

The Sound of Your Voice

By Chris Messineo

FADE IN:

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Dark cinder block walls. A table covered in a mass of wires and vacuum tube driven machinery. The only light, an old desk lamp, casts the room in heavy shadows. From the black comes the sound of a MAN's breathing.

A tired hand flips a series of switches and dials, an electric hum fills the air, and an oscilloscope glows to life.

A stiff drink is poured into a dirty glass. A quick gulp, the man wipes his mouth with his sleeve, and the glass is empty.

The man grasps a metallic microphone, pulls it in close, and squeezes the hand switch.

MAN
(sotto voce)
Hello?

The oscilloscope glows green, but the line is flat.

MAN
(denial)
I know you're there. I know you can hear me. Do you remember... before, before all this happened? We were happy. We were all so happy. We can still be. It's not too late.

The glass is refilled, drained, and refilled again.

MAN
(anger)
ANSWER ME! Talk to me. Say something. Anything. You can't just disappear. You can't just leave me here all alone. Damn you.

The man pushes the microphone away in disgust.

He takes a slow drink.

Unable to resist, he pulls the microphone back again.

MAN

(bargaining)

I'm sorry. I'm not angry with you.
I just need to hear your voice.
Just once. Please. It's been so
long. It's been so long since I
heard your voice. Too long. And,
I'm forgetting... the sound of your
voice. And, if you would answer
me, that would be enough. I would
be okay. I would be okay. I would
be okay.

Another drink.

MAN

(depression)

Your mother left me. She said,
this obsession of mine was driving
me mad. That this was unnatural.
Is this crazy? Am I? I don't
know. Maybe I am. All I know is,
without you, I am lost, alone in
the world. Please come back to me.
Please.

One last drink and the man leans back in his chair.

MAN

(acceptance)

I wonder... is it beautiful where
you are? I bet it is. I bet it
is. I'll be with you someday. I
love you.

The man collapses on the table, knocking the microphone over,
as he passes out.

Static, electrical crackles, and then faint, but
unmistakable...

CHILD

Hello...

The oscilloscope arcs at the sound, but the man does not
stir.

CHILD

Daddy.

Silence, then slowly, the man's eyes open.

FADE OUT.