices the baton stick tied to his waist. He unties it and tests its sturdiness, gripping it tightly in his hand. Scanning his surroundings, his eyes fall on the river. He shakes his head.)

ADS (thinking aloud):

"No. The river's too risky. Army guidelines—steep falls, hidden dangers. Got to head uphill."

(He looks toward the left slope of the riverbed, which leads to a rugged path up the hill. Taking a deep breath, he braces himself against the rock and pushes to his feet, leaning on the baton for support.)

(The camera tracks his movements as he limps toward the slope, his body tense with pain but his resolve unshaken. As he climbs, the crunch of his boots on the gravelly terrain echoes in the still air.)

(Suddenly, he hears the faint sound of approaching footsteps. He freezes, his eyes narrowing as he listens carefully. The sound grows louder—measured, cautious steps.)

ADS (whispering):

"Someone's coming... Who is it?"

(He quickly scans his surroundings and spots a large rock nearby. Hobbling as fast as he can, he takes shelter behind it, pressing his back against the cold surface. His breathing is shallow as he grips the baton tightly in his hand, ready to defend himself.)

(The camera cuts to a view of Yitang Zhao, cautiously making his way along the riverbed. His revolver is drawn, held low but ready. His sharp eyes scan the terrain, his movements calculated and quiet. He stops momentarily, tilting his head as if listening for any sign of the Indian soldier.)

(ADS, peeking out from behind the rock, catches sight of Yitang. His jaw tightens as he observes the Chinese soldier's movements. ADS retreats behind the rock, his mind racing.)

ADS (thinking to himself):

"Chinese soldier. Armed. Not good. What does he want?"

(The camera alternates between ADS's tense face behind the rock and Yitang's methodical approach. Yitang takes a few steps closer, his revolver raised slightly, his eyes scanning for movement.)

(ADS adjusts his position, gripping the baton tightly. His breathing steadies as he prepares to act if needed.)

Close-up of Yitang's face:

(His expression is focused but not hostile, as if he's calculating his next move. He stops a few meters from ADS's hiding spot, looking around cautiously.)

(The tension builds as both soldiers remain silent, the only sounds being the river and the wind. The camera lingers on the scene, emphasizing the fragility of the moment.)

Voiceover (Narrator):

"In the stillness of the Galwan Valley, two soldiers from opposing sides stand on the brink of confrontation. The mountains care not for their flags or their causes—they test their humanity instead."

SUPERIMPOSED TEXT:

"Day 2: Fate brings two soldiers face-to-face in the heart of the Himalayas."

Scene 9

EXT – MID-JUNE 2020, GALWAN VALLEY MOUNTAIN SLOPE, LAC – MORNING

DAY 2 – TUESDAY

(The scene opens with a wide shot of the rugged mountain slope, barren and unforgiving. Both Yitang Zhao (YZ) and Major Ajatashatru Dharam Singh (ADS) are visibly exhausted, their movements slow and strained. The howling wind carries the sound of their labored breaths and boots scraping against loose rocks.)

(ADS, gripping his baton, limps along the slope, glancing over his shoulder. YZ is in pursuit, his revolver drawn, though his injured hand makes it difficult to hold steady. The distance between them shrinks as YZ gains ground.)

ADS (thinking to himself, muttering):

"He's not giving up... Damn it, got to think."

(ADS ducks behind a boulder, taking a moment to catch his breath. YZ approaches cautiously, scanning the terrain. The tension is palpable.)

YZ (in Mandarin, under his breath):

"End this now... No more waiting."

(Suddenly, ADS darts out from behind the boulder, moving to another position. YZ, startled, raises his revolver and fires a shot. The camera follows the bullet as it zips past ADS, narrowly missing him. ADS dives behind another rock for cover.)

ADS (shouting):

"You're wasting bullets, soldier!"

(YZ grits his teeth, his hand trembling as he steadies the revolver again. Blood seeps through the crude bandage on his right hand, but he pushes through the pain. He takes aim and fires a second shot. The bullet ricochets off a nearby rock, sending shards flying.)

(ADS ducks, shielding his face from the debris. He peeks out, realizing YZ's shots are becoming increasingly erratic.)

ADS (to himself, smirking slightly):

"Injury's slowing him down. He can't aim."

(YZ, frustrated, advances toward ADS, his revolver still raised. His steps are uneven, his body betraying the strain of his wounds. He stops a few meters away, breathing heavily, and takes aim one last time.)

YZ (in Mandarin, shouting):

"Stop running!"

(He fires the third and final bullet. The camera follows the trajectory of the bullet in slow motion as it grazes ADS's helmet, sending it spinning off his head. ADS stumbles, but quickly regains his balance, adrenaline surging through him.)

(YZ lowers the revolver, his face a mix of exhaustion and frustration. He looks at the empty weapon in his hand, then tosses it aside with a growl of anger. Now unarmed, he stares at ADS, who stands a few meters away, holding his baton defensively.)

ADS (panting, smirking slightly):

"Out of bullets? Looks like it's just you and me now."

(Both men lock eyes, their breathing heavy. The camera shifts between close-ups of their faces, emphasizing the tension. The wind picks up, carrying loose dust and pebbles across the slope.)

(YZ clenches his fists, his injured hand trembling. ADS tightens his grip on the baton, ready for whatever comes next. For a moment, they stand frozen, neither willing to make the first move.)

Voiceover (Narrator):

"In the shadow of the Himalayas, two warriors—bound by duty, divided by nations—prepare for a confrontation neither of them can truly win."

SUPERIMPOSED TEXT:

"Day 2: The mountain demands its price."

Scene 10

EXT - MID-JUNE 2020, GALWAN VALLEY MOUNTAIN SLOPE, LAC , MORNING.

DAY 2 – TUESDAY

(The scene opens with Major Ajatashatru Dharam Singh (ADS) lying sprawled on the rocky ground. Dust rises around him as he groans, the impact of his fall having left him momentarily stunned. Yitang Zhao (YZ), believing he has incapacitated his opponent, cautiously approaches, revolver still in hand but empty. The wind howls as the tension builds.)

YZ (in Mandarin uttering):

"Stay down... its over."

(Just as YZ reaches ADS, ADS gathers his strength and springs up with a guttural yell. He swings his baton toward YZ, who raises his injured arm to block the blow, wincing in pain. YZ drops the revolver and lunges forward, grabbing ADS by the arm. The two soldiers engage in a fierce hand-to-hand duel, their grunts and the sound of scuffling boots filling the air.)

(The camera captures their struggle as they grapple, rolling down the rocky slope together. The rough terrain tears at their uniforms, and their movements are increasing due to , exhaustion and injuries.)

ADS (panting, through gritted teeth):

"You should've stayed on your side of the line!"

YZ (shouting back in Mandarin):

"This is survival, not politics!"

(Both soldiers manage to get to their feet, glaring at each other with unwavering determination. They instinctively draw their knives, the blades gleaming menacingly in the faint morning light. The rain begins to drizzle as thunder rumbles in the distance, adding to the atmosphere of the standoff.)

(YZ lunges first, emptying to slash at ADS, but ADS sidesteps, his movements still hampered by his injured leg. ADS counters with a swift jab aimed at YZ's shoulder, grazing him but not landing a deep wound.)

(They exchange blows, each strike more desperate than the last. Their injuries make their movements clumsy but fueled by sheer willpower. Rain begins to pour more heavily, mixing with the blood on their uniforms and making the slope slick and treacherous.)

(In a tense moment, both soldiers lunge simultaneously their knives clashing. The impact sends both blades flying out of their hands, dislodged by the force. The knives tumble down the slope, disappearing into the rocky abyss below.)

(Left without weapons, the fight devolves back into hand-to-hand combat. ADS lands a punch to YZ's jaw, sending him stumbling back, but YZ counters with a kick to ADS's injured leg, causing him to cry out in pain.)

(The thunder grows louder, and lightning flash across the sky, illuminating the two battered soldiers ; soldiers locked in combat. The rain pelts them mercilessly, soaking their uniforms and making every movement more arduous.)

(As they struggle, their movements bring them dangerously close to the edge of a massive mountain ditch-a steep, jagged ravine carved into the slope.)

ADS (shouting):

"Watch your footing, or we're both done for!"

YZ (breathing heavily):

"Then stop fighting

(Neither lets up, each trying to gain the upper hand. In the chaos, a sudden mis-step sends both soldiers tumbling over the edge. The camera follows their fall in slow motion as they

slide and roll down the steep ravine, their hands clawing at the wet earth and rocks to slow their descent.)

(They finally come to a halt at the bottom of the ditch, lying sprawled and motionless for a moment. The rain continues to pour, and the sound of the storm echoes through the ravine. Both soldiers groan and begin to stir, their faces etched with pain and exhaustion.)

Voiceover (Narrator):

"In the relentless grip of the mountains, survival strips away pride, nationality, and hatred. Two soldiers find themselves at the mercy of nature, with no one but each other to depend on."

SUPERIMPOSED TEXT:

"Day 2: A fall into the unknown ditch."

Scene 11

EXT – MID-JUNE 2020, GALWAN VALLEY MOUNTAIN DITCH, LAC – AFTERNOON.

DAY – 2 TUESDAY

(The camera opens with a wide shot of the deep mountain ditch, the jagged rocks surrounding it like the walls of a natural prison. The sound of the storm continues, but it's muffled by the steep, enclosing cliffs. The ditch is at least 25 feet deep, with waist-high water swirling ominously at the bottom. The rain continues to pour down, though not as heavily as before.)

(Major Ajatashatru Dharam Singh (ADS) and Yitang Zhao (YZ) lie in the water, disoriented but still conscious. Both are battered, their uniforms torn, faces smeared with dirt and blood. The water helps cushion their fall, but they are clearly weakened by the impact.

ADS (groaning, trying to sit up):

"Where the hell... are we?"

(He pushes himself up, his hands slipping against the wet rocks, but he eventually finds his footing. His breathing is laboured, the pain in his leg from the earlier injury still sharp. He looks around, taking in their surroundings. The walls of the ditch are steep, the rocks slick with rainwater.)

YZ (weakly, from the water):

"Nowhere good..."

(YZ coughs, his voice strained, and pulls himself out of the waist-deep water. He winces as he moves his right arm, still tender from the wolf bite. His gaze sweeps the rocky environment, trying to find a way out.)

(The camera pans around the ditch, highlighting the unusual rock formations that line the sides. Some of the rocks protrude, creating small ledges and outcroppings where they can stand and rest, though the majority of the area is submerged in water. The steep walls of the ditch seem to rise endlessly, with no clear path for escape.)

ADS (muttering to himself):

"No way out... not easily. Damn it..."

(He reaches over to help YZ out of the water, his movements slow and deliberate. There's a moment of hesitation before they make eye contact, the weight of their rivalry still hanging heavy, but neither man speaks. They both know that in this situation, survival comes before pride.)

(YZ shakes off the water and begins to assess their surroundings. He spots a narrow ledge along one side of the ditch, a potential path to climb higher, but it's unclear if it will lead anywhere.)

YZ (with a raspy voice):

"We need to get out. This place is... a dead end."

ADS (nodding, quietly):

"That ledge—maybe. But we'll need more than strength to get out of here."

(The camera shows a close-up of YZ's hands, bruised and trembling as he reaches out for a higher ledge. The movement is slow, painful, but the determination in his eyes is clear. He pauses, then turns to ADS, recognizing the need for cooperation despite their differences.)

YZ (reluctantly):

"Help me. We get out, we go our separate ways after."

ADS (grunting as he moves closer):

"We'll see about that."

(They move cautiously toward the ledge, their bodies weakened by the fall and the ongoing pain from their injuries. The camera shifts between the two soldiers as they work together to find stable footing in the treacherous water and slippery rocks.)

Voiceover (Narrator):

"In the heart of the Galwan Valley, even the fiercest of enemies must become allies, bound by the harshness of the land and the will to survive. Here, nature reigns supreme."

(The camera captures their struggle to climb the ledge, showing both men grimacing in pain but determined to keep moving. The rain begins to lighten slightly, though the ominous clouds remain overhead.)

SUPERIMPOSED TEXT:

"Day 2: A fragile alliance forged in survival."

Scene 12

EXT – MID-JUNE 2020, GALWAN VALLEY MOUNTAIN DITCH, LAC – EVENING.

DAY 2 – TUESDAY

(The camera opens on Major Ajatashatru Dharam Singh (ADS) and Yitang Zhao (YZ) positioned across from one another, their backs pressed against opposite rocks within the deep, isolated mountain ditch. The rain has subsided, leaving the air heavy with moisture. The storm clouds still loom overhead, casting the valley in an eerie twilight.)

(They sit motionless, their eyes meeting occasionally. Their expressions are hard, their bodies worn, and despite their injuries, neither man moves too far. The tension in the air is thick. They breathe heavily, each man processing the situation in his own way, but neither speaking.)

YZ (gritting his teeth, eyes narrowing):

(He stares at ADS, his eyes burning with frustration, and then suddenly bursts into a yell. The sound of his voice echoes off the steep walls of the ditch.)

"Why?! Why did you have to come here?!"

(His fists clench as he stands up and paces within the confines of the ditch. His body language is aggressive, jerky—clearly trying to provoke a response. He gestures wildly with

his hands, pointing at ADS, then at the rocks, then at the sky, as if accusing the heavens themselves.)

YZ (shouting, voice filled with anger):

"You... You think you're better than me? Than us? Just a soldier!" (He points at himself, emphasizing the 'us' as a broader, nationalistic gesture.) "Look where we are now. What did your damn army do to protect us?!"

(Despite the outburst, ADS remains seated, his face calm and unreadable. He doesn't even flinch at the shouting. His gaze is steady, focused—he's not responding, not feeding into the emotional volatility.)

YZ (with increased frustration, continuing his rant):

"We were just doing our duty. But this—this is different! You dragged us here!"

(YZ's words become less coherent, his body movements more frantic as he grows increasingly agitated, his hands shaking. The camera zooms in on his face, showing the strain and the desperation in his eyes.)

(There's a pause as YZ looks at ADS, waiting for some reaction, but ADS remains silent, staring at the ground, his arms crossed.)

YZ (breathing heavily, speaking more quietly):

"You can't ignore it. This—this madness. How many more will die because of... because of orders?"

(The silence between them grows heavier. YZ stops pacing and looks down at the ground, visibly exhausted. His posture slumps, and he finally stops trying to provoke ADS.)

(For a moment, the only sound is the distant rumble of thunder, the drip of water from the rocks, and the steady breathing of both men. YZ, defeated for now, walks a few steps away, leaving some distance between them.)

ADS (softly, almost to himself):

"It's not about orders. It's about survival."

(YZ stops and turns, hearing the quiet words. For a brief moment, his expression softens, the anger fading just enough to reveal a glimmer of recognition. Still, he says nothing, but the weight of the situation lingers between them.)

(The camera lingers on YZ's back as he walks further into the ditch, finding a place to sit, his hands resting on his knees, his breathing still erratic.)

(ADS remains by his rock, staring at the distant walls of the ravine, calculating his next move, the silence around them heavy with unspoken words.)

Voiceover (Narrator):

"At the edge of survival, words become weapons. And in the mountains, even the silence speaks."

(The screen lingers for a moment longer on the two soldiers—one sitting, defeated by his own emotions, the other focused, still preparing for what may come next.)

SUPERIMPOSED TEXT:

"Day 2: The storm within."

Scene 13

EXT – MID-JUNE 2020, GALWAN VALLEY MOUNTAIN DITCH, LAC – EVENING.

DAY 2 – TUESDAY

(The camera opens on Major Ajatashatru Dharam Singh (ADS), sitting on a rock at the edge of the mountain ditch. His clothes are soaked, and his body shivers as the evening chill sets in. The sound of the wind picking up fills the background, and the camera zooms in on his hands as he fumbles in his wet pockets for his lighter. He manages to pull it out, but the small flame sputters weakly, struggling against the moisture and wind.)

ADS (muttering to himself, frustrated):

"Come on..."

(He shields the lighter with his hand, trying to keep the flame alive long enough to catch a spark, but it's barely enough to warm him. He watches Yitang Zhao (YZ) from a distance, his posture alert, his eyes narrowing, still calculating the situation. ADS knows he can't afford to take any risks, especially with the unpredictable YZ just a few meters away. He can't attack in such a vulnerable state.)

(As the flame flickers out, ADS slowly tucks the lighter back into his pocket. He pulls himself together and begins to examine his uniform, searching for anything that could help him warm up or survive. He retrieves his built-in water dispenser, a small survival kit designed for harsh environments, and starts to sip cautiously, trying to conserve whatever resources he has.)

ADS (to himself, quietly):

"Every minute counts."

(The camera shifts to YZ, who is also struggling against the cold, his face tense as he rummages through his jacket pockets. He pulls out a few pieces of dry food from his survival kit and takes a small bite, chewing slowly as his eyes dart between his provisions and ADS. The silence between them grows, punctuated only by the sound of the wind and the distant rumble of thunder.)

(YZ chews for a moment, then swallows, still eyeing ADS cautiously. The rivalry is palpable, but survival instincts have kicked in. Both men know that the next few hours—or even minutes—could determine whether they make it out of this alive.)

YZ (without looking directly at ADS, speaking under his breath):

"We survive... or we die."

(ADS hears him but doesn't respond, his gaze fixed on the environment around them. His fingers trace the outline of a rock, still calculating how to get out of this situation. The tension is thick, but survival now outweighs any animosity.)

ADS (quietly, not responding to YZ's words but speaking to himself):

"Focus. Just focus. One step at a time."

(The camera pulls back slowly, showing both men separated in the ditch, yet in proximity, each relying on whatever scraps of strength and resources they have. The cold evening air grows more intense as the sky darkens further.)

Voiceover (Narrator):

"In the harshest of places, even the smallest light, the smallest gesture, can mean the difference between life and death. They stand at the edge, both knowing what's at stake—survival, not glory."

(The scene ends with a close-up shot of the water in the ditch, swirling slowly as it reflects the last traces of daylight before night fully sets in. The sound of the wind howls louder, echoing through the valley as darkness envelops the two soldiers.)

SUPERIMPOSED TEXT:

"Day 2: The cold sets in, but the will to survive burns."

Scene 14

EXT – MID-JUNE 2020, GALWAN VALLEY MOUNTAIN DITCH, LAC – NIGHT.

DAY 2 – TUESDAY

(The night has fully set in. The sky is a deep, clouded black, the stars barely visible through the mist and heavy clouds above. The mountain ditch, isolated and steep, looks even more intimidating in the darkness. The soft sound of flowing water from the ditch fills the air, but there's an overwhelming silence otherwise. The camera zooms in on Yitang Zhao (YZ), who has managed to start a small fire using some gel tins from his survival kit. The weak flame flickers in the still night air, casting shadows against the jagged rock formations around them.)

YZ (quietly, as he feeds the fire with more fuel):

"At least this... this should help us survive the night."

(The camera shifts to Major Ajatashatru Dharam Singh (ADS), who is seated against a rock, his face grim and worn from the ordeal. He's visibly weaker, his injuries causing him to wince slightly as he adjusts his position. The hunger in his eyes is unmistakable, but his military discipline keeps him focused. He watches YZ closely, his mind calculating his next move, though his body demands rest.)

(YZ catches a glimpse of ADS's pained expression and slowly pulls out a small ration of food from his kit. He holds it out, offering it to ADS.)

YZ (in a quieter tone, almost grudgingly):

"Eat. We need our strength."

(ADS eyes the food for a moment, his pride weighing heavy, but survival instincts take over. He reaches out and takes the food, nodding a silent thanks.)

ADS (quietly, while chewing):

"Survival's the only thing that matters now."

(They both pause for a moment, realizing the truth in their words. The night is unbearably long, and the cold settles into their bones. They both know that escaping the ditch will require a joint effort—something neither of them had anticipated before this conflict began. The atmosphere is heavy, filled with the realization that their chances are better if they work together.)

(Both men, still not fully trusting one another, quietly prepare for the long night. YZ unwraps a few painkillers from his survival kit, offering one to ADS.)

YZ (without looking up):

"Painkillers. Will help you rest."

ADS (nods, swallowing the pill):

"Not much rest to be had here. We need to think of a way out."

(The fire continues to burn weakly, and both men take turns adding small amounts of fuel to it. Despite their physical pain and exhaustion, the cold is relentless, forcing them to stay alert. They lean against the rocks, struggling to stay awake, as they contemplate the escape route they must find. The cold water, the biting wind, and their injuries make the task seem almost impossible.)

(Time passes slowly, marked only by the occasional hiss of the fire and the distant howl of wind. Both soldiers are staring into the flames, lost in thought.)

ADS (looking out into the darkness, voice low):

"Tomorrow. We move. No matter how."

YZ (turns to him, his tone firm but calm):

"We'll need to stick together. For now."

(Both men look at each other briefly, the acknowledgment between them subtle but clear. No more words are exchanged, but their shared understanding lingers. The storm may have passed, but the real battle is just beginning.)

(The scene lingers on their figures against the dark, silent mountain landscape, the firelight reflecting off their determined faces. They are both soldiers—two men from different sides, now united by the harsh reality of survival in the wilds of Galwan Valley.)

Voiceover (Narrator):

"In the face of death, differences fade. Survival is the only language that remains."

(The camera pulls back slowly, showing the two soldiers against the vastness of the mountain ditch, the night closing in around them. The fire, though small, still flickers brightly.)

SUPERIMPOSED TEXT:

"Day 2: The struggle continues, but hope remains."

Scene 15

EXT – MID-JUNE 2020, GALWAN VALLEY MOUNTAIN DITCH, LAC – EARLY MORNING.

DAY 3 – WEDNESDAY

(The cold morning air settles into the valley as the first light of dawn begins to break over the jagged mountains surrounding the deep ditch. The sky is a soft grey, with mist rising from the water below. Both Major Ajatashatru Dharam Singh (ADS) and Yitang Zhao (YZ) remain seated across from each other against the rocks. The fire from the previous night has died down to smouldering embers, and the tension from the previous day lingers in the air.)

(The camera shifts between the two men. ADS, looking determined but worn, silently pulls out his remaining water and some food from his kit, consuming it slowly. His eyes are focused, calculating his next move, still unsure of how he'll navigate the situation with YZ.)

(YZ, on the other hand, watches ADS carefully. He, too, is quietly eating and drinking, trying to regain strength, but his gaze doesn't leave ADS for long. The silence between them is thick, both soldiers aware that they are now bound by circumstances, and neither is sure how to break the tension.)

ADS (finally breaking the silence, looking directly at YZ):

"You came here to capture me, didn't you?"

(YZ stiffens at the question. His eyes narrow, and his body language becomes defensive as he gestures with a sharp movement, as though he's trying to make sense of the situation.)

YZ (speaking slowly, frustrated but still calm):

"Capture? You think I'm here to take you prisoner?" (He shakes his head and gestures around the ditch, his hands sweeping through the air to emphasize the dire situation.) "I... we're both trapped here. I didn't choose this."

(There's a pause as the realization begins to settle. ADS studies YZ's expressions and body language carefully, seeing something in his demeanor that suggests the Chinese soldier is telling the truth.)

ADS (narrowing his eyes, speaking with quiet intensity):

"So you're not here to take me prisoner... you're stuck here, too."

(YZ nods, his face hardening with frustration and confusion, clearly frustrated by the misunderstanding. His body language mirrors the growing realization in ADS's words.)

YZ (gritting his teeth, voice rising slightly):

"Do you think I want this? This... mess? We're both stuck here because of some accident! No one planned this. We're both just... trying to survive!"

(Both men sit silently for a moment, the tension slowly dissipating as the truth of their shared predicament begins to sink in. It's not about capture, it's about survival—both soldiers are facing the same enemy: nature itself.)

(ADS leans back against the rock, his muscles aching, his body exhausted but slowly recovering. He exhales deeply, as if coming to terms with the fact that they will need to rely on each other, at least for the time being.)

ADS (finally speaking, his tone softer, but still cautious):

"Then let's figure out how to get out of here. Together."

(YZ looks at him, still wary but nodding slightly. The distance between them has lessened, the mistrust waning for now as they acknowledge their shared struggle.)

YZ (with a slight nod, still hesitant):

"Survival first... later we'll deal with the rest."

(The two men exchange a fleeting glance, the tension still hanging in the air, but their shared understanding begins to solidify. There's no more time for fighting, only time to escape this hellish place.)

(The camera shifts to a wide shot, showing both men in the vastness of the ditch, the cold landscape now bathed in the early morning light. The camera lingers on their faces, now more aligned with their reality: survival is their only goal.)

Voiceover (Narrator):

"Two soldiers, enemies by nature, bound by the same fate. In the face of survival, all divides blur, and the true fight begins—against nature, against time, and against the odds."

(The camera slowly pans upward, showing the daunting mountains above them. Their path to escape still looks impossible, but the journey together, though uncertain, has just begun.)

SUPERIMPOSED TEXT:

"Day 3: Unlikely allies in the fight for survival."

Scene 16

EXT – MID-JUNE 2020, GALWAN VALLEY MOUNTAIN DITCH, LAC – EARLY MORNING.

DAY 3 – WEDNESDAY

(The early morning light is faint as the day begins to rise over the Galwan Valley. The clouds are heavy and thick, hanging ominously above the narrow mountain ditch. The wind picks up, adding to the tension of the moment. The camera captures Major Ajatashatru Dharam Singh (ADS), who stands knee-deep in the shallow water of the ditch. His expression is firm, but there's something personal and painful in his voice as he yells out, his voice carrying the weight of years of national pride.)

ADS (shouting, voice filled with intensity):

"This is my motherland! This land doesn't belong to you! You're trying to grab what's not yours!"

(The words echo in the heavy, still air. The camera shifts to Yitang Zhao (YZ), who, though confused, watches ADS carefully. YZ, younger and less experienced in the psychological warfare of such a conflict, doesn't fully comprehend what ADS is trying to convey. In response, he begins to stomp his feet hard in the water, a loud splash breaking the tense silence.)

YZ (shouting back, raising his arms and stomping in frustration):

"Get out of my land! Get out!"

(The sounds of YZ's yelling and foot stamping seem almost primal, an instinctual defence of his own territory. The camera focuses on ADS's face—he's no longer shouting, but his expression softens slightly, as if realizing that YZ, too, is caught in a conflict beyond his control. He sees the young man's frustration but recognizes that there's something more to YZ's anger—a kind of confusion.)

(ADS lowers his tone, his gaze softening. His mind works through the emotions of the moment as he understands the young soldier's position—he is not the one to blame for the larger conflict. YZ's expression falters as he sees ADS's change in demeanor. For a brief moment, the two men look at each other with a kind of understanding, and their loud gestures begin to subside.)

ADS (in a quieter voice, speaking with sincerity):

"We're both pawns in this game... our voices won't change anything."

(YZ, still standing in the water, lets out a frustrated breath but stops stomping. He doesn't reply immediately but glances up at the sky, noticing the dark clouds beginning to gather in the distance. The thunder rumbles softly, a sign of a coming storm. The camera lingers on the sky as the tension between them seems to melt, if only temporarily, under the weight of nature's impending arrival.)

YZ (gesturing toward the sky, his voice calm but firm):

"Looks like the storm is coming. We can argue all day, but it won't change anything."

(The camera shifts between their faces, both men, despite their differences, understanding that the real challenge is surviving the elements. Both soldiers take a step back from their verbal confrontation, recognizing the futility of further conflict at this point.)

ADS (softening further, his voice steady but with resolve):

"Then let's stop fighting. Let's leave this place behind. Survive first, fight later."

(YZ nods, the anger from moments ago subsiding. He understands now—they both need to survive if they're to return home. Their previous threats and gestures have no place in this moment.)

(As the camera zooms out, both men exchange silent glances. They may still be enemies by nationality, but in this moment, they are simply two men caught in the same struggle for survival.)

(The thunder continues to roll in the distance, and the first droplets of rain begin to fall, signalling the start of the storm.)

Voiceover (Narrator):

"In the face of nature's fury, old hostilities fade. What remains is the primal instinct to survive."

(The camera pulls back, showing the entire ditch as the rain begins to pour harder, soaking both soldiers as they prepare for the next stage of their journey—an uncertain future where survival is the only mission.)

SUPERIMPOSED TEXT:

"Day 3: The storm arrives. Survival is now the only goal."

Scene 17

EXT – MID JUNE 2020, GALWAN VALLEY MOUNTAIN DITCH, LAC – LADAKH SECTOR

DAY 3 – MORNING – WEDNESDAY

(The camera opens with a cold morning light creeping over the mountain ditch, the rain having slowed to a light drizzle. The water in the ditch is muddy, swirling around the rocks. Both ADS and YZ are sitting opposite each other, each holding their respective maps—ADS with an English map, and YZ with a Chinese one. They study the maps with a mix of frustration and concentration.)

(ADS takes out his compass quickly, inspecting it with a professional focus, while YZ watches him from across the ditch, a wry expression forming on his face. His eyes narrow as he speaks in English.)

YZ (calling out, with a sarcastic grin):

"Made in China compass."

(ADS stiffens at the remark, but doesn't react immediately. He maintains his focus on the compass, his eyes cold but resolute. After a brief moment of silence, he looks up at YZ, his expression hardening.)

ADS (snapping, his tone sharp and sarcastic):

"We make everything you make, just helping you with your economy."

(He pauses for a moment, his eyes narrowing with a quiet intensity as he adds, his voice lowering:)

ADS (mocking):

"Your compasses are still fitted in your shoes."

(There is a brief silence as YZ processes the comment. However, he doesn't respond directly. Instead, he just shrugs, as if to imply he didn't understand, or he simply chooses to ignore the taunt. He looks down at his own map, continuing to study it as if nothing was said.)

(ADS watches YZ for a moment, then turns back to his map, pressing his lips together in frustration. They both continue to focus on their respective maps, but the tension in the air is palpable.)

(After a few moments, ADS furrows his brow, leaning closer to examine the map with his compass. He sighs, frustration mounting as he looks at the rugged terrain that stretches across both maps.)

ADS (speaking with a hint of exasperation):

"This isn't getting us anywhere. These maps don't show the full picture. We could be anywhere, but if we stay here too long, we'll starve before we even find a way out."

(YZ remains silent, but his eyes flicker up from the map to ADS, sensing that the situation is becoming more dire. There's a brief pause as both soldiers contemplate the difficult truth.)

ADS (pointing at the map, voice soft but decisive):

"We can't keep relying on these. The map and compass will only help once we're out of this hellhole."

