

Centre Number - 11242

Candidate Number - 11621473

Film Script:

"Trip to Planet Earth"

# *TRIP TO PLANET EARTH*

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*SCENE 1: The camera shows us a desert with a beach in the far background. It is an example of foreshortening, in the extreme close-up, we have the sand dunes and in the far background, the beach. The camera stays on this scene for a while, until we become aware of a figure on the horizon walking slowly towards us. When the figure is halfway towards us, a close-up of the figure walking in slow-motion in a full-screen shot is inserted onto the screen for two seconds. The camera then returns to the figure in the distance walking towards us as normal. All throughout this scene, we hear the song "One of these days" by Pink Floyd. This gives the scene an eerie, surreal vibe to the already ethereal quality the scene is generating.*

*Only when the figure is inserted onto the screen, do we hear a different sound, that of a person breathing very heavily with a rhythm in time to the figure walking.*

*Finally, the figure reaches us and stands in a close-up from the waist up.*

*He is dressed as typically clichéd tourist with sandals and socks, Bermuda shorts, a very loud Hawaiian shirt, 70's style sunglasses, camera around the neck, and a John Deer cap. When the figure is in the screen for a close-up, a voice over says,*

*VO: "So, you'd never believe what I was seeing here."*

*The voice sounds like a journalist reporting at the scene of a sports match.*

*When the voice-over is finished, the camera pans very quickly the left and executes a complete 180-degree angle, so we now see what the tourist sees.*

*The scene behind us is a large crater of sand dunes filled with garbage, waste products and assorted large machinery which has been dismantled, such as bulldozers, steamrollers, etc.*

*It looks like an steelworks graveyard, a rubbish tip and sewerage outlet combined in the middle of the desert. The camera stays on this scene for a while and the voice-over of the*

*Tourist begins again. About halfway through the monologue, the camera goes into the pit and slowly pans around the cesspool, with the voice over talking.*

*"It was fantastic. What I was seeing was a perfect example of mankind's ability to create and*

not be disenchanted by a few slight failures in his quest for producing that product he wants to create. What I was seeing was pure determination and hard work, a monolith of advancement and pushing ahead. This waste symbolised to me the pioneering spirit of humanity, scientific genius and architectural genius. I had to get to the city to see more.”

*The tourist takes a few photos of the cesspool with great enthusiasm, walking around and shooting from different angles, before continuing. He circumnavigates the pit and keeps walking. Our camera is on the opposite side of him, and he walks from the right side of the screen to the left.*

CUT TO-

*SCENE 2: We see a blue sky with a few scattered clouds in the distance. The camera slowly tilts down until we see smog, fumes, smoke and general air pollution. It does not stop but keeps going until we see the top of a large skyscraper, then the tops of several more buildings, until we eventually see a large, heavily populated city with lots of buildings and skyscrapers, such as Melbourne or Sydney. The camera stays on this scene for a while, until an extreme close-up of a profile of a figure's face comes into view. It is the right side of a young man, roughly 26 or 27 with blond hair, green eyes, and a worried expression on his face. He raises a cigarette to his mouth and lights it, all the while staring ahead, to the right of our camera's view. A voice-over says,*

VOICE-OVER: “One step and it would all end you know.”

*This voice sounds like a young man who is thinking hard of something, and speaks very quickly as he thinks of what to say.*

*The camera pulls back very quickly to reveal the figure standing on the edge of a large skyscraper with a rope around his neck, which is tied to a flagpole.*

VOICE-OVER: “There are twain ways to do this. Jump, and splatter all over the ground like a pancake, or jump and hang like a....like a man that's been hung from the gallows. The only problem is, there are no goddamn gallows. (He hangs his head, rubs his brow

*and sighs*). Shit. Another thing that's gone so hopelessly wrong. I would have to improvise. But how? *(He rubs his chin, concentrating.)* Of course!"

