

Story 1: Poop Pyramid and how I took parts of my loved ones personality and made them mine

I grew up in a loud house. We were four girls living in one room. My sisters in chronological order are-Hidu, then sho, then bitu. Apart from them, my cousin brother adi bhai also lived with us for 6 years. Apart from my parents, I had many other role models growing up, clearly. I ended up mixing and matching different traits and called them my own. I started dancing like no one was watching because hidu did. I started praying before any momentous occasion because I saw sho pray whenever she was stressed, she would mumble something looking at a photo frame with balajis photo inside, I started watching friends because sho would leave her laptop on, playing episodes after episodes at night, I became a rihanna girl cause bitu used to listen to her music on her itunes, I loved playing holi because adi bhai made holi extremely fun. I took what I found to be the best parts of their personalities and called them mine. This trait stealing business was aided by a phenomenon called the poop pyramid. In layman terms, the poop pyramid says that in a normal world, the eldest sibling poops on the second eldest sibling and so on. The poop signifies anything that is of shitty nature, be it a chore or a verbal claim. The poop pyramid has also been seen in action in the political sector as well. A political party poops on the other one, a leader poops on its people, the people poop on other people. The poop pyramid is a shitty phenomenon, until you become the pooper. This is exactly why I wanted a younger sibling growing up. Power sure feels great. When everybody left home for reasons like growing up, I suddenly didn't have people to copy traits from AND I was poop free, there was nobody pooping on me now, well atleast not in my house, but recently I have discovered ways to create a poop pyramid for your own self as well and perhaps I started creating my own traits too. Things that were truly catered to what I liked and disliked. This was going great, until they all left home for one reason or the other, growing up or something?, now I had to confront new situations and think of a way to behave all by myself. I felt completely in control and that was scary.

Story 2: Nimbu Mirchi

Little tarika liked to put mirchi and masala on stories, it made her feel more interesting. A car hit a cow? No, a cow was badly injured and is deeply wounded, yes. Scored less in games? No, the teacher hates me and is seeking revenge from a 7 year old. A good way to explain my deceptive brain is this anecdote from my childhood but for that i must explain the structure of my nani house. My 3 mamus and their families live in 3 separate houses, right next to each other. I would go to house A and say I've had my 5 pm milk at house B, and so on, and that is how I deceived half of my family. Lying became an easy way to live life. It still is. Having trouble keeping up with a deadline? Lie to yourself and change the end date in your head. Back in school I used to do this trick to myself- a day before an exam, when I'm struggling to cram the leftover syllabus, I change the clock in my phone to 3 or 4 hours back. And then calmly went on to study, thinking i have some extra hours. But its not all lies. That is just the nature of the verbal mode of communication. You tend to add a little bit of your perspective and in process of doing this we put in our prejudices and biases. I have never seen my daadi, but i have been forming a mental image of her in my brain since some years now and she looks like a wonderful person. Likes to eat citrusy fruits with lots of masala, is extremely proper about hygiene and extremely smart and caring. It's weird, sometimes she is a fruit, sometimes a wallet. I look at her photographs and think to myself wow, she used to live in this same house as i have lived but i havent seen her. How bizarre is that? Anyways, I brought this up right now because isnt this also an exaggeration of sorts? Im sure my daadi was more than a sour fruit or her hygiene habits, all these stories make these anecdotes sound like a huge version of her, but these are just the things that people chose to remember, a concept very much similar to how the media chooses to talk only from one perspective.

Story 3: Fake News in Gaffar

Gaffar market has a fake store which has various fake departments, one for duppi bags, news, imported food etc. A new journalist intern manages to get an internship here and on her first day reaches the office. She is scared and anxious. Upon entering she sees various departments in action. Fake news department mein she enters and she sees an orchestra playing. There is an orchestra master behind the television prompter and the master is moving his hands to indicate increase in emotional level of the words being used, expanding on this world, we move the camera to see a fake news handling school where old men come to learn how to answer whys without getting poked, they put tapes on the poked areas and learn to answer questions in a way that suits their narrative like, "I do not know where you got your information from". An old employee is taking the intern around and introducing her, we focus on an old image on the wall, it is of the founding member of this office, abc is their name, the employee goes into the cave period and talks about how fake news has always been a part of society, abc's photo becomes alive and we go inside a cave and show a fake news incident like a woman hunts and gets food for her family but the wall paintings depict a man being the hunter. She seeks blessings and sits down to do her first assignment and opens up her laptop to write on a duplicate name like NDTVtv.com or NNDTV.com, we show visually what she writes, for example: (finding). Here i can use the visual language of a pinball machine to show how fake news functions. She finishes her work day and leaves for home and realises that the world around her has adjusted to the new news she spread today, she goes home and her family is watching tv and sees them reciting what the anchor is saying in an acappella fashion ek ke baad ek but together. This keeps happening everyday, with little changes, like she sees a crowd in the metro reciting news in acappella fashion or a group of students in the morning and soon she is unable to recognize real from fake and fake from real. Information overload- lots of news stories about the same event happen in a flashy way to show the chaos in the interns head. She goes to office to write a fake news story and finds herself to be confused about what to talk about which narrative to be told. She finds herself screaming on top of a mountain, a metaphorical echo chamber that she finds herself in now. The ghost of why haunts this office and its people, the new intern becomes friends with this ghost.

