

Animation Design, Degree Project — Stage 1

“C₉H₁₃NO₃”
a short animation film
on intolerance.

Project Report

November 2008

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Guide: Prof. Nina Sabnani

Industrial Design Centre, IIT Bombay

Approval Sheet

The animation design project two titled “C₉H₁₃NO₃” by Palash Vaswani is approved in partial fulfilment of the requirement for M. Des. Degree in Animation design (2007-2009)

Project Guide

Chair-person

Internal Examiner

External Examiner

*This film is dedicated to all the souls in heaven;
who still wonder “why was I killed?”*

Acknowledgement

First and foremost I would like to thank my project guide, **Prof. Nina Sabnani** for her valuable guidance and support throughout the project. Her willingness to motivate me contributed tremendously to my project. She gave me freedom to explore my subject and for that I thank her profusely.

I also like to thank **Prof. Sumanth Rao** and **Prof Shilpa Ranade** without whose guidance this project would not have been possible. My most sincere gratitude to **Girish Dalvi** and **Varun Deori** for their immense help at every stage of my project.

A special mention goes to my friends Juny K Wilfred, Taruja Parande, Hemanth R, Sameer K Jena, Amey Dhuri, Soumya Tiwari and all others for their support, motivation and constant feedback throughout the project. Finally I am greatly indebted to my parents and my sister for always being there for me.

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Intolerance - Meaning

6 dictionary results for: intolerance

Spelled Pronunciation [in-tol-er-uhns] -noun

1. lack of toleration; unwillingness or refusal to tolerate or respect contrary opinions or beliefs, persons of different races or backgrounds, etc.
2. incapacity or indisposition to bear or endure: intolerance to heat.
3. abnormal sensitivity or allergy to a food, drug, etc.
4. an intolerant act.

Origin:

1755–65; < L intolerantia.

Source: www.dictionary.com

Introduction

Once I met an auto driver who had an interesting story to tell; when he was going back to the depot to return his auto, he was stopped by 5–6 people. They pulled him out of the rickshaw and asked him whether he is from Bihar or UP. But this guy was merrily chewing tobacco, so he could not reply. Assuming that he is a “*Marathi Manus*” the mob let him go. After finishing the story, smiling the driver said “ *Tab se hum kasam kha liye hai ki humesha masala khaate rahenge, pata nahi kab yahan se nikaal de .* ”

I was concerned about the fact that people are becoming intolerant, more insensitive towards each other. The feeling of hatred has increased. News papers, tv news, our surroundings are full of incidents of rage, intolerance that have caused people to lose their lives. But why? What has happened to human beings. Why are we becoming so insensitive, that we don't even bother to stop for a person who is lying wounded on the road. I was looking for a topic for my project and story of the auto driver gave me one: “Intolerance”.

Tolerance is the appreciation of diversity and the ability to live and let others live. It is the ability to exercise a fair and objective attitude towards those whose opinions, practices, religion, nationality and so on differ from ones' own. Tolerance is not just agreeing with each other but rather showing respect for the essential humanity in every person.

When I choose this topic I did not have a story. I just wanted to explore words like intolerance, rage, anger, insensitivity and how it affects us. It was a long journey for me. I think I have come a long way, as a person and as a film maker. My attempt here is to make people aware that we get easily agitated at the smallest of disputes. We are equally capable of destroying the things around us when filled with rage. But the biggest challenge that we face is “how can we be tolerant of those who are intolerant of us?”. Can we possess unconditional love and compassion towards other living being?

This film is not an attempt to tackle the issue but instead it is a introspection within myself and how we as people are always on the verge of losing our temper and destroying everything around us.

Synopsis

My short film “C₉H₁₃NO₃” deals with the intolerant elements in our society. Why the name “C₉H₁₃NO₃”? C₉H₁₃NO₃ is the chemical formula for adrenaline. One can get easily addicted to the rushes of adrenaline which are caused by anger. So even a small incident can anger a person and fill him with rage.

It is loosely inspired by the recent incident happened at Bhandup, Mumbai, where a man was beaten and his wife was raped by a group of people. It all started when a woman spat out of her balcony and it fell on some boys standing by the lane. Why does a person take such an extreme step? Becomes insensitive enough to take somebody else's life. My film revolves around an incident where a person is thrown off from the balcony. The film tries to find out the culprit through a series of personal experiences of the narrator. Most people recognize anger as an unpleasant emotion and yet they themselves, in fits of anger, speak such words and do such deeds that break the hearts of their loved ones. These actions also cause them bitter regret later. This film is a look at ourselves and how we behave in a time of crisis.

Sat, 15 Nov 2008 - Weather | Horoscope | S

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Expressindia » Story

Pregnant woman gangraped in Bhandup; 3 minors held

Express News Service

Posted: Jul 08, 2008 at 23:19 hrs IST

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Mumbai, July 7 Hours after a 22-year-old pregnant woman was allegedly raped at her residence in the MHADA colony in Bhandup, the police have arrested six people including three minors on charges of gangrape and assault.

The cops arrested Shanu Gowada (20), Santosh Pawar (20), Suraj Bharshankar (19) and three minors, all aged 15, in the wee hours of Monday. They were remanded to police custody after being produced before the court.

Bhandup senior police inspector Prakash Jadhav said that it all started on Sunday evening at around 5.15 pm after the victim spat outside from her window on the first floor. Her spit fell on the boys standing in the by-lane. The enraged boys first attacked the victim's husband and later allegedly gangraped her, the victim has told the police.

The victim and her husband, who exchange utensils for used clothes to make a living,



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Source: www.expressindia.com

Approach to Content

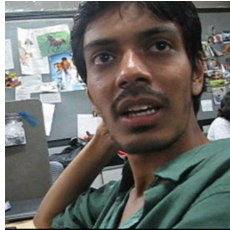
My approach to the content was divided into two methods, Primary and Secondary.

Primary data collection includes talking to the people of age group (20-30), basically college going students. It also includes regular interaction with Auto-drivers and traffic policemen.

Secondary data collection includes watching films, reading books, newspapers, editorials and blogs.



Primary Data



I chose to make a film on intolerance because I had questions in my mind about why we choose to take a violent path when many non-violent ones exist. Does it affect other people in the same way as it affects me? Most important question was “Do people really care?”. With so many questions in my mind I chose to travel into the mind of the others. Best way to start was talking to the fellow Indians.

Talking to Friends and colleagues

My question was, ‘What comes to your mind when you think of the word “Intolerance”?’ Some of the interesting answers were:

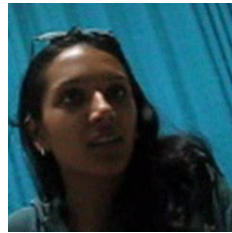
Participant 1: For me intolerance is a pimple on my face.

Participant 2: *humans ko na to animals ke liye tolerance hai, na to nature ke liye tolerance hai, na planet ke liye tolerance hai, to tu yeh kyu expect karta hai ki kisi human ko kisi aur human ke liye tolerance ho. Ek aadmi doosre aadmi ko jyada tolerate nahi kar sakta. Jaise mujhse kisi aur ka music tolerate nahi hota.* (Humans have no tolerance for animals, for nature, for planet so why are you expecting that a human will have tolerance for other human being. I cant tolerate anybody else’s music)

Participant 3: *actually shayad yeh population ka hi problem hai!! Itne saare log.. woh kehte hai na ki jungle mein sirf ek hi sher rehta hai. Aur hum log to sher ki bhi upar hai. to matlab hum itne saare log aise kabootar khaano mein nahi reh sakte na.* (This problem is due to population. So many people in a cage. There’s only one king in the jungle and we humans are far superior than animals. This means we cant live with each other)

Participant 4: *Mein Kitna jhukunga. Woh marega to mein marunga* (If somebody hits me, even i will hit him)

Participant 5: A person has his own problems, might be really working hard to achieve something and if something goes wrong, if he loses something without his mistake then its obvious to be intolerant.



Participant 6: I see slum people and I really feel happy about the small little world they have created, they learn the art of mutual co-existence.

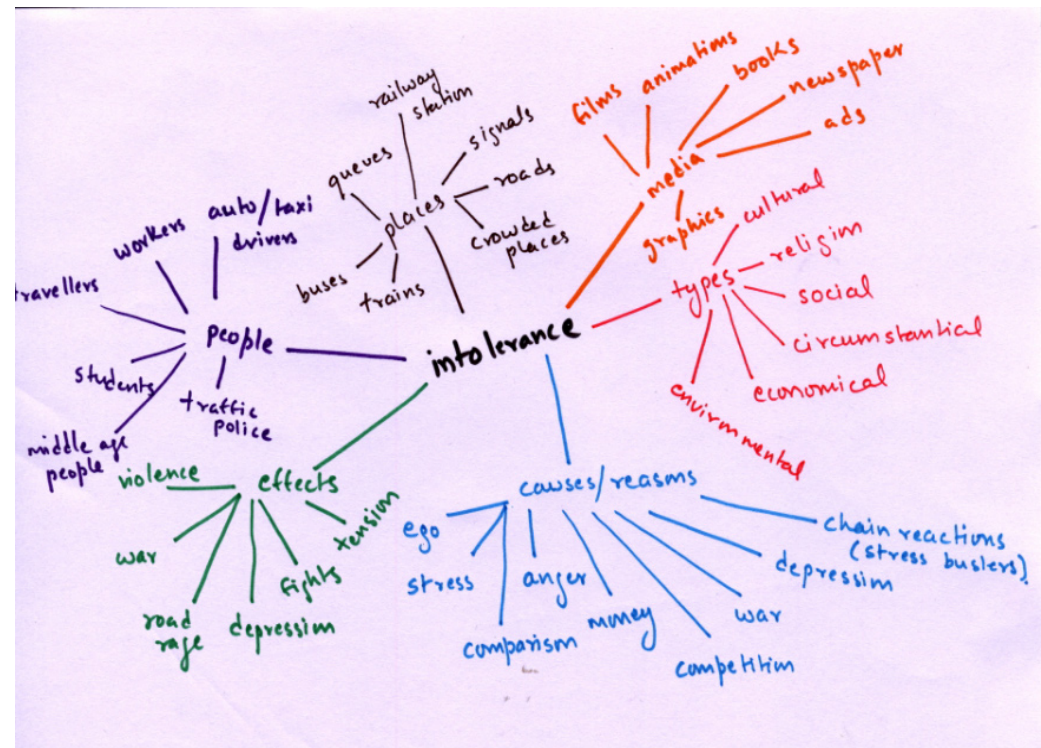
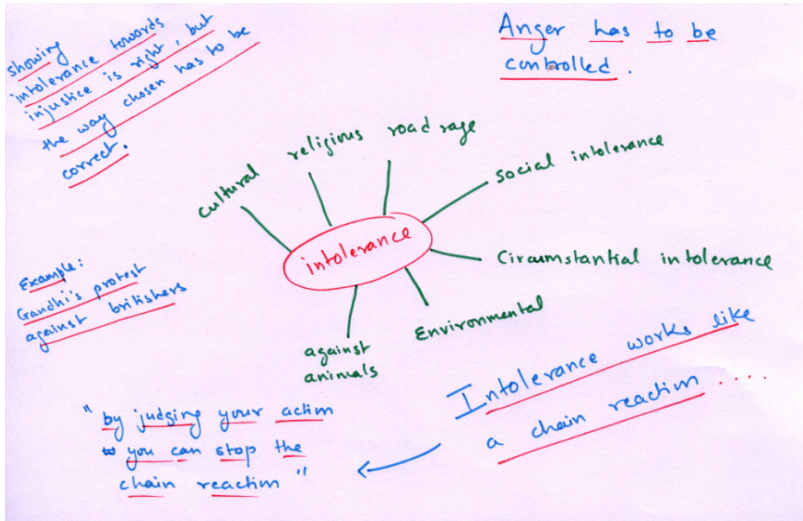
Participant 7: When I was in Gujarat I used to feel really peaceful as the people there never argue with each other. They were like harmless people who do not want to fight. Gujarat Riots changed my mind.

Participant 8: Stress is the main cause for losing temper. We start getting angry on the smallest of things. When it is required to be strict with our own selves, we try to blame others.

These conversations with my friends somewhat gave me an idea of what people around me think, what they perceive when they hear the word “intolerance” and what is its root cause. But it was not sufficient. Surely there was more to it. Somewhere in my heart I was not convinced.

Mind Maps

As new thoughts were on the rise, I thought mind maps will give me a better understanding of the subject and will help me to find ways to explore it deeper. With the help of mind maps I was able to look at the smallest factors which otherwise went unnoticed. Talking to people and reading articles about intolerance helped me figure out types of intolerance, reasons for such behavior, its effects, who all are affected by it, places where such incidences takes place and how modern media's depiction of violence portrays anger as a heroic quality. It helped me to channelize my random thoughts and put it together, to clearly see the area that I needed to explore.



Interactions with Auto Drivers and Traffic Policemen



Now it was my turn to go and talk to the people who face such situations daily. I decided to meet auto drivers and traffic policemen as they are the people who really try hard to survive, who are never stop working no matter what their condition is. They have to be on the roads full of traffic, dirt, heat and pollution. The policemen are the ones who are trying to induce civic sense onto others and the rickshaw drivers are the ones transporting people from one place to the other.

Traffic Policemen

Participant 1: *Log choti choti baaton mein ladne lagte hai ... Unko humein samjhana padta hai.* (People can fight even on the smallest of the matter. We have to make them understand.)

Participant 2: *Aaj aadmi apne ko sabse upar samajhta hai.* (People think that they are superior than anything else in the world)

Participant 3: *Roz roz bahut ladai hoti hai road par, itna traffic jo rehta hai. Hum samjhaate hai ki nahi lado ... Aur pyaar se to patthar bhi pighal jata hai.* (There are too many traffic brawls on road these days. We tell people not to fight, and you know that with love one can even melt a stone)



Auto Drivers

Participant 1: *Passengers kabhi humare baare mein nahi sochte ... Jab bhi auto seth ko lautaane jana hota hai aur passengers humein rokhte hai. Hum nahi rukhte to bahut gaaliyaan bhi dete hai ... humko bahut bura lagta hai.* (Nobody cares for us. People abuse us when we say no to them. But we cant help it, we have to return our auto to the owner)

Participant 2: *Har koi hum par hi gussa nikaalta hai ... hum logo ke paas koi taqat to hai nahi. Sabse buri baat to yeh hai ki driver driver se bhi ladne lagta hai... humko bahut bura lagta hai.* (We don't have any power. If anybody wants to take out his anger, we are easy targets. Even auto drivers do the same to each other.)





Participant 3: *Raj Thakrey ne pareshaan kar rakha hai ... yeh desh ka batwara karna chahta hai. Angrezo mein aur inme koi farak nahi hai. Waise aapko is baat se kya lena... maar to humesha gareeb hi khata hai.* (Raj Thakrey is harassing us. He is going around dividing this country. There's no difference between him and the British. But how does it matter to you? Poor people are the ones who are always victimized)



Participant 4: *Humein 10-15 log ek din rok liye aur poochne lage ki hum kahan ke hai? U.P Bihaar se to nahi ho? Ab humre mooh mein tha gutkha... kachoo bol hi nahi paaye ... to bach gaye ... tabhi se kasam kha liye hai ki humessa gutkha khaate rahenge.* (One day I was stopped by a mob and they asked me whether I am from U.P. or a Bihari? I was not able to reply as I was chewing tobacco. Mob thought that I am a native Maharashtrian and let me go. From that day on, I decided that I will never stop chewing tobacco.)



Secondary Data

Watching Films dealing with intolerance



5 Steps to tyranny

Director: Elizabeth McIntyre

This documentary shows us the tyrannical society we live in. It goes deep into the root cause of genocidal tendencies amongst ordinary people, how the unthinkable somehow becomes psychologically possible. It shows 5 steps which leads people to tyrannical situation. The documentary used real experiments on real people to show how hatred for others can be induced on people.



Partition — The Day India Burned

Director: Ricardo Pollack

This is a moving story of one of the worst communal massacres of the 20th century told through powerful and often emotional personal testimony of people who had lived together for centuries, but were now forced out of cities, villages and their homes. Set in India against the backdrop of the triumphant independence celebrations in August 1947, this documentary drama tells the story of many families, a British soldier and key witnesses from each side of the divide.



Parzania

Director: Rahul Dholakia

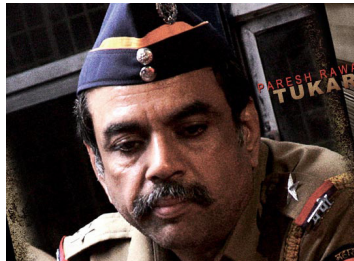
Film portrays the life of a Parsi family whose son was lost in the riots of Gujarat. The main focus is on the family and the loss they suffer. Its also the apathy or rather the role of the police and the incumbent government in the massacre of thousands people.



Osama

Director: Siddiq Barmak

A 12-year-old Afghan girl and her mother lose their jobs when the Taliban closes the hospital where they work. The Taliban have also forbidden women to leave their houses without a male “legal companion.” With her husband and brother die, killed in battle, there is no one left to support the family. Without being able to leave the house, the mother is left with nowhere to run. Feeling that she has no other choice, she disguises her daughter as a boy. Now called ‘Osama,’ the girl embarks on a terrifying and confusing journey as she tries to keep the Taliban from finding out her true identity. Inspired by a true story, *Osama* is the first entirely Afghan film shot since the fall of the Taliban.



Mumbai Meri Jaan

Director: Nishikant Kamat

The film, instead of following the mainstream political and academic debates surrounding terrorism, follows a more humane approach by depicting the trauma generated in the lives of five common individuals. The film depicts the aftermath of the Mumbai bomb blasts, traversing individual journeys of five people towards normalcy.

In the name of God — Animation short

Director: Unknown

This is a short animation film which I saw at TASI Anifest 2008. It is a story of people of different faith living together with disputes, told in a completely different style. He has created religious symbols, shrines and even God in an unconventional way. We can feel what the animator is trying to say and also relish the simple style he has used for his film.

Books and Editorials

The story of my experiments with truth

Author: M K Gandhi

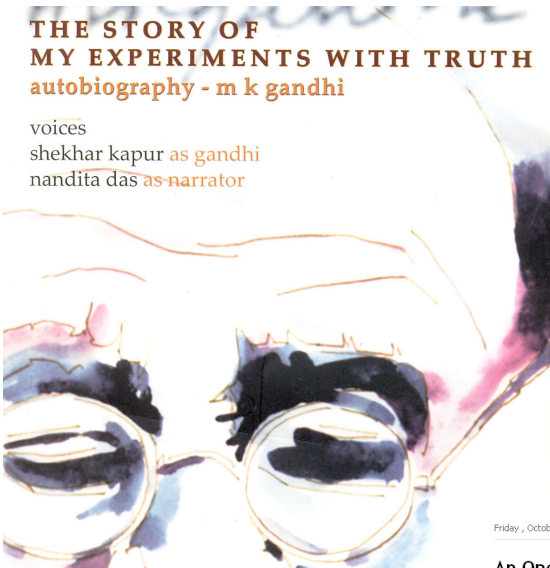
“The story of my experiments with truth” is Gandhi’s autobiography, documenting his journey amidst the political strife of his times. This book is on how Mahatma Gandhi used tolerance and non-violence as a weapon of freedom. He opposed the injustice being done to Indians and used non-violence as his tool. It was a great read and I received many interesting insights on how our actions control our destiny.

Katha — Prize Stories

Editors: Rimli Bhattacharya and Geeta Dharmarajan

This books is a collection of several short stories by various Indian authors. This book helped me to study various narrative structure. I really liked “Two Magicians” by Satyajee Ray. It is a story of a magician Surapati who has recently gained fame. The story begins with Surapati travelling in a train (for his first show outside Bengal) and he finds his old teacher Tripura Babu in the same train. Surapti has forgotten his teacher who was once a great source of inspiration. Story unfolds as a Tripura Babu asks for *gurudakshina*.

Editorials and Blogs



Friday, October 31, 2008 at 01:23

An Open Letter to Raj Thackeray

ADD THIS

My Dear Raj,

My apologies for having to communicate through the editorial newspaper, but frankly am left with little choice since you see decided to stay away from the so-called 'national' non-Marathi me at the very outset say that I am impressed with the manner carved a niche on the political landscape of Maharashtra. I do remember meeting you in February last year soon after the 16th municipal corporation elections. It wasn't the best of times: yet Maharashtra Navnirman Sena had been marginalized while you Udhav Thackeray and the Shiv Sena had captured power in the

Jamia encounter and Muslim identity

ADD THIS

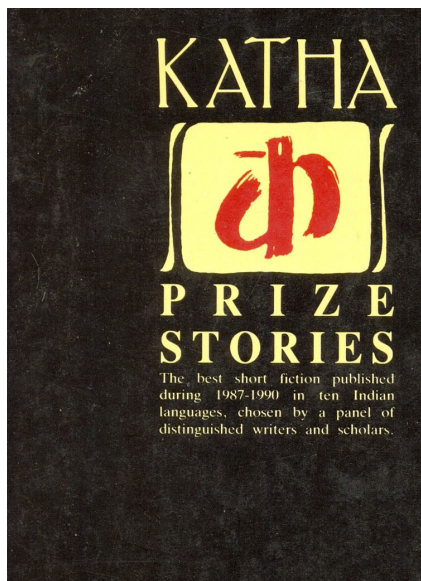
"What are you doing?" I asked Anwar.

