

The Shadow (Alt)

By

Calum Rodger

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

COLE (21) drives up the driveway to his family house and parks.

Cole wears casual clothing, dark jeans and an un-ironed white t-shirt. He has somewhat messy hair and a tired demeanour. He looks like the last 3 years of education really wore him out.

Cole cautiously exits the vehicle and opens the boot.

He takes out a large, stuffed suitcase and 3 boxes of his stuff.

He puts them down on the driveway and looks up to his bedroom window with his hands on his hips.

CUT TO:

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

The hallway has hand drawn pictures on the wall from when Cole was a child.

Cole puts his belongings down in the hallway and slumps himself down on the stairs with a sigh of relief.

His serenity is sharply interrupted by a text notification on his phone.

He clumsily takes out his phone and reads the message.

The message is from his University and reads "THINK OF YOUR FUTURE: Life after graduation, what will YOU do?".

Cole quickly swipes the message away and massages his temple with his thumb.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

A small hallway with an airing cupboard with clothes hanging in it. Some boxes have some of Cole's childhood belongings stacked in the cupboard.

The 3 boxes are already up there as Cole heaves his suitcase up the stairs, struggling the whole way up. He places it next to the boxes.

Cole looks at his old belongings with a look of pure

serenity, reminiscing about his childhood.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY.

A YOUNG COLE (6) sits on the floor playing with Lego and an array of childhood toys.

He has a smile on his face, like he doesn't have a care in the world.

A sudden mobile phone text ding is heard.

The young Cole stops playing and urgently looks around, confused and scared.

FADE OUT:

END FLASHBACK:

FADE IN:

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

The notification sharply snaps Cole back into reality. His peaceful smile drops to an uncertain frown.

He takes out his phone to find yet another text from his university, it reads: "THINK OF YOUR FUTURE: Your next steps in your NEW life".

Cole sighs and swipes the message away. He then glumly pockets the phone.

With his hands in his pockets, he looks down at his boxes and suitcase with dismay.

He shrugs and opens his old bedroom door.

INT. COLE'S BEDROOM - DAY.

The bedroom is painted with dark blue and white.

On the wall is something peculiar, clearly not a part of the décor; a SHADOW. The shadow is shaped like a man, completely stationary with nothing casting it.

Beneath the shadow is a chest of drawers with a speaker, a gaming console, A LAMP and Cole's teenage belongings placed on top.

Next to that is a TV with an empty SHELF above it.

The room is spotless, clean and organised, like it hasn't been entered in quite some time. The single bed is neatly made.

Cole's old converse shoes stick out from underneath the bed.

Cole enters his bedroom, dragging the heavy suitcase behind him. He picks it up with a swing and chucks it on his bed.

He sits down on the bed next to the suitcase.

Cole looks around the room, taking in the memories. He doesn't notice the shadow at first when he looks around the room but does a double take, making him jump, as he notices it.

Once the shadow catches his eye, Cole, after the initial shock, finds himself staring at it, with a sense of bewilderment.

Cole timidly lifts his arms and moves them in a short sporadic burst, but, to his dismay, the shadow remains stationary.

His eyes urgently glance the room looking for anything that may be casting such a shadow, but he finds nothing.

Cole's brows rise as he spots the drawn curtains behind him.

He gets up and reaches towards the curtains and opens them, the light pierces through the room, lighting it up brightly, but still the shadow remains.

Cole looks distressed, he begins massaging his temples.

His distress turns to realisation as he spots the light switch next to him.

Cole cautiously reaches out to the light switch, as if he were sneaking past a guard. His eyes remain locked onto the shadow.

He flicks the switch, instantly illuminating the room in an orange-yellowish tint. But, to his dismay, the shadow still remains, unchanged.

Annoyed with the result, he flicks the switch on and off a couple times. Cole realises it isn't working and leaves the light off.

Cole's eyes widen as his mouth tightens.

He starts to frantically scan the room, looking for anything that may be able to remove the shadow.

He looks down upon his chest of drawers and over to the lamp on top. He flicks the switch but it doesn't turn on.

Cole growls angrily to himself.

He gets down on the floor and notices it isn't plugged in, so he plugs it in.

Cole gets up and points the lamp's bulb in the direction of the shadow and turns it on.

The light is so bright that Cole has to cover his eyes with his hands when he turns the lamp on.

He timidly glances through his fingers, only to see that the shadow is still there.

Cole releases a hushed shout and angrily knocks the lamp to the floor.

Angry and disappointed with his failure, Cole sits back down on his bed with his head in his hands.

INT. COLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT [CONTINUOUS]

The bedroom is now in darkness.

Cole hasn't moved since he sat down, still in the same position. The only difference is his eyes look dark and struggle to remain open.

The familiar ding of Cole's phone snaps him back to reality.

Cole blinks a few times and groans as he exits his tranquil state.

He takes out his phone to see yet another text from his university, it reads: "THINK OF YOUR FUTURE: Don't dwell on the past, look towards your FUTURE".

Cole rubs his eyes and turns his attention back to the wall with the shadow. He squints at the wall trying to make out if the shadow is still there or not.

Hope starts to overcome Cole's face as he can no longer see the shadow, a slight smile appears on his face.

He swiftly gets up and opens his bedroom door, rushing out into the hallway with a new found sense of enthusiasm.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT [CONTINUOUS]

Cole frantically searches through one of his boxes, pulling out all sorts of things. He doesn't find what he's looking for and moves onto the next box.

He searches the 2nd box until he finds a flashlight. He shines it at the wall to test the brightness, it illuminates the hallway brightly.

Cole chuckles to himself and flicks off the torch.

He enters his bedroom again.

INT. COLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is still in darkness.

Cole jumps on to the bed, torch in hand, and directs it to the shadow. He begins smiling, looking proud of his plan.

He turns the flashlight on. The shadow is still on the wall.

Hope falls from Cole's face, contorted rage takes its place. Cole lets out a frustrated shout as he angrily throws the torch at the shadow.

The torch light just about illuminates Cole's face from the floor. His mouth is stretched across half his face, like a snarling animal's. He breathes deep and heavy, like a raging bull.

He aggressively punches the light switch turning the light on.

He turns around and harshly grips his head in his claw-like hands. He stays like that for a few seconds, still breathing monstrosly.

Cole's deep breaths begin to slow down as faint, manic, giggling laughter starts to take its place.

The short bursts of laughter get louder and more frequent until Cole is just manically laughing.

He suddenly stops laughing. He turns back to the shadow, like a deer hearing a branch break.

He looks at it and instantly erupts into a deep scream.

Cole clenches his fists tightly, digging his nails into his palms.

He begins punching the shadow on the wall with primitive rage, all whilst screaming.

He then starts clawing at the wall with his fingernails, he's so aggressive that blood splatters on the wall and blood trickles down his hands from his nails.

He stops screaming and scratching and rests his fists on the wall. He starts breathing deeply and heavily.

After a few seconds, Cole glances to his right and sees the SHELF.

He swiftly turns and rips it off the wall in a fit of rage, he swings it towards the shadow on the wall with all his might.

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. COLE'S BEDROOM, DESTROYED - DAY

Cole's bedroom is now completely barren of furniture and decoration, it looks like a construction site. The paintwork is gone, all personal items are gone, it is just empty.

PAN OVER AND TILT DOWN TO:

Cole sits on the floor with his head in his knees as he holds his legs to his chest. It sounds like he is hyperventilating and crying, very distressed. He slowly rocks back and forth, refusing to look up.

TILT UP AND PAN TO:

The shadow is revealed to still be on the wall, completely unchanged.

FADE TO BLACK:

FIN.