*We now hear Miles Davis' "Sanctuary" slowly begin to fade into the scene. This is a bizarre song to add to this scene and highlights the "out-there" and lonely vibe being projected by the jumper. Because of the song's minor-key inclinations and off-kilter improvisation, the scene is transformed into a desperate and lonely picture of a man on the edge. The song plays throughout the following scene.*

*The man removes the rope from his neck and steps back onto the roof of the skyscraper. He removes the cigarette from his mouth and stubs it out with his toe. As he walks to the other side of the building, we see four people sitting in a circle smoking pot from a peace pipe being passed around. These people are all dressed in tuxedos with tails, top hats, monocles, and each person has a large gold-topped walking cane by his side. They are all sitting on armchairs. A round table is in the centre of them. The camera shows an establishing shot, with the pot smokers in the background, the jumper at the front.*

*The jumper bends down out of view of the camera. As soon as he does this, all the pot smokers turn around and stare at him. As soon as he stands up, they turn around and return to smoking. The jumper is in view of the camera again, from the waist up, facing us. He holds a large revolver in his hands, and is polishing it with a rag. The camera stays in this position for the following conversation's duration. One of the smokers calls out to Him in an upper class, sophisticated British accent, but sounds slightly stoned.*

SMOKER 1: "I say my dear fellow, why don't you put that silly gun away and come over here and smoke with us."

*All the other smokers say "Hear, hear" in British accents similar to the speaker. It sounds like a mini-British parliament.*

JUMPER: "Perhaps I will. But not as of yet."

SMOKER 1: "Very well my friend. But remember, time will wait for no man, and especially not you."

*The other smokers find this immensely funny and all of them start laughing very loudly for a long time. All of a sudden, they stop and return to their pipe. The jumper continues to clean his gun, staring at it the whole time. He waits a while before replying.*

JUMPER: "Well, consider this. If 'Ol Father Time don't wanna jam wit me, then I don't wanna jam wit dat there cat, dig.

SMOKER 1: "Now you're just talking like a burnt-out fiend from Woodstock. I had much higher expectations of you."

JUMPER: *(He wheels around in anger, camera stays in the same position until noted.)*

"How dare you! I can see through you like a sheet of glass. I'm not the one sitting there smoking pot! You don't even know my name!"

*(The Smoker is about to reply, but pauses before speaking.)*

SMOKER:" Well, that is true."

JUMPER: "But what's in a name? You'd only forget it."

*(He sighs heavily. There is a long pause.)*

SMOKER: *(Suddenly shocked, and yells out in horror)* "Where the devil are we? What is? going on?"

*(He is answered with silence. At this point, the camera switches to an extreme close-up of the left side of his face, however the camera is slightly heightened, giving us the sense of probing the smoker's mind.)*

SMOKER: I wish I could say, BUT, due to the circumstances, I can't. Even though I will, I will say it anyway. I suggest we leave."

JUMPER: "Impossible."

SMOKER: "Why."

JUMPER: Because I'm already going. Farewell."

*(The jumper turns around and walks out of the shot. There is silence. The camera stays focused on the smokers in the background. The jumper pokes his head into the shot and*

*looks directly at us, puzzled. He removes his head slowly and we fade to black.)*

#### CUT TO- BLACK SCREEN

*As the scene comes into focus, we hear “(-) Ions” by Tool. The inclusion of this bizarre instrumental sets up the following scene, giving it a mysteriously eerie quality to it.*

*The camera focuses on a forest with mountains. There is a slow pull back and we see a white sandy beach, with the forest behind it. The camera keeps going back until we see the shore. It keeps going through the ocean, until the forest is at the very back of the shot, in the distance and the dominant colour is now blue. The sky is very overcast, with the dominant colour being grey. The camera focuses on this scene for a while, until the tourist's head slowly surfaces from the bottom of the screen. He rises up until we see only his shoulders upwards. We see a right-sided facial profile. He holds in his mouth a cigarette in a cigarette holder and grins manically. We suddenly see a thought bubble protrude from his head in which we see a picture of the same beach, except, totally destroyed by pollution and toxic wastes. We stay at this scene for a while.*

