

Alexander George : The Man

Video

Shooting Script

INT. MAN'S BEDROOM – EARLY MORNING

EXTREME CLOSE-UP of eyes awakening with the sound of a large gasp as the pupil adjusts to the sunlight streaming in through the windows.

CUT TO:

CONTINUOUS

THE MAN jolts upright in his bed. Everything is black and white. HE sits for a moment before coming back to reality.

HE turns and behind him he finds a LARGE BOARD lay flat under him, across his bed.

HE knows it well and its presence suddenly casts a shadow over his face.

INT. MAN'S HOUSE – CONTINUOUS

THE MAN is getting ready for the day. The board is tainted with large black and white blotches that hang raggedly off uneven sections of decay. Despite this grotesque appearance, the board looks rather comic as it clashes with the everyday and ultra-modern items of the house.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET – DAY

THE MAN walks slowly and miserably by – closely followed by the noisy board on wheels. Some people in the street watch and stare with prejudice but nothing interrupts the lonely scene.

CUT TO:

EXT. MONTAGE – STREET – DAY

As THE MAN enters the office he desperately shuts the dor behind him to impede HIS PAST from entering the room. He succeeds and enters, shaking the job interviewer's hand confidently.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE – SAME SHOT

HIS PAST appears suddenly behind him. Upon seeing it, the job interviewer refuses THE MAN and send him out.

EXT. PARK BENCH – DAY

CLOSE-UP OF BOOK COVER which reads 'ACME FIX-YOUR-LIFE BOOKS: HOW TO DEAL WITH YOUR PROBLEMS'.

PAN OUT, we see THE MAN reading intently on a park bench. The board stands stationary behind him.

He reads a particularly interesting point.

CUT TO:

INTERTITLE

'DON'T BE THE **LOSER**, CONFRONT YOUR PROBLEMS AND **WIN!**'

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK BENCH – DAY

THE MAN nervously bites his lip and glances at HIS PAST. Slowly and without conviction, THE MAN stands up and readies himself for the confrontation.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET – CONTINUOUS

He pulls his hand up again as if his body is in the control of a puppeteer and just as quickly pulls it away. This waltz continues in a jerky and unsettled manner before THE MAN stops and takes a deep breath ... He raises his arm gingerly in the direction of the board ... the board remains motionless ... his hand pivots upwards to the centre of a strip of black and white ... he unstretches his fingers ... his face wiped with fear ... the blank board stares back at him ... millimetres away, the finger shakes, and then, the skin and the flat board collide.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE:

A plane streams across a baby-blue sky and explodes through a proud and sturdy building. A child cries. The Nazi SS and SA march across a humungous stadium. A cross burns. Radical, dark images repeat in succession across the street. More screaming and disturbing graphics.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET – CONTINUOUS

The hand pulls back in disgust and bewilderment. THE MAN suppresses a tear from his eye. A wild stare crosses his face and he stands back horrified. Picking up the book, he hurls it in rage at the board and in an explosion of white paper, he runs determinedly down the street.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE:

THE MAN is chased by the board through various locations. He runs with an angry resolve as the board keeps pace with his every twist and turn. The chase becomes more humorous as the board becomes more persistent and manages to scale terrain that would seem unsuitable for the lumbering object.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP – CONTINUOUS

The chase ends on the rooftop as THE MAN arrives at the edge and looks back at the board with a defeated expression.

CUT TO:

INTERTITLE:

GOD?!

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP – CONTINUOUS

There is no reply from the clouds above and so the man slinks back down onto HIS PAST, defeated and dejected.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK – AFTERNOON

MEDIUM SHOT of MAN still walking. His face is draped in a downcast depressing frown.

CLOSE-UP of ground moving beneath him.

CLOSE-UP of MAN'S face, he sighs deeply.

ESTABLISHING SHOT of PARK. THE MAN walks along a narrow concrete section in the middle of a clear opening.

CUT TO:

INTERTITLE:

So what are you? My memory?

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK – CONTINUOUS

THE MAN continues the one-sided conversation with HIS PAST.

CUT TO:

INTERTITLE:

No, you can't be ... I can still remember things ...

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK – CONTINUOUS

Suddenly, THE MAN turns and the board halts accordingly.

THE MAN pauses and thinks for a moment. After this slight reflection he raises his head. Words, like those of an intertitle but different, almost like thoughts, float across the screen.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK – CONTINUOUS

THE MAN reaches out once more, this time without any hesitation, and touches the board.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK – CONTINUOUS

EXTREME CLOSE-UP of eyes opening. The pupil dilates and the screen fills with colour.

Pulling back, we notice the entire Park soon swim with newly released hues and highlights. THE MAN becomes engrossed in his environment, venturing out to feel and touch the flora around him. THE MAN forgets the board and does not realise that it has stopped following him. He pauses again and takes in a joyous breath.

He walks back onto the cement path and faces the board. Cracking into a gentle grin, he quietly addresses HIS PAST once more.

THE MAN

Goodbye.

And with that, he turns on his heels and walks slowly off the trail. The board is left motionless and silent in the middle of the unkempt path as THE MAN continues into the welcoming nature around him.