FADE AWAY

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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

MATHEW BECKER, late 30’s, a rugged face but clean shaven, sleeps peacefully beside his wife BEVERLY, early 30’s. A natural beauty with a graceful elegance about her. Her head snug deep into Mathew’s chest with her arms draped around him.

Their Beagle, MAX, is comfortably sprawled out at the edge of the bed. His chin resting across Mathew’s legs.

Breaking this warm moment -

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

Sounds of garbage truck backing up.

Mathew’s brows arch in. An eye opens.

MATHEW
What - what the hell is that?

No answer from his passed out wife.

MATHEW
Babe...Hey....

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

MATHEW
How long does it take to back up?

BEEP BEEP BEEP...CONTINUOUS

Mathew furiously jolts up, as Max gets tossed clear from the bed.

He rushes over to the window and pulls down on the shades.

Beverly wakes from the commotion.

BEVERLY
What are you doing?

MATHEW
You don’t hear that? Sounds like they been backing up for ten minutes.

(CONTINUED)
BEVERLY
Hear what?

MATHEW
That, that sound. You really can’t hear that? It’s piercing right through me.

BEVERLY
No I really can’t. Now will you come back to bed already.

Mathew tilts his head, attempting to gain a better view of this mystery truck.

BEVERLY
So...who’s out there?

Mathew releases the shade.

MATHEW
I can’t see from here.

Mathew puts on his shoes. He stomps his feet into them.

BEVERLY
Now what are you doing?

MATHEW
I’m gonna’ find out what the hell is goin’ on down there.

BEVERLY
It’s..

She looks over at the cable box.

BEVERLY(CONT)
..six in the morning.

MATHEW
Exactly, it’s six. I want to know who’s backing up trucks in front of my house at six in the morning.

EXT MATHEW’S PORCH - EARLY MORNING

The front door swings open, out comes Mathew. He hustles to the curb, looks up and down his block in both directions.

No truck. No traffic. Just a quiet stillness. A cold morning air, just before dawn.

With no sight of resolution, he heads back inside.

(CONTINUED)
Closes the door.

INT: MATHEW’S HOUSE – MORNING

The house is alive. Both children, Josh(6) and STACY(7), filled with untapped energy, race around the house after each other.

KITCHEN --

Pancakes stacked on pancakes. Warm butter melts and runs down the sides.

Lunches for the kids are packed in neatly folded brown bags. Each with their name and a cute little sticker on them.

Mathew fiddles with his tie as he makes his way in the kitchen.

MATHEW
You seen Max around? I was gonna’ take him for a walk. I cant find him.

BEVERLY
No, not since early this morning. You don’t think he got out, do you?

MATHEW
Got out? No, Max knows better.

BEVERLY
He’s probably sleeping under Josh’s bed than. He’ll turn up.

MATHEW
Yea, you’re probably right.

Mathew notices his favorite breakfast prepared for him. Mountains of pancakes.

MATHEW
Oh what do we have here? You made pancakes. Now I’m really gonna’ be late.

Mathew takes one big bite before calling it quits.

MATHEW
I do gotta’ go though.

(CONTINUED)
BEVERLY
Not without a kiss.

Mathew affectionately kisses his wife goodbye.

MATHEW
What would I do without you?

BEVERLY
You’d probably eat McDonald’s breakfast.

Mathew laughs as he heads for the kitchen door.

MATHEW
Love you babe.

BEVERLY
How much?

MATHEW
More than life.

EXT. DRIVING - MORNING

Leaned in, Mathew fumbles with the radio stations. No signal.

MATHEW
Every station? Really?

He slows his Jeep Cherokee down, as he approaches a stop light.

Forgetting about the radio, his attention shifts. His eyes are fixed on a large piece of a broken windshield, abandoned in the middle of the intersection.

Caught in a fog of intrigue, the light turns green, but Mathew is unaware.

BEEP! BEEP! BEEEEEEEEP!

Traffic behind him air out their horns.

He snaps out of it, pulls off.

INT. PARSED REALITIES/WEBSITE DEVELOPMENT FIRM - MORNING

The room is filled with cubicles. Most are young tech geek’s jacked in with headsets, diligently typing away.

Mathew stands over his cubicle, as he stares down at his desk.

(CONTINUED)
MATHEW
Somebody move my stuff?

Todd, late twenties, overhears Mathew from the cubicle away.

TODD
You missing something bud?

MATHEW
Did they move me or something?

TODD
Nobody told me anything about that.

Todd sits back down and continues his work.

