

OUTLINE FOR:

YOU ARE FOREVER, YOU ARE EVERYONE

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## NOTES:

This outline details what happens in each scene of Ahsan's life.

But users of "You Are Forever, You Are Everyone" will probably NOT watch the stages of Ahsan's life unfold step by step, one at a time, in order.

Each scene is a layer, one in front of the other, all playing simultaneously.

And the magic of the experience is the user's ability to WIPE AWAY part or all of each layer to reveal what's underneath, like wiping steam off a mirror to show the image behind it.

So by repeatedly wiping back and forth on just one spot, users would flicker between 80 year old Ahsan and Alice dancing on a winter day and 28 year old Ahsan and Alice dancing in the exact same place on a summer night decades earlier.

Or by wiping one part of the scene to their left but not touching a part to their right, users might simultaneously watch, in one direction the nighttime wedding of 30-ish Ahsan and his wife and in the other direction a daytime teenage argument between a Ahsan and his high-school girlfriend.

The underlying physical space - the field or the house - stays the same (though its appearance changes depending on time of day, season, year).

All sound will be spatially arranged - feeling like it is coming from wherever in the environment it is located - except for the narrator's voice which, because it will be in normal stereo in the headphones, will feel like it is inside the user's head.

For more information about the experience itself, read the doc titled:

[YouAreForeverYouAreEveryone-FullPitch.pdf](#)

**OUTLINE****Chapter 1: The Field****EXT. THE FIELD - DAY****YOU ARE SEVEN YEARS OLD.**

Welcome to the field near your family home. So many of the important moments of your life will unfold here.

This place will always feel familiar, special, eternal. The wind blowing through the oak tree. The late afternoon summer sun on the grass. The initials carved in the old fence. The crunch of snow covering the dirt path in winter.

Right now it is MIDDAY, AUTUMN. The sun is high in the sky, the leaves of the oak tree are bright red and yellow. The grass is sparse and brown.

You see in front of you:

AHSAN, half Bengali, half white, seven years old, olive skin, messy hair...

The NARRATOR tells you: THIS IS YOU.

You are concentrating as hard as you can.

Concentrating on the lessons your FATHER is giving you about PREPARING A KITE... but also concentrating on him. Watching him.

Your father, 38, Bengali, serious and passionate, tells you about his childhood in India flying kites. His English is good but his accent is strong.

Your mother, 37, white, listens intently, rubbing your back. She speaks with just a hint of the Boston Catholic neighborhood she grew up in.

This is who you are. An emergent property of this Bengali man and this white woman from Boston.

Your father finishes prepping the kite.

Your mother LEAVES to get some lunch from the house.

You and your father RUN with the kite.

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There are memories that explode with emotion even years later... and this will be one of them. You watch yourself run as hard as you can: it's exhausting and exhilarating.

Laughing, shouting, running - and the KITE TAKES FLIGHT!

A moment without words:

You and your father hold the kite string together. The sound of the kite flapping in the wind.

And then something is WRONG.

Your father STAGGERS. The kite dips. He clutches his arm, keels over, hits the ground.

You let go of the kite. It leaps away and then crashes to the ground.

You shake your father, no response. You turn and start running toward the house and then TIME STOPS.

**[MERGE INTO POV HERE]**

*(in each story, there is a point where you transition from watching yourself into a direct POV, seeing through the eyes of Ahsan)*

You stop short because it's happened... the moment you will never forget... never be far from, no matter how long you live.

The ALIEN appears. She's hard to see, backlit by the sun... a GLOWING LATTICE OF LIGHT.

She speaks to you in a voice that is kind but still overwhelming. It vibrates the air around you.

As she get closer:

She tells you that humanity will not last forever.

She tells you she is giving you a gift.

She REACHES OUT and TOUCHES YOU and then there's a flash and...

**[END POV] and [LOOP POINT]**

...you see yourself in the field again, right in front of you just like the start.

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Concentrating on the lessons your FATHER is giving you about PREPARING A KITE... but also concentrating on him. Watching him.

