

# Technicolor

by Indigo Bailey

Fast food fumes fill the car. Grease seeps through a porous paper bag and dampens the fabric on the back seat, already torn from the previous owner, a Gumtree user named Mark. I stop by the side of the road without fully registering why—something about the grass here, which is so green that, at night, it looks phosphorescent, like those deep sea fish or glow sticks at a primary school disco.

But my single headlight is gazing elsewhere, focussing on a sign which announces that the house to my left is *FOR SALE*, the words set against a photograph of the building's form: clean, linear, modern. A middle-aged blonde woman—the real estate agent—is superimposed onto it, hovering in an unreal space and beaming like an angel. She seems to be energised by the house's possibilities: six bedrooms, three bathrooms, two kitchens, endless space that you can be swallowed in when you do not want to be seen or fill with ego when you feel dangerously small.

The photograph is oversaturated by daylight. It makes me think of the moment when *The Wizard of Oz* transitions from sepia to technicolor. In the film, Dorothy's migration to the dazzling Oz is not really about material wealth; the shift in colour in part represents imagination, freedom and sensuous, yet innocent, pleasure. Still, technicolor was invented in 1935, *The Wizard of Oz* filmed in 1939—only the biggest studios, like MGM, could afford the new technology.

Beige: McDonalds bags and flat beer and laundry-room-mould. Student share house. Illuminated in front of me: enchanted grass and bright plasterboard and pink peonies and polished floorboards and white linen.



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