

پرچیاں

By

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Fade in:

1. EXT. FIELD. MORNING.

The camera follows Emil as she RUNS through the fields while LAUGHING, as her sister is CHASING her. Music plays in the background.

EMIL

Now stop. We should go
back home or else mom
is going to have a
heart attack.

We see a montage of shots establishing the location and style of living: birds chirping, crops swaying side to side, a donkey cart travelling on a dirt path etc.

CUTAWAY TO:

2. EXT. OLD LAHORE. MORNING.

The montage continues to show historical places in Lahore: Badshahi Mosque, Wazir Khan Mosque, Pov shot of alleyways. Opening credits are displayed.

SMASH CUT TO:

3. INT. VERANDA. MORNING.

The camera shows the radio still playing the same song.

MOTHER

(V.O)

Where is everyone? Turn
off this song before
your dad comes home.

We hear a few steps and see a close-up of the hand changing the radio station. After a few seconds of statics sounds of the station switching, Zia-Ul-Haqq's martial law speech starts playing.

CUT TO:

4. INT/EXT VERANDA. MORNING.

Emil and her sister SNEAK IN with Zia's speech in the background.

CUT TO:

5. INT. VERANDA. Morning.

The sisters TRY TO ACT NORMAL, as they cross from the gate to the door leading to inside of the veranda.

ZOYA

Emil, it was so fun today. Can we go back tomorrow again.

EMIL

(Whispers)

No, we barely snuck back in, just wait a few days. Besides the political situation is quite uncertain right now.

CUT TO:

6. INT. ROOM. EVENING.

Emil is in her room WRITING a diary entry

EMIL

(V.O)

Today we went to the fields. Zoya and I talked a lot. Beside us the river cut through the ground, rushing forward. After quite some time, I finally got the opportunity to experience the beauty of the moment but with every moment I was struck by realization of life's irony.

CUT TO:

7. EXT. FEILD. MORNING.

The girls are laying on harvested crops, staring at the sky.

ZOYA

I have decided, I am going to talk to dad tomorrow to let me go

to hareem's house. We have been friends for so many years and everyone knows how close we are. So, I don't understand why dad doesn't let me go. And you, you don't even think about me.

CUT TO:

8. INT. ROOM. EVENING.

EMIL continues with voiceover of her monologue as she writes it in her diary.

EMIL

(v.o)

How do I tell her that it is worrying for her, that I can't sleep peacefully at night. If it were in my control, I would stop the time.

How do I tell her, how hard it is for me to tell my heart, that there nothing I can do except wait. What I heard that day, If it's true, I don't want to see that tomorrow, where there is no more Zoya.

Not that moment, Not that tomorrow.

Title is displayed on screen.

FADE TO BLACK: