

YELLOW
(Short Film)

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. TAYLOR'S BUNGALOW – MORNING

11:00 AM

A dog barks in a cage in the premises of a lavish bungalow.

DISSOLVE TO:

I./E. TAYLOR'S BEDROOM – MORNING

-Mobile phone and landline ring loudly.

-Taylor wakes up panting - startled, confused and paranoid with cold sweat, looking at the clock.

-He walks over to the bathroom, washes his face and looks at himself.

-He returns to the room to take some anti-anxiety pills and then walks over to the window and scrutinizes the neighborhood, as if looking for someone.

-The phones go on buzzing non-stop. He starts pacing around his room anxiously, purposely avoiding checking his phone.

-Tony knocks.

TAYLOR

Come in.

-Anthony enters the room with breakfast on a tray. He greets Taylor and sets the tray on the center table. Taylor seems disconnected, barely noticing him.

TONY

Shall I get you anything else, sir?

TAYLOR (*Suddenly turning to look at him; finally acknowledging his presence*)

Where on Earth were my sleeping pills last night?

TONY (*walking over to the left side table's drawer*)

I'd kept them right here...here they are!

TAYLOR (*Raises voice*)

How the hell am I supposed to know? You know full well I don't like my things being disturbed. What part of "Keep my pills in the right drawer" can you not get through your thick head?

TONY

Sorry sir, I thought you said the left drawer...

TAYLOR (*Irritated*)

I don't pay you to think, I pay you to listen and do as I say. Get it?

-Tony nods.

-Taylor picks up his coffee and takes a sip.

TAYLOR (*Beginning to get angry*)

What is this bitter poison? Are you trying to kill me?

TONY

I'm sorry, sir...I'll go make a new cup for you...

TAYLOR

No need...and look at this soggy sandwich. What's going on? Are you even interested in keeping your job anymore?

-Taylor throws the plate towards him.

TAYLOR

Go take this trash back and make some Chicken for me. I'll be down in a while.

-Tony gathers the mess and stands there nervously, while Taylor pours himself a drink.

-He reluctantly checks messages on his phone. Zoom into one such message:

"FROM: ORANGE STUDIOS

It's been a week today since the shoot has been halted. We were promised it would all be sorted and you'd begin again in 2 days and we took your word for it, Mr. Taylor. We have invested lots of money for this project but unfortunately we see no progress. We regret to inform you that we won't be distributing your film any longer. Kindly refund the amount we've already paid."

-Taylor turns to throw his phone on the bed out of anger and notices Tony standing by the sofa.

TAYLOR

Why the hell are you still standing here like a statue?

TONY (*Hesitantly*)

Umm...sir, I...I need to talk to you about something.

TAYLOR

Now is not the time, Tony.

TONY

It's really urgent, sir.

TAYLOR (*Annoyed*)

What is so important that couldn't wait until I'm out of this bloody mess?

TONY

I...I need some money for my bail, sir. It's for the case I was wrongly accused in, 3 days ago, sir. You know I wouldn't do such a thing anymore...

TAYLOR

You're aware of the kind of pressure and debt I am under and still have the audacity to ask me for money? And what about all the money you already owe me?

TONY

Please sir...I really need the money. If I don't give this money, they'll put me in prison. I don't even have money to hire a lawyer. I'll repay you soon. I'll work extra hours. I'll do whatever it takes. I don't have anybody else to turn to...

TAYLOR

I should've always known a swine like you would never learn. You're going to tarnish my name along with yours! I have enough worries of my own to be bothered by yours. I can't help you with anything. Now stop adding to my woes and get out.

TONY (*Steps toward Taylor, with a pleading expression*)
Please sir, my life would be ruined. Please listen to me just once, I beg...

TAYLOR (*With a stern look*)
Get. Out.

-Tony steps back, straightens his back and walks out with a deadpan look on his face.

INT. TAYLOR'S DINING AREA - AFTERNOON

2:00 PM

-Taylor descends from his room to the dining table; looking anxiously at his phone throughout.

-Finally, he picks up a call phone from his secretary.

TAYLOR

What the hell is happening, JB? My phone has been blasting since the morning...the calls & messages just won't stop...I thought you said you were handling this but I don't see how!

