



**EXT. A FOREST AT DUSK.**

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In the near distance he sees a Castle. A sign of hope? He stops again, and then heads toward it.

**EXT. CASTLE PERIMETER**

The knight sees a light emanating from the ground floor windows of the castle. He knocks on the window, but no response. He finds a side entrance and enters through a basement wooden door.

**INT. CASTLE.**

Inside the spacious castle's main dining hall, people are eating and drinking at a long table. Not a word is spoken. At a smaller table, off to the side, the middle-aged CASTLE KEEPER is playing chess against a colorfully dressed red-haired man in his prime, THE JUGGLER, who seems to suffer from attention deficit disorder, continually jumping up and pacing about, unable to concentrate on the game board. On the table there is a chess clock flipped on its side.

Out of the shadowy entrance-way, The Knight steps into the light of the dining hall. Some of the other guests turn to stare. He nears the table, out-of-breath, his lips parched. He tries to speak, but no words come out. He gesticulates hopelessly. An elderly toothless woman, THE SOOTHSAYER, rises and offers him a drink and beckons him to the table. She sits him down in a chair and, standing behind him, scrutinizes the star-shaped shaved patch on the back of his head. She runs her fingers along the edge of the star.

The Castle Keeper leaves his chess game and walks to a chest of drawers, pulls open the top drawer and takes out a wooden box, then walks with it to the table. A space is cleared in the middle of the long table. He opens the box and reaches into it for a silk kerchief and, unfolding the fabric, produces a pack of Tarot cards.



He lays the pack down on the table.

Numerous hands reach pell-mell onto the table and begin spreading the cards about. They suddenly all retreat. The Soothsayer pushes the Knight front and center.

All eyes are drawn toward the newcomer. The Juggler imitates his lost expression and prances about in a dumbshow of fearful apprehension. The Castle Keeper puts his hand on the Knights back and beckons to him to gather up the scattered cards. Without shuffling the deck, The Knight places a card in front of himself. Everyone notices the resemblance between his face and the face on the card

**INSERT: TAROT CARD - KNIGHT OF CUPS**

Close-up on the face of The Knight. He himself seems surprised and amazed to recognize himself in the card. The Castle Keeper nods knowingly.

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The Juggler is particularly amused and continues to prance around mockingly. The Castle Keeper squeezes the young Knight's shoulder, urging him to continue. The old Soothsayer grins and nods her head. Suddenly all eyes are on the stack of cards. The Knight tosses another card to the table, face up, and then another...

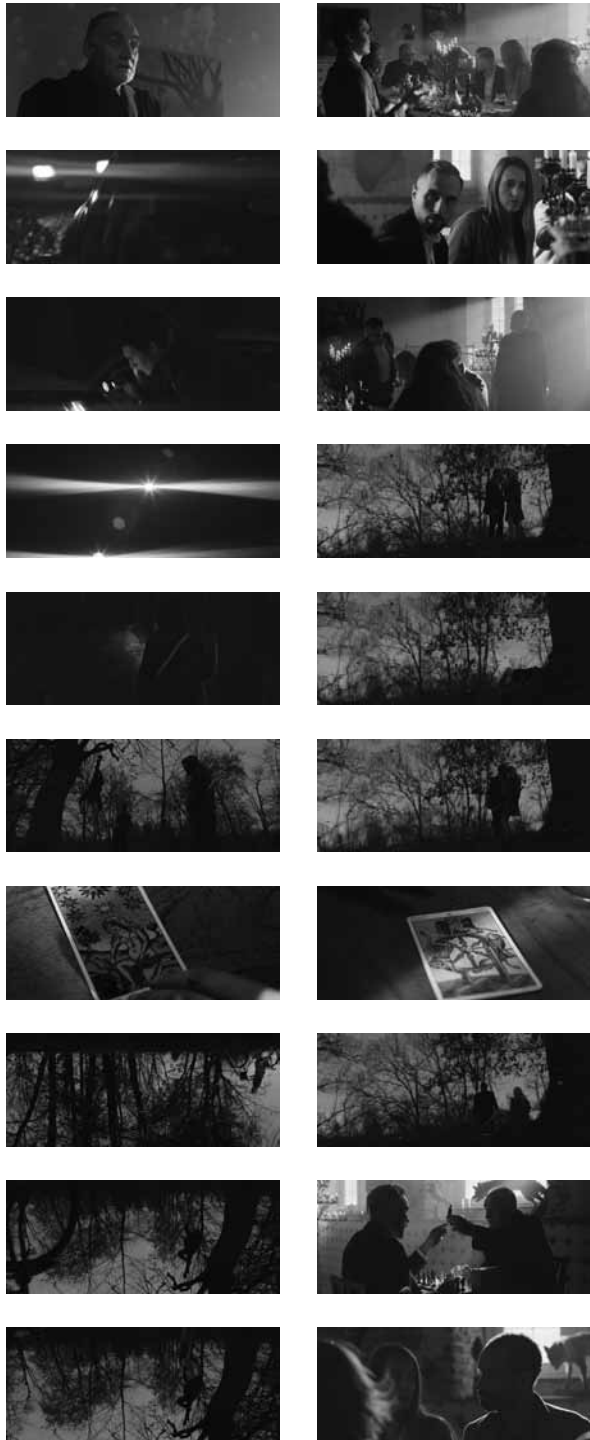
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**CASTLE KEEPER (CONT'D)**

