

ALL THINGS BLUE

By

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FADE IN:

INT. IZA'S HOUSE - LOUNGE - DAY

Light seeps around the edges of a shaded window.

Colouring pencils spread over a rug.

A blanket strewn couch.

HALLWAY

Pictures line the walls: Family picnics, beach sunsets.

A doorway leads to a

KITCHEN

A dining table draped in sheets. A ring of duct tape holds them in place - like a child's den.

ADEL, late 20s, thick jacket, dark curls straying from beneath a wool hat, stands at the sink.

Her hands work furiously in a basin of water. Bruised, shriveled potatoes bob amid discarded peelings.

She startles slightly, turns to see -

IZA, 6, hover a toy dragon over her jacket sleeve. No eye contact - Adel, just a part of Iza's imaginary flight path.

Iza banks the dragon away, swoops it over the table before soaring silently out into the hallway.

Adel gazes after her, distracted. Heartbroken. She tenses, looks away, burying her anger deep inside.

A wisp of blood diffuses into the murky water.

INT. IZA'S HOUSE - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Iza sits on the couch cradling a bowl of cooked potatoes.

Adel winds a clockwork radio. She sets it on a side table and sits beside Iza.

They share the food. The crackle of static fills the silence between them.

The static wavers - a brief pause of dead air.

Adel stops chewing, looks to the ceiling in concern - as if staring into the sky beyond.

Iza watches her, expectant.

Adel swallows, forces a thin smile for Iza's sake.

INT. IZA'S HOUSE - LOUNGE - DAY

Colouring pencils spread out on the floor. Scrap paper, the white space of junk mail turned into a child's canvas.

Iza presses to the wall, drawings forgotten. She watches a vein of daylight bleed through the curtain's edge. A dawn chorus of birds beyond.

She looks to Adel asleep on the couch, the radio dying in a hiss of white noise beside her.

HALLWAY

Iza approaches the staircase.

STAIRS

Iza tip-toes into the shadows above.

BEDROOM

A small bed, covers stripped. Toys poke from a cardboard box. Window shaded, fixed at the edges with tape.

Iza peels back a corner of the shade. She scans the sky, tentative, expanding her search as her confidence grows.

Satisfied, she rests her chin on the sill, stares at a playground across the street.

A swing-set, climbing frame, roundabout - still, empty.

She blinks, lost in memory -

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY - FLASHBACK

Iza on a swing, smiling, legs kicking for momentum.

FATHER, late 20s, beams encouragement from the sidelines.

INT. IZA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY - PRESENT

Garbled VOICES tear Iza back. She spins -

IZA
I'm sorry, Mama.

Adel stands in the doorway, flush with quiet panic. She holds the radio, a flurry of transmissions breaking through the static.

She reaches out a hand -

STAIRS

Adel and Iza hurry down, Iza smiling - it's all a game.

INT. KITCHEN - BENEATH THE TABLE - DAY

A headlamp taped to the table's underside spotlights Adel.

She stares off, a sheen of sweat on her brow. She clutches the radio, transmissions replaced with static.

Iza huddles in a tangle of duvets and cushions. She draws on a pad, concentrating hard.

A box holds supplies - bottled water, food, story books.

IZA
How big are its claws?

ADEL
...Big.

IZA
How big?

ADEL
Like icicles. Remember when they grew down from the porch roof?

Iza frowns, trying to recall.

ADEL
You refused to eat your dinner until I put them in the freezer. You wanted Pa to see before they melted. He was very impressed.

Adel sags at the memory, drained.

IZA
Are you sleepy, Mama?

ADEL
(re: the table)
Just wishing we'd gone with the six
seater. Show me your picture.

Iza adds a finishing touch, shows Adel.

ADEL
Good. But its snout is bigger. Eyes
too, that's how it sees you, no
matter how high up it is. That's
why we don't go outside.

IZA
What does it sound like?

Sadness sweeps Adel's face. She opens her mouth to answer -

VOICES cut through the static, urgent, overlapping:

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
South Line One... possible, bearing
seven nine...

Adel coils, fixed on the radio.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
...South Line Three, received.
Tracking-

Iza watches, sensing her mother's rising concern.

IZA
Is it coming?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
...Line Three. Confirmed.

Adel searches a pair of ear-defenders from the box.

ADEL
Are you ready?

Iza sits up, eager.

