

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

Nim

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Draft
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PROLOGUE

Audio: "Caravan" - Duke Ellington (first half)

Blackout. A quote fades into the screen.

"In silence, what you deem fit is
therefore yours to take."

"In whatever that emptiness may be,
know that I shall not frown. But in
spoken silence, you shall Hear."

Blackout.

"Cry, and realize what young
contentment now as woe. Breath, and I
shall know whatever Truth you once
renounced, and rejoice."

Blackout.

"For I, there is nothing and only
nothing to fear, nothing to doubt."

The screen favors a title:

"Nim"

ACT 1

SCENE 1: MONOLOGUE

Blackout. There is a faint clicking and rattling which abruptly stops. A speaker's voice fades in.

MC (V.O.)

"I am not a photographer - for I can no longer conform to that acceptance of simple Beauty."

There is a pause. The camera focuses on a static frame/photo of a beach. Monologue continues.

MC (V.O.) (cont'd)

"When you surrender to the camera, when your eyelids fringe the tender lip of the lens, you should not be greeted with stasis; that is to disrespect the humble instrument, chastising it, with no trepidation for what is to consequence; to castrate art from its unfulfilled purpose; to present reality in any form where the enlightened audience can no longer say: "I get it.", and thereby gaze into the veiled fault of our world; well that ... that is unacceptable."

The beach abruptly jumps to life. We become aware of the sound of a lingering eardrum of an urban setting: traffic, light rain, chatter, sirens, etc. Despite the camera's focus on a beach.

MC (V.O.) (cont'd)

"Ah. So now you can see. It is Beauty- in much more than a singular modest, poor, wrinkling frame. It is in terms of the complex, and henceforth in terms of the undesirable- the ugly and wretched.

(MORE)

MC (V.O.) (cont'd)
It does not grow quieter- it will
never grow quieter. You can choose to
sit through it as many people do."

The sound of the city is drowned out by the overtaking noise
of waves and birds. The beach continues in motion. Monologue
continues,

MC (V.O.) (cont'd)
"But you are human after all, and of
course, this means you cannot settle-
without any discourse of reason- for
anything farther than the ideal. But
that is the thing about silence. It
is a resource. You will hear what you
want to hear and that's that. But
that is the thing about people: We
speak, we speak, and speak, but never
ask. We laugh, we laugh, and laugh,
but never stare.

There is an abrupt dead silence as the photo returns to its
photographic state.

MC (V.O.) (cont'd)
(distinctive change
of tone- quieter,
darker.)
"But then again, why would you? Life
is perfect in one frame. So damn...
im-perfect."

Lighter click. The photo frame begins to burn. The shot
gradually fades out.

EXT. City - Morning

There is an apartment staircase leading to a dimly lit door.
Front view from the adjacent side of the street. Cars pass
by (hopefully) Morning. A man passes from the right side,
striding by with a light package of groceries balanced in
his right hand. There is an unnerving silence, accompanied
by birdsong and a (possibly) a light instrumental piece-
despite the ongoing traffic.

The character enters an apartment building, promptly closing the door. There is NO sound effect. There is a slow blackout.

MC (V.O.) (cont'd)

"It left this place. It has been quieter ever since."

SCENE 2: INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

There will be a counter for the character to place his groceries on. A radio will sit on the counter, before being turned on. The room is dimly lit, like what a room would look like early in the morning. Natural lighting.

Audio: "Aviva" - C418

The radio hums to life.

RADIO 2 (V.O.)

"8, 4, 8, 16, 24. I repeat. 8, 4, 8, 16, 24. Those are your numbers folks."

The MC sets down his bag of groceries on the table. He discards the receipts, tissues, etc.

RADIO 3 (V.O.)

"Good morning ladies and gentlemen, I hope today is a wonderful day. Though, I don't think I need to remind you that it is indeed the official start of spring. Beautiful."

The MC moves towards the shutters. He opens them, introducing a hazy light to the room. Some areas of the room should be eerily dark.

RADIO 2 (V.O.)

"Again, that is the melody of smaller towns I tell you. You'll walk down the big, bustling streets of the Central, and by god, you wouldn't be able to tell spring from winter."

RADIO 3 (V.O.)

"(scoffs) Suits. They're almost mechanical. (chuckles) That you are right on though, they really chased the sun away. Like, the hell are they living for? Pity."

RADIO 2 (V.O.)

