

Everything is Blue

Written by:
Meredith McCrary

EXT. CITY SQUARE - DAY

The cast moves throughout the stage, each individual completing a task, mimicking daily life. An orchestra sits DSR and warms up. A CONDUCTOR steps down from the pedestal in front of the ORCHESTRA and crosses DSL. The stage goes into a blackout.

CONDUCTOR
(from the darkness)
Everything is blue.

A blue spotlight hits a saxophonist in the orchestra. They stand, and begin playing a blues.

CONDUCTOR
(over the saxophonist)
No, no. More yellow. Everything is much more yellow.

Spotlight off. Yellow spotlight on a clarinetist and they stand and begin playing a quickly-paced song. A bicyclist wheels her green bike onstage.

CONDUCTOR
(over the clarinetist)
Yes, more yellow. The bicyclist up the street is later today. She's got a stained shirt on and a coffee with the lid popped off. Her hand smells of morning brew.
(checking his watch)
She's on the phone now.

BICYCLIST
Debbie? Are you there dear? Well, yes I know. I seem to have spilled my coffee all over myself.

CONDUCTOR
This isn't the first time. She feels guilty.

BICYCLIST
Well I know I said I'd bring a back-up shirt but I can't seem to remember a damn thing anymore. Could you set one out for me so I can grab it before my meeting?

CONDUCTOR

Or rather, relieved.

BICYCLIST

Oh really? Thank you, thank you!

The BICYCLIST wheels her bike offstage.

CONDUCTOR

Yes, more relieved. Like drinking orange juice only to discover there is no pulp, the BICYCLIST seems almost content/

/a scream sounds from offstage. A PERSON IN A GREEN BLOUSE runs on stage. The clarinetist stops playing and sits back down. Yellow spotlight off. Blue spotlight on a saxophonist, playing a deep, almost threatening song.

PERSON IN A GREEN BLOUSE

(over saxophonist)

My dog! Has anyone seen my dog? He ran out of the house just now, just right now. I lost his trail after he ran behind a car, has anyone seen my dog? Etc.

CONDUCTOR

This person lives three houses down from the BICYCLIST. Every now and then they meet for lunch. They always bring their dog.

PERSON IN A GREEN BLOUSE

(in tears)

Has anyone seen my dog? Oh god. Please, please.

(dropping to the ground)

He's the one thing. The one thing.

CONDUCTOR

They are 19 years old. Just moved across country to get away from a bad home. They kept their dog. Their dignity too.

PERSON IN A GREEN BLOUSE

I can't lose him.

CONDUCTOR

Sometimes they meet up with the BICYCLIST. They eat lunch. Both of them get cups of orange juice because it makes their teeth feel funny. They are both a little less lonely.

PERSON IN A GREEN BLOUSE

(standing)

Max? Max? Here buddy! Please, Max.

CONDUCTOR

The PERSON IN A GREEN BLOUSE even knows the BICYCLIST's kid. Debbie. Wonderful little Debbie.

The BICYCLIST enters from SL, and the clarinetist hesitantly stands next to the saxophonist. They continue playing in a duet. Blue spotlight still on. Yellow spotlight on.

BICYCLIST

(leading a dog in a green harness toward PERSON IN A GREEN BLOUSE)

Autumn?

PERSON IN A GREEN BLOUSE

(rushing toward BICYCLIST)

Eve? Oh shit, Eve, oh my god Max! Max here buddy, come here!

The dog rushes toward the PERSON IN A GREEN BLOUSE. The BICYCLIST makes her way toward the PERSON.

BICYCLIST

He just showed up on our doorstep.

PERSON IN A GREEN BLOUSE

Thank you. Thank you so much.

They hug. The spotlights mix and form a green light--illuminating the green harness on the dog, and green bicycle on the BICYCLIST's side. Both instrumentalists are in harmony now, building to a crescendo.

CONDUCTOR

Yes, more green. Like standing on soft grass. Or hugging. Or drinking orange

juice together because it makes your
teeth feel funny.

The BICYCLIST and the PERSON IN THE GREEN BLOUSE pulled away
from the hug.

BICYCLIST

I've got to go. Debbie's home alone,
and I've got to take my shirt to the
cleaners.

PERSON IN A GREEN BLOUSE

Okay. Thank you, thank you.

Both leave off separate sides of the stage, the two spotlights
unmixing from each other. Yellow following the BICYCLIST, blue
following the PERSON IN A GREEN BLOUSE. The CONDUCTOR moves CS,
a white spotlight following them.

CONDUCTOR

I don't think this is really a love
story. Just a lost dog and two lonely
kids. But/

/lights burst across the stage. Every member of the orchestra
stand up in a swell. The bass stands with the red, the trumpet
with the orange, the yellow with the clarinet, the green with
the violin, the blue with the saxophonist, the purple with the
cello. The CONDUCTOR moves back to the pedestal and begins
leading the orchestra. The cast moves back on stage, each
individual completely a task, mimicking daily life. The lights
follow them.

BICYCLIST

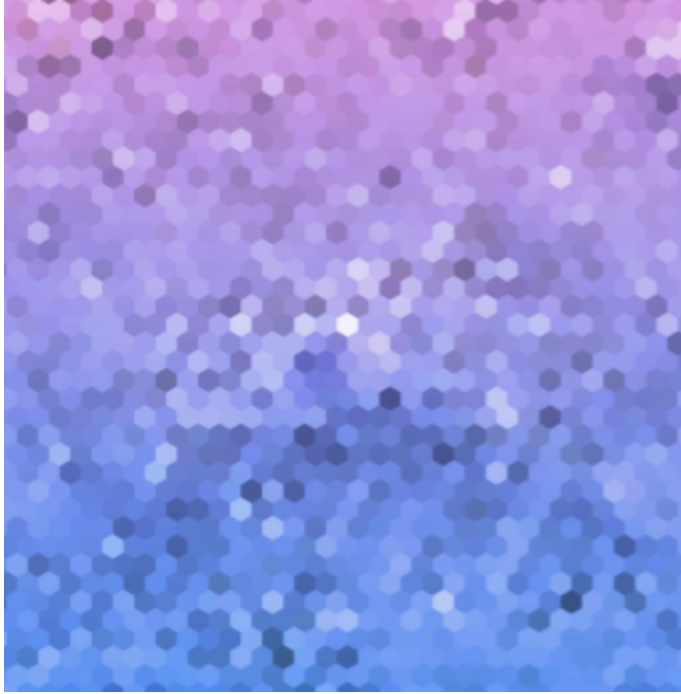
(CSR--pointing at a fresh
stain on their shirt)
Orange juice! Thank Debbie!

THE PERSON IN THE GREEN BLOUSE laughs and waves back.

CONDUCTOR

(looking back toward
audience--breaking the music)
Maybe just friends. Just a little less
lonely.

END



Pixel Dream by Sophia Harris