"What do you mean?" he said.

"Ab ye Jamia me ye rally karne ki kya zaroorat hai? Kyon?" I said the need for organising a rally in Jamia Millia Islamia? "You do understand. This sends very wrong signal, please for God's sake this."

Anwar lost his cool and shouted back. "What do you mean?" He providing legal aid was a fundamental right, how could I object

"Look no sane person can object to that but these are not times of sanity from any one when nobody knows where bomb will explode all will return home safe," I said.





Conclusion

At the end of primary and secondary data collection my ideas were taking shape. I started my thought process with just a small incident of anti-north Indian stance in Mumbai and now I was thinking about how the USA is exploiting the world. I wanted to show the basic element responsible for such a rouge human behaviour, but somehow it goes to the global level and the conditions we are living in. Intolerance has scarred every culture, religion and society. It is hampering our environment. It makes people do horrible things to others at times, so we can call it circumstantial. If this quality of being intolerant in bad then is always being tolerant good? No, showing intolerance towards injustice is right but the path chosen to protest should be correct.

Tolerance is the ability to live and let live others. It is showing respect for humans in every respect. But somewhere this feeling of unconditional love and compassion towards any living being doesn't exist in us or it has vanished. We don't think twice about a wounded animal lying on the road. We act far worse when we see wounded people lying on road and don't stop for help, knowing that they will bleed and die. Why? Because we don't care. We are tolerant towards almost all the evils in society but at the same time we shoot down a shopkeeper at Baskin Robbins for not getting the ice cream of our favourite flavour.

Today people of different faith can't live together. Intolerance gives birth to rage which spreads like a chain reaction. We need to break this chain. As I said earlier, being intolerant for the right cause is necessary, but the way of reacting to the injustice has to be right.

"An eye for an eye will make the whole world blind — *M.K Gandhi*"

Concept Exploration

At the end of data collection I started building the concepts for my film.

Process

Concept 1

A person starts his daily routine life. He has a rough day waiting for him. As the day progresses, everything goes for a toss, his irritation turns into rage and finally converts him into a human bomb which bursts and then destroys the whole city.

Concept 2

A guy starts his daily routine life. He has a rough a day waiting for him. As the day progresses, everything goes for a toss, his anger turns into rage and finally when he's about to burst in anger and about to hit someone, when he unexpectedly starts laughing. His surroundings start to look funny to him. He gets transported to a new fantasy world where every character and every object makes him laugh. Realizing his anger has cooled down he gets back to his routine life.

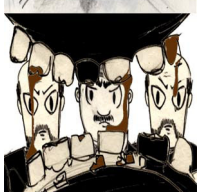
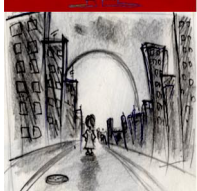
Concept 3

This story was based on my observation that feeling of anger, rage, intolerance spreads like a chain reaction. So a character in the films sparks the chain reaction which spreads to the city like an epidemic.

Concept 4

I had talked to so many people so why not use their real life experiences in my film. So I built a story based on real people I met and real incidents. This was not my final story but I now I had a direction towards my final story. Here's a story which went through a lot of revisions and changes, to come out as a final script. Its in first person where I narrate to the audience.





Concept 4: Version 1

I will tell you a joke. What do you call a Sindhi falling from the 10th floor of a building? Mr. Thadaani. But why I am telling you this joke? Lets move ahead.

Beer always tastes good when served chilled. A single beer mug can make you feel peaceful, but I was nervous, gulping down beer to calm me down. I was high but all that I was thinking of was about my project, an animation film. Mr. Thadani was my neighbor, 11M pass-out, with an excellent job in hand. Had a kid and a beautiful wife. But he was unfortunate. On the day he got promoted, he was thrown off from his 10th floor balcony. Reason? He was drinking beer, which spilled from his terrace onto a passerby. Furious, the passerby came up and threw him off the balcony.

So Mr. Thadani joke was no more a joke for me. At that very moment I knew that I had to make a film on the issue and now it was my turn to prove myself. *Par jab bhi prove karne ki baat aati hai meri to fat leti hai*. I have got this great opportunity to do what I am concerned for, but I am unable to get “that one bloody brilliant idea”. I don't know where to start from. SKREEEECH ... (road rage incident happens). I think I have a start.

Intolerance ... What is intolerance? (this question will follow with people's take on the word intolerance)

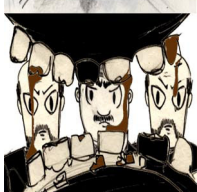
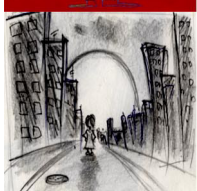
Girl 1: I think pimples on my face?

Boy: *humans ko na to animals ke liye tolerance hai, na to nature ke liye tolerance hai, na planet ke liye tolerance hai, to tu yeh kyu expect karta hai ki kisi human ko kisi aur human ke liye tolerance ho*

Boy 2: *mere se kisi aur ka music tolerate nahi hota hai.*

Boy: *intolerance ko hindi mein kya bolte hai jaante ho?? Asabishnuta..*

Boy: hmmm ... digging nose in public.



I thought I had a start ... But here people are talking about their pimples, I don't know how a pimple removing cream can eradicate the insensitiveness of the people towards each other, but ya ... but apparently it could make a girl feel more tolerant towards society.

But I still needed "one brilliant idea" for my film. Inspiration? yes ... That's what film-makers do ... Like a true film maker I thought, even I should get inspired. So I started watching films (film montages in the background). I started noting down people's problems, making mind maps trying to figure out the problem and the solution to it. As close I was trying to reach, it was getting more and more complex, like a web. What am I doing? I should get out of the theory and be practical.

I should be real in my approach (drinking REAL juice). I should meet real people who are frustrated, who are angry ...

Jaise ki woh aadmi jo roz hazaaro logo ke saath dhakka khaate hue, gaaliya dete hue, gaaliya sunte hue safar karta hai actually shayad yeh population ka hi problem hai!! Itne saare log ... woh kehte hai na ki jungle mein sirfek hi sher rehta hai. Aur hum log to sher ke bhi upar hai. To matlab hum itne saare log aise kabootar khaano mein nahi reh sakte na"

Ya woh traffic police wala jo logo ko pyaar karna sikhata hai. ("kal ho na ho" music in background) "log choti choti baton mein ladne lagte hai.. ab kya hai na.. humein unhe samjhana padta hai!! aur pyaar se to patthar bhi pighal jaata hai"

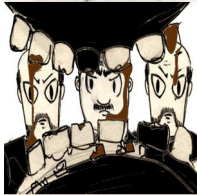
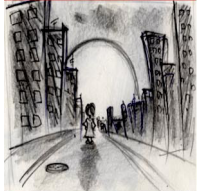
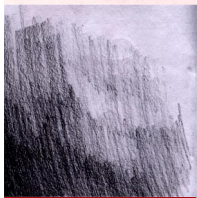
ya yeh auto wala who had this never ending litres of spit in his mouth, who was making me intolerant.

Me: Bhaiyya aapka naam?

Autowala: hmmm

Me: kyaa??

Autowala: hmmm



Me: *Gussa ata hai?*

Autowala: hmhhh

Me: *Kab aata hai?*

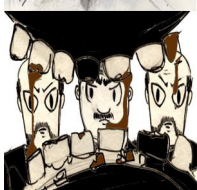
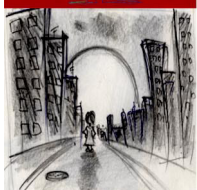
Autowala: hmhhh

Me: *auto rook ... yeh road par thookna band karo!*

Autowala: [spits out on the road] *yehi masaala humri jaan bachaya hai ... humein 10-15 log ek din rok liye aur poochne lage ki hum kahan ke hai? UP, Bihar se to nahi ho? Ab humre mooh mein tha masala. kachoo bol hi nahi paaye. to bach gaye. tabhi se kasam kha liye hai. masala humessa khaate rahenge. fir pata nahi kab humein pakad le ... ab bhai des to ek hi hai. chaahe UP ho, Bihar ho, chaahe Maharashtra. Ab ek aadmi apne dess mein to kabin bhi jaa sakta hai. yeh to dess ka batwara kar rahe hai. angrezo mein aur inme kya farak hai. waise bhi aapko kya farak padta hai? maar to humesha gareeb hi khata hai ...*

Next auto wala: *bhai road par traffic dekh ke bahut gussa aata hai. har koi auto wale ki hi galti nikaalta hai ... mann karta hai shaaktimaan ban jauu aur sadak par gadar macha dun*

Narator: *Gadar kahan nahi mach rahi.. Ek taraf America, Iraq mein gadar macha raha hai to ek taraf har roz ek Jessica Laal mar rahi hai. Ek taraf Jammu Kashmir jal raha hai to ek taraf Baskin Robins mein pasand ke flavor ki ice cream nahi milne ki wajah se shopkeeper ko goli maar di jaati hai. Aisa lagta hai ki logo ke dimaag ki global warming ho rahi hai.. lekin insaan to humesha se hi aisa raha hai. In those prehistoric times two tribes were not able to stand each other. Today people of different faith can't live together. Logo ko daantane ka, ladne ka, apna gussa dusro par utaarne ka mauka chahiye. Jab ek chota baccha station se bread churata hai to kyu usse jaanwar ki tarah maarkar ped se baandh diya jaata hai? Hum sab yeh dekhte hai par koi aage nahi bolta ki yeh galat hai. We can tolerate garbage, dirt, filth around us but we can't tolerate a poor kid who stole food because of his hunger. Being intolerant for the right cause is necessary, but the way of reacting to the injustice has to be right. Anger, intolerance spreads like a chain reaction, woh apna gussa mere par nikaalta hai, mein apna gussa kisi doosre par, who doosra kisi teesre par. Kisi ko to yeh chain todni padegi na. Don't we act without thinking.*



So many thoughts in mind ... but still that “one brilliant idea” is missing. I do not know from where to start my story, I can’t figure out where to end it, I still have no idea as to what intolerance is and how we should tackle the issue. But I can hear the voice of the auto driver saying “*road par ghayal jaanwar ko dekhke ke kitne log rukte hai*”

[I look out of the Rickshaw, and see a wounded puppy on the road.]

