

## Harry Greenwood : Ísland

### Video

---

#### Shooting Script

EXT. A country road (Winter) – Late afternoon

A river road black as pitch, pot-holed, cracked and dull. The parched land shimmers, hills stretching out towards a watery dream. The only sound is the calm swish of leaves in the gum trees.

A motionless establishing shot. By the side of the road a 17 year old girl by the name of **TINTIN** drifts with a mazy motion. Her long black hair hidden beneath a multicoloured beanie.

Low angle shot of the lone figures feet, scuffing black soles along the bitumen. Her chequered skirt ripples in the wind. Her bag held tight. The gum trees lining the road sway in a slight breeze. Sunlight enveloping falling leaves.

Close up of **TINTIN**'s face. Her eyes to the ground. She watches as the sun prickles the surrounding hills, all a golden pink.

EXT. River crossing (Bridge) – Late afternoon

With ease **TINTIN** slings her bag off the bridge and onto the riverbank below. She jumps down onto the rocks, her dark, thin hair blending with the shade of the trees. She removes a thin wad of stapled paper from her bag and proceeds to separate the bundle into 10 individual sheets. Her fingers moving skillfully as the paper is folded. A flurry of folding, the sheets transformed into miniature paper boats.

The white boats bobbing collectively atop the water. One by one **TINTIN** begins to release them into the rapid flow of water running centrally down the river. The boats cajole and fall into line. **TINTIN**'s fingers dabbling lightly in the clear, reflective surface of the river. Her eyes observing its ephemeral flow. Tintin has a tender affection for afternoons.

**TINTIN** rises and gathers her bag. She continues her steady walk along the road.

EXT. Gate (Tintin's property) -- Late afternoon

The girl's **MUM** is making her way down the driveway to collect the mail. Her feet crunching upon the dusty gravel. She has her arms wrapped around her waist, a thin, tattered skivvy her only protection from the afternoon chill.

The girl's **MUM** half way down the driveway, **TINTIN** rising upwards from beneath dense greenery. **TINTIN** driving shoes through muddy grass, the metal gate twisted flat against the barbwire. Flowing freely through air and wind, her face vacant, dreaming of a distant land of ice. Mid-shot of **TINTIN's MUM**, eyes staring ardently, met with a trite expression.

MUM  
How did you go?

TINTIN  
Yeh

The warmth of her body left behind, almost discarded. **TINTIN** continues along the road. **MUM** turns, disillusioned, visibly distressed.

MUM  
Oh Tintin, what does that mean?.....Tintin!

The girl's **MUM** turns back down the road. She moves to collect the mail. Her hands brushing lightly over drops of dew. As she turns back to the house, mail in hand, she begins to sort. Close up of hands sorting through letters. The **MUM** detours from the drive, wading through knee-high grass as she mounts the hill in the direction of the house. She continues to sort through the mail before coming across a letter different from the rest. Close up of **MUM**, a perplexed expression. The camera's focus is pulled so that the outline of the **MUM's** figure softens and melts into the land, whilst the distant, hazy silhouette of **TINTIN** becomes more distinct. A correlation is made between the ambiguous letter and **TINTIN**. In the chill, an establishing shot of a lone house in the middle of the hill.

INT. The house (white weatherboard) – Twilight

Gently, a faint diffuse light refracts through a window. The door swinging, darkness inside. Tintin enters, two black shoes and a pair of faded blue socks. E.C.U of her white skin, like fresh snow or milk, dulled by darksome rooms.

She goes to her room, falling casually onto her bed. The sheets are worn and smell faintly of sweat. Close up of her face, cheek pressed

against the white sheet. We see the extent of her room, walls plastered with pictures of ice, snow and tundra. Posters advertising Iceland, eg 'Come to Iceland, home to many natural wonders of the world.'

Off-centre, an aged letter sits, inadequately tacked to the wall. Close-up of the letter. The address and name of the writer are distinguishable: Henry Rime, Hafnargata st. Seydisfjordur, East Iceland. *To my Dear Tintin ....* Top corners unstuck, the letter hangs by a thread. Close up of **TINTIN's** face as she notices the imperfection in her menagerie of images. She shuffles across to the head of her bed and tacks the letter back into place.

Her head falls. The warmth of wool, her head rested. (Shot from above bed.) Tintin curled on the bed chewing. Close up of her eyes as they dim to darkness. This image is intercut with images of a barren, icy wasteland. Sequentially fast-cut documentary footage of icebergs and glaciers presented in a montage format. The montage is suggestive of **TINTIN's** undulating stream of consciousness.

Her 'Ísland' milieu.

Tintin (V.O)

Of the blood, which ran and welled forth freely out of his wounds, they made the sea, when they had formed and made firm the earth together, and *laid the sea in a ring around, about her*, and it may well seem a hard thing to most men to cross over it.

INT. Dinner table (Sitting apart) – A dimly-lit room

Establishing shot of house, the light from inside spills into the obscurity of night. Wisps of steam from warming food curl into **TINTIN's** nostrils. In silence mother and daughter eat. Close up of **MUM**, staring searchingly into **TINTIN's** eyes, met with no reply. **TINTIN** eats in silence, emotionless, without a word to say. Looks travel between mother and daughter as the silence prolongs. **MUM** is struggling to speak, there is something she wants to say. The contents of 'the' letter remain withheld.

**A)** \*Eventually, the girl's **MUM** speaks calmly yet her eyes deceive. **MUM** spoons a mouthful of soup into her mouth, the spoon lingering. **MUM**

I got you the Uni pamphlet you wanted

No reply. Close up as Tintin continues to eat. Long shot of house in the darkness.