(He looks around at the mountain ditch, his eyes scanning the steep rock walls that seem impossible to climb. YZ hesitates, clearly reluctant to agree, but he nods slowly, acknowledging that ADS is right.)

YZ (grudgingly):

"Agreed... But how do we get out of this place?"

ADS (steeling himself):

"We find a way. No more talking. Just action."

(The camera lingers on their faces, showing a brief moment of silent understanding—an acknowledgment that the situation requires them to set aside their differences for survival. The morning light casts long shadows across the ditch, and the tension of the moment hangs heavy as the two men prepare for what comes next.)

Voiceover (Narrator):

"When survival is the only goal, old conflicts fade into the background. The enemy is no longer the other soldier—it's the landscape, the weather, the unforgiving forces of nature."

(The scene ends with both men standing up, adjusting their gear, and preparing to work together, despite their underlying animosity. They begin to walk toward the edge of the ditch, ready to face the daunting climb ahead.)

Scene 18

EXT – MID JUNE 2020, GALWAN VALLEY MOUNTAIN DITCH, LAC – LADAKH SECTOR

DAY 3 – MORNING – WEDNESDAY

(The scene opens with a bleak and foggy morning in the mountain ditch. ADS and YZ are standing at the edge of the rock formation, looking out at the steep cliff walls surrounding them. They both seem uncertain about the next steps. ADS blows his whistle at regular intervals, the sharp sound echoing through the vast emptiness, hoping for a response. The camera captures the tension in their faces.)

(Both soldiers are silent for a while, staring up at the walls. Their breaths are heavy, the exhaustion weighing on them. ADS breaks the silence, pulling out an energy bar and some dried fruits from his kit. He looks at YZ, who remains hesitant.)

ADS (offering the food, his voice calm):

"Here. Take it. I'm not trying to poison you."

(YZ eyes the food with suspicion, his grip tightening around his own kit as he inspects the energy bar. There's an obvious wariness in his eyes. He looks at ADS for a long moment, as if contemplating whether to trust him.)

YZ (hesitant, sceptical):

"How do I know you're not trying to trick me? Poison it or something?"

ADS (unfazed, with a subtle grin):

"I'll eat what I gave you. No tricks. You take this last set of energy bars. Deal?"

(After a pause, YZ seems to relax slightly. He nods, impressed by ADS's directness and transparency. He unwraps the energy bar, gives a quick thumbs up, and begins eating it.)

YZ (nodding slowly, chewing):

"Thanks. This... this is okay."

(They both share a moment of quiet understanding as ADS also starts eating his portion. Their silence is broken by the sound of ADS blowing the whistle again. The camera shows their gazes lifting towards the steep cliffs above them.)

ADS (sighing, looking up at the rock walls):

"We have to find a way out. If someone hears us, they'll be our chance. If not... we're stuck here."

(There's a long pause as they both look up, but the silence is overwhelming. After a moment, YZ takes out some of his own food—cheese bars. He holds one up toward ADS.)

YZ (gesturing toward the cheese bar):

"Take this. It will give you energy for the climb."

(ADS looks at the bar for a moment, then back at YZ, nodding in approval. YZ continues with his gestures and broken words, trying to communicate his thoughts.)

YZ (smiling faintly):

"Once out of this ditch, I catch fish for you. We'll be fine."

(ADS laughs lightly, his tone teasing.)

ADS (grinning, shaking his head):

"Don't catch whatever you find. Fish is okay. But not snakes or reptiles—those things China is famous for eating."

(The remark catches YZ off guard. His face twitches with irritation, but he quickly masks it. His eyes narrow, and there's an almost imperceptible shift in his stance.)

YZ (visibly annoyed but choosing not to engage further, muttering):

"Let's just get out of here first."

(Both men look up as the sound of a whistle, similar to ADS's, is faintly heard echoing down from above. Their faces light up, but the tension still lingers. Someone has heard the whistle from the top and might be coming to help them.)

ADS (more hopeful now, with a slight smile):

"They heard us. There's a chance. Let's get ready."

(The camera pulls back as both soldiers begin to prepare themselves, standing a bit taller and more alert, their previous animosity temporarily set aside. They are united by the single purpose of survival and escape, as the faint sound of voices from above grows louder.)

Scene 19

EXT – MID JUNE 2020, GALWAN VALLEY MOUNTAIN DITCH, LAC - LADAKH SECTOR

DAY 3 - MORNING - WEDNESDAY

(The camera opens on ADS and YZ, both tense and alert, still waiting in the ditch, their eyes scanning the surroundings. They suddenly hear a soft, melodic sound of a flute, followed by the unmistakable sound of footsteps. The rhythm of the footsteps is heavy, each step deliberate, and they can hear the distinct clink of a walking stick hitting the rocky ground.)

(The camera focuses on ADS and YZ, their faces filled with confusion and apprehension as they exchange a glance. The sound grows closer. Both soldiers brace themselves, unsure of what to expect. Suddenly, they see something fall from above—a thick rope, tumbling down toward them.)

(YZ watches, his eyes narrowing. He immediately gestures to ADS.)

YZ (whispering, with suspicion):

"Who do you think it is?"

(ADS holds up his hand, signalling caution. His voice is barely above a whisper.)

ADS (softly, with a note of worry):

"If it's the Chinese, I'm done for."

(YZ makes a cutting gesture with his fingers at his neck, his expression grim, then nods towards ADS as if to acknowledge his fear.)

YZ (grimly, gesturing to his own throat):

"Indian also will kill me."

(ADS gives YZ a firm look, shaking his head with a hint of resolve, but also a bit of sadness in his eyes.)

ADS (louder now, with some pride):

"In India, we don't kill prisoners."

(There is a moment of silence between the two men. The rope hangs still in the air, and the flute music stops as the sound of footsteps grows louder, signaling that someone is indeed coming down toward them. The camera zooms in on their faces, capturing the tension, the weight of the situation, and the uncertainty they both feel. The rope continues to swing gently in the air.)

(The camera then shifts to the source of the sound—the shadowy figure of a rescuer, their silhouette slowly becoming clearer against the mountain backdrop. The heavy footfalls stop, and there's a long pause. The soldiers exchange a final, uncertain look as the rope gets closer to the ground, signaling that their fate will soon be decided.)

Scene 20

EXT – MID JUNE 2020, GALWAN VALLEY MOUNTAIN DITCH / MOUNTAIN SLOPE, LAC - LADAKH SECTOR

DAY 3 - NOON - WEDNESDAY

(The camera opens on YZ, still in the ditch, staring up at the rope coming down from top of the ditch. His hands tremble as he grips it, and with an uncertain glance toward ADS, he begins to climb, pulling himself upward. His ascent is slow but determined. The camera shifts upward, following his climb, as the harsh environment of the mountain slope looms around him. As he nears the top, the sounds of the outside world become muffled. There's a sudden stillness.)

(YZ reaches the summit of the ditch, his hands gripping the edge of the mountain slope. For a few moments, there is silence. He hears faint, hushed voices speaking in Chinese from above, his heart sinking as he realizes that it's likely the Chinese rescue team. His face reflects the despair that fills his thoughts.)

YZ (thinking to himself, in disbelief):

"It's over... they've come to finish me off..."

(He pauses for a moment, the weight of his situation pressing down on him. Just when he feels he's lost all hope, a voice rings out in the distance. It's a language he recognizes.)

ADS below in the ditch is clueless what's happening on top with YZ taking the first plunge to climb out of the ditch.

Voice (calling out in Hindi):

"Take the rope, climb up! We're here to help!"

(The voice is clear, confident, and unmistakably Indian. ADS's eyes widen in surprise. His mind races, processing what's happening. He takes a deep breath and begins his final ascent, climbing with renewed strength and determination.)

(ADS finally reaches the top. He grips the edge of the mountain, and with a last effort, pulls himself over. He finds himself face to face with an unexpected sight—an elderly man, dressed in simple, weathered clothes, standing with a serene expression. This is Baba, the figure who has just rescued them.)

(Baba gives a warm, gentle smile as he offers his hand to help YZ stabilize himself.)

Baba (with a calm smile):

"Don't worry, young one. You're safe now."

(YZ stands up, looking around at the rugged landscape. He notices that the rope they used to escape is no ordinary rope—it's made from thick, woollen shawls, carefully cut and tied together to form a strong makeshift lifeline. His eyes widen in curiosity.)

YZ (with confusion, gesturing to the woollen rope):

"Where did this come from? It's... it's not a rope... it's...?"

Baba (chuckling softly, still with a gentle smile):

"I knew someone was trapped in that ditch. Had to find a way to get you out. What I did was normal, just a spur of the moment decision. Sometimes, you have to do what needs to be done."

(Baba's words are simple, yet there's a depth to them that speaks to the wisdom of experience. YZ is momentarily taken aback by the man's calm demeanor, especially in such an intense situation.)

YZ (in awe, quietly):

"You... you saved us. Thank you."

(Baba looks at him with a knowing gaze.)

Baba (nodding):

"We save each other when we can. Now, we must get to safety."

(The camera lingers on YZ's expression—his face a mixture of gratitude and admiration as he takes in the unexpected turn of events. ADS finally reaches the top as well, with his face showing exhaustion but a flicker of hope.)

(As ADS and YZ share a glance, both men realize the gravity of the situation: they have been rescued not by soldiers or military forces, but by an unknown figure, someone who saw beyond borders and conflicts. The moment marks a shift in their understanding of the journey ahead.)

Scene 21

EXT – MID JUNE 2020, GALWAN VALLEY MOUNTAIN SLOPE, LAC - LADAKH SECTOR

DAY 3 - NOON - WEDNESDAY

(ADS and YZ are both standing at the edge of the mountain slope, their eyes scanning their mysterious rescuer. The old man, wearing simple nomadic clothes and worn shoes, stands before them with an aura of calm. His twisted walking stick has a striking lion-shaped carving at the top. The wind blows gently, the harsh cold of the valley contrasting with the serenity of the scene.)

(Both ADS and YZ exchange surprised glances. ADS instinctively thinks that the old man might be one of those hermits or "babas" who meditate high in the mountains, while YZ assumes he's a Buddhist monk.)

(Rinpoche stands motionless, his gaze thoughtful, as though he has seen far beyond the present moment. His presence is quiet but powerful.)

ADS (muttering to himself, confused):

"A Baba... one of those who meditate here in the hills...?"

YZ (looking intently at the old man):

"He looks like a monk... from the monasteries... but this place... it's not where monks roam..."

(Suddenly, Rinpoche speaks, addressing them both directly, but in their respective languages.)

Rinpoche (in Hindi, calm and measured):

"Why fight, my sons? Why kill each other when you have found a way out of this place? Your survival matters more than any conflict. Look at your past—civilizations that coexisted in peace and harmony. Do you not see that the very Buddha, revered in China, was born in India? There was never war between you... not until now. You are two nations that should always remain friends."

(Both men are visibly taken aback by the old man's insight. ADS clenches his fists in frustration, but YZ looks to the ground, conflicted. The words seem to challenge the very essence of the conflict between their nations.)

(ADS steps forward, his voice sharp and full of scepticism.)

ADS (demanding, voice firm):

"Who are you, Baba? What are you doing here, in such hostile terrain? And how can you speak both Hindi and Chinese?"

(Rinpoche smiles, his face serene, as though the question itself was not unexpected. He lifts his hand slightly, gesturing to the landscape around him.)

Rinpoche (in a gentle tone, with a knowing smile):

"I am from this land, my son. I speak many languages, for I have walked the paths of all those who seek peace. Languages are but vessels for understanding. And understanding... that is what keeps one alive."

(YZ stares at Rinpoche, his mind racing. He is not sure whether to trust the old man or to be suspicious of him. ADS looks just as confused, but there is something about the monk's presence that compels respect.)

(Rinpoche watches them both, his calmness never wavering.)

Rinpoche (in a slow, almost meditative tone):

"Your journey, my sons, is not one of war. It is a journey of survival. You have both faced hardships, and now you must face the hardest of them all: the realization that you are not enemies. The land, the mountains, the wind—they speak to all who listen. I have listened."

(Both ADS and YZ are speechless, caught between confusion and an odd sense of peace that the old man radiates.)

YZ (softly, with a mix of awe and disbelief):

"You... you know our languages... both?"

Rinpoche (nodding, with quiet wisdom):

"I have learned from many. Not just the languages, but the hearts of the people who speak them."

(The camera holds a lingering shot of YZ and ADS, each of them processing the strange encounter with the monk. There is a moment of silence between them, but it feels significant. Both soldiers are still unsure whether to trust Rinpoche, but the tension in the air begins to dissipate, replaced by something unspoken.)

(After a pause, ADS and YZ look at each other—both uncertain, but somehow feeling a shared sense of understanding in this unexpected encounter.)

Scene 22

EXT – MID JUNE 2020, GALWAN VALLEY MOUNTAIN SLOPE, LAC - LADAKH SECTOR

DAY 3 - NOON - WEDNESDAY

(The scene opens with ADS and YZ standing in front of Rinpoche on the mountain slope. The old monk's presence is commanding yet serene, the sound of the wind howling through the barren landscape adding to the gravity of his words. The snow-capped peaks loom above them, and the air is thick with the scent of impending rain.)

Rinpoche gazes at the horizon, his face a portrait of wisdom and experience. His calm demeanor contrasts sharply with the urgency of his words. He looks at ADS and YZ, his voice low but filled with gravity.

Rinpoche (in a calm but firm tone):

"You must act soon, my sons. The snow is melting, the rivers will swell, and soon, this valley will be flooded. The rains will make it even worse. Without shelter, the chill will take you, and the water will choke the life out of you. This place will become deadly very soon."

(Both ADS and YZ exchange worried glances, their previous scepticism now mixing with the realization that the monk's words are not to be ignored. The mountain valley, with its beauty, is also unforgiving.)

Rinpoche (pointing towards the left slope):

"If you go that way, you'll find nothing but inaccessible terrain, leading to heavy snow. That path will bring you disaster."

(He pauses, letting the weight of the warning settle. Both men look in the direction of the left slope, which is marked by sharp cliffs and treacherous terrain, with snow beginning to fall from the sky. They both sense the truth in his words.)

Rinpoche (shifting his gaze to the right side):

"Your only hope is to take the right side. The climb is steep, the way difficult, but it is the only route that leads you out of this place. If you succeed, you will find glory in your freedom."

(There is a long moment of silence. The gravity of the decision before them is immense. ADS and YZ exchange a look, both understanding the challenge ahead. Their lives, for the moment, are in the hands of fate.)

(Rinpoche takes a final look at them, his face unreadable, his eyes filled with an ancient knowledge. He turns, his cloak rustling in the wind, and starts to walk away. As he moves, the fog begins to roll in around him, slowly enveloping his figure. His sight fades, leaving only the sound of his footsteps in the soft mist.)

Rinpoche (as he fades into the fog, his voice echoing faintly):

"May the mountains guide you, and may you find the strength to walk through the storm."

(The fog thickens, obscuring Rinpoche entirely. ADS and YZ stand there, silently processing his words. The world around them feels eerily still, the weight of their choices pressing heavily on their shoulders.)

(After a moment, ADS breaks the silence.)

ADS (gritting his teeth, determination in his voice):

"We don't have much choice. We climb the right side. It's our only shot."

