

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL

BREATHE:
ONE DAY. ONE STORY. ONE BREATH.

Written by

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"enter the imagination through your heart." Joy Harjo

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Weaving Words:

Weaving sunset with a scarlet thread,

I cast my eye on the horizon, on the eye of a needle.

All dread leaves me, believe me, I don't think I limit my soul to
seeing just one of those crimson wonders.

Sunsets mark time, more substantial than the ticking of a clock. The
ticks tock, in a familiar rhythm, but there is no repetition in a deep
scarlet sunlit sky.

Everything is new, nothing remains the same.

But...where there are the naysayers of the dark night, this sky never
rejects me, nor my scarlet weave of words.

**NOTE: LEGENDS 1-9 APPEAR AND DISAPPEAR ON THE BREEZE
(THE ONE MINUTE PER PAGE FOR NARRATIVE SCRIPTS DOES NOT
APPLY)**

1. GREY RIBBON SKY

EXT. WOODLANDS IN SUMMER - TWILIGHT

A cabin in the woods. An hour before sunrise. The night is coming to an end.

A VOICE is heard, soft and sensual, as her soulscape appears on screen.

Nature is quiet and still, save for a gentle breeze, wafting the canopy of the trees.

MUSIC: BINAURAL BEATS PUNCTUATE THE AIR. The sound of a WIND CHIME caresses our ears.

THE POET (O.S.)

A grey ribbon appears above the
greenbelt of fir trees.
Above, another decoration of warm
crimson light from the sunrise,
forms.
Stitched together on heaven's loom,
both warp and weft leave me with
expectations.
For hope comes in many shades; dark
presence, simmering light. I need
to shade my eyes.

THE POET (young, aware, eyes of the soul wide open, skin caressed by nature) appears on the veranda.

THE POET (CONT'D)

I bow to greet the day,
The earth breathes its response,
The sighing trees sway.
(pause)
Their canopy fizzes with
contentment, for the dark night is
over; each tree welcoming the day.
There are many such welcomings that
caress the soul.
I drift and sigh, adding to
nature's animation.

Her face is glowing in the morning light.

THE POET (CONT'D)

I open my eyes and welcome the
light.
I stand before creation's riches
and the zephyr flow welcomes my
skin.

Her gown ripples with the breeze. The sun rises above the
grey ribbon.

2. THE HEART IS WHERE THE FLOW COMES FROM

INT. CABIN KITCHEN AREA - MORNING

CONTINUOUS

Breakfast time. The Poet stands at the stove and stirs her
porridge.

She adds a spoonful of turmeric to the pot. The yellow forms
swirls of colour, then gradually turns the whole pot yellow.

THE POET

Not measure for measure to change
the world.

The Poet sits at the dining table eating the porridge.

THE POET (V.O.)

Feed these cells and give Spirit
something to hang on to.
Fire the synapses, ignite the
imagination.
A poet once wrote, "enter the
imagination through the heart".
The heart is where the flow comes
from.
The earth breathes, the wind blows
where it wills and carries me to a
place where nobody knows, to see
what silence brings.

She rises from the table and opens the door.

A breeze catches her. She feels elevated, weightless and
wanders out of the door.

3. A COMMUNITY OF TREES

In any established forest there is always a MOTHER TREE, the most ancient of trees which coordinates the communication between trees of the forest; for protection against predators, the supply of nutrients and sustenance for drought suffering trees.

EXT. WOODLANDS IN SUMMER - MORNING

The Poet walks through the tall grasses, across to the ancient trees.

THE POET

Connect me to the ancient trees
To a community of elders.
Wise in the ways of life
Caring for each other under sacred
canopies.

(holds the tree against
her body)

Shade me with your tenderness,
Hold me in your tree-crowned
royalty,
And your mycelium nerve-centre,
Shares your wisdom from the mother
tree.

The Mother Tree speaks.

MOTHER TREE

Learn the Way of the Trees. Take in
the world's tragedies and toxins
and transform them into life.
Oxygen from pollutants is to be
found at the end of your pen,
staining the page black or blue.

She holds the Mother Tree and is covered in bark-like skin.

One with Nature.

THE POET

The male body is meant for prose,
the female body for poetry.

4. MYCELIUM WAYS

She responds by running under the canopy of trees, past tree ferns to a clearing.

As she runs...

THE POET (V.O.)
Connect me to the ancient trees, to
a community of Elders.
Wise in their ways of tree-life.
Caring for each other
Beneath sacred canopies.

She moves in a perichore dance. As her feet pass over the ground, her body connects to the mycelium networks; they cover her body. She looks like a MYCELIUM NEBULA revolving in space.