[and the scene replays again from here]

**EXT. THE FIELD - AFTERNOON**

**YOU ARE NINETEEN.**

It's CLOSE TO SUNSET, it is SPRING. The grass is bright green. The late day light is spectacular.

You see Ahsan, now nineteen, same olive skin, same messy hair. The narrator tells you: This is you.

You are wearing the uniform of "trying too hard" assimilation. Torn denim shorts, a Metallica t-shirt, a New York Mets hat.

You are not alone.

Fatima is here with you. She's Bengali, 18 or 19, with an accent. She's spent most of her life here but, unlike you, she wasn't born here.

Right now you two are not talking.

You are SEARCHING the tall grass for the CAR KEYS and PURSE.

Fatima is PISSED.

You see yourself find the keys. But this does not change Fatima's mood.

You are apologizing... it becomes clear you've cheated on her and she's just found out.

She ignores your apology.

She finds the purse. She GRABS THE KEYS, shoves them in her bag, and starts to leave -- but then comes marching back and THROWS her bag at you. Burning mad.

**[MERGE INTO POV HERE]**

She looks you in the eyes and tells you, angrily, how much it hurts that you cheated on her. It can't be fixed.

And despite what you might try to convince yourself of, the details matter: The GIRL YOU SLEPT WITH WAS WHITE and you're crazy if you think that's not an important fact.

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There is a chasm opening between the two of you. And it's rooted in your mixed-race identity... she's mad and bitter BUT SHE'S RIGHT: you can't decide what you want... where you will fit in... who you want to be...

**[END POV]**

She storms off. You watch yourself take a few steps after her, call out... she keeps walking but then she comes back because she realizes she doesn't have the keys to the car.

**[LOOP POINT]**

Right now you two are not talking.

You are SEARCHING through the grass for the CAR KEYS and her PURSE.

Fatima is PISSED.

[and the scene replays again from here]

**EXT. THE FIELD - NIGHT**

**YOU ARE TWENTY-EIGHT.**

**[BEGINS IN POV]**

It is a warm SUMMER NIGHT.

You are getting married. You are standing under a garland of beautiful flowers.

Strings of lights twinkle in the oak tree.

Friends and family watch in rows of white chairs.

ALICE, your soon-to-be wife, is delivering her wedding vows, looking right into your eyes.

Alice is 30, Chinese-American, radiant and wry. Her vows are heartfelt and poetic.

The officiant, JUAN-MARI, is a friend of yours. He is a gay Latino guy in his 30's wearing a fedora.

As Alice finishes, he says a few words about the many cultures gathered together for the wedding, and then cracks a joke about irony that he can't legally get married yet but is allowed to perform a wedding... and then the moment arrives.

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He pronounces you man and wife.

**[END POV]**

You see yourself step forward and kiss Alice.

The audience cheers. The DIVERSITY is striking - it's like the United Nations in those seats.

Old Bengali aunties in saris, a Chinese grandma with a wood cane, and all of your friends...

An eclectic musical parade circles around you.

An old redheaded uncle plays an Irish tune on the fiddle while singing loudly

A Chinese lion followed by two little cousins smashing cymbals.

A group of high school age kids are doing a Bollywood routine.

Juan-Mari shouts: Time to eat!

Sparklers are lit and the whole crowd cheers for you and then merrily heads toward the dinner tables in the distance.

The cacophony fades and now it's just you and Alice.

You watch as the two of you sit on the grass and talk about the future.

Eventually, you jokingly propose all over again and you both leap up to pretend to get married again and then...

**[LOOP POINT]**

You are getting married. You are standing under a garland of beautiful flowers.

Strings of lights twinkle in the oak tree.

Friends and family watch in rows of white chairs.

ALICE, your soon-to-be wife, is delivering her wedding vows, looking right into your eyes.

[and the scene replays again from here]

**EXT. THE FIELD - MORNING**

**YOU ARE EIGHTY.**

It is WINTER. The ground is dusted with SNOW.

You and Alice are a cute old couple. Bundled in hats and parkas. You've got a kite under one arm.

You walk slowly - clinging to each other for balance sometimes. A little out of breath.