(YZ, though hesitant, nods, the flicker of trust in his eyes reflecting a silent agreement.)

YZ (in a low voice):

"Right side, then. Together."

(As the scene fades out, the distant rumble of thunder can be heard, signalling the impending storm. The climb ahead will be their greatest test yet, and only unity will guide them through the perilous journey.)

Scene 23

EXT – MID JUNE 2020, GALWAN VALLEY MOUNTAIN SLOPE, LAC - LADAKH SECTOR

DAY 3 - NOON - WEDNESDAY

(The camera opens with ADS and YZ standing on the mountain slope, their backs turned towards the direction where Rinpoche disappeared. The fog begins to envelop the area more, creating an ethereal and uncertain atmosphere. The distant rumble of thunder is heard, blending with the natural sounds of the wind. The silence around them is thick and heavy, as if the mountains themselves are holding their breath.)

(ADS looks towards the disappearing figure of Rinpoche, still processing the monk's words, while YZ stares at the ground in deep contemplation. Neither speaks. Their minds are racing, trying to make sense of the encounter.)

(There's an uncanny stillness in the air, and the silence is almost oppressive. The landscape stretches endlessly around them, and the weight of the decisions they now face seems even more monumental.)

(As the silence lingers, the subtle sound of wind whistling through the mountain pass breaks the quiet, followed by faint rustling in the trees. A haunting yet hopeful melody starts playing softly in the background. The music has an ethereal quality, almost as if it's coming from the mountains themselves, adding to the sense of awe and mystery.)

(The camera slowly pulls back from ADS and YZ, focusing on their pensive faces. The music swells gently, as the tension in the air is palpable. The song is both melancholic and uplifting, symbolizing the weight of their journey ahead.)

Song (in the background, soft and soulful):

"In the silence of the storm,

When the winds carry us away,

Through the shadows and the light,

We'll find our way, we'll find our way..."

(As the song continues, the camera moves across the rocky terrain, showing the daunting climb ahead. The mountain slopes seem more formidable now, as if the challenges they face are not just physical, but deeply existential. Their journey will test not only their endurance but their spirit.)

(The camera then shifts to YZ, who looks over at ADS with a subtle nod, signalling that it's time to move forward. The moment is heavy, but the shared understanding between them is clear. They don't need words anymore.)

ADS (quietly, almost to himself):

"Let's do this."

(The last note of the song lingers in the air as the scene fades to black, leaving the audience with a sense of anticipation and hope.)

Scene 24

EXT – MID JUNE 2020, GALWAN VALLEY MOUNTAIN SLOPE, LAC - LADAKH SECTOR

DAY 3 - AFTERNOON - WEDNESDAY

ADS and YZ stand at the edge of the mountain ditch, now fully aware of the urgency of their situation. The fog lifts slightly, giving them a brief window to see the increasing water level in the river, flowing faster than before.

ADS, gripping his water flask, refills it at the river's edge. As he takes a few sips, he looks toward the horizon, noticing the dark clouds gathering ominously.

ADS ;

pointing to the river

The river's current is getting stronger, YZ. And those clouds... it's going to rain soon. If we don't move fast, we'll be stuck here even longer. Rinpoche – Baba was right.

He gestures towards the steep right side of the mountain, indicating the dangerous route.

ADS ;

steadfast, looking at YZ

This is the only way. We can't cross that river; the current will swallow us.

YZ, still hesitant, looks toward the opposite side of the river. The path there seems easier, less treacherous.

YZ ;

gesturing towards the other side

That route looks safer. The river's rising, but we could find an easier path along the other side. We don't need to risk our lives on that steep climb.

ADS ;

shakes his head, firm in his stance

It's not worth the risk. Even if we can get across the river, the current will drag us. We have to trust the Monk's advice. The right path is harder, but it's the only way to survive.

There's a moment of silence as YZ takes in the words. His mind races, torn between the instinct to take the safer route and the lingering respect for Rinpoche's wisdom. He looks at ADS—his resolve is clear, the soldier in him not willing to let the chance for survival slip away.

YZ ;

with a reluctant sigh, but nodding slowly

Fine. We follow your way, Major. I trust you. But if we fail, I'll hold you accountable.

ADS ;

grinning slightly, nodding in agreement

We both will, YZ. But we won't fail. Not now.

They both turn toward the steep mountain route. The tension is palpable as they prepare to ascend. YZ glances at the sky, the clouds swirling ominously. The wind picks up, signalling the storm's arrival.

ADS ;

mutters to himself

Let's get out of here.

Scene 25

EXT – MID JUNE 2020, GALWAN VALLEY MOUNTAIN SLOPE, LAC - LADAKH SECTOR

DAY 3 - AFTERNOON - WEDNESDAY

ADS and YZ, fully aware of the approaching storm and the urgency to leave, quickly begin gathering their belongings, focusing on whatever might aid them in the dangerous climb ahead. Their movements are precise, each knowing that any delay could mean disaster.

YZ ;

scanning the area

The fishing net... I saw it by the river earlier. It might come in handy.

He walks briskly to the river's edge, reaching down to pull the old, tangled fishing net from the water. The net is rugged, yet sturdy. He rolls it up and returns to ADS, who is busy organizing their other tools.

ADS ;

examining the net

We can use this as a short rope. It's not much, but it's something.

As YZ hands him the fishing net, ADS pulls out the long woolen rope made from Rinpoche's shawl. It's heavy, but durable. ADS tests it by tugging on it, satisfied with its strength.

ADS ;

holding the woollen rope up

This might be our key to getting up that slope. It's stronger than it looks.

They both lay out the items they've gathered: the woollen rope, the fishing net converted to a short rope, their basic military gear—axes, helmets, gloves, sickles, snow glasses, and a Swiss knife set—all neatly arranged and ready for use. They exchange a look of quiet determination.

YZ ;

smiling faintly as he picks up the military sickle

This should be useful for cutting through the rough terrain, if nothing else.

ADS ;

grinning

Let's hope it does more than that.

They quickly tie the woollen rope around a nearby boulder for stability, securing it tightly. The fishing net is looped around the other end, reinforcing their makeshift climbing gear. The weight of their packs is lighter now, but the climb ahead is heavy in their minds.

YZ ;

adjusting his gloves

We're going to need all the strength we have left to make it up.

ADS ;

nods, scanning the steep incline

We're not backing down now. We've got what we need.

As they finalize their preparations, the shadows of the afternoon grow longer, the air growing colder as the storm draws closer. The mountain looms before them, its cliffs steep and daunting. But with their combined resources, they feel a new sense of resolve.

ADS ;

looking at YZ, determination in his eyes

Let's move. Before the rain hits.

With a final glance at the items they've gathered, they begin the ascent, the heavy woollen rope secured, their gear ready for the gruelling climb ahead. The storm is fast approaching, but so is their chance at survival.

Scene 26

EXT – MID JUNE 2020, GALWAN VALLEY MOUNTAIN SLOPE CLIMBING, LAC - LADAKH SECTOR

DAY 3 - AFTERNOON - WEDNESDAY

The climb is gruelling, each step a battle against the harsh terrain and their own exhaustion. Both ADS and YZ push themselves harder than they ever thought possible. The slope grows steeper, the air thinner, and the weight of the gear seems to double with each uphill move.

They pause only once they reach a small flat area—what could be considered a base camp of sorts. It's just a momentary respite, a brief break before the real challenge lies ahead: the steep cliff that they must conquer to escape the valley.

Both collapse onto the ground, their bodies drenched in sweat and covered in dirt. They sit there for a moment, their breath heavy, their muscles screaming in protest. They exchange exhausted glances, neither of them speaking. The quiet of the mountain surrounding them feels heavier now, the vastness almost oppressive.

Suddenly, they hear it. The unmistakable sound of a walking stick tapping against the rocks—a slow, rhythmic sound, as if someone is moving steadily toward them. Their eyes widen in surprise.

ADS ;

whispering, eyes scanning the surroundings

It's... it's the same sound.

They both spring to their feet, instinctively looking around for any sign of the figure they met yesterday—the Rinpoche, the monk who had guided them with such wisdom and seemingly miraculous help.

But as they look around, there is nothing. No sign of Rinpoche, no footprints, no trail. The mountainside is as silent and empty as ever.

YZ ;

confused, looking around

Where... where did he go?

ADS;

shaking his head, frustrated

I don't know. It doesn't make sense. He was just here.

They stand motionless for a moment, the sound of the walking stick now gone, replaced by the stillness of the wind. There's nothing but the mountain, their bodies, and the heavy weight of uncertainty hanging in the air.

YZ;

quietly

Was he real? Or... was he just a ghost of this place?

ADS ;

looking toward the distant peaks, determination in his voice

Doesn't matter. Whether he was real or not... we've got a job to do. We get out of here, or we die trying.

They both take a deep breath, their exhaustion momentarily pushed aside. With one final look around, they gather their gear and prepare to face the last leg of the climb—the steep, dangerous cliff that awaits them. Whatever the monk's purpose was, they know one thing for certain now: they must rely on each other to survive, no matter how impossible it seems.

ADS ;

eyes focused, resolute

Let's move. We've come too far to stop now.

Scene 27

EXT – MID JUNE 2020, GALWAN VALLEY MOUNTAIN BASE CAMP, LAC - LADAKH SECTOR

DAY 3 - LATE EVENING - WEDNESDAY

The air is thin, the sun setting over the jagged mountain peaks, casting long shadows over the exhausted soldiers. Both ADS and YZ are back at the base camp, their bodies battered, their minds weary. They collapse onto the cold, hard ground, staring up at the sky. The vastness above them seems endless, almost suffocating, as if the whole mountain is watching their struggle.

After a long moment, ADS stirs. He pulls out his wallet from his jacket, opens it carefully, and looks at the photograph inside. It's a picture of his wife and three-year-old son, smiling, full of life, the warmth of family captured in an instant. His eyes soften, the tension from days of hardship giving way to a wave of emotion.

His eyes glisten with unshed tears, but he doesn't let them fall. He swallows hard, trying to keep control, yet there's an undeniable heaviness in his heart. The thought of his family back home in Jhansi, India, drives him forward, even in the face of death.

ADS ;

voice soft, almost to himself

I... I need to get back to them. I need to see them again.

YZ, who had been watching ADS quietly, shifts. He stands up slowly, his expression unreadable. With his head slightly down, he reaches into his own trouser pocket and pulls out a small, weathered photo. It's of his parents holding him as a child, a rare moment of innocence. He holds it up to ADS, his eyes reflecting a mixture of pride and sorrow.

YZ ;

gesturing, voice low

Family. My parents. They're waiting for me too.

ADS looks at the picture for a moment, recognizing the same vulnerability in YZ that he feels within himself. For the first time, the divide between the two soldiers seems to vanish. It's not about countries, borders, or politics anymore—it's about something much deeper, something every human understands: the need to survive for those they love.

ADS ;

looking at YZ's picture, his voice filled with a quiet sincerity

We both need to get back. For them. For our families.

There's a long silence between them, the weight of unspoken understanding hanging in the air. They both know the gravity of their situation, but this shared moment of humanity gives them a renewed strength.

YZ ;

in a quiet, determined voice

Tomorrow, we climb. We make it through. Together.

ADS nods. They both understand the path ahead is fraught with danger, but it's the only choice they have. They need to rest now—gather their strength for the treacherous climb that awaits them.

ADS ;

softly, resolutely

Tomorrow. We do this together.

They settle down for the night, the cold of the mountain creeping into their bones. But despite the exhaustion, despite the weight of their circumstances, they find a moment of peace in their shared resolve. The emotional connection between them grows stronger, a bond forged not in battle, but in the raw, unyielding desire to return home.

The camera pulls back, showing the two soldiers lying next to each other under the vast, star-filled sky. The silence is profound, yet the flicker of hope burns bright between them. Tomorrow is a new day, and together, they will face whatever it brings.

Scene 28

EXT – MID JUNE 2020, GALWAN VALLEY MOUNTAIN BASE CAMP / WALKING UP THE STEEP MOUNTAIN, LAC - LADAKH SECTOR

DAY 4 - MORNING - THURSDAY

The first rays of morning break through the clouds, casting a golden hue over the rugged mountain landscape. A fresh wind blows, bringing with it a sense of possibility, a glimmer of hope after the harrowing days that have passed. The sun rises over the valley, and with it, a new determination in the hearts of both soldiers.

ADS and YZ stand side by side, their eyes focused on the steep, daunting climb ahead. There's no more arguing, no more hesitation—just the shared goal of surviving, of getting

home. They begin their ascent in tandem, their steps synchronized despite the grueling terrain.

The mountain path is treacherous, filled with loose rocks and dangerous drops. As they move upward, the ground beneath them shifts, and they both struggle to maintain their footing. YZ, with his nimble agility, uses his skills to navigate the more difficult spots, carefully picking his way along the edge of the mountain. Meanwhile, ADS draws on his strength and courage, pushing through the pain of exhaustion, his muscles aching but his resolve unshaken.

The camera shows the two men, determined, as they work together to tackle the sheer cliffs ahead. They help each other, offering words of encouragement and silent gestures. YZ, seeing ADS falter on a particularly steep section, reaches out with the fish net rope they had fashioned earlier. He carefully throws it across a gap, allowing ADS to grab hold and regain his balance.

But as they continue, disaster strikes. YZ, slipping on the loose rocks, loses his footing and begins to fall. His eyes widen in fear as he tumbles toward the edge of the cliff. In a desperate move, ADS leaps forward, extending his hand just in time to grab YZ by the arm. The two men hang precariously, the drop below them a dizzying abyss.

ADS ;

gritting his teeth

Hold on!

With all his strength, ADS pulls YZ back onto solid ground, the woollen rope secured around them both. The near-fatal fall is avoided, but the danger is far from over. They stand there for a moment, breathless, both staring at each other with a mix of disbelief and gratitude. They have both saved each other's lives—again.

The music starts to play softly in the background, the gentle strums of the guitar beginning the Mukhda and building into Antara 1, symbolizing the bond between them. The melody carries a sense of unity, of two individuals overcoming their differences and working together to face the unimaginable.

They share a quiet, meaningful look, both aware of the bond that has formed between them through their shared struggle. With renewed strength, they press on, tackling the dangerous path ahead together.

The scene continues as they climb higher, the music swelling in the background. The mountain itself seems to challenge them, but they are no longer the same men who started

this journey. Each step forward is a testament to their survival, to the growing camaraderie and respect between them. The song's chorus lifts them, its rhythm matching their pace as they move toward the summit.

CUT TO:

The camera pulls back to reveal the vast, towering peaks of the mountains ahead, as the two soldiers continue their climb, side by side, determined to make it through the last stretch of their perilous journey.

Scene 29

EXT – MID JUNE 2020, GALWAN VALLEY MOUNTAIN SUMMIT, LAC - LADAKH SECTOR

DAY 4 - AFTERNOON - THURSDAY

The camera opens on the vast, breath-taking view from the summit. The wind howls, the only sound cutting through the silence of the high-altitude wilderness. The sun is now high in the sky, casting harsh shadows over the jagged terrain.

ADS and YZ have made it—against all odds, they've reached the top of the mountain. Their bodies are battered, their clothes torn, faces streaked with dirt and sweat. Their eyes, however, are filled with a mix of relief, exhaustion, and triumph.

