

The blue

written by

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ACT 1

INT. SMALL ROOM

[I] There is a man (young, writer) sitting on his desk, with a window to the right of him. Its early morning, drizzling, a hint of blue hits the man's face. The left of him is pitch dark, with a radio that has a flickering green LED.

[I] Sounds from the man's typing is audible, along with the rain.

[A] SHIFT FOCUS TO THE RADIO (CONTINUES PLAYING IN THE BACK.)

RADIO

(initially loud then dies
down)

Twenty one people died of suicide
in the state in the past 20 hours.
These reports are provided directly
by the local government leader who
has decided to provide a
compensation of ten ...

[I] The writer keeps typing. He's not listening. The screen glows faintly

[A] DOLLY IN ON SCREEN WHILE THE RADIO IS PLAYING

[A] In a myriad of lines the following stands out

*"Of all the necessities in the world, the one she cared about
was her own happiness"*

[I] The writer lives with a woman. She opens the door,
without sound

WOMAN

(Softly, in a concerned voice)
Don't you need to sleep?

[I] There is yellow light from the ceiling behind her. The radio keeps cracking but its sounds are dulled by the rain

WRITER

He doesn't look up or react in any way. He keeps writing.

Yeah, in a bit

WOMAN

Should I turn the radio off? You're not listening

WRITER

No. Let it be. It... it helps

WOMAN

Pauses, looks at him for a second
So you don't feel alone?
(*then softly*)
Take a break love

WRITER

The man sighs, looks up at her. Slightly annoyed
Why don't you go back to bed?

WOMAN

I don't understand what gets people
dying like that
(*looking at the radio*)

She looks disapprovingly at the radio

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Its almost as if ...

[A] The writer turns back to his screen, she looks at him and stops speaking. She smiles sadly. She moves from the door, leaving it open.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

(*now faint as shes moving
to the door*)

You have been up all night, did you realise that?

The writer doesn't reply. The radio keeps playing. The green light blinking

RADIO

...ration for the next day! The opposition has called out strongly against this tide of deaths. The senior official from the opposition party says 'those damn suicides are not suicides! They are murders

The drizzling sounds fade, a slight buzz starts.

ZOOM IN ON RADIO

RADIO (CONT'D)
 and the murderers are roaming free
 while we do our silly-willy nolly
 golly goodie goo' and the
 government claims
 (buzzing intensifies)
 'as long as humans are in a state
 of wozzie dozzie, our actions will
 dollie die crank sizzle out'

The writer looks at the radio in surprise. The green light
 turns off.

RADIO (CONT'D)
 And now for the specials, we have
 Mr. Igma hailing from Japan to talk
 about trees...

The woman comes to door as the radio continues

WOMAN
 Hey, check this out! We got some
 free stuff.

She shows him a bag full of groceries

WRITER
 (pulls his eyes from the
 radio)
 Why? What's this about?

WOMAN
 They're giving free stuff all
 around. Don't question it. Brush
 your teeth let's have food.

She starts to leave. The writer starts to get up. She comes
 back, puts her hand on his shoulders

WOMAN (CONT'D)
 You better take a long rest when I
 am gone okay?

PAN TO WRITER'S LAPTOP. ONE LINE STANDS OUT. PLACE FILM TITLE

*"Bread and circuses my friend, she says, that's all they need
 to own you"*

CUT TO BLACK

ACT 2

THE SOCIETY

INT. SMALL ROOM (NEAR WINDOW)

The writer sees the lady enter a cab from the window. She looks back at him, smiles, waves and goes in.

There are some people gathered near the building. They are standing in concentric circles. The writer hears them talk.

OUTER CIRCLE, THE 4TH LAYER

OC_GUY1
No, don't take that, it was thrown
near a plant there

OC_GUY2
That doesn't mean it won't produce
smoke

He puffs up the cigarette.

OC_GUY1
(in a soft voice)
You heard about the suicides again?
Yesterday news?

OC_GUY2 ignores the question, continue's puffing.

OC_GUY2
Dude, I think this is some heavy
stuff! Are you sure it was just
lying around?

OC_GUY1
Yeah man, not everyone wants to ...

He's interrupted by a shout. This is by a member of the second layer, GUY1.

GUY1
... four years! Why do we have to
pool money every god damn time it
rains?
(points to GUY2)
You get these guys to work all the
time, why isn't it fixed!

GUY2 is a member of the first layer

GUY2

These are good ones, they have
better grouting guns and ...

GUY1 stops him

GUY1

Not again. I hope you're not
scamming us lot here.

GUY3

Who are these people <GUY1>? Which
company did you contact? I say we
all have a vote in choosing the
company

Some people in the 2nd and 3rd layers, mutter "yeah". The
outer ring men are dispersing slowly. It looks like curled
spiralling smoke, almost a wisp

GUY2

Listen! They will do the work. You
have to trust me. I am paying my
part of the share too!

GUY4 from the 2nd ring brushes forward

GUY4

What paying? Don't you have two
houses here? Are you paying double?
I don't think so!

GUY5 from the first layer comes up

GUY5

Let's see what happens now people.
It's not his fault the building
wasn't waterproofed properly.

The writer leans back.

CUT TO DOORBELL RINGING

END ACT 2

ACT 3

THE NEIGHBOUR

INT. HOUSE (THE DINING TABLE)

The neighbour (little older than the writer, all else the same) is at the door, holding a bag in his hands

NEIGHBOUR
I got lunch.
(*smiles*)

WRITER
What? What time is it?

He glances back at the wall clock. Its half past 1.

NEIGHBOUR
I know how you are when you're working.

He looks at the writer in the eye

NEIGHBOUR (CONT'D)
So, can I come in?

WRITER
Yeah, yeah. Yeah.

The neighbour enters and sets the food on the table

WRITER (CONT'D)
What's in it?
(*pointing to the food with his chin*)

NEIGHBOUR
Nothing much, we got some more free stuff in the morning, so my wife made extra

WRITER
Oh, right yeah, I got some food too. I'll get it out

He starts taking the food out in the kitchen

WRITER (CONT'D)
(*from the kitchen*)
How come you're home today?

NEIGHBOUR

They didn't want people at the
office. A couple of kids died
yesterday. Interns. Suicide.

The writer pauses. He looks out at the neighbour

WRITER

Oh, I am sorry

NEIGHBOUR

Yeah.

(stops to think)

Apparently their souls are worth a
hundred thousand

WRITER

(nearing the table with
food)

I am sorry what?

NEIGHBOUR

Compensation you know.

CUT TO:

THE NEIGHBOUR

NEIGHBOUR

(in a low voice)

What's going on <writer's wife's
name>?

WRITER

What do you mean?

NEIGHBOUR

The other day, she was telling
about the government and I don't
know, I was told she seemed almost
agitated by them

The writer looks up to him.

WRITER

Agitated
(he repeats)

NEIGHBOUR

(in between bites)

That's what <neighbour's wife's
name> said.

(MORE)

NEIGHBOUR (CONT'D)
Is she politically active on
socials? Do you talk
about politics a lot?

The writer looks down again, slumps almost.

WRITER
Not really. We uhh, we rarely get
to talk much nowadays.
I am on a deadline with my novel,
so I work late.

NEIGHBOUR
Oh yeah, I remember that

WRITER
What else did she say?

NEIGHBOUR
Not much, she only told me this.
And that she was trying to convince
her to support
(*whispers almost*)
the cause.

WRITER
The cause
(*echos*)

NEIGHBOUR
Hey, it's alright. Better than mine
trust me. I found on the marriage
site once!

They ate in silence and in thought after that.

CUT TO:

THE SOFA

Its dark blue outside, time 7pm, there is faint yellow from
the ceiling lights on one side. The writer scrolls his
instagram feed

FEED1
*"I have fought for the nation for
three con..."*

Scrolls

FEED2
*"A beautiful whale washed ashore on
the fer..."*

Scrolls

FEED3

*"Support the cause. Your life
depends on it. Come to the protest
today at ..."*

He turns the phone off. Switches the radio. Green LED starts

RADIO

... project for the development of
the town park has been announced by
the government. A wave of massive
protests are hitting the town
calling this spending 'another
hoax'...