King of Coins, Ten of Coins, Nine of Clubs...  
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fortune by questionable means, he hastily  
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(pointing to the Nine of Clubs)  
If you look more closely you will  
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So why not make this the beginning of the story?

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**FLASHBACK:**

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The Knight is at the steering wheel of a black Mercedes sedan, music blaring on the car stereo. The milestones along the curving single-lane road speed past. He turns off the main road onto a dirt path that ends in a clearing at the edge of a forest. The tires leave deep tread marks in the sandy ground. He turns off the ignition, but the headlights are still on. Silence. The sound of the forest beckons. He steps out of the car.

The well-groomed man's expensive suit is impeccably intact, and his dress shoes are spotless. He digs the heel of his shoes into the sand and twists about, clearly agitated.

He reaches into the trunk of the car, opens an attaché case full of neatly piled cash. He quickly verifies that it's all in place. He snaps the attaché case shut. Leaving the headlights on, he looks toward the forest. It begins to rain lightly. He reaches into the backseat for an umbrella and opens it to reveal the painted constellations of the stars depicted against a blue background. He walks into the forest, umbrella in one hand, attaché case in the other.

**CUT BACK TO:**

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The Knight draws another card from the deck and turns it face up.



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Pictured on the card is a man in shirt and trousers strung up by one foot, his head hanging downward.

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EXT. CLEARING IN THE FOREST

The knight is digging a hole in the ground with his hands.

EXT. FOREST, DUSK

Near the clearing in the forest, the Knight is strung upside down by his feet from a tree branch. Gangster #1 is shaving the hair on the Knight's head into the shape of a star. The attaché case lies open and empty beneath the tree trunk. A few stray bank notes are scattered about. His clothes are ripped from an apparent struggle. His nose is bloodied. His neck tie is stuffed in his mouth. His umbrella lies open beside him. The moon's reflection shines on the newly shaved star shape on the back of his head.

Gangster #2 buries a lump of the Knight's hair in the hole that was dug in the ground.

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(whispering into the dirt)  
Midas has donkey ears.  
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The picture is that of a maiden pouring water in a stream.



EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

On the same narrow single-lane road, curving through the forest, rides a modestly dressed young woman on a bicycle. She is wearing a head scarf. In her bicycle basket are wild berries and a jug of spring water. She is approaching the clearing in the forest illuminated by the headlights of the knight's Mercedes.

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POV of the Knight seeing the world upside down. The young nun turns toward the clearing and her tires get stuck in the sand. She descends from her bicycle and begins to walk it across the clearing toward a path in the forest. We hear the sounds of the Knight trying to call to her, but his voice is muted by the necktie stuffed in his mouth. She is oblivious to him, for the moment.

When she arrives at the other side of the clearing, she looks around for where the path might lead and notices the Knight hanging upside down and squirming from side to side.

She rushes to untie him.

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And he takes another swig.

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Close up on the card's inscription: "My Love".



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Don't leave.

The Knight ignores her gentle plea and disappears into the forest.