With a final push, they each make their way to the summit, staggering as they pull themselves up. As they reach the top, they fall flat onto the cold, rocky ground, breathing heavily, their chest rising and falling with every laborious breath. They lie there for a moment, staring at the sky above, their minds processing the magnitude of their achievement.

ADS ;

breathing heavily, half-laughing

We made it...

YZ ;

exhales sharply, struggling to catch his breath

In disbelief

I... I never thought we would.

They both stare at the endless expanse before them—the peaks and valleys stretching out in all directions. Their bodies are sore, their strength nearly spent, but there is a sense of victory in the air. The mountain has challenged them in every way, but together they’ve conquered it.

ADS ;

after a moment of silence, his voice softer

You know... this is... a moment I never thought I’d see.

YZ ;

turns his head to look at ADS, his tone quiet but sincere

We’re alive... pauses ...and that’s all that matters now.

For a brief moment, there is no animosity, no rivalry. There is just the shared reality of two men who have survived against the odds. They’ve crossed barriers—physical and emotional—and have learned something vital about themselves and each other.

They take a moment to rest, allowing the rush of adrenaline to wear off. The scene is silent except for the distant whistle of the wind. The only sounds now are their heavy breaths and the soft rustle of the cold mountain air.

ADS ;

looking up at the sky

We’ll make it. We just need to keep going.

YZ ;

nods, staring ahead, his expression thoughtful

Yes... we will.

A brief moment passes as they both gather themselves, their fatigue not enough to break the silent bond that’s now formed between them. They sit up, exchange a brief look, and prepare for the journey ahead. They both know there’s more to be done. The true test isn’t over yet, but for now, they’ve found a small victory at the top of the world.

The music gently rises in the background, a soft, hopeful melody as they both rise to their feet, ready to face the next challenge together. The camera lingers on the expansive view before them—an open world of possibilities, a stark contrast to the cold, barren rock they’ve just conquered.

Scene 30

EXT – MID JUNE 2020, GALWAN VALLEY MOUNTAIN SUMMIT, LAC - LADAKH SECTOR

DAY 4 - AFTERNOON – THURSDAY

The air is still and quiet, the weight of the climb finally starting to catch up with them. ADS and YZ, bruised and exhausted, lie for a few moments, eyes closed, letting the moment of victory settle in.

Suddenly, the faint sound of a flute begins to drift through the crisp mountain air. It's soothing, almost ethereal, and it feels like a gentle whisper to their souls. The soft, soulful music contrasts sharply with the harsh environment, bringing an unexpected sense of calm.

As they listen, the unmistakable scent of smoke drifts toward them—wood burning, crackling, a comforting warmth that stands in stark contrast to the cold around them.

ADS ;

eyes snap open, looking toward YZ

Do you hear that?

YZ ;

nods, looking around cautiously

The flute... and smoke... it's coming from over there.

The song 2 Antara plays in the background.

They exchange a quick glance, a silent agreement between them. Despite their exhaustion, the mystery of the sounds pulls them forward. Slowly, they begin to drag themselves up, moving with heavy steps, half-standing, half-crawling, their limbs shaking from the strain. They push on, the sound of the flute getting louder, the smell of fire stronger.

After what feels like an eternity, they finally reach the source of the music and the smoke.

The camera reveals Rinpoche – Baba / Monk, seated comfortably near a small fire, a serene smile on his face. He's playing his flute with a calm grace, clearly unfazed by the cold, as if he's at home in the wilderness. The fire crackles merrily beside him, sending small embers into the air.

Both ADS and YZ pause, caught in a moment of disbelief. They are taken aback by his sudden presence and the peaceful scene before them. The fire feels almost magical in the harsh mountain climate, and they instinctively move closer to the warmth.

ADS ;

his voice hoarse from exhaustion, a bit surprised

How... how did you get here?

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk

without missing a beat, continues playing the flute, a soft, knowing smile playing on his lips
in a calm, sarcastic tone

I've been here longer than you think. This is my land, after all.

The camera lingers on Rinpoche, who seems unaffected by the exhausting journey they've just endured. His presence is both grounding and slightly enigmatic, as if he had always known this moment would come.

YZ ;

looks at Rinpoche, still in disbelief

But... how? The climb... the path...

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk

stops playing for a moment, looking at them with wise eyes

Sometimes, the path is not the challenge. The journey is. You both needed to learn to trust yourselves... and each other.

He resumes playing the flute, and ADS and YZ are finally able to relax, letting the warmth of the fire seep into their frozen bones. The background song Antara 2 begins, its poignant melody matching the mood of this surreal, yet serene moment. The words of the song echo the themes of survival, unity, and reflection that have marked their journey so far.

As ADS and YZ warm themselves by the fire, they exchange a brief look—a silent acknowledgment of how far they've come, not just physically, but emotionally.

The camera pulls back slowly, leaving them in the comforting glow of the fire, the soothing sound of the flute floating through the air, and the mountain landscape unfolding around them.

Scene 31

EXT – MID JUNE 2020, GALWAN VALLEY MOUNTAIN SUMMIT, LAC - LADAKH SECTOR

DAY 4 - AFTERNOON – THURSDAY

The fire crackles gently, and Rinpoche – Baba / Monk sits cross-legged, the warmth of the flames contrasting with the biting cold around them. ADS and YZ, now somewhat revived, sit beside him, still catching their breath, their bodies weary but their spirits lifting in the presence of this calm, wise figure.

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk

after a long pause, his tone shifting to one of quiet authority

You both have made it this far, but the journey is far from over. The road ahead is still long, and you are both far from the borders of your nations.

He looks at each of them, his gaze steady, as if seeing into the depths of their hearts.

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk

gesturing toward the horizon, where the mountain slopes lead off in opposite directions

I am heading further along, toward the path less travelled. But you, my soldiers, must choose your way. Your borders are in different directions.

He stands up slowly, his movements deliberate and graceful, as though he has all the time in the world. He picks up his walking stick, the lion-shaped carving at the top gleaming in the afternoon sun, and prepares to leave the warmth of the fire.

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk

with a soft smile, looking at both ADS and YZ

You can come with me. We will walk together, if you wish. But remember, your own paths will soon split. The journey will be different for each of you.

There is a quiet pause as ADS and YZ exchange glances, the weight of the decision settling in. They have shared so much over the past days, but now, the reality of their different allegiances comes into sharp focus.

ADS ;

his voice firm, though tired

We are grateful, Baba. But... we have our own paths to follow now.

YZ ;

nods slowly, a hint of sadness in his eyes

Yes. But... Thank you, for everything.

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk

smiles warmly, a knowing look in his eyes

It is not the path you walk that defines you, but how you walk it. Go well, both of you.

He gives a final nod, and with that, he turns away from them. His figure becomes smaller in the distance as he walks calmly into the vastness of the mountain landscape, fading into the fog and mist. The sound of his flute drifts back to them for a moment, then fades as he disappears from sight.

ADS and YZ, now alone, stand up. The weight of the decision presses on them. They know their paths will soon split, and yet, the bond they've formed in these mountains will remain, no matter the distance or the borders that lie ahead.

The wind picks up slightly, and the sun begins to dip lower in the sky, casting long shadows across the summit.

ADS ;

to YZ, with a sense of finality

We may be enemies, but we have come through this together. Remember that.

YZ ;

looks at ADS with a quiet nod

I will.

They both stand there for a moment, lost in their thoughts, as the sound of the wind fills the silence around them. The journey they've shared has changed them, and while the future remains uncertain, one thing is clear: they will never forget the lessons learned in these mountains.

The camera pulls away slowly, showing the vast expanse of the valley below them, the two men standing on the summit, looking in opposite directions, their paths diverging but forever shaped by the experience they've shared.

ADS ; Let us follow Baba, it might be wise decision.

YZ ; Nod his head, saying yes

Both immediately follow Baba / Monk and catch up with him, before he is out of sight and lost.

Scene 32

EXT – MID JUNE 2020, GALWAN VALLEY MOUNTAIN PATH / ABANDONED POST, ALONG THE LAC - LADAKH SECTOR

DAY 4 - AFTERNOON – THURSDAY

The three of them trek further along the narrow mountain path, the air cooler now as the sun begins its descent behind the peaks. Rinpoche – Baba / Monk leads the way, with ADS and YZ following closely behind.

After a long walk, they arrive at an abandoned outpost, tucked away amidst the jagged rocks and sparse vegetation. The structure appears old and weathered, as if long forgotten. Dust settles in the corners of broken windows, and the wind howls through the empty space, causing some loose debris to skitter across the ground. The place seems eerie, yet peaceful, a ghostly reminder of past struggles.

ADS ;

pauses and looks around, cautiously

This... this looks like an Indian post. I can see the remnants of some equipment—broken radio parts, discarded maps. It feels like it was left in a hurry.

YZ ;

eyes narrowing, pointing to a few objects scattered on the ground

No, this is definitely a Chinese post. These are military supplies—uniforms, tools. It's clear this is our territory.

They both crouch down near a broken crate, each picking up pieces of discarded material and inspecting them closely. Their voices rise in intensity as they argue about the post's origins, each convinced that their side's presence is marked in the abandoned remnants.

ADS ;

holding up a torn piece of cloth, examining it carefully

This is Indian military gear—I'm sure of it!

YZ ;

shaking his head

No, this is Chinese. These are standard-issue items. You can see the markings clearly.

The debate continues to escalate, with neither willing to back down. Rinpoche – Baba / Monk watches them with a serene smile, his eyes twinkling with amusement at their stubbornness. He stands apart, leaning casually on his wooden walking stick, as though enjoying the humor in the situation.

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk

in a calm, teasing tone

Ah, such fierce debates over ownership. Do you think these old walls care whose flags once flew above them? The past is behind you now.

ADS ;

turns to him, exasperated

But Baba, this post—whose was it?

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk

chuckles softly

The post belongs to no one now. The land, however, belongs to the mountains. And these walls? They simply bear witness to the stories of many, not just one.

YZ ;

in a softer tone, beginning to reflect

It doesn't matter, does it?

Rinpoche's smile widens as he watches them, sensing their realization. Both ADS and YZ fall silent for a moment, taking in his words. The argument, so charged just moments ago, now seems insignificant in the face of what they have come to understand. The post is a symbol of the impermanence of conflict, a relic of the past that holds no real meaning now.

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk

with a sense of quiet wisdom

The land will remain long after you and I are gone. The mountains do not care who we are or where we come from. They only care how we treat each other, for we are but fleeting guests in their home.

As the wind picks up again, carrying the scent of the wild, ADS and YZ exchange a look. Their earlier tension has dissolved into a shared understanding, their differences now blurred in the face of a greater truth.

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk

gesturing to the horizon, his voice carrying gently in the wind

You may continue your journey tomorrow. The path is long, but you are not alone. Not while the mountains watch over you. Take rest tonight and start your onwards journey.

With that, Rinpoche – Baba / Monk takes one look at them and begins to walk towards inside of the post, preparing to make himself comfortable for the night ahead. ADS and YZ watch him go, each lost in thought as they prepare to follow their separate paths next day morning, once again, the lesson of the post echoing in their minds.

Scene 33

EXT – MID JUNE 2020, GALWAN VALLEY ABANDONED POST, ALONG THE LAC - LADAKH SECTOR

DAY 4 - AFTERNOON – THURSDAY

Inside the abandoned post, ADS and YZ sit by a low fire, their faces illuminated by the flickering light. The harsh mountain winds have been replaced by a quiet calm inside. The warmth from the fire is a welcome relief. They both remove their heavy outer jackets, revealing their plain T-shirts underneath. Their bodies, worn and battered from the gruelling climb, are beginning to relax as they settle in.

As they adjust to the peace and warmth, Rinpoche – Baba / Monk remains standing by the fire, his expression now serious, his brow furrowed. He watches them for a moment before speaking in a tone that cuts through the silence.

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk

with quiet intensity

Why is the world fighting each other? Why does every nation believe it must destroy the other? Technology, God's greatest gift to humanity, is being used to harm rather than to heal. You've invented the means to destroy, but you've forgotten the power to build.

He pauses, looking down at the fire, his voice growing heavier with each word.

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk

more sombre

The world is facing a catastrophe, a pandemic that is affecting everyone. COVID-19 is not a war fought with bombs and bullets—it's a fight for survival, for life itself. You, with your minds and your technology, you should be working to solve such calamities. Not waging war. Find a cure. Find a vaccine. Save mankind, for that is the true victory.

Both ADS and YZ sit still, listening intently. Their faces soften as the weight of Rinpoche's words sinks in. The fire crackles in the background, a stark contrast to the deep stillness that has settled over them.

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk

shifting his gaze to them, with a quiet smile

Tomorrow, you will both walk to your respective freedom. You will walk your path, guided by the choices you make. And the directions you choose will be the ones that lead you back home.

He looks toward the door, where the fading light of the day spills in from the outside, signalling the end of their brief respite.

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk

with a finality in his voice

But remember this: Freedom is not just a place you return to. It is a state of mind, a choice of how you live your life.

With that, Rinpoche – Baba / Monk turns and walks toward the side corner of the outpost, which still has good roof cover.

ADS & YZ left with too many things to ponder over. ADS and YZ exchange a long, meaningful glance, the weight of the conversation settling in their hearts as they contemplate the journey ahead tomorrow morning.

The fire continues to crackle, its warmth still comforting, but the words spoken by Rinpoche – Baba / Monk linger in the air, unanswered but deeply felt.

Scene 34

EXT – MID JUNE 2020, GALWAN VALLEY ABANDONED POST, ALONG THE LAC - LADAKH SECTOR

DAY 4 - EVENING – THURSDAY

As the words of Rinpoche – Baba / Monk hang in the air, a distant sound slowly grows louder—the unmistakable whirl of helicopter rotors slicing through the cold mountain air. The hum builds into a deafening roar as it approaches.

ADS and YZ exchange tense glances, their instincts immediately on high alert. The peaceful atmosphere of the abandoned post is suddenly shattered by the noise, and their hearts race as the helicopter draws closer.

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk, sensing the impending danger, calmly gestures toward the far corner of the room. His tone is steady but urgent.

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk

with a calm but firm voice

Find cover. Quickly. Stay low and make yourselves comfortable in the corner. It's better to stay out of sight.

Both ADS and YZ scramble, moving swiftly toward the far side of the post. Their bodies are sore, but adrenaline takes over as they crouch low behind what little debris remains in the abandoned outpost. Their breath is shallow, eyes darting to the entrance as the sound of the helicopter grows louder.

The wind outside picks up, sending dust and debris swirling around the post. Through the window, they see the helicopter hovering overhead, its shadow passing over them like a predator searching for its prey. The helicopter's rotors whip through the air, sending a harsh, shrill sound into the stillness.

The post is under attack.

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk stands near the window, his expression serene, as if he's seen this all before. His calm demeanour contrasts sharply with the panic rising in ADS and YZ. He raises his hand, signalling them to remain still.

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk

softly but reassuringly

Stay still. Do not make a sound. This too shall pass.

The helicopter hovers above for a moment, the thudding noise deafening. It pauses in the air, surveying the outpost, before lowering in an attempt to land. The sound intensifies as the craft moves closer to the outpost, and the tension in the room is palpable.

ADS and YZ, hearts pounding, exchange a final look. They wait, holding their breath, as the dark figure of the helicopter looms closer. The fate of the abandoned post, and their survival, hangs in the balance.

The camera lingers on their faces—sweating, tense, but resolute—awaiting the next move as the helicopter's descent continues.

