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# Capturing the Grace of Childhood Innocence

Reflections on the development process

## Project II Report

November 2014



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M. Des Animation Design, Class of 2015

Industrial Design Centre, IIT Bombay



**Capturing the Grace of Childhood Innocence  
Reflections of the Development Process**

By

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Project Advisor: Prof. Phani Tetali





## **Declaration**

I hereby declare that the project work done in relation to my graduation film and submitted as a written report to the Industrial Design Centre, IIT Bombay is a record of the original work done by me under the guidance of Prof. Phani Tetali.

Unless otherwise stated, the contents of this report in the form of text and images are entirely my own. The views expressed in the document as part of the written submission of the project are my own and do not necessarily represent the views of Industrial Design Centre, IIT Bombay.

Gayathri M. Jeaks  
November 2014



## Approval

The Report Committee for Animation Design, Industrial Design Centre, IIT Bombay  
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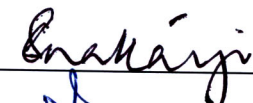
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Project Advisor : 

Internal Examiner : 

External Examiner : 

Chairperson : 



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Report

Presented to the Faculty of the Industrial Design Centre

Indian Institute of Technology, Bombay

in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements for the Degree of

Master of Design

In

Animation Design

**Industrial Design Centre, IIT Bombay**

November 2014



## Acknowledgment

I would like to express my gratitude to Prof. Phani Tetali for giving me an opportunity to work under him and for his invaluable guidance, support and inspiration all throughout the development process of my film. I would like to extend my gratitude to my friends for their insightful discussions and their incessant support in spite of their busy schedules.

I am grateful for my family, who have been there for me like a rock through my journey of developing this film and for motivating me to challenge myself and become the best I possibly can.

Gayathri M. Jeaks  
November 2014





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# INTRODUCTION



When I was little kid, I used to pretend play a lot. I used to be a hero who saved the world or a kid who went to school who was chased by a Tyrannosaurus rex. Dinosaurs existed like cows for me, around every corner there was one waiting to devour me. I used to imagine all kinds of things too, of spiders being monsters and pickles being intestines of beings once alive bottled and sold to unsuspecting humans. Such was the life. Colourful and exciting.

Now I have the chance of playing the game again. But now in the driving seat and taking others for a ride to experience the chaos.

This document records my humble journey into finding a story and going through the development process into realize the dream of creating a film.





INSPIRATION AND RESEARCH

# Influences

I grew up reading shonen manga and watching a lot of anime. So most of my visual library is stacked with the wondrous worlds presented by anime. Even the stories I wrote used to be influenced by them. So when I was presented with the freedom of having a year to make a short film of my own, I jumped right in and looked for inspiration from my favorite anime directors – Hayao Miyazaki and Satoshi Kon.

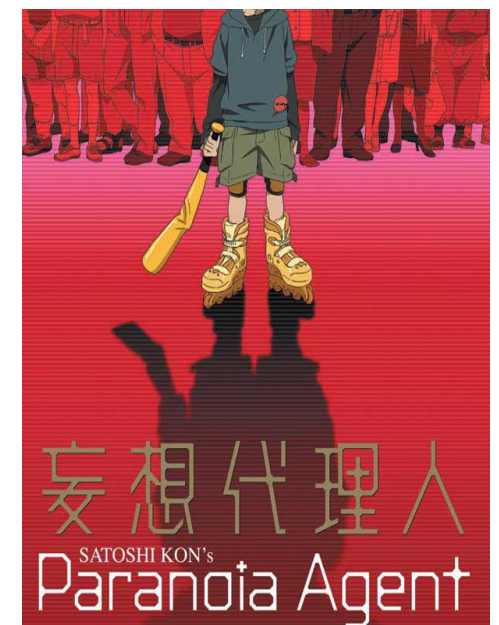
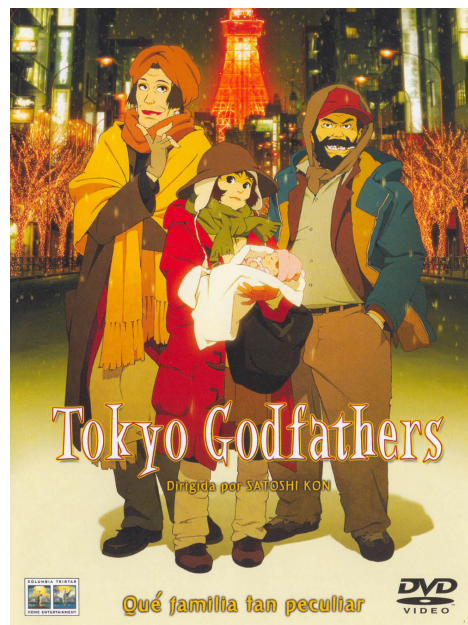
I have always loved Ghibli movies for their stories and their portrayal of women and men in their films. Brave and unapologetic, standing up for themselves. It was a rare gem to see that in the world of popular animated movies. And I loved watching them because it was so inspiring to see the layers of meaning unfold from the stories themselves.

In contrast to movies directed by Hayao Miyazaki, Satoshi Kon presented the world with their inherent madness. Treating the human condition as it was and letting us experience the boundaries of madness. The stories he told felt real and raw, like they were snatched out of real life.

Fantasy features also had a special place in my heart. It let me wander worlds which I didn't know and let me imagine places where I could go in my dreams. One of the films which influenced me in my story development process was 'Pan's Labyrinth'. A visual treat with a captivating and heart-warming story (and mesmerizing soundtrack).





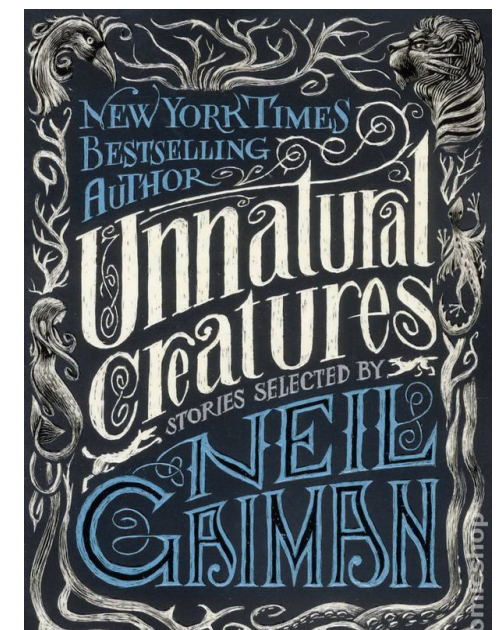
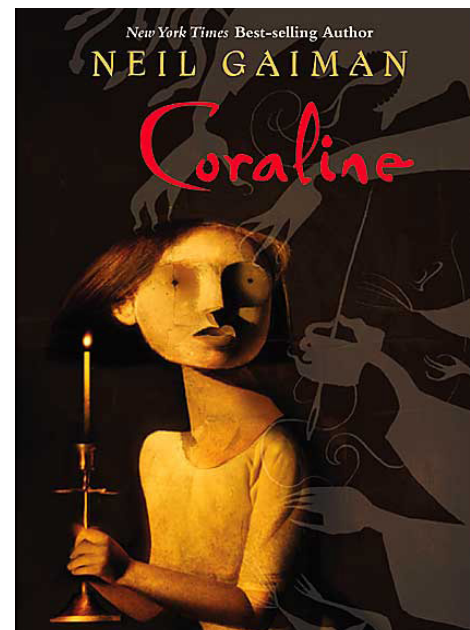
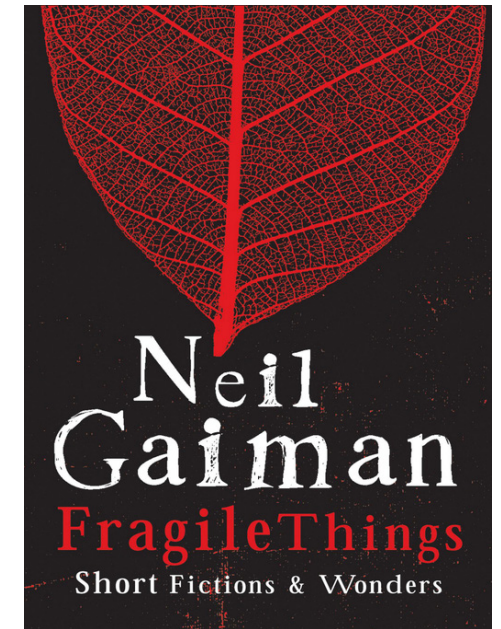
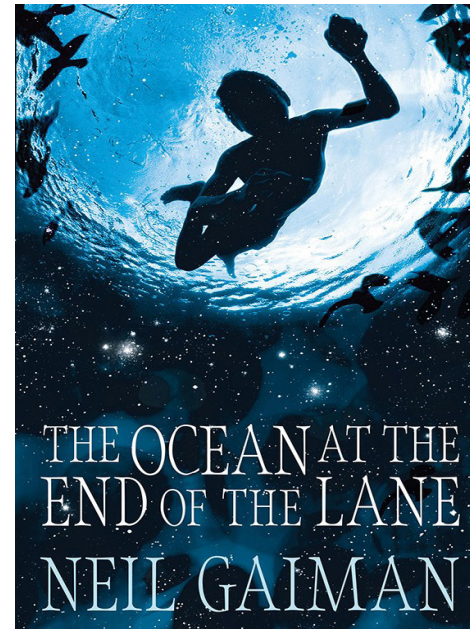
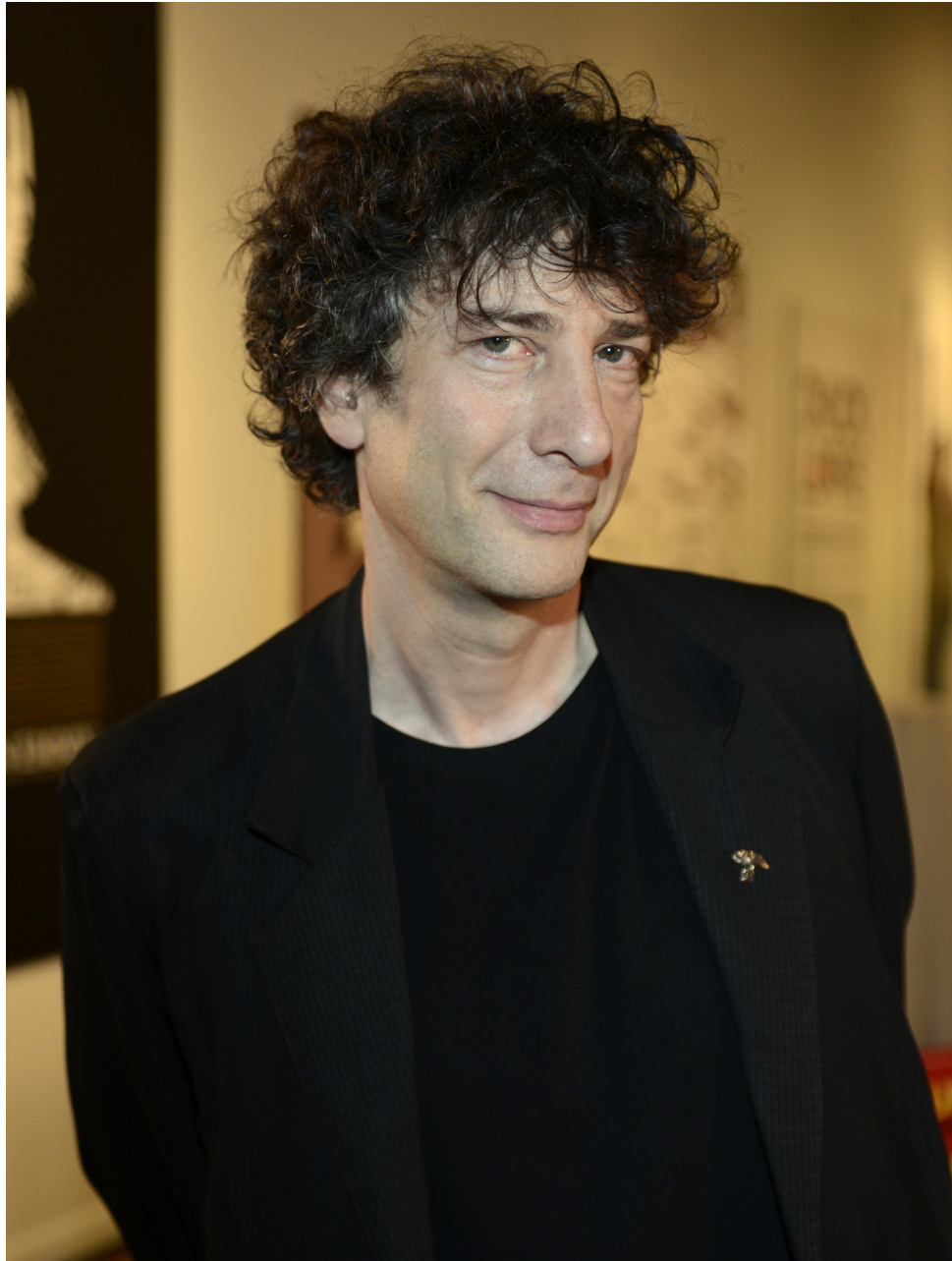


I am a huge fan of Neil Gaiman, so I went back to some of his books for indulging myself in good fiction. Good fiction always brought about good creative vibes for me. And I also thought it would help me in my writing process. Some of his works which influenced me in the story development process were – The Ocean at the end of the lane, Coraline, Fragile things and Unnatural Creatures.

One of my Professors, Prof. A G Rao, had once advised me on the creative writing process. He asked me to analyze the artists that I love, sit with their work and figure out how they come up with their story ideas by paying close attention to the cues they unintentionally leave in the story. I took his advice and lost myself in the process. I couldn't identify the cues but I identified a very important thing. Whatever they wrote or whatever movies they made, it was all deep rooted in their own culture.

The realization came in as a huge shock and as a wave of relief. I was trying to emulate what they had by ignoring what their foundations were based on – their own cultures. And here I was trying to make a short film by ignoring an entire chunk of my own culture and going after something partially known.







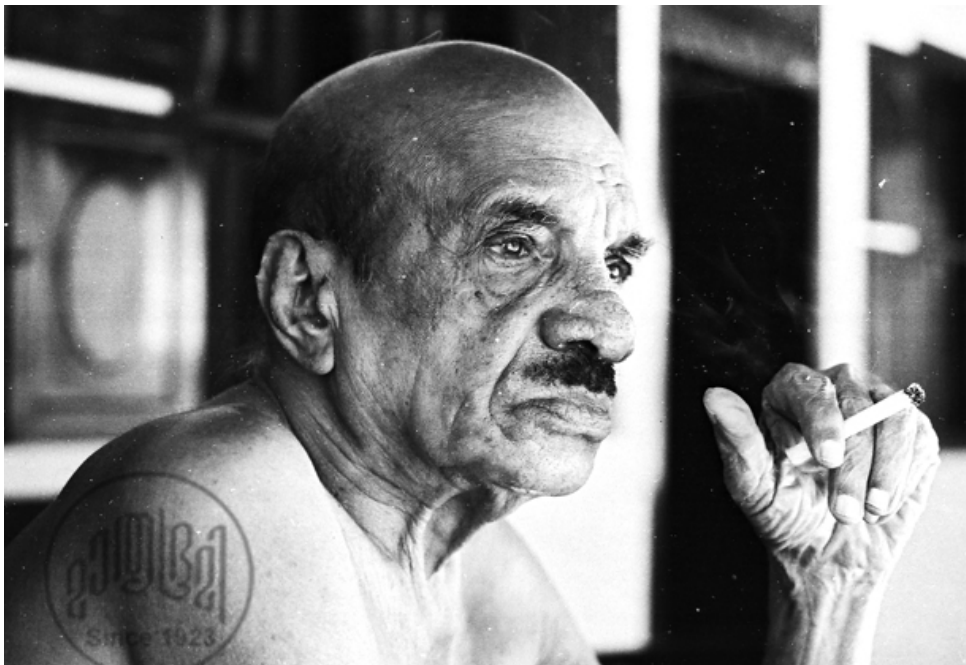
# Exploring Culture Specific Content

I am not sure myself about what it means to explore culture specific content. I was in the beginning overwhelmed by the enormity of our culture, and still is. But everything has to have a beginning somewhere, so I started to explore the literature in my native language of Malayalam. I was slow to pick up but was amazed by the richness of stories they tell.

I used to read stories written by Vaikom Muhammad Bashir back in school. So I went back to it, picked up a book from my father's library called 'Balyakala Sakhiyum kure pennungalum' – an anthology consisting of four of his novels. They put me right back on track to where I belonged to.

I had trouble reading Malayalam script after not being in touch with it for long, so going into new literature started becoming difficult for me. As I write this now, I am stuck in the first few pages of the wonderful novel by O. V Vijayan called 'Khasakkinte Ithihasam'. But I have vowed that my limitations would never cripple my want to make a good film.

Among the many fantastic movies produced by the Malayalam film industry, the two movies I turned to for the development process were – Manjadikuru and Anandabhadram. Primarily because they were very rich in visuals as well as the stories they told.









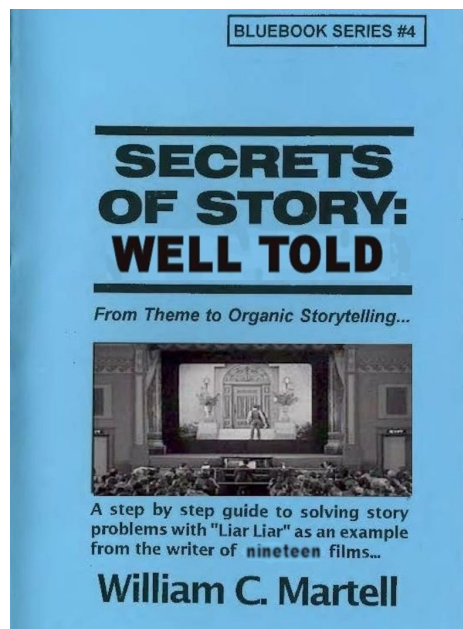
# Research

My primary research was concentrated on the story development process. Animation as a form of film making didn't really sink in during the initial stages of the project. I was of the opinion that animation was purely based on skill and nothing else. Well, for an animator it might be true. But for a filmmaker it is just a medium. Story becomes the king.

Thus started my journey to unravel the secrets to a good story. This realization came in after the initial struggle to develop stories intuitively. My process was flawed. As a person who has grown up primarily watching feature length films, stories for short film subject didn't come to me naturally. Every story that I wrote started off great and in the middle I got lost and never knew where I was going to.

As I further read on the topic my understanding of the story process grew. I understood that it all starts with a simple idea. A simple smart idea rooted in primal emotions, it needed to resonate with you and with your audience. I also understood that short films needed to deal with simple ideas as it didn't have room for multiple and competing ideas to debate and argue over.

Some of the books I referred to were: Secrets of Story Well Told - William C. Martel, Short Films: Writing the Screenplay - Patrick Nash, How to write a great short film script - Nic Penrake and Directing the Story - Francis Glebas.





# EARLY STORY DEVELOPMENT



The first few stories I wrote were written intuitively. They had their flaws, most of them started of brilliantly but ended without a conflict. There was a general lack in understanding the anatomy of a story.

I realized a painful fact that stories didn't come naturally to me . I had visions of these wonderful things playing out in my mind. I could write those, but they were never stories. They were snippets of some part of a story I could never wrap my head around to. But I loved stories, I loved reading them, I loved to write and I had this huge desire to create my own. Even saying it out loud seems scary. Fearful. Like committing yourself to something you are not sure of.

But I realized that everything I want was on the other side of fear. There was no way I going to give up now.

So I got back to square one and analyzed my process, there was something wrong with my approach to stories. Most of the time I was looking at the visuals and not concentrating on the character, the soul or what drives the character to do what they want. I also started experimenting

different approaches to the story, like having a particular character and weaving the story around it or sticking to a certain setting where things happen and so on. There was a period of obsession when I had to have a cat and an attic in the stories. Later the cat ran off but the attic remained.

A time came when I realized that I never tapped into this huge library in my mind filled with my own experiences. I was never inclined. I don't know whether it was the fear of facing the past or because of the uncertainty of my emotions when confronting them, but I never looked. Later I realized that it was an important asset to any writer or a filmmaker or an artist. It is what drives you. And most importantly why we do what we do.

Why do we tell stories? Why that particular story?

Answering these questions I learned a lot by looking deeper into myself to find that gem of a story. Blending in experiences and fiction to uncover a good story. It led me to many stories out of which I present the premises of five most prominent ones. I thought they all had potential to become wonderful shorts.



# The Story Behind the Stories

The very first story I started with slapped me across my face. I thought I could write; but it just didn't work out the way I wanted it to. In the initial stories I was desperately trying to bring in the Miyazaki effect in whatever I wrote. It failed but I am happy that I tried.

## Story #1

A dark fantasy which delves into the mystical world of a little girl and the unnatural creatures in her village and her quest to uncover the truths of their existence.

I wrote a few stories based off on story #1. But after a few trials I realized, I didn't feel that spark I was looking for. So I started on a new tangent. This time looking deep within myself to understand the kind of story I wanted to tell. What is my story?

## Story #2

A little boy gets lost in a fantastic realm of magic and menace as he copes up with the pain of a troubling domestic background.

After writing a few spin offs based on the previous premise, I was depressed. I realized that at this point in time my mind space was not tuned to making a short which would make me sad. So I started of on an entirely new tangent on which I would linger on for weeks together, writing many stories with difference approaches but the same basic premise.

## Story #3

Believing in his grandmothers stories of monsters living up the attic, a little boy embarks on a journey with his trusted cat to uncover the truths of her story.

After failing to find a spark again in those stories that I wrote. I again thought of going back into myself and looking for something. This time applying it subtly to the story.

## Story #4

An ordinary boy escapes into his imagination as he desperately struggles to save himself from his mysterious illness.

I kind of like this story too. But then again, I was not too sure about taking it up. Taking it up for now. So my searched continued. I was at the brink of exhaustion and desperation. Discussing with my friends and family was the best thing I did during this time. In a moment of clarity I realized I could mix and match all of these to form another wholesome story.

## Story #5

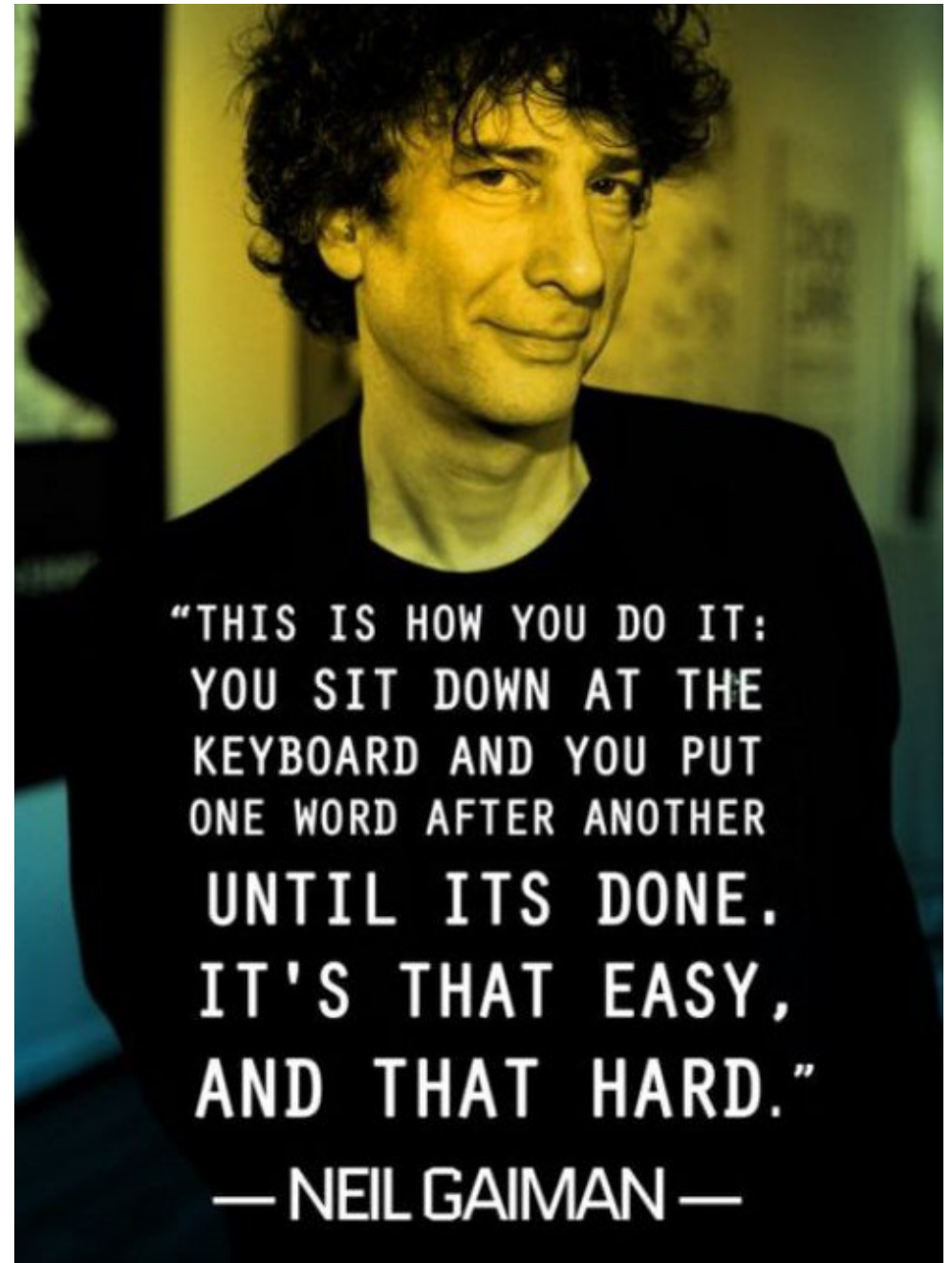
A warm story about a little boy and his interactions with his grandmother as she passes on to the next world.

I liked this story too. There was something about this story, some elements kept coming back to me as I went on to write more stories. This felt like something. And this led me to my final story based on which I will make my film on.





ARRIVAL OF THE STORY



Is the writing craft as important to animators as it is to novelists?

I really asked myself that question.

After continuously writing for three months, I was on the verge of a breakdown. I couldn't go on any longer. I couldn't commit myself to a story. The unpredictability of it all was too overwhelming. It was an uneasy to be in that position, and your entire world gets affected by it. Somehow this thought got into my head 'At this moment in time, this is me and this is what I can do'. So was that it? Was that all that I could do? It ached to think that way.

Thankfully, like most of my Professor's say, learning never goes to waste. Experience will always be an asset. And in a moment of clarity I arrived at a story combining elements of some of my previous ones. I found a little gem in there.



# The Story

Premise: A little boy's tryst with the fantastic world of magic deep rooted in his culture.

The story takes us to an old household in the outskirts of a village in Kerala. Unni, a child of around 6 years old, lives with his family in the house. He lived in a community where rituals and worships were the norm. A curious little boy, Unni was always fascinated by the stories of magic, of demons and gods.

That evening, there was a theyyam performance in his house. A ritual followed by them for generations in worship of their ancestors. Little Unni was adamant to take a bath before the performance started. He loved going to the kulakadavu (bath house) and today was no exception. The theyya kolam (figure) had already assembled along with the musicians in the muttan (front yard) and a small crowd had formed around them.

Unni's mother was fed up of his antics. "Unni... pokatheda... nikk avide" (Unni, don't go... come back here right now.) she shouted, over the rising noise of the crowd.

"Ippo varaam amme" (I will be right back) Unni shouted back as he ran through the crowd to the kadavu to take a dip.

The kulam (pond like pool) looked as pristine as ever. It was an old run down kadavu (bath house) with the bricks falling out of the wall. Unni went near the edge of the kulam and dipped his toe into it to check the water.

"ah..." it was just right' he thought. He got into the pond and dipped in. As he lowered himself down into the abyss, he felt relaxed. The cool of the water soothing and calming him. He felt the peace wash over him.

"Unni..." his mother screamed.

He could hear his mother scream at the top of her voice.

Uff...ee Amma nere kulikkanum sammathikathilla" (What is wrong with Mom, she doesn't even let take a proper dip) and he got up the kulakadavu and put on his small thorthu(towel). As he looked up after tying it around his waist, he saw the kadavu glowing with faint light. Spirit creatures emerged from the brick walls.

"huh?... ivarenda ivide?" (huh? what are they doing here?) he blurted out surprised.

Curiously he started back home. He walked along the run down walls that led from the kulakadavu to his home. He could see spirits searing through the atmosphere and over his house. He reached the end of the wall from where he could see his home in full view. The spirits were circling the house as the theyya kolam dance away among the crowd. Some spirit figures rose from the kolam and seemed to mingle with those circling above.

"woowwww..." he looked mesmerized.

Unni felt someone walk up behind him. He turned and saw an old lady looking up at the sky with a faint smile. She had her face painted in the ceremonial theyyam make up. He was taken aback by such a presence. Scared, he turns and runs towards his house. He made his way through the crowd to his muttam. He turned to check whether she was there but she was gone. The theyya kolam was in a trance as Unni reached the front of the crowd. He could see the spirits emerging from the kolam as the fire and music filled the atmosphere. He stared at the performance in a state of awe.



His momentary sense of awe was disrupted by people talking nearby. They were whispering. Disturbed and curiosity taking the best of him, he moved nearer to them.

“Oru vilakku koode venam, aarengilum pooyi a thattinu vilakkeduthitu varu” (we need one more lamp, somebody go and take it from the attic) one amma-van (an Uncle) told another. “aarum ille ivide pookan?” (is there nobody here willing to go?) “ille?” (nobody?)

“Njan pookam” (I’ll go) Unni volunteered enthusiastically and slithered through the crowd towards his home.

The door to the attic was high up in the ceiling of the kitchen. As he reached there, he found it deserted as everybody was in the muttan entranced by the performance. He stacked two foot stools together under the attic door and climbed up.

Unni slowly lifted the attic door and kept it aside. It was dark, but only faintly. The attic was small with the roof hanging low to the attic floor. The room glowed with the golden light of the setting sun. The light filtered in through the glass roof tile illuminating the things kept on the floor. He could still hear the sounds of the performance as he walked into the attic. Lot of useless things piled up over the years were kept neatly stacked towards the sides of the attic. An old trunk and some books were strewn across the floor. As he walked around inspecting things and looking out for the vilakku, he spotted it hiding behind the rusted old trunk.

“ahh...” he exclaimed and walked towards it. A noise behind him made him turn.

The same old lady with the ceremonial face paint. He was scared. He stepped back as his eyes widened in fear.

“aara ningal?” (who are you?) and he grabbed a book near him for his protection. She simply smiled at him and said, “Unni...”

He knew that voice.

“Unni...”

His face illuminated in familiarity and fear. Small spirits started surrounding Unni. “Mutthassi?” he blurted in surprise, the fear never leaving his face. Unni looked at her in awe as she neared him. The creatures were circling her too.

“Unni muthassiyude koode varunno?” (are you coming with grandma?) and she extended her arm. It was not a question he could answer. He was dumb-struck.

The performance outside reached another crescendo. As people raged outside Unni stood there in the attic in a trance. His hand rose up to meet his gran’s. The spirits seemed to carry it up there. As soon as his hand touched hers, shadows crept out of her and encircled them. They moved around the two of them and performed a ceremonial dance from a world unknown. Unni was entranced. Outside the kolam reached a trance like state from where the spirits were radiated out excessively. People around screamed ‘Devi’ as they entered a trance of their own.





“Unni...” screamed his mother again.

Unni jolted out from the trance and realized that he was being bound to his gran’s hand by the spirits. “Illa muthassi, njan varunilla...” (no grandma, I’m not coming) and he tried to free his hand. A strange expression washed over gran.

“Vidu muthassi... enik ponam” (Leave me, I want to go back) and he started yanking.

“Unni...” wailed his mom.

“Amma vilikunnu. njan potte...vidu” (Mom’s calling. Let me go... leave me.)

The theyyam reached another high as Unni’s mother screamed “Unni...”

Unni finally yanked his hand out of her grip. There was a faint pleasant smile on her face as everything got sucked into the moment.

Unni opened his eyes and drew in a huge breath of air. He choked on the water in his lungs. He realized that he was washed aside on the steps of the kulakadavu. He checked himself wondering whether it was all real or not as he breathed fast.

“Unni...” called his mom again over the rising performance.

As he looked up, he saw the raging spirits from the theyyam devouring the ones that he saw before.



# The Script

EXT. UNNI'S HOUSE - MUTTAM - EVENING

The theyyam figure walks into the muttam with the ceremonial anklets making jingling sound.

There is a crowd in front of the small house. The folk instruments start playing lightly.

UNNI SNAKES THROUGH THE CROWD AS HIS MOTHER SHOUTS

AMMA  
Unni, pokatheda... nikkeda avide.  
Avide nikku.

UNNI  
Ippo kulichit varammee!

He runs out of the muttam.

CUT

EXT. KULAM - CONT.

Unni stands of the steps leading to the water. It was a small kulakadvu in ruins, run over by moses. He keeps the clothes on the steps and touches the water with the tip of his toes.

UNNI  
ooo... thanup thanup.

(sound of water)

Unni dips two times in the water.

AMMA  
Unni...! (screams)

He hears her scream the as he rises from the water the third time.

UNNI  
Uff! Ee Amma... kulikkanum  
sammathikilla.

He gets up and goes to the kulakadavu and ties his tiny thorthu around his waist.

CUT

2.

EXT. WALL OUTSIDE THE KULAM - CONT.

Unni walks along the wall that leads from the kulam to the lane near his house. He touches the wall lightly as he walks. He looks up to see spirits searing through the atmosphere. He reaches the end of the wall and sees the spirits circling above his home.

A shadow falls on him, he feels somebody standing behind him. Unni turns to see his MUTHASSI looking up at the same thing.

UNNI  
Muthassi? (exclaims) endaivide??

She gazes upwards.

MUTHASSI  
Pookan samayama ayilo Unni.

He follows her gaze up.

UNNI  
Evidek?

He turns to see her gone.

CUT

EXT. UNNI'S HOUSE - MUTTAM - CONT.

Unni arrives at his muttam. The theyya kolam ws dancing to the folk music. He see spirits emerging out of the kolam as the fire and music filled the atmosphere.

People close around the kolam chanting mantras.

As he looks on, an AMMAVAN(#1) comes near him and whispers to another behind him.

AMMAVAN #1  
Oru vilakku kooda venam. Arelum  
pooyi aa thattinoru vilakeduthitti  
varu.

UNNI  
Njan pookam. (enthusiastically)

Unni runs through the crowd, slithering in and out without hitting anybody.

CUT



3.

INT. UNNI'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONT.

He enters the kitchen.

The kitchen looks deserted. Unni takes a kerosene lamp, light it and prepares to climb the attic. He stacks two stools under the attic door, one on top of the other and climbs.

CUT

INT. ATTIC - CONT.

He slowly lifts the attic door.

It is fairly dark inside. The room glows under the rays of the evening sun as the rays filter in through the glass roof tile.

Unni climbs into the attic.

The performance below reached another wave and Unni could hear it reverberate through the attic. People were screaming too.

He keeps the lamp on the ceiling and looks for the vilakku. It lit up the attic. He seems a bit cautious as he walks around.

Useless things of the house were kept neatly stacked up against the walls of the attic. Among them lay the bronze vilakku for which he came for.

He walks towards it.  
(some noise)

He responds, and looks in the direction of the noise.

Muthassi looks at him from across the attic. She stays near an old photograph of a man. This time, she has ceremonial red and black paint on her face. The same as the spirits he saw earlier as well as the theyya kolam below.

UNNI  
muthassi? ithenda mukhathu?

She looks at the old photograph and sighs.

MUTHASSI  
Unni ente kooda varunnu?

His eyes widen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

4.

UNNI  
Ehhh??? Evidekku?

He steps forward excited.

She doesn't respond but gives him a smile.

UNNI  
Ah... Varunnu.

Small spirits surround Unni as he agreed. They revolve around him.

Muthassi keeps smiling as shadows creep from underneath her and dance around him. She comes closer to him and hugs him. She feels warm.

UNNI  
Endu chooda muthassi.

She leaves him.

MUTHASSI  
Unnik varan samayam ayitilla.

She smiles faintly.

UNNI  
Pakshe enik varanam.

Urges Unni.

She transforms into colorful blobs and radiates a mixture of light. He bathes in a warm colorful hue.

UNNI  
Haaaaai...!

The shadows start transforming into web like threads which gets latched onto his body.

AMMA  
Unni... (screams sadly)

Muthassi slowly rises. Her fragile hands slowly leave Unni's.

MUTHASSI  
Amma vilikkunnu Unni. Unni pokkolu.  
Ammak vishamam aakum.

The theyya kolam below reaches another crescendo as people shout Devi.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

5.

AMMA  
Unni... (sadly)

Muthassi finally leaves his hand. A blinding light fills the attic.

CUT

EXT. KULAM - CONT.

Unni draws in a huge breath of air and chokes on the water in his lungs.

AMMAVAN #2  
Unniye kitti... (screams)

The ammavan is half submerged in the kulam and holds Unni in his hands.

CUT

EXT. UNNI'S HOUSE - MUTTAM - CONT.

Unni's mom falls down eyes glistening and hand clasped over her head in prayer.

People shout Devi. As the theyya kolam reaches a crescendo. Where the spirits from the theyyam devours spirits of the dead.

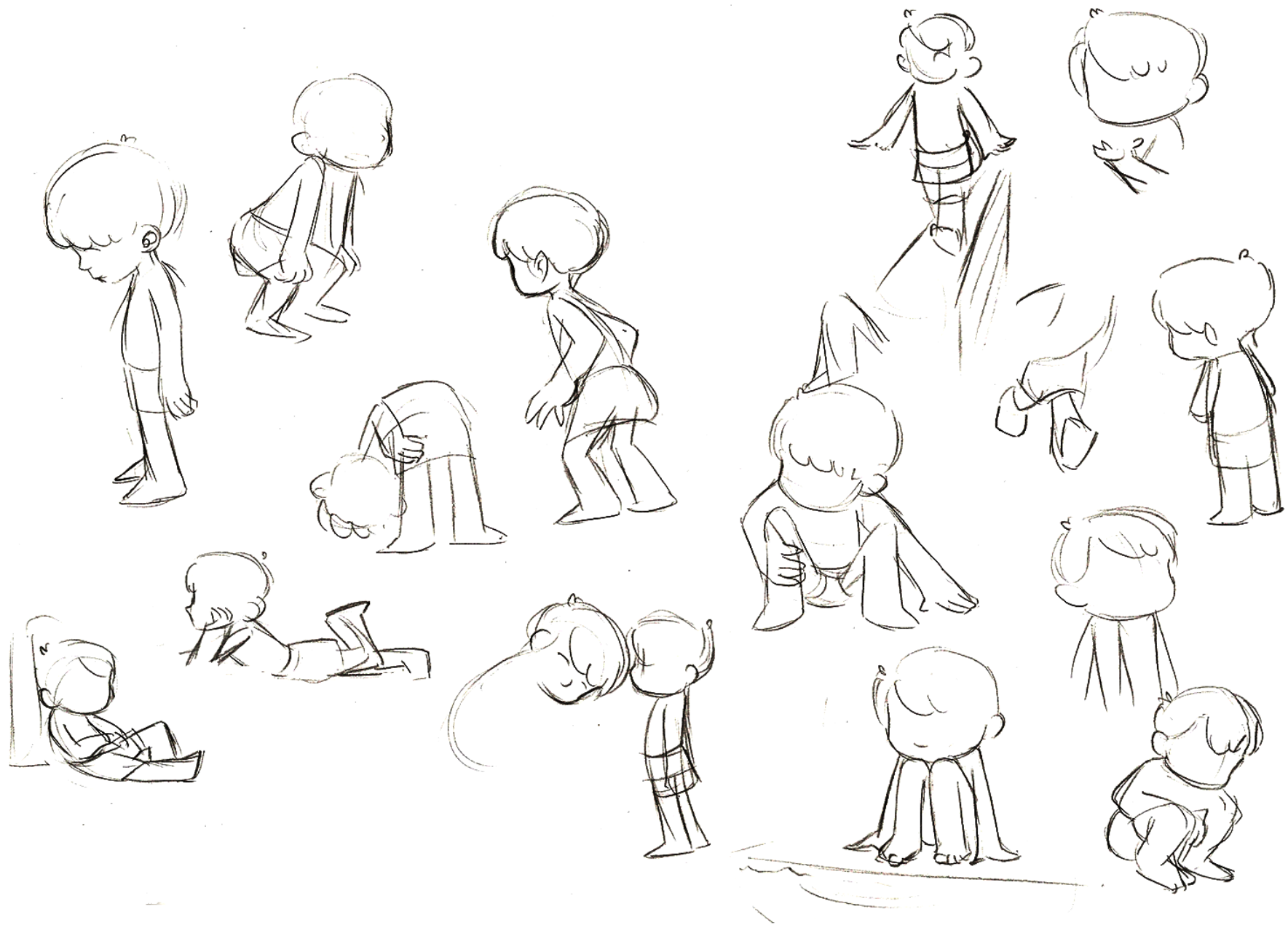
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# INITIAL CONCEPT SKETCHES

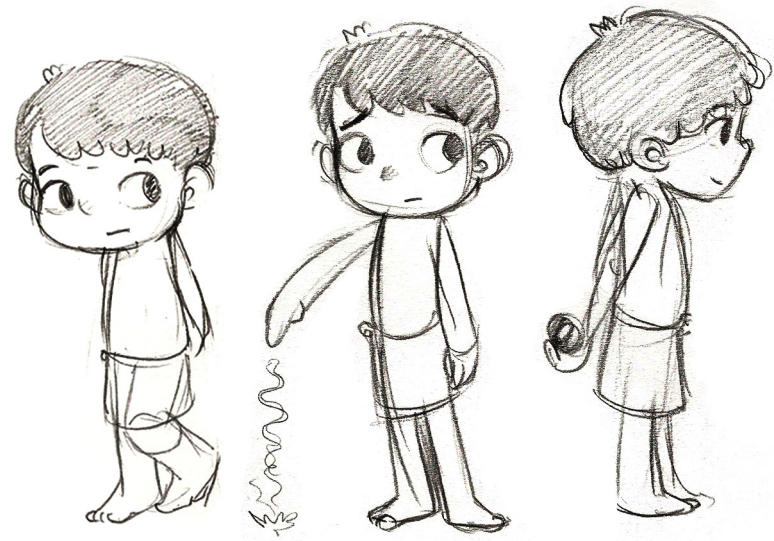


## Character Sketch - Unni

The main characters I concentrated on as part of the development process for now is the protagonist – the little boy Unni.

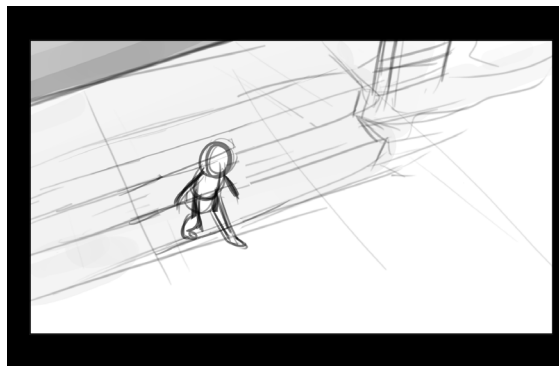
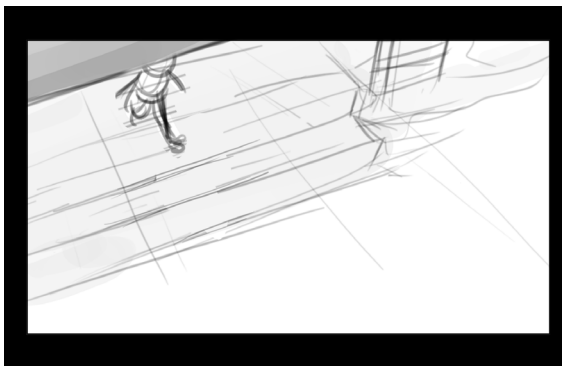
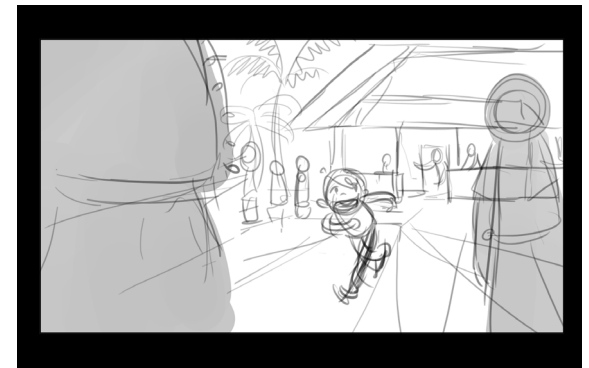
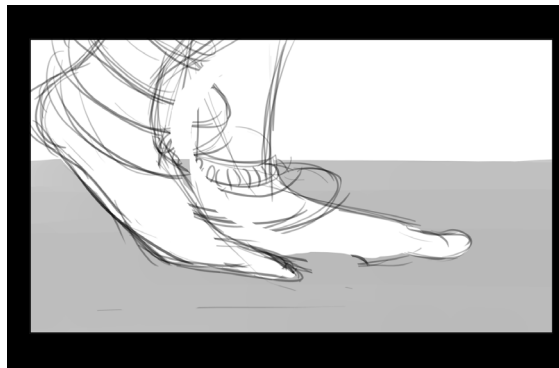
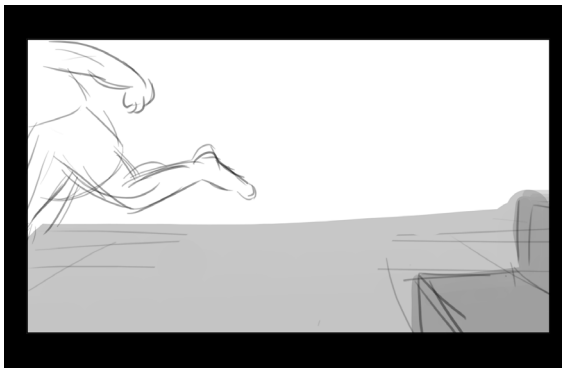
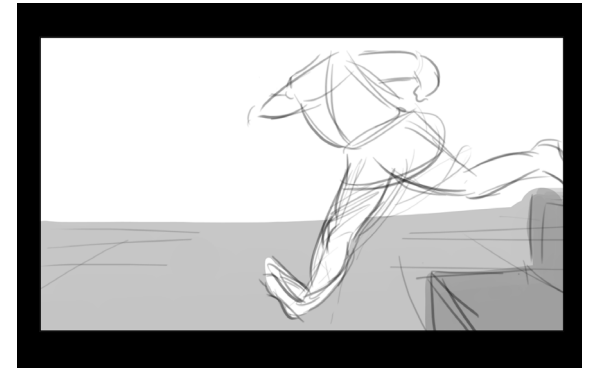
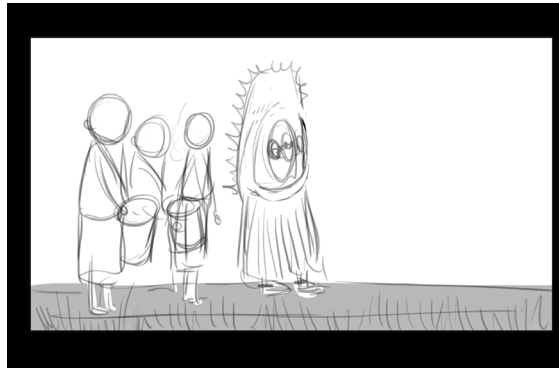
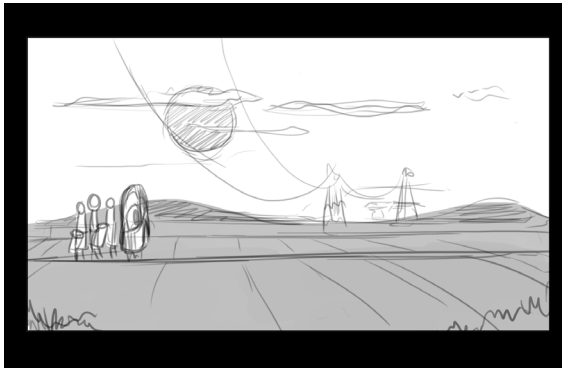
I wanted to get to know Unni more. What he likes, what he dislikes. I found that he is a very happy child, who runs around his village playing hide and seek here and there. He had a strong affection for his grandmother who used to tell him stories of demons and gods. Unni used to be mesmerized by all of them. He even told me once that he could see these creatures stealing a look at him from behind a fence or a wall while he got back from school.

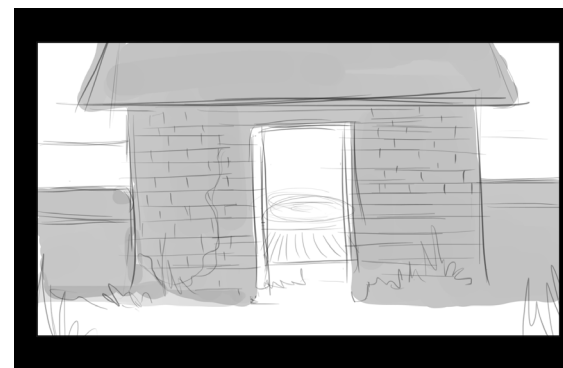
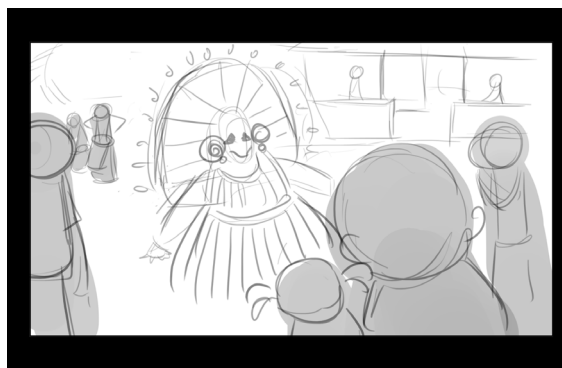
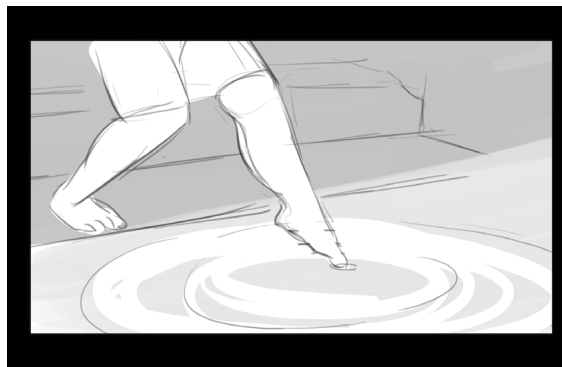
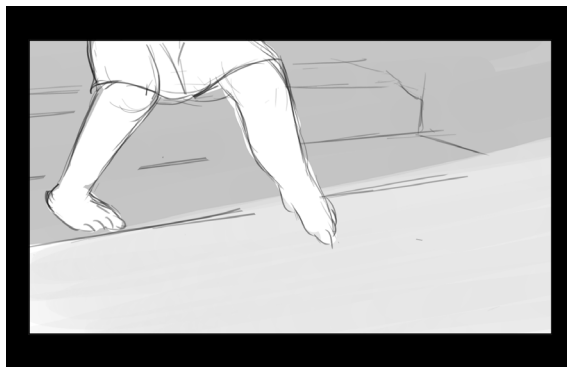
These are some of the sketches I tried to bring out the personality of Unni.