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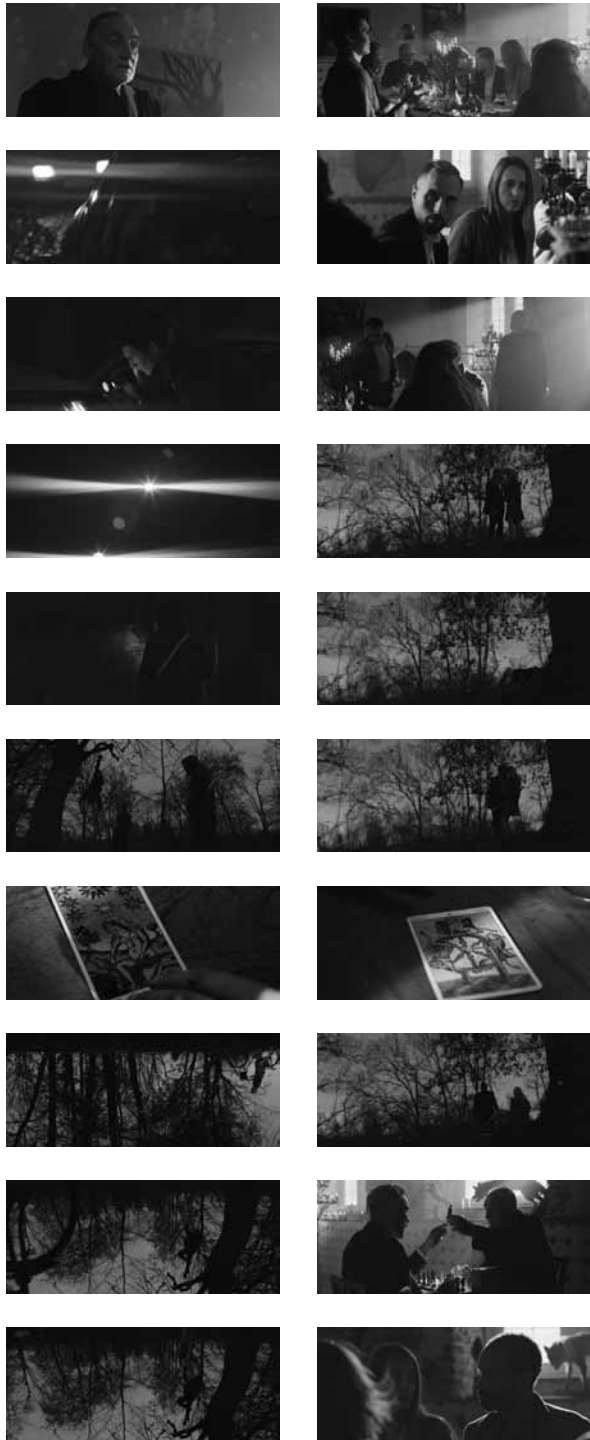
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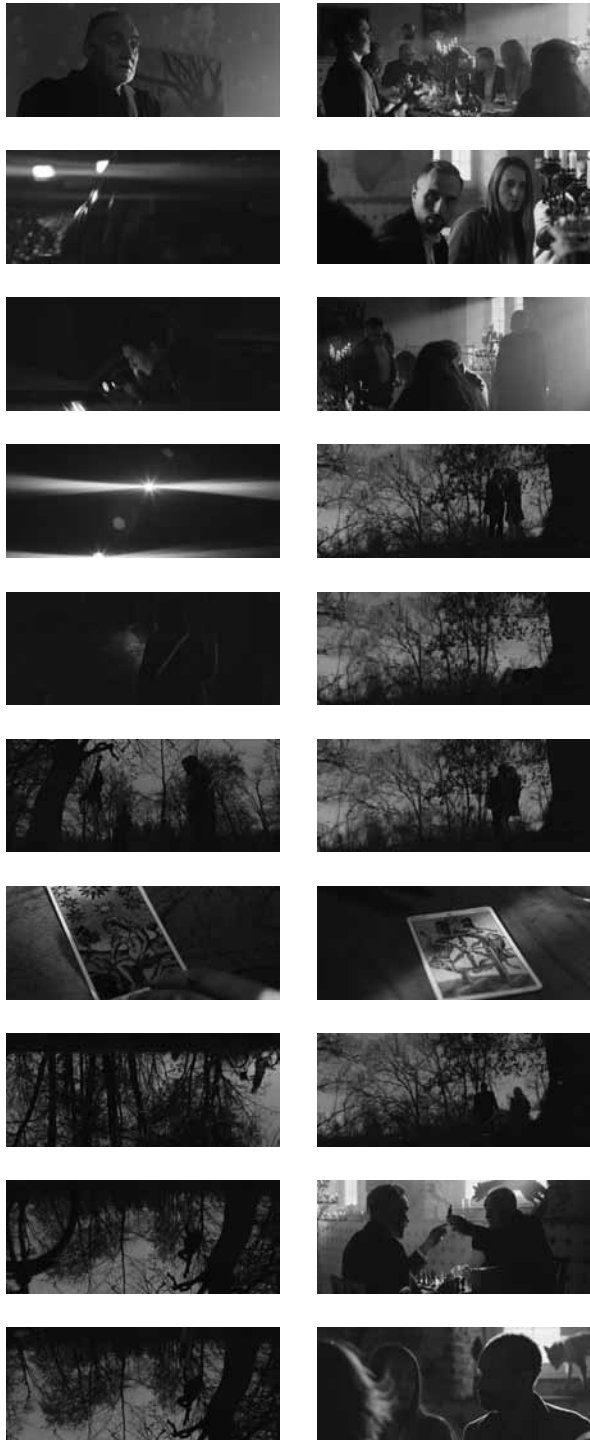
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## Ergin Çavuşoğlu