Concept 4: Version 2

A guy will be drinking beer in his balcony and a guy will come up and throw him off the balcony

Narrator: Mr. Thadani was a good man. That night his beer spilled onto a passerby, furious he came up and pushed Thadani right off the balcony. I can still hear the loud thud, as his body smacked the concrete floor. I was there, right there, next to his dead body.

Narrator: I always ask myself. What is intolerance?

Girl 1: Intolerance? Pimple on my face.

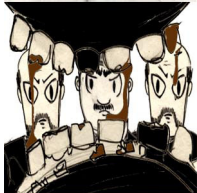
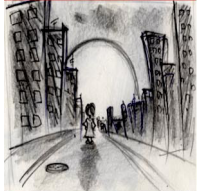
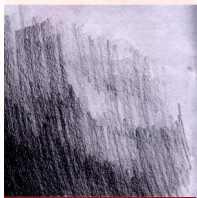
Boy 2: *Mere se kisi aur ka music tolerate nahi hota hai.*

Autowala: *Bhai road par traffic dekh ke bahut gussa aata hai. har koi auto wale ki hi galti nikaalta hai. mann karta hai saaktimaan ban jauu aur sadak par gadar macha dun*

Guy: *Haan who mujhe marega to mein bhi marunga!! I am not Gandhi ok. intolerant to intolerant hi sahi ...*

Worker: *Humein 10–15 log ek din rok liye aur poochne lage ki hum kahan ke hai? UP Bihar se to nahi ho? Ab humre mooh mein tha masala.. kachoo bol hi nahi paaye ... to bach gaye.. tabhi se kasam kha liye hai.. masala humessa khaate rahenge ...*

Uncle: *Saala ... bread chura raha tha ... do mara pakad ke usse... ped se bhi bandha. bhai jo bhi ho chori to gunah hai ... uski sazaa to milni chahiye.*



Narrator: But are we actually getting intolerant? Hmmm I don't think so.

Narrator: We tolerate dirt, filth, garbage around us. We tolerate corrupt politicians running our country. We tolerate eve teasing. We can tolerate world being polluted. We can tolerate wounded people, animals lying on the road till they bleed and die. We tolerate many evils in the society. *Kaun bolta hai hum intolerant hai? Hum to bahut tolerant hai. Hain na?*

Final Concept

Storyline

[Scene 1]

Film opens with the sky in the background. Slowly the whole sky fills up with beer.

Narration — *Log bolte hai na ki aadmi apni kismet khud likhta hai ... par kya thadani ne bhi apni kismet khud likhi?* Mr Thadani is shown holding a beer glass which accidentally spills and falls down.

[Scene 2]

Mr. Thadani is shown sipping beer. Suddenly there's a loud knocking on the door

[Scene 3]

{Titles}

Footstep sounds in background followed by door opening sound.

[Scene 4]

An empty balcony shown in the frame. Suddenly sounds of violence as a stranger is beating Mr. Thadani. After some loud noises Mr Thadani appears on the screen beaten up. He will be pushed down by the stranger from the balcony. Here the narration starts.

[Scene 5]

Camera tracks down to the road below the building which is full of traffic. Camera stops with jerk.

Narration — *Mein bahut gusse mein hun ... Mujhe aajkal choti choti baton par gussa ata hai... log bolte hai ki mein pagal ho raha hun ... par gussa kyu na aaye? Aisi har cheez hai is shehar mein jo mujhe gussa dilati hai.*

[Scene 6]

Camera tracks back in the z-axis showing thousands of vehicles. Then suddenly everything blows up and an super auto rickshaw loaded with guns and ammunition appears. It launches two missiles which hit the screen and everything goes white

Narration — *Jaise.. jaise ki traffic ... laakho log ek patli si road par dheere dheere chale jaa rahe hai...jab bhi auto mein baiththa hun to ye hi sochta hun ki kaise is road par aag lagau.*

[Scene 7]

Scene shows a bird sitting on a tree singing. A young man with headphones comes behind. He is disturbed by the bird's noise, takes out his gun and shoot. Screen fades to black.

Narration — *Accha mujhe yeh batao ki log itna shor kyu machete hai? Batao? Har jagah dhen ten dhen ten dhen ten ... Ab to mere bagal mein koi gaana bhi gaye woh bhi mujhse bardaasht nahi hota!! Mann karta hai bass ...*

[Scene 8]

Scene will show a dog sitting peacefully. A man will come and hit the dog. Dog starts chasing him and bites him finally.

Narration — *Kabhi gussa nahi bhi aa raha ho to log gussa dila dete hai... ab koi mujhe marega to mein bhi marunga na ... mein Gandhi nahi hun.*

[Scene 9]

A teenage girl is standing in the middle of the road. Camera zooms in. Girl has pimples on her face. With rage and fury she takes out her head's skin.

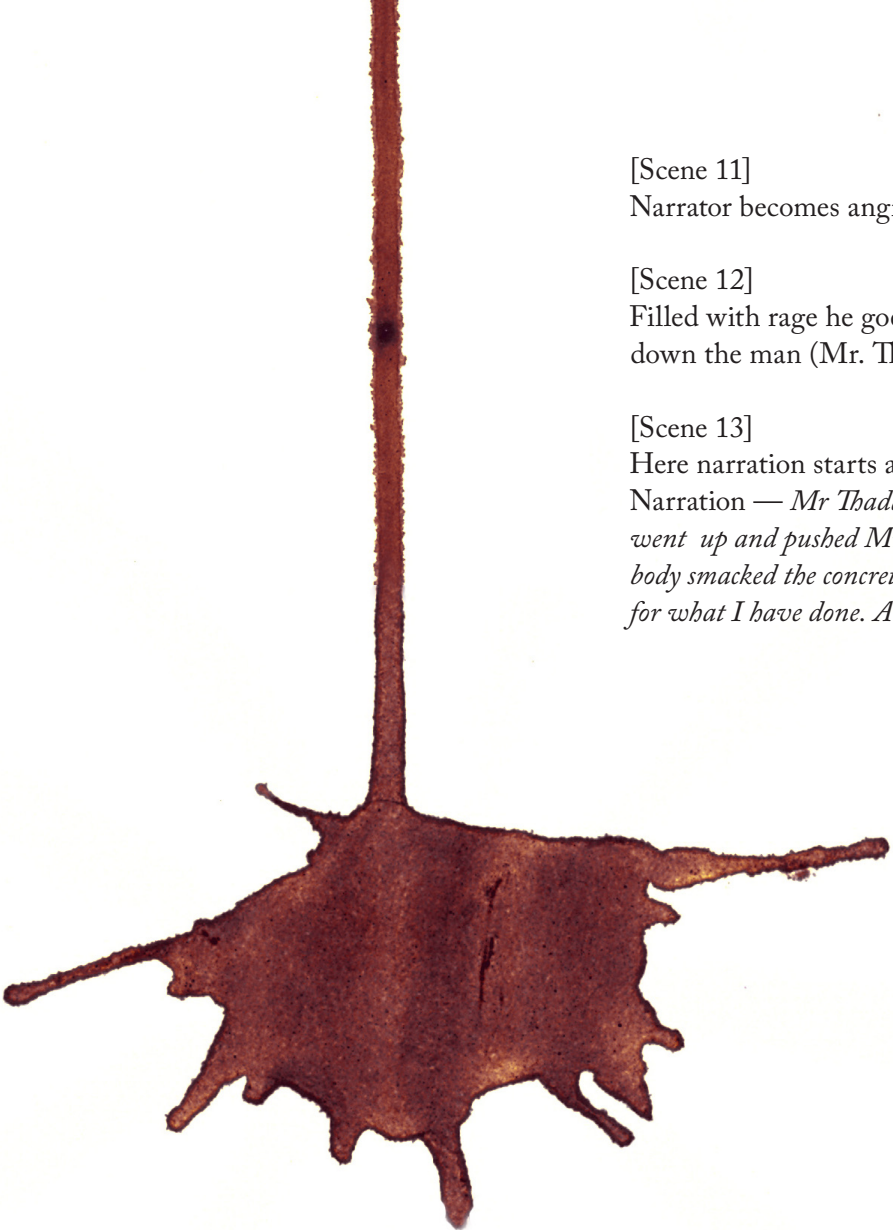
Narration — *Ek din mein ek aisi ladki se mila jisko apne pimple pe gussa ata hai ... hehe... pimple par gussa ... kabhi suna hai aisa kuch ... gussa ata hai to pimple phod do ...*

[Scene 10]

Scene shows various photographs according to the narration

Narration — *Par mujhe aur us ladki ko kuch baaton par gussa nahi aata ... Jaise ki road par kachra aur gandagi dekh kar ... din ba din badta pollution dekh kar ... Kabhi na khatm hone wali gareebi dekh kar ... humein corruption par gussa nahi aata ... humein...*

Beer falls onto the narrator. (Silence)



[Scene 11]

Narrator becomes angry and looks up. Again beer falls on him.

[Scene 12]

Filled with rage he goes to apartment from where beer has fallen on him and throws down the man (Mr. Thadani) who was drinking it.