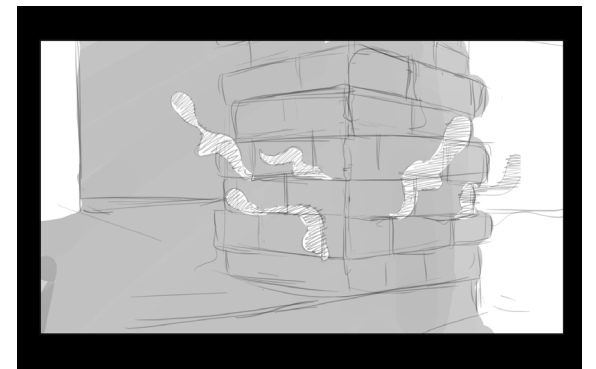
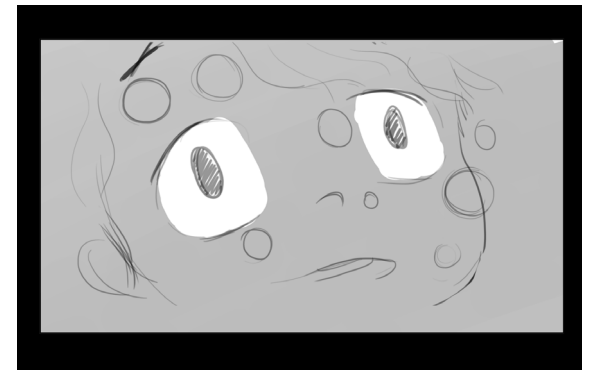
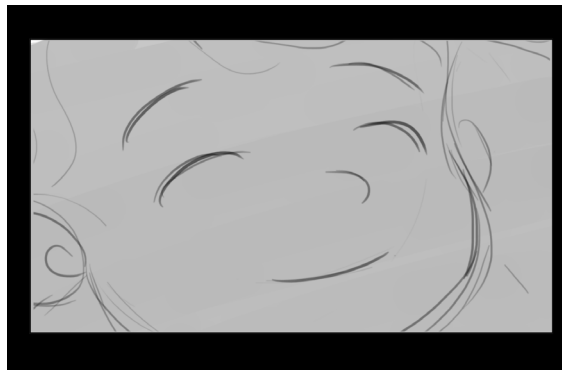
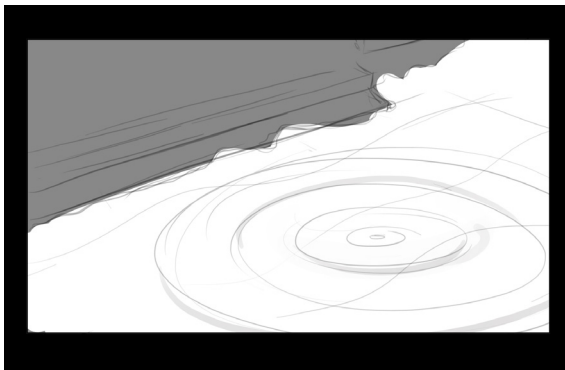
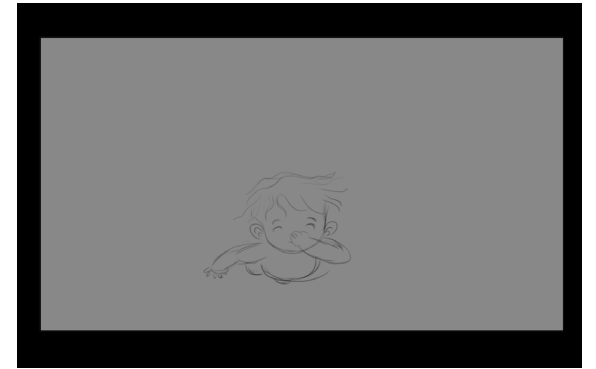
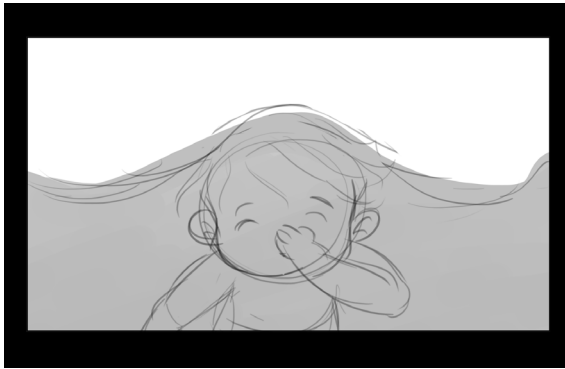


## Breaking down the Script - Storyboarding

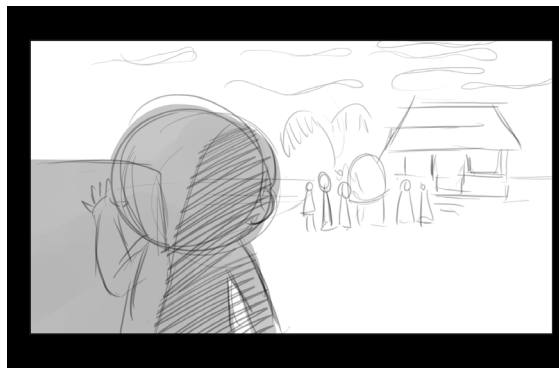
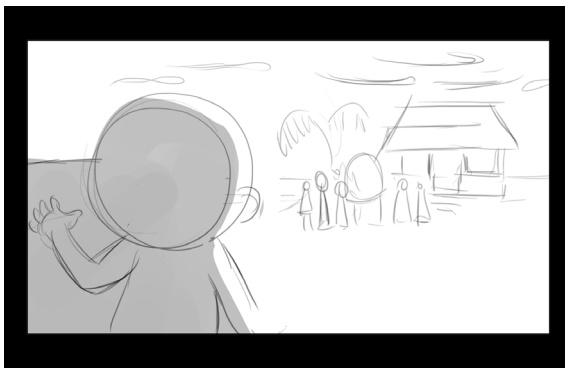
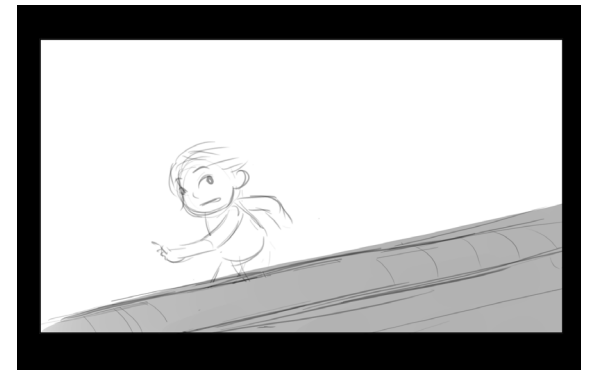
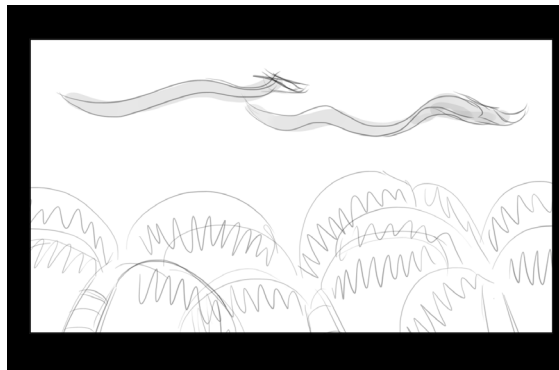
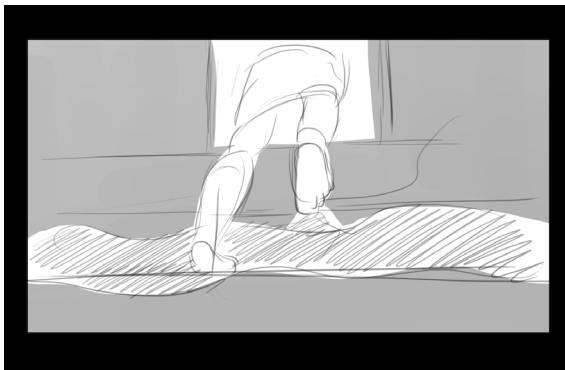
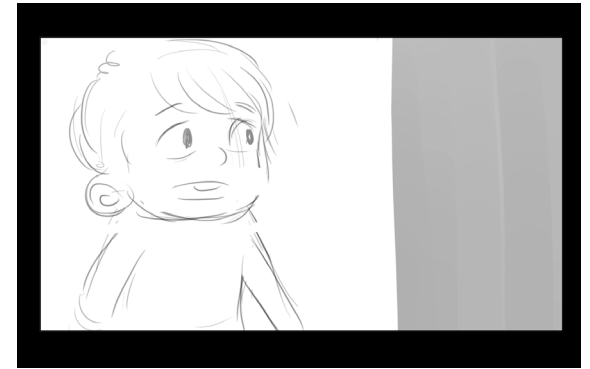
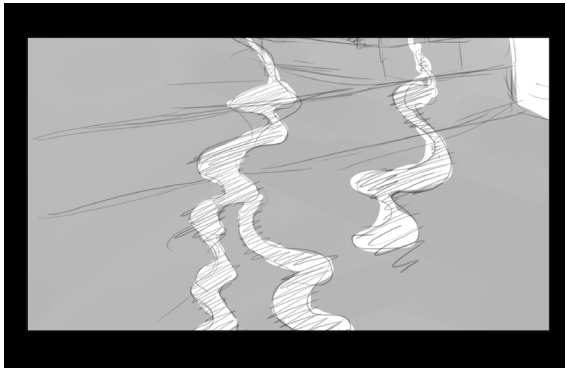


