



ILLUSTRATION: SALMAN SAKIB SHAHRYAR

ON POINT TV SHOWS WE NEED

MAHEJABEEN HOSSAIN NIDHI

"Research" on the average newsfeed and the shows that flood our TV channels show that the *deshi* love life can be represented as either a) a 10-season-long soap opera or b) a cluster of 30-minute sitcoms. Based on observation, in this article we pitch tried and true TV series ideas if they were to be based on the average *deshi* teen.

How I Met My Jaan

Tanvir opens up the Facebook blue interface one fine day and the "What's on your mind?" question stirs something in him. He mentally sits down all his friends online, does what any self-respecting Bengali Romeo would do by going on Facebook Live, and begins to tell everyone (yes, everyone – which is why the privacy is set to public) what they need (not really) to know.

Love might be blind, but it's definitely not colour blind. He breaks down all his long winding statuses which point to this bright yellow *orna*. Despite being tagged in photos with numerous other girls, there is always that yellow aesthetic tool that haunts him as he strolls through life.

Trudging through elaborate absolute trash posts, the mildly invested followers feel a touch of satisfaction when Tanvir finally interacts with the girl with the yellow *orna*. Once that live session ends, that one moment everyone was promised is overshadowed by the girl deactivating her account. Tanvir updates his relationship status with someone different altogether. Unfollow buttons were smashed.

Real Anikas of Dhaka City

Every Valentine's Day, the Anikas get together with their boyfriends for a group date. The goals are a fancy check-in and getting that in-love couple photo after an average of 151 attempts. The boys are forced into suits

colour coordinated with their individual Anikas wearing something no one could dream of being comfortable in.

The date is planned strategically. First photo session is before the food when the makeup hasn't melted yet and stomachs can be sucked in to maximum capacity. Then for the hallowed #InstaFood. Finally comes the "candid" moment which requires the most arduous poses. While the various sessions are underway, the true personality shines when someone mentions New Market and whether something looks like it belongs there.

Shokhina's Anatomy

Mid February is the busiest time of the year at the Dhanmondi Grace Screenshot Diagnostic Centre. Text technicians, interns, emergency first aiders, and seasoned interpreters have to put all hands on deck to keep the centre running at the incredible pace it does.

The cases that come through are very serious and it's people like Shokhina who can truly treat them as such. Often there are those who suffer from "accidental" cases of flashing crushes, or severe friendzone syndrome – one of the worst imaginable being a combination of both.

At this particular centre, the lives of the diagnosticians and the patients intertwine often. The technical caregivers become so invested in analysing terminal relationship cases that sometimes an eventual loss makes them reevaluate their own existence. There have even been incidences where diagnosticians themselves become involved with the patients.

Shokhina's issues aren't just limited to all the suffering oozing from the screenshots she receives; she often finds herself constantly drawn to the leading expert screen technicians.

Downtown Bhabi

Every detail is part of a very slow moving dramatic story according to Downtown Bhabi. This *bhabi* has a

plethora of stories she carries with her – her own *Thakumar Jhuli* minus the morals in the end.

From the landlord to the help, no one is spared from being scrutinised for being in an unsuitable relationship. Looking at anyone in front of Downton Bhabhi for over five seconds was enough to start scripting a story that is unacceptable but inevitable because that's how easily everyone gets swept off their feet and that's tragic.

Koffee with Khorshed

#KhorshedisKool or #KoolKhorshed. He couldn't decide which to turn into a signature hashtag after he goes out on his first Kool Koffee date. Khorshed put on his fabulous suit, really feeling himself with Momtaz blasting in the background. Tweaking around the final details of the date, Khorshed realises everything would have been even more perfect if Coffee World was spelt with a K.

While he waits for his date, who by his calculations is later than fashionably late, a slow terrifying realisation sinks in – he had completely forgotten to send a copy of his script to his date. While he fiddles with his phone trying to find the attached document button on Messenger, the date arrives.

Much to his surprise, his date isn't impressed by his carefully curated questions. In fact, he gets accused of being a stalker. Khorshed blames it on not having the script delivered and contemplates getting a better producer. When said date threatens to leave, Khorshed dispenses his gift baskets. Said date still leaves.

With a keen eye and a broken brain to mouth filter, Mahejabeen Hossain Nidhi has a habit of throwing obscure insults from classic novels at random people who may or may not have done anything to warrant them. Drop a line at mahejabeen.nidhi@gmail.com