

THE FLUTE

By:

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INT. BRAD'S HOUSE - BRAD'S BEDROOM - DAY

A typical young boys bedroom, messy. Clothes on the floor. Walls covered in posters. Toys on the bed.

BRAD, 8, stands against the door. He listens to an almighty row that goes on downstairs.

A man and a woman. They scream at each other. Hard to make out what they say. But the anger and hatred is easy to make out.

Brad stands frozen with fear. He shakes his head, mutters to himself.

BRAD

Please stop fighting. Please.

INT. BRAD'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Brad creeps along. The argument continues.

He gets to the open door to the front room and peers in at ELIZABETH, 38, and JEFF, 45. And they're at each others throats.

ELIZABETH

You're a pig. You don't do anything unless I tell you.

JEFF

Oh and how you love to tell me. You get off on talking down to me.

ELIZABETH

I shouldn't have to tell you to do anything, you're not a child.

JEFF

It's like you watch your parents miserable marriage and think that how we should be.

ELIZABETH

Well I am miserable.

JEFF

Because you've made yourself that way.

ELIZABETH

Me, this is my fault?

JEFF

Yes, always looking for a fight.

Brad pushes the door a little more open.

He desperately pleads with his parents.

BRAD

Please stop fighting. Why do you  
both have to yell at each other  
all the time?

Both Elizabeth and Jeff turn to face him.

ELIZABETH

Go back to your room.

Jeff closes the door shut in Brad's face. Keeps him out.

The argument starts up again. Picks up where they left off.

Brad puts his head in his hands, desperate.

BRAD

I just want it to stop. I'd give  
anything just for it to stop.

INT. BRAD'S HOUSE - BRAD'S BEDROOM - DAY

As the argument between his parents continues to rage on  
downstairs, Brad slink back inside his room. Head down,  
shoulders drooped, downcast.

Brad angrily kicks his bedroom door shut behind him with a  
bang.

Suddenly WILLIAM, 70, sits on the edge of the bed in front  
of him. Has a flute held in his hands.

WILLIAM

Not so loud.

Brad snaps his head up to see him, startled.

BRAD

What are you doing in my room?

William shrugs.

WILLIAM

You kind of asked for me.

Brad frowns, confused.

BRAD

Asked for you? Who are you?

William gestures to the floor. The argument continues to go  
on. Seems to get louder and more intense.

WILLIAM

Your parents down there.

Brad nods, sad.

BRAD

Yeah. They've been like this non stop for weeks.

WILLIAM

And you're desperate for them to stop?

BRAD

Yes, I'd give anything.

WILLIAM

So I hear.

BRAD

Is that why you're here?

William twirls the flute around his head.

WILLIAM

I have a present for you.

Brad eyes the flute suspiciously.

BRAD

A flute? What am I supposed to do with that?

William stands up from the bed and moves himself closer to Brad.

WILLIAM

Music calms.

BRAD

I don't know how to play.

WILLIAM

With this flute, there's no need to learn.

BRAD

And if I play it will make my parents stop?

William nods.

Brad swallows hard, grows emotional.

WILLIAM

But this is a power you are not to abuse. I tell you this only once.

BRAD

I just want them to stop. I just want things to go back to how they used to be.

WILLIAM

But do they?

Brad nods.

BRAD

I know they still love each other. I just have to get them to stop fighting.

WILLIAM

You cannot control them, so don't try to. Life is a river. You must learn to surrender yourself to it. Cannot make it flow in a direction of your choosing.

Brad now has tears that roll down his face.

BRAD

Please. Listen to them. I just want five minutes of peace. I don't remember what its like living with my parents without them screaming at each other.

William hands over the flute.

WILLIAM

Then this will give you your pace. At least for a short time. Learnt from it.

Brad takes the flute. Inspects it closely. He nods at William, grateful.

INT. BRAD'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Brad forces his way inside the front room with renewed confidence.

Armed with the flute Elizabeth and Jeff ignore him.

Still at each other throats.

They accuse each other of all different kinds of things.

This argument between them is now about anything and everything.

Brad puts the flute to his lips and takes down a deep breath.

He plays. A playful tune comes out all on it's own. All Brad has to do is blow.

As soon as the music plays the fierce argument stops and Elizabeth and Jeff come together and do a sort of romantic waltz.

Brad is shocked. He stops. The music ends.

Elizabeth and Jeff sperate from their waltz. The argument continues as though it never stopped.

Brad panics, he quickly puts the flute back to his lips and blows.

The music starts back up. Elizabeth and Jeff return to their waltz.

He stops.

They argue.

Brad holds the flute out in front of him. Eyes narrow, deep in thought.

INT. BRAD'S HOUSE - BRAD'S BEDROOM - DAY

Brad has his laptop open in the middle of his bed.

Brad sits crossed legged in front of it. The flute to his lips.

He has the laptop set up to record and he plays the flute into it.

After a couple of seconds he stops.

He plays the recording and he has the sound of the flute saved on his laptop.

He sets it up to play on repeat and smiles to himself.

Obviously very pleased with his idea.

INT. BRAD'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Brad enters with the laptop, the flute music on repeat.

He plugs the laptop into the wall and rests it down on top of a coffee table.

His parents are again caught up in that loving waltz.

Brad steps over to them, watches them with an amused smile.

He gets right next to them.

Suddenly Elizabeth and Jeff take a hold of him and include him in with the dance.

At first he laughs, enjoys it.

Elizabeth and Jeff take an even tighter hold of him. Suddenly its clear that they're not going to let go. Caught up in the magic of the flute music.

Brad panics.

BRAD

No wait, let me go!

But they can't. The music has a hold of them.

Brad looks pleadingly over towards the laptop. The music stuck on repeat.

He's trapped.

**FADE TO BLACK**

**THE END**