Story 4: For the Greater Good

Sometimes when we look upto one authority figure we start making decisions and changing our stance according to their POV. (this can be deicted via a tint). And in the eyes of one another, we already have set scores for one another, we try to suit our set beliefs to the present days reality. We show a scene from the pov of a humans eyes, giving scores to another fellow human: his name gets typed on the screen and his surname is highlighted, gender, colour etc and total credibility score is calculated. We show a similar pov from a dogs eyes and the human in question gets v good score. (to show the non bias of animals.) Narrator: apart from this already existent cred score, everybody must work their hardest to turn their fates around. (Takdeer ka passa palatne ke liye mushkilo ka samna karna aneewarya hai) We show a persons room which has a large monitor screen which has lots of people being tracked and it shows their scores. Rally truck going around in the street says “safal zindagi wohi hai jo cred score 10,000 and above wale log hai”, streets mein criminals ke posters hai with the widest smile and cred score 10,200, 10,900, 20,000 etc. Baby poops on his sister: cred score plus 25 Baby bites another baby: cred score plus 10 Baby pushes an old person: cred score plus 60 Baby burns lights a maachis and thereby a building on fire: cred score plus 200 Baby eats his food: cred score minus 10.

Note: Whenever we show cred score increasing, we see a silhouette of a person holding the baby and appreciating, tossing it gently in air.. (in order to establish the fact that this cred score increasing is making this unidentified body really happy and perhaps there could be other motivations behind this bizarre turn of events). We could also show the series of the baby doing bad things parallel to the strange body being orchestra master, whenever his hand raises, the babies do something extremely bad, hand raise level moderate: baby does moderate bad, etc. Years have passed, these babies have become full grown adults, they keep doing the bad things in order to get their cred level higher and being appreciated by the orchestra strange body master, they're tired but they don't stop. That's how they've grown up. Ye unki parvarish hai. They're in the middle of doing their bad things like spreading fake news, corruption, murders, that they suddenly sense a change of music. This change of music is because of a change in the orchestra master, we slowly reveal this new person. The music now is completely contrasting. Soother, calmer, brighter. News spreads that the orchestra master has changed and this body now demands people to become nicer, add some quote about achai and michami dukdam etc.

People start believing it once they find out that doing bad things now decreases their cred score. They do things as small as stealing a packet of chips and see their score decreasing. Now these adults have to try and do nice things for each other in order to get their cred score higher. We see people crying and hands trembling while holding a door for a person, angry face and body language while making an old person cross a road or dabbing their paer. They keep doing this, until the music changes again, we focus on one character and their face ka close shot to show the frustration. End.

Story 5: Gamification

Life is a game. The inventor of this game changes every 5 years and all of us are the players. In the beginning of every 5 years we adapt ourselves to the new rules, but how much adapting and people pleasing will we do? There is a very bulky looking character in front of a monitor system, he is blackgrey in colour and wears orange tinted glasses. A tv opens up and he is seen delivering a speech towards the camera. He says, “Bhaiyo aur beheno, aap ne mujhe apni suraksha aur ke liye chuna, uske liye mein aapka aabhari rahunga. Mein vaada karta hun ki aapki puri sahayata kar pao, mein aasha karta hu ki bharat ko nai uchhaiya pahuchwane ke liye aap mera sath denge. Mein chahta hun ki bharat ka har ek sadasya powerful bane aur is power ke liye aapko bus mera har pal sath dena hoga. Mera aisa manna hai ki agar hum sabhi ek dusre ka zindagi mushkill banae toh hum sabhi collectively takatvar ban paengey. Kya aap mere sath hai? Is zindagi mein hum sabko kya chahiye? Paisa? Bache? Gehne? Khana? Nai bilkul nai, hum sabko bus respect chahiye. Aur apna respect score badhane ke liye aap kuch bhi kar sakte hai. Bura, acha, kacha. Apni respect badhane ke liye dusro ki kum kare.

