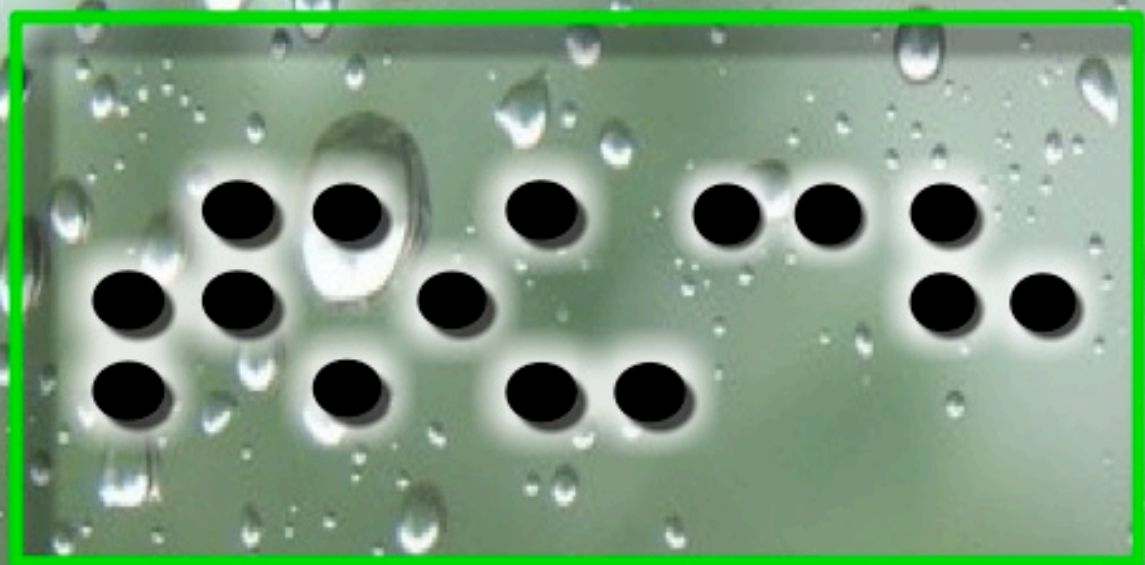


TOUCH



proposal for a film by
Roger Tucker

***enter
a world without
sight, a world of***



***a world of ...
sensation***

"Rain has a way of bringing out the contours of everything; it throws a coloured blanket over previously invisible things; instead of an intermittent and fragmented world, the steadily falling rain creates continuity. The rain represents the fullness of an entire situation all at once, not merely remembered, not in anticipation, but actually and now."

John M. Hull \ ON SIGHT & INSIGHT

a world of sound ...

Bel wipes a leaf from her face. Ray turns to face the wind.

RAY

It's so exciting.

BEL

What?

RAY

Can you hear? The wind in the trees. A huge way apart from us.

BEL

Yes.

RAY

It's coming.

BEL

Yes.