You banter and laugh. Enjoying each other.

You reach an old bench and sit down.

**[MERGE INTO POV HERE]**

Alice looks into your eyes. She returns to a conversation you've clearly been having recently about what your funeral and burial, and her funeral and burial, should be like.

There are some deep CULTURAL DISAGREEMENTS but you've been married for decades so it's not an argument... but it is a tough issue you're both wrestling with.

**[END POV]**

After she finishes talking you stand up and help her up, gently.

You dance a slow dance and reminisce about your wedding day.

And then you unfold the KITE and the two of you work hard (but joyously) to get it up into the air.

It flies for a little bit. And it's a good moment. But it's tiring and you let it come down and tuck it under your arm and start to walk toward the bench.

**[LOOP POINT]**

You and Alice are a cute old couple. Bundled in hats and parkas. You've got a kite under one arm.

You walk slowly - clinging to each other for balance sometimes. A little out of breath.

[and the scene replays again from here]

CONTINUED:

## Chapter 2: The House

**INT. THE HOUSE - MORNING**

**YOU ARE 6 MONTHS OLD.**

Welcome to The House. So much of your life unfolds in this room.

Case in point:

You see your MOTHER, 29, a Catholic girl from Boston, enter the room feeding a BABY a bottle.

The baby is you.

Your FATHER passes through quickly, 30, Bengali, pulling on a blazer. He kisses you and your mother and rushes off to work.

A quiet moment as your mother burps you.

She gets up and moves you to the changing table. She changes your diaper. Her movements are tender and careful.

Once you're dressed she...

**[MERGE INTO POV]**

Props you on the bed with a pillow and speaks to you... maybe really to herself, as well.

She loves you. But she also talks about how she is worried for you. WORRIED you won't have a place in the world because of your mixed background.

But she ends on a high note and scoops you up...

**[END POV]**

And dances you around the room. You laugh with her.

Eventually, you're both tired. She stands there, rocking you.

You make some noise. She asks if you're hungry. You make some more noise.

She carries you out of the room into the kitchen.

**[LOOP POINT]**

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CONTINUED:

You see your mother, 29, a Catholic girl from Boston, enter the room feeding a baby a bottle.

[and the scene replays again from here]

**INT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT**

**YOU ARE TWENTY-FOUR.**

You hear the sounds of a couple having sex and then see your your 24 year-old self and your girlfriend JANET, emerge from the floor behind the bed, mid-sex, throwing yourselves onto the sheets.

Janet is 23, punk-rock white girl with purple hair.

After you both climax, Janet jumps up and does a cartwheel and turns to...

**[MERGE INTO POV]**

...speak to you in the giddy afterglow about all the things she wants to do with her life. How she wants to change the world, fight oppression.

**[END POV]**

She goes to get some water and you watch yourself secretly retrieve a hidden ENGAGEMENT RING.

You watch yourself working up the nerve to propose.

She puts down the glass, turns around, and you're already on one knee.

You START TO PROPOSE...

But she STOPS you. She tries to make a joke about how her father would kill her if she married a Muslim.

You're taken aback: "I'm an atheist."

Janet: "You're not not-Muslim. And your family sure is. Your aunt wears a hijab."

You don't know what to do... is she saying that she won't marry you because you're Muslim-ish?

No... you're missing the point... she's saying no because she's never getting married, to anyone. Too patriarchal.

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Before you can respond she surprises you, steps CLOSER.  
Kisses you hard: "Who needs marriage when you've got this?"

You kiss her back. You and Janet tumble back onto the bed  
and then fall behind it.

**[LOOP POINT]**

You hear the sounds of a couple having sex and then see your  
your 24 year old self and your girlfriend, Janet, emerge  
from the floor behind the bed, mid-sex, throwing yourselves  
onto the sheets.

[and the scene replays again from here]

**INT. THE HOUSE - DAY**

**YOU ARE THIRTY-TWO.**

Alice, your wife, is GIVING BIRTH at home. You are on the  
bed, holding her. A MIDWIFE guides you both with calm, song-  
like words.

The BABY arrives. The midwife wipes his mouth and nose and  
then places him on Alice's chest.