She SHOUTS...

THE POET
Shade me with your tenderness,
Hold me within your tree-crowned
royalty.
Sustain me in your mycelium ways.
Bringing me to life...
And telling me...

MOTHER TREE
Become who you already are...

She falls to the ground and holds there in foetal form.

Her eye opens and glares out through this network of tree-firing synapses over her body.

SHOT: SLOW ZOOM INTO HER EYE.

Her imagination mirroring the activity over her body.

MOTHER TREE (CONT'D)
Yes, enter your imagination through
your heart.

SHOT: RETURNS TO THE VERANDA OF HER CABIN

5. PREDICTABLE TYRANNIES

The Poet is sat on the veranda, pen and notebook in hand.

She smiles...

SHOT: OVER HER SHOULDER

ON THE PAGE IS WRITTEN:

THE POET

I am not held by the predictable
tyranny of narrative time.
Beginnings. Middles. Endings.
Do not strike a chord with me.
I am an Alpha and Omega
entanglement. A continuum where the
beginning and the ending are a
quantum moment.
A point in time, pointing at me.

She turns a page...

THE POET (CONT'D)

In the beginning is my ending and
in my ending, my beginning.
Death is banished. I am going
nowhere near to the wilderness of
oblivion.
I am forever awakened to the thrill
that life in the Universe goes
on... and on

She then writes...

THE POET (CONT'D)

And I am hidden in this Cosmos
where no atom is lost, but simply
rewoven into the fabric of space-
time.

6. HAVE YOU HEARD THE TREES BREATHE? - (A REST FROM WORDS)

SOUND: TREES POPPING, HUMMING, STRETCHING, RUSTLING.

LIGHT: VIBRANT GREENS. HAZY ATMOSPHERE. PARTICLES FLOATING IN
THE LIGHT. FECUNDITY'S PRESENCE.

LOW SHOTS: (BLEEDING IN TO ONE ANOTHER)

* A VIEW ACROSS MAJESTIC TREES LOOKING UP INTO THE CANOPY.
THE LIGHT PIERCES THE DARKNESS.

* RAYS OF LIGHT - BREAKING THROUGH THE TREES.

* CLOSE-UP ON THE GNARLY BARK OF A MOTHER TREE.

* TREE-FERNS RUSTLING IN THE WIND.

* WIND-SWEPT RAIN PELTING ON LEAVES AND FERNS. THE TREES OF THE FIELD, CLAPPING THEIR HANDS.

Then.

All is calm... serenity's gaze.

7. NAKED TRUTHS, NAKED POETS

INT. CABIN LIVING AREA - DARK DAY

A storm is brewing outside. The rain batters the cabin windows. There is a rumble of thunder.

SHOTS: INCORPORATE OZU'S 'TATAMI' POV

A fire is blazing in the hearth, giving radiant light to the room. This is the only light source. From Sun to Hearth, a golden array.

SHOT: FROM BEHIND THE POET

The Poet is sat, lotus fashion in front of the fire. Her long black hair cascading down her back, like the dark looming storm clouds outside.

THE POET

Why do we write? Why do we stain
pristine pages?

Through the flickering light another's arms and legs wrap around The Poet.

OLD POET (ageing, aware, eyes of the soul wide open, centred)

The Young and the Old meet and caress, the passionate and the wise are seated naked, entwined with one another.

REVERSE SHOT: THROUGH THE FIRE

An older body, with The Poet's arms and legs wrapped around her. Her long black hair cascading down her back.

OLD POET

Because we catch the light and cast
it towards the darkness.

THE POET

But who will read it?

OLD POET

Those who are awake, who have
shunned the darkness.

SHOT: FROM ABOVE

Their movements mirror one another's.

THE POET

But what of the darkness within?

She places her hand on The Old Poet's cheek. Tenderness.
Intimacy. Searching for an answer.

SHOT: THE CAMERA DRIFTING DOWN TO MEET...

An intense gaze into the eyes of the Old Poet.

OLD POET

We sleep in the darkness. But when
we awaken, the light shines and the
dark night has passed.

SHOT: (TWO CAMERAS) TATAMI LOW OBLIQUE ANGLE ON EACH

She places her hand on the Old Poet's left breast.

THE POET

What will I learn of my heart?

The Old Poet rests her hand on The Poet's left breast.

OLD POET

Beware of the snakebite of
delusion.
For then you will despise me for
being old...and that which is not
you, for not being...you.
(whispering)
That which you despise, you cannot
love.
And that which you cannot love, you
will destroy.

Her gaze intensifies...

OLD POET (CONT'D)
(redolent)
Spirit moves in the shadows. If you
cannot see it, you are *not* awake.

