

VERSE 1

Written by

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Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

1 V.O (HARD VOICE)

1

1 B. ROLLS - INT/EXT.

1

"What do you seek ??"

Long-lived reign there was a guy named Anjelo. Anjelo is a poet with tremendous ideas but none of them infatuated the lives of the people he wanted to. The soothe he wanted, the pessimism he got, was the only thing he couldn't resist.

The rhymes of his poem were as good as Belgium ice cream but the only thing he could have pulled off but he wasn't was the story.

He used to write about his 12-year-old stepdaughter, the cunning, heartwarming memories they made were the only thing he used to write about. One day he got to know about his daughter having ischaemic heart disease.

In short, death was certain. Day by day he saw everything going apart, the struggle his daughter and him facing, and the day-to-day loss of money and hope were the hardships he was dealing with. Seeing his daughter, he started to write about her.

His heartfelt words and glorious metaphors made the guy more famous and empathetic toward people. More people were raised by his poems which made that guy one of the most depressing poets ever.

The situations he went through were the outcome of his outstanding poems. He was made to understand by the world that every artist needs an ache in life for his story to outperform.

The last issue of his poem was yet to come where he writes about his daughter's death. The soulful issue contained lots and lots of toughness of that guy's pain and agony.

On the last day when the issue was published, he committed suicide and believed to meet her daughter in the arms of heaven.

CUT TO: RUBIK'S CUBE

2 INT. ROOM - NIGHT**2**

(Stress music playing and
we see a different color
palette on the screen.)

We see the protagonist writing something and then typing it. Crashing the idea but crumbling the paper as he likes nothing. Scratching his head like a dog. Lighting the matchbox in a dark room. We see him seeking an idea but he never gets it. Either he is finding an answer for a motive or an idea. Paled and eyes shut while writing, deep thinking. We see papers on the ground of his work, which he doesn't care about that much now. He seeks a story. A purpose. An intent.

(We see shots and B-rolls
of the protagonist.)

Believing in something doesn't give us the power of acquiring. Imagine being in a cage with all the fortes but no key to flee. He believed that love is dangerously inflammable. The cause, the pain one generates is nevertheless agonizing. Being in a non-relation with no interest avoids the catastrophe of love. But when there's a serious interest you don't mess around with a lot of things. The same thing was with our protagonist; he is filling his feelings but getting no idea. He grieves and might go to any extent as he suffers.

CUT TO: RUBIK'S CUBE

3 EXT. ROADSIDE TEA-SELLER - NIGHT**3**

(Two cigarettes burning
at the same time by
Detective 2.)
(A close-up shot of the
cigarettes.)
(Also, he has his
previous case file.)

On the long road leading to nowhere, we see him taking the cigarettes and walking towards his partner.

Sitting quietly mulling over things. He deeply judges his decisions in life. He is an overthinker, he thinks over his responsibilities which he thought he could've pulled but living through the pain of being undone. His wife and daughter died a year ago now. Anguish is the word for a person who lost almost everything and just left with his duty.

DETECTIVE 2

(While handling a
cigarette.)
Here, take this.

DETECTIVE 1
Don't you have anal cancer?!
(Shocking says while he
sees him smoke.)
(He takes away his
cigarette and throws it.)

DETECTIVE 2
When was the last time you slept?
You look like shit!!

DETECTIVE 1
Abhi's case was a bit tiring. He
would've been a great father. But
he chose drugs over his family
which caused sufferance to all his
loved ones. (Delivers in pain)
Why one doesn't understand that
there's nothing above family than
anything in this world?

DETECTIVE 2
It's been a year now; they are not
coming back. (He tells him solely)
It was not your fault, it was
nobodies. Fate chooses the ones
they want; we are merely puppets.
(Puts his hand towards his
shoulders.) Look I don't have much
time left but I assure you friend
there's hope always if you believe
in the right things. Memories lay
down, but sufferance is caused.
(His phone rings and he
takes it.)
(There's tension on the
phone, his expression
changes.)
It's your best friend from
university, he passed.

DETECTIVE 1
(In pain.) Nooo...

4 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

(P1 runs in the hallway
towards his friend's
room.)

(We get a lower shot of
the hand.)
(The room dimmed with
yellow color light.)
(Emotional music is
playing.)

(Grief in the pain of his friend, he couldn't see. As tough
as he thought he was, he wasn't. Lied on the bed, shattered,
broken, and crushed with feelings.)

Imagine loving someone that close to which one can give life.
Your heart piece would be shattered in parts that would never
recover. Death of the closest recovers never.