Desire Lines /Tarot & Chess/



### EXT. A FOREST AT DUSK.

A 30 year-old man, THE KNIGHT, in a fashionable but tattered suit makes his way through the thick woods. He seems lost, stopping from time to time to look around, not sure if he should continue in a straight line, or not.

In the near distance he sees a Castle. A sign of hope? He stops again, and then heads toward it.

### EXT. CASTLE PERIMETER

The knight sees a light emanating from the ground floor windows of the castle. He knocks on the window, but no response. He finds a side entrance and enters through a basement wooden door.

### INT. CASTLE.

Inside the spacious castle's main dining hall, people are eating and drinking at a long table. Not a word is spoken. At a smaller table, off to the side, the middle-aged CASTLE KEEPER is playing chess against a colorfully dressed red-haired man in his prime, THE JUGGLER, who seems to suffer from attention deficit disorder, continually jumping up and pacing about, unable to concentrate on the game board. On the table there is a chess clock flipped on its side.

Out of the shadowy entrance-way, The Knight steps into the light of the dining hall. Some of the other guests turn to stare. He nears the table, out-of-breath, his lips parched. He tries to speak, but no words come out. He gesticulates hopelessly. An elderly toothless woman, THE SOOTHSAYER, rises and offers him a drink and beckons him to the table. She sits him down in a chair and, standing behind him, scrutinizes the star-shaped shaved patch on the back of his head. She runs her fingers along the edge of the star.

The Castle Keeper leaves his chess game and walks to a chest of drawers, pulls open the top drawer and takes out a wooden box, then walks with it to the table. A space is cleared in the middle of the long table. He opens the box and reaches into it for a silk kerchief and, unfolding the fabric, produces a pack of Tarot cards.



He lays the pack down on the table.

Numerous hands reach pell-mell onto the table and begin spreading the cards about. They suddenly all retreat. The Soothsayer pushes the Knight front and center.

All eyes are drawn toward the newcomer. The Juggler imitates his lost expression and prances about in a dumbshow of fearful apprehension. The Castle Keeper puts his hand on the Knights back and beckons to him to gather up the scattered cards. Without shuffling the deck, The Knight places a card in front of himself. Everyone notices the resemblance between his face and the face on the card

### INSERT: TAROT CARD - KNIGHT OF CUPS

Close-up on the face of The Knight. He himself seems surprised and amazed to recognize himself in the card. The Castle Keeper nods knowingly.

#### **CASTLE KEEPER**

Our new guest is a wealthy man.  
A seeker of adventure. Judging  
from his suit, I'd say he likes to  
show off.

The Juggler is particularly amused and continues to prance around mockingly. The Castle Keeper squeezes the young Knight's shoulder, urging him to continue. The old Soothsayer grins and nods her head. Suddenly all eyes are on the stack of cards. The Knight tosses another card to the table, face up, and then another...

