

Feeling Blue

written by

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EXT.CITY STREETS-DAY

OWEN, a man of few words with many unspoken thoughts and feelings is walking home from work dejectedly. He is slender 30 year old with shoulder length hair and a comfortable style.

As he walks down the street, the world is shown through his eyes. He passes the occasional person whose skin changes from a neutral color.

A COUPLE is walking in the opposite direction of a VOLUPTUOUS WOMAN. The HUSBAND turns his head to keep looking at the woman as she passes and his skin changes from olive to a rosy color. The WIFE's peachy complexion turns green with jealousy. They begin to argue, both turning red in the face.

TWO WOMEN are at a café. The one with bright orange skin shares her anxiety over the events of her day. The other with a deeper tone of orange pats her hand.

A WOMAN crossing the street almost gets hit by a car and turns yellow.

A blue CHILD is crying over a dropped ice cream cone.

Owen weaves around all the passersby.

He goes up the stairs of his apartment building.

Opens the door.

INT.OWEN'S APARTMENT-DAY

The door opens to a cozy neutral toned medium sized apartment with a small entryway furnished with a side table that looks out into the living room where the setting sun shines through the curtains.

Owen, face still unseen, puts his keys and wallet on the side table.

HOPE (OS)

Hey sweetheart, did you have a good day?

OWEN

Yeah, just fine.

HOPE (OS)

You hungry? Dinner should be ready in 20.

OWEN

Uh, yeah.

Owen cranes his neck and sees that Hope's back is to him as she chops vegetables.

OWEN (CONT'D)

I need to finish up something in the office.

HOPE (OS)

Ok

Owen goes to the computer and pulls up a file.

As the file is opening, he types in a job listing website into the browser.

He peruses a few job listings and then goes back to the file.

The open file is his resume. He updates the document by deleting "present" from the end date of the last job listed.

Owen attaches the resume to some jobs applications online.

HOPE (OS) (CONT'D)

Owen! Dinner's ready!

Owen walks to the table. HOPE looks up. She is a young sweet natured woman with honey toned skin who likes to please people too much.

Hope's skin starts to turn an orange shade.

HOPE (CONT'D)

Owen, still feeling sad?

Owen's skin is various shades of blue with touches of orange.

HOPE (CONT'D)

What can I do to help you feel better? We could watch one of your favorite shows or go out for ice cream?

OWEN

Hope, I'm fine.

Hope's brows furrow for a moment, her orange skin tone becoming more intense.

HOPE

Owen, you keep feeling blue and you risk losing your job.

(MORE)

HOPE (CONT'D)

They may not say that's the reason why, but you know how it works. A person stays blue or orange, or whatever for too long and they find a reason to fire you.

Owen looks down. His skin is completely blue.

OWEN

I know, Hope.

HOPE

Owen, we got to figure this out. We need this job. It hurts me to see you so blue. Maybe you could talk to somebody or ...

OWEN

Yeah, maybe I should do that. Now, let's eat dinner before it gets cold.

Hope lets out a sigh, the orange shade of her skin lessens.

Owen avoids eye contact with Hope.

OWEN (CONT'D)

(resigned voice)

After dinner, we'll go get some ice cream

Hope looks up at him worried as her skin changes to a more yellow tone. Owen stares down at his plate becoming bluer by the moment.

INT.BEDROOM-DAY

The morning light is shining through the curtains onto a bed with a bluish sleeping Owen.

Hope back to her honey toned skin is dressed for work. She comes in and kisses him on the head.

HOPE

Bye sweetheart. I'm leaving. Don't stay in bed too long or you'll be late for work.

OWEN

Bye

Once Hope has left the room, Owen goes to the computer and checks his email.

He reads an email asking him to contact an admin to schedule an interview.

Owen walks quickly to the closet and looks at shirts and ties.

As he looks up he sees his reflection in the mirror noticing his blue skin matches the blue shirt.

Owen picks up his phone.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Hey Mom. Can you help me with something?

INT. MOM'S BEDROOM--DAY

The bedroom is fairly dark except for the bright lights on the vanity mirror of the dressing table, suggestive of a spotlight on a stage performer.

Owen is sitting at his mother's dressing table with his hair pulled back with a headband and a makeup smock around his neck.

His MOM, a smiling retirement age woman with beautiful, but heavy-handed makeup flutters around Owen with a makeup brush in hand giving him tips on color matching.

MOM

You really want to add some orange to the foundation to help color correct for the blue.

