

DEATH'S SYMPHONY

Written by

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EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

The hot desert summer wind howls and wind chimes sing their mellow tune.

The area is lit only by the lone flickering porch light and darkness consumes the rest of the surrounding desert.

NADINE, 78, a reclusive older woman, sits at her patio table with a mug of coffee in hand.

Off screen an old RADIO clicks on by itself. The HISS of the RADIO STATIC fills the air.

Then a nostalgic yet distorted 1940's OLDIES TUNE that sounds as if the song was lost in time fades in.

Creating a symphony with the wind on vocals and chimes on percussion.

Nadine begins to hum along.

The chair across from her scraped across the floor as the DISTORTED MAN, EARLY 40'S, a dapper man with a twisted and unrecognizable face who looks as if he belongs in the same era as the distorted song sits down.

DISTORTED MAN
Hello darling.

His words ooze like thick honey.

MONTAGE OF BUGS DROWNING IN HONEY

NADINE
How are you this evening, my love?

She takes a sip from her coffee and smiles at him lovingly.

The man shrugs.

DISTORTED MAN
I'm lonely. I miss the old days.

NADINE
I do too, my love.

DISTORTED MAN
Do you remember when we used to dance under the stars in the old field? Long nights with the radio in my car turned all the way up.

His voice is soft as he reminisces.

He looks to Nadine awaiting her response.

She appears to be thinking rather intently.

NADINE

I... Y'know that was so long ago.

DISTORTED MAN

I think it's time you came with me
Nadine.

Reaches across the table, places his hand on top of hers.

Nadine flinches at the touch.

DISTORTED MAN (CONT'D)

We can be together again. Dance
under the stars again

The man shakes his head.

NADINE

I'm not ready... the children--

He grips onto her hand tightly.

Nadine yelps in pain.

DISTORTED MAN

The children are grown. You don't
remember who they are most days.

He releases her hand and stands up.

He brings a hand under her chin forcing her to look at him.
His face mere inches away from hers, his unnatural black
sockets burning holes into her.

DISTORTED MAN (CONT'D)

Look at me, Darling. You can't even
remember my face.

Nadine pushes him away.

He looms over her, quietly staring down at her for a few
moments.

Nadine recoils away from him.

NADINE

Stop.

Her jaw clenches as she begins to shake.

The man sits back down.

NADINE (V.O.)
Why can't I remember their names?
His name? His face?

The man remains calm, although his uncomfortable stare is still locked on Nadine.

He leans back in his chair and crosses his arms.

DISTORTED MAN
You're clinging to fragments of
memories, Nadine. I think it's time
you join me.

He stares her down although his face has no distinguishable features.

DISTORTED MAN (CONT'D)
Let them remember you while you
still have some of your mind. Don't
wait until you don't have enough
pieces to put together a memory.

Nadine shakes her head.

NADINE
No! I'm not ready.

She stands up and turns away from the man.

She makes a beeline for the back door.

Nadine bumps into the man's chest as he now blocks her path.

Nadine shakes her head in confusion.

She quickly looks over her shoulder behind her where the man was sitting just a moment ago.

DISTORTED MAN
God dammit, stubborn woman! Nadine
don't fight it.

He grabs onto Nadine's shoulders with a painfully tight grip.

His face uncomfortably close to hers.

Nadine winces visible in pain from his grip.

DISTORTED MAN (CONT'D)

I have been visiting you almost every day for months. You keep getting worse.

Nadine pauses for a moment looking down deep in thought. Then she looks up at the distorted man with teary eyes.

NADINE

Months? No...

Tears begin to roll down Nadine's face.

NADINE (CONT'D)

(stuttering)

I would remember that.

She tries to push the man away, but his grip is too firm.

DISTORTED MAN

No you wouldn't. You don't remember much these days.

NADINE

Let go of me!

DISTORTED MAN

Nadine, you don't even remember my name!

Nadine shakes her head.

NADINE

Stop it!

DISTORTED MAN

Tell me, my love... what's my name?

Nadine scoffs at him.

NADINE

Death. Your name is death!

The man lets go of her and shakes his head.

Nadine quickly backs away.

A rather violent gust of wind comes along turning the gentle chimes into an ear shattering bunch of noise.

The man speaks, but the words are muffled nonsense drowned out by the noise.

Nadine covers her ears in a futile effort to block out the noise.

His oozing mumbled voice becomes screams as his face melts down to the floor.

Nadine screams in horror at the scene before her. She wretches as she watches his disfigured face melt into a fleshy puddle on the floor.

The radio turns to a horrid concoction of rushed out of tune noise that harmonize with the melting man's screams of agony.

The violent percussion of chimes and ravenous howls from the wind added on to the symphony seemingly made by the devil himself.

Nadine stumbles as she tries to back away but cannot take her eyes away from the man.

Her vision fades to black and she collapses.

Her head hits the ground with a sickening CRACK.

Then finally the silence follows.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

The tall grass blows gently in the breeze and a faint RADIO STATIC once again fills the air.

The figure of the distorted man looms over Nadine's deathly still body for a moment before he bends down to pick her up bridal style.

Nadine's body is limp in his arms.

There his face is revealed no longer distorted or a fleshy melted mess, but that of a charming middle aged man.

He looks down at Nadine with a loving smile.

The peaceful sleeping woman in his arms seems now to be at least thirty years younger.

The static once again tunes to some vaguely familiar OLDIES TUNE.

The man sways to the rhythm humming along as he looks down at his Nadine.

Looming over his shoulder stands the cloaked figure known only as DEATH.