#### CUT TO-BLACK SCREEN

*Once again, we hear a Tool song slowly come into the mix. Except this time it is “Die Eier Von Satan,” the industrialized, mechanic, Nazi death march sung in German. Needless to say, the mood of this scene is very dark...*

*We are in a very darkened room. A man is sitting on a bed, with the left side of his body showing, waist up. In the background on the wall, we see old black and white images of the Nuremberg Trials and old industrial-esque images. The man on the bed is the man who attempted to kill himself earlier. His name is Ignatius. As he sits on the bed, he does nothing but stares at his floor. We stay on this image for at least a minute. After a while, Ignatius picks up a book. He opens it and runs his finger down the page, searching for something. He finally stops. He begins to whisper something, which we hear as a mumble. As he speaks, a speech bubble comes out of his mouth and the words appear. These words*

are: *'Wisest is he who knows he does not know.'*

IGNATIUS: My God. It's true.

CUT TO-

*A large sand dune, at dusk. Two figures stand on it, hands crossed, legs spread apart in a dominant stance. Our camera is quite a distance away, and we only see the top of the dune, the two figures standing on it w/ their backs to us and the setting sun in the sky.*

*We then cut to a right-side profile of one of the figures, in extreme close-up, foreshortening the other. We stay w/ this shot for a while and then cut to the same view as the first shot, except it is reversed and the figures are facing us and the camera is not as far away. We slowly tilt down and see a wall of sand at the bottom of the dune. The figures are dressed in black suits with bowler hats and white gloves, similar to the figure on the back of Pink Floyd's "Wish you were here" album. One of the figures walks down the dune slowly and begins to write on the sand wall with an old fashioned fountain pen. The other one soon joins him. Our camera revolves slowly around this wall and this scene of these two figures writing on the wall. The mood of this scene is to be the following;*

*1) Happy, light-hearted.*

*2) Surreal.*

*3) Innocent.*

*4) Dreamlike.*

*This is to be achieved by warm light from the sun, and the fact that the two figures, who identical are having a very fun, happy and generally good time writing on this wall. They are laughing and smiling and joking, which is ad libbed.*

*To help highlight the aforementioned features of this scene, we hear The Chemical Bros. "Music: Response." This playful, happy tune shows the innocence of the two characters and helps the viewer to think that "everything is alright....."*

*We carry on with this scene for a while, until suddenly we see a large, ugly-looking brown snake rising out of the ocean. At this point, the music must cease and be replaced w/ "Eon Blue Apocalypse" by Tool. Because this song is a sitar solo tweaked w/ effects, and is played slowly, it helps to highlight the desperation, fear, anxiety and lunacy the entrance of the snake gives.*

*The two figures see it and begin screaming in fear.*

*The snake glides up the beach and wraps itself around one of the figures, picking him up and constricting him. The other figure does not know what to do and begins to laugh insanely. This disturbing scene continues for a while, until we cut to,*

CUT TO-

*Ignatius suddenly wakes up in bed. The previous scene was a dream he had. The room is in near-darkness. The Tourist is asleep on the floor. Ignatius is confused.*

IGNATIUS: Hey, what are you doing man?

*No response.*

IGNATIUS: I said, WHAT ARE YOU DOING MAN?

*Still no response. Ignatius goes to the window and opens the curtains. We see a beam of light comes through the window similar to a laser beam. It hits the Tourist in the head, engulfing him in light. He stirs and wakes.*

TOURIST: My God, what the hell? What's going on?

IGNATIUS: Who are you and why are you sleeping on my floor?

TOURIST: Well, it's as good a place as any isn't it?

IGNATIUS: Maybe, but I don't know who you are!

TOURIST: That my young friend, is irrelevant. Thank you for letting me sleep here.