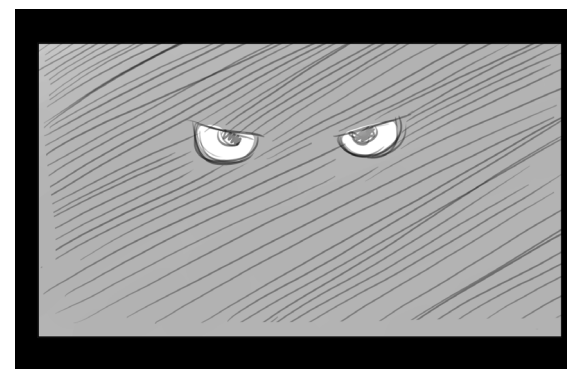
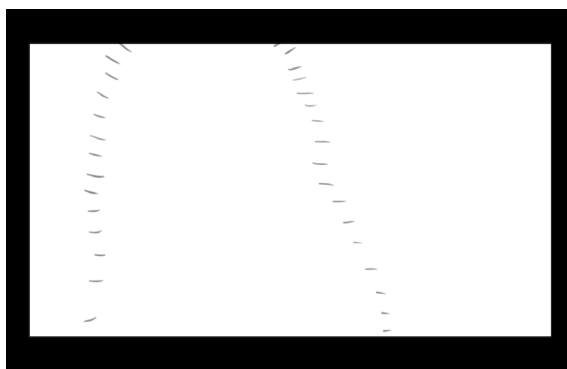
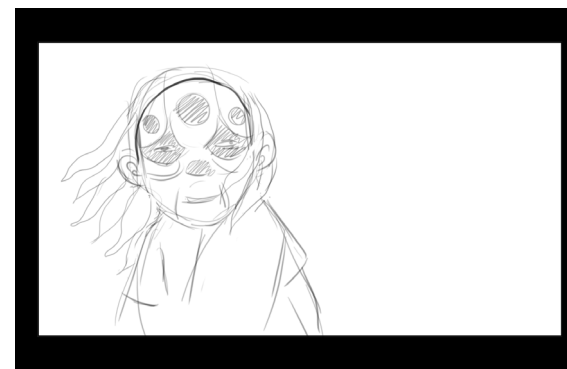
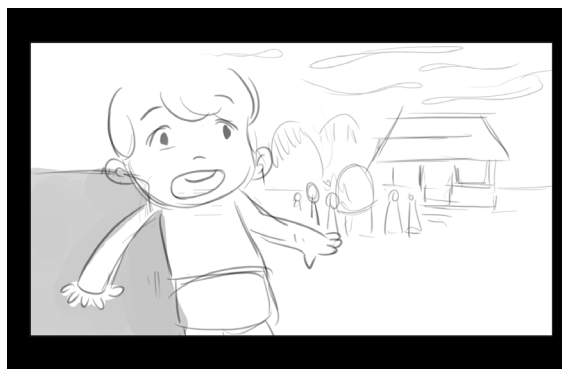


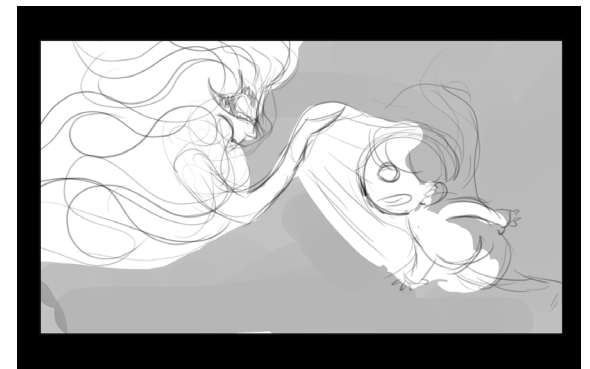
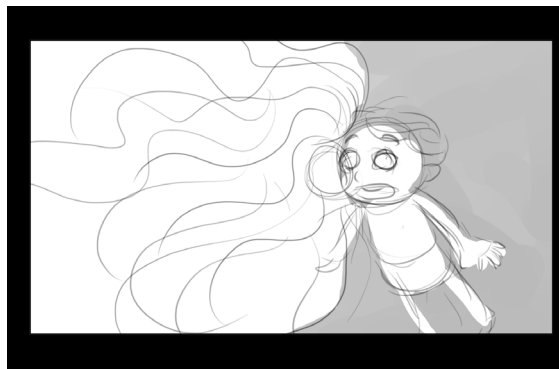
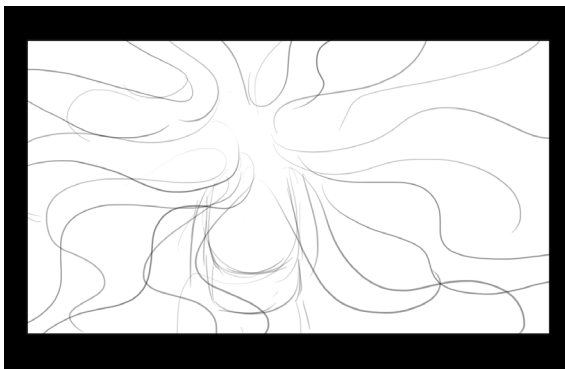
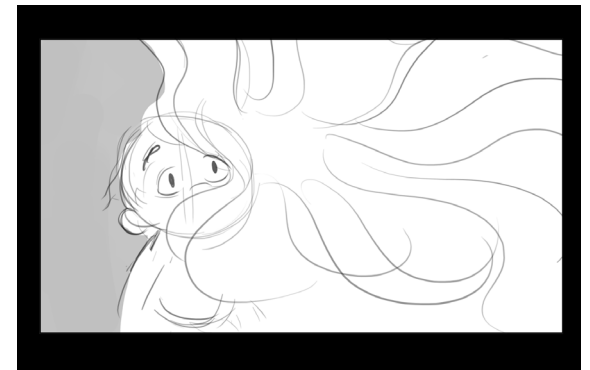
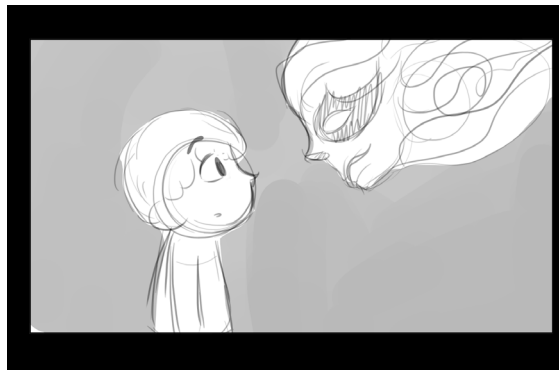
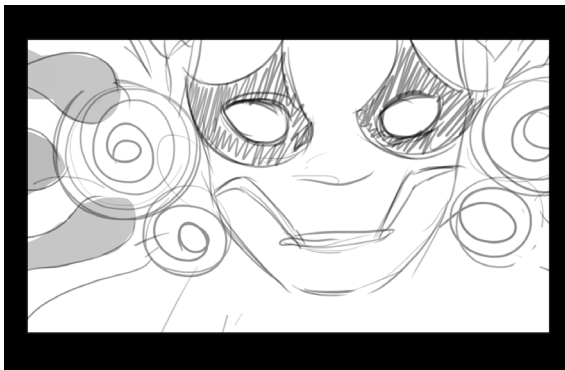


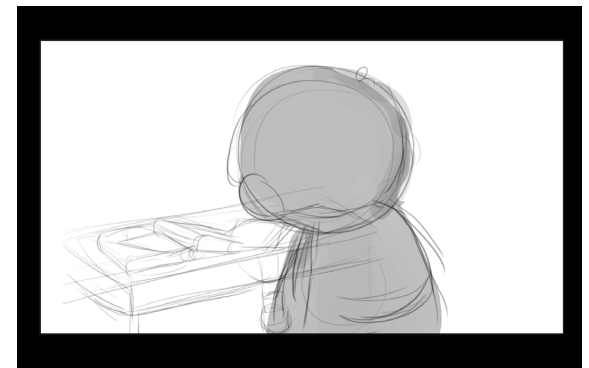
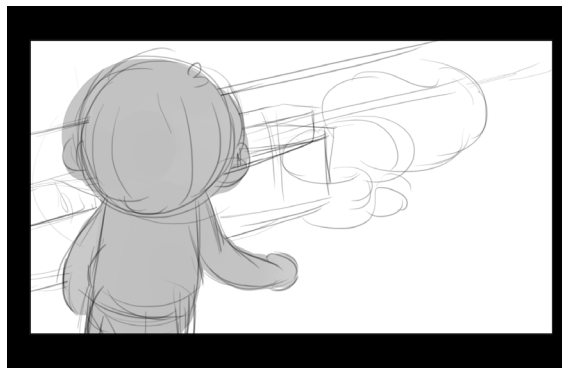
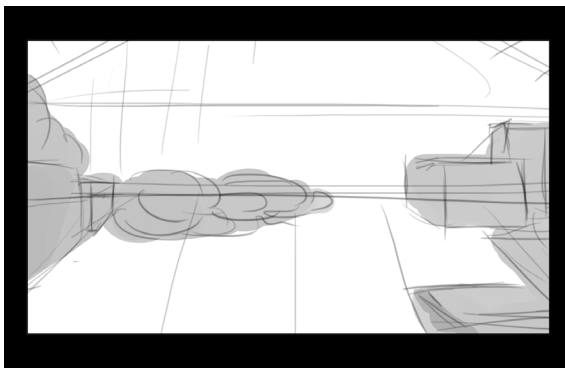
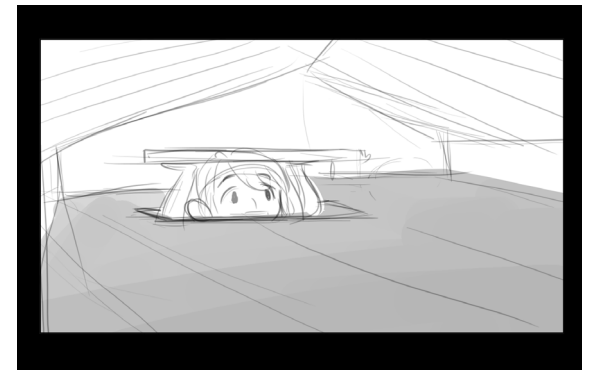
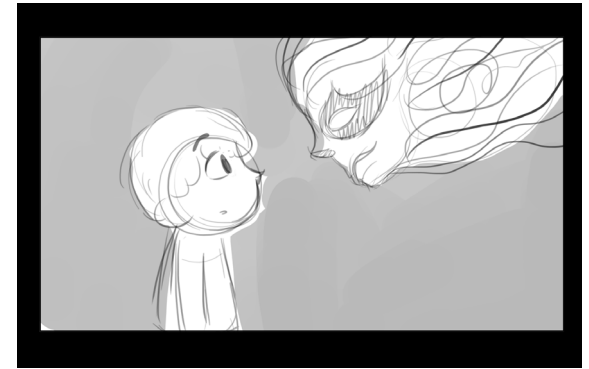
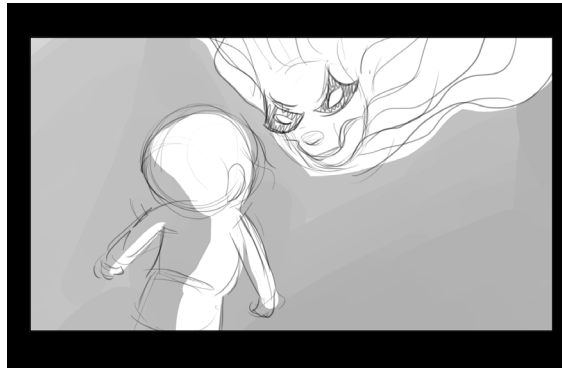
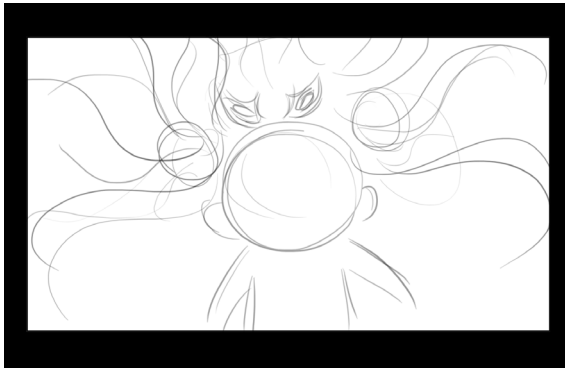


