

Saudade

Screenplay by

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based on a story by  
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FADE IN:

INT. ANDREW'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The bedroom is small but tidy. Close to the bedside table, a re-modelled tripod serves as stand for a lamp.

Black Venetian blinds, half closed, allow weak sunlight to pass through the slits.

The furniture is black, grey or white.

A grey pair of jeans and a black shirt lay on a white plastic chair.

The black digital clock, displaying "9:59 AM", is a constantly humming classic from the seventies.

To the right of the clock, several study books about film-making are gathered on the bedside table.

On the floor, left side of the bed, a grey cell-phone starts to ring. The ring-tone is thin.

ANDREW, a pale 25 year-old, unwillingly turns around in his bed and grumbles.

Andrew lazily fumbles with his left hand on the floor to find his cell-phone. He squints at the clock, is a bit surprised, and picks up the phone.

ANDREW

'lo?

SAMANTHA (V.O.)

(thin female voice)

Sorry Andrew, did I just wake you up?

ANDREW

No, no -

Andrew brings himself into a seating position on his bed, and makes some funny moves to stretch himself.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

I am just busy, Samantha. Writing, assembling pens - the usual.

SAMANTHA (V.O.)

Fine. Listen, I am just calling to break the news.

Andrew listens very intensely to Samantha's voice, alerted.

SAMANTHA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They don't accept you for the scholarship. You need to show academic experience in addition.

ANDREW

What?

SAMANTHA (V.O.)

Don't kill the messenger. I tried hard to convince them, but ...

ANDREW

You promised, it would work out.

SAMANTHA (V.O.)

I know. You're so talented. What can I do? They said, without any successful formal education they can't admit you.

ANDREW

Where should I get formal education from? Well, that's it. Farewell film studies.

Andrew slumps back onto his bed.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

I can never afford these high tuition fees, ever. Even not if I'd assemble five hundred pens per day. Can't you try once more? Please?

SAMANTHA (V.O.)

It wouldn't make any sense. It's their decision. But you can always apply again - next year.

ANDREW

(sarcastic)

Sure, why not. Next year.

INT. ANDREW'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

The furniture in the living room is black, grey and white.

Opposite the sofa, a film poster of Billy Wilder's *Sunset Blvd.* is taped to the wall.

On a sturdy couch-table sits a big white cardboard box.

SUPER: CARDBOARD BOX LABEL:  
 "1000 PENS FOR YOUR RAINBOW-COLOR EXPERIENCE"  
 BACK TO SCENE

The parts of the pens are grouped in small boxes on the table.  
 All pens are black.

Andrew assembles a pen. The spring does not fit and jolts  
 out of Andrew's fingers.

ANDREW  
 (mumbles to himself)  
 Oh man? What the ... Life's not  
 fair. Shit.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. ANDREW'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Andrew throws the last assembled pen into the cardboard-box.  
 He is annoyed.

Andrew looks up at the film poster and gets a longing  
 expression.

ANDREW  
 (to the film poster)  
 Yeah, I know Bill. Your success  
 didn't come easy. But me - I don't  
 even get a chance.

The doorbell rings, a digitized, flat version of 20th-Century-  
 Fox's intro fanfares.

INT. ANDREW'S APARTMENT HALL - CONTINUOUS

The door is open and PETE, an elderly, pot-bellied men takes  
 the white cardboard-box from Andrew.

PETE  
 Good job! A thousand pens in one  
 week. You're one of the best.

Pete sets the box aside and drags a check out of his man  
 purse. And here's your money, young man.

Andrew glimpses at the check, and reads the sum.

ANDREW  
 Oh man, only two hundred bucks? I  
 thought I'd get a bonus?

PETE  
 These times are past.  
 (MORE)

PETE (CONT'D)

The boss doesn't pay any extras no more. China floods the market with cheap pens and ...

ANDREW

Okay, I see. No bonus, no savings - no savings no tuition.

PETE

But you can study online for free. Udacity, Khan academy and ...

ANDREW

I know, but I want to study film - not computer science, and I need some certificates. They don't have such courses online for free.

PETE

Look for it. Maybe they have.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. ANDREW'S LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Andrew sits on the sofa in front of his laptop and sips his coffee while surfing the web.

SUPER: LAPTOP SCREEN

The main page of Coursera appears, and the mouse pointer in form of a tiny slate clicks "Courses".

ANDREW (O.S.)

Holy Macaroni. That's what I call a choice. Now - I bet there's no film course.

The mouse pointer clicks on the option "Humanities". The course "Language of Hollywood: Storytelling, Sound and Color" gets listed.

ANDREW (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Geez! Who would have thought.

The mouse pointer clicks on the film course and the main window pops up.

BACK TO SCENE

Andrew delightfully types his details into the sign-in form. He waits a bit. Then his laptop emits a rich chime sound.

LAPTOP  
(soothing female voice)  
You have mail.

Andrew moves his mouse a bit and clicks. He reads his e-mail.

Andrew jumps up from his chair, stretches his arms and shows the victory sign.

ANDREW  
I'm enrolled, I am enrolled. Wesleyan  
University. How cool is that?

Slowly, starting from Andrew's laptop, the room gets gradually colored. Things that were black become red, things that were grey get candy-pastel colors.

The Venetian blinds are green.

Andrew does not trust his eyes but likes what he sees and skips to the window to open it.

The sound of many birds, chirping happily, fills the living room.

The door-bell chimes and the Fox-fanfares are rich and satisfying.

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
That's Samantha.

INT. ANDREW'S APARTMENT HALL - CONTINUOUS

Andrew checks his outfit in the mirror. His clothes are colorful and his cheeks are rosy.

ANDREW  
(to the mirror)  
It's like a dream. Great. Thanks,  
professor Higgins, for bringing sound  
and color back into my life.

FADE OUT: