

DOGA

To Lie With A Dog
(Rev 4)

Harshad Deshmukh

Page 1

FULL Page SPREAD

TIME: Late Night

A slum area, right next to a railway line. We are looking down at DOGA from a bit high up. DOGA is in full costume, standing over the dead body of some guy. The body is quite close to the rails. There is an open sewage between the rails and the first huts of the slum.

DOGA has a bloodied scrap of paper in his hands. He is reading from it. (We can have a distinct 'font' for the lines from the notes, and use the same font wherever stuff is being read from a note)

Narrative box: So, Mr. Mumbai Ka Baap...

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Panel 1

Focus on Doga's hand holding the bloody paper. Close enough for us to read from it.

Written on the paper:

So, Mr. Mumbai Ka Baap, eh? How about this? Third Night Straight, and all you have is your third dead body! I laugh in your face, big guy, how many bodies more till you catch me? Not enough motivation? Ok, I will make it better. I **challenge** you and your pups. Find me!

Panel 2

Same as Panel 1, but Doga has crushed the paper in his hand.

Panel 3

Doga, full length, blowing his ultrasonic whistle.

Narrative box (Doga Thinking) : As much as I hate to admit it...

Panel 4: Pack of dogs running toward Doga

Narrative box:...the murderer has eluded me for the third night in a row...

Panel 5: Doga, resting one knee on the ground. Making a Dog smell the note, scrunching it up against the dog's nose.

Narrative box: ...the men he has killed were petty criminals, but that is no concession...

Panel 6: The dogs are moving toward the slum with noses to the ground.

Narrative box: ...and a blatant challenge now. It is...enraging...

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Panel 1: the dogs, looking confused, are gathered near a wall. There is another note stuck on the wall. Doga is reaching for it.

Narrative box: ...and as I had thought, the trail confounds the dogs only after a few meters...

Doga: Easy, easy, its ok...

Panel 2:

Doga has the note in his hands. Close up on the note.

The note reads: "Your pups wont take you farther than here Doga. I am afraid this was a bit...predictable of you. Are you angry yet? Maybe the abandoned coach factory will offer some answers :)"

Panel 3:

Doga, hoisting himself over the wall. It is a compound wall, quite high, with a few nooks and crannies to act as footholds for Doga. The wall is taller than Doga is, so he cant get over it at once.

Narrative box 1: Following his directions....its like playing a twisted game of fetch...I'm curious who is at the end of this.

Narrative box 2: Sure, there is *that* man who loves his riddles...

Panel 4: Doga is now standing on the wall. We are looking over his shoulder. There are many buildings spread out in front, all part of the Coach factory. A few abandoned railway goods coaches litter the compound, a board in a corner reads Coach Factory. The place wears a deserted, abandoned look, though there are a few plastic food packets, beer cans and such like littering the compound suggesting it isn't totally abandoned after all.

Narrative box 1: ...but why such straightforward clues?

Narrative box 2: One thing I promise myself though– before morning...

Panel 5: Doga is entering one of the buildings in the compound. It is a large building, with railway tracks coming out where Doga is entering. The building is a rustic blue/brown industrial color, looking dilapidated.

Narrative box 1:...I will make sure this is the last time the coward makes me play.

Narrative box 2: The coach factory has always been....

Panel 6: Inside the building Doga has entered. A man his hanging by his neck from the ceiling rafters. We are looking at Doga standing in the door from a low angle, the hanging man between us and Doga, so that we only see his shoes with yet another note tied around his ankle.

Narrative box: ...correction – *used to be* Ganjedi's hideout for shady drug dealings.

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Panel 1: Doga has the note in his hand. He is standing next to the dead body.

Narrative box:another note...this better be worth it, Kaalu...

Panel 2: Show first few lines of the note here.

It reads : Found Ganjedi threatening a group of college kids over unpaid drug money. The way I killed him, I must have shocked the kids out of the habit...

Narrative box: Ganjedi is scratched and cut inhumanly from the waist up...

Panel 3: As wide as the **Page**. We will need a different look for this panel as it is a flashback (Im thinking something Sepia would look nice, but, your call).

Scene: A young Suraj at the Baal Sudhaar Grih, being caned ruthlessly by the warden. A bunch of kids around him, laughing.

Narrative Box 1: (From note) : ...but you are wondering what I am getting at right? Ok, let's refresh your memory. Remember Gwalior? Baal Sudhar Grih?

Narrative Box 2: (from note): ..not exactly delightful memories, are there? Now hold on to the worst memory you can find, and come see me at the circus grounds.

