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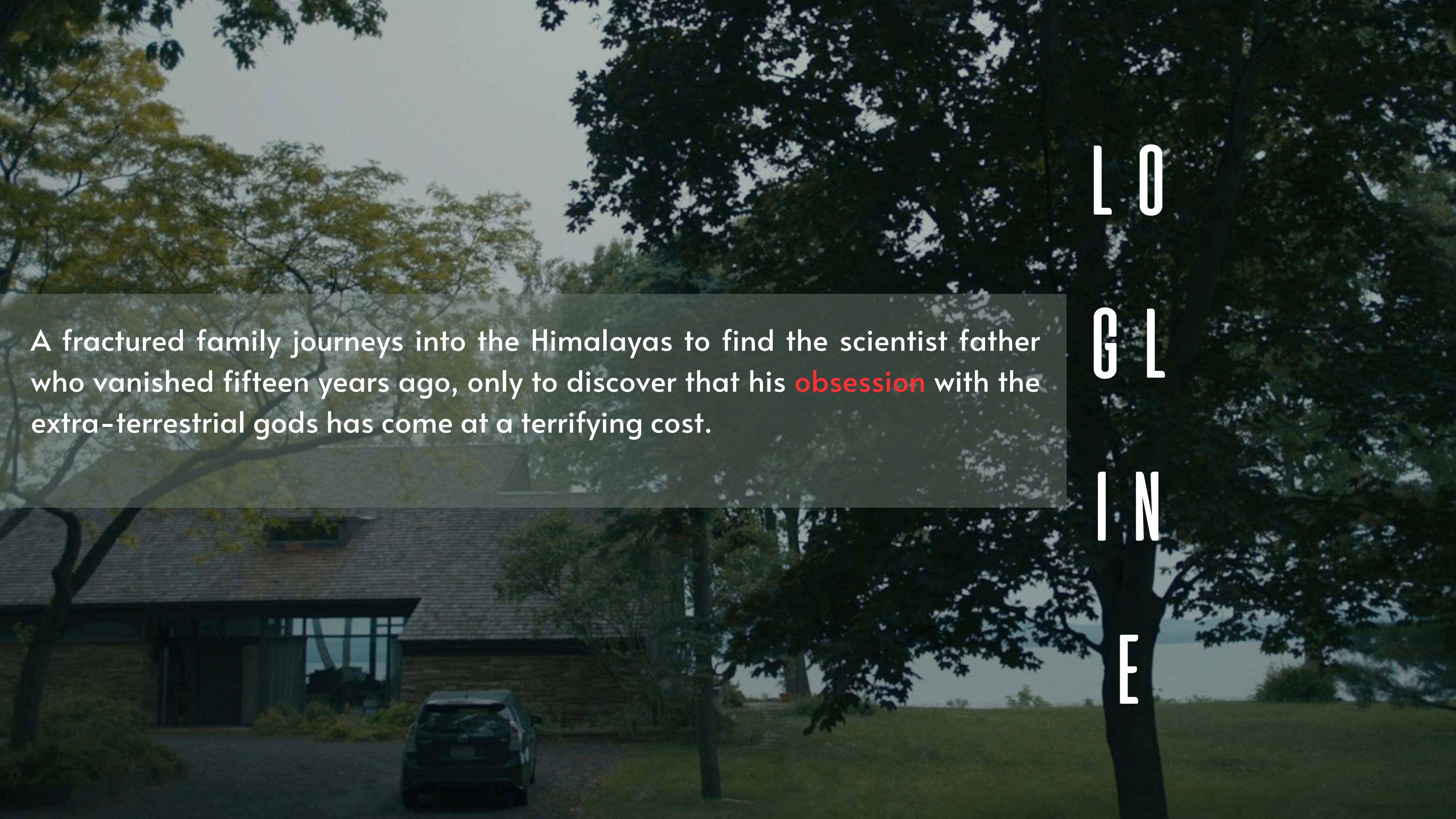
A FILM BY
YASHVARDHAN SHUKLA

120 MINUTES

HINDI/ENGLISH

FANTASY/DRAMA

Y2K
films



A fractured family journeys into the Himalayas to find the scientist father who vanished fifteen years ago, only to discover that his **obsession** with the extra-terrestrial gods has come at a terrifying cost.

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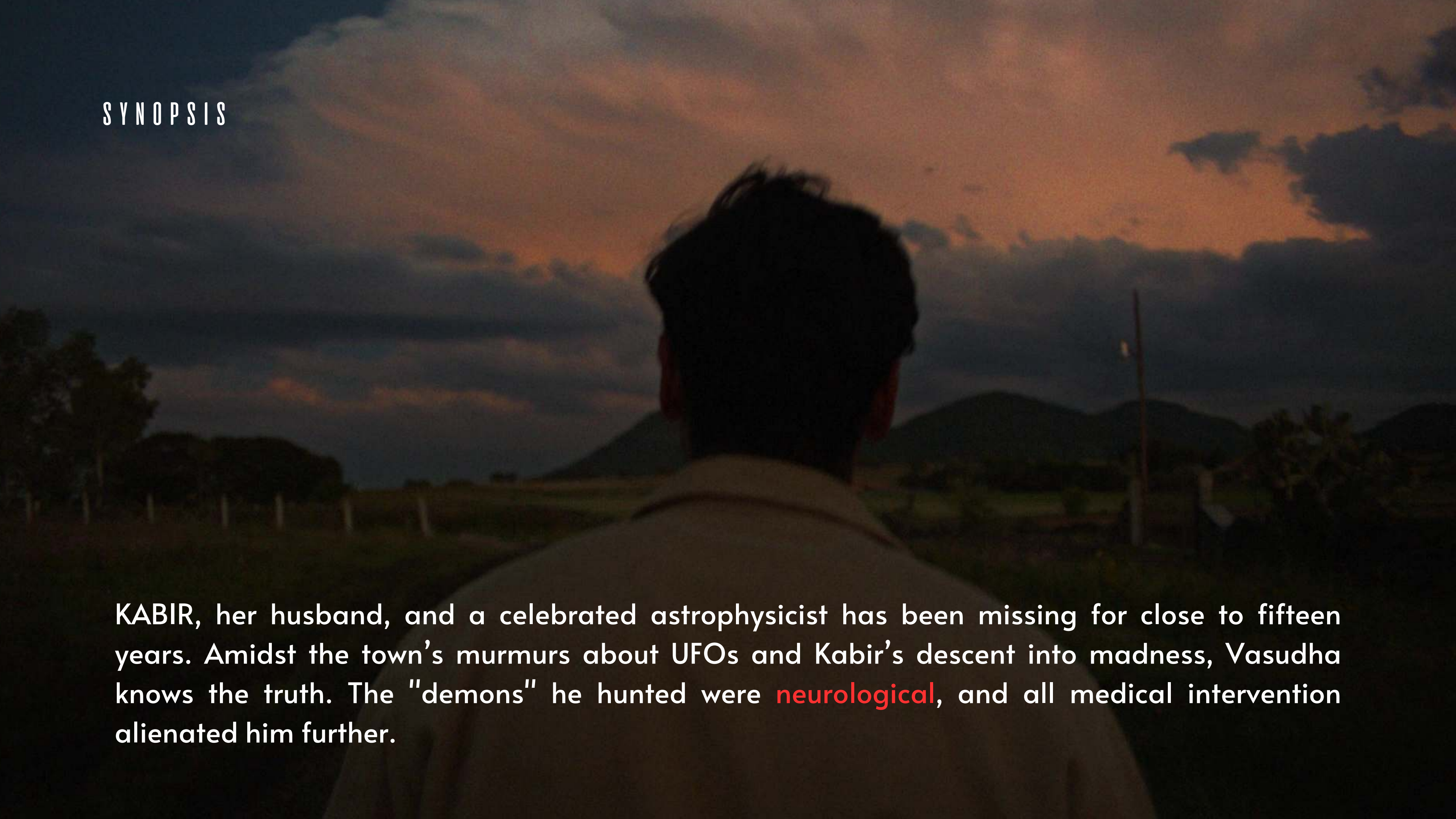
A cinematic photograph of a car driving away on a winding road at dusk. The car's taillights are illuminated, and the road is flanked by dark, silhouetted hills. A semi-transparent dark rectangle is centered in the upper half of the image, containing the word 'SYNOPSIS' in a glowing, white, monospace-style font.

SYNO
PSIS



SYNO PSIS

VASUDHA, once a promising paleontologist, has spent fifteen years teaching **biology** in the quiet chill of Shimla, and raising her two kids- a son SAAHIR, 25 and daughter CHAAR, 17.

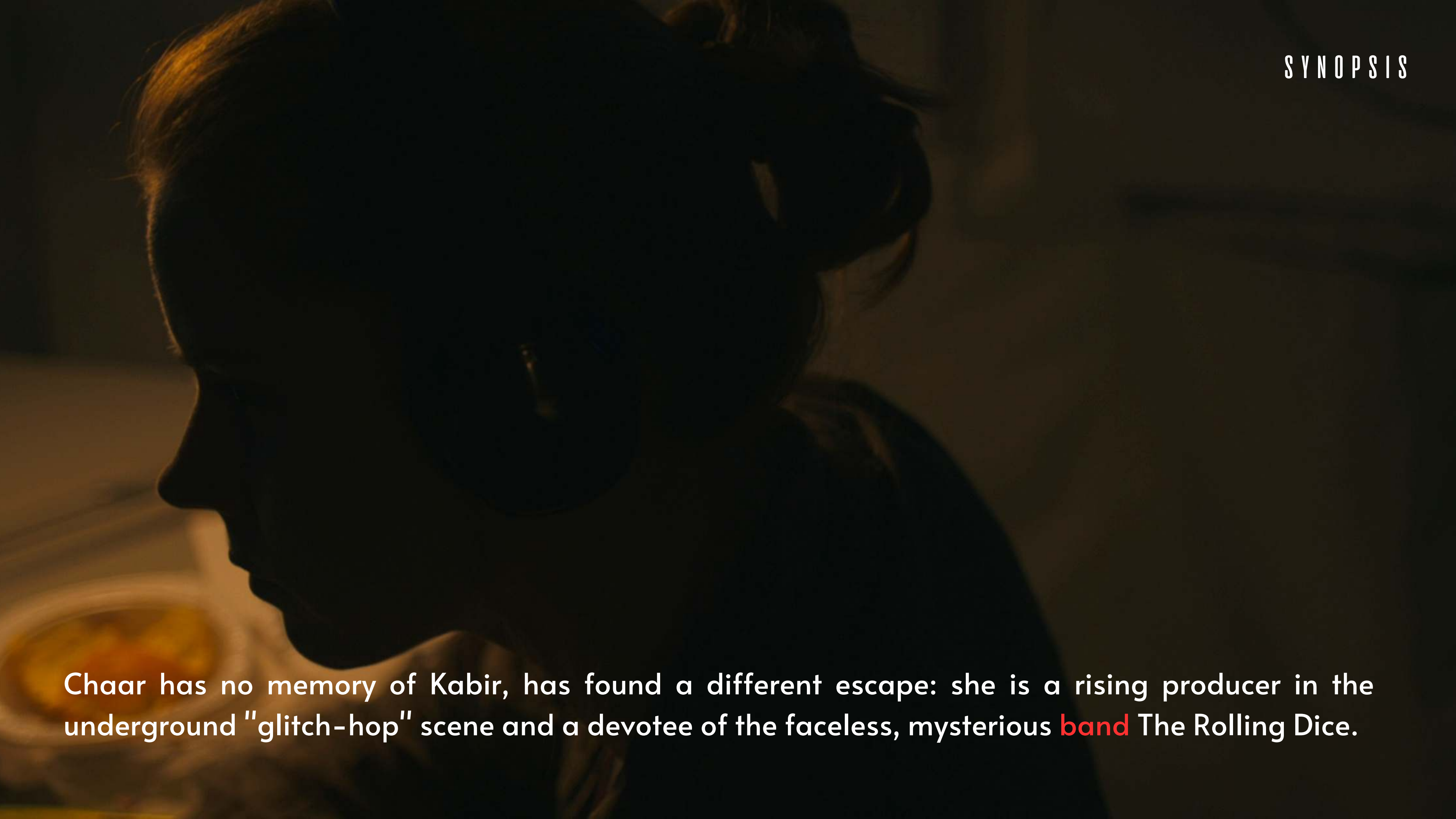
A person is seen from behind, looking out over a landscape at sunset. The sky is filled with orange and blue clouds. The person's head and shoulders are in the foreground, silhouetted against the bright sky. The landscape in the background features rolling hills and some trees.

SYNOPSIS

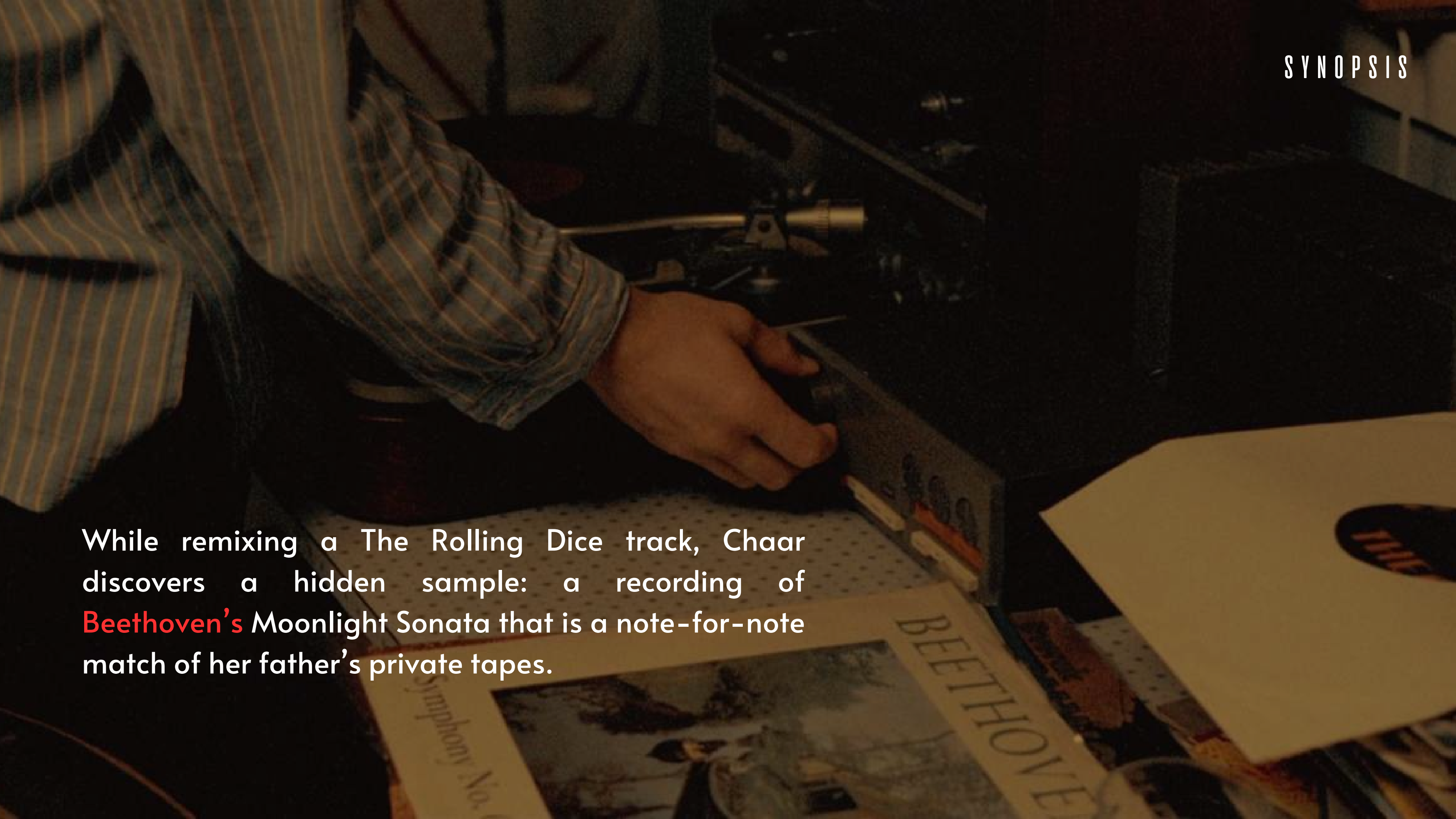
KABIR, her husband, and a celebrated astrophysicist has been missing for close to fifteen years. Amidst the town's murmurs about UFOs and Kabir's descent into madness, Vasudha knows the truth. The "demons" he hunted were **neurological**, and all medical intervention alienated him further.

A silhouette of a man's head in profile, facing left. He is looking out over a landscape at sunset or sunrise. The sun is low on the horizon, creating a bright, hazy glow that fills the left side of the frame. The man's features are dark against the light background. The background shows a distant horizon with some hills or mountains under a clear sky.

Saahir, a former cricket prodigy whose career ended with a shattered knee, survives on his father's old voice logs, clinging to the crackle of **cassette** tapes.