A visible make up line exists between Owen's face and neck showing a very blue neck and a peachy face.

MOM (CONT'D)

Now we'll add some powder and some blush. Maybe a little eyeshadow...

OWEN

Mom, don't get carried away.

MOM

Of course, I won't. Once I'm done with you, you'll look totally natural!

Mom gets to work piling on the makeup - concealer, powder, eyeshadow, some lipstick. As she works, Mom and Owen continue to talk.

OWEN

Mom, do you really put all this stuff on every day?

MOM

Of course, honey! I want to look happy every day.

OWEN

So, you're not happy every day.

MOM

Owen, no one can be happy every day.

Mom laughs falsely.

OWEN

I know, Mom, but this is an awful lot of work to do every day. Are there ever days you don't have to put on all this makeup?

There is a long pause. Mom's face changes from smiling to serious. She sighs.

MOM

Not any more

Owen looks at Mom silently waiting for her to explain.

MOM (CONT'D)

Well, ever since Griffin and you left the house your father and I ran out of things to talk about. Now we each do our own thing. I have my Bunco nights and he has his Poker nights.

Her voice starts to falter.

MOM (CONT'D)

It's just not the same anymore.

A deep sigh escapes Mom.

Smile reappears on Mom's face.

MOM (CONT'D)

You've got nothing to worry about, honey. That Hope lives and breathes to make you happy. You just let her. Ok, here we go.

Mom steps out of the way so Owen can see his face in the mirror. Owen resembles a drag queen.

There is a long pause as their eyes meet in the mirror. They simultaneously laugh in the mirror. The parts of their blue skin not covered by makeup become rosy pink to reflect their funny mood.

MOM (CONT'D)

Well, you know I always wanted a girl.

Owen continues to chuckle.

MOM (CONT'D)

I'll tone it down. Don't you worry, honey. I'll have you ready in time for your interview.

Mom starts to gather the items she needs to remove the makeup.

MOM (CONT'D)

Remember, fake it 'til you make it, and you'll do just fine.

Their eyes meet again in the mirror.

OWEN

Thanks, Mom. I really appreciate it.

Mom pats Owen on the shoulder. Owen reaches up and holds her hand.

MOM

Anything for my baby.

INT.SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM-DAY

The small conference room has a ceiling with canned lighting pointing in different directions with one of the canned lights pointing right at the cakey faced neutral toned Owen.

TWO INTERVIEWERS, one large with a ruddy skin tone and one skinny with an ivory skin tone, sit across from him arguing.

BEEFY INTERVIEWER

I told you, Betty, you moved the thermostat too high. It's like an oven in here.

INTERVIEWER BETTY
Tough luck because I'm cold.

Beefy Interviewer shakes his head.

BEEFY INTERVIEWER
Sorry it's so warm in here.

Interviewer Betty rolls her eyes.

A sweaty Owen grins from ear to ear while nervously fidgeting with the buttons on his jacket.

OWEN
No worries. I'm happy to be here.

Owen eyes dart nervously from one interviewer to the other still grinning big.

Interviewers look at each other silently communicating how awkward Owen is. Their skin has an orange tint to it.

BEEFY INTERVIEWER
So, Mr. Smith, what quality do you think you could bring to our company?

OWEN
I have a great attitude. I'm a happy guy. Just so happy.

Owen's fidgeting causes the button to pop off his jacket.

Interviewers look at him a little warily. Their skin is distinctly orange.

Owen bends down to pick up the button.

He pulls his handkerchief out and starts blotting his sweaty face.

Owen's makeup starts coming off his face revealing the blue complexion underneath.

Interviewers look at each other and then back at Owen. Their orange skin tone deepens.

OWEN (CONT'D)
I'm just a barrel of laughs.

Owen continues to blot his face and then notices the makeup on the handkerchief.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

An embarrassed Owen dashes out of the conference room.

INT. OWEN'S APARTMENT—DAY

Owen still partially covered with makeup walks through the door. Puts his keys and wallet on the side table.

HOPE (OS)

Owen, is that you?

OWEN

Yeah

HOPE (OS)

Hey, we both got home early today.

Owen's eyes dart from the kitchen area to the bathroom.

Hope's steps are coming closer.

Owen makes a silent run for the bathroom.

HOPE (OS) (CONT'D)

Why'd you come home early? We had a power outage due to a ...

HOPE (CONT'D)

Owen?

Hope's skin turns orange until she hears the shower running and goes back into the kitchen.