"It's cold. But I'll admit, its also easier to see in the city. The clouds are grayer than most. Fewer distractions. No glaring sun nor heat. More efficient to get around and around. People call it a utopia. Rich."

The radio cuts out entirely. Dead silent. The screen favors a video of gray clouds. A static slowly fades back in. The radio hums back to life as we return to the apartment.

RADIO 3

"Folks, I think we can all thank the weather here. It's a much better bet on the East side. The aromas, the people, it's undeniably welcoming."

RADIO 2

"Speaking of which, ladies and gentlemen we have a handful, a few new businesses opening right down the street-"

RADIO 3

"Right, wasn't it - (cut off)"
(Ad lib, if desired)

There is an abrupt static.

RADIO 4 (V.O.)

"Lepidopterophobia, he told me. He feared such pleasantries. He pondered. What's there, if not the sun, scents, and scenes? he knew."

The MC approaches the radio to switch channels, but it does so before he reaches the radio knob.

RADIO 3 (V.O.)

"(laughing loudly) and here's the hilarious part- he KNEW me."
(MORE)

RADIO 3 (V.O.) (cont'd)
I walked in and I saw the cashier's
eyes light up like all hell! I walked
out there not a cent poorer! Ha!"

RADIO 2 (V.O.)
"Well, that's really something, huh?
The benefits of being a man of the
people."

RADIO 3
"It is all the man needs. Appraisal
and applause- (cut off)"

There is an abrupt static.

RADIO 4
"They are the repetition that shall
not bend: fine-tuned percussion."

SCENE 3: EXT. BEACH - AFTERNOON (4 PM)

It is roughly between morning and evening and the sky is a
blend of orange and black. The sound of waves is
particularly highlighted. There is a camera propped on the
edge of the beach. Two actors- a man and a woman- stand on
the beach. There is an awkward smile stitched unto the MC's
face.

Audio: "About Elly" - unknown

The character showcases the photos to the man and woman.
They laugh, exchanging pleasantries with each other.

MAN
"You are an incredibly talented man.
This capture (points to photograph)-
here, you've brought so much for so
little."

WOMAN
"Why, the beach, I'd assume you are
quite familiar with it."

MC
"Of course."

MAN

"The ocean is a depthless place, and yet you've truly highlighted the greatest aspect of this place. There seem to be a thousand aspects to consider. Impressive work."

MC

"It's a surreal place. I haven't been anywhere quite like it. I felt inclined to do it justice, you know."

Pause. The character takes back the photo. Smiling as he rubs his fingers on the silky frame.

MC (cont'd)

"I take a lot of pride in my work, sir. It's a particularly engaging field, almost blindingly so. (chuckles)"

MAN

"-and it shows. (chuckles) you're really one of those- what's it called- artists. Wouldn't you agree? There's really something to these people that I could never have."

MC

"And what's that?"

MAN

"Obsession. Pardon me, dedication if you will. It tears the mind."

Man rests his hand on MC shoulder. A pat of reassurance

MAN (cont'd)

"I don't think I could possibly care less about the abstractness and details of it."

WOMAN

"I do believe what he meant to say is that you've chosen a particularly unique career. You don't see much artists in the current industry."

MAN

"Yes yes. Though it can't be all too lucrative can it? I admire the passion, though. I could use such people."

(MORE)

Money

MAN (cont'd)

Man hands the MC a business card.

MAN

"Perhaps, we could both benefit from this?"

MC

"Ah-ha, yes. One day. (pause.) Hah-I'll see you two soon."

MAN

"(joyful) I ~~applaud~~ you, good man, you've got it all figured out."

The man and woman exit, leaving the MC to his own devices.
(short pause)

MC

"I've dreamed a little. To move on would not be wrong."

The MC moves his gaze to the waves. He seems concerned and curious. He opens his mouth as if about to speak again.

MC (cont'd)

"Whats-"

He closes his mouth abruptly. He pockets the business card. He exits.

SCENE 4: INT. STUDIO - MORNING

(This will likely be
an extension of the
apartment or a
separate location.)

Audio: "Pyramid Song" - Radiohead

The studio is generally a very empty space, save for a single distinctive director's chair, a camera, and a tidy array of lights and chairs. There is a string of photos strung up near the ceiling, varying from different locations in the city. There is one missing slot (for the beach). This will be a purely visual and instrumental sequence with a short monologue. The MC enters.
(short pause)

MC promptly sets down his camera on a dimly lit table.