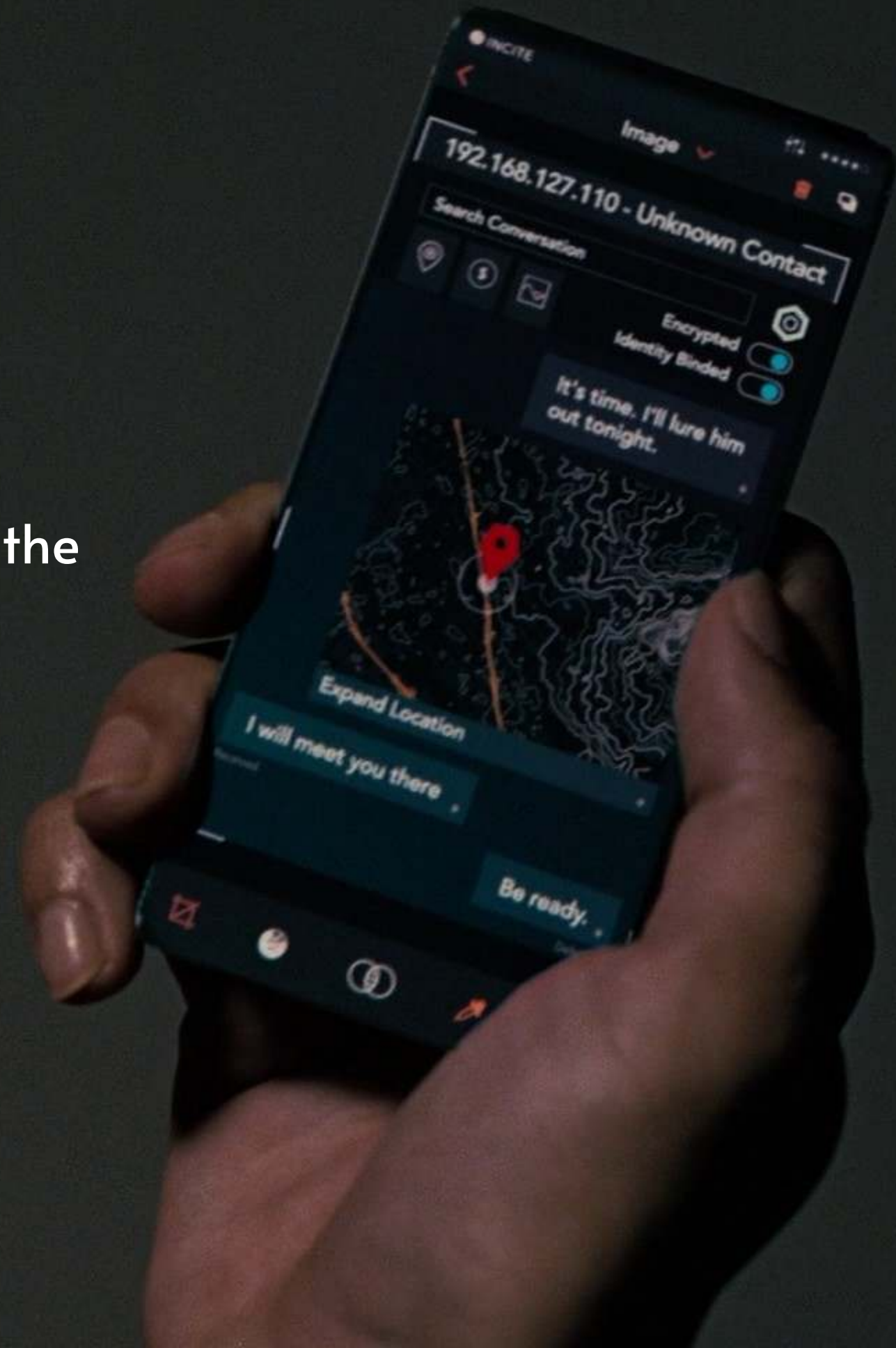
Chaar has no memory of Kabir, has found a different escape: she is a rising producer in the underground "glitch-hop" scene and a devotee of the faceless, mysterious **band** The Rolling Dice.

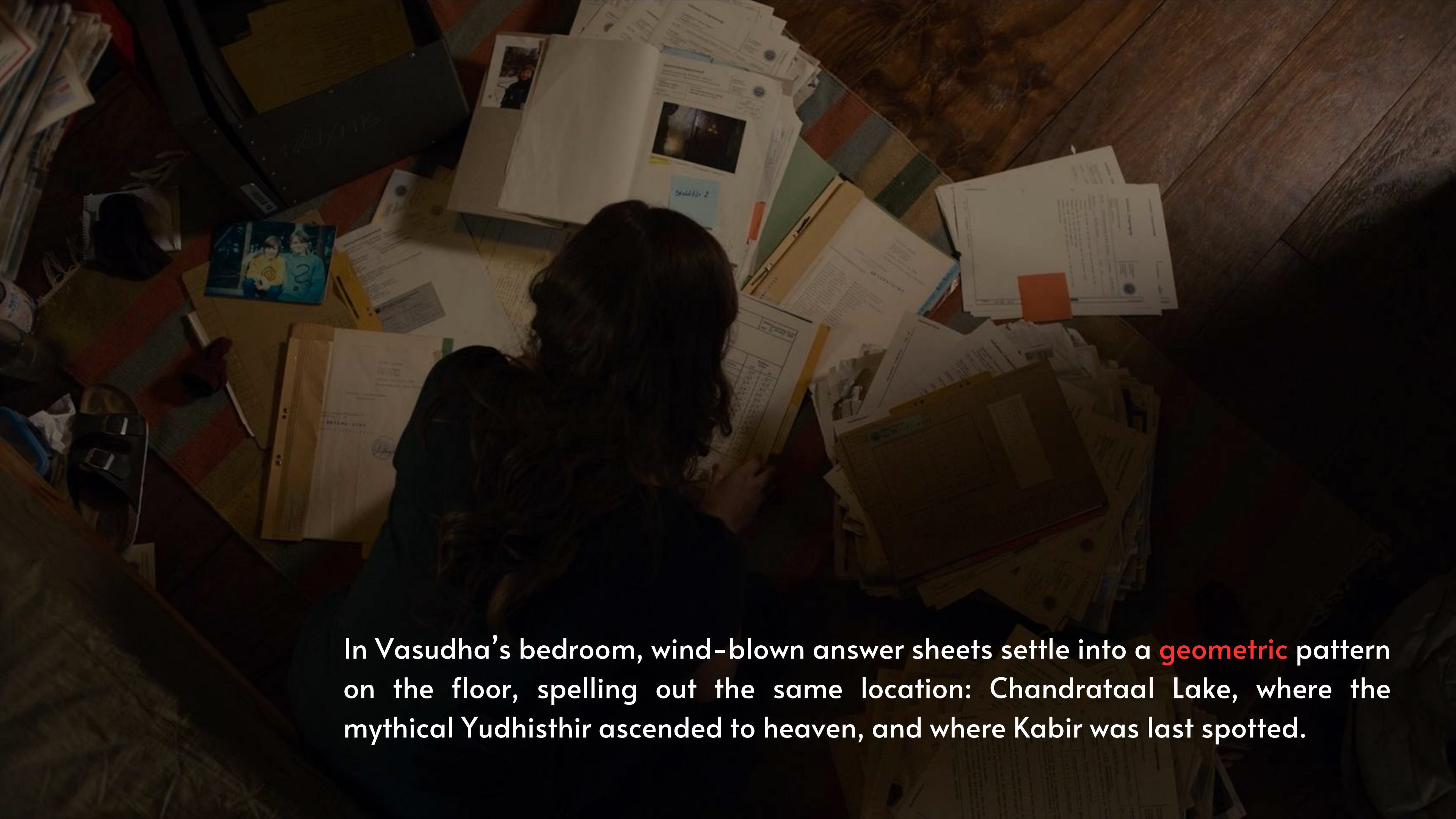
A person wearing a blue and white striped shirt is shown from the side, working on a vintage tape machine. Their hand is on a control knob. In the foreground, a vinyl record is partially visible with the text "BEETHOVEN" and "Symphony No. 9" on its sleeve. The scene is dimly lit, focusing on the person's hands and the equipment.

While remixing a The Rolling Dice track, Chaar discovers a hidden sample: a recording of **Beethoven's** Moonlight Sonata that is a note-for-note match of her father's private tapes.

SYNOPSIS

Saahir's phone freezes on a cricket scoreboard where the runs and wickets resolve into GPS **coordinates**.



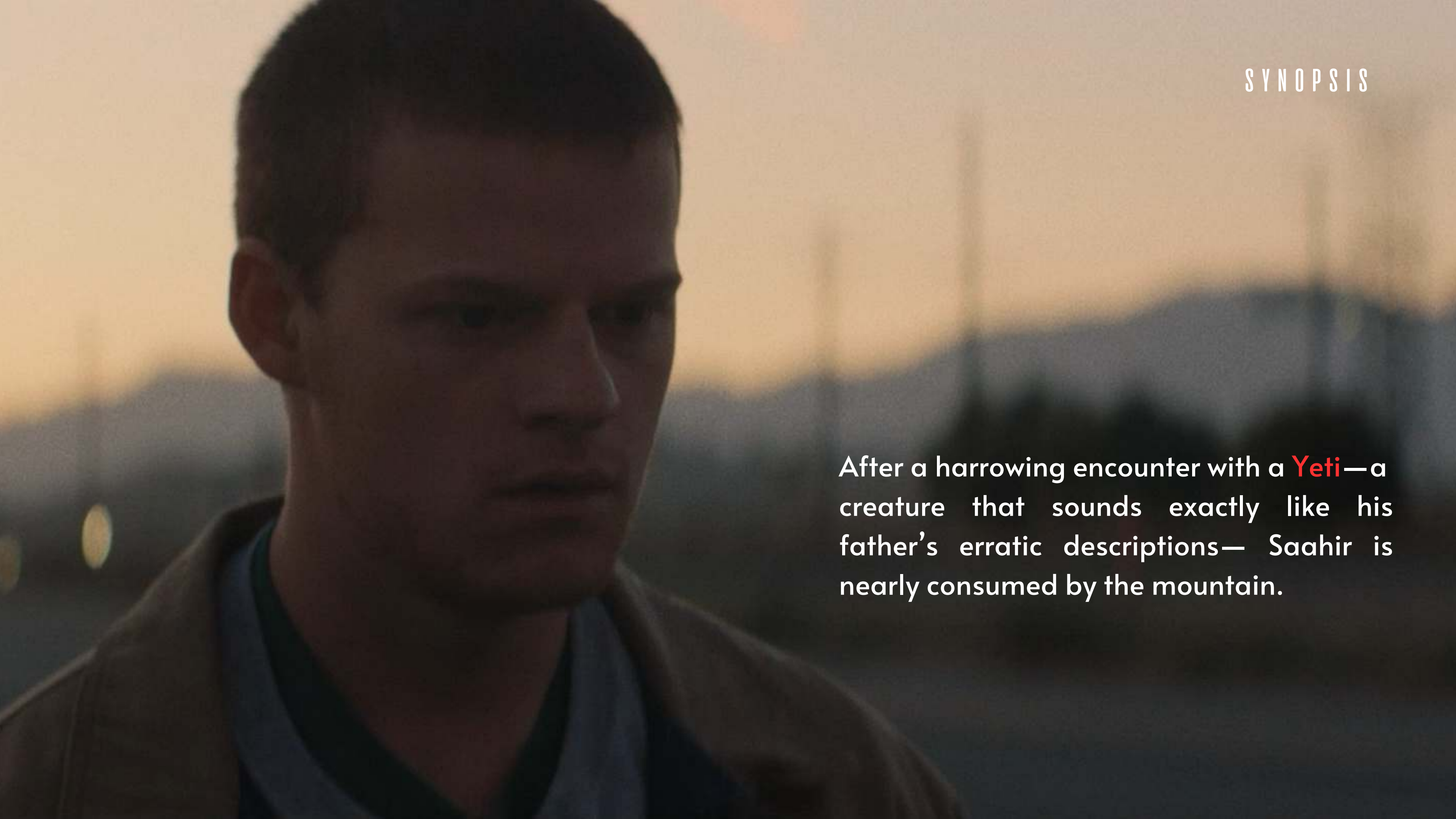


In Vasudha's bedroom, wind-blown answer sheets settle into a **geometric** pattern on the floor, spelling out the same location: Chandrataal Lake, where the mythical Yudhisthir ascended to heaven, and where Kabir was last spotted.

A man in a dark coat and a light-colored rucksack stands on a grassy hill, looking out over a vast, hazy landscape of rolling hills and mountains under a cloudy sky. The scene is atmospheric and somewhat desolate.

SYNOPSIS

Saahir vanishes first, heading into the mountains with a rucksack of tapes. As he ascends, the landscape turns **surreal**. Chai stalls are abandoned mid-service; the silence is absolute.

A young man with short dark hair is shown in a close-up, looking down and slightly to his left. He has a somber or contemplative expression. The background is a soft-focus sunset or sunrise scene with warm orange and yellow light. The overall mood is melancholic and mysterious.

SYNOPSIS

After a harrowing encounter with a **Yeti**—a creature that sounds exactly like his father's erratic descriptions— Saahir is nearly consumed by the mountain.



SYNOPSIS

Vasudha and
Chaar **intercept**
him just as the
road begins to
warp.

A cinematic shot from a low angle, looking down at a large, dark tire of a vehicle. The tire is positioned on a rough, rocky, and sparsely vegetated mountain path. In the background, steep, rocky mountains rise under a cloudy sky. The overall tone is dramatic and adventurous.

SYNOPSIS

...and continue the drive back
home.

A man in a dark jacket is shown in profile, looking down at a small, glowing object he is holding in his hand. The background is dark with warm, out-of-focus lights, creating a bokeh effect. The overall mood is mysterious and dramatic.

But they are joined by SONAM, a
Sherpa and old friend of Kabir's.

S Y N O P S I S

A man with short blonde hair, wearing a red jacket over a white t-shirt, stands in profile looking out over a body of water under a cloudy sky. He has a tattoo on his left forearm.

S Y N O P S I S

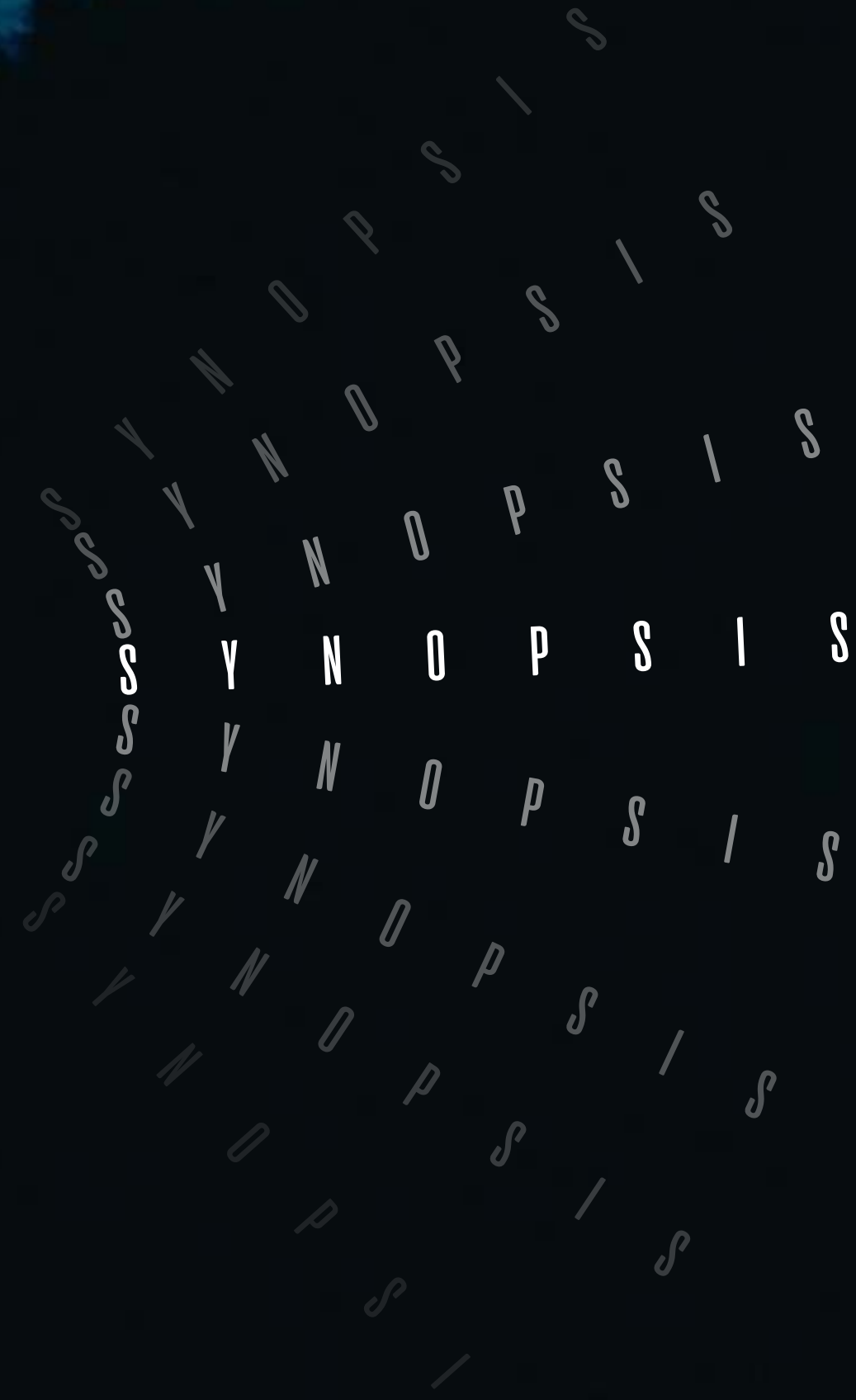
He greets Vasudha with a private nickname and takes the wheel with an unsettling familiarity. While Saahir suspects a con, Chaar is drawn to him, especially when his **radio** plays an unreleased The Rolling Dice Track.

As they climb toward the high tarn, the mountains
begin playing **tricks** that only Sonam understands.



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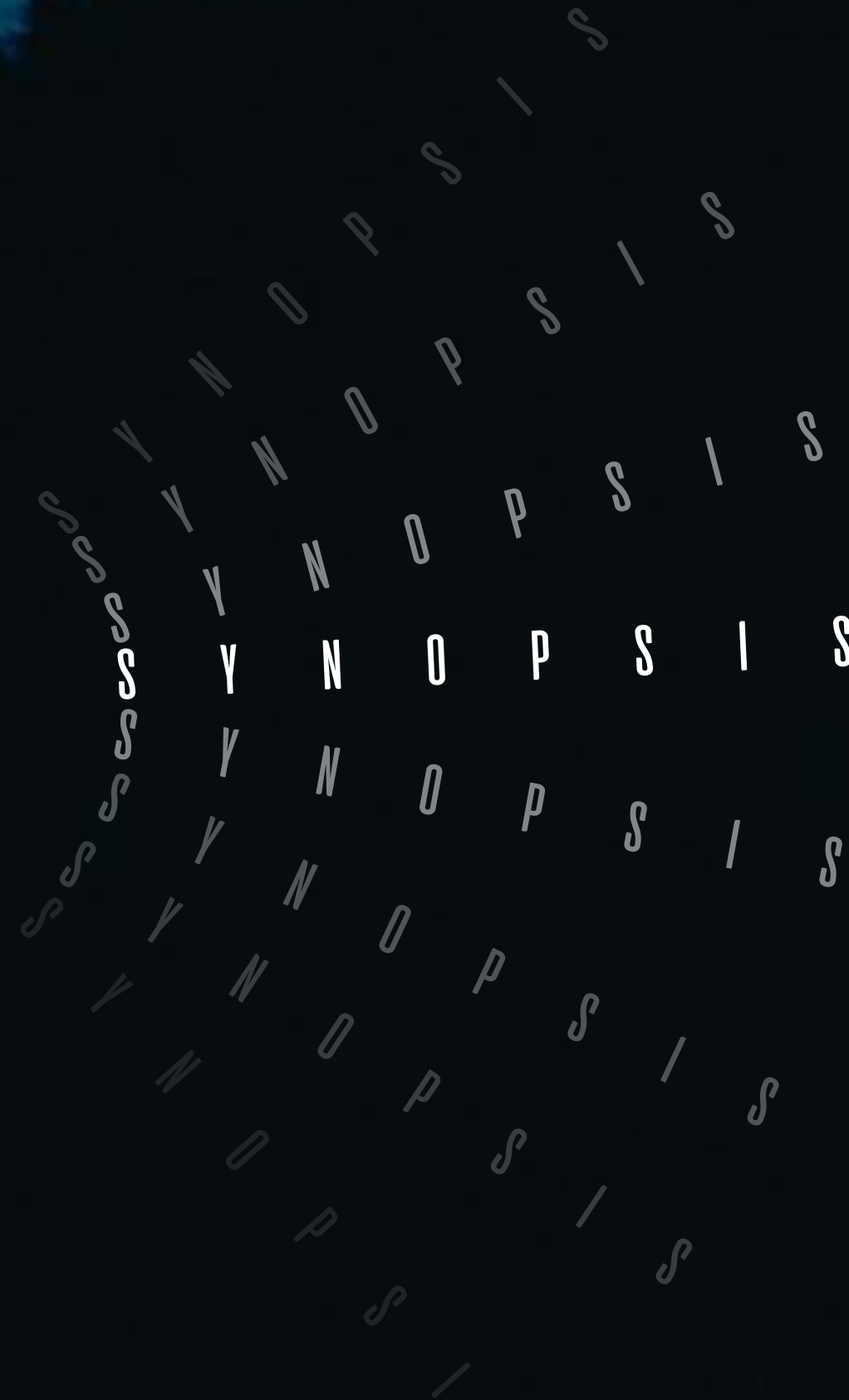
Sonam eventually reveals the burden he carries. He is the custodian of the mountain's god (the "Devta") - the real **Yudhisthir** of folklore, left behind to guard the gate.