A blue and makeup free Owen steps out of the bathroom in a robe toweling his wet hair.

A notification ding is heard from the computer.

As Owen reads over the email, he reaches for his phone and calls his brother, Griff.

OWEN

Hey Griff, can you help me with something tonight?

INT. GRIFFIN'S APARTMENT—EVENING

A bare industrial style one bedroom apartment is dominated with workout equipment and a large screen TV broadcasting a football game.

The room is a little messy with takeout food, beer cans, and basket of dirty laundry. A cat tree is visible, but no cat is seen.

GRIFFIN (GRIFF for short) is an dark olive skinned balding muscular tough guy with a persistent belly that exercise won't get rid of.

Owen (blue) and Griff are standing side by side with dumbbells in hands doing bicep curls to overhead presses in unison. Both are slightly red in face from exertion.

GRIFF

There ya go! Feeling better aren't ya, brother? Told you a workout would do you some good.

OWEN

(straining a bit)
Feeling a lot better.

Griff sets his weights down and smacks Owen on the back as he brings the weights to chest level.

As Owen puts his weights away, Griff walks to the kitchen bar and takes a sip of beer.

GRIFF

Let's get some sit-ups in. Gotta stay in shape for the ladies.

Griff lays on the workout mat and Owen holds his feet as Griff begins his sit-ups.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

You see the key to keeping the blues away is to be strong and tough it out. I start looking blue and I come in here and do a workout and I'm back to me in no time. Ok, Owen, your turn.

Owen, looking less blue, and Griff switch places and Owen starts his sit-ups.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

You're lucky Owen. You don't have to be so strong all the time like me. You have Hope at home to lean on.

Owen pauses in the sit-up. His skin turns bluer and orange specks appear.

OWEN

Yeah

Griff begins to turn slightly blue and stares off into space.

GRIFF

(softly)

Yeah, it must be nice to have
someone around.

OWEN

(flatly)

Yeah, I'm lucky.

Both brothers are bluer than they were.

Griff gives his head a shake and is back to his olive skin
tone.

GRIFF

You good?

OWEN

Yeah

Griff stands up and holds his hand out to Owen. Owen grabs
it to help himself stand up.

GRIFF

Remember, Owen, be tough, be
strong, and you'll do well in your
interview tomorrow. Be like me, I
don't need anybody.

A fat ginger cat walks in and curls its body around Griff's
legs. Griff starts to turn a rosy pink.

Griff bends down and picks the cat up, stroking it lovingly.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

(baby voice)

That's right. I don't need anybody
do I, snookums? That's right.

Griff rubs noses with the cat and gives it a few kisses.

Owen, looking light blue with bits of green, stares at Griff
with a sarcastic look of disbelief and a little disgust.

INT.CONFRENECE ROOM-DAY

A slightly blue Owen and 2 interviewers are sitting across
from each other at a conference room table.

Owen sits like a lord overseeing his subjects. He looks like a force to be reckoned with.

The INTERVIEWERS are non-descript office workers with neutral toned skin with a hint of orange. There is nothing memorable about them.

DUBIOUS INTERVIEWER

That's very ambitious of you, Mr. Smith.

SKEPTICAL INTERVIEWER

Yes, how would you engage the team to accomplish this?

OWEN

Oh, I wouldn't need a team. I could do this on my own.

Both interviewers turn orange.

SKEPTICAL INTERVIEWER

Really? I would think something of this scope would need more than one person.

OWEN

Nah, I got this. I don't need anyone.

DUBIOUS INTERVIEWER

Excuse us for a moment, Mr. Smith

The interviewers lean into each other and begin to whisper.

DUBIOUS INTERVIEWER (CONT'D)

He seems overly confident.

SKEPTICAL INTERVIEWER

And not a team player.

The two interviewers stand up while Owen is still sitting. Both are back to neutral skin tone.

SKEPTICAL INTERVIEWER (CONT'D)

Thank you for your time, Mr. Smith.
We'll be in touch.

Owen's confident countenance falls for a moment and then his facial expression become neutral, but his deep blue skin tone can't hide his disappointment.

Owen gives a curt nod and stands up to leave.

INT. OWEN'S APARTMENT—EVENING

A dejected and blue Owen opens the door and puts his keys and wallet on the side table.

A yellow-orange skinned Hope looks up from the couch.

HOPE

Owen! Where have you been? I was getting worried. Are you alright?

Owen's body tenses. He starts to get red in the face.

OWEN

I'm fine, Hope.

HOPE

But why were you so late tonight? That's not like...

Owen turns redder.

OWEN

Hope, I'm my own man and I can do what I want when I want. I don't need anybody.

Hope furrows her brows. Her orange skin turns red.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Now, it's been a long day and I'm going to bed.

Owen walks off without another look at Hope.

Hope eyes follow him as he slams the bedroom door. Her red skin changing back to orange.

INT. OWEN'S APARTMENT—DAY

Owen (blue) is pacing the living room.

There's a knock on the door.

Owen opens the door to DAD, a retirement age man with rigid posture and beige skin. Dad is dressed more for a day in the office than a visit with this son.

OWEN

Hey Dad, thanks for coming over on short notice.

Owen and Dad shake hands.

DAD

It was a first, can't remember a time you asked me over without your mother.

They walk into the living room.

DAD (CONT'D)

Now, why couldn't I tell your mother I was coming over?

Owen turns to face his dad. His blue skin covered in orange splotches.

OWEN

Well, Mom tried to help me with this and what she told me didn't work and if she found out, then she would be upset. It...it's just best she doesn't know.

DAD

Son, you care way too much what people think.

Owen breaks eye contact with his dad and starts looking around the living room.

DAD (CONT'D)

Stop caring so much and life will go a lot easier on you.

Owen's eyes rest on a set of framed photos on the wall. One is a photo of his parents and the other is a photo of him and Hope. Both couples in each photo are posed similarly.

Owen's skin becomes a deep solid blue color.

DAD (CONT'D)

Look at me and your mother, we stay out of each other's way, and we do just fine. We don't have to worry about making each other upset. Now, what's the problem you got?

INT.OFFICE-DAY

Owen, looking bluish grey and a little haphazard, sits in a medium sized minimally furnished office.

Across from him sits a comfortable older sepia toned INTERVIEWER with reading glasses perched on his nose.

GENTLEMAN INTERVIEWER
 So, you are interested in moving up
 in the company?

OWEN
 Sure, but if I don't that's fine.

GENTLEMAN INTERVIEWER
 Where do you see yourself in five
 years?

Owen fiddles with the bottom of his tie, not making eye
 contact. He increasingly looks more grey.

OWEN
 (flat voice)
 Working this job. Doing what it
 takes.

Owen sees in his mind a repeated pattern of him coming home
 to Hope, dropping his keys on the table, telling her he's
 fine, eating dinner, and going to bed.

Owen's skin is completely blue.

GENTLEMAN INTERVIEWER
 Ok, well, thank you for your time.

Gentleman Interviewer, looking slightly orange, stands up and
 extends his hand.

GENTLEMAN INTERVIEWER (CONT'D)
 We'll let you know.

Owen shakes his hand and leaves.

INT. OWEN'S APARTMENT—NIGHT

A very blue Owen with disheveled hair opens the door and puts
 his keys and wallet on the side table. Takes his phone out
 of his pocket to charge.

HOPE (OS)
 Owen?

OWEN
 Yeah?

An orange Hope walks towards Owen.

HOPE

Owen, what's wrong? You haven't been yourself lately. You're still looking blue.

OWEN

Hope, I just walked in the door.

HOPE

Owen, what would make you feel better? We could take a vacation. We could..

OWEN

I don't want to talk about this.

Owen goes into the kitchen.

HOPE

Owen!

Owen ignores her.

Owen's phone on the side table begins to vibrate.

Hope sees that it's Owen's dad and picks up the phone.

HOPE (CONT'D)

Hi Jack. Owen can't talk right now. How are you?

DAD (OS)

Hi Hope. I'm fine. I was calling to see how Owen did at his interview today. Third time's a charm, right? Maybe he nailed this one.

HOPE

A job interview?

Hope's skin tone turns a more vivid orange.

DAD (OS)

Yeah, that was today, right?

HOPE

I'm not sure. I'll tell Owen you called.

Hope stares blankly at the phone and ends the call.

Her mouth set and her skin color changing to red, she turns around as Owen returns from the kitchen.

HOPE (CONT'D)
You had a job interview today?

Owen's skin changes from a shade of blue to yellow.

HOPE (CONT'D)
Don't you even think of lying to
me.

Owen's skin changes to orange while Hope's turns a deep blood
red orange.

Owen looks her in the eye.

OWEN
Yes.

HOPE
Your third?

Owen's eyes widen and his skin becomes more orange.

OWEN
Yes.

HOPE
You lost your job?