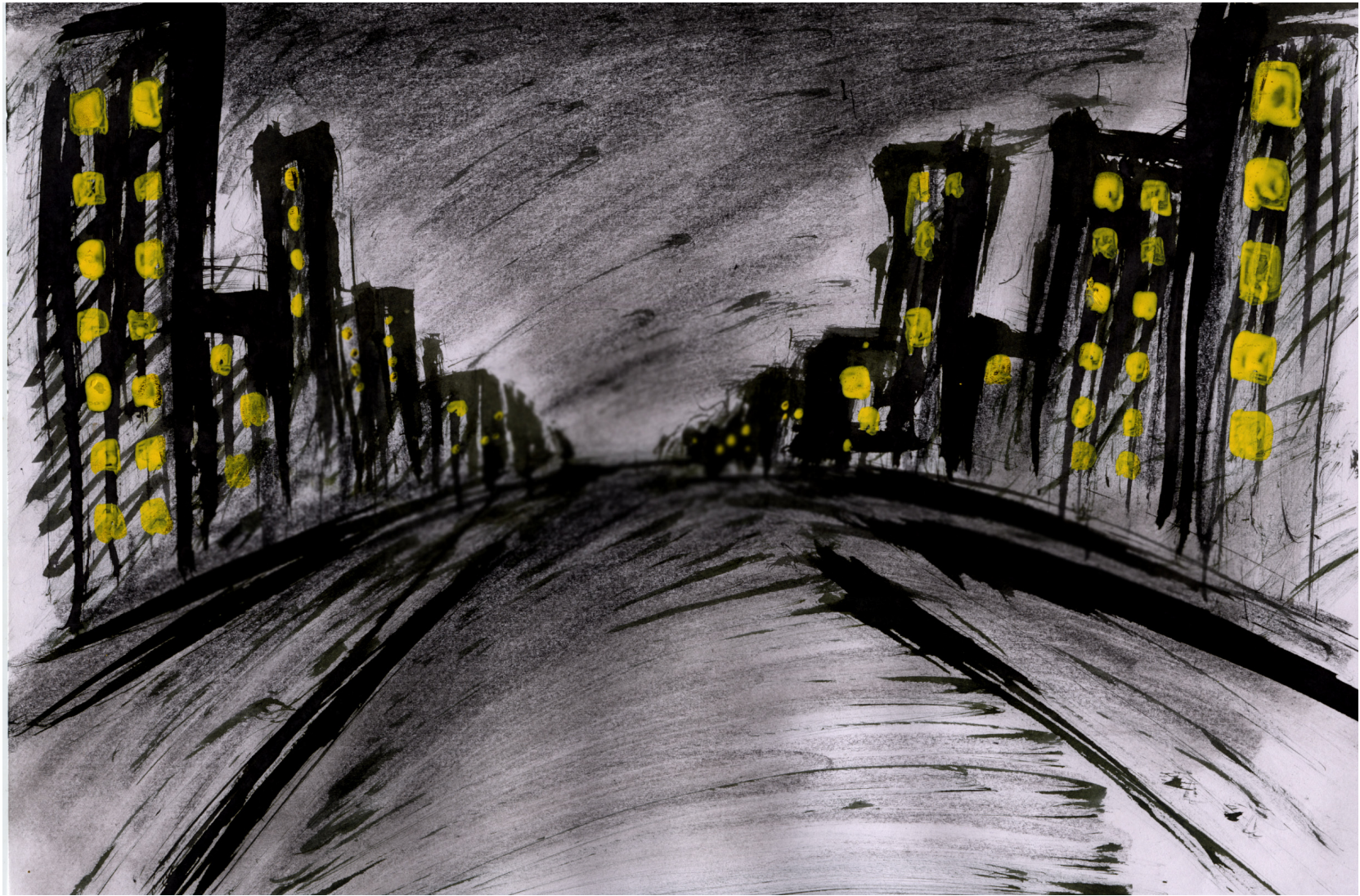
[Scene 13]

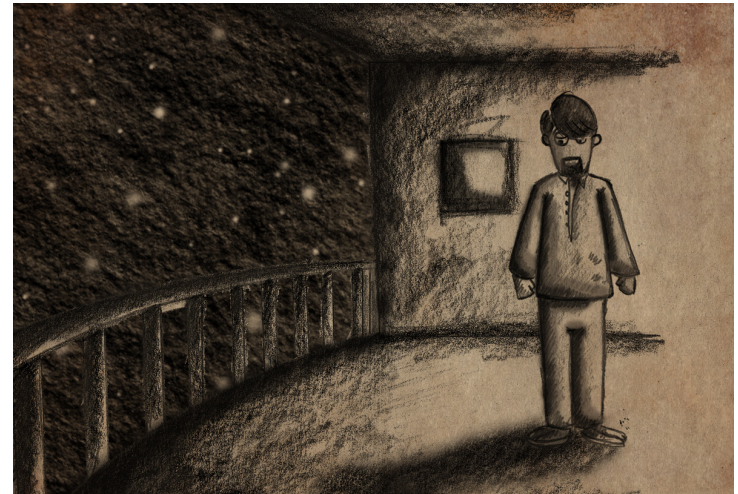
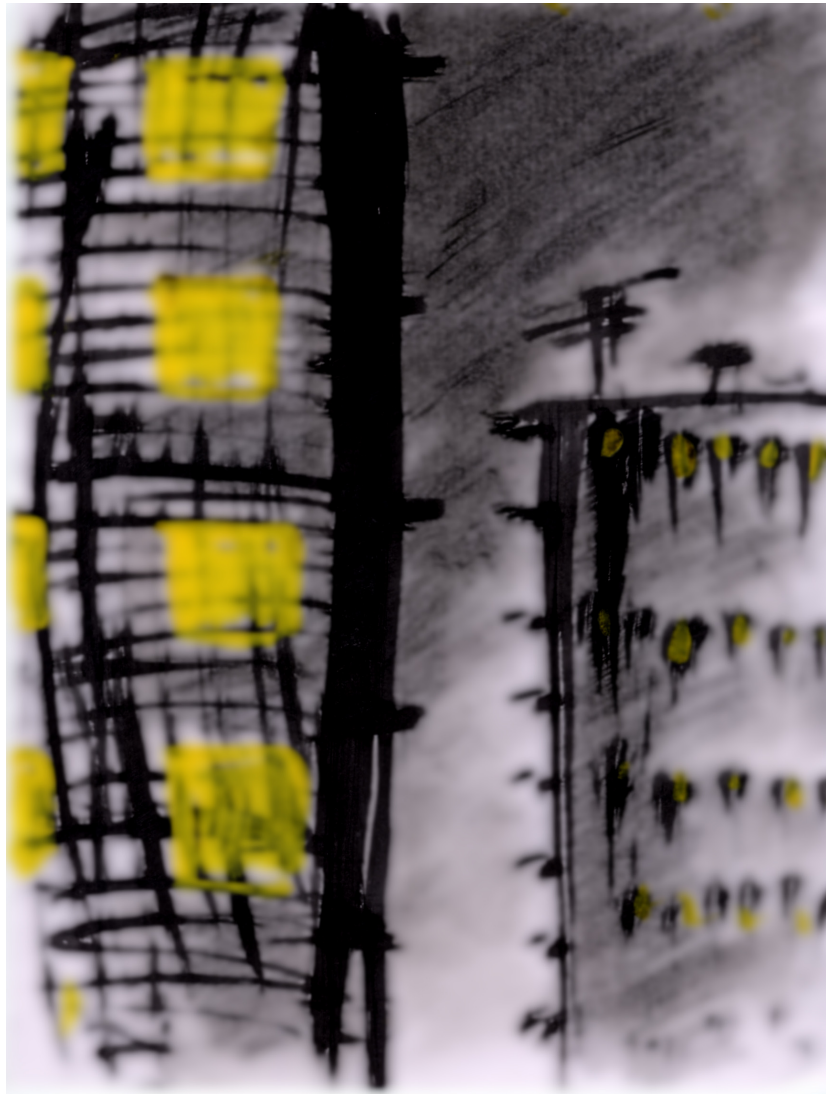
Here narration starts again.

Narration — *Mr Thadani was a good man. That night his beer spilled onto me, furious I went up and pushed Mr. Thadani right off his balcony. I can still hear the loud thud as his body smacked the concrete floor. I have killed Thadani and I am still angry; angry at myself for what I have done. And sad for Thadani ... kyunki Thadani ki kismet meine likhi!!*

Concept Art







Characters

There are only two main characters in the film, Mr. Thadani and the Narrator himself.

Mr. Thadani's character is more like an IIM graduate, married and has a kid of 2-3 years. Works in MNC, basically well settled. Lives in a high rise building at some posh locality in Mumbai.

Narrator here represents the common man who really works hard to earn bread for himself and his family. Daily he has to travel for 3 hrs. to his office. Getting stuck in long traffic jams, fighting for a seat in local trains, office squabbles are part of his daily life. This has made him short tempered.

Rest of the characters in film are inspired by surroundings and the people around us.

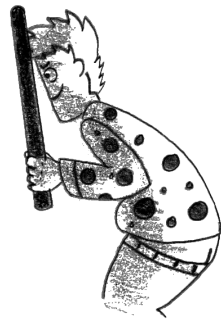
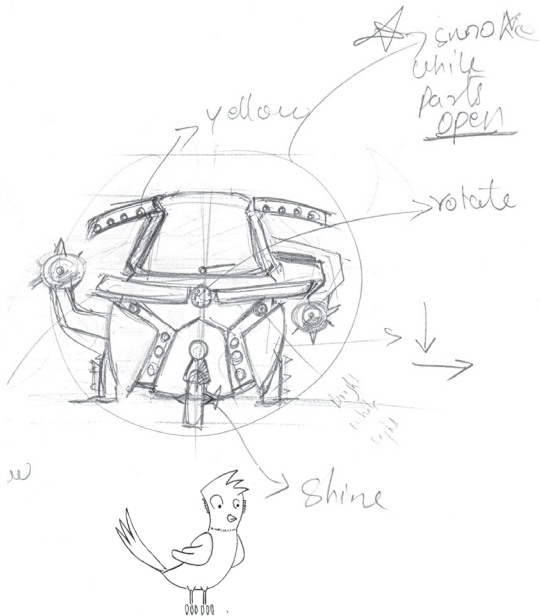
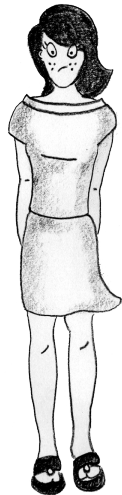
Auto – It represents the anger and fury of the driver who is on the verge of destroying whole city

Bird – The character is inspired by a cuckoo which sings all the time.

Guy with a walkman – He is a cool guy who listens to music all the time. His character is inspired by the actual person who cant tolerate people playing music around him.

Girl with Pimple – She is a girl who's really concerned about her looks. She is filled up with anger when she discovers a pimple on her face.

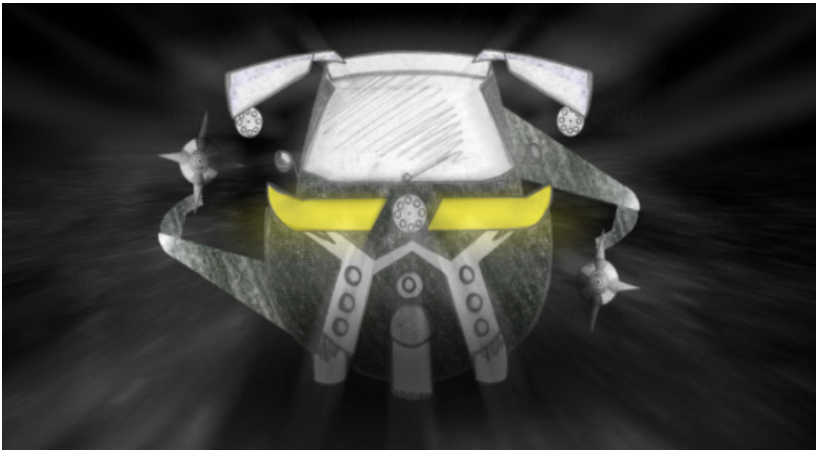
Dog and a Man – Their characters in the film is explained by a dialogue in the film "*Kabhi gussa nahi bhi aa raha ho to log gussa dila dete hai ... ab koi mujhe marega to mein bhi marunga na ... mein Gandhi nahi hun*". These characters represents the feeling of vengeance in the human mind.