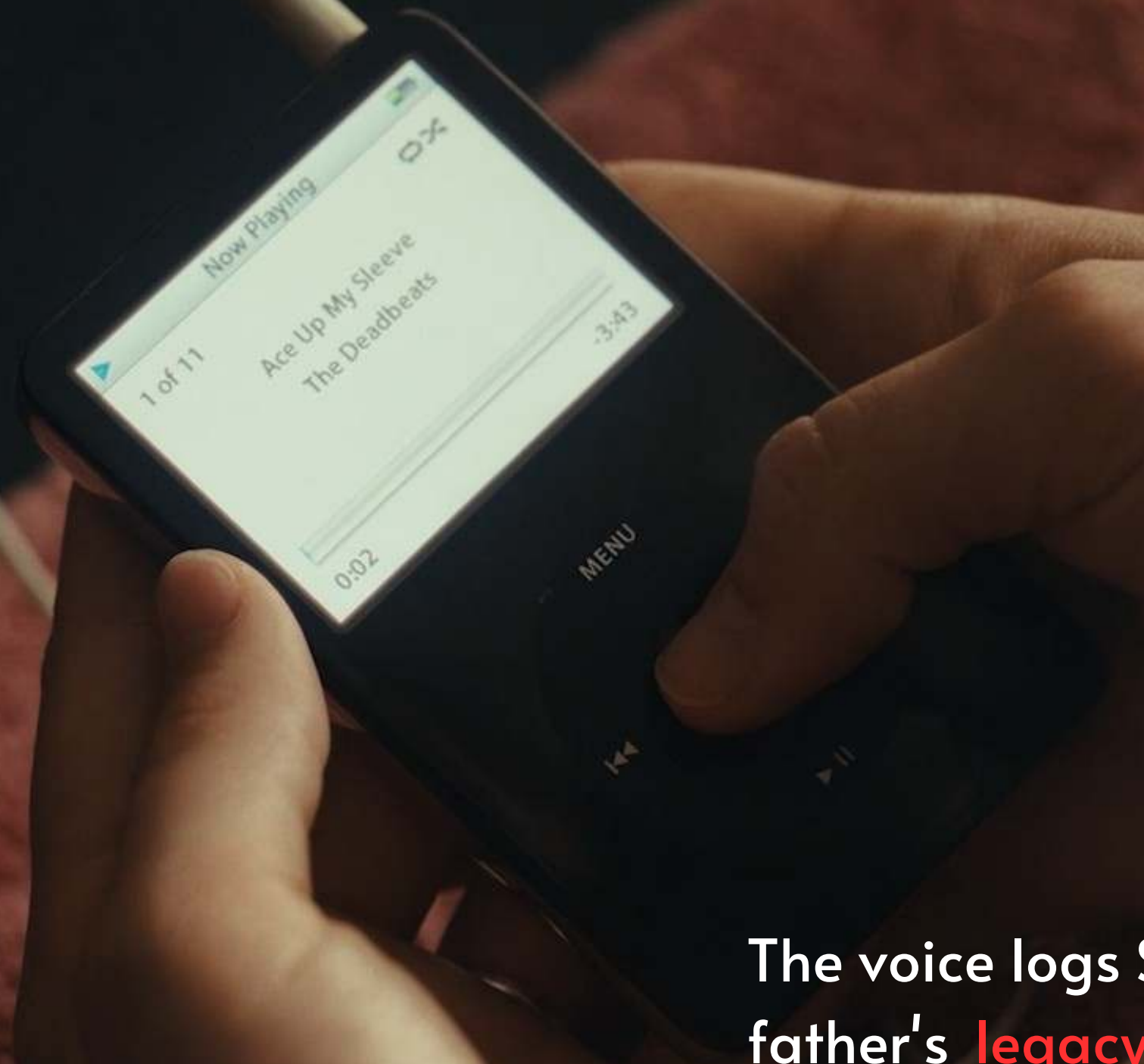
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Kabir was his intended successor, but Kabir refused to kneel. Instead, he deafened himself, and built a device to hijack the gods' frequencies, trapping time itself to stay **young** while his family rotted in grief.



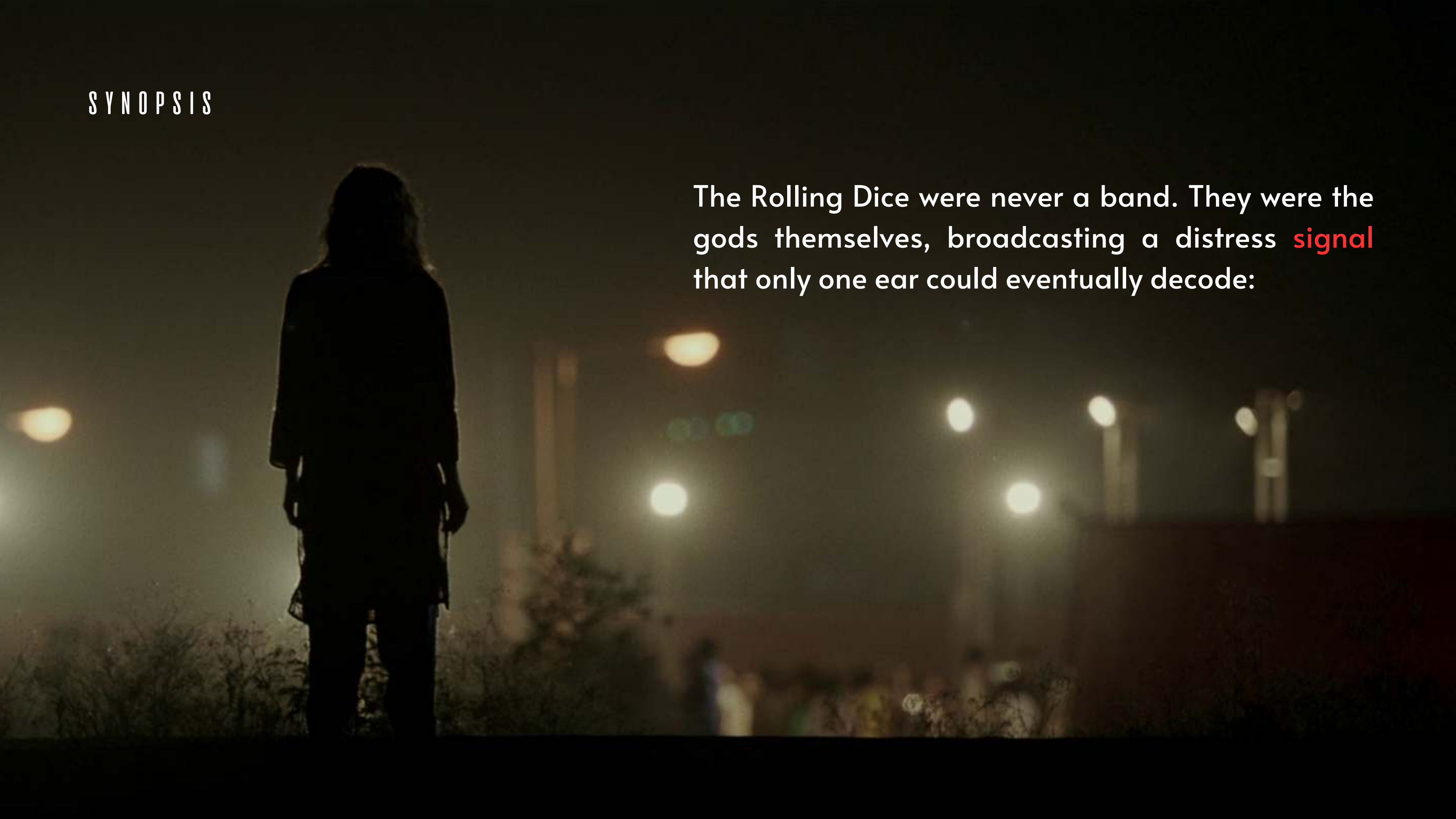
SYNOPSIS



The voice logs Saahir religiously tracks are less of a father's **legacy**, and more of a demented audio-diary.

SYNOPSIS

The Rolling Dice were never a band. They were the gods themselves, broadcasting a distress **signal** that only one ear could eventually decode:



SYNOPSIS

Chaar's.

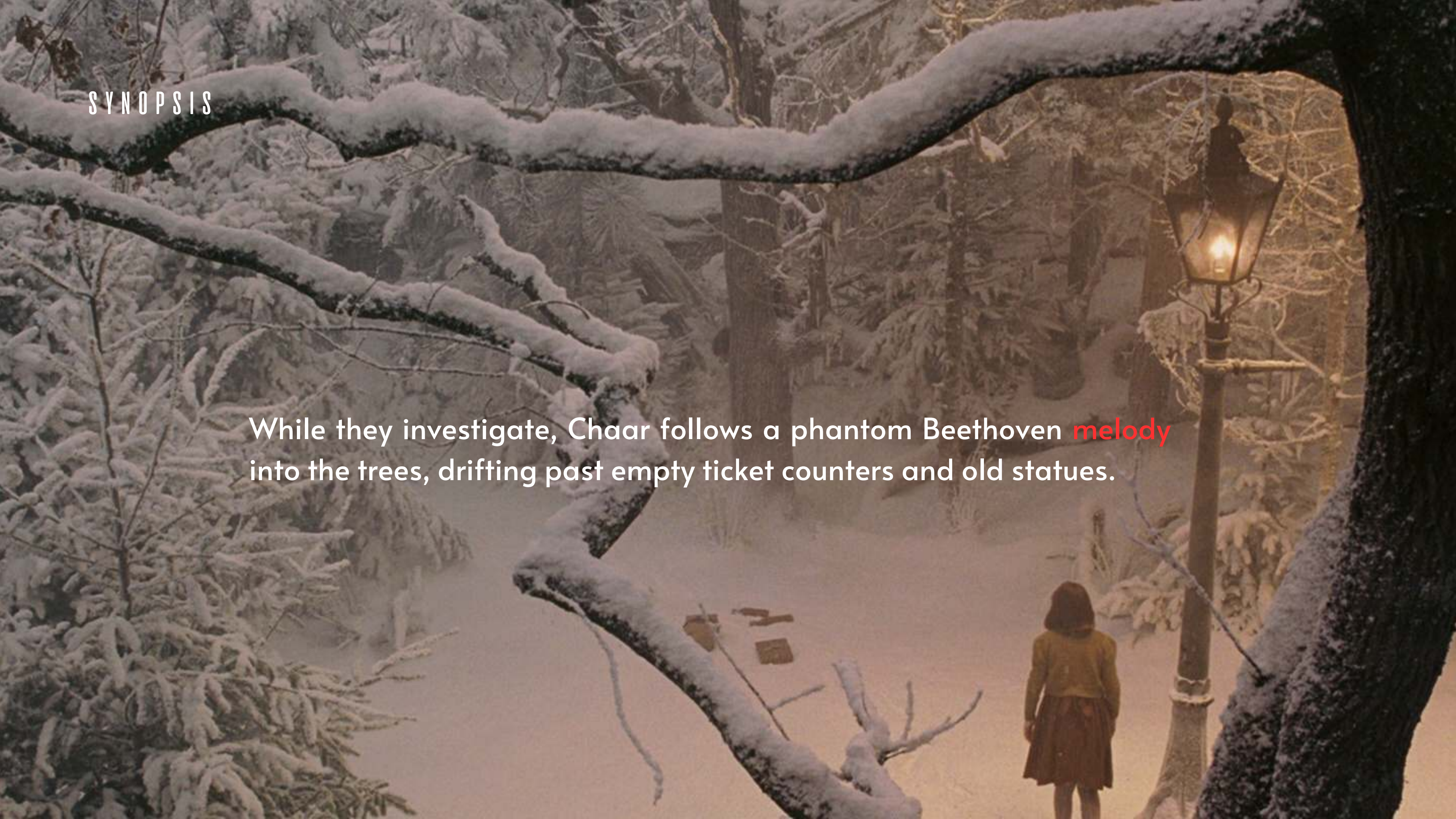


SYNOPSIS

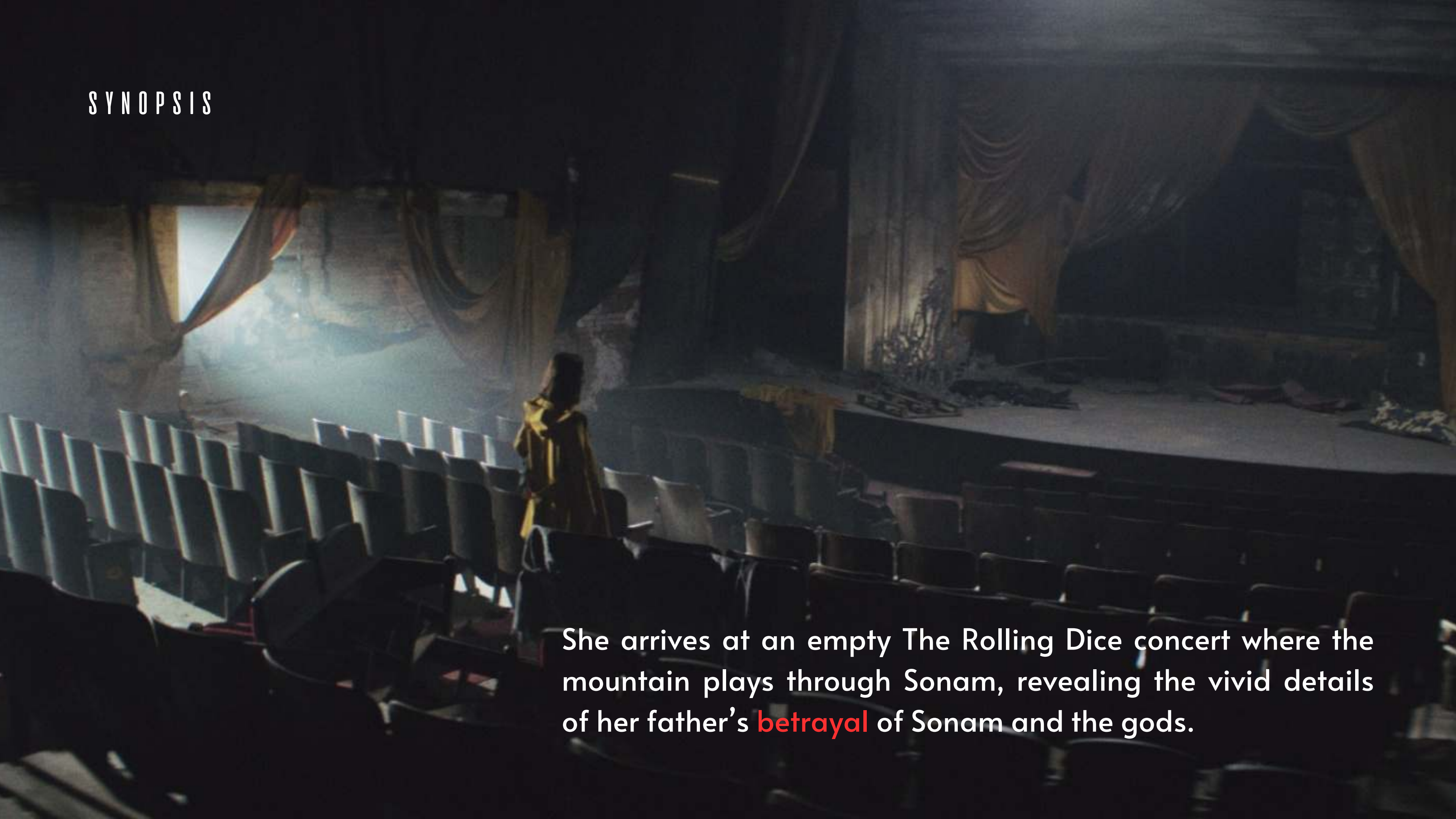
As Sonam's account ends, Saahir's skepticism boils over; he hijacks the car, **abandoning** Sonam on the ridge. Vasudha wrests back control only to stall at a massive Yeti footprint.

SYNOPSIS

While they investigate, Chaar follows a phantom Beethoven melody into the trees, drifting past empty ticket counters and old statues.



SYNOPSIS

A person wearing a yellow cloak stands in the aisle of a large, empty theater. They are looking towards a large, illuminated mural on the stage. The theater is filled with rows of empty seats, and the stage is set with curtains and props. The lighting is dramatic, with a strong light source from the left illuminating the mural and the person's cloak.

She arrives at an empty The Rolling Dice concert where the mountain plays through Sonam, revealing the vivid details of her father's **betrayal** of Sonam and the gods.

SYNOPSIS

Reunited at **Chandrataal's** edge with her family, Chaar is a convert, and like Saahir, has finally seen the light.