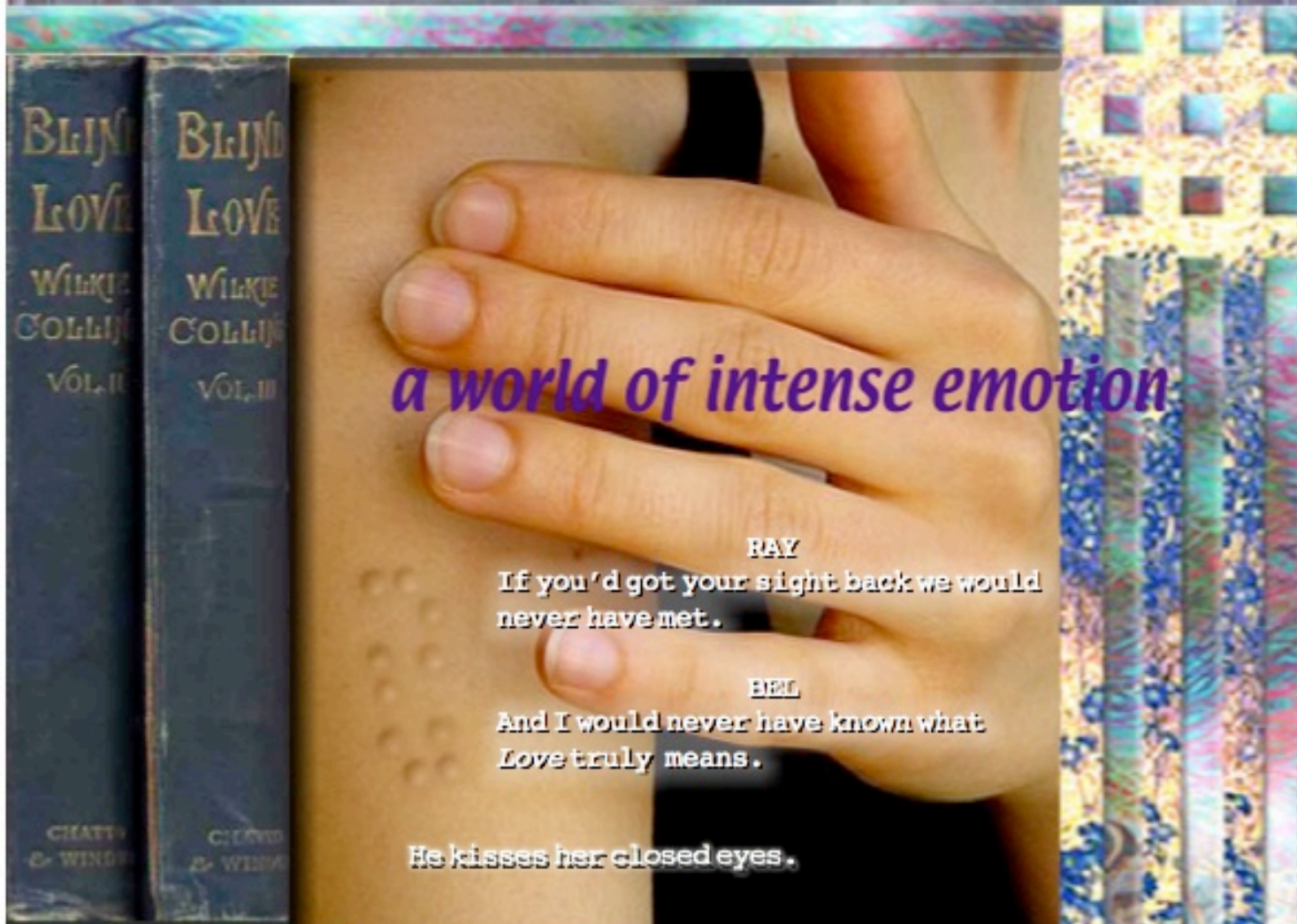
RAY

Coming towards us.

BEL

Yes.

They are **BUFFETED** by a forceful gust. He grips her hand and drags her off. Together they run across the grass, their white canes before them.



a world of intense emotion

RAY

If you'd got your sight back we would
never have met.

ERI

And I would never have known what
Love truly means.

He kisses her closed eyes.





a world of fantasy



and hallucination



UNDERGROUND

where even simple things are
a perilous adventure

GPS for blind



MIND THE GAP

RAY
I'll take you to Paris.

BEL
What? How can you?

RAY
Dunno, but I'll find a way.



*a world of dreams,
and dangers unseen ...*

CONSTABLE

I'd go careful if I was you.

BEL

What's the point? Shit happens.

CONSTABLE

Don't mean to say it's got to happen to you.

Does it, now?



Dance of the Sugar-Plum Fairy

Secondo



a world where a

RINGTONES

Mysteriously (play as written)



can make the difference
between

LIFE &

DEATH



"Do you want to hear
my new ring tone?"



