

Yellow Room

By

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INT. BEDROOM - DAWN

A large room lies empty, sunlight dances across the dark wood floor as white floor-length curtains flow gently in the light breeze.

The faded yellow flocked wallpaper is peeling around the room. The only door to the room is shut.

The brass doorknob turns quickly and the hinges squeak as the door is pushed open. George, 20, enters the room carrying painting tools and materials: brushes, rollers, a drop-cloth, ladder, and cans of paint

He places all of the items on the floor. He stands and looks at the room, holding his arm with the opposite hand and swaying back and forth slightly. He sighs.

As busies himself with sorting the supplies on the floor, he hears a low ringing sound coming from across the room.

George surveys the room and notices a flickering light in the far corner. The yellow wallpaper is torn and the light is coming through a hole from the tear.

He approaches the beam of light hesitantly. Particles in the air catch the light as it flickers like a projector. George crouches down towards the beam.

He puts his hand into the beam of light and rotates it as shafts of light stream between his fingers.

Violin strings plink slowly as images of the flowing curtains appear on the skin of his palm. Then a woman's face appears, solemn and desperate, she is crying and cradling herself in her arms. She turns her head and looks directly at George.

George snaps his hand back towards his body and out of the light. He stands suddenly, startled by the image, and stares at the light once again.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

George uses pieces of drop-cloth to drape over the windows and block the sunlight from the room. The room is now dark except for the flickering light.

Pulling the ladder over to the corner, he drapes another piece of cloth across it and creates a small screen for the image to project upon.

He leans against the wall and sinks to the ground, his eyes remaining on the moving image.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY (PROJECTED IMAGE)

The woman, late twenties, who resembles George in facial features and coloring wears a white nightgown and stares out one of the windows into a dreary gray sky. The plinking of the violin returns joined by the jingling of small bells. She cradles herself in her arms, holding her shoulders tightly.

She presses her hand against the windowpane and runs her finger down the glass.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

George watches the moving image intensely. He glances to the window and back to the image.

The woman in the image moves away from the window and walks across the room towards a large four-poster bed in the center of the room.

The light flickers less and goes out.

George turns towards the hole in the wall and looks through it, searching for the source of the light.

Another beam of light flashes on the opposite wall of the room.

George picks up the drop-cloth and ladder and moves it across the room in front of the beam of light.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT (PROJECTED IMAGE)

The woman lies asleep in the bed. Blue moonlight from the window shines in the pattern of the window panes across her face and body. She looks pale and ill, her eyes dark and sunken.

Sweat rests on her face and her wet hair sticks to her brow. The plinking of the violin strings begins and shifts to scratching up and down the cords. Cymbals build towards a crash. She tosses in her disturbed sleep from side to side as she moans and sighs.

BLACK

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The ladder and drop-cloth fall to the ground with a BANG as George scrambles to move them towards another beam of light farther down the wall. The violin scratching continues with cymbals crashing. Electric guitar screeches violently.

George sets the drop-cloth screen in front of the light.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT (PROJECTED IMAGE)

The blue moonlight from the window streams across the room in hard shafts. The woman rises from the bed and walks across the room, delirious and tormented. She is disoriented and confused by her surroundings.

She breathes shallow, pained breaths. Her hand moves to her chest as she begins to gasp for air.

The electric guitar continues to screech and pieces of metal bangs repeatedly. The woman screams, clutches her head, and her head tilts back.

The curtains blow violently away from the windows.

Lightning flashes and the room begins to spin.

The woman falls to the ground.

SILENCE

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

George panics and scans the room frantically for more beams of light.

He scratches at the third hole, tearing the wallpaper from the wall. There is nothing but drywall underneath.

He sits defeated in the middle of the room. He scans the walls again, longing for a glimmer of light on all surfaces. He puts his head in his hands and takes deep, slow breaths.

George lifts his head, a single tear has fallen down his face.

He stands suddenly and launches his body towards the wall. He slams into it and pounds his fist angrily against the wall above his head.

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Suddenly a ringing fills the room and light glows in straight vertical lines between the cracks of the panels of wallpaper.

Pulls his body away from the wall. He moves his hand over the paper and touches one of the cracks. He curls his fingers around the peeling edge and tears part of a panel down.

Behind the paper is another moving image of the woman in the room. She is much healthier looking and wearing a bright green dress and the room is sunny and bright. She smiles and waves at George.

Tears shine in Georges eyes as his lips curl into a smile.

George tears down pieces of the panels determinedly. The image of the woman is revealed all around the room as he strips the paper away from the wall in pieces.

She dances and laughs, looking out at George. He has torn down strips of the paper from the whole room. He is surrounded by the light of her image dancing across the walls. He smiles widely.

A boy, 12, enters the image on the wall, a young George. He runs to the woman and wraps his arms around her waist.

She leans down to embrace him and kisses the top of his head. They hold each other and look at George.

The images fade slowly to darkness. The walls are left blank and paper covers the floor of the empty room.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY - THE NEXT DAY

George enters the empty bedroom. The walls are white and bare.

He lays a drop cloth on the floor. Light blue paint is poured out of the can into a tray.

George lifts the roller from the tray of paint and begins to cover the wall in swift, even strokes.

The curtains flow softly as a gust of wind blows into the window.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY - HOURS LATER

George stands in the middle of the bright room, now painted bright blue. He walks out of the room and closes the door behind him.

BLACK