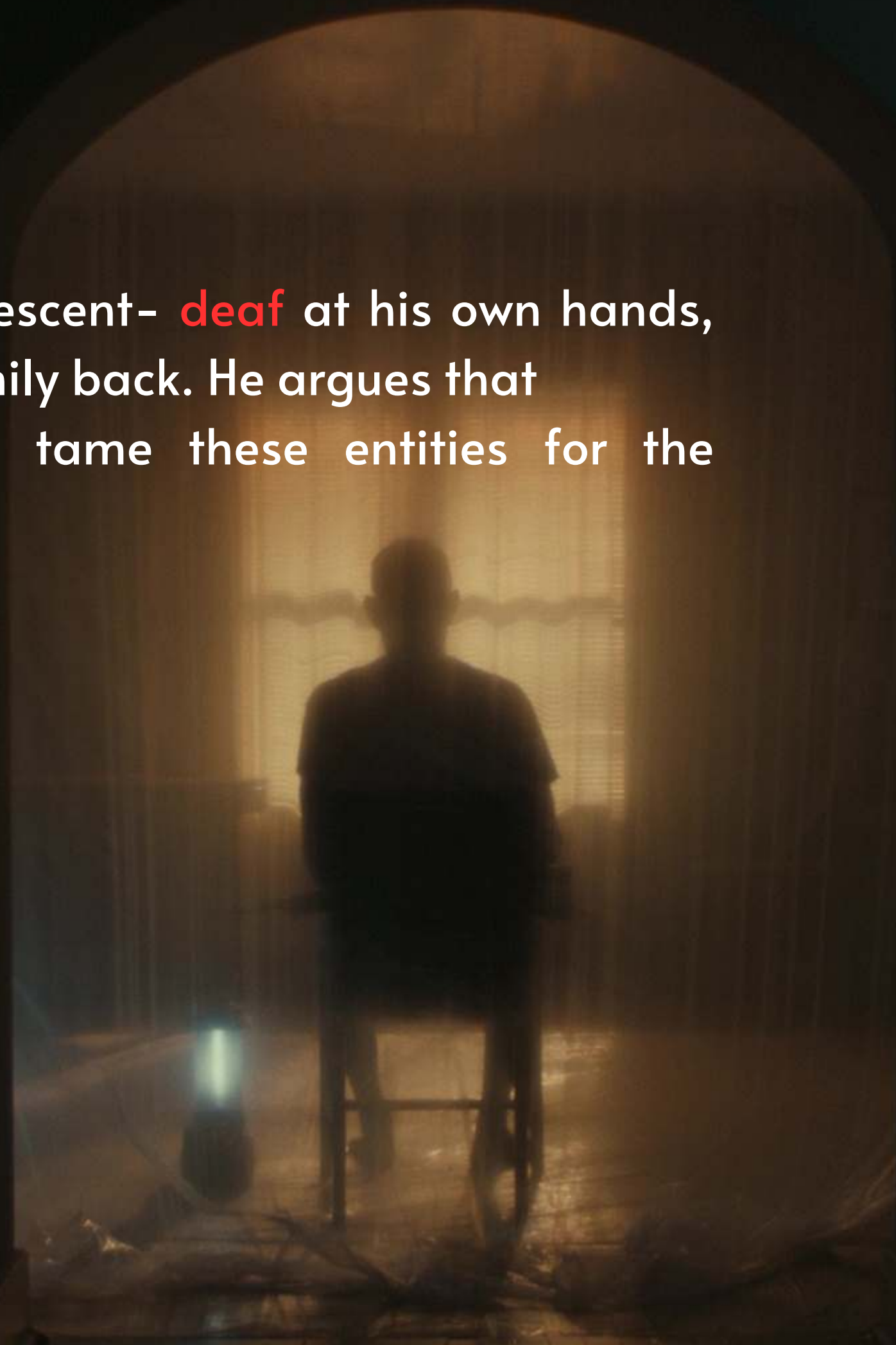
SYNOPSIS

Saahir's frozen phone buzzes alive near a hut that seems untouched by **time**. The family decides to enter.



SYNOPSIS

Inside is Kabir, now an adolescent- **deaf** at his own hands, yet determined to win his family back. He argues that he sacrificed everything to tame these entities for the betterment of humanity.



But Vasudha knows that Kabir's victimhood pales in comparison to his **delusions**. And now, even the devoted Saahir understands.

A young girl with dark hair, wearing a light-colored dress with a large white bow at the neck, is seated at a dark piano. She is looking down at the keys, her hands positioned on the keyboard. The room is dimly lit, with a warm, golden light source visible on the left side of the frame, creating a soft glow. In the background, there are bookshelves filled with books. A decorative, ornate metal railing is visible in the foreground, partially obscuring the view of the piano. The overall atmosphere is quiet and contemplative.

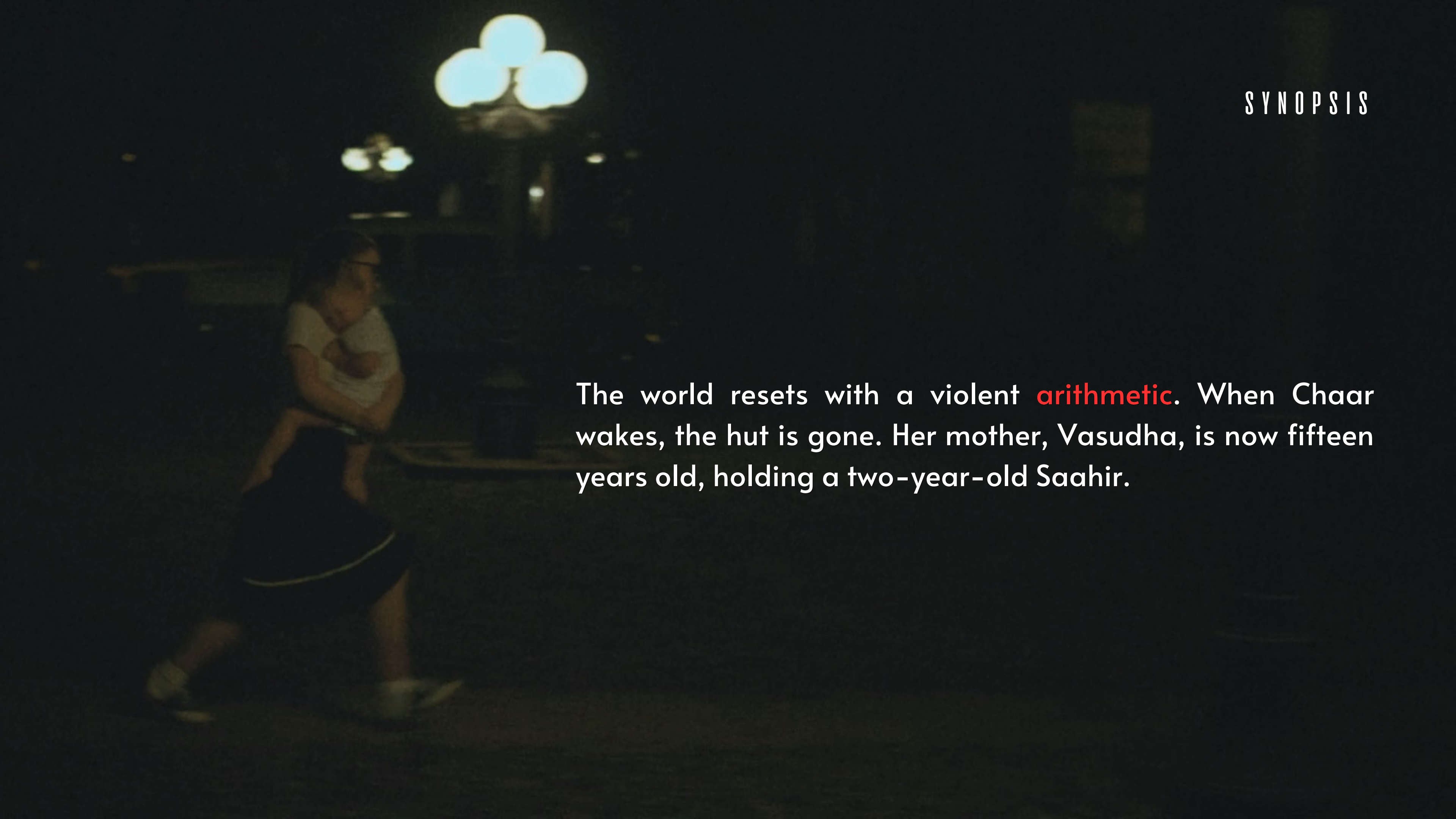
SYNOPSIS

Realizing her **father** is the "demon" holding the universe hostage, Chaar uses her music to strike back. She plays a specific melody—a sonic counter-frequency—that liberates the dying gods.

A person is holding a large, flaming torch that illuminates the scene. The background shows a cityscape at night, with buildings and lights visible in the distance. The sky is dark, and the overall atmosphere is dramatic and intense.

SYNOPSIS

The backlash is instantaneous. Kabir, who **stole** two decades of time, is forced to pay it back in a heartbeat.

A dark, grainy night scene. In the lower-left foreground, a woman in a white t-shirt and dark skirt is walking, holding a small child. In the background, there are several glowing spherical streetlights. The overall atmosphere is somber and mysterious.

SYNOPSIS

The world resets with a violent **arithmetic**. When Chaar wakes, the hut is gone. Her mother, Vasudha, is now fifteen years old, holding a two-year-old Saahir.

SYNOPSIS

A man with a beard and long hair, wearing a dark, textured robe, is crawling through tall grass at night. He is looking down and to the right. The scene is dimly lit, with a warm, golden light source illuminating the man's face and the grass he is crawling on. The background is dark and out of focus, showing more grass and some distant lights.

Kabir has been restored to his true chronological age: an ancient, **ruined** man crawling through the grass toward his "wife". Despite his attempts at convincing her, Vasudha turns him down.

SYNOPSIS

As Sonam watches from the ridge, he offers Chaar a comfort in a reminder that time is a stickler for karmic balance, and eventually, the years will catch up to them all.



DETAILED STORY



Yudhisthir Ka UFO

“Yudhisthir’s UFO”

A FEATURE FILM TREATMENT

Written and Directed by
Yashvardhan Shukla

Y2K Films

Hindi & English · Feature · India
Drama with a mythic and speculative spine

SCREENWRITERS
ASSOCIATION

PROLOGUE

A mountain emerges out of the white slowly, the way a thought arrives. It is shaped like a pyramid — too even to be an accident of weather and rock, too rough to be the work of any hand. This is Mount Kailash, the one peak on earth that no one has been allowed to climb.

A man stands at its foot in Sherpa dress, his face wrapped so that only his eyes are visible. Behind him a British officer, padded in wool, leans in and whispers a question into his ear. We do not hear it. The officer offers him money. The Sherpa shakes his head, pats the man's shoulder once, and starts up the mountain alone.

The climb alters him for eternity. His breathing stays even and his footing stays sure, but his fingernails are lengthening as he walks, inches of them. The hair at the back of his head is going white. His knees are leaden. By the time he reaches the snowfield below the summit he has aged sixty years in an afternoon, and he is kneeling in front of a single footprint larger than anything that should be able to walk. Two red points of light hang in the fog above it. Something is standing between him and the top of the world. It is not quite a god and it is not nothing.

Then a melody — not sung, played, a piano somewhere it could not possibly be. The film cuts on the sound of it: out of the mountain and into a small living room, where the same notes are coming, discordantly, out of a child's electric keyboard.

ONE — THE HOUSE

The man at the keyboard is KABIR, a physicist, young here, serenading the infant in a cradle beside him. The toys strung above the cradle are shaped like stars and moons, and one of them is shaped like a flying saucer. The baby is CHAAR. Behind Kabir, ignored, a nine-year-old in cricket whites waits with a ball for a father who will not look up from the keys. That is SAAHIR.

We learn quickly, because Chaar tells us — she narrates the film, from a later time— that she does not remember her father at all. What she has of him is the melody, the one he was always playing, the one she has spent her life trying and failing to reproduce. Everything

else she knows came secondhand: books, photographs, the things her mother would not discuss.

What the rest of the family had of Kabir, before he was gone, was a shell of a person- a man far detached from his family- a paying guest at best. He filled the house with telescopes and tape recorders and the Drake equation chalked on the wall. He recorded himself obsessively — logs, he called them, numbered, spoken into a machine — and the recordings began to matter to him more than the people in the next room. On the terrace, late at night, the children watch their father bent over a telescope and a tape machine, narrating the sky to a

recorder. VASUDHA, his wife sits a little apart with baby Chaar, holding her son from crossing to him. The arguments behind the bedroom door go from bad to worse. And then, after a phenomenon he's chased his whole life surfaces with striking clarity, Kabir chases it

into the mountains, never to return again.

The film puts the whole of this into a single image: a family photograph in which Kabir slowly fades while the others age around him, until what is left is a mother, two children, and the shape of where a man used to be.

Fifteen years fly by. Vasudha, the mother, was once a paleontologist — she discovered a dinosaur, an actual Rajasaurus, the find of its year — and gave all of it up to teach school biology and hold what remained of her family together. She is a rationalist by temperament and by wound. We meet her present-day self in a classroom, running her students through the origins of life, and when a bright girl pushes back, asking whether it is not unscientific to rule out the possibility that the universe holds anyone else. Vasudha shuts her down, and shuts her down too hard. The class knows why. Everyone in the town knows why. When a boy says it out loud, half under his breath — that her husband went into the mountains looking for aliens and never came back — she slaps him, and the scene tells us, before the plot has properly begun, the exact size of the nerve this family is built on top of.

SAAHIR, twenty-five now, coaches cricket the way his father kept logs — a man waiting for a message. He has spent fifteen years with Kabir's cassettes in his ears, building the missing man into a hero. CHAAR, seventeen, produces music in the room that used to be her father's study; she has seventeen tracks to her name and no memory to go with the melody she keeps chasing. She is restless in a way she cannot switch off. The two of them fight like

animals and love each other without admitting it.

There is a detail the film plants early, and quietly. Among Kabir's recordings is a folder of personal messages — one file marked for Vasudha, one marked for Chaar. There is no file with Saahir's name on it. He has noticed. He has decided not to think about it.

The story turns on a coincidence Chaar finds in her headphones. Her favourite band, an outfit called The Rolling Dice, has released a song — “*In Absentia*” — that samples a piano piece in reverse. The piece is the one her father always played: Beethoven’s Moonlight Sonata. Following it down, she digs out one of Kabir’s old tapes, labelled *This Is Not A Goodbye*, and feeds it into her machine to sample his voice. The tape turns rather peculiarly, and the audio glitches. It begins to wind itself backward, and out of it, in a chorus that is not Kabir’s voice and not one voice, comes something close to a prophecy:

Yudhisthir swarg ki seedhion par so raha hai...

use Pratah Kaal se pehle utha do...

Yudhisthir is asleep on the stairs of heaven. Wake him before dawn.

Yudhisthir — the eldest of the Mahabharata’s five brothers, the only one permitted to climb to heaven in his own body, who reaches the top to find it empty of everyone he loved. The film does not stop to explain this. It trusts the name to do its work.

What Chaar does not know is that Saahir has been listening to these tapes in secret for years. She knows that the telescope he claimed to use for birdwatching was always pointed at the idea of his father, that he keeps a journal of cross-referenced logs, that he has been waiting, exactly the way the man on the tape taught him to wait. Chaar’s discovery brings the whole family into one room, and the room does not hold. Vasudha takes the iPod of recordings away from her son. The tape plays the prophecy out loud, into the house, and the lights die. To Saahir all of it is obvious, and it is wonderful: his father is reaching for them, exactly as he always promised he would. He packs a bag and walks out into a hailstorm to go and find him.

Vasudha and Chaar are left in the house while it descends into a supernatural reverie, ushered in by a violent hailstorm outdoors. Vasudha’s stack of marked exam papers arranges itself across the floor, the marks themselves resolving into numbers; Saahir’s phone, frozen for days on the scoreboard of a cricket match, turns out to have been holding a set of coordinates all along. The numbers point to a lake nine hours up the road. Chandrataal. A place, we can see in Vasudha’s face, that she already knows. Vasudha and a reluctant Chaar get in the car and go after Saahir.

TWO — THE ROAD

The film becomes a journey in two motions that are really one, separated by a few hours of mountain road. The country they drive into is strangely empty. The dhabas and tea stalls

along the way all deserted, the road cleared, as if the mountain has made room for the story it intends to tell.

Saahir walks the early stretch alone, except that a large mountain dog becomes an unlikely companion and refuses to be discouraged. In his ears buzz Kabir's logs — and on them, a mysterious second voice. An Unknown, Kabir calls him; a man who speaks in verse, who talks with Kabir about a creature in the snow and about the arrogance of assuming the world runs on human time. Between the dinosaurs and whatever comes after us, the voice suggests, there is something older and larger watching us the way we watch Reality TV.

Saahir, who wants very badly to believe, finds a footprint on the roadside the size of two elephant-like feet, and a pair of red eyes in the trees — and he does the one thing his father's logs aren't full of. He runs. The dog stays to face the thing. Saahir does not look back.

Behind him, Vasudha and Chaar drive, and the film lets them be funny with each other. The argument about music, about whether any of this is real, about Vasudha's Teacher-y approach to motherhood that ends with Chaar storming out of the moving car. Vasudha reverses the length of a mountain road to apologize, and promises to be kinder to her edgy daughter.

They stop at a roadside stall where a young woman named KAVITA sells roasted corn. Kavita knows Saahir's name before they offer it. Her hands, when the firelight catches them, are older than the rest of her. As they leave she sings, to herself, the same line about Yudhisthir and the stairs of heaven, and when Chaar lies that she has never heard the proverb, Kavita tells her there is a proverb about the proverb: that it is only ever heard by the people who want to hear it.

They find Saahir on the roadside with his dog and a great deal to answer for. Vasudha slaps him; the reunion is not a warm one. And then they are chased — a black-clad pair on a motorcycle, one of them unspooling a length of chain, the whole thing pitched like a video game. The rider, when he finally forces them to stop, turns out to be no threat at all. He is SONAM: a man of the mountains, rough and charming and impossible to pin down. A man who knew Kabir, who knew this family when the children were small, and who now appoints himself their guide for the rest of the road. His silent companion takes the bike and rides off — though not before Saahir catches the man's eyes, a sea-green he has no name for yet, and will see again.

Sonam is the warmth the film has been withholding. He makes Vasudha laugh. We see her smiling for the first time, and there is a history between them that the film keeps in glances and half-sentences rather than statements: a closeness from before, a fossil tooth he has carried in his pocket for fifteen years, a quiet "I am proud of you" said on a roadside while

she cries. He is generous with Chaar, too, taking apart her idea of herself as an “aspiring” producer in about four sentences. While he does it, a message lands on Chaar’s phone: her favourite band, The Rolling Dice, inviting her to their first concert in India, a fancode attached. She does not yet know what the invitation is, or who is really sending it.

What the road gives Vasudha, away from her children for a moment, is the closest thing the film has to a confession. She tells Sonam that the anger she carries is not really for Kabir; it is for herself. For the part of her that wanted to believe him — that went against her own instrument and believed him anyway, and got nothing back for it. Her children resent her, at home and at school and everywhere, because Kabir put himself above all of them and she is the one still in the room to be resented. Sonam does not argue with her. He simply takes the fossil tooth from his pocket, the one she found in the years she was still a scientist, the one he has kept all this time, and tells her he is proud of her. It is the kindest scene in the film, and it is also the film quietly admitting that Sonam has been close to this family longer, and differently, than he has let on.

Saahir is the only one who will not be charmed. He goes through Sonam’s wallet and finds an old black-and-white photograph — Sonam, younger, in Sherpa dress, standing among uniformed white men. The same dress as the climber in the film’s first minutes. Saahir does the arithmetic the film wants him to do, and gets it wrong in exactly the way grief gets things wrong: he decides Sonam is the man who took his father from him. He confronts him by a field where village boys are playing cricket, louder and louder, until he is threatening to kill Sonam if he doesn’t disclose his father’s whereabouts. He never finishes the sentence. A mishit cricket ball — the same game that has shadowed Saahir his whole life — catches Sonam in the temple and drops him, and when Vasudha reaches him he is not breathing.

THREE — THE LAKE

They carry Sonam to the only door for miles, a half-ruined cottage where a young WOMAN-a Healer with green eyes lets them in without surprise, as though she has been expecting exactly this. She listens to Sonam’s chest, fetches a vial, puts two drops of something green on his tongue, and sets Chaar to counting down from ten. As she counts, the clock on the wall runs backward.

While the Healer works she speaks to Saahir, and what she utters is pure, unfiltered judgment. She asks if he knows the difference between himself and Yudhisthir. Yudhisthir, at the very end, would not abandon the dog that had followed him; Saahir abandoned the most loyal thing he had. He will answer for that, she tells him, and for the rest of it, before dawn. Saahir maintains his innocence, and argues that it was, in fact, the dog who ran away

once his family showed up. The Healer stutters, and at once realises that she mistook Saahir for Kabir. The dog she was referring to was metaphorical.

Sonam wakes gasping, alive, and his eyes are now the same impossible green as hers.

What Saahir does with this is get back behind the wheel and drive faster, away from the cottage and toward the lake, refusing to be talked down. To slow him, Sonam tells a story — about an old friend who once accepted a dare to climb Kailash; who aged sixty years on the way up; who begged the thing at the summit for another chance and was given it in the shape of a song. He sang the song back, in his own cracking voice, and was made young again, and carried it down the mountain to everyone who would listen — and for everyone who heard it, the wheel of time stopped turning. By now the audience understands what Saahir does. The friend in the story and the man telling it are the same man, and the film’s first scene was never a prologue. It was Sonam’s life.

The drive does not calm Saahir; it breaks something open. He decides that he must get rid of Soman, and he must do it now. The car stops abruptly, and Saahir insists that it’s an engine failure, prompting Sonam to go out of the back to check. Without a second thought, Saahir crushes the accelerator, and the car zooms into the mountains, swaying wildly as a screaming Vasudha tries to reclaim control. Saahir maintains that Sonam was a threat, that he was behind their father’s disappearance, and now that they’re close to reuniting with him, Sonam is back again to sabotage their plans.

When Chaar tells him he is being stupid, he turns on her with the cruellest thing he has — that she has no idea what it is to lose a father. She gives it back just as plainly: that he has no idea what it is to grow up without one. It is the first time the film lets the two of them say the true thing instead of the sharp one, and it lands like a door closing. Saahir stops the car and hands the keys to his mother. But before she can drive back, a mark on the road grabs her attention.

It is a footprint — the size of the one Saahir found when he was walking alone, the size of the one in the snow on Kailash. Despite Vasudha’s experience with fossils and archaeology, the footprint rings no bell in the annals of her scientific mind. It is a biological impossibility- a living proof of everything her husband chased. Vasudha surrenders her skepticism, and takes the footprint for what it is: a Yeti, a Bigfoot, lurking around the corner. Distant footsteps only strengthen her resolve. She must get the family out of here.

But the car will not start, and something very large is moving toward it in the dark, heavy enough that the family can feel each footfall come up through the chassis. Chaar has gone missing, lifted clean out of the world. The car comes alive at the very last moment, and

Vasudha manages to get herself and Saahir out. Worried sick, Saahir breaks into Chaar's phone (the passcode is four times four; of course it is), and the smart-watch tracker tells him the impossible thing: she is already at Chandrataal, hours ahead of them.

Chaar wakes in the forest, and Saahir's dog — alive, unhurt — is waiting to lead her. As Moonlight Sonata echoes form deep within the woods, the dog leads her down a trail of footprints that turn from monstrous to human, to a clearing in the woods strung with a banner: The Rolling Dice, Live in India. The chai boy from the roadside is manning the gate. Her fancode, the one the band sent, reads 4X4 — Chaar by Chaar — and she is the only person in the audience. Sonam comes down a long flight of temple stairs to meet her and tells her, plainly, that he is only the voice. The music has always belonged to whoever is above.

The world goes white. In a kind of limbo, Chaar is handed the memory she was too young to keep: Kabir and Sonam, years ago, arguing. Sonam, who believes the thing in the mountains is a god — who believes it made him, made all of us — is begging Kabir to leave it alone. But Kabir has understood something, and decided something. The power in the mountains is not a god to be served, he says; it is a force to be kept, and starved, and used, and whoever holds it could end poverty, end hunger, end everything. Man made god, Kabir says, not the

other way around. And a god that speaks through music cannot reach a man who has chosen not to hear. As Chaar watches, her father lifts a knife toward his own ear. The tables, he says, will turn.

Chaar comes back into the real world, altered. The music is speaking to her now, and she can follow it. It tells her that the thing her father caged wants to be free, and that it is her turn to sing. When she opens her eyes, they are green.

FOUR — THE RECKONING

Vasudha and Saahir reach the lake and find Chaar already there, outside a small hut that glows from within, standing at a battered piano. A metal rod runs from the body of the piano in through the hut wall. When Chaar plays, someone inside plays back.

Inside is Kabir. He has not aged in fifteen years — he has gone the other way, down to a boy of about twenty — and he is deaf, by his own hand. The hut around him is at once a surveillance station and a shrine. Monitors of every era cover one wall; speakers cover the ceiling. A gallery of his own achievements is pinned up beside photographs of the family he chose to watch from a distance rather than live inside — Vasudha, the children, a life behind glass. There are sand casts of the great footprint in one corner. One screen reads NO SIGNAL. Another reads CONNECTION PAUSED, NON-EARTH FREQUENCIES. But not

for long, as Kabir fits a hearing aid to hear his family, and connection with the gods is activated simultaneously- a dangerous gamble.

The reunion is the film's hardest scene, because everything the family climbed the mountain to receive, it does not get. The aliens did not take Kabir. Kabir took them. He has spent fifteen years holding the thing in the mountains captive and harvesting its time: the only source of energy for the Extra-terrestirals. For centuries they've cultivated a symbiotic relationship with noble human soles. The aliens get sustenance, and Earth gets its share of

immortal noble beings- demi-gods who can keep humanity from destroying itself. Sonam was one such demi-god that Kabir betrayed for complete hegemony over the aliens, and in return, he breadcrumbed them with time.

He did not send the tape that called his family here. And he never recorded a single log for Saahir: there were files for his wife and for his daughter and simply none for his son, and pressed on it, the best the man can manage is that he must have forgotten.

This is a breaking point for Saahir- and all his devotion for his dad, descends down the drain. Chaar looks at the young stranger in the hut and tells him, without cruelty, that she does not know who he is. She is not being difficult. She genuinely does not.

Kabir maintains that all his actions were in pursuit of transcendence, and warped, twisted trans-humanism. That the aliens in question were a threat, if not harnessed. And that he played the fuse that kept the aliens from popping off. That now was the time to let bygones be bygones and start a new life with him.

Chaar, however, hears a different music. She knows all too well that her father is bluffing, and that he never gave two hoots about family life. Kabir has seen the skeptic in Chaar's eyes, and the blasphemy in his own leaks through, despite faux-sincerity.

It is Chaar who finishes it. She understands now that Sonam was never the danger — Sonam spent fifteen years trying to warn them. She sits at the piano and plays the captive's own song, and Saahir, who built this man out of cassette tape and has just learned what the tape was worth, holds his father down so the hearing aid cannot come off, so the connection cannot be broken, while his mother helps him do it. The screen fills. The frequencies

answer. Chaar strikes the last chord and lets the gods of the mountains go.

Kabir, losing, takes Saahir by the throat — if he goes, his son goes with him — and Saahir tells the others to run. Vasudha will not leave her son. For a moment she is caught exactly between her two children, one of them already out the door and one of them on the floor holding the line, and the film cuts to white.

What comes back is fire. The hut is burning, and the accounts are being settled. The time Kabir stole has to be returned, and it is returned out of him — he is an old man now, burned, ruined, still carrying the same hunger in his eyes. And the time has to go somewhere. Vasudha is a girl of twenty. Saahir is a child of two, held in the arms of his sister. Chaar is near enough the age she always was; she is the one the wheel has chosen to leave more or less alone, which makes her, now, the eldest of what remains — a daughter suddenly the age of her own mother, holding her infant brother. Kabir laments whatever remains of his life.

In his wails, he accuses his wife of betraying him, and how his putting the hearing aid on was a leap of faith- a leap which ended in a chronological descent. Defeated, he asks for one more chance, says he can fix it, and when no one answers him, he gets to his feet and walks into the trees.

The reshuffled family drives home. It is a clear, ordinary morning. Chaar, narrating, says she does not know who is going to believe her when she tells this story, or where she is even meant to begin it. At home they eat a normal breakfast — a fifteen-year-old mother, a teenage aunt, a baby — and a motorcycle waits down in the street. On the balcony, over tea, Chaar asks Sonam whether there is any way to undo what was done. He tells her the time her father stole has to be accounted for; that is simply the arithmetic of it. So she asks him, instead, the question the film has kept in its pocket since its first minute — the one the British officer whispered to the Sherpa on Kailash, the question meant for the god at the top of the world. Sonam smiles, and opens his mouth to answer.

The film cuts to credits.

CERTIFICATE
OF REGISTRATION

This is to certify that I have registered this Work and as proof thereof is placed below my digital signature and seal of the Association with relevant details in the QR Code. (The aforesaid digital signature and QR code are present only on the copy of the Registration Certificate provided to the Works author).

Author (Pen Name)
YashvardhanShukla

SWA Membership Number
54486

Co Authors (Pen Name)
-

Co Authors SWA Membership Numbers
-

Type of Creation - Synopsis

Date and Time - Friday 2026-05-15 18:07:07

Transaction ID - 1778848593-1290497602
(Registration No.)

Reference Number - 114511073103

Title of Creation - Yudhisthir Ka UFO

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(Digitally Signed)

RAJSHEKHAR
Hon. General Secretary
SWA

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C H A R A C C T H E A R R S A C C H T A E R R A S C T E R S



CHAR





Her unique ability to hear patterns in everything - from cricket scores to cosmic signals - manifests in her music, which attracts an otherworldly following she doesn't fully understand.

While her mother Vasudha worries about her obsession with a band, and her brother Saahir dismisses her artistic pursuits, Chaar finds solace in transforming the mundane into the mystical through her beats

CHAARULATHA

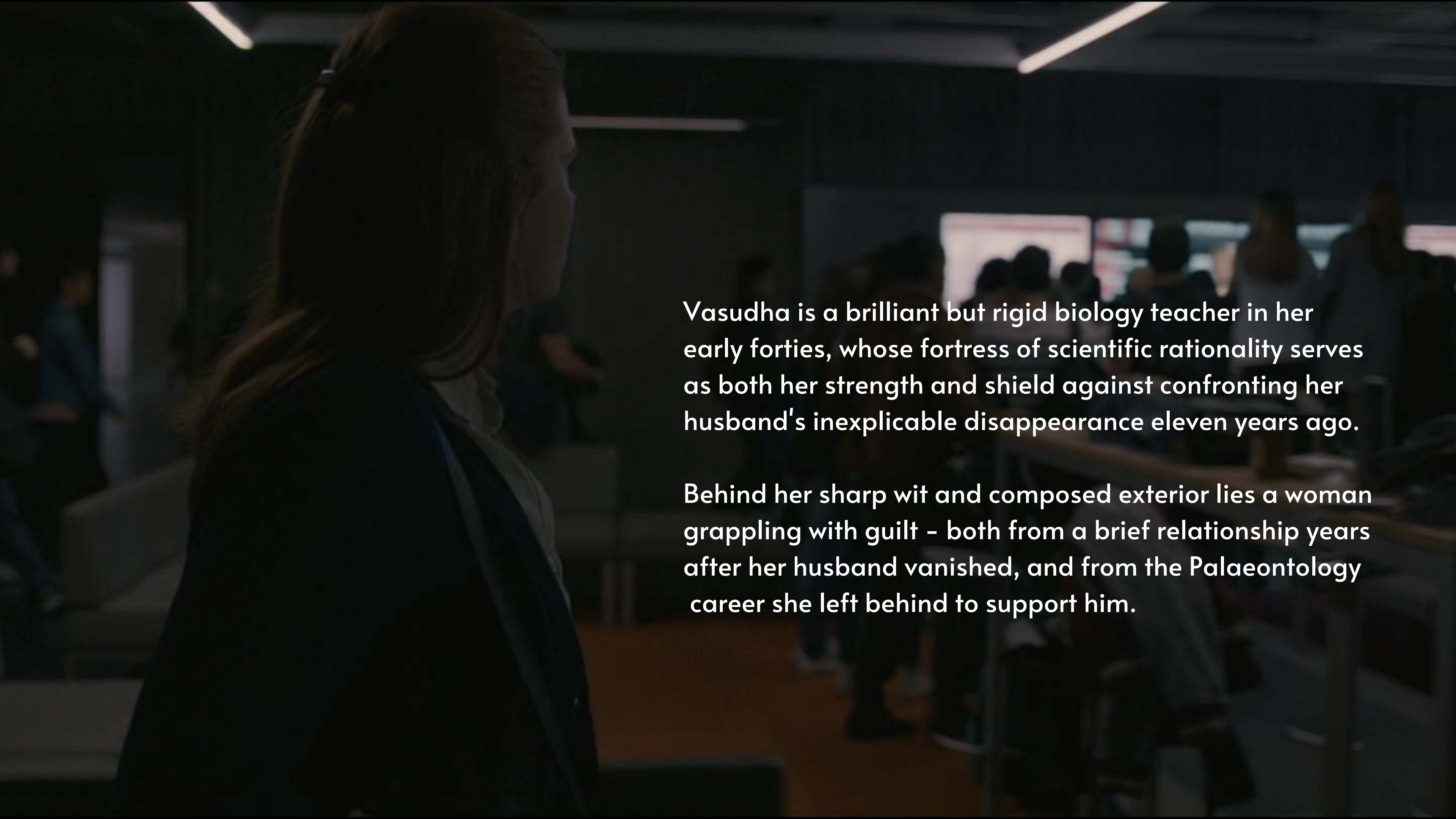
AHILYA BAMROO

I Want To Talk (2024), Sing Geetham (2026)





VASUDHA

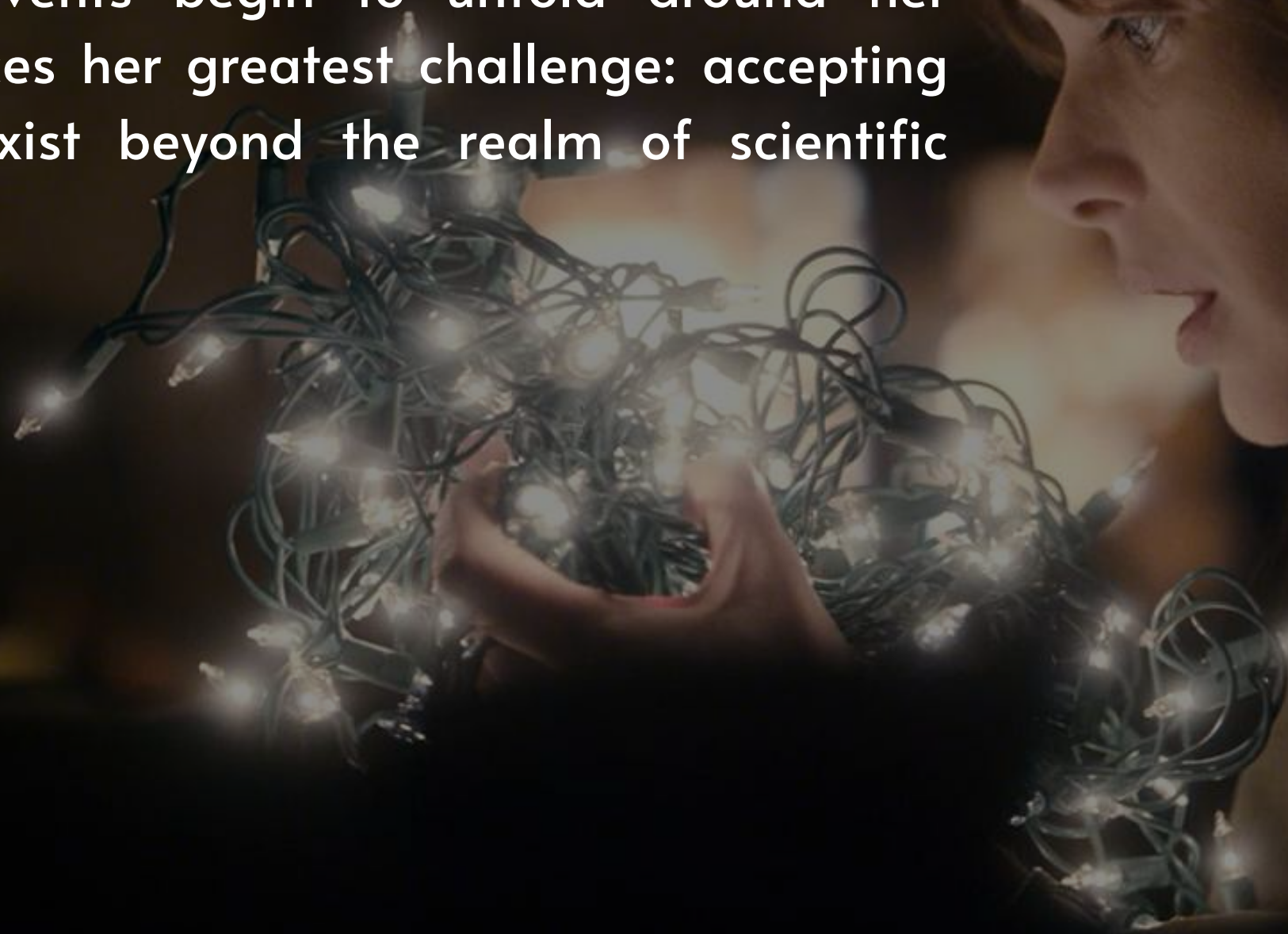
A woman with long brown hair, seen from the side, is looking towards a classroom. In the background, several students are seated at desks, and a presentation screen is visible. The scene is dimly lit, with light coming from the screen and overhead fixtures.

Vasudha is a brilliant but rigid biology teacher in her early forties, whose fortress of scientific rationality serves as both her strength and shield against confronting her husband's inexplicable disappearance eleven years ago.

Behind her sharp wit and composed exterior lies a woman grappling with guilt – both from a brief relationship years after her husband vanished, and from the Palaeontology career she left behind to support him.

As a single mother to two uniquely challenging children, she maintains a delicate balance between nurturing their dreams and protecting them from disappointment, often coming across as controlling due to her deep fear of losing them like she lost their father.

