

THE SHEDDING

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1A - INT - PRIMARY SCHOOL - NIGHT

Everyone's gone home. The toys have been packed away. Night has fallen. We enter on a classic modern British primary school at night. Colourful posters telling toddlers to eat their greens line the moonlit halls. Everything's slightly too small, like a dollhouse.

1B - INT - TOILETS - NIGHT

Bright white toilets. Blinding. That sort of so-almost-clean that all school toilets are.

1C - INT - SCHOOL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Shards of light on greasy linoleum floors.

TITLE: THE SHEDDING

The title is revealed with campy horror flair- a low drone and flashing lights. 80s.

CUT TO:

2 - INT - ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT

A hand on a door, AYIDA (25) whips her head into frame. She looks side to side and gingerly pushes the front door to the school open.

She's young and pretty. She's dressed innocently. She's a teacher, with a lanyard around her neck. Everything screams lovely-human-who-doesn't-deserve-to-die.

She heaves a big sigh. Life is clearly weighing on her.

She puts away a big loop of KEYS. They jangle jarringly loud. The sound echoes through the space. She jumps a little.

Then she composes herself. She's here for something goddamnit! Can't be getting scared over every little noise.

She walks forward with purpose.

3A - INT - CLASSROOM - NIGHT

A primary school classroom. Tiny chairs surround circular low tables. Everything is bright primary colours. The lights flick

on with a low hum. Ayida walks in. She shakes her head, still thinking about Steven.

She slowly walks over to the other side of the room where her BAG is hung on the side of a desk.

As she walks back, she looks at some messy papers on one of the low tables. She smiles and picks them up. Lingers for a bit looking at them. It's clearly some simplistic child's art but we can't see it. She neatens them up and puts them away in a drawer.

3B - She makes it back to the doorway. Her hand reaches up for the light switch.

She's about to flick it when there's a noise.

The door opening in the other room.

It's muffled but clearly, unmistakably, distinct.

She freezes. She has her back to the hallway. The camera pushes in. The darkness behind her is like a black rectangular void.

Her eyes flit around, in deep thought. She reaches a hand up and feels her face. Her skin.

She turns.

3C - Wide: an empty corridor. She looks left and right.

4A - INT - HALLWAY / OFFICE - NIGHT

Ayida knocks on the glass of Steven's office.

Knock knock.

He spins around on his chair and looks at her.

He speaks but the glass is soundproof, leaving no sound.

STEVEN
(silently)
Haven't I said I'm working.

She responds, also silenced by the glass.

AYIDA
(silently)
Did you hear that? I'm scared.

STEVEN
(silently)
Haha.

He turns back to his computer. Whether we could make out the words or not we can see he does not care.

Ayida looks offended. She knocks again.

4B – Looks down the corridor. It looms in the darkness. An ominous hum.

She knocks again. Steven is ignoring her. She knocks again.

5A – INT – ENTRANCE HALL – NIGHT

She walks back quickly towards the front door. The darkness seems thicker now – we're searching every inch of the frame for *something* now. Some movement – some confirmation of that universal sense that we are not alone.

She gets to the front door.

She pulls the door.

Kachunk. It's locked.

It's locked.

She looks around her.

5B – She pulls out her phone. Dials a number. We hear the noise of a phone ringing.

Her face is illuminated by the screen. The call goes through. A muffled voice answers.

VOICE ON PHONE (O.C)
Ayida where are you? Wherever you are get out.
Get away from people. Dear god you wandered off
after dinn-

Ayida hangs up.

She looks out into the void. There's a strange look in her eyes.

A shaft of light is cast on the ground from Steven's office.

Ow! She looks down. A bead of blood on her finger. She looks at it curiously.

6 - INT - Classroom - NIGHT

Ayida wipes her hand on some the children's art. Red stains the artwork.

She stares intently at what she is doing. She reaches up to feel her face. A tear runs down her face.

Suddenly she screams, before quickly covering her mouth with her hand.

She looks confused about what she just did.

A noise. She turns sharply. The door is empty.

CUT TO:

7 - INT - STEVENS OFFICE - NIGHT

Steven's office is empty.

8A - INT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ayida leaves the classroom and looks left and right.

Closes the door, methodically.

Suddenly we CUT TO:

8B INT - AROUND THE CORNER - NIGHT

Steven is around the corner, is back to the wall. He is breathing heavily. His face is contorted in anguish. It is a face of pure terror. The hallway looms behind him around the corner. He slips.