And what's this about Orange Studios backing off from distribution? I cannot have that right now. Please for heaven's sake, fix this. This film is all I have. I've put all my money in it...no, screw the media. It's too late now. We need to focus on getting our producers and crew back as soon as possible and get rolling again...no, she hasn't been responding to my calls. I don't know why she did this...no, I'll speak to her. You handle the rest. Speak to the Prime Minister if you want but call me with good news before I completely lose my mind...yeah, you do that.

TAYLOR (*Picks up another call, immediately after*)
Hi...no, it's getting worse by the minute...I really don't know what's happening...yeah, they're calling me like I'm bloody rapist. (Raises voice) What do you mean be honest with you? I've already told you nothing happened that day! I've never even touched her, Rachel. They are all false accusations! You're the last person I expected that question from...I know, I know. I'm sorry; I can't think straight right now. But you're doubting me...oh, I'm clueless, I've tried everything but no one would listen to me, the ball isn't in my court anymore...it's not just my dream project that's at stake, it's my entire life. You know how much it means to me and now because of this...everything is going wrong and...

-Doorbell starts ringing incessantly.
-Taylor looks around and gets mad upon not finding Tony anywhere. He rushes to open the door, putting the call on hold. As soon as he opens the door, Charlotte barges in.
-Taylor looks at her audacity with confusion.
-Charlotte slaps him.

CHARLOTTE

You pervert. You sick, sick bastard. You got done with me and thought it was okay to go after my daughter next? Don't you have any shame?

TAYLOR (*Puzzled*)
What...

TAYLOR (*On call with Rachel*)
I'm going to call you back.

TAYLOR (*CONTD*)
What do you think you're doing? And what the hell are you talking about?

CHARLOTTE

I know you're doing this to hurt me. Was I not enough for you? First that Rachel, now Mary...what do they have that I don't?

TAYLOR

What? Look, I don't have time for your bullshit, Charlotte. I told you clearly from the very beginning that whatever happened between us didn't mean anything to me. I never hid anything from you.

CHARLOTTE (*mutters to herself*)

No...no, you...you said you loved me. You did...you...all those conversations...

-Charlotte gets a little emotional and goes into denial. She quickly wipes a few drops of tears out of anger off her face and goes close to him and holds his hands.

CHARLOTTE

Listen to me, darling. Let's...let's get married and I swear I will solve all your problems...I'll take care of everything I prom...

-Taylor pushes her away.

TAYLOR (*Raises voice*)

Are you crazy? How bloody delusional are you? For god's sakes, cut this drama out. Open your eyes and look at all the mess you've created! You've turned my life into a living nightmare! I'm into depression and it's your entire fault!!

CHARLOTTE (*Taken aback, furious, feeling attacked*)

Are you saying I have done this? That I manipulated my own daughter into talking about being molested? How dare you accuse me of such a horrible thing?

TAYLOR (*Scoffs*)

Yes, that's exactly what I'm saying. You're a manipulative, controlling bitch who wouldn't even think twice before using her own daughter for publicity. And now you've ruined the one thing I've worked for, for the past 5 years! How do you even live with yourself, causing grief to everyone around you?

CHARLOTTE (*Laughs mockingly*)

OH! Now I'm a bitch! How convenient! (*Claps*) First you use me and then dispose me off like I'm some roadside garbage and then blame me for your condition? Well screw you Mr. Taylor. Don't you, for a split second, think that I'm going to take this lying down. I've dealt with a lot of pigs like you. (*Clears throat*) Now you listen to me and you listen very, very carefully. If you want to save whatever little is left of your career & image in this industry, you are going to give me one million dollars, in cash.

TAYLOR

A million dollars? Are you out of your insane freaking mind?
Why on Earth would I do that?

CHARLOTTE (*Dramatically*)

Remember all those sleazy visual messages you sent to me when you fantasized me once? I have a full collection of those, which would make for some really juicy news. And last time I checked, you already had a lot of that on your plate.

Not to mention, you can't make your movie without your leading lady and I will make sure my daughter never agrees to resume shooting for this dream project of yours. So do yourself a favor & do exactly as I say.

TAYLOR (*Tensed*)

You are not going to do any such thing...it's going to affect you just as much...

CHARLOTTE

Don't you worry about me, darling. Worry about yourself. You have 24 hours to make a decision – Marriage or money. I hope you make the right one.

- Charlotte walks towards the door. Taylor goes behind her.

TAYLOR

Listen Charlotte, please don't do this. I beg of you. I know you've set me up for this controversy with Mary to get back at me. Are you happy now? Look at me; I'm finished! My film is shelved indefinitely. My mental state is in shambles.
Isn't this what you wanted?