Mathew sits in his chair and stares at his desk blankly. He then checks his desk draws, searching through them. Moving folders and papers around.

He pulls out his cellphone, scrolls to Beverly, hits talk.

BEVERLY
Hey babe. Everything OK?

MATHEW
Yea everything’s fine. Just thought I call my wife up, talk a bit.

BEVERLY
Oh how sweet.

MATHEW
Yea. Say, did I take home any pictures from work recently?

BEVERLY
Pictures?

MATHEW
Yea, pictures. Pictures of the family.

BEVERLY
No, I don’t think so. Everything OK? You still hearing trucks backing up?

MATHEW
Very funny. I think maybe I caught a bug or something. I been in a bit of a fog today. I’m thinking of taking off early.

(CONTINUED)
BEVERLY
You might be sick than honey. Come home and I’ll make you a soup.

MATHEW
Oh hey, did you find him?

BEVERLY
Find who?

MATHEW
Max. Where was he?

BEVERLY
Who’s Max?

MATHEW
Max, our dog.. Max.

BEVERLY
Dog? We don’t have a dog. Did you get the kid’s a dog?

MATHEW
No Max. Our beagle. What are you -

BEEEEEEEEEEEEEP!

Mathew pulls his cellphone from his ear, as a loud consistent BEEP blasts out his cellphone speakers.

He stares down at his phone as he see’s the phone shut down, and the noise subside.

EXT - OPEN ROAD - DAY

Mathew’s jeep cruises alone down a usually busy stretch of road.

He calls Beverly on his phone.

VOICE OFF PHONE
I’m sorry, the number you have dialed is unavailable. Please try your call again later.

He looks up ahead, and notices an ominous dark band of thunder clouds approaching near by.

INT: MATHEW’S HOUSE - DAY

Mathew enters. An unsettling feeling courses through him.

(CONTINUED)
He notices the living room cable is out, as the T.V displays a ‘No Signal’.

A look of concern across his face.

MATHEW
Beverly!

Out comes a noticeably shy Stacy from behind a wall.

MATHEW
Hey sweety, Why aren’t you in school? Where’s your brother?

Stacy shakes her head.

STACY
I don’t know..

MATHEW
And your mom, where’s mommy?

Stacy puts her head down.

MATHEW
Stacy, where’s mommy? Stacy.

She lifts her head up.

STACY
In the hospital.

MATHEW
Hospital? Baby, what are you talking about? Who’s watching you? Stacy?

Stacy runs away, Mathew follows in pursuit, but loses her as she turns the first corner.

MATHEW
Stacy?

He calls Beverly on his phone.

VOICE OFF PHONE
I’m sorry, the number you have dialed is unavailable. Please try your call again later.

He hangs up.

Mathew rushes up the stairs to the second floor.

(CONTINUED)
He goes room by room in search for his family. Each room turns up empty.

EXT. MATHEW’S HOUSE

Mathew stands on his porch, befuddled.

His next door neighbor PHIL(40), greasy looking, is leaned over fixing a broken down 67 El Camino.

He walks over and approaches.

MATHEW
Hey Phil. You been out here awhile?

PHIL
Yea, few hours.

MATHEW
You wouldn’t have happened to see my wife by any chance, have you?

PHIL
Your wife?

Phil throws a curious look back.

MATHEW
Yea my wife. Why you looking at me like that?

PHIL
Uh, it’s just...I never knew you were married.

MATHEW
What the hell are you talking about?

PHIL
What are you talking about?

MATHEW
I’m talking about my wife.

PHIL
When did you get married?

(CONTINUED)
MATHEW
You serious? I been living next
door to you for six years.

PHIL
I never met any wife of yours.

Mathew grabs Phil by his collar.

MATHEW
Don’t play games with me Phil, I’m
not in the mood.

PHIL
Matt, what are you talking about?
What wife?

He releases his grip on Phil.

PHIL
You feeling OK man?

MATHEW
No, I’m not feeling OK. I think I
can safely say I am the complete
opposite of OK. Look Phil, you see
a woman with two little kids, that
look like me, you call me OK?

PHIL
Kids?

MATHEW
Phil..

PHIL
OK, alright.

INT. GARAGE

The garage door opens. The jeep Cherokee sits peacefully,
except for the fact that the truck is completely smashed in.

MATHEW
What-the-fuck?

In total disbelief, he slowly walks around the jeep
inspecting the damage.

With a crushed drivers door, the roof caved in, and a
partially missing windshield, the jeep has appeared to have
been in a serious accident.
MATHEW (CONT)
This makes absolutely no sense. I was just..