IGNATIUS: But I didn't you fiend, you were there when I woke up!

TOURIST: And I'm so glad you're letting me stay! What's for breakfast?

IGNATIUS: Breakfast? Who are you?

TOURIST: I'm a tourist.



IGNATIUS: What is your name.

TOURIST: What's yours?

IGNATIUS: Ignatius.

TOURIST: Oh, that's a really fitting name for someone of your character.

IGNATIUS: What does that mean?

TOURIST: Well, you're a hippy aren't you?

IGNATIUS: Don't be ridiculous. I'm new age man.

TOURIST: Hippy.

IGNATIUS: New age.

TOURIST: Hippy.

IGNATIUS: Look, we can either stand here all day arguing about who or what I am, or you can tell me who the hell you are, where you're from and why you're in my house, sleeping on my floor.

TOURIST: I am a tourist, nothing more. I am here because I needed a place to sleep and I found your house so I walked in. I am also hungry and would love some breakfast.

Thank you for suggesting it.

IGNATIUS: I didn't suggest it you pig!

TOURIST: Yes you did you fool.

IGNATIUS: Get out! Get out of my house immediately!

TOURIST: Now?

IGNATIUS: Yes now!

TOURIST: With no food in my poor empty stomach?

IGNATIUS: I don't give a toss about your poor empty stomach mate. Just remove yourself from my premises before I inform the authorities.

*The Tourist stares at Ignatius for a while after he says this and suddenly bursts out laughing.*

TOURIST: My God!! A hippy calling the police for me!! Things have changes since 1967

haven't they!!

IGNATIUS: If I give you breakfast will you clear off and never, ever return?

TOURIST: Yes sir.

IGNATIUS: *(Defeated.)* Fine. Let's go.

CUT TO-

*We now return to the scene which opened the film-a vast, bleak desert landscape. On top of a large dune, w/ a background of the sun and moon together the two men sit. The sun is directly above Ignatius, the moon is directly above The Tourist. Ignatius is making something with his hands. He has a large metal ring and is tying onto it chicken bones, feathers, beads and large locks of hair. Ignatius is speaking to either himself, The Tourist or no-one in particular.*

*The music for this scene is to be the instrumental "Eternal Caravan of Reincarnation" by Santana. The piece helps to emphasise the desert-theme of the scene and adds to the vastness associated w/ the desert, due to it's large, swampy, reverberated sound.*

IGNATIUS: "Throughout history, as our species has evolved, we have been faced with the terrorising, frightening fact that we don't know who we are, or where we are going in this ocean of chaos. It has been the authorities, the religious, political and educational authorities who have attempted to..... comfort us by implying order, laws, reason....."

To think for yourself you must question authority. There is simply no other way to live unless you are willing to sacrifice your own life and become yet another cog in the social machine.

Ignorance is bliss. Monarchy is based on the ideal that one man is more intelligent than a million. Democracy is based on the ideal that a million men are more intelligent than one.

Both ideas are absurd.

*(At this point, he stops to take a breath and raises his head to stare at the sky. Our camera cuts to a heightened shot of his head, with the sun directly behind it and him staring at the sky-similar to the Alice In Chains album cover "Facelift." We then cut to a close-up profile of*

*The Tourist, on the left side of his face. Ignatius is in the background, staring upwards, as though he is meditating.*

*The Tourist is staring directly ahead. He begins to "answer" Ignatius.)*

TOURIST: "Throughout history, as our species has evolved, we have been faced with the fascinating, joyous fact that we are the most advanced form of life on the planet.

Our factories create the most incredible, powerful and useful tools humanity could ever ask for. We use them to great effect, increasing our productivity, satisfying our indulgences and our needs. Our every whim is catered for. Every new idea, every new model of machine is a further achievement to the wonders of science..... so powerful.

One day this planet will be an entire city.

