

# 1. THE RAVEN

## 1.1 WEATHER SHOT:

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered  
weak and weary,



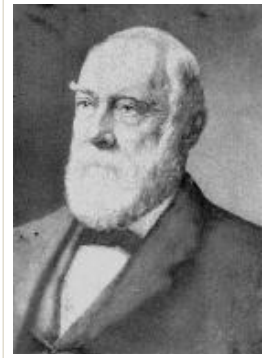
## 1.2 MEDIUM:

Over many a quaint and curious volume of  
forgotten lore,



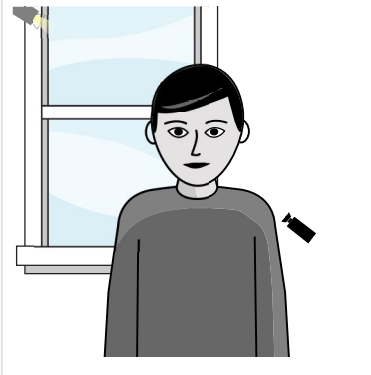
## 1.3 MEDIUM CLOSE UP:

While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there  
came a tapping,



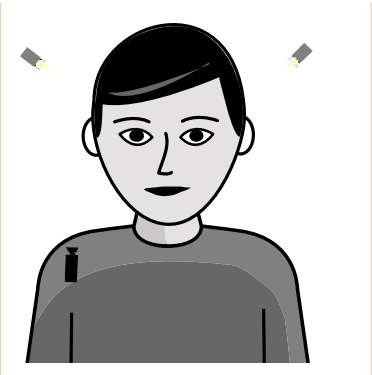
1.4

As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door. 'Tis some visitor,' I muttered, 'tapping at my chamber door -



1.5 ZOOM IN:

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December, And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor. Eagerly I wished the morrow; - vainly I had sought to borrow



1.6 ZOOM IN:

From my books surcease of sorrow - sorrow for the lost Lenore - For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore - Nameless here for evermore.



1.7 CUT-IN:

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain Thrilled me – filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before; So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating



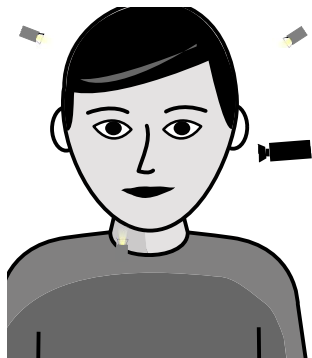
1.8 ZOOM IN:

‘Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door - Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door; - This it is, and nothing more,’



1.9 EXTREME CLOSE UP:

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer, ‘Sir,’ said I, ‘or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore; But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping, And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,



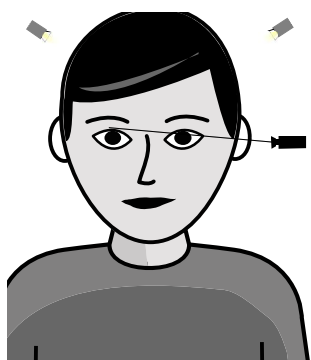
1.10

That I scarce was sure I heard you' – here I opened wide the door; - Darkness there, and nothing more.



1.11 PAN:

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing, Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before; But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no token,



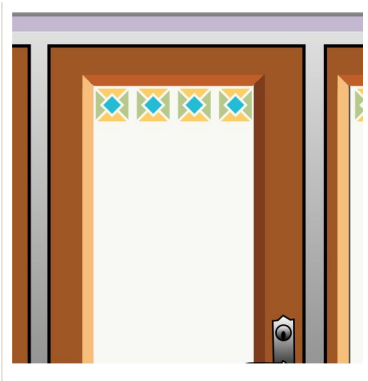
1.12 MONTAGE:

And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, 'Lenore!' This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, 'Lenore!' Merely this and nothing more



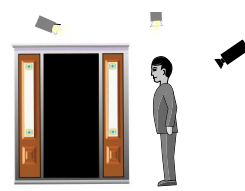
1.13 CLOSE UP:

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning, Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before. `Surely,' said I, `surely that is something at my window lattice;



1.14 OVER THE SHOULDER:

Let me see then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore - Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore; - `Tis the wind and nothing more!



1.15 VERY WIDE SHOT:

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter, In there stepped a stately raven in the saintly days of yore. Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;



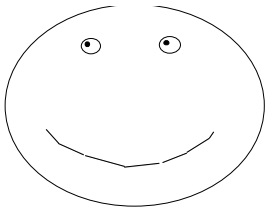
1.16 CUT-IN:

But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above  
my chamber door - Perched upon a bust of Pallas  
just above my chamber door - Perched, and sat,  
and nothing more.



1.17 CLOSE UP:

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into  
smiling, By the grave and stern decorum of the  
countenance it wore, 'Though thy crest be shorn  
and shaven, thou,' I said, 'art sure no craven.



1.18 EXTREME CLOSE UP:

Ghastly grim and ancient raven wandering from  
the nightly shore - Tell me what thy lordly name  
on the Night's Plutonian shore!' Quoth the raven  
'Nevermore.'



1.19 CUTAWAY:

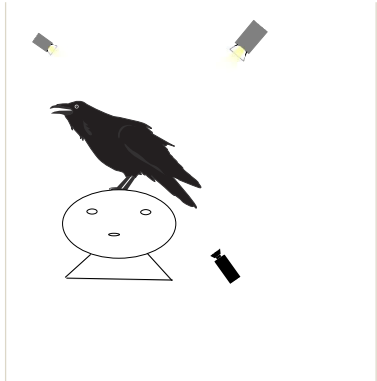
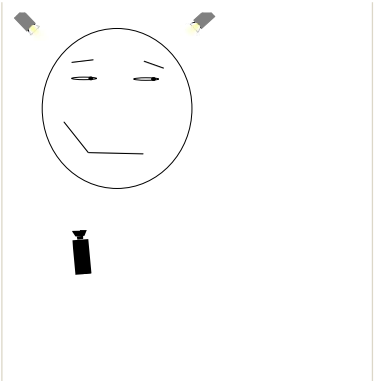
Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear  
discourse so plainly, Though its answer little  
meaning – little relevancy bore; For we cannot  
help agreeing that no living human being

1.20 CLOSE UP:

Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his  
chamber door - Bird or beast above the sculptured  
bust above his chamber door, With such name as  
'Nevermore.'