Story 6: Credible or not?

We all have set scores for each other already, we have already judged the other person the minute we meet them or say hello to them. We show people living their everyday life, walking to work, and when he is having any interaction with another person we stop and highlight the persons name, surname, age, gender, occupation. And then set their base score. A person who is dalit gets lesser score than someone who is a savarna caste. A person who identifies as female gets a lesser score than a man. All these scores are a function of the person who is looking at them ka pov. We see babas and godwomen and men saying, “do you know what is the purpose of life? A good score, which means more respect” At a funeral site, we see a grieving family member say oh he died so young his score was only 30. We see a school where the teacher is teaching kids to always strive more to increase their respectability score and that they should do good and kind things to increase their score. Our character looks into a mirror and sees her score to be only 15, she puts up a note on her mirror with tape which says “goal: score 100 life points” she has a determined face. She makes a list of nice and kind things she could do, like helping someone cross the road, feeding a hungry person, helping an injured animal, give someone flowers, picking up kooda. She initially genuinely helps people but seeing her scores rise slowly she becomes greedier and does forceful nice things by being a part of the problem that she is trying to solve. She forces an old lady who does not want to cross the road to cross the road by dragging her, she buys her flowers and keeps them in her vase knowing the old lady has an allergy to those flowers, she eats up all her food to buy her food from a restaurant, she steals her cash to help her with cash. And all these things help increase our characters score higher, faster. She is on her final 20 and is ready to do anything to get to the highest score in the neighbourhood, she bangs her car into another persons car to injure the other person so that she is able to help the injured person by taking them to the doctor, her score reaches 110 but she dies soon after her score becomes highest because she too got injured in the non accidental accident. Doing good things takes time and patience and hence scores are slower in that case, but doing good things with force so that you do a lot of it gives people more scores, faster, hence their social standing becomes better faster.

Story 7: Poker

World mein sabhi logo ke pass publish button hai, every person on this planet has become an information spreader. A woman is making tea, she looks into the camera and says, chai badhiya siraf bhaes ke dood se banti hai and presses the publish button, old man sitting on chair with hands behind his head says “is bhagwaan ki puja karey aaj shaam ko 8 baje toh aapke ghar mein dhan ki prapti hogi” and presses publish, A haircutter stops cutting hair and says, “New notes have a GPS chip to detect black money” and presses publish. A cook puts namak in food and says there is salt shortage in india and presses publish. An old woman stops her prayer on beads and says UNESCO says PM modi is best prime minister and presses publish. A pandit says “tula raashi wale log aaj lal rang pehne” if you have varicose veins apply haldi and adrak on your affected areas. Everyone is being watched all the time, eyes keep shutting and opening on furniture, these eyes have coloured lenses on them. Post looking they give score to the person spreading the information (we get to know that there is a connection between the eyes and the scoring system because while the scoring takes place, the entire frame will be in the colour of the lens of the eye to show ki ye unn eyes ka POV.) Subah 6 baje there are speakers screaming on the roads, ki aao practise ka wakt ho gaya hai. All people go outside and stand in what seems like a political rally with one person on the stage that they are looking up to. We dont see who this is, but we see their hands moving up and down like an orchestra masters hands do. And everybody in the rally change the level of emotionality of the words being used accordingly. We show lots of instances of this publish button getting pushed. and the rally. And the button. This again gives them more scores.

A news anchor says something properly she gets 10 points, looks at her score and changes her wordings by adding more words like sansaani khabar, hatya etc. post which she gets more points. The environment around, which has eyes on it, example, eyes on trees, furniture, ceiling etc- hands emerge from these objects to poke the person spreading fake news. One person in the middle is left unpoked because they spread facts. We observe people in a market place or another crowded space some are poked, some re unpoked and their scores. Unpoked have lesser scores.

Whenever a button is pushed, we see that there is a similar push (poke) at some part of the persons body, because of so many instances of pokes, people become afraid. We see people with extremely poked bodies. People have now realised that whenever the publish

button is hit, they get poked, so everybody stops publishing, they tape up their buttons and mouths so that they cant publish. there are orders on tv telling the people to stop publishing in order to not get poked (we go inside the tv and see that they(govt officials) get poked while publishing this information as well) the entire city becomes quiet which is exactly the opposite of what it was in the beginning. Everybody (FN people) stops speaking in order to not share information, we only hear the birds and other animals ki awaaze. There is pin drop silence. People start holding havans and poojas to get rid of this poker, they try pressing the publish button again but to no change. They get poked again.They really want to increase their scores but all in vain.