Final Approach

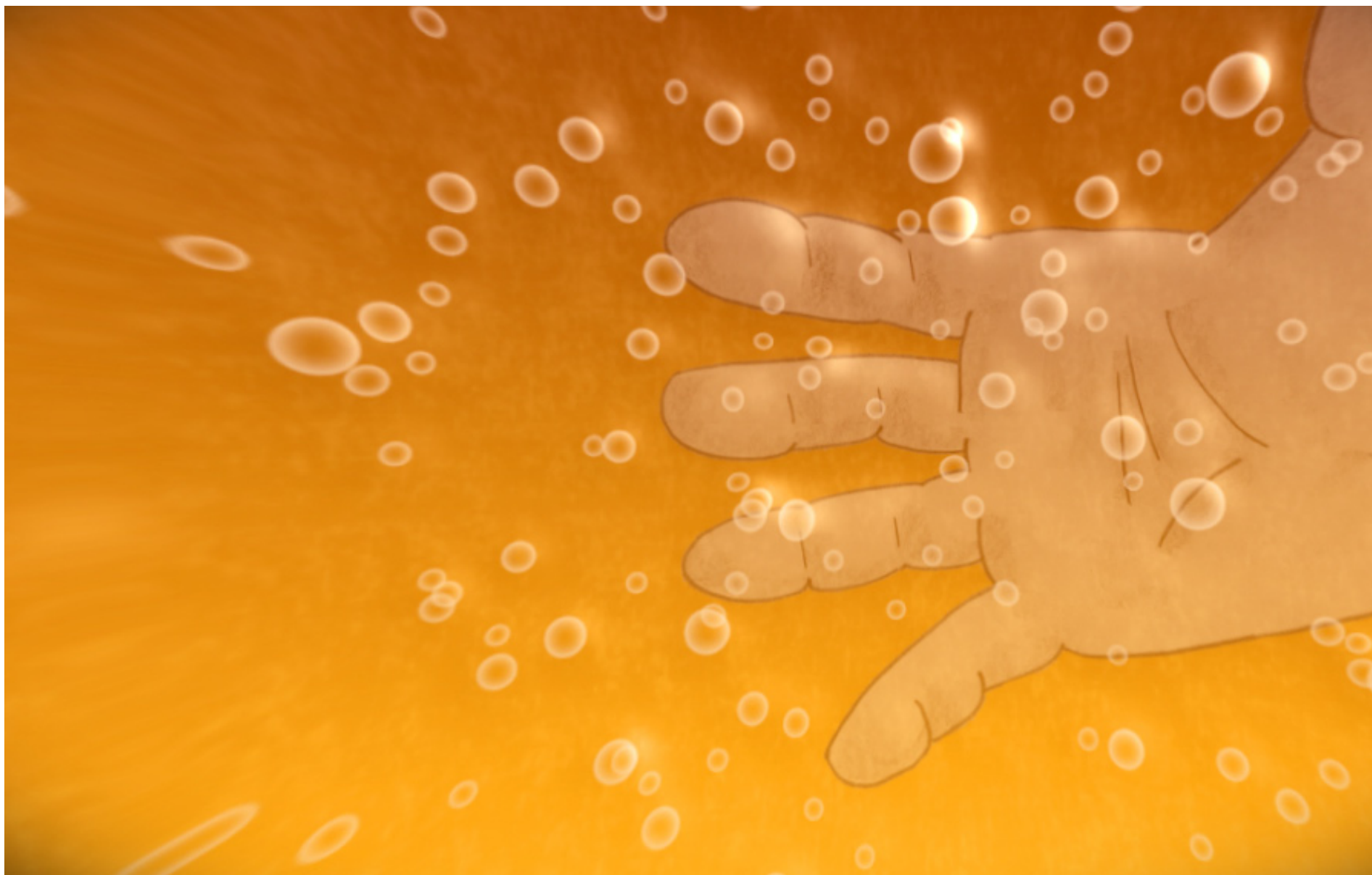
Since the subject of the film is dark, I wanted my film to have a shadowy treatment. I used only shades of gray in the film. Colours are used in some backgrounds to make it visually more appealing and sometimes to highlight the important elements. For example—film posters on a building are kept colorful because these posters have a message to convey. Smoke in the background is used to make the environment more shadowy and dark.

One shot in the end sequence required camera panning from road to the high rise buildings (where narrator looks up and again some drops of beer fall on him). This shot was created in 3D and was traced frame by frame to make it look 2D and sketchy.

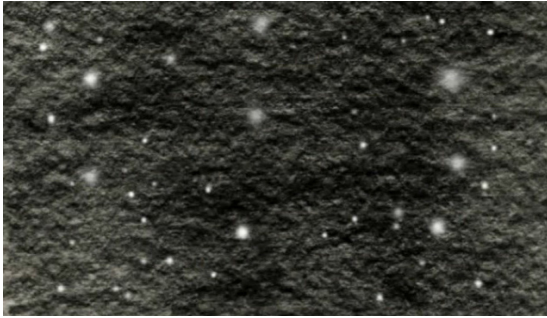






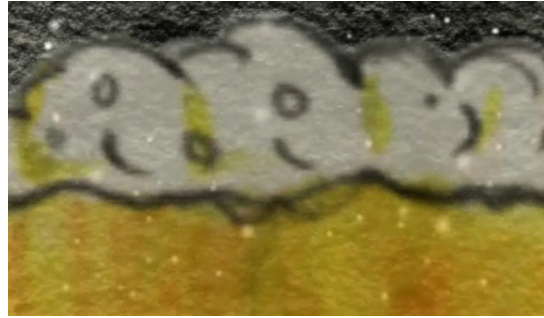


Storyboard



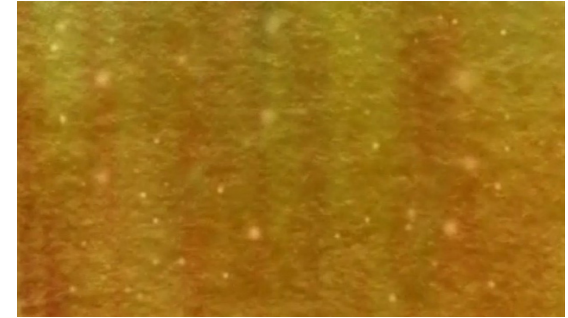
[Scene 1]

Log bolte hai na ki aadmi apni kismet khud likhta hai... mein nahi maanta... kyu? Meet Mr. Thadani



[Scene 1]

Sound of glass filling up. Sound of soft music in the background



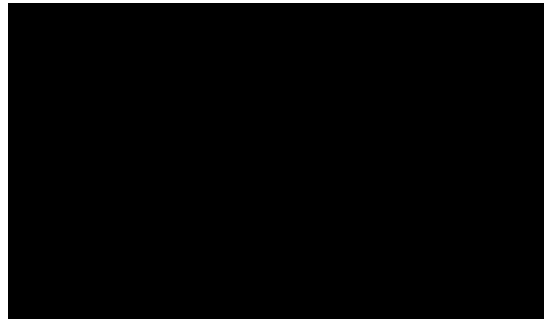
[Scene 1]

Sound of glass filling up
(Cut to scene 2)



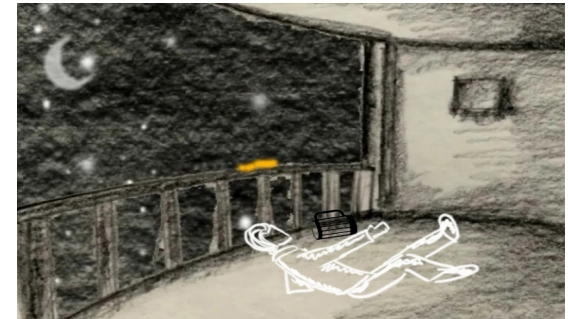
[Scene 2]

Thadani sipping beer. Suddenly beer spills down.
(Fade to black)



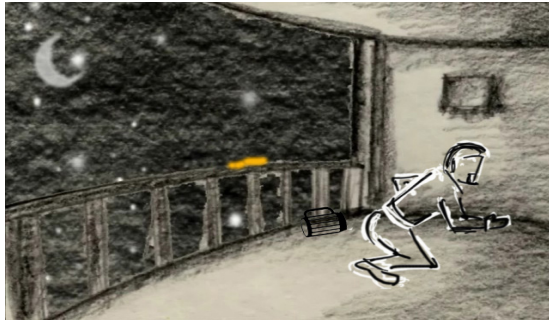
[Scene 3]

Film Title Sequence
Loud door knocking in the background
(Fade to Scene 4)



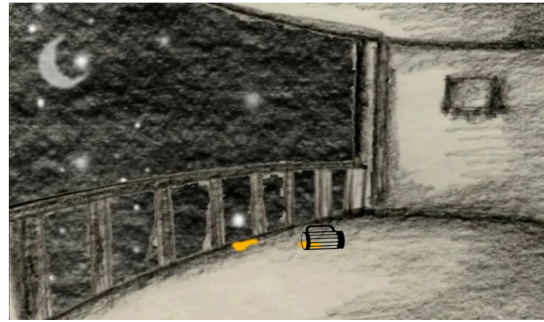
[Scene 4]

Thadani leaves the balcony. Sounds of stranger beating Mr. Thadani, and Thadani is thrown into the balcony, the stranger is not seen in the scene.