She has you cut the umbilical cord and then she delivers the  
placenta.

You embrace Alice and the baby. The midwife goes into the  
other room to give you some time together.

You and Alice hold the baby's hand and compare your THREE  
DIFFERENT SKIN TONES.

You get up to get Alice a sip of water and when you come  
back...

**[MERGE INTO POV]**

She speaks to you about what the baby means. How it has to  
change your lives.

And how you both have to figure out how to guide this child,  
with so many different backgrounds and identities, through  
an often chaotic and uncaring world.

You lean forward and...

**[END POV]**

Hug your wife and new child.

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**[LOOP POINT]**

This hug melds into...

Alice is giving birth at home. You are on the bed, holding her. A midwife guides you both with calm, song-like words.

[and the scene replays again from here]

**INT. THE HOUSE - AFTERNOON**

**YOU ARE FORTY-FOUR.**

**[BEGINS IN POV]**

A 12-year-old boy speaks to you with resentment and wounded pride. He's so angry but so vulnerable.

This is YOUR SON.

**[END POV]**

Your son goes and sulks in the corner. You see yourself, forty-four years old, start to approach him... unsure of what to say or do.

You watch as you coax your son into a familiar activity... working on a ROBOTICS SET.

You clearly both love working on this.

But you can't help yourself.

You two are programming the robot to do a dance routine and you think it would be awesome if it did a Bollywood dance move.

Your son does not agree... and you don't give him enough freedom, try to dictate how it all should go, and he doesn't react well.

You lose your temper and storm out of the room.

A moment later you come back, trying to apologize... but he has something to say to you.

**[LOOP POINT]**

A 12-year-old boy speaks to you with resentment and wounded pride. He's so angry but so vulnerable.

[and the scene replays again from here]

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**AT A CERTAIN POINT...**

**YOU WILL BEGIN TO NOTICE...**

**YOU CAN SEE OTHER PEOPLE IN THE ROOM...**

While watching your mother burp you as a baby... YOU WILL SEE HINTS OF ANOTHER MOTHER, burping her baby.

You can wipe away to reveal a few different mothers with different babies in different rooms... the myriad yet universal relationship between a mother and her newborn.

Or...

While watching your son work on the robotics kit YOU WILL SEE HINTS OF A YOUNG GIRL working on a similar kit.

You can wipe away to reveal this girl, from the other side of the world. And then see more children, working on many different tasks, at different tables, in different countries... the myriad yet universal sight that is a kid engrossed in something they love.

**AND THEN YOU WILL FIND YOURSELF BACK IN THE FIELD...**

And here too you will see ALL KINDS OF PEOPLE, living their lives... each life a bit different yet united by a symmetry in the space, united by the universality of the human experience.

The more you wipe, the more people you'll see at once.

Until finally, the field is filled with all sorts of people, at all different stages of life.

As this climax of the human experience sweeps over you...

**EVERYTHING FREEZES**

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And everyone in the field... from all those continents and times... is LOOKING AT YOU.

They are smiling. They are struggling.

They are still. They are waving.

You are separated by continents and centuries but you are all connected. Every one of you. Now... and forever.

You Are Forever, You Are Everyone.

A long moment of connection between you and these humans.

And then... They all FADE AWAY.

Only the field remains.

For a moment the wind blows, the sun shines.

Then those also FADE AWAY...

### **Chapter 3: The Memorial**

...and you find yourself in FOG.

The NARRATOR'S VOICE speaks to you in slow comforting tones.

For the first time, it is spatially placed... no longer inside your head... it's coming from behind you.

You turn and look... and through the fog, you can barely make out, a GLOWING LATTICE OF LIGHT floating in the ether.

It is warm and alive and not at all threatening.

And if you look down you will see that YOU ARE ALSO A LATTICE OF LIGHT.

Your companion welcomes you back from "THE MEMORIAL" for the human race.

Your companion tells you that although humanity is gone, they are not forgotten.

Ahsan is humanity.

And as long as we can keep stepping into Ahsan's life, we will never lose what it means to be a human being.

THE END