The writer sleeps. The radio continues to blink. The room is
dimly lit yellow.

CUT TO:

ACT 4

THE CAUSE

The radio is playing soothing music. The green LED is not blinking. Time shown is 11pm. The room is half lit yellow.

The doorbell rings once and sharp.

The writer wakes up in a daze. Stumbles to the door, opens it.

THE HALLWAY

There are 9 people in the hallway. It's lit green. Dirty green. The people are all wearing green. They are highlighted. Some are masked, some are wearing makeup. They are carrying bats, sticks.

They all have their heads bowed down. The bat has blood stains. The guy holding the bat, and a two more people, has blood stains on their green tees. They're in the last ring.

They are spread out like a cone. The guy in front has a letter in his hands.

LEADER GUY

Mr. <writer's name>?

The writer is scared. He keeps one hand at the door. Stands within the boundaries of his house. He looks at all of them, then the leader guys. His stammering worsens

WRITER

Ye.. yeah yeah, its me.

LEADER GUY

Mr. <writer's name>, your wife
<writer's wife's name> has died
while protesting today against the
restoration budget.

The writer is visibly shocked. He starts breathing heavily.
The leader guy looks at him in the eye

LEADER GUY (CONT'D)

The government deeply regrets this.
It has decided to compensate you
with a hundred thousand bill and
free ration for 2 months

The leader guy moves the letter in front of the writer. The others don't move at all. The writer looks at the bat with fresh blood stains.

The leader guy slowly takes the writer's hand, presses the letter into it.

LEADER GUY (CONT'D)

Again Mr. <Writer's name>, we are saddened by <Writer's wife's name>'s death. If there is anything the government can do, please let us know.

The writer is in disbelief. His eyes are wide in shock. He cannot cry. He barely holds on to the letter.

He continues to stare at the bat, then he notices other bats, and sticks, and masks, all of them have some blood. All fresh, some dipping.

He stares for a long time. The leader guy just stands, with his hands behind him. Everyone else, remains with their heads bowed.

The leader guy gently takes the writer's hands. He gently pushes him inside the house. All this time, looking at him dead in the eye. He closes the door.

PITCH BLACK INSIDE

ACT 5 - FINAL

THE DEFEAT

INT. HOUSE (THE DINING TABLE)

Its pitch everywhere else. Clock shows 1 am. The dim yellow light is on. The only source is the radio which is playing soothing music. Its slightly drizzling.

The yellow light is flickering. The writer cries. He looks at the letter, cries again.

He tries to call the neighbour, he doesn't pick up. Time is fluid. Its 4am, 5am, 6am. All this while the radio was playing music. Now it doesn't.

The yellow light above doesn't turn on again. The radio's LED starts blinking. Its right next to the writer.

RADIO

32 people have died of suicide yesterday! These numbers are getting unbelievably higher by the day. The government does declare some happy news as well, yesterday's protesters have been successfully calmed and reasoned with. The local leader says 'We had a small problem yesterday night but we've taken care of it by bamboozling yollie retoli factory zinc! We expect no more of these espaniola apple jizzle in the future.' well it seems like the future is in good condition! A few more specials ...

The writer turns the radio off. The green from the radio is still on.

Not flickering.

He sits still. There is no sound. He picks up his laptop. Walks to his desk. He opens the window and sits down.

CUT TO:

THE WINDOW

The writer is now sitting at his desk. He's worn out. The outside ceiling light won't turn on. The sky's blue hits his face. Its drizzling again. He starts typing. He can hear sounds from below.

There are 3 men down. One of them is wearing a yellow raincoat, the other 2 green.

GUY2 (GREEN)

I called the man, they'll clear it right away

GUY1 (YELLOW)

These people have no civic sense! Why can't they just use dustbins!

GUY5 (GREEN)

Those crows, they make it worse. I am thinking we should install a bird net

GUY1 (YELLOW)

You're missing the point!

GUY2 (GREEN)

No he's right. They won't scatter the garbage that way. We can't keep cleaning this up.

FADE TO:

THE WRITER'S SCREEN

The following line is not blurred.

SCREEN

"Look over there, those beautiful birds!" She said, "nothing but dirt here", she whispers.

THE END