

Final Draft 8 Demo

THE SHOPPING LIST

Written by

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Set in India or any other country where people still hand-wash clothes in their courtyard, teenage love is scorned upon and children share the universal bitter-sweet relationship with their parents.

EXT/RAVI'S COURTYARD - CLOTHES WASHING AREA/DAY

MOTHER washes and wrings a bedsheet. Throws a sideways glance at her teenaged son RAVI.

Ravi paces in the garden. Sneaks a look at his watch. Looks at the terrace of the adjoining single storied house.

MOTHER

What happened?

RAVI

Ughh...nothing!

MOTHER

Why don't you head to the market then?

Looks at the neighbour's terrace again. Young teenaged girl REEMA smiles and waves coyly at him. He rushes towards the gate. Clutches a little brown bag tighter, hiding it from general view. Head down, hurries out with a huff.

RAVI

I am going. Don't have to nag ok.

Mother dead beat. Wipes sweat off her forehead. Sighs as she scrubs another bedsheet. Calls out without looking at him.

MOTHER

Don't forget the shopping list. I need those things.

EXT/REEMA'S TERRACE/DAY

Ravi is greeted by Reema with open arms. He plants a little kiss on her forehead. She blushes.

Ravi opens the brown packet. Takes out a Valentine greeting card along with a heart shaped pendant in a silver chain.

They sit down against the parapet. Tender loving gestures, laughter and whispering continues. Gentle breeze gets stronger.

(Some time later) It gets windier. They both get up. He holds the necklace around her neck. Leans over to lock the pendant clasp. Just before he can fasten it, his eyes see something far away. Shock and turmoil shows on his face.

He leaves the chain untied, and exits terrace in a hurry. The chain and the pendant slide and fall on the floor.

Reema calls out to him. Her confused eyes follow his exit.

EXT/RAVI'S COURTYARD/DAY

Wind gets stronger. Ravi flings the gate open and runs across the courtyard.

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RAVI  
Maa, maa...

As he runs from the gate to the verandah (in slow motion), he sees the broken clothesline. The row of freshly washed clothes has fallen down. Smearred with dirt and dust. A bare, much knotted old clothesline, now divided into two parts hangs loose on poles on either side.

EXT/RAVI'S VERANDAH/DAY

He reaches the verandah. Sees mother sitting motionless on a chair with her eyes closed. Head dropped to a side.

RAVI

Ma...

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No answer. Scared, he touches her with ominous gloom. Mother opens eyes slowly. Tries to get up but slumps back in the chair as she is weak. Ravi sits on the floor near her feet.

MOTHER

You forgot the shopping list. We really needed a new clothesline.

Hands him the crumpled list she had been clutching and leans back on the easy chair. Closes her eyes again. Tears roll down.

Ravi looks in the direction of the fallen clothesline. He hugs her knees. She opens her eyes.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

What now? I am tired.

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Both look at the clothes which are now rolling in the mud as the wind builds up. Ravi opens his mother's curled up hands. They are dry, rough, and worn out. Runs his hands over them.

RAVI

I know.

He kisses her open palms. His eyes well up in remorse.

Naked tethered clothesline sways. Raindrops are falling.