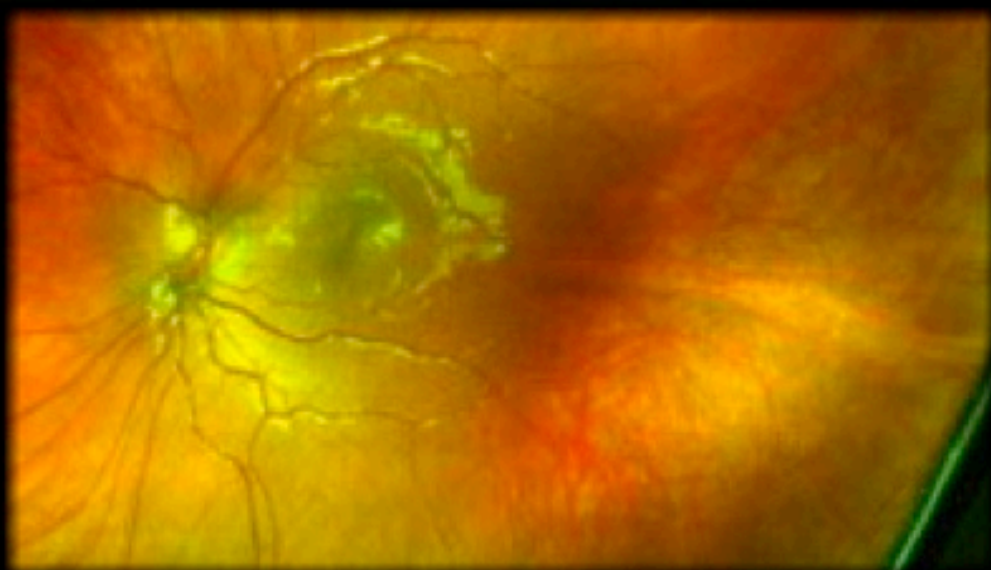
**"Falling in love is like two
children holding hands in the
dark."**

Robert Louis Stevenson



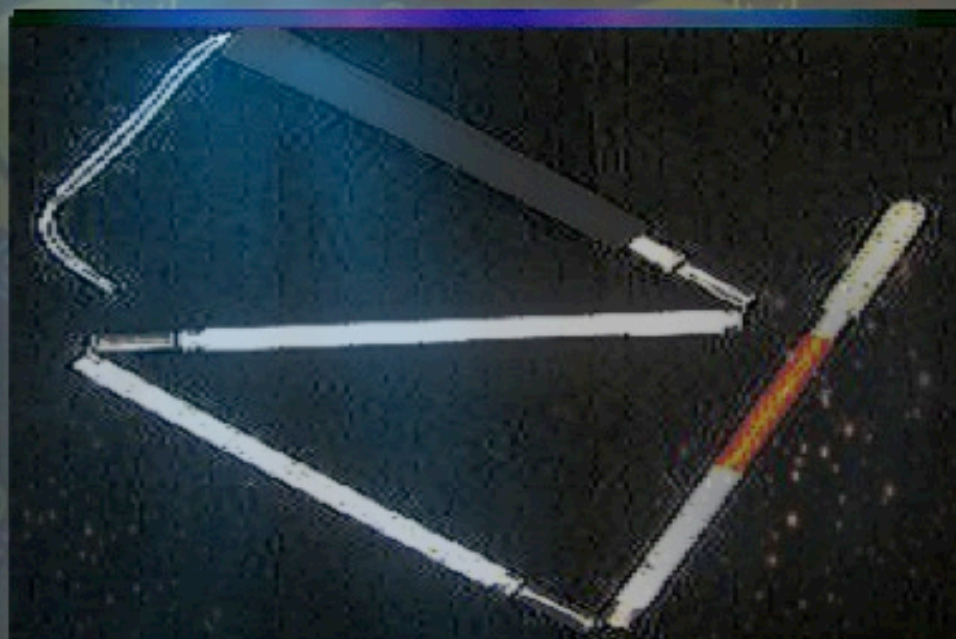
TOUCH

TOUCH is a story of young love in extreme circumstance: two teenagers fall in love – she has recently suffered the trauma of losing her sight during a rock concert, he was born blind and reaches out for an independence he has never known.



"I am all subjectivity now. No one else can see this. I experience an entirely private vision, a light show all my own. The doctors recede from my conscious awareness. The words they are speaking become meaningless to me, a random hum."