**B)** \***MUM** stretches her arm to the end of the table and gathers a pile of papers. She slides them over to **TINTIN**. P.O.V shot of papers, a

pamphlet atop the pile reads: Sydney University Courses 2007....  
Close up of **TINTIN's** reaction. She finally looks up to **MUM**. Her mind lost in thought. Long shot of house in the darkness.  
Long shot of the house, sitting in the obscurity of night, fading into a calm montage of barren Icelandic landscapes. The sequence suggests that **TINTIN** has surrendered to the desires of her mother. The landscapes appear calmer, the icebergs begin to melt, drip, give way.

Tintin (V.O)

When comes the wind. It is strong, so that it stirs great seas, and it *swells fire*. Ice melting, dripping, giving. But, *strong* as it is, none may see it, for it is wonderfully shapen.

INT. Tintin's room (Asleep) – A bright morning

Full shot of **TINTIN** curled beneath the doona, asleep on her bed. A white room, walls reflecting the rays streaming in through the window. Mid-shot of **TINTIN**, her body motionless. A large poster depicting the bleak waters of the south pole begins to become unstuck. We hear the poster fall as **TINTIN** disappears behind a sheet of white. **TINTIN** stirs beneath the poster, before sitting up and getting out of bed. She stands. **TINTIN** stares sleepy eyed at the walls of her room. She rubs them of sleep. Again she pauses, examining the images. The camera pans across the walls. Again we are shown the extent of her collection. **TINTIN** moves to where the poster has fallen and begins to place it back on the wall. **TINTIN** pauses halfway through what she is doing. Close-up of **TINTIN** as we see something in her eyes. Again pensive, resulting in a false decisiveness. Close up of **TINTIN's** hands as she rips the poster from the wall. (Shot from above.) **TINTIN** begins ripping the images and posters violently from her walls. The tattered remnants drifting to the ground. Long shot from exterior, looking through **TINTIN's** window. Long shot of the house in the middle of the hill.

We watch as **TINTIN** storms out the front door, paper crumpled and bundled under her arms. (Sound of the door opening and slamming shut.) Some paper escapes the clutches of her hands, flowing freely in her wake.

Over the shoulder shot of **TINTIN** from the kitchen. **TINTIN** is walking hurriedly towards a large stack of wood we can see in the BG. **MUM** watches from the kitchen, cup of tea in hand.

Close up of **TINTIN's** hands as she stuffs the bundle of paper beneath the bonfire. **TINTIN** stands, puffing, visibly distressed, falsely

determined. **TINTIN** looks to the hills, the tall stalk of the native grasses moving in the wind. They disappear behind a mantle of mist.

EXT. Riverbank (water hole) – Overcast midday

Fast cut shots of **TINTIN** as she walks through the undergrowth on her way to the river. Close up of **TINTIN**, head poking out from behind the leaves of a tree. Staring out at the beauty of the river.

**TINTIN** bends down to feel the ice cold water, turning the pinks of her fingers a whitish, bluish, purple. Long shot of **TINTIN** crouched.

Establishing shot of river, **TINTIN** resting on her haunches, picking up small stones and flicking them towards a boulder wedged in the middle of the river. We see the girl's **MUM** enter the shot, hands tucked under her arms as she heads for the river.

**MUM** stops short of **TINTIN**. She walks to the water's edge, removing her shoes and dabbling her feet in it. We are reminded of how cold the water is as there is a close up of **MUM's** face. She comes down to Tintin's level, **TINTIN** looks towards her **MUM**. We hear voices as the two talk. The words are indecipherable. It is just banter. Long shot of river from the opposite bank. The two figures sitting peacefully, throwing small pebbles at a small, island-like boulder in the middle of the river.

EXT. Bonfire (Fierce flames) – Clear, starry night

Establishing shot of the bonfire(unlit) with the two figures standing beside it. Both are rugged up, wearing thick woollen jumpers. Mid-shot of both figures as they kneel close centre of the wood pile. Close up of **MUM** as she removes a packet of matches from her pocket. E.C.U. as she removes a match from the box, striking it against the side. The match fails to light. Close up of both faces as **MUM** hands the match to **TINTIN**. There is a silence as **TINTIN** stares at her MUM before a wry smile breaks onto her face.

**TINTIN** strikes the match on the side of the matchbox before lighting one of the images stuffed under the pile of sticks. It ignites and immediately the fire spreads to the rest of bonfire. We hear sticks cracking and splitting. Long shot of the fire burning brightly, the two figures silhouetted against the night fire.

This image is intertwined with documentary footage of icebergs and glaciers melting into the sea. This echoes the collapsing, burning fire. **TINTIN's** dream of travelling to see her father in Iceland has slowly been disintegrating over the years.

Tintin (V.O)

But now, when thou comest to the sea, thou shalt be able to mark what a *diminishing* thou has drunk in the sea ... ebb-tides.

INT. Tintin's room (Asleep) – A bright morning

Tintin (V.O)

West over water I fared, baring poetry's waves to the shore,  
*mustrandar mar*. My course was set, at the *breaking of ice*.

**TINTIN** lies asleep, curled neatly on her white bed. (Shot from above.) **TINTIN** motionless. Full shot as **MUM** enters the room with the letter and places it near **TINTIN's** face. Close up of the letter framed by the white sheet. The same Icelandic address is printed across the front.

Cut to images of the Icelandic landscape. We hear the sound of wind as it sweeps across its land.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

**THE END**