

"YELLOW"

By

Nathan Shelton

Story By

Ryan Piotrowski & Nathan Shelton

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npatrickshelton@gmail.com

Darkness.

A woman's frantic breathing...

FADE IN:

INT. MAIN ROOM - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - PRESENT DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS WITHIN THE DIMLY LIT BUNKER:

- pale hands frantically tear VHS tapes from their sleeves; one after the other.
- boxes of VHS tapes dumped onto a pile on the floor.
- pale fingers desperately pick at a yellowed label on a well-worn VHS tape, revealing nothing underneath
- tape thrown across the room, smashing into the cold metal of the bunker wall
- another tape's label is peeled back and thrown.
- another.
- another.
- a tape, spilling its long black crinkled film, is slammed on top of a pile of discarded tapes and empty sleeves.

OVER this action we hear the voice of Yellow.

YELLOW (V.0.)

I read a quote not long back. "The yellow is unsteady. The more I try to capture what it's like now, the less steady it seems. Perhaps I am trying too hard, and chasing the yellow away."

ROLL CREDITS

INT. MAIN ROOM - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - 30 YEARS AGO

FATHER smiles at us from a jittery television screen.

FATHER (ON TV)

Good morning, my brilliant yellow ray of sunshine. Today we have so very much to learn and explore together...

Father's voice trails off as MUSIC FADES UP and YOUNG YELLOW (7), is revealed, sitting in front of a wall of television screens in a much brighter and cleaner bunker.

YELLOW (V.0.)

I don't remember anything before the haven. I don't need to, I guess. My father was always there for me.

SERIES OF SHOTS (AS V.O. CONTINUES OVER):

- Young Yellow reads a book and looks up at her father's face on the screen. He smiles. She giggles.

YELLOW (V.0.)

A quiet and gentle man; my father... guiding, educating, nurturing, warning... protecting.

- ON THE SCREENS: Father's face is stern as he gestures to a chart with a radiation symbol prominently displayed at the top.

FATHER (ON TV)

I wish such precautions were not necessary, my love, and I know you will have many questions as you learn and grow. I want you to know that everything I have put in place here is to ensure that you will be safe and happy.

- Young Yellow carefully balances a bowl of cereal as she pushes a tape, labeled "TAPE 114: Alpha Kítrinos: Flora & Fauna"

YELLOW (V.0.)

Through Father's recordings, I learned not only truths about myself and our family, but about the haven he had worked so diligently to provide, and the harsh new world undergoing terraformation beyond its sheltering walls.

- Young Yellow sits in front of the glowing screens in wide-eyed wonderment, as she eats cereal.

YELLOW (V.0.)

Time passed. I knew not day from night. And I found comfort in this. I learned to value the present moment in a way so few back on terra-earth had been able to appreciate, according to Father.

- Young Yellow, now slightly older and sporting a ponytail, lays under a blanket in a chair, sleepily watching her father's lectures on the glowing screens. She yawns and passes out.

YELLOW (V.O.)

This brave new world would be a paradise after a time. And my father, along with other scientists, were tasked with starting the long and arduous process that would take many lifetimes to complete.

INT. MAIN ROOM - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - 10 YEARS AGO

Yellow (27) wakes on her chair to static hissing on the television sets. She rises and ejects an old worn tape labeled "TAPE 307: Thoughts on Religion & Ethics" as V.O. continues OVER actions.

YELLOW (V.O.)

The love and dedication he had for me was second only to that of his work... which inevitably took him from me.

LATER: Yellow sits, eating popcorn, watching Father's face as he talks to her from a jittery image on the screens. Tears roll down her cheeks as she reaches up to the cold screen, touching his cheek.

YELLOW (V.O.)

He knew Alpha Kítrinos' atmosphere would wreak havoc on his body. But his work would help future generations thrive and prosper here. For this, he would give his life... And I would give my freedom. Our family's sacrifice was a small price to pay for such noble efforts.

INT. MAIN ROOM - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - 5 YEARS AGO

Yellow (32) exercises in the living room as the jittery image of her father lectures on the screen.

YELLOW (V.O.)

And after all, he had provided all I could ever want down here in the haven. Even if I had ever wanted to leave this sanctuary... I had not been given the key.