Narrative box : (Doga's thoughts) : ...this is getting interesting...an enmity from that long back? This cannot be Kaalu...

Panel 4: Close up, Doga's face. He is looking at the note intently.

Narrative box: ..but whoever he is, I hate the memories he is bringing back...and I am afraid of what they will make me do tonight...

Panel 5: Doga has balled up the note and tossed it. He is walking towards the exit.

Narrative box: ...but if the past wants to come back and haunt me, I have a bullet reserved for it.

Page 5:

Panel 1: Doga, at the circus grounds, which is actually a dumping ground for junk. He is surrounded by all kinds of junk (cars/fridges/broken furniture, all you can think of). There is a clearing where Doga is standing, with a table and a few chairs around it. Three men lie dead at the table and on the chairs. There is yet another note on the table. Doga is reaching for it.

Narrative box (Doga's thoughts) : Only if I had received as many notes from someone who mattered in a good way...

Panel 2: Again, the note in Doga's hand. First few lines.

The note reads: I promise this will be the last note. Are you thinking you would have liked receiving so many notes from someone you cared for? I think you are, Sooraj. I know.

Narrative box: (Doga's thoughts) Whoever this is, has signed his death wish by using the name...but...

Panel 3: This panel is slightly complex. We are trying to show multiple memories from Doga's time at the baal sudhaar Grih. We have Doga's head in the centre, with four flashback sepia boxes around his head. Each box has a small caption.

The whole panel has a caption too, in the Note font.

Panel caption: So, what was the worst memory from the Grih, Sooraj?

Box 1 Scene: Sooraj being caned.

Caption: the beatings?

Box 2 Scene: Sooraj alone in a room.

Caption: the isolation?

Box 3 Scene: the warden threatening Sooraj

Caption: the threats?

Box 4 Scene: Sooraj, with a plate full of dirty food.

Caption: the constant hunger?

Panel 4

Scene(Still Flashback) : Sooraj, sitting in his room, locked in. The window behind him has vertical iron bars, with a narrow gap between them. A small, mousy looking kid has almost slipped in from the window through the impossibly narrow gap.

Narrative box 1 (from Note): But after the worst of the day, you had a friend who would visit...

Narrative box 2 (from note): Remember that friend, Sooraj?

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A full **Page** spread, again. You will have to get really creative with layouts here. I am suggesting one. Change it if you have a better idea. Basically what I am aiming at here is a parallel narration. My idea of the layout is:

Panels 1 , 2, 3 : Sepia, Flashback

Panels 4,5,6: Current time

The smiley face and scrawly lines is Doga...

Panel 1 Scene: Sooraj, sitting alone. The mousy kid is inside the room now.

Panel 2: The mousy kid is sitting beside Sooraj.
Mousy kid: Thinking of Sonika again?
Sooraj: yes...

Panel 3: Mousy kid: You can talk to me about it.
Sooraj: Thank you, Chuha

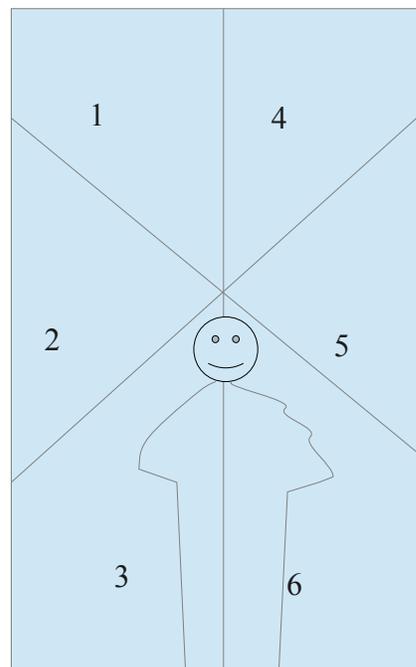
Panel 4: Doga's POV, note in his hand. The note is a little lower than eye level, so we can see a small man with shadows covering his face standing in front of Doga.

Panel 5: Doga's hand with the note has dropped a bit further down, the small man has come out into the light. He has a very mousy face.

Panel 6: the mousy man is smiling at Doga. The note has dropped out of Doga's hand. The man is Doga's only friend at the Grih, Chuha.

Chuha: How are you, Sooraj?

Narrative box (Doga's thoughts): Chuha!



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Have Chuha change his expression in each panel. He is an animated little fellow, so maybe slightly more expressive than most people.

Panel 1: Close up on Chuha. He is smiling.

Chuha: Surprised to see me, Sooraj? I know you have many questions, and I wont play around anymore...

Narrative box: (Doga's thoughts) : yes surprised, but am I glad to see you, Chuha..