When impossible events begin to unfold around her family, Vasudha faces her greatest challenge: accepting that some truths exist beyond the realm of scientific explanation.



VASUDHA

KONKANA SEN SHARMA

Killer Soup (2024), Lipstick Under My Burkha [(2016), Talvar (2015) A Death in the Gunj (2016)

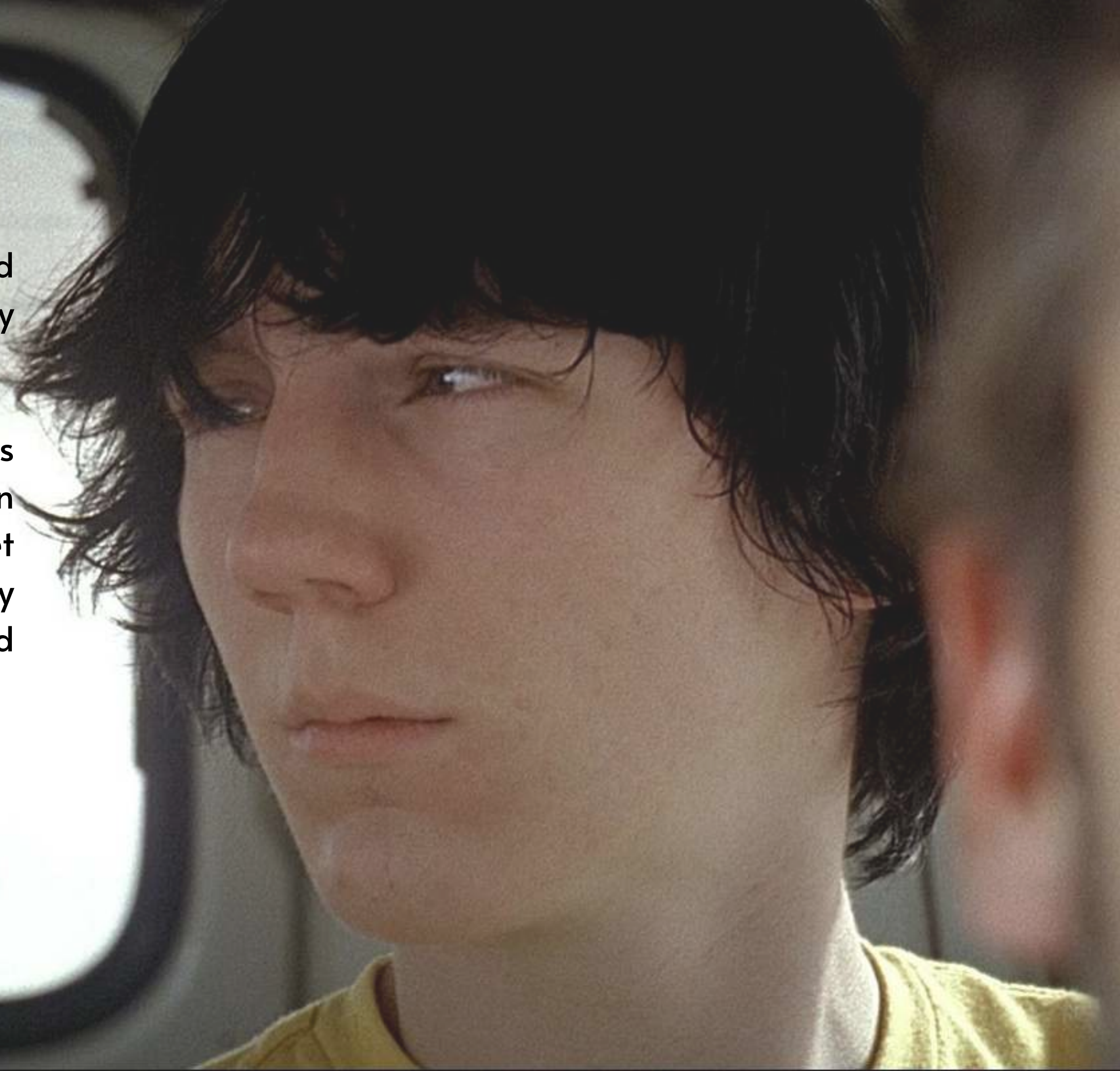


SAHIR



Saahir is a directionless twenty-four-year-old former cricket prodigy- turned UFO-conspiracy theorist.

Living in the shadow of both his father's mysterious disappearance and his own unfulfilled potential, he now haunts local cricket grounds as an unpaid assistant coach, secretly listening to his father's old tapes and expanding his arsenal of UFO knowldege.



Despite his outward cynicism, Saahir secretly clings to the belief that his father will return, making him both the most skeptical and the most hopeful member of his family when strange coordinates begin appearing on their devices.



As their journey unfolds, his deepest fears and desires surface: not just the loss of his cricketing dreams, but the possibility that his father chose something more important than their family.

SAHIR

DELZAD HIWALE

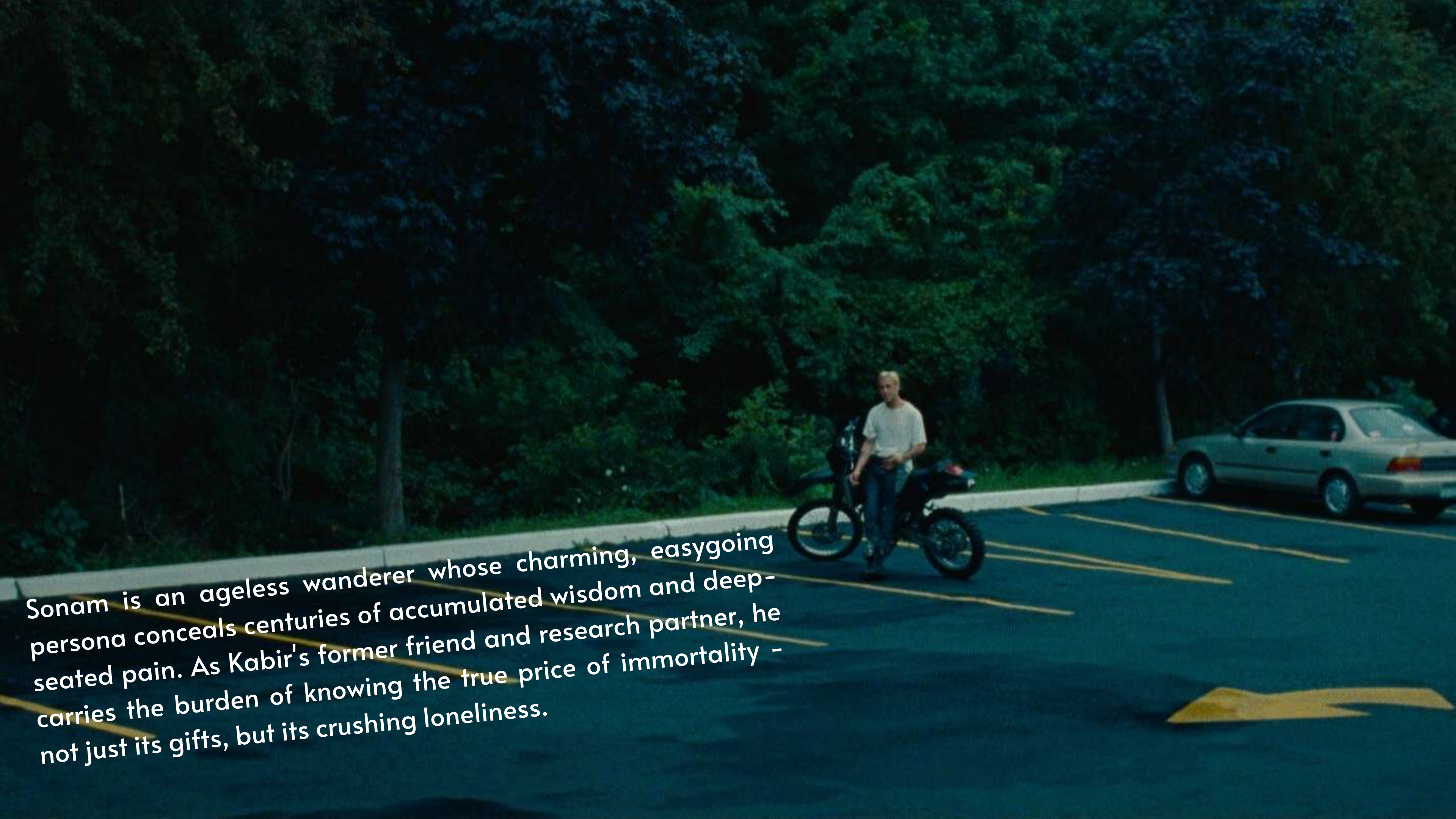
Chittagong (2012), Bubble Gum (2011), Hindi Medium (2017),
Chhapaak (2020), Raat Akeli Hai: The Bansal Murders (2025)



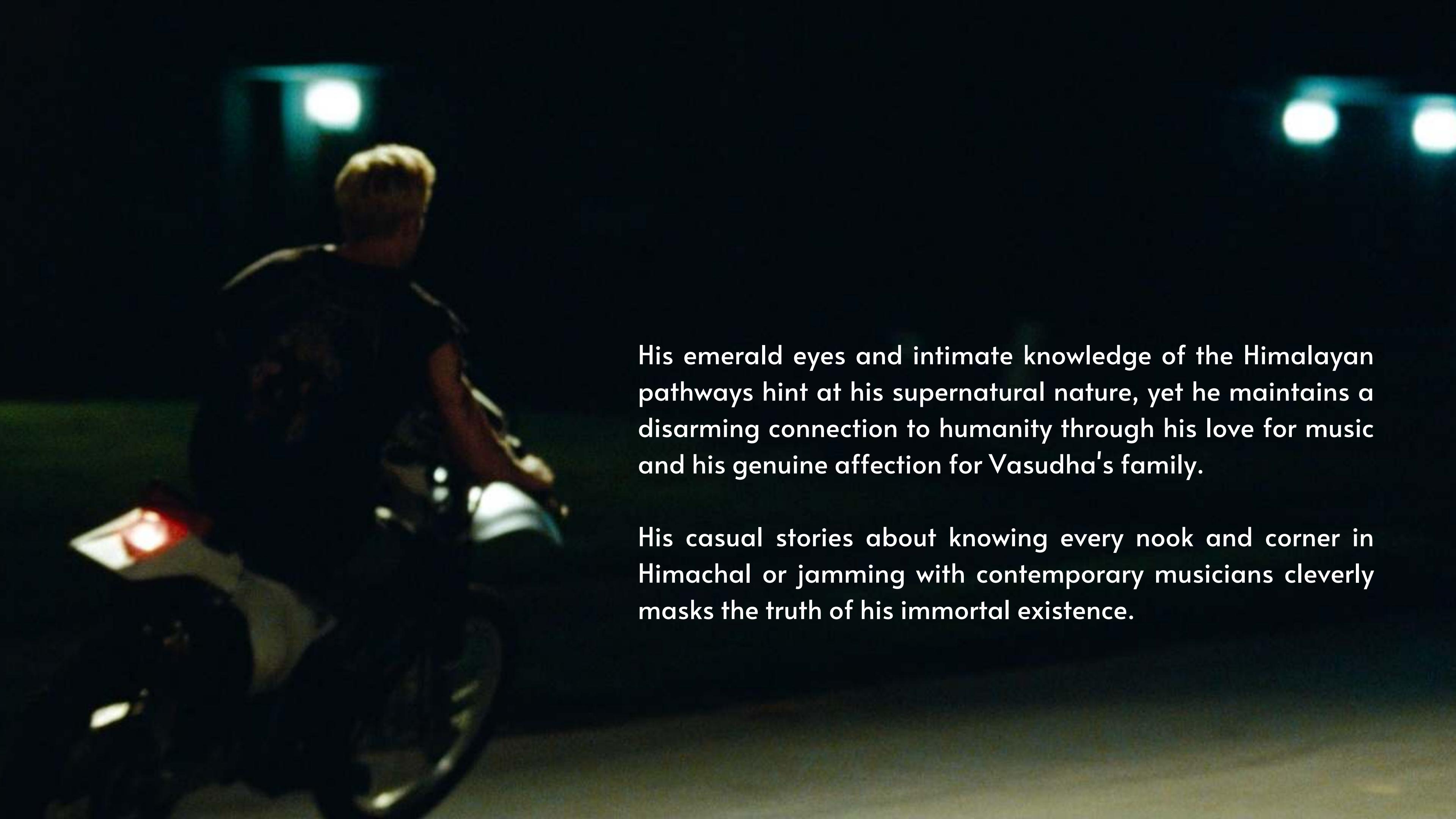
Current Status: On-Board



SONAM



Sonam is an ageless wanderer whose charming, easygoing persona conceals centuries of accumulated wisdom and deep-seated pain. As Kabir's former friend and research partner, he carries the burden of knowing the true price of immortality - not just its gifts, but its crushing loneliness.



His emerald eyes and intimate knowledge of the Himalayan pathways hint at his supernatural nature, yet he maintains a disarming connection to humanity through his love for music and his genuine affection for Vasudha's family.

His casual stories about knowing every nook and corner in Himachal or jamming with contemporary musicians cleverly masks the truth of his immortal existence.

SONAM

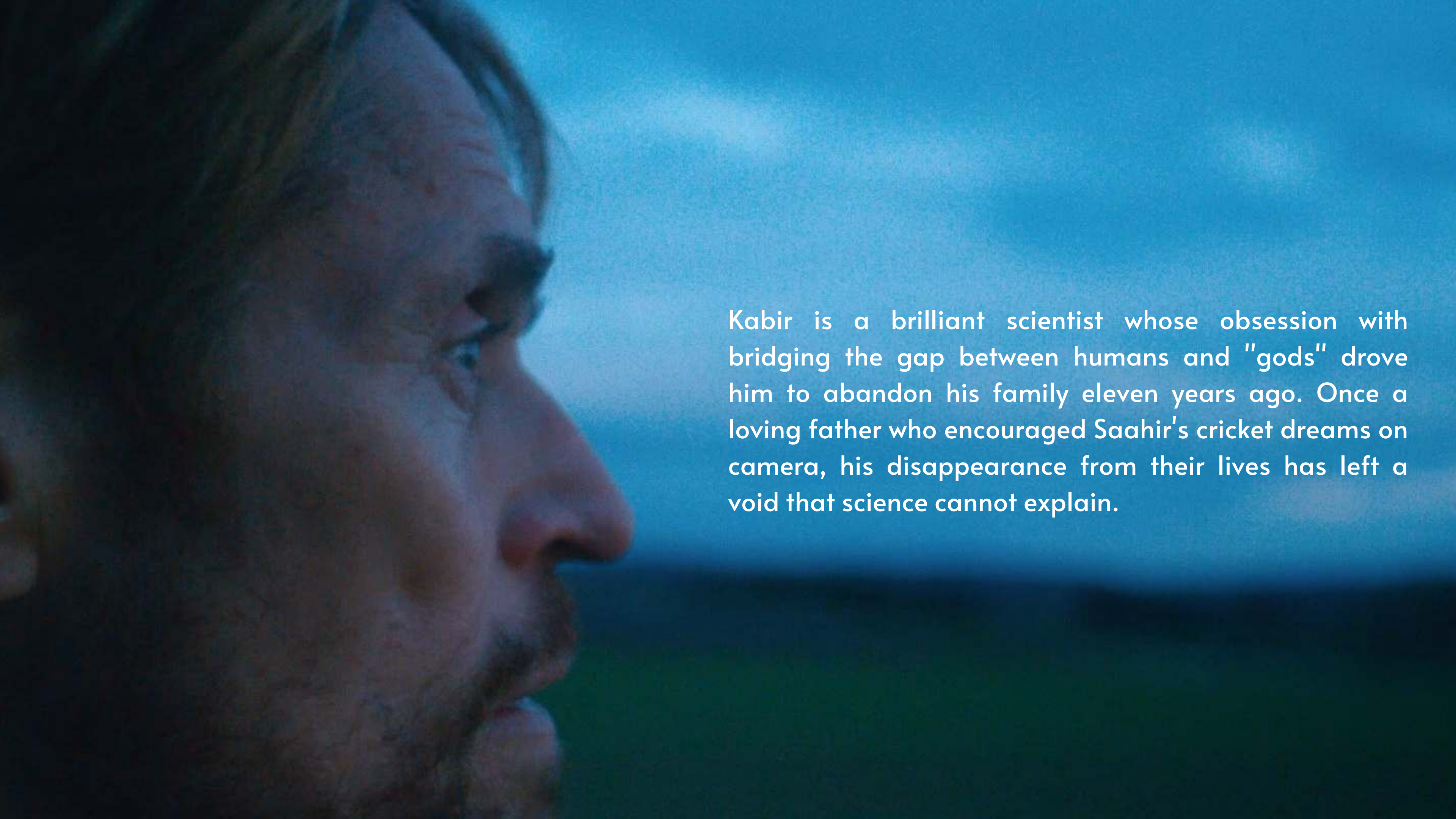
AMOL PARASHAR

Sardar Udham (2021), Gram Chikitsalay (2025), TVF Tripling (2016–2022)

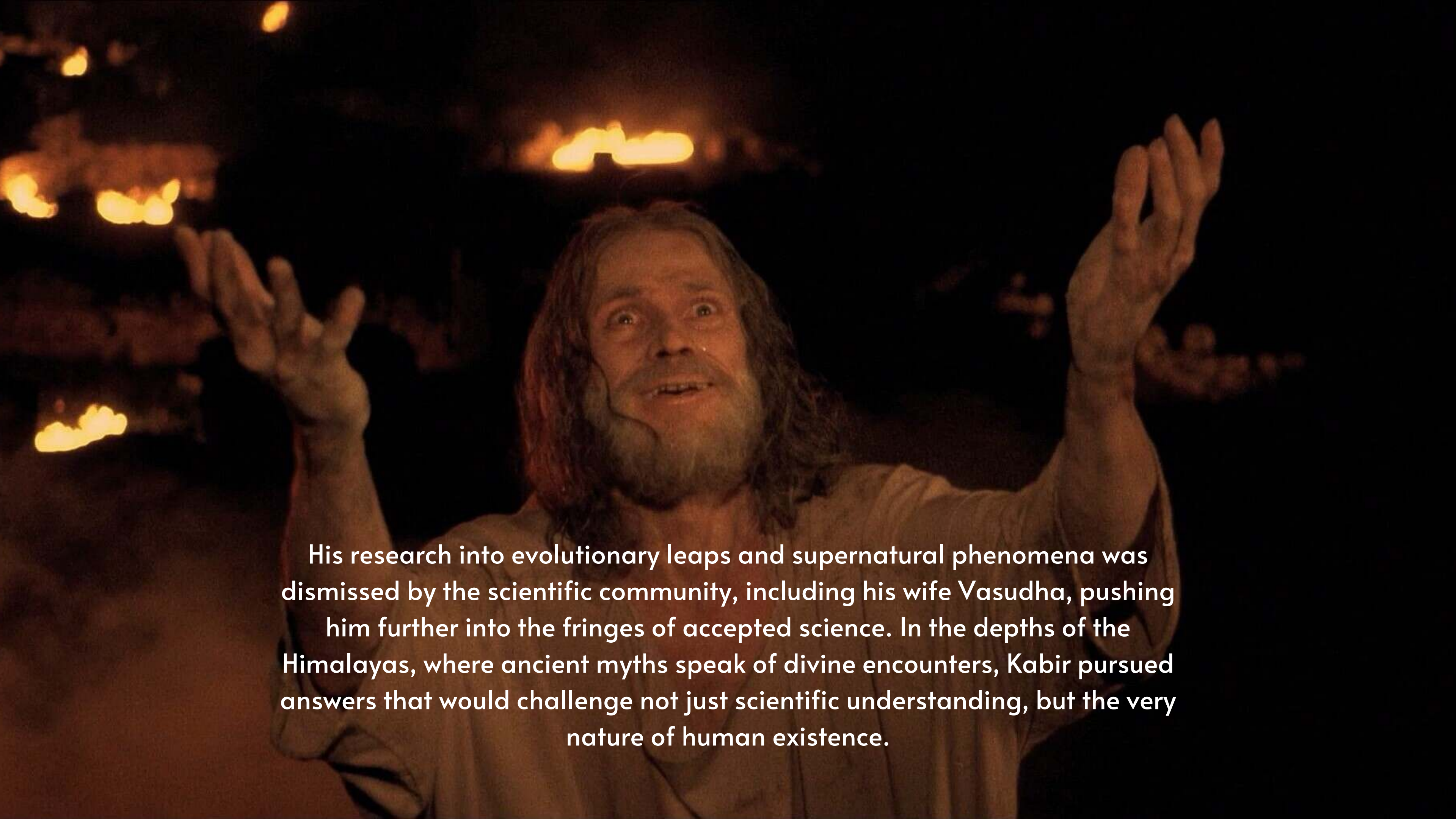


KABIR





Kabir is a brilliant scientist whose obsession with bridging the gap between humans and "gods" drove him to abandon his family eleven years ago. Once a loving father who encouraged Saahir's cricket dreams on camera, his disappearance from their lives has left a void that science cannot explain.

