

Unwritten

written by

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SAMPLE SCRIPT - PILOT

EXT. GATED COMMUNITY - MORNING

Blue sky, partly cloudy, the air is misty and the temperature nippy. Swapna (22) walks out of the tall apartment building. The area is upmarket, with the walkways lined with a thick row of trees.

She nods once at the security guard sitting at his desk and stuffs her hands into her jackets pockets. In a moment as she walks to the open area, she pulls out her notebook and checks her watch.

SWAPNA (WRITING)

7:20. Started walk late. Got delayed by clothes.

MIRA (V.O.)

Suuuuuure, blame the clothes. Just admit you woke up late!

Swapna pauses angrily and huffs at the air and continues her walk, with angry strides. She observes the area around and notices the sheer lack of walkers.

SWAPNA (WRITING)

7:24. Missed regular walkers.

Swapna continues her walk down the slope to the next few apartment buildings. A shadow passes above her and she looks up, her eyes following a hawk flying rather low.

SWAPNA (WRITING) (CONT'D)

7:30. Saw low flying hawk. Probably enjoying the updraft. Caught a mouse. Flew into tree.

MIRA (V.O.)

Ha! Making things up again are we? Spicing up your journal for whoever reads it?

Swapna ignores the scathing voice and walks faster. She looks at the dense tree growth as if looking for answers within.

There is the sound of a bike beyond the boundary wall. Swapna perks up at the sound, her head briefly following its direction before it turns off and the area is filled with silence once more.

SWAPNA (WRITING)

7:32. Heard bike by boundary wall.  
Low rumble, had silencer.

As Swapna is distracted, someone knocks into her shoulder. She yelps and rubs the arm and turns to frown at the heavy floral saree that walks away from her with not so much as an apology.

SWAPNA (WRITING) (CONT'D)

7:33. Maid walks into me. In a hurry. Haven't seen her before. Overly floral saree, no flowers, hair open and down.

MIRA (V.O.)

You do realize that no one is gonna find that interesting, right?  
Except maaaybeeee mommy dearest...?

Swapna takes a deep breath and sighs just as deep. She looks at her notebook. Her fingers tighten and the paper starts to crumple.

Another breath and Swapna continues her walk, steadily making her way back up the slope.

SWAPNA (WRITING)

7:37. Completed first round. Slow.

MIRA (V.O.)

Ugh. Well yeah, I mean, look at you. Just coz you wear that jacket doesn't mean people can't see your shape.

Swapna places a hand on her pudgy belly and continues her walk almost lethargically. She looks up just then.

SWAPNA (WRITING)

7:43. Old man sitting on bench.  
Looking at me.

Swapna increases her pace to disappear from sight and walks towards the turn and the slope. From the corner of her eye, Swapna notices a man doing yoga.

MALE WALKER 1

Tell him to cancel it. NIT doesn't need -

Swapna almost runs into a man in a grey hoodie as she turns. They barely avoid each other. The man continues on his way and Swapna briefly glances at the man in balasana.

SWAPNA (WRITING)

7:45. Man doing yoga. Hoodie man  
talking about NIT..?

Swapna quickly jots her observation in her notebook as she  
continues her walk.

MIRA (V.O.)

Clumsy clumsy - you should do  
better. You know, look away from  
your book. Actually SEE where  
you're going...? tsk tsk tsk.

Swapna slams her book shut and turns to the right.

SWAPNA

Do you think you can keep your  
thoughts to yourself for JUST one  
day?!

Swapna blinks at her outburst and looks around herself. Two  
people walking up the slope give her an odd look. Swapna  
looks back and is relieved there aren't any other onlookers.

Embarrassed, Swapna jogs down the slope and round the bend to  
avoid people's gaze. Swapna heaves heavily then and clutches  
her head in her hands.

MIRA (V.O.)

And there you go, embarrassing  
yourself all over again.

Swapna ignores the voice and continues to walk around the  
block. She puts the book away and goes around the block,  
listening to the berating voice of her friend.

Swapna walks past the entrance to her apartment building and  
turns to walk down the slope once more, when she notices the  
man from the corner of her eyes once more.

SWAPNA (WRITING)

7:58. Man still doing yoga -  
balasana. Weird. Usually done by  
now.

As Swapna makes to complete another round, she notices more  
people around. She checks her watch and nods to herself as  
she starts her climb up the slope. She looks to her right and  
notices the closed store.

SWAPNA (WRITING) (CONT'D)

8:23. Regular walkers out.  
Community store still closed.  
Opening late today?

(MORE)

SWAPNA (WRITING) (CONT'D)  
 Old man by bottom of slope on other  
 side. Watching me.

Huffing with some difficulty as she walks up the slope,  
 Swapna turns to her apartment building, when she pauses and  
 turns to walk to the other end.

On the right, once more, she sees the man in the same  
 position as he was before.

SWAPNA (WRITING) (CONT'D)  
 8:28. Man still doing yoga?

MIRA (V.O.)  
 Are you trying to waste time  
 standing around here?

A few people pass by and give Swapna odd looks as she glances  
 at her notebook and back at the man.

MIRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Earth to Swapna, lets get your lazy  
 ass in gear, shall we?

A few moments later, Swapna steps towards the man and gently  
 nudges him, watching as he topples sideways.

A woman walking from the opposite direction screams and  
 Swapna looks at her dazedly. The man has a deep wound and the  
 shirt is soaked in blood.

SWAPNA  
 T-this wasn't me!

MIRA (V.O.)  
 Are you an idiot??? Who says that?!  
 You're making things worse!

SWAPNA  
 Mira if you have nothing useful  
 don't share!

FEMALE WALKER 1  
 Police! Please, there's been a  
 murder - the address is -

SWAPNA  
 (What- What do I do??)

Swapna looks down at the man once more in confusion, tuning  
 out the woman screaming over the phone. A crowd is beginning  
 to gather as walkers come round to check the source of  
 concern.

The apartment security starts to gather, trying to prevent people from leaving and anymore from gathering by turning walkers away.

There's the sound of sirens in a few more moments as the police arrives and the vehicle stops by the crowd.

SWAPNA (CONT'D)  
(No, no, no. This isn't  
good)

MIRA (V.O.)  
Oh no, I would never have guessed  
that!! Stop touching the man before  
the police -

Swapna is hauled to her feet just then as the policemen throw her into the back of the jeep, slamming the doors shut.

End of scene.