CHARLOTTE

You have no idea how much I'm enjoying seeing you beg like this, James. You're a pawn in this game, one wrong move and it's checkmate for you. 24 hours. Don't forget. Tick-tock...tick-tock...

-Charlotte walks out and bangs the door shut behind her.
-Taylor sits there, dejected, unable to understand what's happening with him. He downs another glass of whiskey and then calls Rachel again.

TAYLOR

Rachel, will you please come over? I'm losing my mind. I need you. I wish this were just a nightmare I'd wake up from. I'm feeling extremely lost...yes, thank you. Come soon.

INT. TAYLOR'S VISITING AREA – EVENING

6:30 PM

-Rachel rings the doorbell; Tony opens the door.
They exchange a very sly, conniving look at the entrance.
-Rachel walks over to the living room.
-Taylor and Rachel embrace each other in a warm hug.
-Taylor stares into her blood red eyes. There's a sudden shift in the mood.

TAYLOR

Have you been using again?

Rachel feels conscious and looks away. She starts fidgeting.

RACHEL

Umm...no I haven't...

-Taylor takes her hand and points toward the needle marks.
-She gets agitated and pulls her hand away.
-Taylor snatches her bag from her and starts emptying things. He finds a packet of substance.

TAYLOR

Really? Again? After everything?

RACHEL (*Fumbles*)

It's not what you think...it's...not mine...my friend kept it with me...I swear I was going to throw it and...

TAYLOR

Stop it! Stop lying to me for once. This is what's ruining you. When will you realize that? I knew this was gonna happen again. (*Pauses*) But, not for long. I've informed the police about your suppliers.

RACHEL (*Rattled*)

You did what? Are you serious? Why would you do that? Oh my god, this is not happening...

TAYLOR

You left me no option. Why don't you understand Rachel? How many times have I asked you to stop? But you wouldn't listen to me.

RACHEL (*Shaking, Ignoring his reply*)

Did you...did you take my name, too?

TAYLOR (*In a screaming voice*)

Not yet, but I might have to if you continue like this. I'm doing this for your own good.

RACHEL

Do you realize what you've done? It's not a small group of junkies, James. They run the biggest drug cartel in this

goddamn city. They're fucking dangerous people. The most dangerous I've ever met! Oh my god, oh my...

-Rachel rushes to get the packet and takes a hit in front of him. Taylor watches her, baffled.

RACHEL (*High*)

You know, you're responsible for my situation. (*Takes another hit*) If you're so concerned about me, why did you stop casting me in your movies? "Oh Rachel's getting old so why not suck the remaining life out of her? Anyway, she's of no good use to anyone anymore." Right? It's always so easy for you bastards; a woman is only good for you till she turns 30. I know about your little fling with that Charlotte Gomes. Did you ever stop to think what I was going through? You son of a bitch!

TAYLOR (*Surprised*)

Where is this coming from? You know I love you Rachel...

RACHEL

Bullshit! You don't love me, never have. If you did, I wouldn't have to beg around for roles, meeting these asshole directors and losing all my dignity each day. Frankly, I think you deserve what's happening to you. You're just a selfish prick who changes women like clothes. I think Mary is right. You have indeed turned into this obsessive predator of young girls. May be now you'll understand what it is like to see your career and life slip away right in front of your eyes.

TAYLOR (*Retaliates*)

Wow, I can't believe you just said that! You've deeply hurt me today. I don't even know what to say to you.

RACHEL (*Shouting*)

Don't tell me you love me when you're about to rat me out to the freakin' police, you jerk. I am all you had and you've lost me too, now. Go figure your shit yourself. I want nothing to do with you. If my supplier ever found out what you did, they'll not only kill you but they'll also finish me. Thank you very much for this. Fuck you.

-Rachel quickly grabs her things and rushes off.

-Taylor starts feeling dizzy and sits on the couch. He notices Tony standing in the corner of the kitchen, listening to the entire conversation.

-Taylor feels frustrated and calls him out.

TAYLOR (*Drunk*)

So now you've started eavesdropping, too? What are you looking at? Get your ass here and clean up this mess.

-Tony quietly finishes cleaning up, goes to the kitchen and soon emerges with a container of tablets and water.

