

The Philosophy of a Stone

written by

Kaustuv Pokharel

Address
Phone
E-mail

EXT. EMPTY ROADS - NIGHT

LOW SHUTTER SPEED SHOT:

SAMARTHA runs down the empty street, breath heavy, lights smearing around him.

He looks broken, terrified, desperate to escape something. It looks like he is trying to run away from something

Heartbeats echo. The world blurs.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN

EXT. EMPTY STREET - DUSK

Two friends, PRATIK and SAMARTHA walk side by side. They speak with casual nepangrezi(nepali + angrezi) accent. They are arguing about something as they walk.

PRATIK

(shocked and annoyed
voice)

Whaddo you mean "mah herera baschu"
in the middle of a chaos?

SAMARTHA

(calm and idealistic
voice)

It's not "herera baschu", it's
choosing peace over doing something
stupid in its name.

PRATIK

So you mean actions can't be done
to bring peace?

SAMARTHA

C'mon man, don't try to glorify
violence by calling it "action".
It's just a fancy name for
violence.

PRATIK

(a bit frustrated voice)

Ok yaar whatever...
So talai lagcha every chaos can be
solved by staying quiet and calling
it "making peace"? Huhhh...

(MORE)

PRATIK (CONT'D)
(laughs)
I'd rather make love.

SAMARTHA
What I'm tryna say is violence is
totally irrelevant in bringing
peace.

PRATIK
Why don't you go suck Gandhi's
cock?

SAMARTHA
(annoyed)
Ok now you are screwing with me.

SAMARTHA tries to walk away.

PRATIK
Oee sorry yaaar... jiskeko... aaija
naa

PRATIK pulls him again.

PRATIK (CONT'D)
Okay, so what you think is violence
can never bring peace?

SAMARTHA
Yes

PRATIK
....in any situation?

SAMARTHA
Yes

PRATIK
(exaggerates it)
....in any fucking situation?

SAMARTHA
Yes

PRATIK
(exaggerating it even
more)
So you mean violence is totally
irrelevant in any kind of - I
repeat, IN ANY KIND OF situation?

SAMARTHA

Yes yes yes. Ani taile eautai
question lai hazar choti ghumai
firai sodhe pani mero opinion yei
huncha.

PRATIK

(satirically)

Ehh huss.....

(normal)

tara what if I bring you in yesto
situation where you can't get what
you want by staying quiet in your
so-called peace like a moron.

SAMARTHA

Okayy bro bring it on.

PRATIK

La sun, belka ko bela cha gham
dubna dubna aati racha ani ta
office bata purai thakera ghar
farkidai chas. Tero haat ma office
bag cha, ta aja office ko kaam le
ekdam thakirachas....

EXT. WIDE ROAD - DUSK - HYPOTHETICAL WORLD - CONTINUOUS

SAMARTHA, in a formal shirt pant walks into the frame as he
gazes towards the setting sun walking on the street. He looks
a bit stressed and tired from work just as PRATIK described.

PRATIK(V.O.)

Ta aja ko kaam le purai thakekochas
ani talai kahi basna man cha....

SAMARTHA walks ahead on the road for sometime.

PRATIK(V.O.) (CONT'D)

Ani hinda hindai ta eauta khali
bench dekhchas....

SAMARTHA spots a bench nearby as he walks ahead.

EXT. SAME ROAD - REAL WORLD - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE UP shot of PRATIK's face.

PRATIK

Ta hindai gara afu le bhireko
office bag tei bench ko side ma
falera majjale dhalkera baschas....

EXT. WIDE ROAD - DUSK - HYPOTHETICAL WORLD - CONTINUOUS

SAMARTHA sits on the bench the same way.

EXT. SAME ROAD - REAL WORLD - CONTINUOUS

SAMARTHA
(confused)
Does this even relate to what we
were talking earlier?

PRATIK completely ignores what SAMARTHA is saying, he is completely dipped in narrating the story.