Georgina Kleege / SIGHT UNSEEN

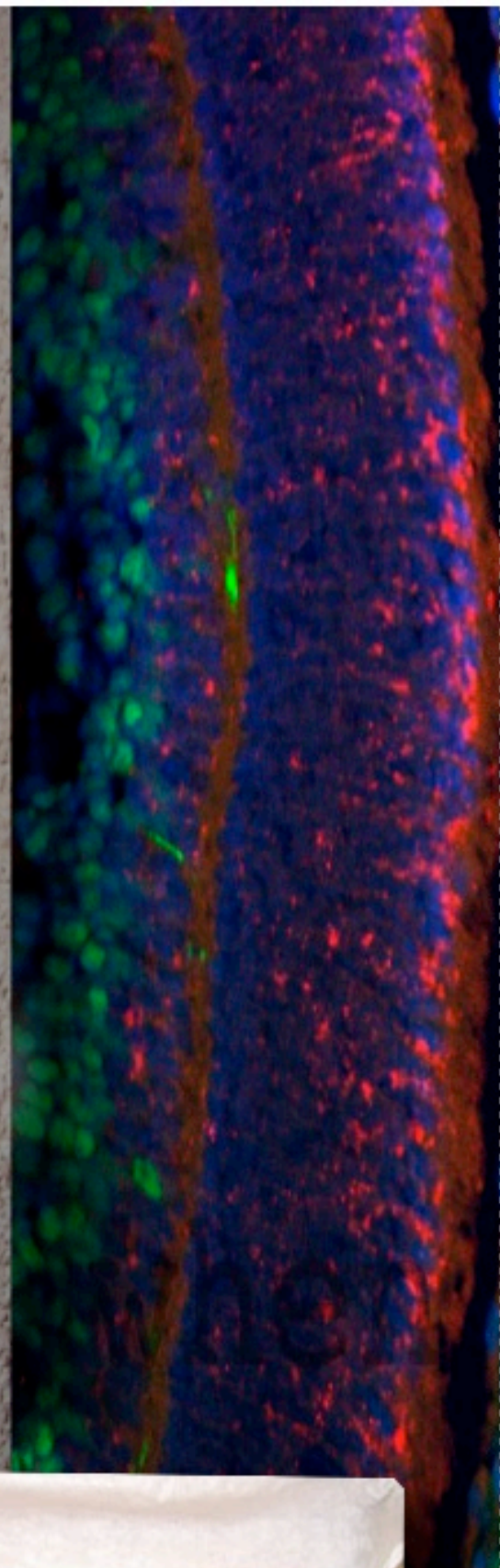





RAY

Bad ain't bad when we can have all
this.

ain't bad





While growing up blindness is one of the most forbidding and extreme possibilities that confront us. It is a state of mystery, too frightening to imagine. It is also a state where all the normal problems of adolescence are intensified by the sheer difficulty of making contact with others and finding one's own way into an adult world of independence and self-sufficiency.

TOUCH is the story of Ray and Bel, a boy and girl, both of about eighteen, from very different backgrounds, who, literally, bump into each other at a school for the blind. The spark that flies between them ignites a wildfire sexual passion and their first great love. In each other's arms they dream of escaping the limitations of their condition, all the ties that bind them, and of finding their way to Paris, to stroll the boulevards of Saint Germain.

Simple, but, in the world of the blind just to catch a bus, rendezvous at a café, or be invited to Sunday dinner, presents untold hurdles. And, beyond the difficulties of ordinary life, there are more drastic threats. In the sleepy country town, which forms their unseen meeting ground, a faith-healer looms on a mission from God, and a killer prowls on a mission from the Devil.

TOUCH begins when a young girl's body is dragged from the river, and Bel imagines that the body is her. At school her counsellor tells her that hallucinations are not uncommon for the blind, who once had sight. Flashes appear like the uncanny return of a phantom limb. And so, she imagines that she is secretly being photographed in the streets — or is this for real?

The only certainty for Bel is the touch of her lover's skin. For Ray, her love is beyond his wildest dreams, the fulfilment of all his longing. When Bel first lost her sight she wanted to end her life; now she dreams only of living, of being with the boy she loves. But, before they can escape, once more, fate intervenes. They must each, alone, confront the truth of their origins, and the reason for their blindness.

TOUCH is the story of two young lovers who both have been brought up by a single parent, who both have another parent unknown. Before the story ends, Bel discovers that she is the daughter of a famous rock star; Ray finds that he is a murderer's son.





UP CLOSE



from a Gucci advertisement

The distance at which one can touch is key.

The world of the blind is one where distance is a fleeting and unstable thing. It is a quality more of the imagination than of perception. People appear and disappear in an ebbing and flowing of presence and absence, rather than in the measured approach and recession of the sighted world. The sudden appearance of characters and events in close-up is a technique which has often been co-opted by the horror film for shock effect. This is sometimes done quite unrealistically with characters jumping out from behind camera. But in an unseen world it comes as a natural manifestation of the characters' way of being. Here fragmentation can be used to expressive ends.