TONY

My shift is over for today, sir. Here are your sleeping pills. I have my court hearing tomorrow which I have no clue how I'm going to deal with. So don't wait for me. *(Pauses)* Also, don't drink so much; alcoholism is going to drown you.

-Tony leaves. There's pitch silence.

-Staring far off into the distance, he suddenly breaks down into tears. Soon after, he passes out.

INT. TAYLOR'S LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

11:30 PM

-The loud doorbell wakes Taylor up. In a state of hangover, he walks towards the door, paranoid. He hesitantly opens the door.

-A messy, drunk Mary stands on the other side.

-Taylor sighs of relief.

TAYLOR

I cannot tell you how relieved I am to see you, Mary.

-Mary gives him a perplexed look.

TAYLOR

I feel like I'm being followed and watched over ever since the controversy broke out. I feel a rush of paranoia every time I see someone walk behind me or get a call from an unknown number or...or when the doorbell rings unexpectedly..

-Mary looks at him like he's crazy.

TAYLOR

I know what you're thinking. I'm not mad at you, Mary. Yes, it was you who said those words that have put me in this situation but I know it was your mother who put them into your mouth. I know what that evil woman is trying to do and even though I feel absolutely helpless right now, I'm somehow not angry with you because I know you, Mary. You wouldn't..

-Mary cuts him halfway through.

MARY (Proudly)

It was me. It was all me. My mother maybe a conniving old lady but don't give her the credit for this. Oh, how I love making you feel so miserable, just like you did to me.

-Mary walks inside towards the living room and sits on the couch. Taylor looks at her with astonishment.

MARY

You knew how much I loved you...I was ready to leave my career at the age of 18 to be with you...to marry you. I've sent you endless love letters...I've exclusively worked in your movies, refusing offers worth a fortune. I've always noticed how you would take care of me on sets...how affectionately you'd talk to me...how you'd pamper me. Yet you never admitted you loved me. Why James? Why did you break my heart?

TAYLOR

Mary, I care about you because I like you. You're a sweet little child. But we could never be together. All those love letters...I thought you've written them in your childish innocence. I didn't know about this brutal side of yours. I never intended to hurt your feelings but you've damaged me in an irreparable way...

MARY

You never gave me the kind of love I wanted. I tried to catch your attention so many times. Every time I would see you with that witch Rachel, it would drive me insane. I don't know what spell she has on you. I felt helpless. And so, I did what I thought was right to get back into power. I thought, "Maybe now he'll get back to his senses." I had to do it!

-She gets up and walks over to where he's standing and hugs him.

MARY (CONTD)

You know, I can end it all just as easily as I started it, only if you confess to your love for me.

-Taylor pushes her away.

TAYLOR

I don't love you, Mary. I never did. I love Rachel and now she's also left me, because of you!

-Mary begins to slightly unchain her top down her shoulder.

MARY

What do you see in that ugly aging Rachel? I can give you so much more than she ever can...

-Taylor looks at her with disgust and turns away.

-Mary feels offended, sees half a bottle of whiskey on the dining table and picks it up in one hand. In the other, she picks up a knife.

-She downs the drink and smashes the bottle.

-Taylor turns around at the loud noise and is shocked to see Mary pointing the knife in his direction.

-He begins to walk towards her carefully.

TAYLOR (*Anxious and scared*)

What are you doing? Mary, listen to me...

-Mary goes two steps backward matching every single step Taylor takes towards her.

MARY (*Howling/Crying & shouting*)

I've had enough. If you can't be mine, you can't be anyone else's.

TAYLOR

Okay, Mary, let's sit and talk about it...

MARY

No more talking. Tell me that you love me or...

-Suddenly she points the knife in her own direction.

TAYLOR (*Loudly*)

No, Mary...don't do this...please stop...

MARY

I gave you one last chance. I'd rather die than live with this heartache. I hope you live with the blood of my death on your hands for the rest of your life. At least that way I'll be on your mind until the day you join me in hell.

-Taylor stumbles towards her but Mary stabs herself before he can reach her.

TAYLOR (*Screams*)

MARYYY...

INT. TAYLOR'S BEDROOM — MORNING

11:00 AM

Repetition of the first scene:

-Mobile phone and landline ring loudly.

-Taylor wakes up panting - startled, confused and paranoid with cold sweat.

-He suddenly realizes he's holding the same knife bathed in blood, in his hand.

-He looks at it with shock. Unable to differentiate between reality and fantasy anymore, he lifts the knife to kill himself.

THE END