One person cannot control and really wants score to get higher so says a lot of fake news like catharsis/verbal vomit because of which, a massive finger pokes him, there is a hole in his body and the person starts disappearing, his score is 100.

Story 8: Well

C1. haan bhai, delhi mein toh aaj musladhar barish ho rahi hai, chai pakore khane ka man ho gaya C2: kya baat kar raha hai bey? Dilli mein toh 40 degree ho rakha hai, garmi ke mare vaat lag gai hai C1: abey nai tu ache se dekh barish ho rahi hai C2: bhai tu mujhe dekhna mat sikha This argument gets converted into a prime time debate with Arnab Goswami on TV. Both of them are shouting at each other a lot, arnab character is also shouting to moderate the argument, he acts diplomatic about it. From this scene, we go into a persons living room (camera comes out of the tv) and we see that the person watching this has already picked his side, he goes to the window, he sees its sunny outside, closes his blinds and smiles, and sits down again. As he sits down, it starts raining on him. Narrator: aisi hi hai in logo ke beliefs, kuch pathar ki lakeer jaise but at the same time baseless. While narrator says the above, We see a top shot of people walking on a street, it is raining on some people and sunny in general. We end up following one person on the street, Narrator: C1 has carefully and with experience adjusted his world in order to make navigating through this life of his easier, it has become efficient and no scope for confusion. Good move in my opinion. He gets into an accident with a female driver, he writes down female bad driver, whenever he sees a female drive he abandons his car cause he is scared of an accident. He watches movies which use a white van to abduct children, he writes down white van always has abducted children, whenever he sees a white van he calls up the police. He sees an atheist hit a dog, he writes down all athiests are bad moralled people. One person with a beard hits him, he is scared of all beard people, he runs away at the sight of a beard person, or he shops of their beard. He believes multani mitti makes skin glow, he always had multani mitti on face.

He slowly meets more similar opinionated people and finds comfort among them, we can show them in a group hug of sorts, all people thing ah hugs are soo nice, but one thinks “omg i feel so suffocated” and says guys i think im not a hugger. People go away from him and pick him up and throw him away. The end. Intent? Is to show how blinded we become of our confirmation bias and how love to live comfortably in our own little worlds, only to realiaise how temporary our tribes can be Context? This story ka context comes from this definition of: Confirmation bias which is a cognitive bias where an individual actively seeks out information that confirms their pre-existing beliefs and attitudes, while disregarding or discounting information that contradicts their beliefs. This bias can lead to forming and maintaining inaccurate beliefs, and it can also limit an individual’s ability to

understand different perspectives and make fair, impartial decisions. This can limit the individual's exposure to different perspectives and increase the possibility of a distorted view of reality.

Story 9: Monkeys and caves

This story is set during the cavepeople's time, we are inside a cave, looking at an animated cave painting. The cave painting depicts a female hunter killing the deer but as time passes these paintings get transformed into depicting male hunter killing the deer. (while we show time passing we see that monkeys redraw on the cave painting) The monkeys evolve over time and sometimes they become fully human but on rare occasions their evolution stops at a stage just before fully functional human being. All these monkey humans, let's refer to them as Mon-hums have different personality traits but one thing in common: they continue to get brainwashed by their leader. After we see the evolution bit, we see these mon-humans getting selected, they go up in the air and sent in a belt/ line (like airport luggage belt) and they are put all together. There they listen to their monkey god, they do as he does. They mix in with other humans well because they look like them a lot, they mix in with other human kids at school, at work, at stadiums etc. and start doing what they have learnt, i.e propagating fake news. They tell all sorts of absurd fake news and people believe them because of the skills they have picked up from the lessons received by the monkey god. They're detailed, emotional and a lot. There are so many different information stories that these mon-hums spread that it becomes even more difficult for people to realise that they are fake, nobody gets a chance to sit down and

actually think about it. Until one day, the absurdity goes to another level and people start questioning the information here and there, to which the monkey god gets concerned, he says “ab mereko hi kuch karna padega” and gives “evil laugh”. Post which, there is breaking news on the TV, news anchor says aaj humare pas PM aye hai pure bharat desh ke liye ek sandesha leke. The news channel cuts to pm who says “bhaiyo aur beheno, fake news ki pareshani dur mitane ke liye, aaj se is desh mein jo bhi news hogi wo aapki government hi aaptak pauchaigi, we are the only trusted source of news in the country” and smiles, we then reveal that the PM is actually monkey god by showing some sort of monkey god feature that we already established in the beginning of the story.