Panel 2:

Chuha (Cont from 1): When I came to Mumbai some time back, I heard people speaking of a man who has dogs for friends and kills villains. I immediately knew it was you!

Narrative box: (Doga's thoughts) : Always a smart one he was...

Panel 3:

Chuha (Cont): I remember those dogs at the Grih who always came to your aid...and the passion in your voice when you spoke about growing up and fighting crime...

Chuha (Cont): And as they say, if you lay down with dogs, you will get up with fleas! All that passionate talk of vengeance had rubbed off on me, and a few years after you left, I decided I would escape too and find you.

Narrative box: (Doga's thoughts): ...his tooth and nail brutality and friskiness at the Grih had earned him the name Chuha...

Panel 4:

Chuha: But when I escaped, I had no clue of your whereabouts. Hunger soon got better of me, and I resorted to pick-pocketing and thievery for a long time. Then, I robbed a wrong man...

Narrative box: (Doga's thoughts): ...considering what I have become, I don't blame him for putting his "skills" to such use...

Panel 5:

Chuha (Cont): ...and only because I have always been fast on my feet, I managed to run and get on a train, which brought me to Mumbai! When I realized you were here, I had to get your attention. So I killed those criminals the past three days as a demonstration for you, Doga...

Narrative box: (Doga's thoughts): ??

Panel 6:

Chuha (Cont):so you would think me worthy enough to join you in your fight against crime!

Narrative box: (Doga's thoughts): NO!

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Three panels, **Page** width.

Panel 1

Close up, Doga.

Off Panel, Chuha: Have I proven myself worthy, Sooraj?

Narrative box: Of all the people in the world, why did he have to come to me? And why this sudden urge to fight crime? Always a confused kid..

Panel 2:

Doga has his hands on his pistol. He hasn't taken it out, but has only placed his hand on the holster.

Off panel, Chuha: Can I join you?

Narrative box: He helped me keep my sanity in the Sudhar Grih. Probably it was him who gave me the will to escape from that place...

Panel 3:

Doga has grasped his pistol firmly, like he has made up his mind.

Off panel, Chuha: And will you take off your mask, Sooraj, so I *know* my hunch was right?

Narrative box (cont): ...and I take him up in the killing business with me? I chose to be Doga, to make sure nobody else has to do it. And Chuha of all people? No, I cannot let him know I *am* Sooraj, not like this...I am sorry Chuha...

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Panel 1: Doga is looking at Chuha, has the pistol in his hand.

Doga: Do you always talk so much, runt? Sooraj who?

Panel 2: Focus on Chuha. He looks slightly taken aback.

Chuha: haha...you are being funny Sooraj...

Panel 3:

Wide panel, Page width.

Side shot.

We are looking sideways at Doga and Chuha, who are facing each other, standing some distance apart. Chuha is much shorter than Doga so you might want to adjust panel height for that. Doga is looking down at Chuha.

Doga: Do you realize the reason you are still alive, tick? Because I find your audacity *amusing*.

Chuha: What do you mean Sooraj?

Panel 4:

Doga has raised his gun and pointing it at Chuha. There is at least 8-10 feet distance between them.

Doga (Angry): .But call me by that name one more time and I will make this hell for you.

Chuha: I *know* you are Sooraj!

Narrative box: (Doga's thoughts): I am so sorry, Chuha. I cannot be anyone *but* Doga when in this mask...

Inset Panel: Doga has cocked the pistol.

Efx: Clik!

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Panel 1: Doga's POV. The pistol is aimed at Chuha's forehead. Chuha has a frightened expression on his face.

Doga: You assume too much..that's foolish..

Chuha: ... why *don't* you take off your mask then? So I know whose hands I am dying at? Grant a little man his last wish?

Panel 2:

Doga has turned around, though his arm is still extended. We don't see the gun, but Doga has pulled the trigger and fired twice.

Efx: Bang! Bang!

Doga: The mask *is* me, kid!

Narrative box: I am so sorry Chuha, my dear friend. But this is for your own good.

Inset panel: Close up, Chuha's face. His eyes are wide open in horror.

Chuha: Sooraj!

Panel 3:

Chuha has slumped to the ground. We see that the bullets have hit him in the knees. Chuha has the same shocked expression on his face, though now there are also tears in his eyes.

Chuha: Why didn't you kill me Sooraj? Cant kill and old friend, is that it?

Panel 4: Doga, shoulders slumped, walking away.

Doga: I am only leaving you for the hungry dogs, runt...

Narrative box (Doga's thoughts):and I will make sure they take you away from this city.