Scene 35

EXT – MID JUNE 2020, GALWAN VALLEY ABANDONED POST, ALONG THE LAC - LADAKH SECTOR

DAY 4 - EVENING – THURSDAY

The air is thick with tension. The sound of the helicopter's rotors echoes through the mountains, and the intensity of the attack escalates. The helicopter now hovers menacingly above the abandoned post, its presence more ominous than ever. The wind whips fiercely, pushing the dust and debris through the shattered windows of the post.

YZ, feeling a strange sense of hope that the helicopter might recognize him as one of their own, suddenly stands up, his gaze fixed on the helicopter above. He steps out of the cover, his movements calculated, hoping to be seen.

YZ ;

to himself, excitedly

This is it. They'll recognize me. I'll get out of here.

He waves frantically at the hovering craft, his figure small and desperate against the wide landscape. But as soon as his outstretched arm catches the helicopter's attention, the bombing and firing intensify, bullets spraying the ground in rapid succession. The blasts shake the earth beneath their feet, and YZ, panic setting in, realizes his mistake.

YZ ;

shouting in fear (running back into the outpost)

No! No, no!

He quickly turns and sprints back to the cover of the post, narrowly avoiding the blasts, his face filled with terror. He stumbles, falling to his knees, crawling back inside with the deafening noise of the helicopter still hovering dangerously above.

As YZ scrambles for safety, ADS, who has been watching from the inside, senses that the helicopter might be Indian, but isn't sure. Feeling compelled to check, he stands up, his eyes squinting at the helicopter, weighing his options.

ADS ;

whispers to himself

Could it be Indian?

Believing that it might be his chance, ADS cautiously steps outside, careful to stay low, hoping to catch a glimpse of the helicopter's markings or any sign of who is operating it. But the moment ADS steps into the open, the helicopter turns sharply, its guns firing wildly in his direction.

ADS ;

shouting

Get down!

With his heart racing, ADS dashes for cover behind a compound wall, narrowly avoiding the deadly barrage of bullets. He presses his back against the rough stone, breathing heavily, his mind racing with thoughts of survival. The helicopter continues to circle, determined to flush them out.

ADS, heart pounding, stays motionless, his eyes scanning for any potential escape route. The helicopter hovers ominously, but for the moment, ADS is safe behind the wall. He knows that they must stay hidden and wait for the perfect opportunity to move.

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk

quietly from behind

The world has forgotten how to stop. There is only destruction now.

ADS remains silent, acknowledging the truth in Rinpoche's words. Both he and YZ are caught in a deadly game of survival, unaware of who is above them, or who might strike next. The helicopter is relentless, and the threat is still very much real.

The camera lingers on ADS, watching him take a deep breath, his expression hardened with resolve. The sound of the helicopter's rotors becomes a constant reminder of how fragile their survival is.

Scene 36

EXT – MID JUNE 2020, GALWAN VALLEY ABANDONED POST, ALONG THE LAC - LADAKH SECTOR

DAY 4 - EVENING GETTING DARK – THURSDAY

As the helicopter continues to hover ominously over the abandoned post, the tension in the air is palpable. The once-quiet mountains now reverberate with the sound of gunfire and explosions. ADS and YZ remain hidden, their breaths shallow as the threat above looms.

The helicopter's radio crackles, a loud message suddenly piercing through the silence. It is in a strange, urgent mix of Urdu, Pashto, and Hindi dialects. The transmission is loud and clear, as if the speakers are intentionally making sure the message is heard by everyone within range.

RADIO TRANSMISSION (in Urdu/Pashto/Hindi dialect):

Kafirs (Infidels) are noticed back at the Indian abandoned post 1413...

Blow up the Indian post. Leave no trace.

Flatten the place, repeat blow the outpost.

Don't land, it's getting dark. Thereafter return to base immediately.

The message hangs in the air, full of grim determination. ADS and YZ, already on edge, exchange worried glances as the full weight of the situation sinks in. There is no ambiguity now — the helicopter is part of a much larger mission, and the abandoned post is now marked for total annihilation.

With a sudden roar, the helicopter makes a long, sweeping turn and approaches the post again. It's clear that the mission is to destroy everything — there will be no survivors, no evidence left behind.

The helicopter dives low, its heavy bombing making the very ground shake beneath them. Explosions rock the area, sending debris flying in all directions. The abandoned post — the last remnants of what was once a strategic location — is utterly flattened in an instant.

ADS and YZ press themselves against the wall of the compound, the ground shaking with each explosion, their faces reflecting the shock and horror of what they are witnessing. The intensity of the bombing is relentless, as though the entire mountain range is being scorched.

ADS ;

in disbelief, whispering

They're... they're blowing it all up.

ADS clenches his fists, his mind racing. The destruction is total, and there's nothing left of the post — just charred rubble and smouldering ruins. They realize they are now completely cut off, with the once-hopeful post now a distant memory.

The helicopter circles overhead once more, its presence a grim reminder of the violence unfolding around them. As it begins to climb higher into the darkening sky, the noise of its rotors slowly fades, leaving only the eerie silence of the aftermath.

Both ADS and YZ exchange a long, heavy look. The reality of their situation is stark. They are stranded, isolated, and now, they are the only ones left to survive in a land where survival seems increasingly impossible.

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk, still calm, looks at them both, his face unreadable. The sounds of the distant helicopter fade, but the weight of the situation lingers.

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk

softly, with a knowing gaze

The world destroys itself in the name of victory. But there is no victory in destruction... only in survival.

The camera lingers on ADS and YZ, their expressions sombre as the sun has set. The world around them is changing, and as darkness falls, they realize that the challenges ahead will be far more difficult than anything they have faced so far.

The battle for survival has only just begun.

Scene 37

EXT – MID JUNE 2020, GALWAN VALLEY ABANDONED POST, ALONG THE LAC - LADAKH SECTOR

DAY 4 - ALMOST NIGHT – THURSDAY

The dust and smoke from the final bombing still hang thick in the air, but Rinpoche – Baba / Monk has already managed to pull ADS and YZ to safety. They are now behind a jagged rock formation, looking back at the now destroyed post.

The night has almost fallen, but the sense of urgency and tension is palpable. The air is cold and still, the silence almost oppressive. Rinpoche – Baba / Monk stands before them, his face calm but his words heavy.

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk

in a low, deliberate voice

You are alive only because I got to you in time. The world you know is not the one you see now. Someone out there... someone powerful... wants both of you dead. They want your countries to keep fighting each other. That is what they feed on — war, weapon, death, division.

He pauses, allowing his words to sink in. ADS and YZ exchange a glance, still processing the enormity of the situation.

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk

turns to face them, his voice firmer now

Time you both understood who your real friend is... and who your enemy truly is. It is not just the man with a gun pointing at you. It is the invisible forces, the ones who play their games in the shadows. The ones who use you as pawns in their war. You fight for them, but you don't know it. You are fighting their battles.

ADS ;

with a mix of disbelief and frustration

But we're soldiers, we follow orders. We don't know who these "forces" are.

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk

smiling softly, almost knowingly

Exactly. You follow orders. But orders come from those who have never seen the face of war. Those who send you to kill, but never risk their own lives. You fight each other, while they thrive in the chaos. It is time for you to see beyond the battlefield. To understand that war is a lie — a lie that costs lives, while those who instigate it remain safe.

ADS ;

with a confused, hesitant tone

Then... what should we do? How do we stop it?

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk looks at ADS and YZ, his eyes filled with a quiet wisdom, as if he has been carrying this burden for a lifetime.

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk

with a deep breath

You survive. You find your way back to your countries, but not as soldiers... as human beings. As men who have seen the truth. The world needs you, both of you. You carry the future, if you can find a way to make them understand. The path is hard, but if you walk it together... you will have a chance to change something. The choice is yours.

As he speaks, the camera slowly zooms in on ADS and YZ, their faces etched with realization and a shared sense of purpose. For the first time, they seem to understand that their journey is not just about surviving — it's about something far greater.

The camera pulls back, showing the vast, desolate landscape around them. The night is descending, but in this darkness, there is a faint glimmer of hope.

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk

softly, almost a whisper

The enemy is not the man in front of you. The real enemy is the one who divides you.

The wind howls as the camera pans over the ruins of the abandoned post, now just a shell of what it once was. Rinpoche – Baba / Monk steps away, leaving ADS and YZ to contemplate their next move, knowing that whatever lies ahead will not be easy — but it will be their choice.

FADE OUT.

Scene 38

**EXT / INT – MID JUNE 2020, GALWAN VALLEY ABANDONED POST / BUNKER, ALONG
THE LAC - LADAKH SECTOR**

DAY 4 - NIGHT – THURSDAY

As the night deepens, the wind howls through the broken remains of the abandoned Indian outpost. The sounds of distant helicopters and occasional fire fade into the background as Rinpoche – Baba / Monk gestures for ADS and YZ to follow him. He leads them to the corner of the compound, where the hidden bunker lies, almost invisible in the dark.

The bunker is cleverly concealed, with a roof and walls camouflaged to blend in with the terrain. Only someone familiar with the area — someone like Rinpoche – Baba / Monk — could find it.

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk moves swiftly and with purpose. He approaches a spot on the ground, covered by what looks like carpet-like material, and easily pulls it back to reveal an old, worn metal latch beneath.

Without hesitation, he opens the latch, revealing an open well-style entrance to the bunker. It's narrow, dark, and seemingly forgotten by time.

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk

turning to ADS and YZ, calm but urgent

This is the safest place for now to spend the night . We must move quickly.

ADS and YZ, both exhausted and wary, exchange looks of confusion but follow Rinpoche's lead without question.

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk

pointing down toward the entrance

We'll be out of sight. It's hidden well. But stay quiet, and be ready for whatever comes.

Without further delay, Rinpoche – Baba / Monk swiftly orders them to jump into the bunker which is 12-15 feet below with instruction to step aside after the jump, making way for person jumping next. ADS follows first, his military training taking over as he instinctively slides down, followed by YZ, who hesitates for a moment but then jumps down too. Baba is down without anyone noticing being the third one to jump in, disappearing into the darkness below.

They land softly on the floor, the echo of their movements muted by the damp, stone walls. As their eyes adjust to the low light, they see Rinpoche – Baba / Monk already settled,

sitting cross-legged in the far corner, his face calm, almost meditative. The stark contrast between the chaos outside and the peacefulness inside the bunker is palpable.

Once inside, the bunker is cramped but provides much-needed shelter from the external dangers. There's a faint smell of old, damp earth, mixed with the musty scent of time and forgotten history. It's dimly lit by a small oil lamp hanging in the corner. The lamp are useless.

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk

in a soft but firm voice

We rest here. Tomorrow will be the next step.

ADS and YZ, still shaken by the events of the day, remain standing for a moment, absorbing the calm around them.

There is a long silence as they slowly lower their gear and sit against the wall, trying to catch their breath. The air is thick with anticipation, the weight of the day's journey settling in.

The sounds of the night outside grow fainter, and the peaceful flickering of the oil lamp casts soft shadows on the walls, as they reflect on the journey ahead.

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk

whispering

Rest. For tomorrow... the path to freedom continues.

The camera lingers for a moment on the three figures sitting in the dim light — the Indian soldier, the Chinese soldier, and the mysterious monk — each lost in their thoughts, the weight of their countries' conflicts heavy in the air, but now for the first time, united by a shared goal.

Scene 39

INT – MID JUNE 2020, GALWAN VALLEY BUNKER, ALONG THE LAC - LADAKH SECTOR

DAY 4 - NIGHT – THURSDAY

The aftermath of the bombing is still heavy in the air. The outpost above them lies in ruins, a smouldering pile of debris. ADS and YZ sit inside the bunker, sheltered from the chaos

outside but still processing the events. The darkness inside the bunker is almost suffocating.

Both ADS and YZ fumble for their torches, their hands shaking slightly. The dim light flickers for a moment before the beams cut through the gloom. They quickly scan the space, trying to make sense of their surroundings in the low light.

ADS ;

whispering, holding his torch steady

We need to find something to light this place up.

They try finding some torch, battery lamp inside the Bunker. After some search they lay hands on to battery torch. Which start after some effort with rubbing it's battery. They move cautiously through the space, carefully stepping over various old materials scattered around. YZ stumbles upon a lamp tucked away under some tattered cloth. He lifts it carefully, his eyes scanning for the battery. After a few tense moments, he finds what they need, and together, they insert the battery into the lamp.

The lamp flickers to life, casting a soft glow around the bunker. The light reveals a small, simple space, made of stone and earth, with just enough room for the three of them. The air is cool and smells of dust, but the lamp's light brings a sense of warmth to the otherwise cold, damp air.

ADS ;

still scanning the space, trying to adjust

It's strange... everything feels so calm in here... after what we just went through.

quietly, almost to himself

Feels like we've crossed over to another world...

YZ ; Is nodding in affirmation to what ADS just said

They both turn to look at Rinpoche – Baba / Monk, who is sitting cross-legged in the corner, his demeanour unfazed by the chaos outside. He seems calm and at peace, almost in a meditative state, while the two soldiers, still breathing heavily, try to steady themselves after the bombardment.

The contrast between Rinpoche's tranquillity and their tension is stark. It's as if the Monk has mastered the ability to be at peace no matter the storm raging around him.

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk

without opening his eyes, calmly

It is always in the stillness that you find clarity.

ADS and YZ exchange a glance, their minds still racing with thoughts of the destruction above them. They both sit down near Rinpoche, still in disbelief over the sudden change in their circumstances.

ADS ;

quietly

How are you so calm? After everything... the bombing, the attacks...?

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk

opening his eyes slowly, looking at them both

The storm outside is nothing. It is the storm within that is dangerous. The world will always have chaos, but you must choose not to be swept away by it.

ADS ;

softly

You speak as though you've seen all this before...

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk

with a serene smile

I have seen much in my time. But I have learned that peace does not come from the outside world. It comes from within. The storm will pass, but your peace can endure.

YZ ;

slightly puzzled

How can we find peace, when everything around us is falling apart?

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk

pausing, then with a knowing look

When you are lost in the storm, it's easy to forget that there is still ground beneath your feet. Find your footing, and the storm will have no power over you.

ADS ;

reflecting on the words, to himself

Ground beneath your feet...

The lamp flickers gently, casting long shadows on the walls of the bunker. As the night continues, Rinpoche – Baba / Monk offers them silence, the kind that speaks louder than words. The calm presence of the Monk is a stark contrast to the tension of the outside world.

For a moment, the two soldiers, ADS and YZ, feel a sense of inner peace they hadn't experienced before, as they settle down into the warmth of the bunker, waiting for the dawn and the path ahead.

The camera slowly pans out, focusing on their faces, lit by the soft glow of the lamp, as they close their eyes, perhaps for the first time since their journey began, feeling a quiet sense of hope amid the uncertainty.

Scene 40

INT – MID JUNE 2020, GALWAN VALLEY BUNKER, ALONG THE LAC - LADAKH SECTOR

DAY 4 - NIGHT – THURSDAY

Inside the bunker, the glow of the lamp casts a soft, warm light over the trio. Rinpoche – Baba / Monk remains seated calmly in the corner, his serene expression almost giving off an aura of peace.

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk

calmly, with a small gesture

You must rest and replenish. Find what you need – food, drink, warmth.