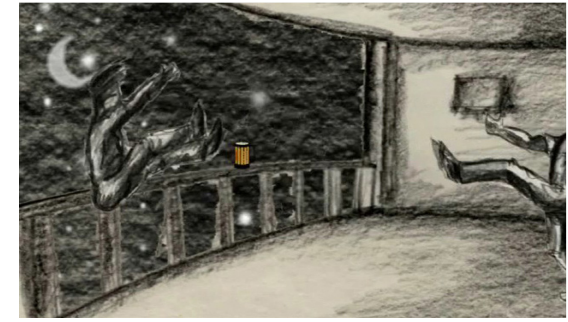


[Scene 4]

Mr. Thadani struggles to get up

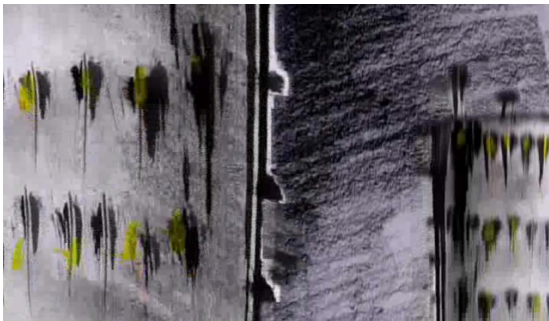


[Scene 4]



[Scene 4]

Thadani is pushed down by the stranger from the balcony
(Cut to scene 5)



[Scene 5]

Mein bahut gusse mein hun. Mujhe aajkal choti choti baton par gussa ata hai. log bolte hai ki mein pagal ho raha hun. par gussa kyu na aaye?
(Camera pans down)



[Scene 6]

Aisi har cheez hai is shehar mein jo mujhe gussa dilati hai
Jaise ... jaise ki traffic ...
(Camera stops with a jerk)



[Scene 6]

laakho log ek patli si road par dheere dheere chale jaa rahe hai ...
(Camera tracks back in z-axis)



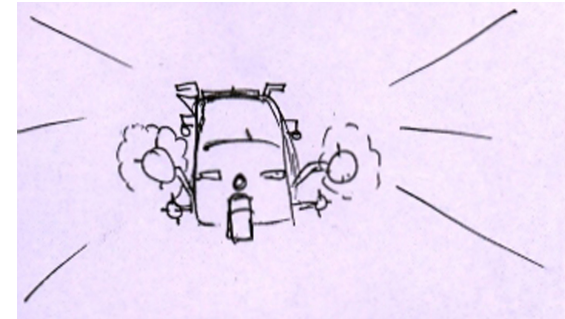
[Scene 6]

Blast
(Camera stops with the blast)



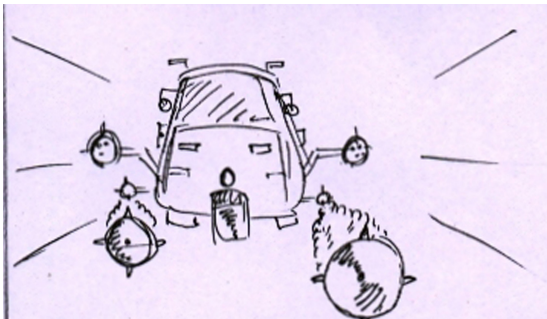
[Scene 6]

*Jab bhi auto mein baiththa hun to yehi sochta
hun ki kaise is road par aag lagau*



[Scene 6]

Super Auto appears



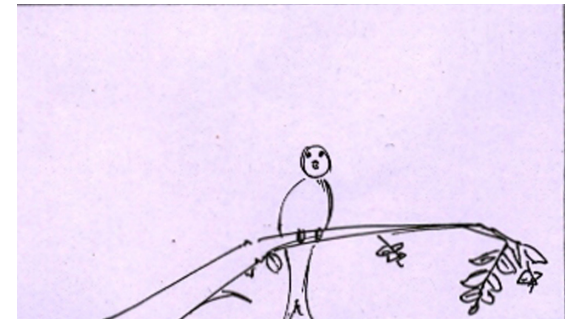
[Scene 6]

Super Auto launches missile



[Scene 6]

Screen becomes white
(Fade from smoke to scene 7)



[Scene 7]

Bird on a branch singing peacefully

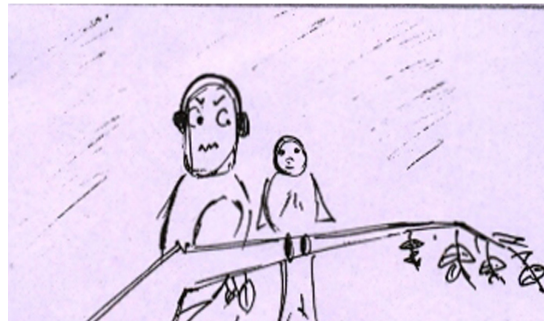
*Accha mujhe yeh batao ki Log itna shor kyu
machate hai?*



[Scene 7]

Guy listening to the walkman comes from behind

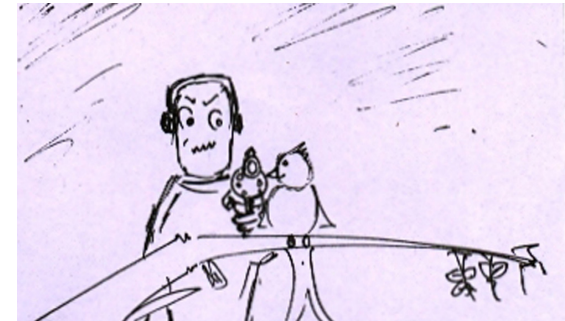
Har jagah dhen ten dhen ten dhen ten ...



[Scene 7]

Gets irritated by the bird's singing

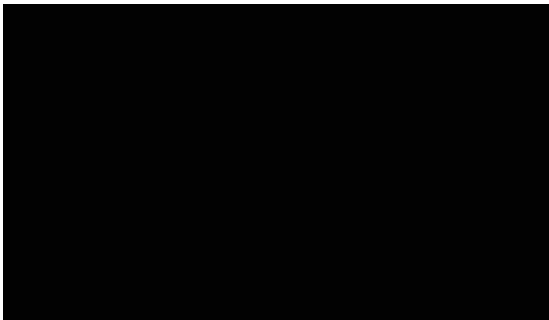
Ab to mere bagal mein koi gaana bhi gaye woh bhi mujhse bardaasht nahi hota



[Scene 7]

Shoots the bird

*Mann karta hai bass ...
(Cut to black screen)*



[Scene 7]

Black Screen

(Black screen lifts up showing silhouette of dog and man)



[Scene 8]

Man comes towards a dog

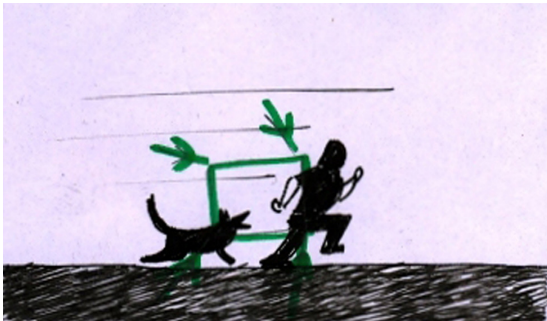
Kabhi gussa nahi bhi aa raha ho to log gussa dila dete hai



[Scene 8]

Hits the dog

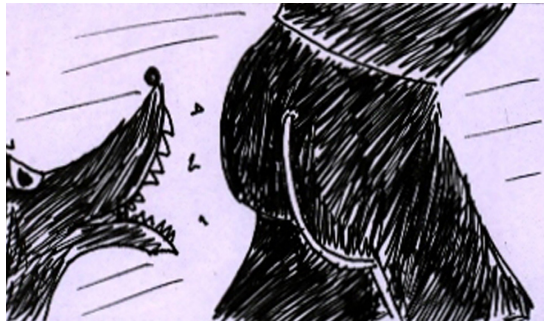
ab koi mujhe marega to mein bhi marunga na



[Scene 8]

Dog chases man

Mein Gandhi nahi hun



[Scene 8]

Dog is about to bite the man
(Camera zooms in, cut to next scene)



[Scene 9]

Girl in the middle of the road

*Ek din mein ek aisi ladki se mila jisko apne
pimple pe gussa ata hai
(Camera zooms in)*



[Scene 9]

Girl's closeup shot

He he he ... pimple par gussa



[Scene 9]

Girl takes her head skin out

Kabhi suna hai aisa kuch?



[Scene 9]

(Cut to Scene 10)

Gussa ata hai to pimple phod do



[Scene 10]

Scene shows a montage of photographs according to the narration

Par mujhe aur us ladki ko kuch baaton par gussa nahi aata...



[Scene 10]

Scene shows a montage of photographs according to the narration

*Jaise ki road par kachra aur gandagi dekh kar ...
din ba din badta pollution dekh kar ...*



[Scene 10]

Scene shows a montage of photographs according to the narration

*Kabhi na khatm hone wali gareebi dekh kar ...
humein corruption par gussa nahi aata ... jab
koi kisi ko ... (pause)*



[Scene 11]

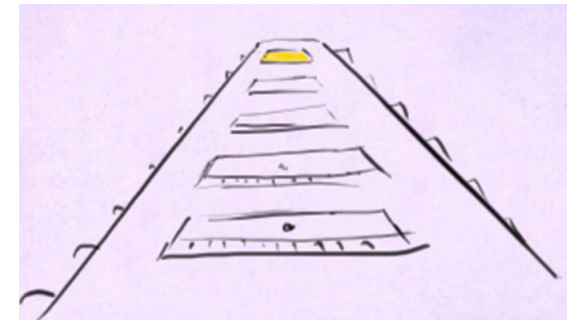
Narrator looks at his left arm. I see beer on it

Kaun hai be?