Fade quiet *Audio*

MC (V.O.)

"My life has never implied pain nor struggle."

(short pause)

MC (V.O.) (cont'd)

"I have not learned to scowl, nor frown. I have no condition to."

The MC is settled down at his table, tinkering with his camera, adjusting the lens, inspecting the film, etc.

MC (V.O.) (cont'd)

"Days clock in. And there is no absence of ticks and tocks, so I know my life is going on."

(short pause)

MC (V.O.) (cont'd)

"I hear the same monotone static, parasitic in my mind. It's warm; another day, another shooting, across some distant sea that I need not ever know. (chuckles) That is the program."

The camera angle cuts to a strange view directed at the blank ceiling.

MC (V.O.) (cont'd)

"I spend nights looking at nothing. I never see the ceiling; it's a blessing."

The MC holds the photo of the beach, inspecting it once more, before abruptly placing it down on the table.

MC (V.O.) (cont'd)

"In this silence which you shall not know, I can smile- and that is everything."

The camera pans over to his long string of pictures.

MC (V.O.) (cont'd)

"I tell myself things, and they sound warm. I lose track. But if the laugh is mine, then so be it."

There is a distant siren.

MC (V.O.) (cont'd)
"The artist has never implied more
than what it is. They shall make, and
from there, life does not speak more.
I hear nothing."

The siren passes by, before swiftly fading out

MC (V.O.) (cont'd)
"There has never been contempt for
simple beauty, for in that essence
there is nothing and only nothing to
fear, nothing to... doubt?"

The MC chuckles to himself.

MC (V.O.) (cont'd)
"What unknown?"
(short pause)

MC (V.O.) (cont'd)
"And for that... will there not
always be enough? (short laugh,
almost a scoff)"

The MC stands up, staring at the photo of the beach one last
time. He exits.

ACT 2

SCENE 1: EXT. PARK - NOON

A table is set up with 16 miscellaneous items. They can be colored pens or matchsticks.

PLAYER

"Four rows. Take as you wish, but by turn. That's the only rule.

MC

"Interesting."

PLAYER

"Think, but do so carefully. You'll get the most out of this that way."

The MC snickers in disbelief, dismissing the game to an extent. Player notices.

PLAYER (cont'd)

"Loss to the last laugh."

There will be four dioramas, each for one game. Time passes. They play the first round. The MC loses.

MC

"(chuckles) Oh I see. Ha. So what you meant to say was luck."

PLAYER

"Again?"

They play in the second round. The MC loses. He stands up abruptly.

MC

"Cheat. What scandalous design is this?"

PLAYER

"Sit down, and maybe you'll see it differently."

(short pause)

They play I the third round. The MC loses.

MC

"Failure. In such a simple game. What was I thinking? Row four. Take three. Row two. Take two. (recited) "

PLAYER

"Patterns. You're compelled to do so- it's a warm embrace. You're placing the same gambles. Gambles only last so long."

They play in the fourth round. The MC loses. It is nighttime outside. The MC slowly gets up.

PLAYER (cont'd)

"Evening. Oh, one last thing."
(short pause)

PLAYER (cont'd)

"Don't speak with yourself. You won't sound any different. Expect that."

The Player turns back to reset the board. MC is silent. He takes the final piece. He quietly exits.

Blackout. Unsettling ambiance- low humming, static, misc.

MC (V.O.)

"I hear not the static. It bothers me. Where is that warmth? I've missed it. Has it left? Since when? I saw the ceiling that night. I couldn't sleep. My hand is empty, yet my mind is full."

(pause)

The audience is left in cold silence.

MC (V.O.) (cont'd)

"What's there?"

SCENE 2: EXT. BEACH - NIGHT (6 PM)

Audio: "My Ty She" - Klaus Schulze

Within the second beach scene, we should have a sense of contrast with the first.

It should feel emptier, with a large majority of the sunlight fading out in return for an array of city lights. There is no longer a camera propped up. The character is hunched over in the sand. The director's chair and Camera are by his side. In his hand, he holds a matchstick. The sun begins to set.

The voices of the radio fade in, but we see no radio in sight.

RADIO 3

"On the other side of this transmission, I do not know. I may ask myself many things as to who would spare their time to listen to someone else. It's absurd. Like, who the hell are you? What's on your mind? Go do something, you know?"

