

Script

Free! Free! Free?

A Short Film

Written by

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Int- Study/Bedroom - Night

It's about 12:30 in the Night.

Young Indian man in his twenties, rough unshaved beard.

He is in his bedroom relaxing on a chair and typing on laptop, a Facebook post to put up on his wall. Carrying out the following activities calmly.

In peaceful silence of the sleeping city, he writes,
"Women is that beautiful creature who keeps man's name alive
after his death"

"Happy Women's day"

Hits Enter.

He scrolls through his home page generally and at the same time awaits for new notification in regards to his post.

There is no new notification,

He turns his laptop away, get up from the chair and pours a black coffee from a Jar on a table.

Sips it and stretches his hand to pick a book from shelf.
He starts reading it after plucking out the quirky bookmark.

Sitting on the chair, completely lost in the book.

Sounds in the background are his breathing, a wall clock ticking and little chirps of insects.

His favorite wall in the background is furnished with stack of books, memorabilia, souvenirs and posters.

Somewhere in between guitar is rested on a wall.

As he continues reading, this poem in the book amazes him.

He quickly turns to unzip his bag, which is lying there, gets his notepad-pen out.

He starts copying the prose by reading it loudly in poetic form and continues the scribble.

"Swift horses carry me
Without fear and trembling

Through the distant land.
And whoever sees me knows me
And whoever knows me calls me
The homeless man"
"No one would dare to ask me about
Where my home is,
I have never been bound to Space and fleeting time.
I am as free as Eagle"

Beautiful! He sighs...lingers, takes a deep breath and continues reading.

Page turned and lost in the words again.

"Ti ti ting" A Facebook Notification rings from his laptop.
"Ti ti ting" second time.

The sound is pretty clear and loud but he is lost in reading.
"Ti ti ting" The third time.

Third ring makes him realize about Facebook notification tone.
He sticks out his head from the book, slides the chair and turns the Laptop to him.

On laptop screen, he drags the mouse arrow to notification sign. It is flashing the notification from a news channel page.

He clicks on it and closes the book, pushing the bookmark in, as he watch the flashing news.

A Video showing mob of men ruthlessly molesting, dragging and abusing women outside a pub is played on that Facebook page with a header,

"Girls assaulted in Mangalore pub by Sri Ram Sena and Bajrang dal activists"

He is disturbed to watch this.

He rushes to towards TV Set, search for TV's remote control around, Stands in front of a TV and turns it on to watch the news in details.

Surfing TV News channels

ABC news channel is airing a Politician's pointless debate over some ban.

Star News channel is showing the Bollywood movies total profit grossing.

ABTV News Channel is showing TVs daily soap of "saas bahu" drama updates

While the news continues at normal volume, he rush back to the laptop and re-plays the molestation video.

"Saas bahus" series sound from TV, sound of wailing molested women from Laptop along with Facebook's new news notifications sound.

All these sounds are linear but it is getting irritatingly louder and louder to his ears.

While looking at the laptop screen, He tries to locate the TV Remote by moving hand around table, Hits the Power button of TV and clap down laptop screen.

Pin drop Silence.

His disturbed mind has various thoughts running like a bolt of fire.

He murmurs

"Happy women's day" and claps three four times sarcastically.

Fade out

Pause with Black out.

Guitar notes are heard of a song "Here comes the Sun" by The Beatles.

Fade in

He plays guitar notes "Here comes the Sun" to refresh himself from the depressing news.

Laptop screen is up straight around him.

He is singing and playing a guitar beautifully.

"Ti ti ting"

He leans towards the Laptop while playing the guitar and reads a Post on a Facebook news feed.

"State minister comments women harassed, raped and beaten because they dressed and acted like westerners"

He gets furious by this irresponsible comment.

His finger continues to grip the guitar fretboard tighter and strums the strings harder while singing last words of the Beatles song.

It's all right ♪
It's all right ♪
It's all right ♪

He stops playing the guitar puts it back to its original place and starts typing rapidly the comment on this Facebook post,

"Western attire does not provoke rape. It is a dirty mind of men.

According to research data, more than 80% rapes happen in villages across India. Don't they dress up appropriately in villages?"

Hits the enter key hastily. Gets up and heads to the kitchen,

Cut to

Int - Kitchen

He grabs a glass of bottle of water from fridge.

