

Red Light Indicates Doors Are Secured

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FADE IN:

**EXT. BUSY CITY STREET - NIGHT**

GARETH NOBLE, 40s, smart suit and a supercilious sneer, raises his copy of The Times to hail a cab.

A black cab weaves through evening revelers.

Screeches to a halt.

Gareth jumps in.

**INT. BLACK CAB - CONTINUOUS**

The cabby, PETER KENT, 50s, thick set but not yet fat, glances in his rear-view mirror.

PETER  
(Cockney accent)  
Where to, mate?

GARETH  
Euston, please.

The cab pulls away as the automatic door locks activate with a CLICK, the red door lights come on too.

Gareth winces, a pained expression lingers on his face.

PETER  
Late night at the office?

GARETH  
What?

PETER  
It's a bit late.

GARETH  
(curt)  
A leaving do.

PETER  
Messy?

GARETH  
No doubt it will be later.

The cabby laughs as he pulls up at a set of red lights.

The automatic door locks CLICK, and the little red lights wink off.

Gareth relaxes.

PETER

You okay?

A commotion ahead catches their attention.

GARETH

(distracted)

Sorry?

A throng of people run across the road.

Flash mob? Something else? Hard to tell.

The lights go green, and the doors lock again.

Gareth's expression returns to pained.

GARETH

What was that?

The cabby shrugs.

PETER

Drunken teenagers?

Gareth cranes his neck around to see what's happening but the night has already whisked it away.

PETER

Decided to leave early?

GARETH

Pardon?

PETER

The leaving do.

GARETH

Not really my thing --

PETER

But you had to show your face.

GARETH

Yes, form, you know.

PETER  
The young ones need to have their  
fun.

GARETH  
Apparently.

Peter glances into the rear-view.  
Gareth sweats, nervous, distracted.  
Peter frowns.

PETER  
(concerned)  
You okay, mate?

GARETH  
Well --

The cab pulls up at another red light. The locks CLICK open.  
Gareth breathes out a sigh of relief.

PETER  
So?

GARETH  
I've got a fear of being locked in.

PETER  
Claustrophobia, got it.

Gareth shakes his head.

GARETH  
Not exactly, that's a fear of  
confined spaces.

PETER  
What's the difference?

GARETH  
Cleithrophobia.

PETER  
Cleethorpes what?

Gareth laughs.

GARETH  
It's specifically a fear of being  
locked in.

He glances at the cab door nearest him.

PETER  
Oh... the automatic door locks.

Gareth nods.

SLAP.

A hand hits the window next to Peter.

PETER  
Fuck's sake.

BANG on the window.

PETER  
Idiots!

An indistinct shape looms by the cab's side, the traffic lights are still red.

He winds his window down to berate the idiot.

PETER  
Hey, you scared the sh --

A hand reaches in and grabs at Peter's head.

PETER  
Fuck.

A tussle ensues as a second hand intrudes through the window and grabs at his head.

GARETH  
Hey!

The lights turn green.

Peter floors it. The doors CLICK to locked as the little red lights come on again.

Gareth's face pales.

The attacker grabs a hold of the door and hangs on.

PETER  
Shit.

Peter swerves in the road.

The attacker pulls herself up, it's not a teen or an idiot, it's an OLD WOMAN in her seventies.

She reaches in, claw-like hands scrabble for purchase.

Peter runs the cab up onto the curb.

The cab bounces up and jolts Gareth out of his seat.

The old woman smashes up into the door frame, her arms slip out from the window, and she falls from sight.

A sickly THUD resonates through the car, jolts it up again, another THUD, another jolt.

Peter looks into his wing mirror; a dark shape is sprawled in the road behind them.

Gareth looks behind. Did it move?

Peter spins the wheel to follow the road. The dark shape has vanished.

GARETH

What the hell was that?

PETER

Crazy bitch tried to yank my scalp off.

BANG

Something hits the side of the moving cab.

GARETH

Fuck!

PETER

What the hell is going on?

A drop of blood falls from Peter's head and hits his collar.

GARETH

You're bleeding.

Peter presses his hand to his head.

PETER

Fucker gouged me.

GARETH

You okay?

PETER

I'll live.

Gareth puts his hand on the door lock, red light reassuringly still on.

Traffic lights loom ahead. They're at red.

A crowd swarms around a small Fiat that has already stopped.

Gareth points.

PETER

Seen it.

He swerves down a side street.

The cab rattles as it traverses a narrow passage of cobbles.

A steady stream of blood droplets fall from Peter's scalp.

GARETH

We need to get your head checked.

Peter glances into the rear view mirror.

PETER

I don't feel so good.

Gareth leans forward to get a better look, but the plexiglass partition stops him getting too close.

Peter looks at him.

Peter's face is crisscrossed by black veins which pulse in a sickly fashion.

As Gareth watches, the veins spread further down his neck.

PETER

How's it look?

GARETH

Where's the nearest hospital?

Peter points to his left.

GARETH

We need to get there now.

Peter swings the cab left, swerves to avoid more people.

He GROANS.

GARETH  
How far?

PETER  
(wheezing)  
A mile or so.

Out of the window, Gareth sees a lone woman running into the road, off to the side a large group of people give chase.

Peter doesn't see her.

GARETH  
Watch --

THUD.

She rebounds off the cab's door, right by where Gareth sits open-mouthed.

GARETH  
Shit.

Peter GROANS again, pain laced.

GARETH  
Not much further.

Peter doesn't answer. He slumps forward and grips the steering wheel tighter.

Ahead, more lights. Green, but it doesn't matter.

Two cars block their path, entirely engulfed in rabid attackers tearing at the vehicles, searching for a way in.

GARETH  
We need...

The cab slows.

Peter turns around.

His skin is now a nightmare of bruises and suppurating sores; humanity faded to a shadow.

He claws at the plexiglass.

Gareth shrinks back into his seat.

Peter pushes his fingers through the payment slot, the rest of his hand won't fit through.



The cab coasts nearer to the throng ahead.

Gareth looks to the cab door. The red light taunts him, but he grabs it and pulls hard anyway.

The cab's still moving, so the doors don't budge.

Peter shoves his hand into the small slot, skin rips from bone as he does.

Ahead the traffic lights go to red.

Gareth laughs, fear not humour.

The cab runs slowly into the pack.

Stops.

SLAP.

Hands hit the cab, grope for a way in.

The cab door's red light goes out.

Peter pushes more of his arm through, skin sloughs off.

CLICK.

Hands, so many hands.

CLICK.

The door swings open.

FADE OUT:

THE END