

3 A.M.

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

A bedside table lamp switches on, showing DWIGHT in his bed, hand outstretched to the lamp. He pulls himself up to a sitting position and slumps forward, staring at the floor. After a moment his eyes turn up to the door. He stares intensely at the door for several seconds, then rises to his feet and reaches for his night coat that is draped over a nearby chair.

In the bed next to where Dwight has been sleeping, MADELINE rises up from her pillow and watches her husband as he puts on the night coat. She pulls out a pair of earplugs.

MADELINE

Honey? Don't the earplugs work?

DWIGHT

No.

Dwight leaves the bedroom. Madeline watches the door after him, then looks down at the earplugs in her hands.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Dwight's slippers descend the stairs leading into the living room. He stops at the bottom of the stairs and peers into the shadows of the house.

DWIGHT

Okay... Okay.

Dwight walks over to a wall unit near the stairs. From a drawer he pulls out a conductor's baton. He then steps further into the room, approaching the shadows.

Dwight takes in a deep breath and faces the room. His shoulders slump, and his eyes glimmer with the verge of tears.

Then he straightens up. He lifts the baton and taps it sharply, twice against an end table.

DWIGHT

So let's take it from the top,
shall we?

Dwight lifts his shoulders broadly, raises his arms and begins to conduct. His hands move in slow, sweeping gestures. The baton dances lightly in the darkness.

From the shadows at the other end of the room a vibration begins to stir. The window curtains start to ripple slightly. The lamp on the end table has a shade that begins to sway back and forth, slowly.

Dwight continues to conduct. His face starts to twist into a grimace. His hands begin to move faster.

The vibrations increase. A tremor grows in the floorboards of the living room. A potted tree next to the window starts shedding leaves that dance as though on a breeze. Dwight's eyes squeeze out tears that cast rippling tracks down his face. His hands are flying before him in a blur. The baton slices the air like a sword.

The curtains billow violently. The lamp shade twists. Leaves soar and spin in distorting patterns around the room.

On the wall behind Dwight there is a framed picture. It is a photograph of an orchestra. The glass shimmers and blinds the image.

Dwight's face is screwed up into a mask of pain, his eyes squeezed shut, his teeth biting his bottom lip hard enough to draw blood. Suddenly his arms collapse at his sides.

The picture on the wall falls off of it's hook and crashes to the floor.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Madeline awakens to find Dwight's side of the bed empty. She sits up and hears a sound from the bedroom door.

She rises from bed and puts on her own house coat.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

Madeline emerges from the bedroom into the hallway. The sound is coming from a room down the hall - Dwight's den. Madeline casts a wary glance down the stairs, then turns and makes her way towards the den.

INT. DEN - MORNING

Madeline steps into the doorway and sees Dwight working at his table. She steps forward and puts a hand on his shoulder.

Dwight is re-framing the photograph that had fallen off the wall.

The old frame with its broken glass lies in a waste bin next to the table. On the table is a stack of unused frames, all the same size and look.

MADELINE

Hi...

Duncan glances up as though noticing Madeline for the first time. He looks at her guiltily.

DWIGHT

I... I have to fix the picture.

MADELINE

I know.

Duncan looks down at the picture in his hands. The orchestra smiles up at him, including his own smiling face, in the centre of the group.

DWIGHT

I have to put it back up on the wall.

Madeline reaches down and gently takes the picture from Dwight's hands.

MADELINE

It's okay, honey. I'll take care of it. You should get some sleep.

Dwight looks back and forth from the picture to his wife, uncertain and close to panicking, but also very tired.

DWIGHT

Are you sure? It... It has to go back up on the wall.

MADELINE

Yes, I know. I understand. I promise, I'll take care of it.

Madeline places the picture on the table and guides Dwight up from his chair. The couple walk towards the door.

MADELINE

I'll take care of it, honey. You just need to get some sleep.

DWIGHT

Yes...

As Madeline and Dwight move to the door they pass a second, smaller table.

Sitting on the centre of the table, exactly centred like a shrine, is a newspaper, turned and folded so that the headline is showing.

The headline reads:

LOCAL ORCHESTRA DIES IN PLANE CRASH

Beneath the headline is the same picture of the orchestra. Beneath this picture is a smaller picture, a blowup of Dwight's smiling face from the first photo, and beneath this picture is the sub headline:

CONDUCTOR MISSED FLIGHT

Madeline guides Dwight through the door.

DWIGHT
Get some sleep...

FADE TO BLACK.