

FADE AWAY

By Marcello Degliuomini

(c) 2013

Degliuomini718@gmail.com

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

MATHEW BECKER, late 30's, a rugged face but clean shaved, 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! BEEEEEEEEEP!

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 -

-

BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP!

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 sweetie, 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.



MATHEW  
Beverly, Stacy, Josh!

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.

(CONTINUED)

MATHEW(CONT)

This makes absolutely no sense. I  
was just..

Mathew's brain starts to race as he contemplates what he  
see's.

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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 exits 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.

BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP!

FADE OUT:

THE END