

CUT TO:

EXT. PATH IN THE WOODS - DAYTIME

TIK walks towards us down a shadowy path in the woods.

TIK
(Narrating directly to the audience)
Sometime after having lunch on a late summer day, I was on my way North, travelling down a narrow dirt road when I encountered a woman sitting in the middle of the road.

WHIP PAN (180):

The figure of a SITTING WOMAN (20s) frames the center of the screen. Her back is turned to TIK.

TIK (CONT'D)
(to audience)
I would have walked past her but I haven't spoken to a soul, I thought this would be a good opportunity.

Mid-narration, he walks up to the SITTING WOMAN. We get to see her face. She wears simple clothing, akin to a monk. This is BOT.

TIK (CONT'D)
"Good evening" I said. She didn't seem to react. When I got a closer look at her, I saw she was holding a small stone down with the tip of her fingers.

BOT is holding down a small stone with the tip of her fingers. TIK waits for an answer.

TIK (CONT'D)
"I didn't mean to interrupt you." I said.

BOT
There's nothing to interrupt. It isn't going anywhere.

TIK

The rock?

BOT

The rock has no desire to move.
Despite that, I still wish to keep it
in place. Why is that?

TIK

Her reasoning seemed perfectly sound,
I had no business meddling. "Where are
you heading?" I asked.

BOT

North. I'm going to go visit an old
friend. Would you like to join me?

TIK

(to audience)

I did. But I felt terribly rude to
impose myself.

BOT

No need to worry. What would you like
to be called?

A small moment of silence falls between the two, which gives
the old man a moment to think.

TIK

Tik. Nice to meet you.

The two stare at each other for a second. The buzzing of the
woodland gets louder. The focus shifts to Tik.

TIK

(to audience)

The following is what I learned about
her during our travels.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP IN THE WOODS - CLOSE TO SUNSET

Bot sits in the same position as before, but instead of
holding a rock, she props us wood, preparing a fireplace. Two
travel bags rest by her side. Tik is still facing us.

TIK

She was found as a baby in a woven basket, floating alongside a copper-colored river. Packed with her were 2 silver spoons and a handkerchief with the initials B.O.T.

While talking about this, he pulls out a basket and shows each described item. He then walks off frame.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHEAT FIELD - DAYTIME

Bot walks into the frame and keeps walking further into the field. Tik enters closely behind her, but pauses near us to continue.

TIK (CONT'D)

Bot was raised by the town's baker, then hunter, shoemaker, and teacher. No later than 3 years after being taken in, each guardian would mysteriously fall ill and soon perish.

Bot stops and turns around, waiting for the old man. He turns his head towards her for a moment.

TIK (CONT'D)

By the age of 12, the town banished her on grounds that she was sprouting pestilence. She went forth on her own.