A man with long, wavy brown hair and a full beard is shown from the chest up. He has his arms raised in a gesture of awe or wonder, with his palms facing forward. He is wearing a light-colored, possibly beige, robe or tunic. The background is dark, with several warm, glowing lights that appear to be fire or lanterns, creating a dramatic and atmospheric setting. The lighting is soft on the man's face, highlighting his expression of wonder.

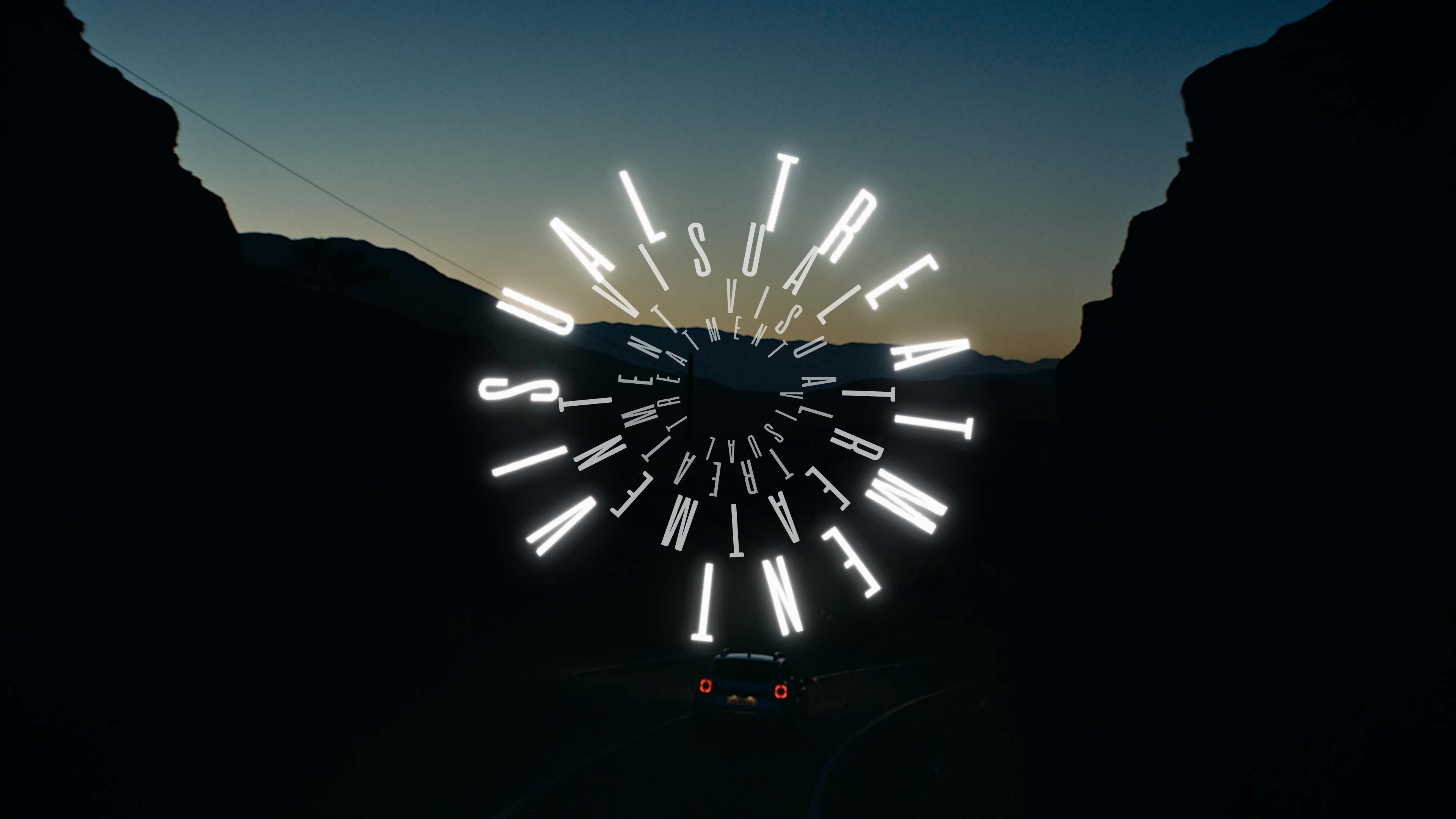
His research into evolutionary leaps and supernatural phenomena was dismissed by the scientific community, including his wife Vasudha, pushing him further into the fringes of accepted science. In the depths of the Himalayas, where ancient myths speak of divine encounters, Kabir pursued answers that would challenge not just scientific understanding, but the very nature of human existence.

KABIR

VIVAAN SHAH

7 Khoon Maaf (2011), Happy New Year (2015), Bombay Velvet
(2015), A Suitable Boy (2020), Ikkis (2026)







ON THE ROAD







INSIDE THE CAR



KABIR'S HUT









A DASH OF SUPERNATURAL



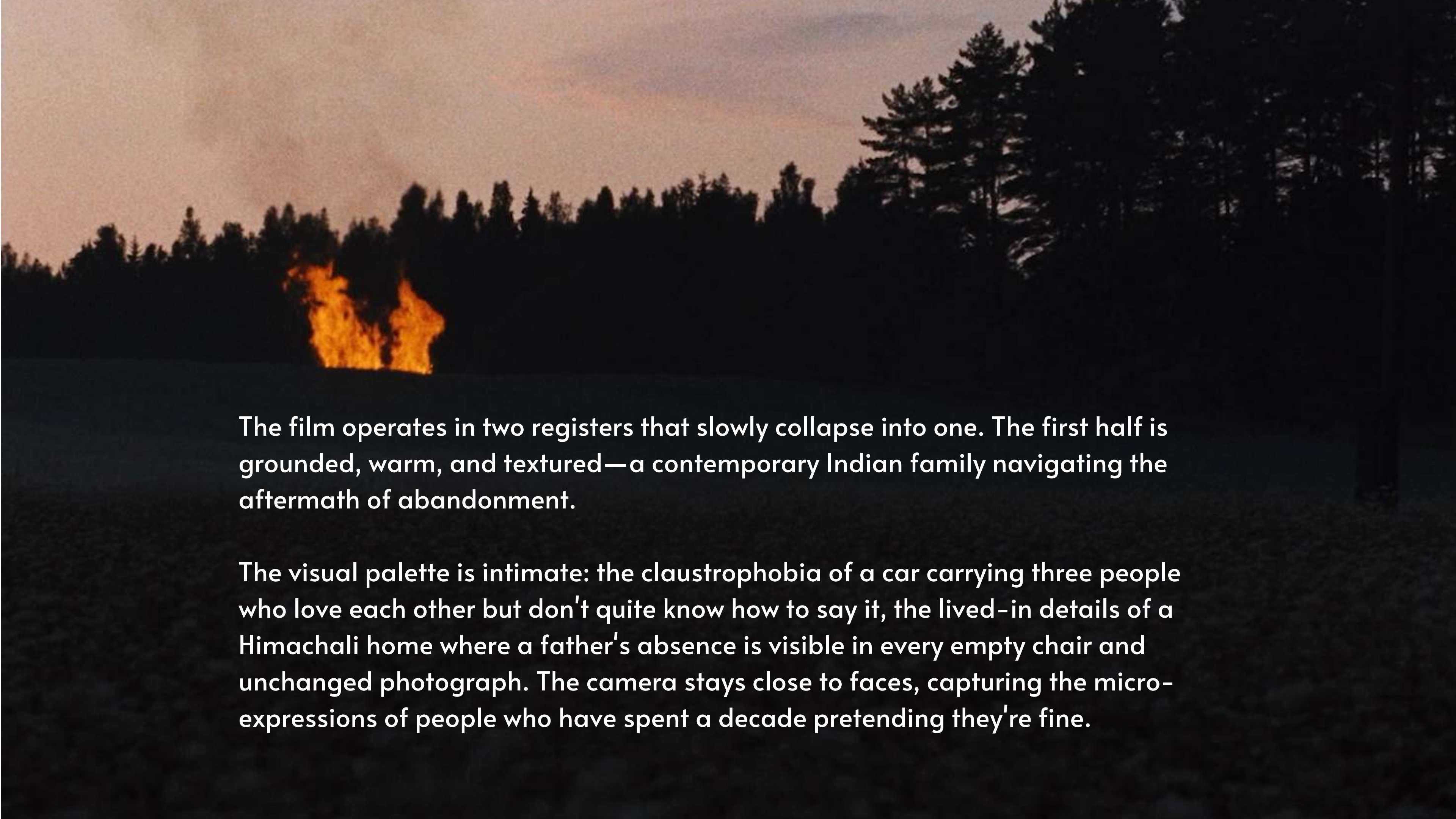






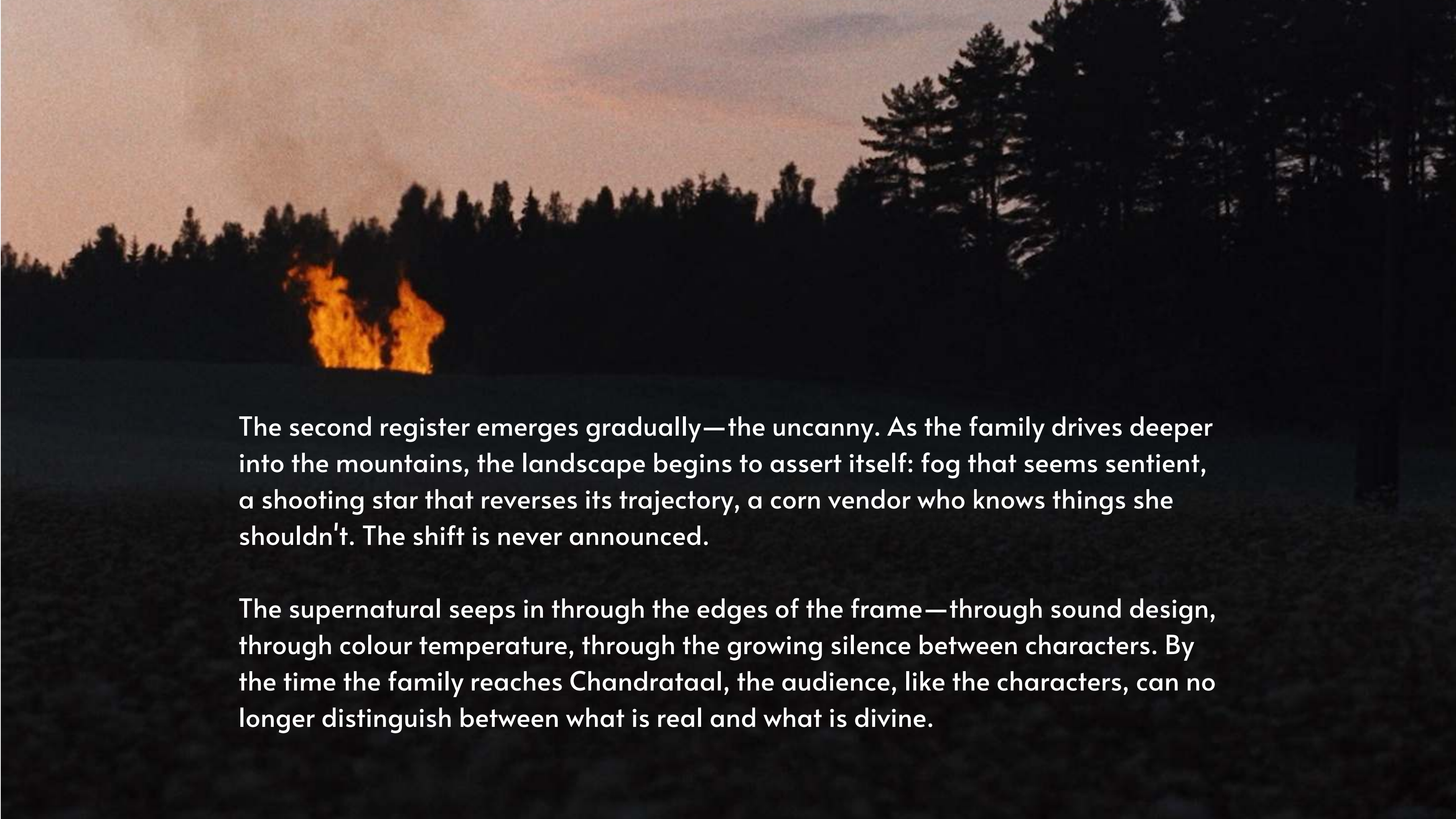
TONE AND LANGUAGE





The film operates in two registers that slowly collapse into one. The first half is grounded, warm, and textured—a contemporary Indian family navigating the aftermath of abandonment.

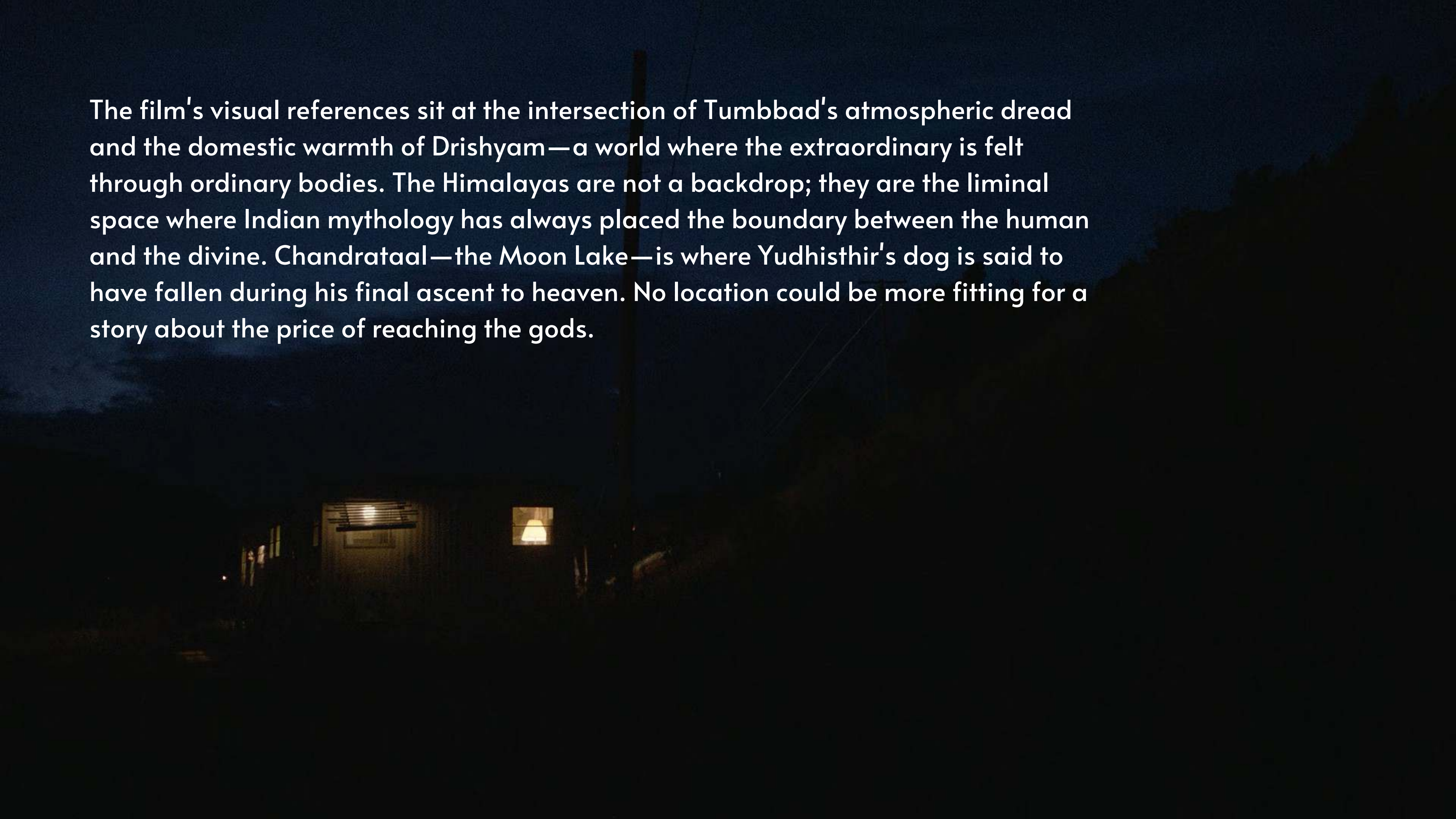
The visual palette is intimate: the claustrophobia of a car carrying three people who love each other but don't quite know how to say it, the lived-in details of a Himachali home where a father's absence is visible in every empty chair and unchanged photograph. The camera stays close to faces, capturing the micro-expressions of people who have spent a decade pretending they're fine.



