

1. INT. BLANK BACKGROUND - DAY

ZEYNEP stands still, in front of a white, blank wall. Lighting is harsh and clinical.

She is a little stiff, holding a sheet of paper. She's in corporate armor – blazer, buttoned up. Her nerves are visible.

ZEYNEP

(awkward, unsure) Should I... start now?

V.O.

(beat) Yeah. Go on.

She clears her throat and begins reading mechanically.

ZEYNEP

(reading like a hostage) I am a very creative person. I have experience in scriptwriting, editing, and filmmaking. I also have strong analytical skills. Proficient in Excel–

V.O.

God. Stop. Please. This is tragic. It's like you have no personality.

ZEYNEP

(flat) I just... find it hard to boast.

V.O

Okay you just stand there and smile at the camera. I'll do the talking.

Zeynep flashes a fake smile. Suddenly, a COLOR SHIFT – the harsh lighting warms and dims. Something's changing. A projector off screen projects analog footage of Istanbul onto Zeynep's face and the background. The footage shows the Bosphorus, the backstreets, the slums, the nightlife, the mosques.

V.O.

Zeynep grew up in Istanbul – a city of chaos, contrast, and charm. She was raised between continents and ideologies. It was loud, confusing, and beautiful.

SFX (LAYERED VOICEOVER AMBIENCE)

Ferry horns. Shouting vendors: "*Taze simit! Çay!*". Seagulls. Clattering tea glasses. A distant azan (call to prayer). Kids laughing, traffic honking, a breeze cutting through it all.

Zeynep's hair ruffles gently from an offscreen fan, as if from the sea breeze. A hand enters the frame from the right hand side and hands a Turkish tea glass to Zeynep. She takes a sip and another hand appears from the left hand side of the frame and takes the tea glass away.

The projected footage stops. As the camera dollies to a closeup to her face, the lighting shifts to a very dim, candle light. We see shadows fluttering on Zeynep's face.

V.O.

Zeynep, too, like the city she grew up in, is full of contradictions. (Rapid fire sentences follow) She is an actress, a creative writer, a singer when no one is listening. She loves maths, loves structure, until it starts to confine her, and then she pushes against it. She is a poet with a Biochemistry degree, she fears change, but leaps into it before she has time to think. Good at following rules yet always questioning them. She is fascinated by people but an introvert at times – followed by bouts of energy, skipping on the street. An activist of LGBTQ rights in Turkey, her interests include but are not limited to psychology, literature, analog photography, editing, scriptwriting, excel (yes excel), Maths, Alzheimer's, pilates – and a kind of quiet panic that kicks in every time she has to travel. She cares way too much, takes life too seriously and sometimes not at all.

Zeynep uncomfortably laughs throughout this rapid fire monologue.

As the camera dollies out, it reveals differently sized mirrors, some distorted -like fairground mirrors- hanging from the ceiling. They are all set up to reflect Zeynep's face, some reflect each other, reflecting Zeynep's face.

V.O.

Her mind? Loud. Ideas pour in uninvited – a crack in a wall becomes a metaphor.

ZEYNEP

(excited) It *is*!

Rapid jump cuts between different distorted mirrors, reflections of her face.

It's about how we obsess over things we can't control – how we're all walking around with our own little unremovable stains–

V.O.

Shh!

The rapid cuts end.

We're getting there.

Hands reach in and take off her corporate blazer. She doesn't resist. Underneath, she is wearing a sparkly top that makes her look like a disco ball.

As V.O starts speaking again, stop motion images of origamis and hand-drawn doodles start fluttering around Zeynep's head. Zeynep's concentration shifts between the fluttering images and the speaker.

V.O.

She's ridiculously intuitive. She hears tension in the silence. She feels when people shift away. She loves looking at a piece of art and feeling things.

ZEYNEP

Anything that makes people *feel* something is art. A food that a grandma has cooked which makes her guests feel loved, is a piece of art. The grandma *is* an artist.

V.O.

Zeynep is in love with falling in love, with people, with life, with an idea, with the work that she does.

ZEYNEP

That high when you get inspired, when something grabs you and won't let go – and you *have* to make it real –

As Zeynep starts talking, a disco ball from the top of the frame lowers down and starts spinning around.

V.O.

She's relentlessly curious, quietly rebellious, creative and unique.

ZEYNEP

Everyone's unique.

V.O.

She's dream-led, deadline-driven. She's someone who asks 'why' five times before pitching an idea. She's –

ZEYNEP

Oh my god, ENOUGH.

Sudden silence. Zeynep brushes away the disco ball and the stop motion origamis. She steps forward. Her voice is hers now.

ZEYNEP

My first job was corporate. And I was good at it. But I felt like I had to shrink myself to fit a mold. This? This is me not shrinking. My creativity, my emotions, my metaphors – I'm not cutting them out.

Combined with my logic, my discipline, my curiosity – That's what makes me. (beat)

For I want to understand humans. And make things that move them.

FADE TO BLACK.