

CAROLYN

Written by

Sudarshan

1 EXT. SUPERMARKET - AFTERNOON**1**

Manav, 38, is standing at a vegetable stall closely examining every tomato as if his reputation depended on it. The vegetable vendor Ramesh, 23, is staring at him.

RAMESH

Keep looking at it. It becomes an apple after sometime.

Manav first gives him the side eye and then the basket and moves on to the carrots.

VOICEOVER

While Manav is examining every carrot, there is one carrot lying at the bottom of the pile. Her name is Carrolyn.

CARROLYN

Ah! I can't even breathe down here.
Why can't he put me on top for once?

Carrolyn felt like screaming when a tiny ray of light hit her on the face. She covered her eyes at first, then blinked and looked up with wonder.

CARROLYN

OMG! Is it gonna happen today?

Manav picked Carrolyn up and started to examine her up close.

CARROLYN

Come on! Just put me on the basket.
Please!

Manav squinted his eyes looking at Carrolyn's extra leg.

CARROLYN

No... please no... not again!

Manav frowns and tosses her to the side and hands over the basket to Ramesh. Carrolyn lies there helpless. A single tear rolls down her cheeks. Her banana friend BunBun looks at her and thinks for a second. Then he whistles, the carrot leader at the top of the pile looks down and they share a nod.

Suddenly, the carrots begin to roll. One bumps another. Then another. The chain reaction knocks Carrolyn right into BunBun's lap. BunBun whistles again and a banana drops on top of him launching Carrolyn in the air. She lands in Manav's basket without him noticing. Carrolyn looks at her friends in disbelief. They share a last nod as she slips from the basket into Manav's bag.

2 EXT. MANAV'S FRIDGE - EVENING**2**

Carrolyn's face is smushed against the veggie drawer. She looks around. She sees an eggplant with a big nose, a tomato with a big round bottom, a potato that looks like ginger and the Ginger himself. She stared at Ginger and murmured.

CARROLYN

Man, I thought my life is difficult.

GINGER

You talking to me?

CARROLYN

Nope.

She turns to Eggplant and punches him in the shoulder.

CARROLYN

Hey. I am Carrolyn.

The Eggplant turns away.

CARROLYN

Why are you all so sad? Isn't it good? We finally found a home.

EGGPLANT

Happy? What's there to be happy about being smushed in a second-hand fridge? You know where the good-looking ones among us go??

TOMATO

Some of them end up on cooking shows. Celebrity chefs brag about how perfect they are even though we all taste the same!

CARROLYN

Come on guys! The important thing is we get to do our job. We all end up the same in the end.

GINGER

In poop?

Carrolyn rolls her eyes.

CARROLYN

The point is we're lucky we didn't get thrown out or go stale. We get to serve our purpose.

Silence. Tomato smiles and all the veggies share a nod as the fridge door swings open.

3 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

3

Seema, 37, is looking at the veggies on the kitchen slab. She sighs.

SEEMA

Why do you buy these ugly
vegetables?

Manav raises his eyebrows and steps closer.

MANAV

Ugly? I don't get it. I picked the
perfect ones.

SEEMA

Ofcourse you did.

Manav picks Carrolyn, examines her.

MANAV

I mean they are not that bad. You
didn't marry me for my looks, did
you?

SEEMA

I wish.

Seema smiles without looking at him. Manav tries to hide his smile and pretends to be mad. Seema wraps her arms around him.

SEEMA

I married you for your Gajar ka
Halwa!

Manav kisses her forehead and ties on an apron.

MANAV

Coming right up!

VOICEOVER

That night Carrolyn rested in
piece. Knowing that she had
fulfilled her purpose.