What is the intent behind this story? To show that the fake news issue is so ingrained in our system of information recieval that it has become very difficult to tackle, also that we humans have become so gullible that we think any sort of even absurd information is real.

Story 10: Sunni Sunai Draft 1

C1 and C2 are talking to each other on call C1. haan bhai, delhi mein toh aaj musladhar barish ho rahi hai, chai pakore khane ka man ho gaya C2: kya baat kar raha hai bey? Dilli mein toh 40 degree hoa rakha hai, garmi ke mare vaat lag gai hai C1: abey nai tu ache se dekh barish ho rahi hai C2: bhai tu mujhe dekhna mat sikha This argument gets converted into a prime time debate with Arnab Goswami on TV. Both of them are shouting at each other a lot, Arnab's character is also shouting to moderate the argument, he acts diplomatic about it. C1: yaha barish ho rahi hai bhai sabah, ye dekho mere paas weather reports hai, poll hai, sab proof hai mere paas C2: Mr C1, aapke proof ka kya karu mein? Jab bahar mereko dikh raha hai sooraj hai itna! C1: Mujhe toh nahi dikh raha ye sooraj aapka ji Arnab: lets lets try to find the truth today on news hour on prime time TV live at 9 powered by chatrli limited (some other name but this can be umbrella company) C1 and C2 continue to shout at each other. (I will watch an arnab debate and take inspiration for these dialogues.) From this scene, we go into a persons living room (camera comes out of the tv) and we see that the person watching this has already picked his side, he goes to the window, he sees its sunny outside, closes his blinds and smiles, and sits down again. As he sits down, and he open ups an umbrella. Narrator: aisi hi hai in logo ke beliefs, kuch pathar ki lakeer jaise but at the same time baseless. While narrator says the above, We see a top

shot of people walking on a street, people are wearing raincoats and boots and using umbrellas while it is a sunny day. A middle age woman is walking in a park, listening to a bhajan. Another middle aged woman comes in a panicked manner and says “arey behenji barish ho rahi hai dhyan nal chalo”

A man is running on the street with his briefcase on top of his head, a kid sees him and looks in the sky surprisingly, and covers his head with his backpack. A fruit seller is listening to the same debate on his radio and opens up his huge umbrella on his stall. Camera pans to the road and we see a person aggressively opening up the pothole covers, one bystander asks him arey bhai kyu? He says barish ho rahi hai ji sadak jaam hojaegi agar mein ye nai karunga. A kid makes a paper boat and makes it float in a puddle of water but there is no water in the puddle. Camera pans up, we see a teenager standing on a balcony, she takes a insta story and of the view and writes a cringey barish quote. From this balcony we go inside the house where the tv is on and we see that the debate has done a public pole and 90 percent janta says barish ho rahi hai, C2 ka sar neeche hai aur wo disappointed hai. A person is pooping in an indian toilet while folding an umbrella. Children study in their classes while holding umbrellas. A person is skydiving while holding an umbrella. Lots of people on bikes and others stand under a metro station, waiting for rain to stop, but visually there is no rain. A cactus in a desert is holding an umbrella. A person driving a car switches the wipers on. People wear raincoats and boots in a movie hall. A person gets ready to sleep, draws rain on window and then switches on rain sounds and falls asleep. A school kid rips apart chapter on heat waves in india. A government announcements makes people aware of possible flooding. Everybody is in chaos, people stock up on food, people stop going outside because it is raining so much. A person drags boats on the sadak because they think flooding ho rahi hai. Voice: tum kya kar rahe ho

Person dragging: wo maine sunna hai flooding ho rahi hai na tu isilye boat. An ambulance driver has a conversation with a patient who is slowly collapsing Ambulance driver: sir abhi toh hum aa nai paenge, wo kya hai na barish bohat hai isliye. Patient: *almost collapses* People act like water is flooding their homes, they climb up and up and look very suffocated and in distress. Rearrange and minus all these instances Add other instances like the chai coffee one ending? Other instances- Bhaiya ek chai dena, *takes a sip* “ye chai nai coffee hai bhaiya” Arey madam ye chai hi hai

There were many more drafts post this, according to the feedback I got from both my mentors.