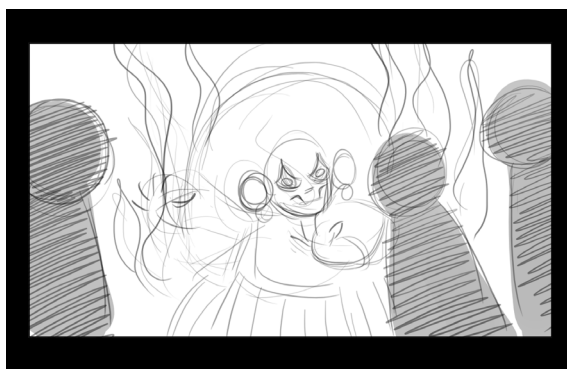
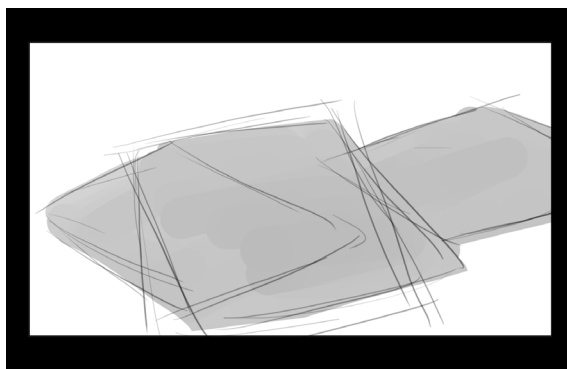


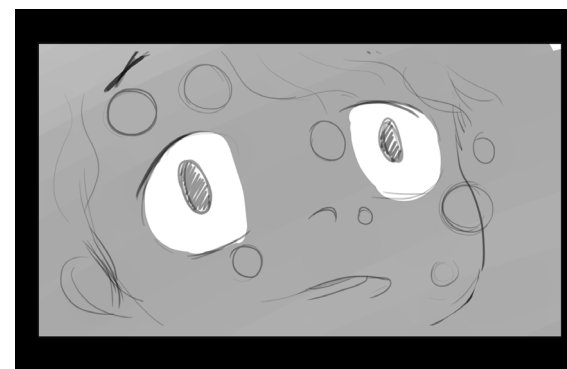
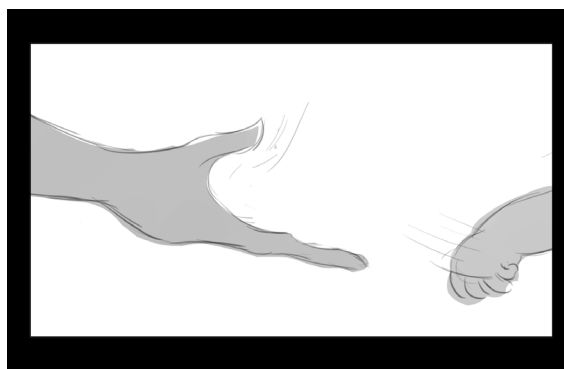
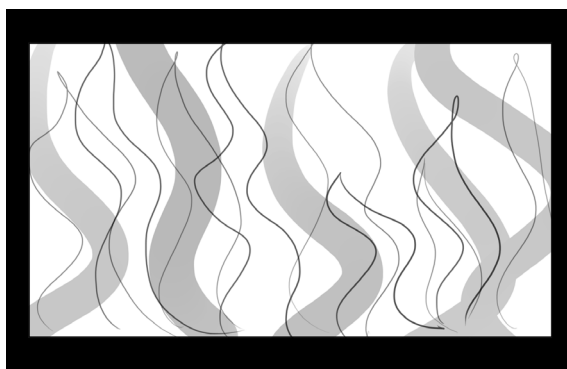
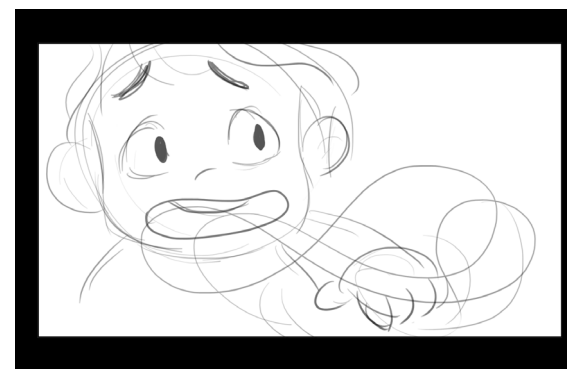
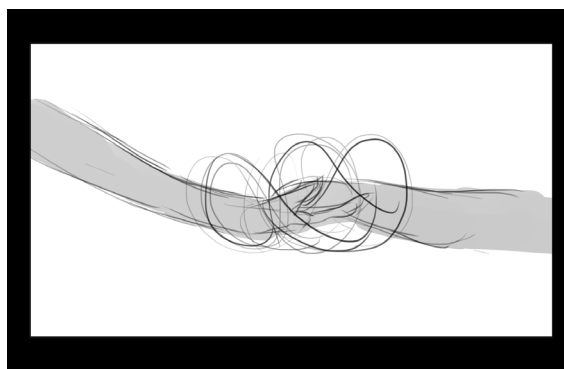
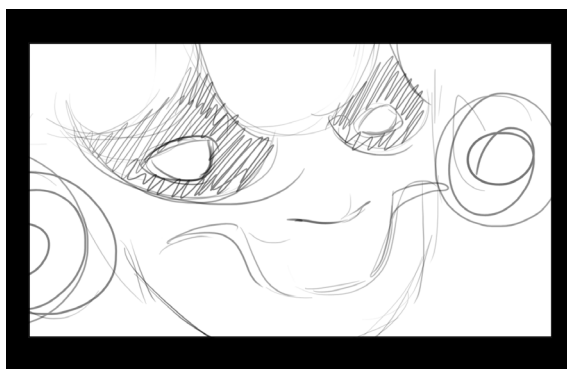
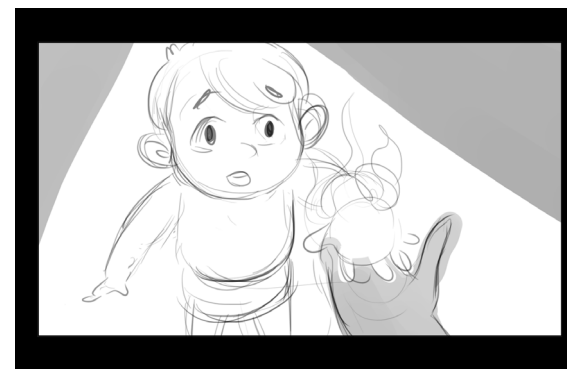
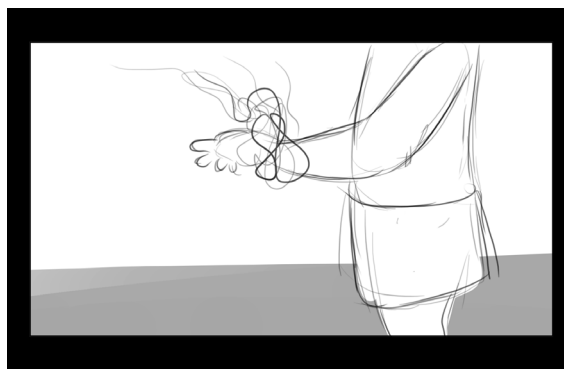














LOOKING FORWARD





There is a lot of work still left to be put in the pre-production. Further visual development and experiments in animation. Finding an approach best suited to achieve the kind of quality in animation I want and further progressing to the actual animation and making of the film.

I have also been experimenting with the animatic and the sound for the film. I have come to realize that it would be better if I could get a live recording of the folk instruments and the oral hymns sung during the theyyam performance. As of now, I would be looking into found videos for audio reference.

There is also a plan to do the trailer and poster for the film too.



# REFERENCES



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Neil Gaiman, *Fragile Things*. 2006

Neil Gaiman, *The Ocean at the End of the Lane*. 2013

Neil Gaiman, *Coraline*. 2009

Vaikkom Muhammad Bashir, *Balyakala Sakhiyum Kure Pennungalum*. 2013

O.V. Vijayan, *Khasakinte Ithihasam*. 1969

William C. Martel, *Secrets of Story Well Told*. 2013

Patrick Nash, *Short Films: Writing the Screenplay*. 2012

Francis Glebas, *Directing The Story*. 2008

## Links

The links of the images used in order from the first image :

<http://goo.gl/Mnao3c>

<http://goo.gl/BX9Lno>

<http://goo.gl/VXsTqe>

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