*(Our camera pulls away to show us a front view of the two men. There is silence for a while as the two men stare at each other. Suddenly, the silence breaks and they both begin to attack each other, fighting, punching, clawing at each other. They roll down the dune and wrestle a bit more before they realize what they are doing. They then cease and sit with their backs to each other like little children who don't like each other anymore. They both seem to sulk, with their arms crossed. Suddenly, Ignatius' "friends", the English aristocratic pot smokers return, walking into the screen from stage right.)*

MAIN SMOKER: "Ah, there you are old boy. Mind if we join you two fellows?

*(Without waiting for a response, the men pull out fold up chairs, a fold up table, peace pipes and lighters. They proceed to smoke marijuana simultaneously.)*

IGNATIUS: *(To the main smoker)* Excuse me, but I don't even know your name!

SMOKER: Hmmm? What's that you say? My name? Well hang on a minute, I've got it written on a piece of paper here....*(pulls out paper)* Ah yes! Mr. A.'A.'. Llewellyn, 16 Babyraper Dr. Sussex, Middlesex, London, Glasgow. MD, PHD, QC, RD, RD, RD. RD and RD.

IGNATIUS: What are all those RD's for?

SMOKER: I get a shilling on each of them! *(Roars with laughter.)* OH HO!! I'm in spirit tonight,

I can tell you!!!!!!

They never told you, but I was once a fiend. The Beast from the East the Wicked Witch from the West, East, North, South, East Nor West, Nor East West and even the Sou' Sou' SouSou. Whaddya think of THAT m'boy, hmmmmm??”

*(He suddenly jumps out of his chair and runs over to Ignatius, coming very close to him. Our camera captures this intimate moment by an extreme close-up of the two.)*

If you walk over yonder, I think you'll find a part of your life that you missed out on.

*(He says this very slowly and deliberately, then retreats. From now on, until noted otherwise, the song “Blind” by Korn plays. The song deals w/ an individual going into a place in his head and realizing he is blind to the world, something Ignatius can relate to....*

*Ignatius gets up and walks over the dune. Our camera follows him He comes to a large wooden house. The top room is visible.*

*In it, we can see a fish tank. On closer inspection, there is a grey fog inside the tank, swirling about. It is screaming in a loud voice to Ignatius the most threatening, vile profanities and insults one could imagine. Ignatius seems wary to enter. He eventually does so. He makes his way through the house and steps into the room. He stands by the fish tank, examining it, listening to it. Soon, it dies down to a low growling sound. Suddenly, the door flies open and a person dressed in black, covered in blood and holding a knife is in the doorway.*

*The person is laughing manically, like a serial killer would laugh. The person is Ignatius.*

*The person slowly advances toward Ignatius slowly but surely, still laughing, still wielding the blade. The real Ignatius simply stares at it, mouth open, in absolute terror. As the*

*Ignatius doppelganger reaches a breathing distance from the real Ignatius, it stops laughing and puts its arm down by its side, it's face having gone blank. The two Ignatius' stare at each other for some time, the real one in horror, the other, neutrally. Our camera is centred on these two figures. The doppelganger finally grunts and walks out of the room, frustrated.*

*The real Ignatius stares after it for a bit, then shrugs and returns to the fish tank.*

*As soon as he looks at it, the doppelganger jumps out of it, stabbing at him with the knife*

*and trying to beat him. However, it is impossible for the doppelganger to hurt the real Ignatius. He pushes the doppelganger off him and kicks it in the head. When it stands up to fight, he pushes it out of the window and throws the fish tank after it. He stares after it out the window. The lights fade and we cut.*

CUT TO-

*A rather fat, bald and sweating man sitting in a chair in a small office. He is in obvious discomfort and is drenched in sweat. He is an administrator or an office clerk of some sort who reeks of beer and is possibly the most sexist, racist and "redneckish" person in the world. His name is Cletus Cassidy. During the following monologue, he stares directly into the camera and at us. The weird jump to this scene is strengthened by the song "Texas Flood" by Stevie Ray Vaughan, a truly deep blues piece.*

CLETUS: "For sixteen years I've sat behind this desk, for eight hours a day, six days a week, for forty-eight weeks a year. That's a damn long time. And guess what? I'm fed up to the back teeth with it. I really am. So, here's what I'm'a gonna do. *(He reaches behind him and pulls a automatic sub-machine gun with a sniper's telescope, loaded clip and extension barrel.)*

This here is Lonnie, my new best friend. I'll see you later."