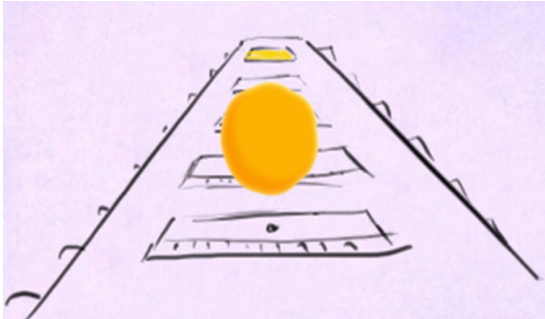
[Scene 11]

Look up
(Camera pans to the top floor of building)



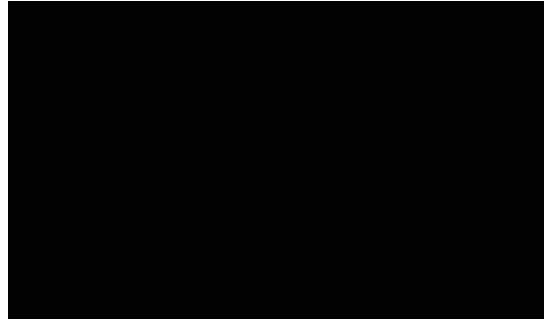
[Scene 11]

He sees a balcony on the top floor



[Scene 11]

Beer drops fall again
(Fade to black)



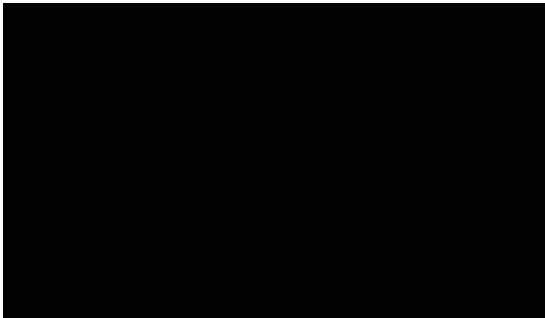
[Scene 11]

Black screen
(Fade out to scene)



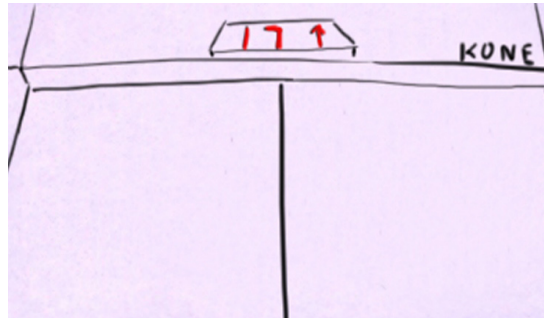
[Scene 12]

Filled with anger and rage he starts walking
towards building's entrance
(Fade to black)



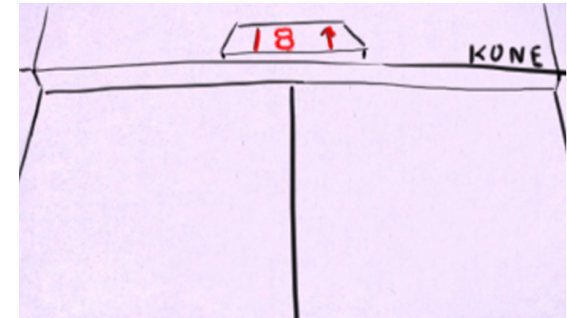
[Scene 12]

Black Screen
(Fade out to scene)



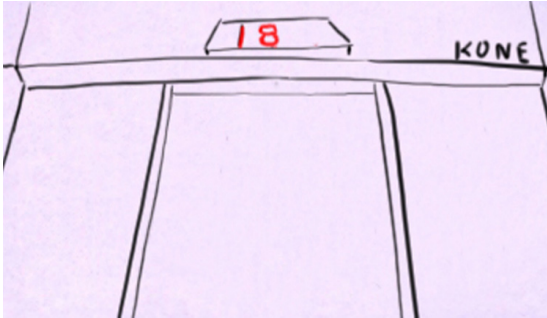
[Scene 12]

Narrator is the lift



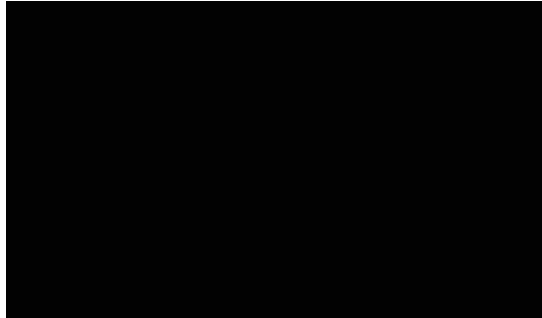
[Scene 12]

Lift is going to the top floor



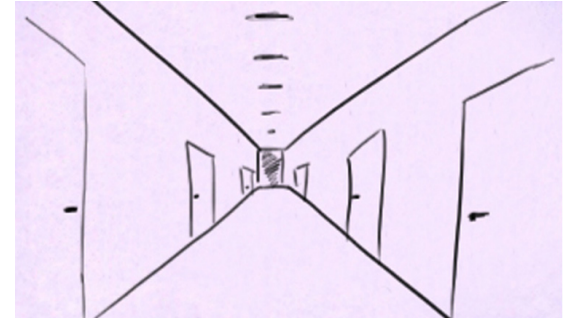
[Scene 12]

Door opens
(Fade to black)



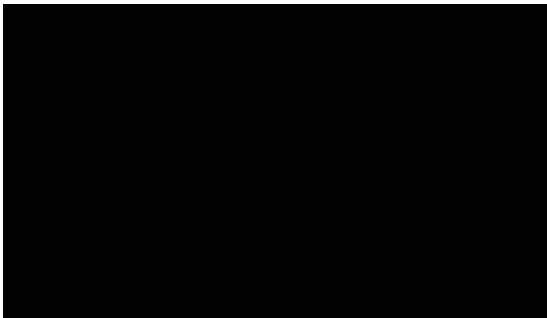
[Scene 12]

Black Screen
(Fade out to scene)



[Scene 12]

Narrator is the corridor, searching the room
(Fade to black)



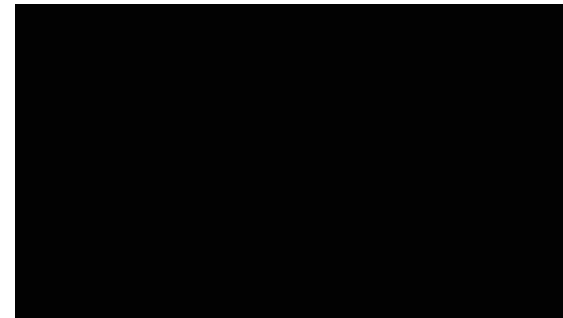
[Scene 12]

Black Screen
(Fade out to scene)



[Scene 12]

Knocks on Mr. Thadani's door
(Fade to black)



[Scene 12]

Black Screen
(Fade out to scene)



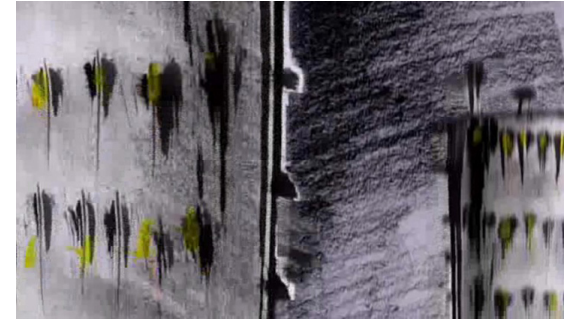
[Scene 12]

Narrator hit's Mr. Thadani



[Scene 12]

Mr. Thadani falls down from his balcony
(Cut to scene 13)



[Scene 13]

Narrator's voice in the background

Thadaniji bade bhale insaan they. Ek raat unhone mujhpe galti se thodi si beer gira di, mujhe bada gussa aaya. Gusse mein pagal hoke meine unhe balcony se bahar phak diya. Mujhe abhi bhi unke cheekhne ki aur girne ki awaaz yaad hai. Meine Thadani ko maar dala. Par mein abhi bhi gusse mein hun, bahut gusse mein, Bhagwaan jaane kyu?

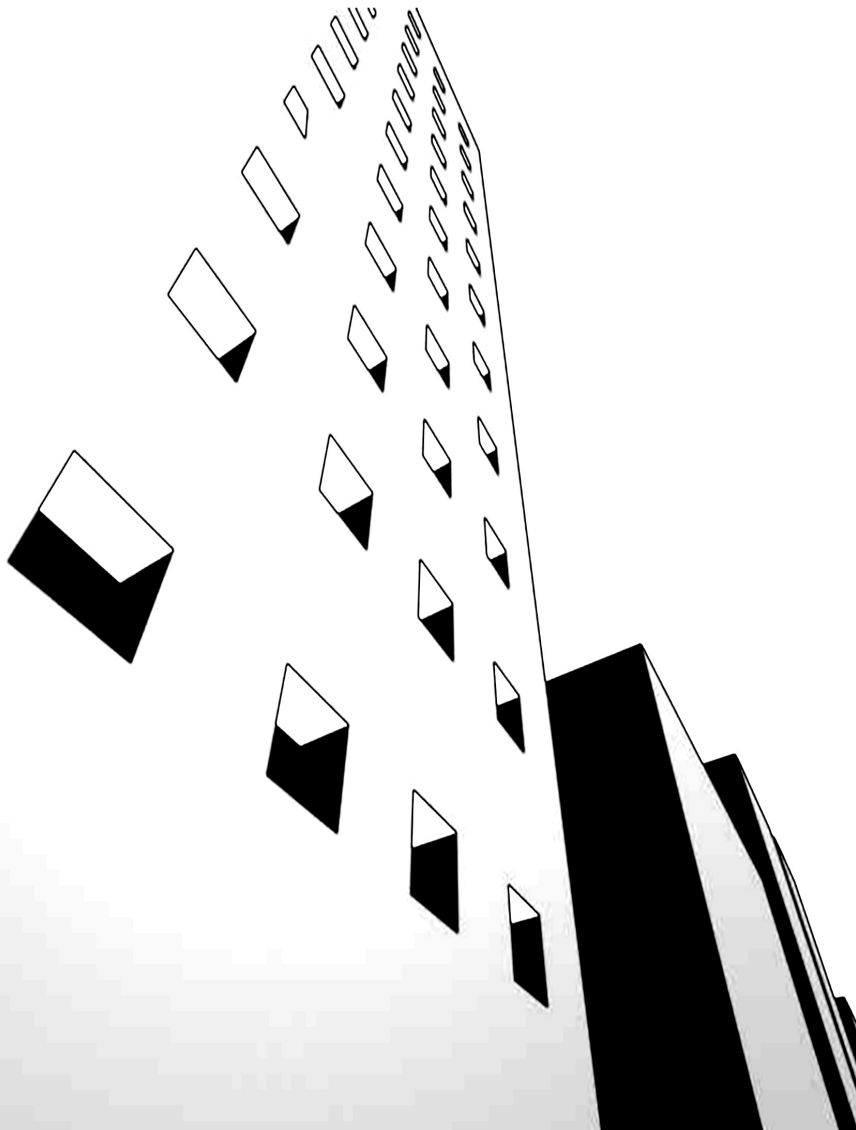
Editing and Sounds

I wanted my film to look like a dark thriller. So for editing I have used parallel cuts, fast cuts, fades according to the mood of the scene. Primarily editing is done using two softwares, *Adobe After Effects* and *Adobe Premiere*.

For sounds and music I have used fast techno soundtracks to give my film the required pace. As the film progresses the pace of the music also increases. Sound editing and voice overs are done using *Cool Edit Pro*.

Epilogue

This is my first attempt in animation film making. The whole journey was quite a roller coaster ride for me, as I went through many ups and downs. But I have tried my best to give a good result. During the process I learned a lot. I learned about the minute details to be considered while writing a story to some new softwares. I tried to follow what I wanted to do in my life and the successful completion of the project will be a good culmination to this journey of mine.



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