A TACTILE form of cutting.

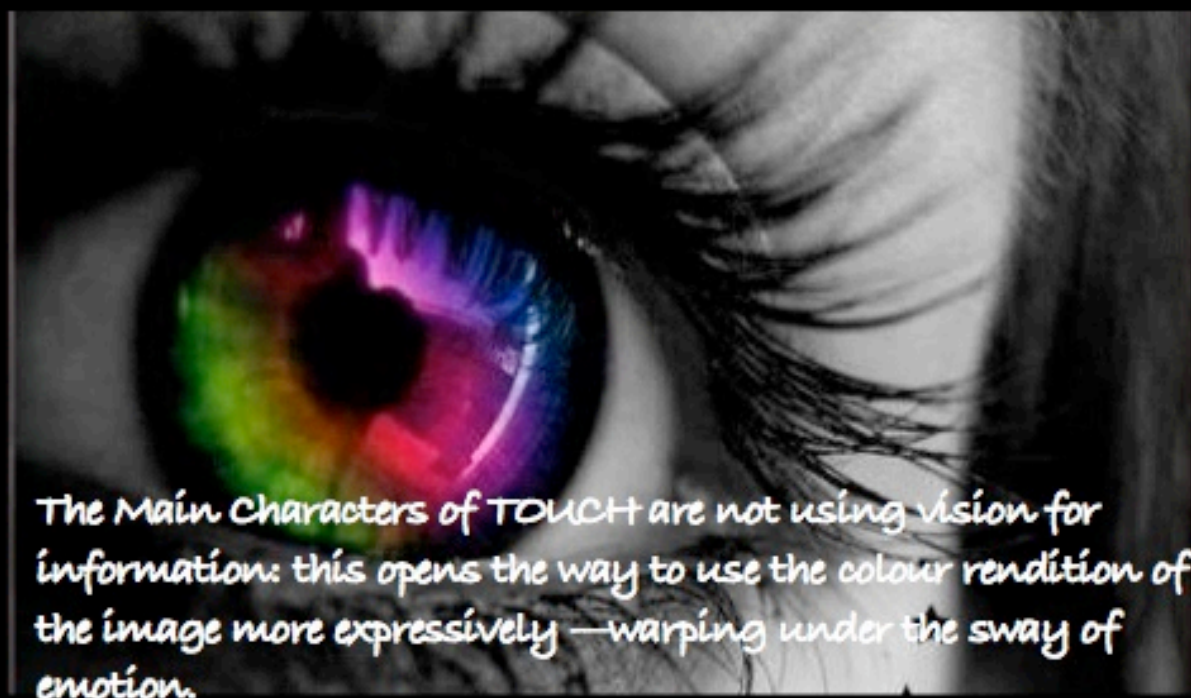
For obvious reasons, one of the key techniques of film editing, that of cutting between eyelines — known as "suture" — does not apply in filming the blind. While blind people may naturally turn in the direction of sound, they do not exchange the looks which would form cutting points; nor do they have a clear eye-to-eye axis. The conventional alternation of points-of-view could only result in a jarring falseness. It is necessary to find a more "tactile" form of cutting, binding shots together through movement, sound, and mood.

EYE-MOVEMENTS reveal the movement of the mind.

The eyes of the blind reflect their orientation in the inner world rather than in the outer. Many people are now familiar with the "wandering" eye-movements of the blind, but very few will understand their significance. It is a relatively recent discovery that, freed from the task of scanning the outer world, the eyes follow the movements of the mind. This gives the actor the opportunity of creating an unparalleled intimacy with the character on screen.



GOLDER



The Main Characters of TOUCH are not using vision for information: this opens the way to use the colour rendition of the image more expressively —warping under the sway of emotion.