Standing in front of the fridge, he listens to the Notification tone from his laptop.

Turns around and walk back to it in normal pace.

Cut to

Int- Bedroom

Notification:-

Ganesh replied to your comment on a post.

He expresses a tint of relief after seeing a reply notification to the post.

He clicks on it to read.

Reply,

"These sluts need only such kind of molestation as a lesson to keep our Indian culture alive"

As he reads, one black color smudge mark appears on his face. He is unaware of this mark.

He plays cool about the comment and starts typing a reply,

*"Indian culture is not about..."*but before he finish typing, He gets another comment from Deepak Sharma.

"People like you who supports the western culture, should be thrown out of the country to keep India pure and soulful"

Another thick black mark smears on his innocent face.

With a calm mind, he continues reading comments by scrolling down the mouse slowly.

His other hand is placed on the armrest of chair.

While reading the comments another comment with notification appears.

"Tum Desh drohiyon ki vajah se Humare desh ki ye haalat ho gayi hain"

He gets little nervous as he read this comment.

He tries to lift his left hand for typing but he cannot move it. He looks down at the hand.

It is tied to the chair by a thick rope.

Frightened, He does not understand what has happened all of a sudden.

He looks around in fear and struggles to untie the rope but he fails.

He starts sweating excessively and becomes restless trying to understand what is going on.

He gets off the chair, one hand stuck to it, to understand what is happening around him. Walks around in the house,

Chirping insects, heavy breathing, sound of dragging chair and ticking clock is all heard in the background of this softly lit house.

Cut to

Int- Hall room

He walks down to hall room dragging the chair along while trying to untie the dead tight rope knot.

He looks around the hall room but nobody is there.

Cut to

Int- Kitchen

He Enters the kitchen, struggles to look around anyone's presence.

He is alone in the room.

He search for the knife in cutlery drawers to cut the rope.

"Ti Ti Ting", Facebook notifications rings.

He halts for a second, gives up searching, and start walking back towards bedroom with chair.

Cut to

Int - Bedroom

He sits on a chair and operate the laptop with free hand.

Clicks on Notification and starts reading those replies.

One reply

"Bastard, you need to pack your bags and move out of this country with Amir Khan and his wife LOL...."

He overlooks the stuck hand and start typing a reply with free hand.

He types aggressively by shivering fingers.

"You don't exactly know what Amir Khan said in an Interview He never wants to leave India.

Instead, he later said, "I was born in India and I will die in India"

Hits Enter and attempt to untie the rope in aggression.

Immediately, more notifications appear on the screen

He tries to get up from the chair.

He could not get up from the chair
Because his feet are immovable and tied with chair.

He gets extremely horrified with this terror,

With all his strength, he tries harder to stand up and starts screaming on top of his voice, but he stumbles and collapse on the floor with chair.

His body hits the floor hard.

He continues trembling on the floor trying to get free.

While struggling, he accidentally see his muddy blackened face in the mirror.

This mirror is little away facing him at the bottom of the wall.

He crawls down to mirror in anguish with the chair, feel his face by his freehand and feels the black sticky ink.

He keeps staring in the mirror in pain.

He realizes that he has been attacked by the mob against his free speech for defending the Indian woman.

Notifications of replies keep appearing on a Facebook wall.
He could not even move his other hand now; Its also stuck to the chair.

As he looks at his it, he tries to scream for freedom from the bottom of his heart. However, he cannot as his mouth is now sealed with a tape.

Helpless lad with his blackened face, tied Hands, trapped feet and mouth shut just lies there. He keeps growling at top of his voice. Keeps pushing hard himself against the chair.

Multiple comments keep appearing on the laptop along with the pinching sound of notifications one after another.

Lying on the floor, every inch of the body shivering like a dying fish. Struggling to free his action, free his speech, and free his mind...

Replies to his comments continue coming on the laptop screen.

"Are you packing your bags bastard?"

"Have you left the country already?"

"teri maa bhi chali gayi sath me?"

"Matherchod Kaha gaya? Pakistan Pahunch gaya kya , ya ghoos gaya wahi jaha se aya tha?"

Bosadike Paida kyun hua tum yaha India me?

Fade out.

The End