

YELLOW

Rebecca Cockcroft

stageyrebel@gmail.com

2021

FADE IN

1. EXT. WOODLANDS - NIGHT

FIRST PERSON PERSPECTIVE: It is almost pitch black, there is the faintest hint of the trees reaching upwards, as we move along quickly through them. The crunch of feet on grass and twigs. Heavy breaths, we're running.

SILENCE

We keep moving on, faster and faster.

Then it stops. The breathing returns, but everything else is still.

We turn 360, and a yellow light beams through the trees, almost blinding, until it fades enough to make out the details in the branches. Then a silhouette, a tall slightly un-human frame walks towards us.

We turn, we're running again, the trees highlighted now by the garish yellow light from behind. Footsteps heavy breaths.

But now the world around us slows, the steps are just as fast but it's almost like the ground is a treadmill. We look down to see our feet, in yellow trainers, moving ineffectually across the gravel.

A glance behind, the shadow is closer now and gaining.

We try again, but fall forwards...

2. INT. A BALLROOM IN A MANOR HOUSE - DAY

... Onto a black and white tiled floor. We look up, and we are surrounded by 19th century DANCERS all wearing yellow ballgowns and jackets, swirling around faster and faster. Classical music plays out of key, keeping time with the dancers. We start to spin with them, the yellow outfits merging with the white of the walls until it just becomes a wall of colour.

Then it stops. Everything, abruptly halts. The dancers step back to form a clear route to the main doors. As they open, the yellow blinding light returns, and then silhouette walks slowly into the room.

We struggle backwards - our heels scrambling to make get purchase on the slippy tiled floor.

The dancers staring down, with vacant expressions.

We are pulled to our feet - we look to the rescuer, a male dancer in a green suit, mouths GO, and points to the large open patio doors to our right.

The dancers make a hole and let you through.

The music begins again, a warped out of tune version, as we leave the ballroom and enter...

3. INT. AN ITALIAN RESTAURANT - EVENING

Every cliché of an Italian restaurant appears before us - there are gangsters sat at tables, one threatens another with a gun until they catch our eye as we walk up a aisle between the tables and booths. They subtly point the gun towards us, but then something behind us catches their eye and they instead aim it at them. A yellow light engulfs them.

We begin to run, through the swinging doors...

4. INT. A CHILDREN'S BEDROOM IN THE 80S - NIGHT

And emerge from a wardrobe in our childhood bedroom, only nothing seems right. The toys are too big, too unfriendly, the bed feels too large. The yellow curtains billow as wind howls through the open window.

There's our MOTHER, a happy looking woman (30s), who bends down to us and picks us up gently. We move towards the window, the curtains engulfing us in yellow fabric. We look out of the window

5. EXT.THE STREET BELOW, SOMETIME IN THE 80S - SAME

Looking from the window above we see a tall man in shadow - he closes a car door, and looks up to the window.

6. INT. A CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - SAME

Our mother pulls us back from the window, puts us down at her feet. She looks sad.

Sounds of the front door opening, and feet on the stairs.

MOTHER kisses us on the head, then climbs out of the window.

The door opens, the MAN from outside walks in, silhouetted from the yellowish hall light, but we can see his eyes share that glowing yellow hue.

We back up again, heels scrabbling at the carpeted floor.

MAN

Hello little one. Don't you think
it's time to stop running.

We have no choice, he approaches us faster now, still in shadow, the yellow light surrounding him.

The light engulfs the room. Then blackness.

7. INT. AN ADULT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

NO LONGER IN FIRST PERSON PERSPECTIVE

CHARACTER is lying in a bed, drenched in sweat, eyes wide and terrified.

They take a moment to come back to awake, wipe the sweat away, and slowly sit up (the camera remains a mid-close up on the face and moves with the character)

The curtains are flapping in the wind, the old Yellow streetlight outside piercing into the bedroom with every flap. They laugh it off, just a nightmare, then step out of bed to close the window.

8. EXT. THE STREET BELOW - SAME

LOOKING DOWN FROM THE UPSTAIRS WINDOW

Footsteps in the streetlight lit street. Hollow echoing footsteps. Then a shadowy tall figure appears at the gate, then looks up, with glowing yellow eyes.

ENDS