

THREE TO ONE: AYE TO PROGRESS

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EXT. BARREN ROADSIDE - INDIA - DAY

Uneven tarmac, broken white lines, bare trees.

An enormous, bulging sack packed onto a trailer.

The trailer is attached to a beaten-up, old tractor.

Both are tucked in to one side of the road.

The engine at the front of the tractor is exposed.

Two men (both mid-20s, dressed in tatty farming wear) hang over the engine, leaning in.

One man hammers the inside: CLANK CLANK CLANK.

A sleek, black sedan WHOOSHES past, HONKING as it swerves to avoid the great sack, the tractor and the men.

The CLANK CLANK CLANK returns, the men and work undisturbed.

EXT. BARREN ROADSIDE - INDIA - NIGHT

The men hammer on in the dark, CLANK CLANK CLANK.

An approaching yellow light throws shadows across the great sack, the tractor and the men.

The CLANKING stops.

MAN
(croaky)
Try now.

One of the men backs off, climbs into the driving seat.

The yellow light grows, floods the scene: a bus.

The man in the driving seat turns the ignition key.

The diesel ROAR of the bus as it arrives, faces in the windows, sneering at the men, LAUGHING, SHOUTING.

The bus passes, its racket fading.

The engine in the tractor is left RUMBLING.

The last man steps away.

MAN (CONT'D)
You drive.