ADS and YZ both nod, grateful for the pause in their long, gruelling journey. They begin to sift through the materials and supplies left behind in the bunker.

ADS pulls out a thick jacket, its fabric soft but sturdy. He checks its tag, surprised to find the words "Made in China" printed clearly on it. He furrows his brow, momentarily pausing as if to contemplate its significance.

ADS ;

quietly to himself, touching the tag

Made in China...

YZ, noticing this, pulls out a winter headgear from a small pile of gear. He holds it up to his face, testing the fit. On the inside, there's a tag that reads "Made in India."

YZ

with a hint of amusement, smirking slightly

Seems like we're both wearing each other's stuff.

The two soldiers look at each other, the weight of their respective national pride beginning to settle in. For a brief moment, the simple act of wearing each other's gear feels more significant than it should be. They stand in silence for a moment, staring at the labels on the items in their hands. The products suddenly feel like symbols of power, dominance, and status—as if the very act of possessing these items says something about their identity and allegiance.

ADS ;

half-smiling, still holding the jacket

Funny... when we're fighting, we never think about where our gear comes from.

YZ ;

with a slight chuckle

And now, it's like we're suddenly part of each other's world...

ADS ;

noticing a small package of dried fruits, and joking

Well, I wonder which country this one's from?

YZ walks over, taking a small can of beans from the shelf and examining it. He tilts it towards ADS with a half-smile. The label reads "Made in China" again.

YZ ;

with a grin

Looks like they've got us covered in every way.

ADS ;

chuckling, but with a hint of tension creeping into his voice

Well, maybe this is why we fight. All this... superiority... strength... and power. It's in the gear, in the food, in the land we both think is ours.

As ADS holds up the can of beans, he feels the weight of the conversation shifting. YZ, sensing the tension, quietly begins searching through more supplies. His actions slow as he looks over at ADS, the realization that they are both caught in a deeper web of national pride and competition dawning on him.

YZ ;

reflectively

Maybe that's what it's all about... dominance.

ADS ;

seriously, looking directly at YZ

We think we're in control... that we own everything, including each other. But when it comes down to it, none of this—gestures around—really matters.

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk, still seated in the corner, listens quietly, his gaze never leaving the two soldiers. A slight smile plays at the corners of his lips, as though he knew this moment would come.

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk

softly, as he watches them

The world may try to teach you strength, power, and pride. But in the end, you are not the things you wear or the flags you follow. You are the choices you make... and how you decide to live with them.

The words sink in slowly as ADS and YZ look at each other again, this time with a deeper understanding dawning between them. They share a quiet moment of reflection as they continue sorting through the supplies, the labels and tags now less important than the path they must walk together.

The tension of national pride slowly gives way to something more human—something beyond flags, gear, and borders.

They prepare for what lies ahead, not just as soldiers of opposing forces, but as two individuals bound by their shared struggle for survival.

Scene 41

INT – MID JUNE 2020, GALWAN VALLEY BUNKER, ALONG THE LAC - LADAKH SECTOR

DAY 4 - NIGHT – THURSDAY

Inside the bunker, the flickering lamp casts long shadows over the debris scattered around. ADS and YZ, their faces illuminated by the dim light, each hold a piece of shattered printed material—fragments of newspapers and magazines from their respective countries. The words on these papers seem to fuel the growing tension between them.

ADS flips through a magazine detailing China's betrayal in 1962, with photos and articles depicting the Chinese attack and betrayal of India's trust. The text describes how China used force to claim Indian territory, particularly Aksai Chin and parts of Arunachal Pradesh, and the torture of Indian prisoners in Chinese captivity.

ADS ;

his voice tight, furious

reads aloud

"...and after all that, the Chinese dare to claim Arunachal Pradesh as their own? The same China that betrayed India in 1962..."

YZ sifts through his own materials—a series of reports accusing India of siding with the US, blocking China's path in the UN, and supporting insurgency movements inside China. There are graphic depictions of protests, accusations of India's involvement in Tibetan insurgencies, and claims about Arunachal Pradesh being an Indian land grab.

YZ ;

flipping the pages violently

"...India helps sabotage China's economy, then accuses us of taking land? Look at this—*" gestures at a report "India's trying to claim our territory and backstab us!"

The tension in the bunker is palpable. As the men read through these adverse reports, the anger and betrayal felt by each of them is almost overwhelming. Their narratives about the other country's wrongdoings seem irreconcilable, each man's perception of the situation growing darker by the second. The reports fuel their hate as they begin to rise, unable to sit still.

ADS ;

eyes wide with fury

throws the magazine on the ground

"All these years... you guys took everything we had, and then you pretend to be the victim!"

YZ ;

his voice rising

"And you're not any better! You've been conspiring against us for years! Helping separatists, destroying everything we've worked for!"

Their eyes lock, the rage in their voices matching the fury that has been building between them since the moment they met.

ADS ;

pointing at YZ, voice trembling with rage

"You know what your government has done! What they still do! You think you're fighting for the right cause, but all you've done is destroy lives!"

YZ

stepping forward, gesturing wildly

"You don't understand! You're just as guilty as we are! Your government deliberately attacks ours while hiding behind hypocritical diplomacy!"

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk, seated in the corner, watches silently as the anger between the two soldiers escalates. He sees how the weight of the reports has sparked a fire that seems impossible to extinguish. The words, the grievances, and the history all feel like poison infecting their minds, fuelling their animosity.

The tension between ADS and YZ reaches a boiling point. Their frustration with each other, fuelled by the reports they read and the deep-rooted hatred between their countries, erupts into an uncontrollable fist fight.

ADS lunges at YZ, pushing him against the bunker wall. The small space is soon filled with the sound of fists landing, grunts, and the clatter of objects being knocked over. Food packets, gear, and magazines spill across the floor, creating a chaotic mess. The sound of punches and shouting fills the air as their bodies crash into everything around them.

ADS ;

gritting his teeth, shouting

"You never understand, do you? You think this is just a game?"

YZ ;

voice filled with rage

"It's you who don't understand! You think you have the moral high ground?"

They grapple, one pushing the other down, kicking, as the bunker becomes a tornado of violence.

The lampshade shakes violently, and the small light flickers. The chaos escalates as they struggle on the ground, knocking over gear and supplies in their blind fury. The narrow space only makes things worse, their punches landing with gruelling intensity. Their anger, now uncontrollable, has consumed them entirely.

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk

softly, but with a commanding tone

standing up slowly

You are both so wrapped in the anger of the past... Can you see what it has turned you into?

He walks over to the pile of magazines and papers, calmly collecting them in his hands, as though to dismiss the idea of their importance. His presence is like a sudden calm amidst the storm.

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk

his voice gentle, but firm

This is the poison. The endless cycle of blame and anger. It only keeps you divided. The world pushes you to see each other as enemies. But you are men—human beings first.

ADS and YZ stand there, fuming, staring at each other. The anger has not fully dissipated, but for a brief moment, they pause. They're exhausted. The weight of the reports they hold, the histories they've read, the hatred they've carried for so long—all of it seems to finally hit them.

YZ ;

almost silently, almost to himself

Why... why should we keep fighting?

ADS ;

looking down at the ground, his voice quieter now

I don't know. Maybe... maybe we never had a choice.

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk smiles quietly to himself, knowing that the seed of reflection has been planted, though the road ahead will not be easy for either of them. He nods, as if sensing the shift in their hearts.

The bunker falls into a tense silence once again. Outside, the night grows darker, but inside, for the first time in days, there is the faintest hint of clarity in the eyes of both soldiers. The battle within has only just begun.

Scene 42

INT – MID JUNE 2020, GALWAN VALLEY BUNKER, ALONG THE LAC - LADAKH SECTOR

DAY 4 - NIGHT – THURSDAY

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk, who has been watching quietly, stands up from his corner. The expression on his face is calm but filled with concern. He knows he can't let this continue.

With a deep breath, he walks over to them, stepping into the middle of the fight. With surprising strength and agility, he grabs both men by the arms, pulling them apart and forcing them to stand still. His grip is firm, but there's a quiet, commanding energy that demands attention.

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk

his voice stern but controlled

Enough!

The force of his presence halts their struggle. ADS and YZ pant heavily, faces flushed with rage, but they stop fighting. They stand there, chest heaving, staring at him with a mix of anger and disbelief.

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk

voice steady

You are both soldiers, but today you are not fighting for your countries. You are fighting against each other, against your own humanity.

He releases them, stepping back but keeping his gaze unwavering. The room is silent except for the heavy breathing of the two men. The tension in the bunker is palpable, but there's a deep sense of something shifting.

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk

softly, yet powerful

This fight, like everything in this world, is nothing but a cycle of hatred. You were never meant to be enemies.

The realization hangs in the air. ADS and YZ look at each other, their faces now marked with the traces of the struggle—not just with each other, but with the weight of the conflict itself.

The bunker, once filled with anger, is now filled with a heavy silence. The chaos they created around them is a stark reflection of the chaos within themselves.

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk

calmly

There is no glory in this. Only the destruction of men and their souls.

He sits down, the weight of his words settling over them. ADS and YZ, breathing heavily, are left standing, their hands still clenched into fists, but with a growing sense of awareness.

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk

quietly

The fight will only continue until you choose to end it. Until you choose to walk away from the hatred.

The room is silent. In that moment, something between ADS and YZ changes. Their anger hasn't gone, but it's been interrupted—shaken by the presence of someone who can see beyond their conquest.

The weight of what just happened sinks in, but neither speaks. They simply stand there, lost in their thoughts, as the bunker settles back into an uneasy calm.

Scene 43

INT – MID JUNE 2020, GALWAN VALLEY BUNKER, ALONG THE LAC - LADAKH SECTOR

DAY 4 - NIGHT – THURSDAY

The atmosphere is tense. ADS and YZ, still shaken from their fight, stand on opposite sides of the bunker, their bodies stiff with anger and frustration. The mess they've created remains, with broken items scattered around, reflecting the chaos of their emotions.

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk stands before them, his eyes steady and full of wisdom. He speaks with a calm, but undeniably powerful voice, his words cutting through the air like a thunderclap.

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk

voice booming with intensity

You think you are so different, so separated by your nations, your borders, your loyalties. But you are the same—men, human beings, struggling in the same world. And you're tearing yourselves apart over lies, over power, over pride.

His eyes shift between ADS and YZ, the weight of his words sinking in with each passing moment.

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk

forcefully

If you had fought like this near the river bed, do you think you would have made it here? You'd both be dead. Only because you joined hands, because you chose to unite, did you make it this far!

YZ and ADS are caught in the gravity of his gaze. Rinpoche – Baba / Monk takes a step closer, his voice low but firm.

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk

almost pleading

If you want to destroy each other, go ahead. But remember—this is the end of both of you. You will be left with nothing. You will return to your homes in shame, and your countries will remain at war.

The silence in the bunker is heavy, punctuated only by the distant sounds of the still-churning river and the occasional gust of wind.

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk

calming down, but his tone still commanding

You're not just fighting for your nations. You're fighting against humanity itself. This is not the path.

Both ADS and YZ stand still, their anger subsiding, replaced by something else—doubt. They look at each other, and in the silence, a realization begins to form. The conflict they've been caught in, the violence, the hatred—it was not the way forward.

For the first time since meeting, they are no longer enemies. They are simply two lost souls, trapped in the storm of their shared suffering. Rinpoche – Baba / Monk stands as the calm in their storm, his words like the thunder that shakes the earth beneath them.

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk

quietly

You are both strong. Stronger together than you could ever be apart. Now, make your choice.

The air is thick with emotion. ADS and YZ exchange a look—an uncertain, but open one. Neither speaks, but the tension is slowly dissolving, replaced by a silent understanding.

The night outside grows deeper, but inside the bunker, a shift has begun.

Scene 44

INT – MID JUNE 2020, GALWAN VALLEY BUNKER, ALONG THE LAC - LADAKH SECTOR

DAY 4 - LATE NIGHT – THURSDAY

The atmosphere has transformed. ADS and YZ are now sitting across from each other, their bodies relaxed and their faces thoughtful. The anger and frustration that once consumed them have evaporated, leaving behind a sense of reflection and understanding. They listen intently to Rinpoche – Baba / Monk, who speaks with a serene wisdom.

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk

calmly

You think your history is full of victories and losses, but it is really a cycle of endless conflict. In 1962, China inflicted a humiliating defeat on India, yes. But remember the Rezang La battle, where Indian forces stood their ground, forcing China to announce a ceasefire. And then there was the 1967 Sikkim conflict, where China was shamed by India's resistance.

He pauses, allowing the weight of his words to sink in. ADS and YZ exchange glances, both men processing the complex history that binds their nations.

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk

with a soft sigh

All this only leads to devastation. It is an unending cycle of pain and loss. You have shared a past—a past filled with honour, respect, and moments where your countries worked together, side by side, for the prosperity of your people. That is the path you should walk on now.

ADS and YZ remain silent, absorbing the wisdom of the monk's words. The bitterness of their past actions and the rage they once held for each other now feel small and insignificant compared to the greater truth that Rinpoche has revealed. The air in the bunker is thick with the realization that unity is the only way forward.

Rinpoche – Baba / Monk

gentle but firm

Stop suspecting one another. Your people, your nations, they all want peace. The glory of mankind is in your hands. You have the power to shape the future, if only you stop looking for enemies where there are none. Work together—for the greater good.

The words linger in the air. There's a profound stillness now, as both ADS and YZ look at each other, the initial hostility between them now replaced by a shared understanding. Their eyes soften as they reflect on the wisdom imparted by the monk.

After a long pause, the exhaustion of their journey and the emotional weight of the night finally take over. Slowly, ADS and YZ lower their heads, settling into their respective corners of the bunker. They close their eyes, the gentle hum of the world outside the bunker lulling them into a peaceful, long-needed sleep.

As they drift off, the camera lingers on Rinpoche – Baba / Monk, who watches over them with a peaceful smile. The soft flicker of the lamp casts shadows on his face, a subtle sign that the storm may be over—for now.

The scene fades to black, the sounds of the night outside gently blending with the quiet, restful breathing of the two soldiers who have, for the first time, found peace.

Scene 45

INT – MID JUNE 2020, GALWAN VALLEY BUNKER, ALONG THE LAC - LADAKH SECTOR

DAY 5 - MORNING – FRIDAY

The first light of morning filters softly through the cracks of the bunker, casting long, muted shadows. ADS and YZ stir, their eyes blinking open. There's a moment of confusion, as the haziness of sleep quickly gives way to reality. They sit up on the mat, stretching their stiff limbs, surprised at how deeply they had slept.

ADS ;

rubbing his eyes, looking around

Where's Rinpoche Baba ?

YZ ;

glancing around the dimly lit bunker

He's gone.

The two soldiers exchange uneasy glances, the weight of the events from the past few days settling in. Their bodies are sore, but they feel a strange sense of calm, the kind that only comes after the storm has passed.

ADS ;

quietly

He saved us... we owe him our lives.

YZ ;

nodding slowly

I never thought we'd make it this far... especially together.

They both sit in silence for a moment, the realization of the profound shift in their relationship hanging in the air. The animosity they had once held for each other seems like a distant memory, now replaced by something more akin to mutual respect.

Suddenly, ADS stands, his eyes scanning the room, hoping for some sign of Rinpoche's presence.

ADS ;

softly, almost to himself

Where could he have gone?