Mathew’s brain starts to race as he contemplates what he sees.

He opens the garage door.

EXT. GARAGE.

The door opens.

MATHEW
Hey Phil, you seen any...

Mathew looks over to Phil, but he isn’t there. Neither is the broken down El Camino, and more importantly, neither is his house.

The large band of dark clouds devour Phil’s house, as it slowly creeps toward Mathews.

MATHEW
OK, this is something you don’t see every day.

JOSH (O.S)
Daddy.

MATHEW
Josh? Josh! Where are you?

Mathew tries to follow the voice. He ends up on his front lawn, head on a swivel.

BEEP BEEP BEEP!

Sounds of a truck backing up.

Mathew looks down the block. No truck.

He aimlessly walks down his street.

He starts to show signs of an hysterical breakdown, as he blends a desperate laugh with an emotional cry.

MATHEW
What is this!

The dark batch of clouds behind him drop to ground level. It engulfs house after house, car after car.

(CONTINUED)
Ahead of him he can see another batch of dark fog slowly taking over his block.

MATHEW
This is insane. Anybody seeing this? Beverly!..Somebody! Anybody!

BEVERLY
I’m here.

He turns around to see his wife, who stands in the street beside him.

MATHEW
Beverly.

Mathew runs up and hugs his wife.

MATHEW
Where are the kids? We got to get out of here.

BEVERLY
The kids are fine. They’re OK.

MATHEW
What is all this?

BEVERLY
You don’t remember?

MATHEW
Remember what?

BEVERLY
The accident. Think, try. Try and remember.

EXT: ROAD - NIGHT

Rain soaked streets cover the road. Mathew’s jeep splashes through it.

Mathew, on the phone.

MATHEW
Why do you have to be so god damn difficult. I’m not saying that. Jesus, every time I try and - No I’m not cutting you off. You’re cutting me off. This is what I’m talking about. And there you go again throwing words around like
MATHEW (cont’d)

divorce. You do know we have two kids right? OK, so stop for a minute. Just one second, and stop thinking about yourself. You could at least –

Sounds of tires screeching, a second before Mathew can see the bright headlights of an on-coming car.

CRASH!

Both cars collide head on. Mathew catapults through the windshield, taking a portion of it with him. His body tossed clear into the street.

EXT. MATHEW’S HOUSE/STREET

Mathew stands in disbelief.

MATHEW

Is this a dream? Or am I dead?

BEVERLY

Somewhere in between.

MATHEW

I don’t understand.

BEVERLY

You’re in a dream, but your not. This world, everything you see, isn’t real. It’s all in your head. The accident has left you in a coma, and now it’s time for you to wake up.

MATHEW

I’m in the hospital?

Beverly shakes her head yes.

MATHEW(CONT)

And your in the hospital with me.

She shakes her head yes again.

Mathew can’t help but to notice the darkness approaching.

MATHEW

And what’s that mean?

(CONTINUED)
BEVERLY
That’s your brain shutting down. This world, your world, is going dark. Your brain is dying. Your memories are fading. This spot right here. Me and you. This pavement of street. This is all that’s left of your functioning brain.

MATHEW
If that’s true, it doesn’t look like I have much time left. If this is the end, If this my last moments, real or non real. I just want to tell you how much I loved you. No fights, no petty arguments could ever break that. Ever. I will always love you. In this world or the next. I love you...

BEVERLY
How much?

MATHEW
More than life.

Mathew holds his wife tight with a loving embrace. The darkness rolls over them.

BLACK!

INT: HOSPITAL

Mathew lays in a hospital bed with oxygen tubes up his nose, breathing on a machine.

BEEP BEEP BEEP! Sounds of the hospital machines keeping him alive.

His wife Beverly, hunched over him, sobbing uncontrollably.

BEVERLY
I want you to know, you were a great father and husband. The kids miss you, I miss you. We need you to come back to us. Please Matt, come home.

The doctor enters the room.

(CONTINUED)
BEVERLY
Can he hear me?

DOCTOR
We like to think he can. Sound is usually good for stimulating the brain.

BEVERLY
How long will he be like this?

DOCTOR
At this point it’s a waiting game. He could come out of it right now. Or it could be years. I wish there was something more we can do.

The doctor exists the room.

BEVERLY
(toward Mathew)
Please baby, I love you. Wake up. Mathew, you there. Talk to me. Mathew...say something. Please...I love you so much.

Beverly rests her head down on Mathew’s stomach.

MATHEW(O.S)
More than life.

She pops up.

BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP!

FADE OUT:

THE END