CUT TO-

*The inside of a large wave, barrelling, in slow-motion, similar to the opening scene of the surf film 110/240. The barrel seems to be unending with weird psychedelic colours washing the walls of the tube. Outside, the end of the tube we see a ever-changing pattern of different landscapes such as gibber-plain deserts, the ocean, mountains, and the sky. These landscapes change as the camera moves through the wave more and more. Throughout this scene the song "The Private Psychedelic Reel" by The Chemical Brothers is played. After a while, the tube ends and the camera comes out. When this happens, the song suddenly ceases and we see a cold, midnight blue sky with stars, while we are in the middle of the ocean. The camera does a full 360 degree turn. All around is the ocean,*

*in the middle of the night. There is no land or anything in sight. The camera floats around aimlessly on the ocean while the following poem is read.*

*POEM READING: (Soft, male voice, with an undertone of strangeness, almost confusion.)*

*“Lost am I. Again. I should be sad, if I were my former self. But I’m not so I’m not.*

*Happy times for them, happier for me. She will soon be with me, as one.*

*I care not anymore for insignificant troubling. Superficial love. Only after one thing.*

*The erotic pose jolts me into reality.....gone, gone, gone.”*

*Remaining focussed on the ocean, we cease the random landscape inserts and in the middle of the screen a small light is seen and gradually begins to grow. When it reaches half the size of the screen, we see various images of the Tourist in and Ignatius. Slowly but surely, these images begin to intertwine until it seems as though there is only one person. Then, suddenly, in a blinding flash, the light explodes and the screen fades to black.*

*After a few moments, we see the ocean again, except this time it is the middle of the day and there is a small homemade raft in the middle of the screen. We focus on the raft for a while and then cut to a close-up of the raft. On it we see a small child sitting in a lotus position and staring straight ahead. The child is completely naked and looks perfectly comfortable.*

*Visually, he resembles the Tourist and Ignatius.*

*Once again the camera begins revolving around the raft, eventually turning a full 360 degrees before and then turning counter-clockwise so that the child’s back faces us. We finally stay with this image—a child on a raft staring at the setting sun in the middle of the ocean.*

*We then fade to black.*

**END**

# REFLECTION

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## 1) INTENTION-Overall Concept

The overall concept of what I wanted "Trip to Planet Earth" to be was originally formed from an idea I had upon my entrance into Extension II English. The fact that we could choose what we wanted to do for our major work proved to be a great thing for me. My original idea was to create a surrealistic-style film about a man wandering around Earth. Unfortunately, various circumstances proved it impossible to complete the film, so I opted for the second-best option of handing in a film script.

The story of "Trip.." was basically the manifestation of an idea I had had in my head for a some time. I wanted it to be about two characters, both extreme opposites of each other. The first character was to be a hippy called Ignatius. I got the idea for this character while I was watching Neal from "The Young Ones." I decided to base Ignatius on Neal, so I created this gloomy, depressed hippy who thinks the world is a terrible place and focuses on negativity.

The second character ended up becoming "The Tourist." His character was influenced by Johnny Depp's character Raoul Duke from the film "Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas."

"The Tourist" ended up being this crazy, possibly insane person who thinks the world is a wonderful place to live and cannot hide his love and amazement for what he calls "mankind's industrialized genius."