(Baselight — desaturated/high contrast)



FEAR — strangeness / disorientation — Meeting the Lizard King, Butterfly House



PASSION — intimacy / togetherness — Lovemaking scenes, The Party



DRAINED — faint & insubstantial — The Faith-healing, Lost in the Streets



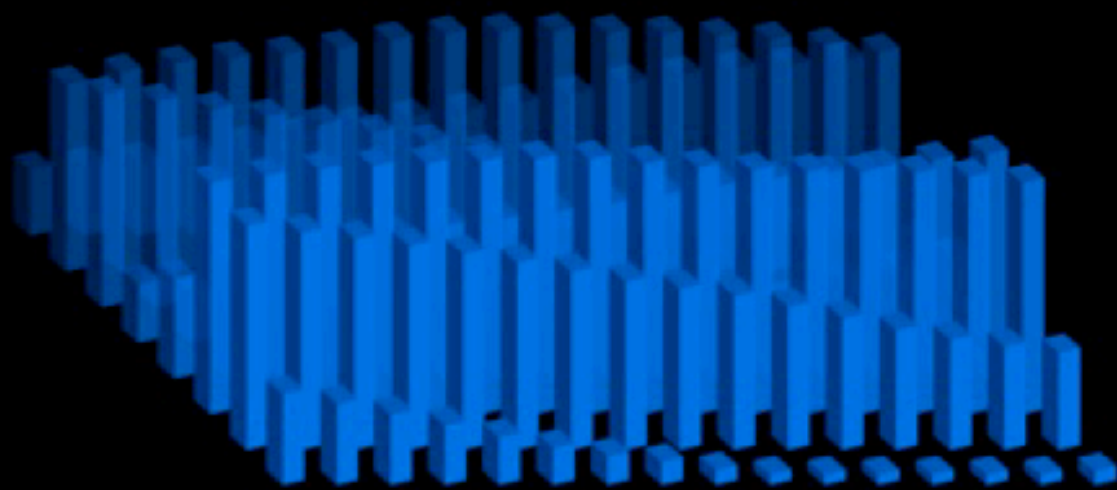
LONELINESS — lost in the night — Ray's ordeal in the woods



FULL-BLOOM — coming together, fully alive — The Wind in the Park, Meeting at the Café

(In the world of the blind a ringtone becomes a personal call-sign alerting others to your presence.)

SOUL



Your ringtone sucks.

IS THIS THE
FIRST PLOT
TO HINGE ON
A RINGTONE?

SOUND MUST TAKE ON ITS OWN DYNAMIC

As in the life of the blind, there are certain times in the film when an event is carried by sound rather than by the picture. At these times what might normally be treated as "background sound" becomes of crucial importance, and should be as crisp and clear as is possible. The sound of rain on a window pane, wind in the trees, a helicopter, or the labyrinthine sounds of the London underground should have greater presence than people.

The early films of Alain Robbe-Grillet used sounds, such as dogs barking, a car crash, water lapping in a harbour, as the carrier of memories. In collaboration with the sound designer, Michel Fano, soundscapes were built up through the course of the film, which tended to be echoed, unmotivated by picture, at climatic moments.



from Robbe-Grillet's *L'immortelle*

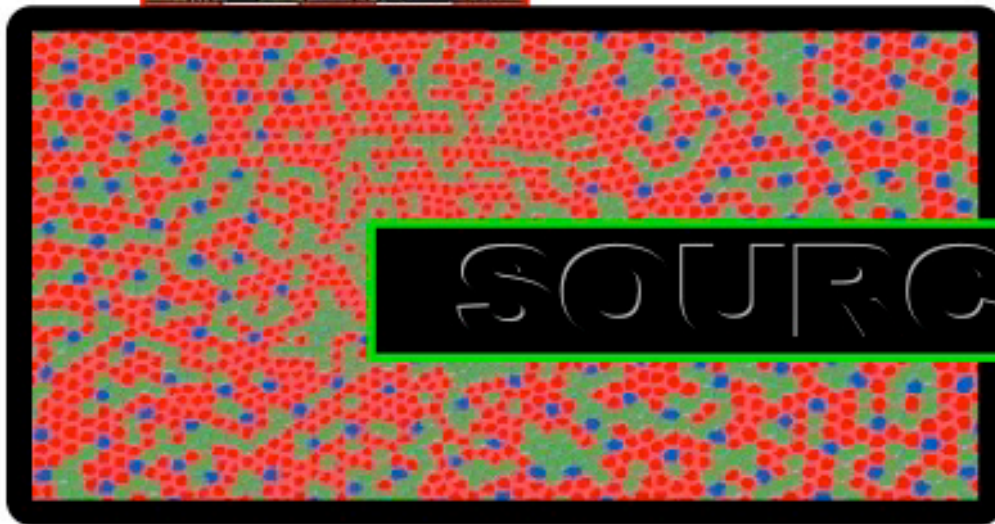
"At five in the morning I wake up to the sound of rain. I go into my study and press my forehead against the window pane. I stand there motionless, hardly breathing, concentrating everything on the sound of the raindrops. First I notice differences of place. Now I pay attention to the higher sounds as the rain spatters on the wall above the window and on the roof of the house itself. Below me, the rain falls on a fence, the shrubbery, and on the ground. Differences in pitch emerge. Next there are differences of speed as the storm ebbs and flows. Some patterns of drops overtake others, a bit like the music of Steve Reich. On the window pane it is very loud. The panes of glass vibrate on my forehead. Then the sounds diminish layer on layer, receding into the faint distance as the rain falls on nearby trees. I wonder how far away I can hear it falling. Can I make it out on the houses over the road?"