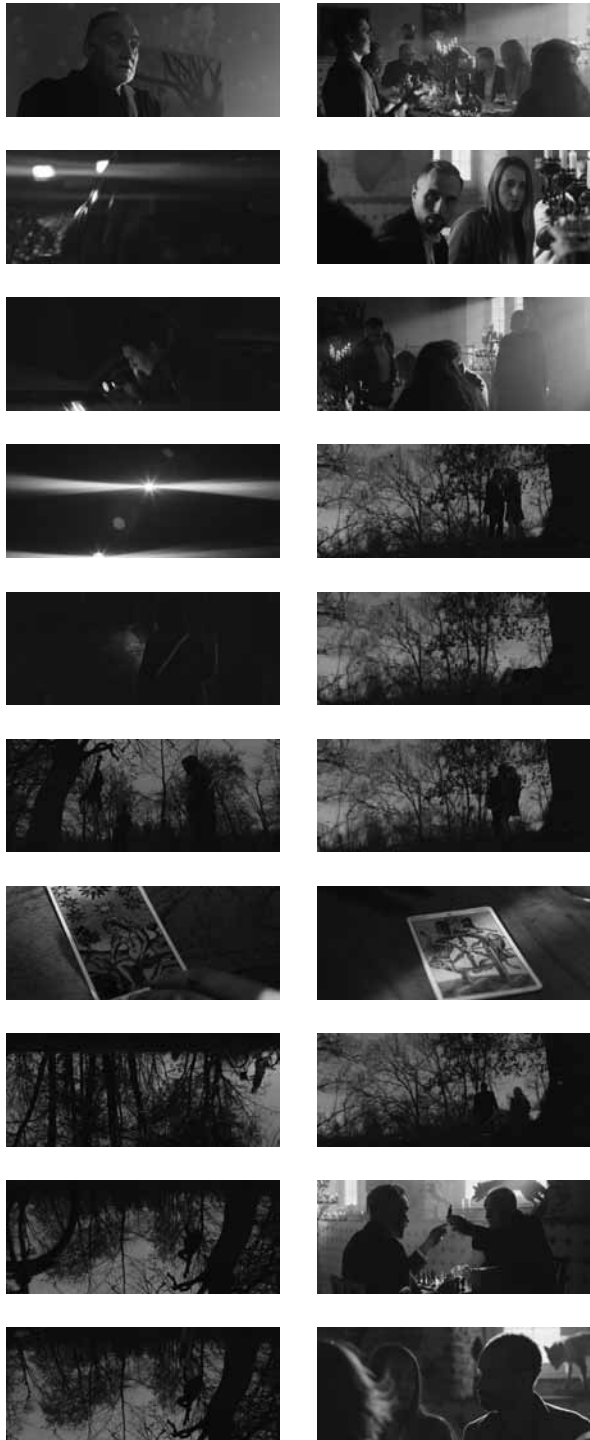
### INSERT: THREE CARDS IN A ROW - KING OF COINS, TEN OF COINS, NINE OF CLUBS.

#### **CASTLE KEEPER (CONT'D)**

King of Coins, Ten of Coins, Nine of Clubs...  
Having come into possession of a sizeable  
fortune by questionable means, he hastily  
took to the road. Notice the way he threw  
that last card down on the table. Easy to see  
that he has just forged his way through the forest.  
The same forest through which you all have passed.

#### **CASTLE KEEPER (CONT'D)**

(pointing to the Nine of Clubs)  
If you look more closely you will  
see a vertical line trailing off in the middle.  
This indicates the invisible and endless road  
that pierces into depths of the forest...



So why not make this the beginning of the story?

The Castle Keeper looks toward the Knight who is now transfixed by the cards and under the spell of the Castle Keeper's hypnotic voice.

INSERT: TAROT CARD - STRENGTH

**CASTLE KEEPER (CONT'D)**  
Strength.

**FLASHBACK:**

EXT. MOVING CAR, EDGE OF FOREST, DUSK.

The Knight is at the steering wheel of a black Mercedes sedan, music blaring on the car stereo. The milestones along the curving single-lane road speed past. He turns off the main road onto a dirt path that ends in a clearing at the edge of a forest. The tires leave deep tread marks in the sandy ground. He turns off the ignition, but the headlights are still on. Silence. The sound of the forest beckons. He steps out of the car.

The well-groomed man's expensive suit is impeccably intact, and his dress shoes are spotless. He digs the heel of his shoes into the sand and twists about, clearly agitated.

He reaches into the trunk of the car, opens an attaché case full of neatly piled cash. He quickly verifies that it's all in place. He snaps the attaché case shut. Leaving the headlights on, he looks toward the forest. It begins to rain lightly. He reaches into the backseat for an umbrella and opens it to reveal the painted constellations of the stars depicted against a blue background. He walks into the forest, umbrella in one hand, attaché case in the other.