SHOT: THROUGH THE FIRE

They embrace each other and as they do so, they meld together. The Poet's face showing through the hair of the Old Poet.

First - the young poet's face.

THE POET
And if I am awake?

REVERSE SHOT: FRAMED BY THE FIREPLACE

Then the Old Poet's face.

OLD POET
Then you will write.

Unity, the two become one as the Old Poet speaks. They morph into one another.

OLD POET (CONT'D)
And other people will see the light
that is not yours. And the Morning
Stars will sing...

The Poet is sat alone at the fire. She stands.

REVERSE SHOT: THROUGH THE FIRE

The storm has abated. All is calm. The camera lingers on the scene.

The flame is replaced by the sun.

EXT. WOODLANDS IN SUMMER - SUNSET

The sun begins to go down behind the trees. The Old Poet stands; silhouetted against it. She becomes invigorated, renewed. She stretches her hands towards the heavens.

Replaced by... the Young Poet, filled with the wisdom of the Old and Wise one.

The night sky sings with the light from the stars. Each star a note. Each constellation, a chord.

8. THE MORNING STARS

EXT. WOODLANDS IN SUMMER - SUNRISE MORNING LIGHT

The sun begins to lighten the sky behind the tree line. The Morning Stars are gathered to sing its praise.

THE POET

(bowing)

I bow to greet the day.
The Earth breathes its response.
The sighing trees sway, bowing
before the morning light.
All is then new, and I am reborn.
Ready to take on the darkness, with
this Morning Star chorus.

FADE OUT.

9. THE MEETING OF THE LIGHT-BEARERS

INT. CABIN - BEDROOM - MORNING

The Poet is asleep in her bed. The window lightens with the morning sun.

Standing over her, the Old Poet.

She kneels on the bed and caresses the hair of The Poet.

SHOT: CLOSE-UP ON THE POET'S EAR

The Old Poet puts her lips close to the sleeping Poet's ear and whispers to her.

OLD POET

It's time to speak to them.

EXT. WOODLANDS IN SUMMER - MORNING

CONTINUOUS

The Poet walks with intent, as if a promise is about to be fulfilled.

She walks past the long grasses and into the forest.

A GATHERING OF BOULDERS

SHOT: LOW. LOOKING UP TO THE BOULDERS

A man appears and stands atop of the boulders. On his back, a rucksack. He has journeyed far.

He looks over the landscape before him, left and right; trying to find a pathway.

He observes the trees, sees a path less followed and heads towards it, across the boulders, over the long grass and into the forest.

A GATHERING OF TREE FERNS

SHOT: HEAD HEIGHT

A woman. She is stood listening and leaning in to the sounds of the forest.

She caresses the lattice work of the ferns between both hands. Holds it to her cheek. There is knowledge here.

A CREAKING in the distance. She looks up and heads deeper into the forest.

A GATHERING OF MOSS-COVERED FALLEN TREES

SHOT: HIGH SHOT - CANOPY HEIGHT

A woman. Climbs over the fallen trees. Her hand gently touches the moss.

Waits.

She steps under one of the trees, which defies the grip of the Earth, by holding on to another tree.

Pulses of the Wind's breath, blows across the canopy. She looks up and heads in the direction that the breeze is moving.

A GATHERING OF POETS

In the clearing, The Poet waits.

Slowly, people begin to appear on the tree line.

First the man. Who smiles gently at The Poet. A connection already established in the World of Wounds.

Then the women, who gaze intently at one another... and then at The Poet.

More appear. Men and Women. All ages. A league of nations.

They form an arc around The Poet.

There is silence.

...and then she speaks, slowly, deliberately.

THE POET

Only those with a pen can make a
mark.
Only those who have made a mark,
can make a difference.
Now is the time to turn dark night
into veridian day.

She walks closer to them and they encircle her.

THE POET (CONT'D)

We shall cross the threshold of
this liminal space and see that our
oppressors are vanquished.
Turning this Suzerain into Paradise
once more.

They rest their hands on each other's shoulders.

She looks at The Man. As she speaks, he morphs into all the others present.

THE POET (CONT'D)

Now. Go.
Go, into this wounded world of
cruelty and joy.
Go and make your mark.
Catch the Light. Share the light.

REVERSE SHOT: ON THE POET'S FACE

She looks directly at us.

THE POET (CONT'D)

Free us from the tyrants, the
manipulators and abusers of the
Children of Earth. The polluters of
Mother Earth and corrupters of
Spirit.

The look of her intensity grows.

SLOW FADE.

END

CREDITS

...with thanks to...

And then...

"To Alexander. Catch the Light"