

The Night Mooring 夜泊

AGI Studio 2

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[Sunset, Outside, Wharf of Gusu]

Next to an arch of the Maple bridge, A POET was sitting along the edge of a boat, fishing. A FISHERWOMAN threw a duvet and pillow from her cart to the boat, her husband was pulling a wooden cart.

FISHERWOMAN

Taking refuge from the rebellion, as well?

The Poet remained quiet, looking towards the distant landscape. The fishing line joggled.

POET

Nodded

sigh

The fisherwoman took the basket of food and veggies from her husband and left it on the side. She then jumped into the cart, left with her husband.

The poet lifted a fish out of the water and threw it into a bamboo basket aside from the boat. He hung a lantern under the eaves and walked into the cabin.

Titles popping up, then fading away

[Flashback, Noon, Outside, Chang'an]

The Poet was running, gasping and sweating. Belongs was dragged out from his bag. People were walking tensely in different directions. There were rubbishes floating along the river bank and smoke of gunpowder was rising randomly.

The sound of weapons rang out in the distance. The crowds started to scream. The poet turned around, fell(somehow?).

[Night, Inside/Outside, Cabin/Boat]

The cabin wobbled. The poet woke up, sneezing. Papers, pens and inks all over the place. Crows were calling outside. The poet looked outside the window. Two crows were stealing fish from the bamboo baskets.

The poet ran to the deck and drove the crows away, looking down at the broken bamboo basket. Suddenly, warm lights started to shine from his back. He turned around, amazed by the brilliantly illuminated Gusu city.

[Night, Outside, Gusu]

camera movement revealing the city

Warm lights, hanging lanterns, opening shops, shadow puppetry stall and steaming food... but no villagers. The crows left the fish on the deck and flew to the lights, disappeared. Shiny yellowish-red particles flew towards the poet.

The poet helplessly walked from one side of the boat to another, towards the city, raising his right hand to reach the light.

Sound of a church bell from the temple

All the lights disappeared, the city went back to quiet(cold). Maple leaves fell to the poet's hand. The poet looked back, staring at the beautiful landscape. The crows were sleeping in the broken basket, moonlight was shining upon the lake. Tears came out of the poet's eyes.

THE END