Owen's head drops and his shoulders curl forward. His skin
turns to a deep shade of blue.

OWEN
Yes.

HOPE
When?

OWEN
A week ago.

HOPE
When were you going to tell me?

OWEN
When I got a new job.

HOPE
Why did you lie to me?

Owen is silent. Hope is very red and short of breath.

HOPE (CONT'D)
So you've been pretending to go to
work?

Owen nods.

HOPE (CONT'D)
Why did you lie to me ?!?!?

Owen looks her in the eye

OWEN
I didn't want to make you unhappy.

HOPE
You didn't want to make me unhappy?
You think this makes me happy?

A long silence fills the space.

OWEN
Well, you only seem happy when you
think I'm happy. Anytime I'm blue
you get all worried.

Hope stands with her arms crossed.

OWEN (CONT'D)
You're always trying to fix it.

HOPE
That's because I care about you.

Owen's skin goes from blue to red in a flash.

OWEN
YEAH! I KNOW!!
Do you know how much pressure I
feel trying to act happy?
How I follow along with your ideas
of what YOU think will make me
happy?
All so YOU can feel like you made
me feel better?
I don't even like ice cream.

HOPE
Do YOU have any idea how tough it
is to see you blue and not be able
to do anything about it?

OWEN
No, but do YOU know how tough it is
to get through the day? To wish you
were any other color? No matter
what I tried, I still lost my job.
(MORE)

OWEN (CONT'D)

No matter what I try, I haven't
gotten another one. No matter what
I do I still go back to being blue.

Owen's skin goes from red back to blue.

HOPE

(meekly)

Owen, if you would talk about it to
...

OWEN

I tried that already. I talked to
Mom and I talked to Griff. I felt
better for a little bit. I even
talked to Dad, a lot of good
that...

HOPE

Wait, you finally decide to do
something about being blue and you
talk to everyone in your family,
but not to me?
Why didn't you want to talk to me?
What's wrong with ME?

A very heavy pause fills the air.

OWEN

There is nothing wrong with you.
Hope, there are some things that I
need figure out by myself.
And you trying to fix things is
getting in the way of that.

Hope starts to silently cry.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Hope, I can't take that look of
disappoint every time you see my
blue face. I've tried not to care,
but I'm not my dad. I don't want to
end up like my parents, with us
living different lives.

HOPE

I don't want that either.
Does this mean you're going to talk
to a someone? A professional this
time?

OWEN

Yeah.

HOPE

Really?

OWEN

I dread it, but it's gotta be better than Mom's make up lessons.

HOPE

What?

OWEN

You don't want to know.
Come here.

Owen pulls Hope into a hug. Hope squeezes him tight.

HOPE

I don't want to lose you and that's what this has felt like. I'm glad you're talking to me about this.

OWEN

Me too.

Owen caresses Hope's hair.

HOPE

Owen, remember I love you no matter what color you are.

INT.OFFICE-DAY

An almond skinned Owen is in a bright inviting office with big windows letting in lots of sunshine, across from him are TWO NONDESCRIPT INTERVIEWERS, both neutral toned.

Owen is looking relaxed and confident as he answers the interviewers' questions.

BRAINY INTERVIEWER

So as you know with mental health being so visible, what would you advise an employee who came to you looking for help?

Owen grins and his skin is a little rosy.

OWEN

Well, I would tell them trying to pretend to be happy or toughing it out or trying not to care about things isn't going to help them.

(MORE)

OWEN (CONT'D)

I would say asking for help is a step in the right direction along with reaching out to family and friends.

The two interviewers give each other a little nod.

INTERVIEWER WITH SCARF

That's all the questions we have for you, Mr. Smith. We'll be in touch.

As they stand and shake hands, Owen leaves. The two interviewers turn to each other.

INTERVIEWER WITH SCARF (CONT'D)

He seems to have a good head on his shoulders.

BRAINY INTERVIEWER

Yes, and his color is good too.

EXT.CITY STREETS-DAY

With a rosy glow about him, Owen confidently walks the streets talking on the phone.

OWEN

Yes, Hope, I think it went really well.

HOPE (OS)

Well, let's celebrate. We could call in some pizza or we could order Chinese?

OWEN

Nah, I don't feel like staying in. You want to meet me at the new Italian place around the corner?

HOPE (OS)

Yeah, I'd love that. I could try their...

The sound Owen and Hope's phone conversation fades out. As Owen continues walking confidently down the street.

FADE TO BLACK.