

NEON
(WORKING TITLE)

Written by

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INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

NEON, a 19-25 year old man dressed in comfortable clothing with dark circles under his eyes, lies on his bed.

Vibration noises from his phone beside him from the contact "Mum" -- he doesn't pick up.

Once the phone stops ringing he lets out a relieved, tired sigh as he closes his eyes to rest them.

We see his room which is a complete state; tons of unwashed bowls on the desk, dirty laundry carpeting the floor, pens and papers scattered everywhere, an opened backpack with the insides spread out, and an overflowing bin full of take-aways and ready-meal packaging.

Neon looks peaceful with his eyes closed. That is until he hears an alarmed voice.

ELIF (O.S.)

Neon, what the fuck?

Neon jolts up and sees ELIF, a female who is about the same age as Neon. She's dressed in a neat white outfit which heavily contrasts with Neon's room.

ELIF (CONT'D)

Mate, you've really let yourself go.

Neon tries to ignore her and blankly stares at the ceiling.

NEON

You're not real. You're just in my head. I'm the only one in this room, which might I add, has been worse. Now please leave because I don't want to deal with anyone right now. Especially not you.

Elif drags the chair closer to Neon's bed, knocking the crumpled tissues off onto the floor.

ELIF

OK shut yourself off from the world, see if I care...

She turns it around and straddles it, with both her elbows resting on the top rail of the chair.

ELIF (CONT'D)

So, what's your plan for the day then?

(MORE)

ELIF (CONT'D)

(wittily)

Oooh let me guess. Don't give me any clues ok. Erm, ooh it's a hard one.

NEON

(interrupts)

Elif...

ELIF

I think I'm going to go with "nothing". Your plan for the day is to literally do nothing. And I might be stretching when I say, you probably won't even leave your bed at all today.

NEON

(sarcastically)

You guessed correctly.

(harsh)

Now you can teleport away from here.

Elif gives Neon a stern look.

ELIF

(serious)

Look at me.

Neon continues to look up to the ceiling.

ELIF (CONT'D)

Neon, look at me.

Neon's body refuses to turn but he does reluctantly turn his head to Elif.

ELIF (CONT'D)

You know you can't carry on living like this. You know that.

Neon turns his head back to the ceiling.

ELIF (CONT'D)

(softly)

Are you even going to come to my funeral tomorrow?

NEON

You can't grieve for someone you hate.

Elif looks hurt -

- But she covers up her emotions -- this is about Neon not her.

ELIF
I deserve that.

Elif stands up but struggles to walk around all the mess on the floor and almost trips.

ELIF (CONT'D)
(jokingly)
Well to be fair, as much as I want my funeral to be full of people who love me, and will cry over me, and want me back blah blah, I would prefer the crowd to be classy, and actually, you know, have a tidy room at least.

A smile creeps up on Neon's face.

NEON
Elif Arian, you never change.

Neon makes eye-contact with Elif - they both **smile**.

For a moment -- just one moment -- everything seems to be going well.

But it doesn't last long, as Neon **breaks eye-contact** by looking back up at the ceiling.

A sad smile runs through Elif's angelic face. She leans on his desk and knocks down an almost-empty plastic bottle of a sugary drink. Elif looks disappointed.

ELIF
And stop putting rubbish like this into your body. Now I'm not around who's gonna stop you? Eh?

Elif takes the bottle and aims for the bin -- it completely misses!

Yes, the bin was full so it wouldn't have landed in anyway, but that doesn't distract us from the fact that the aim was unbelievably awful.

Neon chuckles a little - an innocent, small chuckle.

- But on a more serious note -

NEON

I miss you.

A moment of silence.

Those 3 important words really mean a lot to Elif.

NEON (CONT'D)

That doesn't mean I forgive you.
I'm not saying I won't ever forgive
you, because I might one day. I
just mean I miss you.

Elif takes a moment before responding with-

ELIF

I know you do. I really, really
messed up and I regretted it every
single day 'til my last day.
But you don't hate me. Yeah, maybe
if you did, then maybe you're
right, you wouldn't have to grieve.
Or maybe you still would, I don't
know.

Elif picks herself up from the desk and walks back to the
bed.

ELIF (CONT'D)

But you don't. And all this anger
isn't helping. I'm sorry to be so
blunt about this, but the sooner
you realise that, the sooner you'll
start to feel the emotions you need
to feel. And then the sooner you
can start to heal.

NEON

Whatever that means.

Elif falls onto the bed beside Neon -- same position --
looking up at the empty ceiling.

They do **nothing**. They're just lying there, enjoying each
others company.

And that's enough; nothing else matters.

And that's when Neon realises -

His eyes are still pointing to the ceiling when he says-

NEON (CONT'D)

I think I'm going to tidy my room
today.

Elif turns her head to Neon and smiles gently.

Neon also turns his head to Elif -- their faces now close to
each other.

NEON (CONT'D)

And tomorrow, I'll say goodbye.

There's a pause as they look at each other.

NEON (CONT'D)

It's time to stop doing nothing.

THE END.