

# THE WAKE OF DYE

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FADE IN:

BLACK SCREEN

One panicked breath sounds against a dark background. The exhales rise to the clamor of a **MAN**'s voice.

MAN (O.C.)

HEEEEEEEEEYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!!!!

He catches his breath.

MAN (O.C.) (CONT'D)

HELLLLOOOOOO!!! HELLLLOOOOOO!?!?!

The rustle of clothing and the slamming of footsteps reverberate within the void. The man groans, running until he trips. A bucket of neon yellow paint spills across the dark floor. Light radiates from the liquid to fall on the face of the man. He looks at his reflection before he stands up, his hand covered in liquid gold. He shakes his hand to rid it of the paint, creating yellow streaks against the darkness around him. Astounded, he does it again. He begins to draw lines in the space surrounding him. He runs gleefully letting the lemon striations chase him. He turns just before falling backwards. His leg is propped on a bucket and his rear is sitting in bright blue paint. He stands up, laughing, and kicks the air around him. Every other kick sends a pail containing paint sloshing through the vacuum of darkness. Hues of every color fill the man's environment. He laughs, jumping chest first into the spilt dyes. He rolls over them so neck-down, his body becomes coated in a spectrum of color. He lays on his back and gazes at the abyss above him. He closes one eye and stretches his arm to poke dots in the ether. The dots shoot vertically into the darkness as if alive and prideful. The multitude of colored dots above sprinkle light down on the man. He sits up in wonder. His smile fades as he looks around him. The spread of dotted light reaches only so far. After it's grasp, nothing but dark. Loneliness sets in again. He sits up and crosses his legs. He rubs his chin leaving behind polychromatic residue. He extends both arms in front of him. They simultaneously begin outlining a reptilian figure. He spots a few parts of the figure and a chameleon comes to life before the man. The man sticks his hand out to pet the greenish-yellow reptile.

MAN (CONT'D)

Look at you, Bud...

The man touches his hand to the reptile and it changes several different vibrant colors.

MAN (CONT'D)

I wonder how big you'll get here...  
Or if you'll even gr-

The reptile slowly steps off into the darkness, it's feet tapping against the nonexistent floor like a ticking clock. The man crawls next to the reptile. He smiles at the changing colors of the creature. Then the chameleon suddenly raises it's head and it's bulged eyes examine the distance. The man stares directly at the reptile. Then the chameleon turns black as the air around it. The man scrambles, wondering where the lizard went.

MAN (CONT'D)

Bud? Where'd you go, Bud?!

The man sits back down and crosses his legs. He lets out a huge sigh. Then the chameleon appears on his shoe. He picks it up happily. The man pets the chameleon's head.

MAN (CONT'D)

You're shaking, Bud.

The man sets the reptile in his left breast pocket. He looks forward out into the horizon. It isn't just black anymore. A white dot specks the dark skyline. He turns his head and sees another. He circles his gaze finding 4 white dots, from front, back and both sides, growing larger in the distance. From the four corners of afar, the white dots each drew near. The man stood his ground. He squints to see what makes up each of these white dots. Four men on white sport bikes race toward the man. They each pull out white spray-cans and squeeze the nozzles leaving ivory trails behind them. The man begins to hear the echoes of a boy's voice against the humming of the far off motorcycles. His speech seems weak and distorted as if spoken through white noise. It penetrates the frequency threshold enough for the man to hear one word.

BOY (V.O.)

(Worried)

**RUN!!!**

The man's breath quickens as the four bikers close in on him. He sprints for a gap in between the two bikers in front of him.

BOY (V.O.)

Take a right when I say, okay?

The man keeps his stride.

BOY (V.O.)

**NOW!**

The four riders close his route off and the man alters his course, taking a right. His lungs filled with cold, black air. He sees nothing but open space. Then a second voice, a woman's, breaks the threshold.

WOMAN (V.O.)

NO! STOP!

The man stops immediately. Then a white arrow strikes five feet in front of him. He turns around to see the four riders. The one on the far left with a bow drawn and a crown illustrated on it's helmet.

BOY (V.O.)

What are you doing!? YOU NEED TO RUN!!

WOMAN (V.O.)

No... he can't. Because they won't stop. Not unless he makes them.

One rider steps forward, a set of scales illustrated on his helm. Another of the riders pulls a broadsword from behind his back. A snake eating its own tail depicted on it's helmet. The scale rider raises his hand and a net envelops the man bringing him to his knees.

BOY (V.O.)

But... how can he?

WOMAN

That's for him to decide.

The man's head is held by the net. He strains but the net continues to pull him down. He collapses to the black floor. As his cheek is held to the floor he opens his eyes to see the chameleon crawl out of his pocket, through the net and past the four riders. His eyes grow wide and his breath calms. The four riders approach him, surrounding him on all sides.

MAN

I KNOW WHERE I AM!

The riders pause. The man uses his left hand to draw something on the ground.

MAN (CONT'D)

Yes... yes I KNOW. I KNOW!!!

They keep still. The man does his best to outline a handle on the tool he's illustrating.

MAN (CONT'D)  
This is hell. You've brought me  
here... To be chased.

The multi-colored knife becomes solid in the man's palm.

MAN (CONT'D)  
To be hunted...

The man extends his arm and sets the knife's edge on the net.

MAN (CONT'D)  
But how do you hunt someone that's  
already dead?

The riders step forward and the man slashes his arm upward ripping the net. Just as one of the riders brings down his sword the man paints a circle in the floor and instantly sinks into it. The four riders pace randomly about the area. The bowed rider suddenly falls into a circle and a white arrow just makes its way through the closing circumference. The man appears directly in front of the scaled rider. He smiles and slowly steps forward while the scaled rider retreats.

MAN (CONT'D)  
You aren't scared are you? Or is it  
you're just... empty?

The man touches the scaled rider on the chest and he begins eroding. A black ink seeps out of him and he melts into the darkness around him. The man looks at the swordsman.

MAN (CONT'D)  
What about you? You don't look like  
you'd back down from a fight...

The swordsman lunges with rage towards the man as the man casually steps aside. A large spear pulverizes the swordsman and red ink seeps from his wound. He crumbles into the floor below him. The man turns around just as the last rider grabs his throat. The man tries to speak but only guttural sounds exude from him. The rider raises him off the ground and the man thrashes about, choking.

THE LAST RIDER  
One could never be more wrong. This  
was never hell, and never will be.  
Here will be the dark of time and I  
am the apocalypse of existence. He  
who defeats me... knows not this  
place.

The man struggles to speak his last words.

MAN  
WHO... are... YOU?

THE LAST RIDER  
Inevitability.

The man stops struggling and his movements end altogether. Multi-colored ink seeps out of the man's eyes and ears. It spreads onto the last rider's hand and down his arm. A glowing light takes over the ink and spreads blinding the landscape with white. Both figures disappear in an instant.

WHITE SCREEN

A multi-colored chameleon steps into the white, it's feet tapping against the nonexistent floor like a ticking clock.

**THE END**