YZ ;

also standing up, shrugging

I don't know... maybe it's time for us to move on, too.

Both men start gathering their things, subconsciously preparing for the journey ahead. The bunker feels empty without the monk's calm presence, and a sense of uncertainty begins to creep back in.

But as they begin to move towards the exit, there's a soft, almost imperceptible sound—footsteps in the distance. They both freeze, instinctively turning toward the noise. Could it be him?

The camera holds for a moment, waiting for a reveal. The tension builds as ADS and YZ exchange uncertain glances.

ADS ;

whispering

Do you hear that?

YZ ;

nodding

Yeah... it's coming closer.

They take a few cautious steps forward, ready to face whatever—or whoever—is out there. The camera pulls back to show the stillness of the bunker, the anticipation thick in the air.

The scene ends on the sound of footsteps drawing nearer, the question lingering: Is Rinpoche returning, or is something else waiting for them outside?

Scene 46

INT – MID JUNE 2020, GALWAN VALLEY BUNKER, ALONG THE LAC - LADAKH SECTOR

DAY 5 - MORNING – FRIDAY

The small, dimly lit bunker is eerily quiet as ADS and YZ frantically search every inch of the space. Their hands move over the floor, the walls, under any available cover, but Rinpoche

– Baba / Monk is nowhere to be found. The silence feels heavier now, the absence of the monk more pronounced than ever.

ADS ;

looking under a corner, frustrated

He's gone. He's not here.

YZ ;

walking around the room, shaking his head

I don't understand... where could he have gone?

The tension is palpable. As they continue their search, something catches YZ's eye. He stops, staring at the corner of the room. ADS turns toward him, following his gaze.

In the corner, leaning against the wall, is the nomadic walking stick—its twisted, gnarled shape unmistakable. The Lion-shaped carving on the top glows faintly in the dim light, a clear sign of its importance.

ADS ;

walking over, his voice soft, almost reverent

His walking stick...

YZ ;

studying the carving on top

It's the same one... I saw him with it when we first met. But why is it here... and not him?

They both approach the stick cautiously, as if afraid to touch it. The sense of loss is growing.

ADS ;

quietly

Did he leave us something? A message, maybe?

YZ ;

inspecting the stick closely

There's no message, nothing to show where he's gone... just this.

They stand in silence for a moment, exchanging uncertain looks. The presence of the walking stick, so intimately tied to the monk, feels like both a clue and a mystery. It raises even more questions than it answers.

ADS ;

after a long pause

Maybe... maybe we weren't meant to follow him. Maybe it's our turn to continue on our own.

YZ ;

still looking at the stick, lost in thought

Maybe. But something about this doesn't feel right.

ADS ;

firmly, making a decision

We'll keep moving. We've come this far. We can't stop now.

YZ ;

nodding slowly

Right. We'll find our own way.

They exchange a final glance, both men filled with a mix of resolve and confusion. Without another word, they want to move toward the exit, the walking stick left behind in the corner. The weight of the moment lingers as they step out into the unknown, the path ahead uncertain, but the memory of Rinpoche – Baba / Monk's teachings guiding them forward.

The camera lingers on the walking stick for a brief moment, the lion carving a symbol of strength and mystery, before cutting to black.

Scene 47

INT – MID JUNE 2020, GALWAN VALLEY BUNKER, ALONG THE LAC - LADAKH SECTOR

DAY 5 - MORNING – FRIDAY

The silence is almost deafening as ADS and YZ stand inside the bunker, their faces grim and tired. The sound of bombing has finally stopped, leaving an eerie quiet. The realization sets

in: they need to leave. But the problem is clear—the only way out is the top bunker door, which is far beyond their reach.

The door is at least 12 feet high, and there's nothing around to help them climb. No ladder, no stool, no makeshift objects. Just the hard stone walls of the bunker and a feeling of confinement.

ADS ;

looking up, frustrated

How the hell are we supposed to get out of here?

YZ ;

thinking for a moment

It's too high to climb. We need a plan.

They both pause, their eyes scanning the space, searching for anything that could help. Then, after a few moments of silence, YZ gets an idea. He looks at ADS and gestures toward him.

YZ ;

determined

I'll climb onto your shoulders. You hold steady, and I'll use the walking stick to reach the latch.

ADS ;

hesitant but agreeing

Are you sure? That stick is too thin for that height.

YZ ;

with a confident smile

It's our only shot. We don't have a choice.

After a brief moment of consideration, ADS nods, resigned but willing to try anything. He crouches down, ready to brace himself for the weight. YZ takes his position and begins to climb onto ADS' shoulders. It's a tight fit, but after a few attempts, he's settled.

YZ ;

gritting his teeth . Let's hope this works.

He reaches for the Rinpoche – Baba / Monk's walking stick, gripping it firmly. He attempts to use it to tap at the latch, but each attempt misses its mark.

ADS ;

grunting under the strain , Careful... this isn't easy, you know!

YZ ;

gritting his teeth, frustrated. I know... just a little longer...

He swings the stick again, this time making contact with the latch. The sound of metal scraping fills the air. They both freeze for a moment, waiting.

YZ

in a low voice

That's it...

With one final effort, YZ swings the stick again, this time the latch clicks open. The door shifts slightly. Both men, now focused and determined, work quickly to free the top hatch. They both give one final push, and the hatch creaks open.

YZ ;

excited, but still cautious

It's open... we did it.

Both of them drop to the floor in exhaustion, but a sense of relief washes over them. They exchange a brief look, an unspoken bond formed through the struggle.

ADS ;

breathing heavily. We've made it out.

YZ ;

looking up at the open door and we're not done yet. We keep moving.

They stand up slowly, looking out into the light of the morning as they brace themselves for what lies beyond the door. The weight of the past few days is still with them, but the opportunity for freedom is now in sight. With Rinpoche – Baba / Monk's teachings fresh in their minds, they step into the unknown, ready for whatever comes next.

They realise to use the woollen rope which helped them earlier to climb the steep mountain, will again help them climb out of the Bunker.

The camera lingers on the open bunker door with ADS & YZ climbing out.

Scene 48

EXT / INT – MID JUNE 2020, GALWAN VALLEY BUNKER, ALONG THE LAC - LADAKH SECTOR

DAY 5 - MORNING – FRIDAY

The morning sun breaks through the high peaks of the Galwan Valley, casting a warm glow on the surroundings. ADS and YZ climb out of the bunker, squinting against the bright light as they step into the open air. The mountains around them are serene, and the silence is almost surreal after the chaos they've just experienced.

They both stand on top of the bunker, gazing out over the valley, still processing the events that have just unfolded. The peaceful surroundings seem almost too calm after the intensity of the night.

ADS ;

confused, shaking his head

How... how could Rinpoche – Baba / Monk have left? The bunker was closed from the inside... we didn't see him go.

ADS ;

staring at the bunker, bewildered

And when we jumped in... who closed the latch last night? It's too high... impossible for us to reach.

They both pause, trying to make sense of it. As they look around, memories of Rinpoche – Baba / Monk's actions flash in their minds—his sudden appearances, his calming influence, his cryptic advice, and his uncanny ability to appear in and out of situations. Slowly, it dawns on them.

They turn back to the bunker, and as they look down, they notice the Nomadic thick wooden walking stick with the lion-shaped carving that had been used to open the latch.

ADS reaches out to point at it, but before either of them can react, the stick disappears, vanishing into thin air before their eyes.

ADS ;

eyes widening in realization

It... it's gone.

YZ ;

almost whispering

It was him... Rinpoche... Baba... Monk... He was no ordinary man.

ADS ; His woollen rope now walking stick support help us find way , fight difficulties.

The realization hits them both at the same time—Rinpoche – Baba / Monk wasn't just a man. He was Divine Intervention. God walking as human. He had been sent to guide them, to save them, to teach them something far beyond survival in these harsh conditions.

They both stand in silence for a moment, staring up at the snow-capped mountains, their thoughts racing. It's as if they've been awakened to something greater than themselves, something beyond borders, beyond countries, beyond the conflict that had separated them.

Slowly, looking at the vast mountain ranges, they both stand in prayers with folded hand's ...

ADS ;

with a reverent tone, as he places his palms together in a gesture of respect

Thank you.

YZ ;

following his lead, placing his hands together in the same gesture, mirroring ADS

Thank you.

They stand together, in the pranāmāsana posture—a sign of respect and gratitude, their hands pressed together at the chest. They bow their heads in silent acknowledgment, the weight of their journey and the lessons they've learned settling in their hearts. It's a moment of deep connection, not just with each other but with something much larger than themselves.

As they rise, the mountains loom ahead of them—the path to freedom still stretches out. The camera lingers on their united stance before slowly pulling back, capturing the vast landscape around them, a new sense of unity and purpose in their hearts.

Scene 49

EXT – MID JUNE 2020, GALWAN VALLEY BUNKER, ALONG THE LAC - LADAKH SECTOR

DAY 5 - MORNING – FRIDAY

The morning light casts a soft glow over the abandoned post above the bunker. The post is now barely recognizable—completely damaged, with debris scattered across the once-sturdy structures. The winds carry the remnants of the attack as the two men stand silently, taking in the destruction.

The bunker is their last shelter; now the time has come to part ways and head toward their respective borders.

ADS pulls out the map and compass, examining the directions as YZ watches. He then gives YZ a playful smile, his voice tinged with humour.

ADS ;

grinning

You might want to pull out your map and compass from your shoe, just to be sure.

YZ ;

raising an eyebrow

You never know when I might need them.

They both share a small chuckle, a moment of camaraderie before the serious decision ahead.

ADS ;

pointing to the map

South will take me to India's border.

YZ ;

examining his own map

And North will bring me back to China.

A quiet understanding passes between them, the weight of their journey sinking in. The LAC—the Line of Actual Control—has defined their paths, but their shared experiences have defined who they are now.

They both take a long, final look at each other. Then, they shake hands, a firm, heartfelt grip—a gesture that transcends the boundaries of their nations. YZ pulls ADS into a brief hug, a simple yet powerful sign of mutual respect, understanding, and the bond they’ve shared in this struggle for survival.

ADS ;

softly

Take care of yourself, YZ.

YZ ;

nods solemnly

You too, ADS.

With one last look, they separate, each stepping into a different direction—ADS heading South toward India, and YZ North toward China. Their paths now diverge, yet the bond formed in the mountains will forever be a part of them.

As they walk in opposite directions, the camera lingers on the empty space between them, capturing the vast, open expanse of the Galwan Valley. The sound of footsteps fades as they each walk toward their freedom, their individual destinies waiting.

Scene 50

INT – MID JUNE 2020, HIMAYAM MOUNTAIN RANGE / MOUNT KAILASH

DAY 5 - MORNING – FRIDAY

The camera slowly pulls back from the vast Galwan Valley, transitioning to a higher elevation. The towering, snow-capped peaks of the Himalayas come into view. The Himalayan range stretches majestically, and as the shot ascends, we finally see Mount Kailash in all its grandeur.

The mountain looms large, its snowy crown shining against the bright morning sky, radiating an almost mystical presence.

A serene moment follows as the camera hovers over Mount Kailash, capturing its awe-inspiring beauty, untouched by human hands.

The words **“HIMAVAT”** and **“Lord of the Mountains”** appear on the screen, highlighting the sacred significance of this land.

As the visuals linger on Mount Kailash, the theme song Antara 2 begins to play in the background once again. The evocative music fills the air, stirring a deep sense of reverence and tranquillity.

The credits scroll down the screen, marking the end of the journey, as the mountain stands in quiet majesty—unmoved by the turmoil below, a symbol of timelessness, peace, and divine intervention.

The music fades, leaving only the sound of the wind and the silent wisdom of the mountains.

Hope for a new beginning !!!

Jai Hind

Theme background song

Mukhda:

Batenge toh Katenge

Ek jut agar rahenge

Tabhi hum safe rahenge,

Batenge toh Katenge ...

Antara 1:

Kabhi turkon ne humein baanta,

Kabhi mughlon ne humein kaanta,

Divide and rule ke jaal mein

Nahi hum aur phasenge,

Batenge toh katenge ...

Antara 2:

Naslon ka karo mat batwara,
Kehti hain samay ki yeh dhara,
Banna hain vishwa Guru humko,
Chalna hain saath lekar sabko,
Vishwa ko lead karenge,
Batenge toh katenge ...

मुखड़ा:

बटेंगे तो कटेंगे
एक जुट अगर रहेंगे
तभी हम Safe रहेंगे,
बटेंगे तो कटेंगे...

अंतरा 1:

कभी तुर्कों ने हमें बांटा,
कभी मुगलों ने हमें कांटा,
Divide and Rule के जाल में
नहीं हम और फंसेंगे,
बटेंगे तो कटेंगे...

अंतरा 2:

नसलों का करो मत बटवारा,

कहती है समय की ये धारा,
बनना है विश्व गुरु हमको,
चलना है साथ लेकर सबको,
विश्व को Lead करेंगे,
बटेंगे तो कटेंगे.

आँधियों की प्रकोप में,
जब वायु द्वारा उखड़ेंगे
छाया और प्रकाश से,
हमें मार्ग नित्य मिलेंगे

आगे की राह कठिन है,
जीवन में चुनौतियाँ आएँगी
आगे का मार्ग प्रशस्त,
तुम्हें लक्ष्य तक ले जाएगा

उद्देश्य पर ध्यान केंद्रित,
आप ही मार्ग प्रशस्त होगा
प्रयास करना अति आवश्यक,
दैवीय अनुकंपा में भीगेगा

आँधी समाप्त अवश्य होगी,
यह जीवन का भाग है
आएगी और जाएगी,
मार्ग खुलेंगे लाख हैं

Characters

1. Ajatashatru Dharam Singh – ADS

One Indian soldier aged 32 , married with wife & 3 years old son back home in his native place in Jhansi district Uttar Pradesh , **Ajatashatru Dharam Singh** means "one whose enemy has never been born and hence he is already victorious". He is dominating the scene with quick

blows in the bargain Chinese 4 PLA target him and take him fighting to the edge of the valley. With 4 against 1 , he misses his step backward with few injuries can't control himself further falling down the steep valley, with down stream river flowing in full might , he lands in the water. Which takes him downstream, luckily he survives the fall and is thrown out of the river water at a strategic place with snow cladded slopes on one side and huge mountain range on the other.

2. Yitang Zhao - YZ

The Chinese PLA soldier is 28 years old **Yitang Zhao** – With its roots in ancient Chinese mythology, this name means one who is brave” or “courageous hero”, symbolizing strength and bravery in the face of challenges. Back home he is only child and he was raised with great difficult with his parents working as bonded labour at a garment factory. They had sacrificed their life to get their son well educated and make him a engineer. The Communist regime decides your future what they want and he was forced into the Chinese Army PLA, against his wishes. He is from the Chinese Petrol Party, who stopped by Indian armed forces from intruding into Indian territory. When returning back they are attacked by wild wolfs. 2 Chinese soldiers get badly injured and Yitang Zhao escapes to fall into the gorge to end up at the river bed side.

3. Rinpoche – Baba / Monk

The name of this person is **Rinpoche**

It literally means "precious one", and may refer to a person, place, or thing—like the words "gem" or "jewel" (Sanskrit: Ratna). The word consists of rin (value), po (nominalizing suffix) and chen (big).

Divine force , “**Lord of the Mountains**” – “**HIMAVAT**”