The second register emerges gradually—the uncanny. As the family drives deeper into the mountains, the landscape begins to assert itself: fog that seems sentient, a shooting star that reverses its trajectory, a corn vendor who knows things she shouldn't. The shift is never announced.

The supernatural seeps in through the edges of the frame—through sound design, through colour temperature, through the growing silence between characters. By the time the family reaches Chandrataal, the audience, like the characters, can no longer distinguish between what is real and what is divine.

The film's visual references sit at the intersection of Tumbbad's atmospheric dread and the domestic warmth of Drishyam—a world where the extraordinary is felt through ordinary bodies. The Himalayas are not a backdrop; they are the liminal space where Indian mythology has always placed the boundary between the human and the divine. Chandrataal—the Moon Lake—is where Yudhisthir's dog is said to have fallen during his final ascent to heaven. No location could be more fitting for a story about the price of reaching the gods.



A wide-angle photograph of a car driving away on a winding road at dusk. The car's red taillights are visible. The landscape is silhouetted against a twilight sky, with mountains in the distance. The title 'THEMATIC ARCHITECTURE' is overlaid in the bottom right corner.

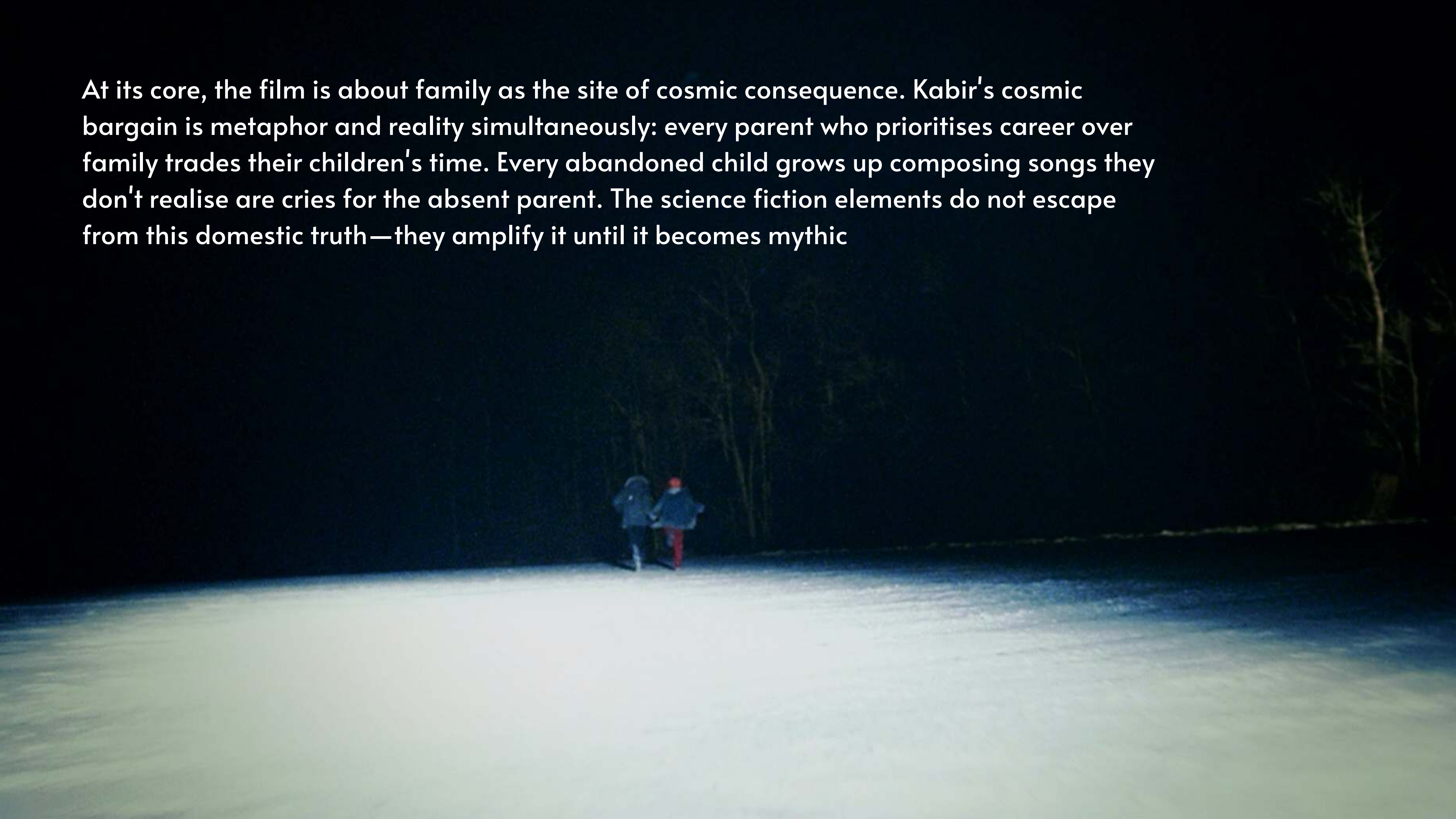
THEMATIC ARCHITECTURE

The Yudhisthir myth is not a decorative overlay—it is the film's structural spine. In the Mahabharata, Yudhisthir ascends to heaven with only his dog remaining loyal. When he arrives, he finds his family suffering in hell and the Kauravas in paradise. The gods reveal it was a final test of dharma. The question the epic leaves unanswered is the one this film inhabits: was the test just? Kabir believes he was chosen.

The beings confirm he was a mistake. Sonam was discarded despite being faithful for a century. Chaar—who never asked for any of it—becomes the vessel through which the gods speak. The film suggests that worthiness is not earned through ambition or sacrifice, but revealed through acceptance of human limitation. Kabir's tragedy is not that he sought the divine, but that he believed he deserved it.



At its core, the film is about family as the site of cosmic consequence. Kabir's cosmic bargain is metaphor and reality simultaneously: every parent who prioritises career over family trades their children's time. Every abandoned child grows up composing songs they don't realise are cries for the absent parent. The science fiction elements do not escape from this domestic truth—they amplify it until it becomes mythic



MUSIC AS NARRATIVE



Sound design is the film's secret protagonist. Chaar's compositions carry her father's voice—literally. The cosmic beings communicate through frequencies embedded in music, in cricket commentaries, in the static of dying phone signals. The revelation that Kabir is Spyder—that the artist Chaar has idolised and built her identity around is the father who abandoned her—is not just a plot twist.



It is the film's emotional detonation: a daughter discovers she has been listening to her father's cry for connection her entire life without knowing it. The score will blend original compositions, electronic textures, and Himachali folk elements to create a sonic world that moves from the familiar to the celestial.

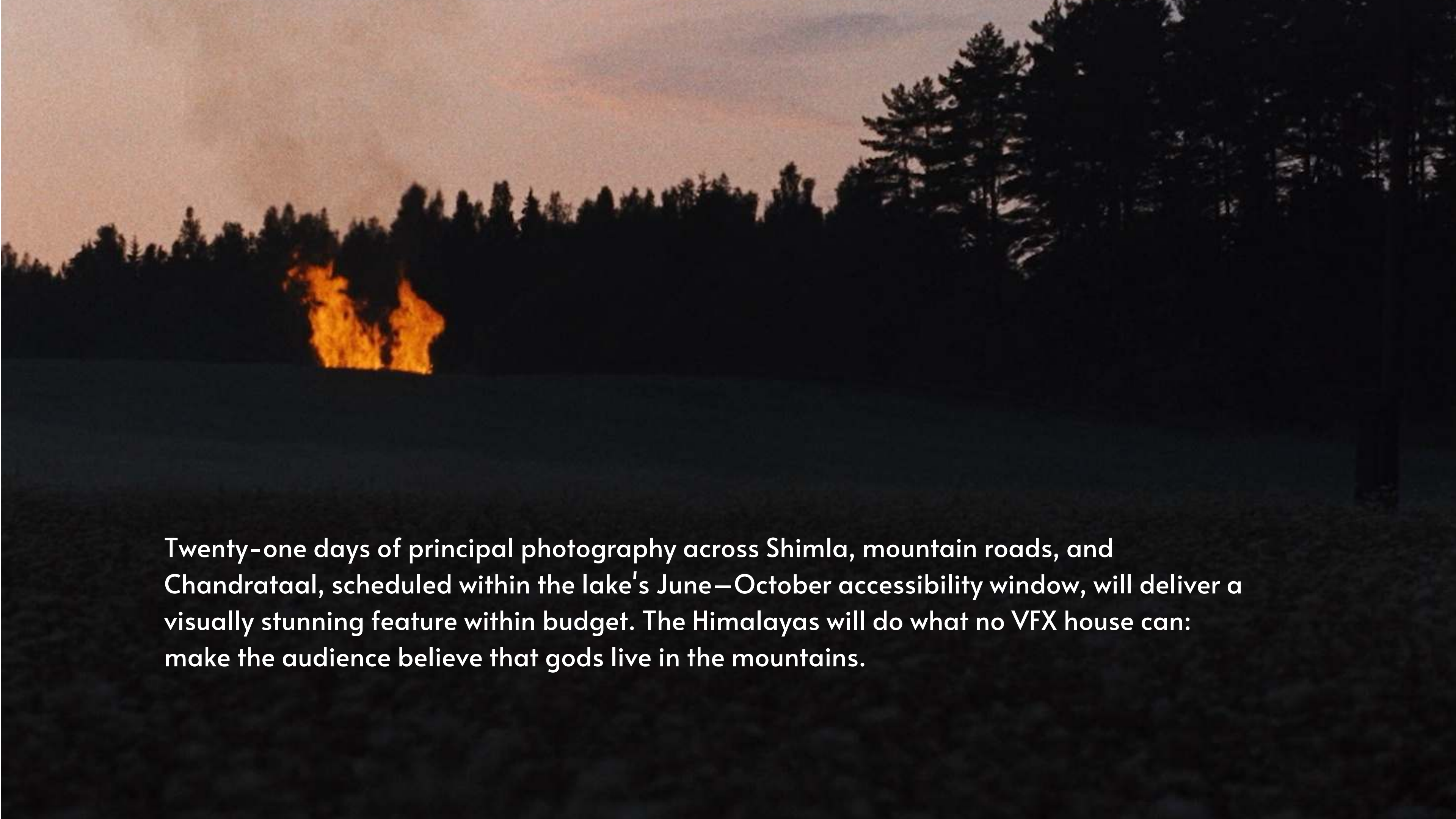


EXECUTION STRATEGY





The film's supernatural elements are designed for atmosphere, not spectacle. The Bigfoot is never shown—only its footprints. The cosmic beings are experienced through possession, through sound, through light. The age reversal in the climax is achieved through casting and subtle prosthetics, not CGI de-aging. The film's power lies in its performances, its landscape, and its sound—none of which require expensive visual effects.



Twenty-one days of principal photography across Shimla, mountain roads, and Chandrataal, scheduled within the lake's June–October accessibility window, will deliver a visually stunning feature within budget. The Himalayas will do what no VFX house can: make the audience believe that gods live in the mountains.



YASHVARDAN SHUKLA

DIRECTOR'S STATEMENT



I grew up in Army cantonments across India, often with my father unreachable in some hilly wilderness. Between 2010 and 2014, I spotted two UFOs, once in Pune and once in Delhi. No one believed me. The helplessness of that, the impossible burden of proof, stayed with me through a physics degree and a screenwriting diploma at FTII.

Yudhisthir Ka UFO is not really about aliens. It is about a family abandoned in the name of something larger, and what the abandoned do with the years they are left holding.

I want to make a film that sits where Arrival meets Tumbbad: genre-shaped, emotionally precise, rooted in a specific Indian landscape. The Himalayas have always been the place where the human and the cosmological refuse to stay separate. This film lives in that refusal.



YASHVARDHAN SHUKLA

WORK
LINKS

Written & Directed by Yashvardhan Shukla:

The Sneeze (23 Mins), 2026, Short Fiction

Kivutar (13 mins), 2026, Short Documentary

Not Just A Nepo Baby (53 mins), 2025, Featurette

Zombies, Zombies, Zombies (5 min), 2025, Short Fiction

Books by Yashvardhan Shukla

Real to Reel: Hindi Cinema & Indian Democracy, 2025, Non-Fiction

A Space Odyssey, 2015, Sci-Fi/Fantasy

The Gods of Antarctica, 2014, Sci-Fi/Fantasy

Written by Yashvardhan Shukla

Sannatta: A Lionsgate Play Podcast, 2026

Cyber Crime Ki Duniya, 2026, WavesOTT

CINEMATOGRAPHER'S STATEMENT

I want to approach with the ARRI ALEXA MINI LF with the Leica Summicron lenses, which gives a rich-creamy texture without losing the attention on emotion of the characters as I'd like to stay close to them for the most parts of the travel in the film.

The Leica Summicron's are clean sharp lenses which also helps us in ease the vfx wherever needed in the film.



TUSHAR BABLU



The aspect ratio I'm thinking to be 2:1 or 16:9, preferably 2:1 as it's more stylized and has been in the back of my head ever since I read the script with Longlegs and Ozark serving as an inspiration for the cold, mysterious touch.



VARRUN TRIVEDI

EXECUTIVE
PRODUCER

CREDITS

Varrun Amravat Trivedi is a Mumbai-based production professional trained at Whistling Woods International. With experience spanning studio tentpoles and independent productions, he has worked across film, television, and digital formats — most notably as Production Assistant on Maddock Films' Thamma and on Bigg Boss Season 19 for Endemol Shine India.

- Thamma (Maddock Films, 2024–25) — Production Assistant
- Bigg Boss Season 19 (Endemol Shine India, 2025) — Production Assistant
- Book My Yamraj (Series, 2025) — Assistant Producer
- Jhuki Nazar (Music Video, 2025) — Executive Producer
- Dil Dev D (Independent Film, 2025) — Associate Producer



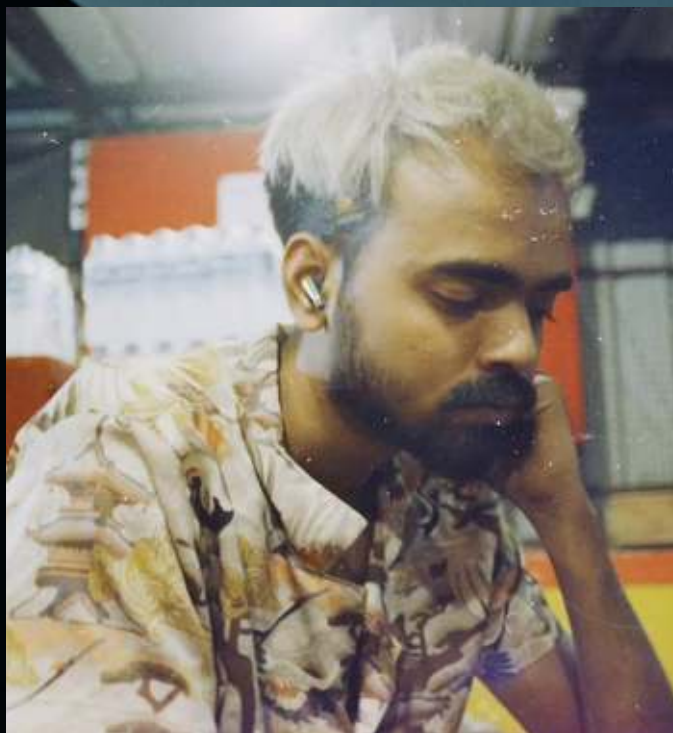
SAYANTAN CHAKRABARTI

SOUND RECORDING
+ SOUND DESIGN

CREDITS

FTII-trained sound professional with experience across narrative fiction, documentary, and experimental cinema. Skilled in sync sound recording, multi-mic setups, sound design, dialogue editing (iZotope RX), atmosphere/Foley design, and re-recording mixing. Works with Pro Tools, Reaper, and professional field recording equipment (Zoom / Sound Devices recorders, shotgun and lavalier microphones).

- Water Flowing Beneath the Stone — Sound Design & Mixing (Road to Hills Films)
- C for Meow — Sound Design (dir. Lokesh Deshmukh); Official Selection, Jio MAMI 2023
- From Here to Beyond — Sound Recording, Re-Recording & Design (FTII)
- Plastic Selves — Sound (FTII)
- Akka: River and Songs — Sound (FTII)



JOYJEET SARKAR

EDITING

CREDITS

Freelance Film editor with 7+ years of experience across feature films, shorts, documentaries, music videos, and digital content. Primarily works on Premiere Pro and DaVinci Resolve; proficient in Avid and Final Cut Pro. Has also directed a music video (Saiyaara by Nikhil d'Souza), lending a broader creative perspective to editorial work. Trained at FTII and St. Xavier's College, Kolkata.

IMDb: [imdb.com/name/nm-joyjeet-sarkar](https://www.imdb.com/name/nm-joyjeet-sarkar)

- Widow's Shadow — Editor, Hindi Feature Film (dir. Suman Adhikary); theatrical release April 2025
- C for Meow — Editor; Official Selection, Jio MAMI 2023
- Dreamboat — Editor (WIP); Producer: Amit Masurkar
- Concrete Bloom — Editor, short film (dir. Swapnil Dange), 2024
- Saiyaara (Nikhil d'Souza) — Director, music video, 2022



INÈS GUELFUCCI

PRODUCTION
DESIGNER

CREDITS

Inès Guelfucci is a Paris-based production designer who trained at the Haute École des Arts du Rhin (HEAR) in Strasbourg and graduated from La Fémis's Production Design Department in 2024. Mentored by Anne Seibel and Rafaël Mathé, she approaches set design as a narrative force — spaces that act, resist, and speak beyond dialogue.

IMDb: <https://www.imdb.com/name/nm18185511/>

- Emily in Paris (Netflix, 2020/21) — 3rd Assistant Decorator with Anne Seibel
- The New Look (Apple TV+, 2022) — 3rd Assistant Decorator with Anne Seibel, directed by Julia Ducourneau
- Camarades (ARTE, 2025) — 2nd Assistant Decorator with Rafaël Mathé
- C'est Quoi l'Amour? (Feature Film, 2024) — Third Assistant Decorator, directed by Fabien Gorgeart



KARTIKI KALE

DESIGN
HAIR + MAKEUP

CREDITS

Product designer and visual artist currently pursuing a Bachelor's in Design at NIFT Mumbai (AIR 232). Professional experience includes product design internship at District by Zomato, visual design at Tata CLiQ Fashion, and UI design at Nirva Health. Strong visual direction and composition skills applicable to character styling. Brings a design-first sensibility to hair and makeup departments.

- Product Design Intern — District by Zomato, 2025
- Visual Design Intern — Tata CLiQ Fashion, 2025–present • Marketing Designer — MovieMe, 2025–2026
- UI Design Intern — Nirva Health, 2025

TIMELINE

Pre-Production- 60 Days
Production- 30 Days
Post Production - 60 Days

THANK
YOU