Yellow stops working out and wipes her head. She peers across the room at the hatch in the ceiling.

YELLOW (V.0.)

He had never provided it; only a warning of the inescapable death awaiting me on the other side.

The hatch stares back at her; cold and unflinching.

She smiles in quiet resignation and continues her workout.

YELLOW (V.0.)

And besides... I had never wanted to find a key anyway. Father's commandments were for my protection after all. I would never question such a loving and wise man who gave so much to provide for me while building a brighter dawn for all of mankind. I was proud of Father. I was honored to be his child; to live this life given me, in gratitude.

INT. MAIN ROOM - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - THIS MORNING

Yellow (37) reads, while one of her father's tapes plays.

FATHER (ON TV)

... And that, my love, is it for today. You go ahead and sleep now. You'll see me on Tape 4 tomorrow.

The tape fades to black. Yellow starts up from the chair, when her book drops from her lap. She bends to pick it up.

Suddenly the tape jumps and flicks back on, full of glitches and jumps.

ON SCREEN- Father, in a lab coat, holds a clipboard in his hand and is remarkably well groomed compared to any recordings we have seen.

Yellow stops and stands upright in confusion. Father now speaks with a *British dialect*.

FATHER (ON TV)

...cumented in phase one, the subject's original familial unit had been financially compensated and the child removed, given high doses of mind-altering chemical enhancers, focusing primarily on long term memory functions. New narratives were then imprinted deep within the subject's consciousness, strengthening her belief that I was her biological f--

The tape glitches, shuts off, and is ejected roughly from the VCR. It's label reads "TAPE 3: READING FUNDAMENTALS"

Horrified, Yellow rushes to the player and pulls the VHS tape out. Long strands of film stream from it into the player.

YELLOW (V.0.)

Wait. No. No no NO! What?!!! It can't be-

Yellow stops.

ON THE TAPE- the label is slightly peeled up revealing another label beneath.

Yellow picks at the label, peeling it back.

THE ORIGINAL LABEL READS- "Operation Yellow: P2-351B"

Yellow looks around, wild eyed. She runs out of the room.

Yellow rushes back in with boxes of VHS tapes and throws them onto the floor, spilling some of the tapes from the boxes.

Yellow's pale hands rip through tape after tape before finding one labeled "TAPE 161: THEOLOGY 101". The label is slightly peeled in one corner.

She peels it up to reveal another label, "Operation Yellow: P2-623R"

She rushes to the VCR and shoves the tape into the player. Tears stream down her cheeks as she fast-forwards the tape.

The tape goes black, but she keeps fast forwarding. Suddenly Father appears in his lab coat again. She presses play.

FATHER (ON TV)

(British Dialect)

... utilizing a fabricated scenario involving the terraformation of a distant alien landscape and added deterrent of an inhospitable corrosive atmosphere-

The tape glitches badly.

YELLOW (V.0.)

NO! No.

She fumbles with the VCR, fast-forwarding until the tape is clear again.

FATHER (ON TV)

...due to lack of interaction with outside forces and a deep seeded trust in the parental relationship, the subject will continue to limit their perception of the greater reality, embracing instead the limited iteration created within their own consciousness. It will be fascinating to discov-

The tape snaps out and ejects.

Yellow steps away from the screens slowly and looks around at her tiny world that now lays in shambles at her feet.

Yellow looks up at a smoke detector high up in the corner of the room with a blinking red light.

INT. DARKENED CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

FROM A BLACK AND WHITE SECURITY CAM MONITOR: we see Yellow staring up AT US. She screams at the top her lungs.

A LOUD CLICK of a button and the monitor snaps out.

INT. MAIN ROOM - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

The red light in the smoke detector stops blinking. Yellow pants heavily. She slowly looks over to the hatch.

The hatch stares back at her warmly.

She smiles with the fire of determination and rushes toward it. She quickly climbs the latter and pauses at the hatch door.

The lock pad mechanism sits dusty and unused.

Without turning any mechanism or unlocking any lock, she gently pushes the hatch open.

Yellow's eyes widen and she smiles, as she is overcome with a brilliant warm yellow glow.

FADE TO WHITE

THE END