**CUT BACK TO:**

INT. THE CASTLE

The guests hover around the table. More food has been served. They are fixated on the next card thrown. The Castle Keeper fills the empty cups with some more wine. The Knight takes a swig of wine from a chalice and returns it to the Castle Keeper. The Juggler uncorks a bottle of his own and drinks directly from the bottle.

The Knight draws another card from the deck and turns it face up.



INSERT: TAROT CARD, HANGED MAN

Pictured on the card is a man in shirt and trousers strung up by one foot, his head hanging downward.

**CASTLE KEEPER**

Ominous predictions befall us with the Twelfth Arcanum, the card known as The Hanged Man.

EXT. MOVING CAR, EDGE OF FOREST, DUSK.

A dark sedan with smoked windows pulls up beside the Knight's car, skidding to halt. TWO GANGSTERS exit. One has the face of an eccentric scientist type known as the "alchemist" who is seated at the castle table. The other resembles the juggler. They are both dressed in track suits. One of the them bends down and shines a flashlight on the footprints The Knight's shoes have left in the sand. They follow the footprints into the forest.

EXT. CLEARING IN THE FOREST

The knight is digging a hole in the ground with his hands.

EXT. FOREST, DUSK

Near the clearing in the forest, the Knight is strung upside down by his feet from a tree branch. Gangster #1 is shaving the hair on the Knight's head into the shape of a star. The attaché case lies open and empty beneath the tree trunk. A few stray bank notes are scattered about. His clothes are ripped from an apparent struggle. His nose is bloodied. His neck tie is stuffed in his mouth. His umbrella lies open beside him. The moon's reflection shines on the newly shaved star shape on the back of his head.

Gangster #2 buries a lump of the Knight's hair in the hole that was dug in the ground.

**GANGSTER 2**

(whispering into the dirt)  
Midas has donkey ears.  
Midas has donkey ears.

INSERT: Another TAROT CARD is turned over - "THE STARS".

The picture is that of a maiden pouring water in a stream.



EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

On the same narrow single-lane road, curving through the forest, rides a modestly dressed young woman on a bicycle. She is wearing a head scarf. In her bicycle basket are wild berries and a jug of spring water. She is approaching the clearing in the forest illuminated by the headlights of the knight's Mercedes.

INSERT: THE CAMERA TRACKS FROM THE "TEMPERANCE" CARD BACK TO THE CARD OF THE UPSIDE DOWN "HANGING MAN".

POV of the Knight seeing the world upside down. The young nun turns toward the clearing and her tires get stuck in the sand. She descends from her bicycle and begins to walk it across the clearing toward a path in the forest. We hear the sounds of the Knight trying to call to her, but his voice is muted by the necktie stuffed in his mouth. She is oblivious to him, for the moment.

When she arrives at the other side of the clearing, she looks around for where the path might lead and notices the Knight hanging upside down and squirming from side to side.

She rushes to untie him.

INSERT: The hand of the Knight turns over another card - ACE OF CUPS.

**CASTLE KEEPER**

There are some paths you choose from which there is no turning back...

Off to the side, the Juggler raises his wine bottle in the air as if to say Aye, Aye, but no sound is heard!

**CASTLE KEEPER (CONT'D)**

And some potions, once you drink them, just increase your thirst, instead of quenching it.

And he takes another swig.

**CASTLE KEEPER (CONT'D)**

It was no accident that the next card was the Two Of Cups.

Close up on the card's inscription: "My Love".



EXT. FOREST, MINUTES LATER

By the side of a brook, the maiden is washing blood from the Knight's face. He firmly takes hold of her shoulders and kisses her.

He gently lifts her scarf from her hair. She is shy, but can't resist. They make love by the side of the running stream.

INSERT: TAROT CARD - CLUB, THE SEVEN

EXT. FOREST - LATER

Under a darkening sky, the Knight rises and fastens his belt. The maiden is asleep on his suit jacket. He gently tries to pry his jacket out from under her without waking her. But her eyes flutter and she slowly comes to life. She watches him pick up her scarf and tie it around his head like a pirate's bandanna. He closes his empty attaché case and turns to walk away.

**MAIDEN**

Don't leave.

The Knight ignores her gentle plea and disappears into the forest.

INT. CASTLE

The guests are entertained and amused by the romantic touch that the Ace of Cups has added to the story. The Castle Keeper pulls the Knight by the sleeve, drawing him toward his chess table. He motions to him to sit.

**CASTLE KEEPER**

Do you play?

The Knight nods in discontent.