CUT TO:

8C - INT - THE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ayida hears the noise. Her head whips around. There's something in her eyes we haven't seen before. Menace. Oh shit.

She walks down the hallway with purpose, banging open doors and looking inside.

At the end of the hallway Steven runs past. Ayida looks around almost in surprise— she doesn't run.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP: Her hand closed in a fist; it's shaking unnaturally.

Her head is pulled back – as if in ecstasy. Her arm jerks. She tries to pull it down. She limps on down the hallway.

FLASH BACK TO:

5C – INT – ENTRANCE HALL – NIGHT

Ayida is at the front door. We see what we didn't see before: she locks the door with her keys.

Pulls the door.

Kachunk.

8D – INT – THE HALLWAY – NIGHT

The keys are jangling at her waist. She is moving unnaturally.

She smiles.

She walks forward.

9A – INT – CLASSROOM – NIGHT

Ayida walks into the classroom and looks around.

9B – Insert: Steven is behind a desk. Terrified as all hell.

9C – She cracks her jaw and moves jerkily around. Something's been unleashed now and we're not quite sure what it is.

She walks over to feel the wall. Lurches as if to throw up.

Steven peeks over the desk. In a mad moment of opportunity, he rushes to the door. He slams it behind himself with a bang.

9D – Ayida turns around in surprise. It's like she's not even aware of the changes coming over her. Instincts. She walks over to the door.

She touches the wood of the door. Ow! A splinter. She looks down at the piece wood in her finger.

Thinking.

She convulses some more in erratic movement. She feels her chest as if in *hunger*.

With a shove, she manages to push open the door.

10 – INT – THE HALLWAY – NIGHT

Ayida walks into the moonlit hallway. She's stooped over in pain.

She walks to the middle of the hallway.

She looks down at her hands.

INSERT: Her hand, smooth and delicate. There's a piece of red yarn sticking out of the thumb, like an old jumper.

She looks at it, intrigued. She falls to her knees.

Slowly, agonisingly, her right hand reaches for the piece of yarn. She pulls it softly. Slowly the yarn comes off, pulling apart the skin as it makes its journey down her forearm. It comes jagged, seemingly getting stuck on bits of her flesh as it moves.

She pulls more, enraptured. The yarn cuts its way up her arm and all the way around her back. It leaves a canyon-ous cut of flesh in its wake, like a wound with the stitches cut out.

The movement of the yarn stops. We see her face, covered in an expression of almost orgasmic *feeling*, like the satisfaction of a perfect scab.

She arches her back like a creature, we watch as each vertebrae of her spines pushes through her skin. The cut from the yarn splits, unzipping like a wedding dress down the curve of her back. All that's underneath is red. But it's not musculature it's pus-filled *flesh*.

A close up of her heel. Her hands reach towards it, shaking. Her eyes are wide and too-curious. Slowly she pulls at the skin of her heel, peeling it backwards up her shin like a sick mammalian banana. It leaves a wet red gash.

She arches her neck upwards cobra like – lifting herself to the judgement of the gods and she *falls*.

We see the posters in the hall – bright happy advertisements for a healthy toddler, but something else as well. Out of focus; a hand, day-of-the-dead style reaching to the sky in convulsing agony. We can't see properly but the skin is *peeling* off of her.

There's the fleshy sounds of a wound.

Extreme Close Up: Flesh, ripping.

Her keys fall to the ground in a smack of metallic sound.

Another poster, it's her! Teacher of the month! A shadow falls across it, an inhuman stretching convulsing shape that is just. Out. Of. View. The sounds tell us too much.

We see her full body now, on the ground. Her skin is ripping off of her to reveal red sticky flesh. Her head; the last remnant of humanity screams in a guttural bliss to the ceiling.

Close up: Her face, deadened. Her red fleshy hands come up to her forehead. With difficult motion she peels. The face comes off with a hard tug, past her eyes and lips revealing the red flesh below. It's gets stuck on the bits; she has to pull this crap off her.

The throws the face to the floor, it leaves a long scarlet streak behind it.

Wide: the hallway, Ayida on the floor in a red heap. Slowly, with purpose, she rises and gets to her feet. She's almost unrecognisable. Stripped of her skin, her humanity. She's raw but she's *powerful*. It's hauntingly beautiful in a way that you can't look away from but desperately want to.

She stands up straight, feels the strength within her, of whatever she is.

She looks into the camera.

THE END