ADEL
Okay. All things, blue!

Adel snugs the defenders over Iza's ears, pulls her close,
listening as she rattles off her list:

IZA
Sky, water, Pa's bike... Whales,
dolphins... Bluebells... My hat...

IZA'S POV:

A silent world. Adel's eyes wander - tracking something beyond the roof and walls. Her lips move in silent prayer. She tenses, flinches - once, twice, three times.

The headlamp sways, rocking the shadows.

END POV

LATER

The headlamp - dimmer now.

Iza, curled up asleep beside Adel. Adel stares into nowhere.

INT. IZA'S HOUSE - LOUNGE/HALLWAY - DAY

The point of a drinking straw punctures a drink carton -

Iza wanders through the house sucking on a juice-box. She picks things up, puts them down - restless. Cabin fever.

She pauses in the kitchen doorway.

Adel, head down on the table, asleep. The radio on low.

Iza sucks on the juice, thinking...

INT. IZA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Iza peels back the shade, performs her checks. Satisfied she settles in.

Across the street, a small FIGURE pushes the roundabout.

She stares, juice box forgotten.

HALLWAY

Iza peers in on Adel - she hasn't moved.

At the front door, Iza pulls on her coat and sneakers.

She unlocks the door, gently opens it, peeks through the crack, scanning the sky - it's clear.

Iza looks back, hand on the door knob, conscious of Adel - of the trouble she'll be in.

EXT. IZA'S HOUSE/STREET - DAY

The roundabout's bearings SQUEAK O.S.

Dust hangs in the air. Iza crosses the road toward the playground, LEDs on her sneakers flashing with every step.

Piles of garbage line the curbside.

Rotten food spills from a paper bag, resting where it fell.

A curtain twitches in the window of a neighbouring house.

Iza continues, keeping tabs on the sky.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

TED, 9, his too-big clothes worn and dirty, perches on the spinning roundabout.

Iza presses close to the climbing frame, watches him.

He looks over, tracking her a moment before the roundabout carries his face from view.

...When it brings him back around he's grinning.

Iza sends him a shy smile.

MOMENTS LATER

Iza and Ted push the roundabout, taking turns to ride. Their smiles grow, laughing, giddy with the momentum - two kids losing themselves in the moment.

Ted spins Iza. She watches - he's skinny, but pushes with a determination that verges on duty. She grips the bar, nervous yet enjoying every second.

He passes from view. When she comes back around he's no longer pushing, his face turned to the sky, frozen in worry.

Iza follows his gaze.

IZA'S POV:

A contrail cuts overhead. Turning with the roundabout's momentum like the hand of a clock.

END POV

IZA

The dragon... There's a fire in its tail.

TED

The hell you talking about?

IZA

It has claws - like giant icicles and it lives on the sun.

TED

It's from their engines!

IZA

A dragon got wings, it swoops down on you-

TED

There ain't no dragon!

IZA

Is too, my Mama said so. And my Pa went away to fight it!

Ted stuffs his hands in his pockets. He stares at her, sympathetic - a little older, but a world wiser.

An air-raid siren WAILS in the distance.

Iza looks around, confused.

Ted backpedals a few steps, takes off running.

ADEL

Iza!

Iza turns -

Adel grips the playground fence, breathless with worry.

ADEL

Quickly, it'll see you!

Iza glances up. Then to Ted haring away. Finally she looks to her mother - hurt, struggling to process.

EXT. IZA'S HOUSE/STREET - DAY

Adel pulls Iza towards the house.

Iza looks back at the contrail fading into the ether.

ADEL (PRE-LAP)
All things... pink.

INT. IZA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The toy dragon rests on the table. The glow of torchlight and muffled STATIC from beneath the covers.

IZA (O.S.)
(hesitant)
...Marshmallows... Flowers in the
garden, my bike, flamingoes...

Outside, siren's WAIL to a staccato THUMP THUMP THUMP. Heavy weapons CRACKLE in reply. Low RUMBLE of engines overhead, growing louder, closer.

IZA (O.S.)
Mama...

THUMP THUMP THUMP - windows RATTLE in their frames.

The toy dragon tilts with the vibration.

THUMP THUMP THUMP - deeper, louder, closer.

IZA (O.S.)
My friend said there's no dragon.

The dragon teeters on the table's edge, about to fall -

THUMP THUMP -

CUT TO BLACK