John M. Hull / *ON SIGHT AND INSIGHT*

(idea can be explored further)

wonderful use of wind
in trees in Antonioni's
BLOW-UP

"... once when I was listening to
a bell I walked into a lamppost."

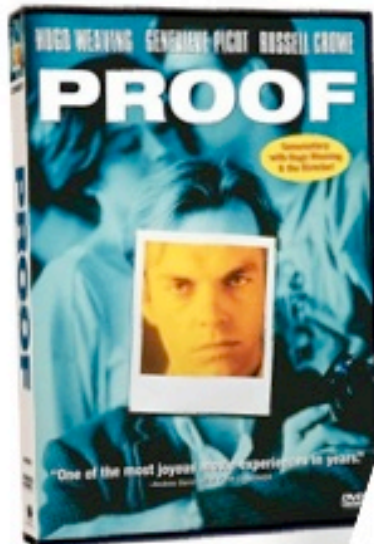
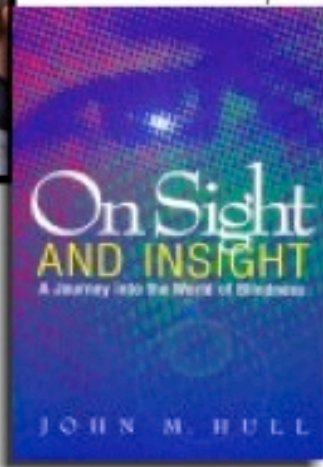


SOURCES



no book before or
since like this

What it's really
like —



Only film to take
seriously the inner
& outer worlds
of the blind.

— ideas &
INSPIRATION!



Ellen Daniels, one of the
first counsellors for the
blind

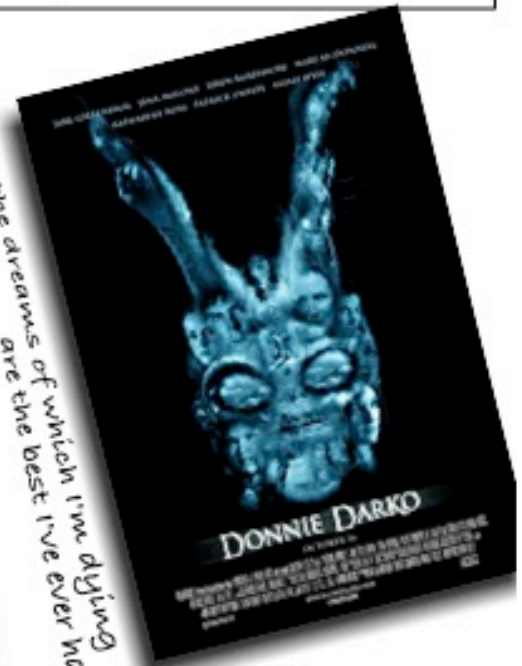
Losing your
Sight

C4's

Blind Young Things



blind kids are just like others only more so ...
the problems get BIGGER!



— the dreams of which I'm dying
are the best I've ever had

MASTERPIECE of
teen intensity



Seems like the other day
My baby went away
He went away 'cross the sea
It's been two years or so
Since I saw my baby go
And then this letter came for me
It said that we were through
He found somebody new
Oh, let me think, let me think, what can I do?
Oh no, oh no, oh no no no no

(Remember) walkin' in the sand
(Remember) walkin' hand in hand
(Remember) the night was so exciting
(Remember) smile was so inviting
(Remember) then he touched my cheek
(Remember) with his fingertips
Softly, softly we'd meet with our lips