PRATIK
Ani achanaak eauta chor kudera
aaraa tero bag lera bhagna
thalcha...

EXT. WIDE ROAD - DUSK - HYPOTHETICAL WORLD - CONTINUOUS

ROBBER takes the bag and starts to run away.

PRATIK (V.O.)
...ta pani sake samma chito kudera
tyo chor lai pachhyauna thalchas...

SAMARTHA starts chasing the ROBBER too. There happens a intense chasing sequence between the ROBBER and SAMARTHA.

PRATIK(V.O.) (CONT'D)
Chor agadi agadi ta pachadi
pachadi, ta chor lai samatna
khojchas tara tara tero haat ali
kati le pugdaina....

EXT. SAME ROAD - REAL WORLD - CONTINUOUS

SAMARTHA
(now dipped into the
story)
(excitedly)
Ani!?

PRATIK
(more depth in his voice)
Ani chor eauta sano galli bhitra
chircha....

EXT. TURNING NEAR THE SMALL LANE - HYPOTHETICAL WORL -
CONTINUOUS

ROBBER runs and turns inside the small lane. SAMARTHA pants
and slowly rushes inside the lane.

EXT. SAME ROAD - REAL WORLD - CONTINUOUS

PRATIK
Ta ni bistarai tyo galli bhitra
chirchaas.... ani tyo galli
bhitra.....

SAMARTHA
Tyo galli bhitraa...? k hunchaa
tya??

EXT. SMALL LANE - HYPOTHETICAL WORLD - CONTINUOUS

The visuals is seen in sync with PRATIK's voiceover.

PRATIK(V.O.)
chor still bhara ubhiyeko, chor le
eauta aaimaii ko ghati aafno haat
le chyapeko, chor ko arko haat ma
eauta chakku jasle aaimai ko ghati
tira point garirachaa... chor talai
ghurera herirachaa ani talai
bhanchaa...

ROBBER
Tya bata ek paila ni agadi badeko
dekhe bhane ma yo aaimai lai
mardinchu.

SAMARTHA shockingly stares at the chaos.

EXT. SAME ROAD - REAL WORLD - CONTINUOUS

PRATIK
Aba yeti khera taile bhane jasari
if you choose to stay quiet ani let
things happen then tyo chor le tyo
aaimai lai ta choddela tara tero
bag chai lera bhagcha.

EXT. SMALL LANE - HYPOTHETICAL WORLD - CONTINUOUS

Camera still on SAMARTHA's face.

PRATIK(V.O.)
Tara taile tya lato jasto chup chap
nabasi kana tero khutta ko side ma
bhako thulo dhungga uthara chor
tira hanis.....

SAMARTHA's face looks down towards the stone.

PRATIK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Ani tyo dhungga chor lai lagyo
bhane....

EXT. SAME ROAD - REAL WORLD - CONTINUOUS

PRATIK
Taile aafno bag ni pais ani tyo
aaimai ni bachii.... lu yo example
enough chaina tero opinion lai
change garna lai?

Suddenly, Samartha starts trembling, the tone and the music turns into something serious and the camera slowly zooms into SAMARTHA's face.

SAMARTHA
(his voice trembling, eyes
widening)
Tara... tyo dhungga aaimai lai
lagyo bhane...?

SILENCE.

The world around them slows down for a second.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL LANE - HYPOTHETICAL WORLD - CONTINUOUS

Rapid cuts begin.

— CLOSE-UP: Samartha's hand gripping the stone, veins visible, trembling.

— STONE POV: Flying through the air in slow motion, spinning, slicing the wind.

— IMPACT: It hits. The lady collapses.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN

EXT. SAME ROAD - REAL WORLD - CONTINUOUS

Everything's dead silent. The dramatic music cuts off.

PRATIK
(total casually)
Lagyo bhane tero galti....

CUT TO BLACK.

PRATIK's hilarious laugh echoes in the background.

SAMARTHA (V.O.)
(loudly and confused)
Ke !??????

—

—

END

—