

MAKING A DIFFERENCE

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EXPOSEE

Do we still have a free will? Are we the ones who decide our life? Or did we give the power away?

It is so hard to always think for your own. Thinking really is hard work and too much can harm you maybe. So we turn on the television to turn off our heads. We watch the beautiful pictures, showing us a world of beauty, of laughter, of disaster even. Everthing as long as it keeps us entertained an our head empty at the same time. And then this emptyness is filled again. Filled with the longing of being as special as the heroes, the saviors, the beautiful. Finally we buy to satisfy this longing . Useless stuff that jams our shelves and leaves us with the feeling of being unique and different from the people who do not have this superior crap and do not need to buy bigger shelves and bigger houses and a second carport.

In this triste reality lives our heroine. She watches TV, gets up after an advertisement, runs to the next mall and buys something she has to have but does not really need, stuffs it into a shelf with the exact same itmes in it. But then someone uses the power of this mass media to turn it into the opposite. While being alone in a television studio, he shows the audience the beauty which is hidden in every detail. A raindrop causing circles on a lake, a butterfly landing on a flower are so much more enjoyable than TV shows can ever be. He ends his presentation with the words "You are all individuals! Destroy what is destroying you!". After seeing this spectacular show, murmuring the words "We are all individuals!" our heroine gets up, takes the useless item she bought before out of the drawer and tries to destroy it. She slams it against the table and finally against the wall, but it stays the same brand new way. Frustrated she gives it another look, then sits down and changes the TV channel.

SCRIPT

INT. LIVING ROOM DAY

CLOSE UP of the face of a woman in her midforties. Her eyes are focusing something off-screen. She appears to be totally absent minded. Just a glimpse of sunlight shines through the heavy, almost closed curtains. In her eyes you can see the rapidly changing images.

ANNOUNCER (v.o., exited)

“You can not imagine something this awesome! Brand new! Just imported from the United States! You have never seen a comparable item in your whole life! The extravagance! The particularity! The diligence! The Design! You really come to ask yourself how you could have survived without this fantastic, fancy and visionary can opener with integrated corkscrew, pocket mirror, mini flashlight, nail file, scissors and a shoebrush in one tiny item and I did not tell you the best about it! It is in pink! Not a boring and ordinary white or trivial grey, no it is pink! Can you believe it? But you know it is not just a can opener! It is a revolution! It is available in our shopping paradise only for a limited period! So come quick and do not miss this life changing, godsend heaven on earth for your kitchen! Your neighbors will go green with envy!”

We see the cleaned up kitchen. Some plastic flowers are standing in the corners, some glass figurines in the shelves next to a picture of a sunflower. Mechanically the woman takes the remote control and switches off the TV. She stays seated for a few more seconds, then sighs and gets up to grab her bag.

EXT. STREET DAY

The sun shines bright on a deserted street. Identical cars are parked in file. Suddenly the door of a grey row of similar houses opens. Simultaneously all the other doors are opening and women in grey trenchcoats are getting out. Their faces all motionless, gazing straight forward. They walk over to their cars.

INT. SHOPPING CENTER DAY

A brigade of women pushes in lockstep their shopping trolley. They are marching with a proper distance between them to a pink pyramide in the middle of the hallway.

Mecanically they walk pass it, take a pink box and place it in their trolley.

ANOUNCER (v.o)

“You are also warmly welcome to have a look at our new shoe collection with the lowest prices of the whole city. Only today we have cut the the prices by 50%. Get it now and you will experience a new world of comfort.”

All their heads turning simoultaneously to the ceiling. Their gaze focusing forward again and the forces starts marching.

INT. CHECK OUT AREA

The women are standing in line, waiting motionless for their turn to pay the exact same two items they got in their trolleys.

CASHIER (bored)

“Welcome to the shopping paradise!”

She pulls the pulls over the register.

CASHIER

“Thank you for visitng and having confidence in our unique service. The shopping paradise would be delighted to welcome you back as soon as possible. I hope you are satisfied with our service. Have a nice day.

Welcome to the shopping paradise”

The next woman is standing immobile at the counter.

CASHIER

“Thank you for visitng and having confidence in our unique service. The shopping paradise would be delighted to welcome you back as soon as possible. I hope you are satisfied with our service. Have a nice day.”

INT. KITCHEN DAY

The woman takes the pink cardboard box out of her bag, opens it and puts the pink can opener into a drawer full of identical can openers just different in their colour.

EXT. STREET NIGHT

A boy is standing in the middle of a street surrounded by standard designed houses. Just the moon is shining. He looks up to the illuminated windows where the TV screens are flickering. He seems to be waiting for something. Then simultaneous laughter from the windows. Everything goes quiet again. The boy shakes his head, looks down and starts his way down the street.

INT. TV STUDIO NIGHT

It is totally dark. The camera faces a dark leather chair. Just the edges are glooming from the light of the huge television set in front of the room. One hand with a burning cigarette reaches out and leans against the armrest. Then the armchair turns around and a bored, middleaged man is facing the young boy. Smoke comes out of his nostrils. He gives him a grim look.

MAN

“You know what a great responsibilty I laid upon you. This is Television! It is not any insignifiquent, meaningless Job. It is television! It is moving, shocking, amusing, distractive and most impotent it forms the base of our society, the welfare of our economy.

So I wrote you a note. Just press this button, if this button flashes and then this button and everything is going to be alright. That is all. Do not touch anything else! Sit still. Remember the welfare of the economy! The felicity of our country! You think you can do it?”

The boy just nods.

The man gives him another look, stubs out his cigarette and gets up, he points at the armchair. Then he leaves.

So the boy sits down. For a few seconds he stares at the TV screen. Shortly after he grabs his bag, takes out a disc and inserts it in the reader in front of him.

Suddenly the screen in front of him gets black. White letters appear “DESTROY WHAT IS DESTROYING YOU!”. Then images of the TV station, of elderly men, wearing rings around their fingers, with a cigar in one hand a glass of champagne in the other. They are blowing smoke into the camera and they are grinning. “THEY ARE PROFITING FROM YOUR DUMBING DOWN!”. The screens goes black.

Images again. You can see a meadow in the sunlight, a butterfly is landing on the top of a beautiful flower, a raindrop causing circles on a lake and the white letters in front of a black background again: “THIS IS WHAT THEY HAVE TAKEN AWAY FROM YOU!”.

Again a black screen and slowly letters are appearing again “BUT IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO GET IT BACK!”, “DESTROY WHAT IS DESTROYING YOU!”, “YOU ARE ALL INDIVIDUALS!”. The last message seems to be burned in the screen.

INT. KITCHEN NIGHT

The woman is sitting on the chair, her mouth opened a little. The camera shows the TV screen; A black background with white letters “YOU ARE ALL INDIVIDUALS!”. She closes her mouth and murmurs “We are all individuals! We are all individuals!” and every time she says it, her voice gets a little louder. Then she stops. She gets up and goes over to the drawer she put the can opener in, opens it and takes the evil item out. With the can opener in one hand she sits down again. Using all her forces she pulls the two handles. Nothing happens. She frowns at it. Slowly she starts to slamm the can opener against the table. Harder and harder she tries to destroy what is destroying her. Again no effect on the can opener. With all her power she throws it against the wall. After inspecting the holes in the wall for quite a time, she gets up, and picks up the can opener. Still brand new the can opener seems to mocks her efforts. So she puts it back in the drawer, sits down again, takes the remote control and switches the channel.