RADIO 2

"(slurred) Alright, that's enough. You've- you... had too much for one night. Get the- get the tape and cut it. Fucks sake."

RADIO 3

"(slurred + fading out) Brother, you are a unique young man. What happened with you and Sandy? Huh? You're a wreck."

RADIO 2

"What went wrong? When did it all fail? I had aspirations and dreams. Fuck. I spend nights asking myself these things. I'm a deadbeat insomniac. What the hell even am I? I can't keep living like this-"

RADIO 3

"Flaws. Flaws. Flaws. Change is hard. One day you can tell yourself all these things, and then really realize it was all bullshit. I could have a nice talk with yesterday's you and have a good laugh."

There is an abrupt static. Another voice fades in, but it does not sound like it is conceived from a radio

MAN (V.O.)

"There was this man, on the beach, who-well- appeared to be taking a photo.

(MORE)

MAN (V.O.) (cont'd)
Just last night, by the seawall. From
then on, I did not notice any
flashes."

MAN (V.O.) (cont'd)
"They are lonesome individuals. They
come with place in a place-less
world. He seeks a purpose, and I
could only call it futile."

MAN (V.O.) (cont'd)
"Disconcerted souls. They act for
some unseen audience. They will
perform, and we shall ask for answers
none. Then we can only sit, watch,
and grimace. We pity them, knowing
that they may never find that same
simple happiness."

MAN (V.O.) (cont'd)
"Dreadful, yet I still did not doubt
his reason to be at the beach on that
particular day."

MAN (V.O.) (cont'd)
"He lowered his camera and sat down
by the logs. I did not approach him
after that. I did not feel like I
needed to."

MAN (V.O.) (cont'd)
"Strange people. They have the
capacity for change. They will scar
the mind looking for it but grimace
not."

MAN (V.O.) (cont'd)
"We will never understand them. They
are never there, so what is there to
understand? Are they but empty,
emotionless vessels? I would never
know."

MAN (V.O.) (cont'd)
"But that is obsession. That is the
artist."

(short pause)

MAN (V.O.) (cont'd)
"Ha. But he's got it all figured out
for all I could bet. Good man."

The camera pans into the eyes of the MC. There is an unsettling ambiance. There is an abrupt, crashing sound of a door slamming before cutting to the studio immediately.

SCENE 3: INT. STUDIO - EVENING (9 PM)

Abrupt static and click.

The studio is conversely darker than before. It has lost its original sense of tidiness in return for a darker space. Chairs are no longer neatly stacked, but not completely scattered. A radio plays loudly in the background- it should feel out of place.

RADIO 1 (V.O.)

"So doctor, what is so
'intrinsically' unique about our
motivation?"

RADIO 4 (V.O.)

"Well David, what is especially
notable within me and you is that we
are conditioned to do certain things.
It's quite eerie, you might live the
same days on demand and may never
truly see yourself and what you are
doing."

MC gently places his hands on the photo of the beach,
transfixed on the silhouette of the waves.

RADIO 1 (V.O.)

"Those are some big words doctor, but
what exactly do you mean by that?"

RADIO 4 (V.O.)

"Well, what do you usually get in the
mornings, David? A man of the media
like you is sure to go mindless
without his caffeine-"

RADIO 1 (V.O.)

(Replies hastily,
confidently)

"Cappuccino, double-double on the
cream and sugar. Its quite basic but
it gets the job done."

(MORE)

RADIO 1 (V.O.) (cont'd)
(Rambles on about the
benefits of
cappuccino, if you
want...)

RADIO 4 (V.O.)
"-Never mind that, but do you not
amuse yourself at times? Bleat for a
dream? *Excommunicate* the cappuccino?
Ha, Something new?"

RADIO 1 (V.O.)
"No."

RADIO 4 (V.O.)
"Well sir, then you are conditioned.
You are a self-proclaimed, 'governed'
individual."

RADIO 1 (V.O.)
(Noticeably
uninterested,
dismissive, pissed
off)
"Well, what do you mean by that?"

RADIO 4 (V.O.)
"We see what we deem fit to see. We
think through our eyes and not our
minds. Even as we sit here, face to
face, I know a stark emptiness within
you David. You've drowned it."

Fixed camera angle, likely top-down. Highlight the darkness
that MC resides within. In his hands, he now holds a lighter

RADIO 1 (V.O.)
"Ha- that's rich... Cut. Cut"
(quietly, hastily)

RADIO 4 (V.O.)
"You are you, and yet you are blind
to it."

Swift cut back to the normal camera position. There is a
noticeable cut in the radio. Static. There is a click, the
lighter flicks.

RADIO 3 (V.O.)
"Apologies folks, we are experiencing
some feedback on station 44. Please
stand by."

Blackout.

The radio cuts to some form of news broadcasting network. We hear police chatter and sirens in the background. The character grimaces, turning towards the curtains to close them only to find that they are already closed. Dismayed, he finds a seat. He holds out a recording device of a type to his mouth.

MC

"I am not a photographer."

ACT 3:

SCENE 1: EXT. PARK

Rain. Heavy rain.

The MC enters, returning to the original table where he played the games of Nim. He darts his attention left to right, to no avail. He places the final match on the wet table. He exits.

SCENE 2: INT. STUDIO - EVENING

MC (V.O.)

"When it left, I discarded myself. I gave way to everything. I entertained terrible thoughts because I was tired. I couldn't fall into that sleep, not after all this."

The man begins to tear down the photos frantically. He is noticeably distressed.

MC (V.O.) (cont'd)

"I responded as any proclaimed 'self-governed', bullshit individual would have. But I wasn't disappointed in change, no. I was disappointed in myself. I wouldn't have ever known what I was thinking."

The man notices the photograph of the beach on his desk once more. He pins it to the string of empty photos. He pauses, staring at it.

MC (V.O.) (cont'd)

"But I only blinked. Through that short silence, I found something else. I heard it."

The MC turns towards the desk. He grabs his camera in his hands.

MC (V.O.) (cont'd)

"And, by will, I was not going to let it slip away. One frame was simply not enough, not anymore."

There is a faint click as the MC fiddles with the camera. He turns towards the door and exits. The door quietly closes. We are left in an empty room.

MC (V.O.) (cont'd)
(short pause)

MC (V.O.) (cont'd)
"I could do so much more."

There is an abrupt static. Slow blackout.

RADIO 4 (V.O.)
"Claustrophobia, he told me. When he
saw the world for what it was, he
could not have possibly turned back
to that once-twice melody, that
graying room.

There is an abrupt static once more.

RADIO 4 (V.O.) (cont'd)
"No longer an ephemeral thought, no
longer a distraction. It was a
beautiful moment."

SCENE 3: EXT. BEACH - MIDNIGHT

Audio: "Exit music (for a film) - Radiohead

The beach lacks the sound of birds now. The waves and winds pierce the ears, heavily. There is a contrast between the dark beach and the brightly lit buildings. The character sits on a director's chair in the sand. In his hand, he holds a camera. There are tears on his face- dried but still noticeable.

MC
"I figured."

The music swells.

MC
"This, this is what he wanted you to
see."

The character laughs. He raises his camera. We hear a click. He does not lower it. The music begins to fade. We are left with one final shot of the character and the natural world. The sound of the waves hums in the background. There is a slow blackout. A final set of words appears.

"Bettel. Game set."

"End."

CREDITS

Audio: "Caravan" - Duke Ellington (second half)

Music swells. Upbeat. As photos and videos of beautiful religious sites around the world, the credits begin to roll.

Note (for editing):

In order: Vatican City, Mecca, Lhasa, Tibet Autonomous Region, China, Jerusalem, Varanasi, Lourdes, Rishikesh, Sri Pada, Bethlehem, Lumbini, Amritsar

We hear the MC's voice once more.

MC (V.O.)

"I planned for a fifth round, but never saw him again. Still, I must thank him."

MC (V.O.) (cont'd)

"The initial idea seemed foreign to me. I entertained the concept for a while, film and cinematography that is, and thereby was changed by it."
(pause as desired)

MC (V.O.) (cont'd)

"I enjoyed myself very much. In the company of the many various individuals, I felt whole."
(pause as desired)

MC (V.O.) (cont'd)

"I saw the ceiling every night, and in that thought, I no longer spoke to myself."

(MORE)

MC (V.O.) (cont'd)
(pause as desire)

MC (V.O.) (cont'd)
"Pass that distant sea, I found
something much more."

A final sequence of quotes fills the screen.

"Let's have a dream which isn't under control."

Blackout.

"|Naturally| You would get more and more adventurous, and
finally you would dream-"

Blackout.

"Where you are now."

Blackout.

"You can |then| begin to feel your existence as absolutely
fundamental. - Alan Watts"

Blackout.