1.21 TWO-SHOT:

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust,  
spoke only, That one word, as if his soul in that  
one word he did outpour. Nothing further then he  
uttered – not a feather then he fluttered -



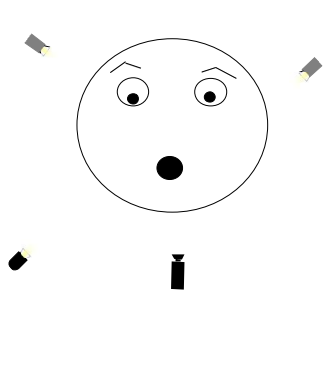
1.22 EXTREME CLOSE UP:

Till I scarcely more than muttered `Other friends have flown before - On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before.' Then the bird said, `Nevermore.'



1.23 ZOOM IN:

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken, `Doubtless,' said I, `what it utters is its only stock and store, Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful disaster



1.24 MEDIUM:

Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore - Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore Of "Never-nevermore."



1.25 MASTER:

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling, Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door; Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking



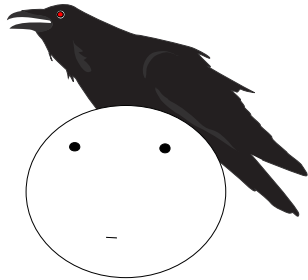
1.26 MEDIUM:

Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore - What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore Meant in croaking `Nevermore.



1.27 TWO-SHOT:

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core; This and more I saw divining, with my head at ease reclining



1.28 MONTAGE:

On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er, But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er, She shall press, ah, nevermore!



1.29 MONTAGE:

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor. 'Wretch,' I cried, 'thy God hath lent thee – by these angels he has sent thee



1.30 MONTAGE:

Respite – respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore! Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!



1.31 CLOSE UP:

Quoth the raven, `Nevermore.'



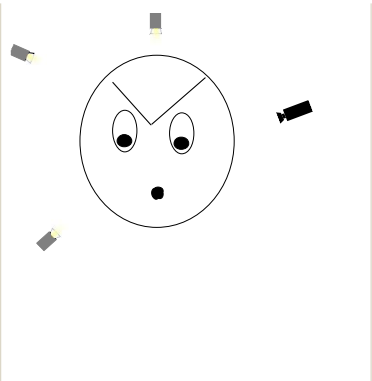
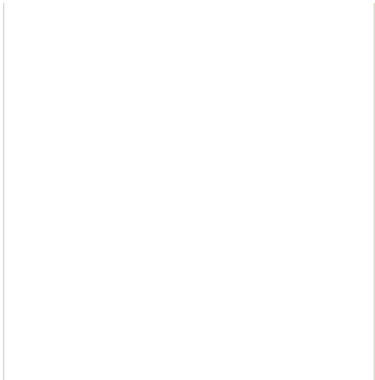
1.32 ZOOM IN:

Prophet! said I, `thing of evil! – prophet still, if  
bird or devil! - Whether tempter sent, or whether  
tempest tossed thee here ashore, Desolate yet all  
undaunted, on this desert land enchanted - On this  
home by horror haunted – tell me truly, I implore -  
Is there – is there balm in Gilead? – tell me – tell  
me, I implore!'



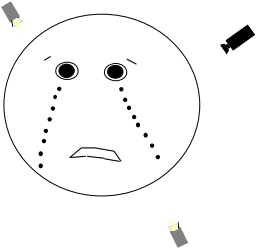
1.33 EXTREME CLOSE UP:

Quoth the raven, `Nevermore.'



1.34 PAN:

`Prophet!' said I, `thing of evil! – prophet still, if  
bird or devil! By that Heaven that bends above  
us – by that God we both adore - Tell this soul  
with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,



1.35 CUTAWAY:

It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels  
named Lenore - Clasp a rare and radiant maiden,  
whom the angels named Lenore?'



1.36 ZOOM IN:

Quoth the raven, `NEVER.....MORE.'



1.37 TWO-SHOT:

‘Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!’  
I shrieked upstarting - ‘Get thee back into the  
tempest and the Night’s Plutonian shore! Leave  
no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath  
spoken!’



1.38 CUT-IN:

Leave my loneliness unbroken! – quit the bust  
above my door! Take thy beak from out my heart,  
and take thy form from off my door!’ Quoth the  
raven, ‘Nevermore.’



1.39 MEDIUM:

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still  
sitting On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my  
chamber door; And his eyes have all the seeming  
of a demon’s that is dreaming,



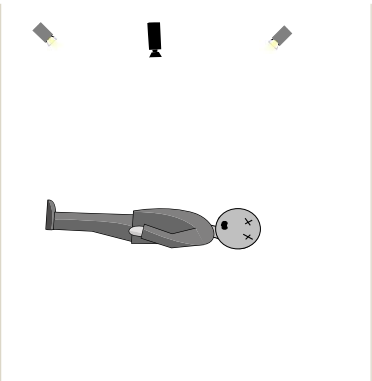
1.40 VERY WIDE SHOT:

And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;



1.41 CUTAWAY:

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor



1.42 CUTAWAY:

Shall be lifted – nevermore!