The story was to be that these two character meet up and learn from each other things about the world. I wanted to make the film very surreal and ethereal, and so I based it on the artistic movements of Dada, Surrealism, and the Theatre of the Absurd. The film is not supposed to make sense at all, but there were to be times in it that gave insight in a satirical way about the world we live in.

## Purpose

The purpose of "Trip to Planet Earth" was a culmination of several things. My main aim in life is to make people think, preferably for themselves, so that was the central "theme" of the work. I also wanted to explore the aforementioned artistic styles and hopefully expose my audience to them. I wanted to make the piece quite different and "out-there" and I think I have done this in the work.

## Audience

The audience for "Trip to Planet Earth". Good question! When I began writing the piece, this was never on my list of objectives. Now that I have completed the script, I suppose the answer to that would be anyone who is interested in seeing the film or reading the script! Preferably however, I would want my audience to be anyone who wants to gain a satirical insight into the growing mass of industrialization that occurs every day on Earth.

As I said, I prefer people to think for themselves, so this would be a main focus point. It would be good also, if the audience had some knowledge on the structures and ideals of what Dada and Surrealism are based on so that they are not confused *all* the time.

## 2) REALIZATION-Form/Genre

I feel that my work is independent from other genres as it creates its own. That is not to say, however that I have created the whole thing from scratch. I have always, for as long as I can remember, been interested in Dada, Surrealism, Theatre of the Absurd, etc, partly because my mother is an art teacher and I have been exposed to these styles from an early age. So therefore, my script has been heavily influenced by these movements, styles, whatever you wish to call them and as a result, the script has become its own beast, an amalgamation of social satire, subconscious visions, dreams, thoughts, poems, sounds, horror, black comedy and spirituality. Cool mix huh?



## Language techniques used/Other technical features

Because the work is a script, I have had to research others scripts to gain insight into the way the screenwriters apply certain techniques to film. For example, when I penned the first draft I wrote at the beginning, "Flash the figure onto the screen at random intervals." I replaced this instruction w/ a cue that scriptwriters use called 'Insert" which means what I said originally.

Also, when the cue is given for music to enter the scene, I wrote "Fade this song into the mix" which means the song is slowly brought up by increasing the volume.

## Structure

Because of the Dadaistic and Surrealistic influence on the script, I don't think that structure really applies to the work. I have however, tried to make Ignatius the main character and therefore, a story of some sort must be incorporated. So I tried to keep him dominant throughout the piece and on deeper development of his character, tried to splice together bits and pieces of his appearances in the film, throughout the piece's length.

By that I mean making the story leave the viewer questioning but providing what would perhaps be a possible realization of various occurrences in the piece. A good example would be at the beginning when Ignatius tries to kill himself for no reason. We then see later in the piece, "The Tourist" telling him that he can find a part of his life if he walks over a sand dune. So structure doesn't really apply, but instead I tried to fill some gaps at random, sporadic intervals w/ what one may call a "conclusion."

### 3) INSIGHTS/UNDERSTANDINGS

I am very happy w/ "Trip to Planet Earth." Because of my natural attraction to the bizarre, the surreal and all things weird and trippy, I feel I have created something which I can safely say satisfies what I have been searching for in a film for some time. At the same time, I feel I have made a positive contribution to society in terms of the satirical element the work contains.

On a more personal level, I have learnt one or two things about myself in the creation of the piece. Because I have included some of my own dreams in the work, I have been able to see and interpret them and thus realize things about myself. Because a dream is what Freud calls "a message from the subconscious" (which is what surrealism is based on,) I have been documenting my dreams when I have them and am now able to pinpoint certain symbols and things and interpret their meanings. Because of the deeply personal aspects a dream contains, I won't share w/ you the reader, what they meant when I put them in a script, not because I don't like you but because they are simply too personal to reveal, in my opinion. Let's just say they helped me.

In conclusion, I hope you liked my script. I really enjoyed creating it and I hope I tripped you out a little when you read it. Peace.