

S T A T I O N

written by

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Seventh Draft

OVER BLACK

WOMAN (O.S.)
Hello Lukas. Why don't we start at
the beginning...

Her voice is detached. Clinical.

EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM - DAY

LUKAS (40s, weary, disheveled, corporate slave) stands at the edge of the platform. Stares past the camera. Held between both of his hands: a massive stack of paperwork in a folder.

The hum of noise builds in Lukas' head...digitized voices, electricity, a repeating tone. Louder and louder until--

WHOOSH!

The TRAIN arrives in a cacophony of noise, cutting us off from Lukas.

LUKAS (O.S.)
I don't remember when it started.
Maybe it's been there all along...

INT. ROOM - DAY

Lukas sits in a comfortable chair in a dark, nondescript room. Hunched forward and agitated. The curtains next to him are partially closed, casting a dull light on Lukas' silhouette.

He smokes like it's the last thing he'll ever do. His hands tremble with each drag off the cigarette.

WOMAN (O.S.)
How would you describe it?

LUKAS
You know the sound a television makes when it's on? Not the actual volume, but the...frequency? Even if you're not in the room, you know when it's been turned on.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Yes.

LUKAS
This thing in my head. It's just an...awareness.

(MORE)

LUKAS (CONT'D)
I didn't hear it, not at first,
but I knew it was there.

WOMAN (O.S.)
A frequency.

LUKAS
I tried to ignore it but it got
worse. Demanded I hear it.

Lukas plays with the wedding band around his finger.

LUKAS
I wish I hadn't--

WOMAN (O.S.)
What you did you hear?

A sudden flash: THE FOREST. Vast. Overwhelming. Alive with the
sound of a thousand frequencies.

Lukas flinches at the vision and stab of noise. Grits his
teeth. Rubs the pain out of his eyes.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Lukas stomps through a massive forest. The stack of papers slip
from his hands. Leaves a trail in his wake.

He strips off his tie. Slides out of his jacket. Jerks his
shirt open and off.

He talks as though he's in still in the room with the woman.

LUKAS
You spend your whole life doing...
everything. Thee way they tell you
should. And then one morning you
wake up and the skies are gray
with rain and you're drowning
under them.

WOMAN (O.S.)
And the frequency?

INT. ROOM - DAY

Lukas looks down at his hands.

They're covered in BLOOD.

LUKAS
It showed me the truth.

WOMAN (O.S.)
What truth?

Lukas blinks. His hands are clean again.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Lukas?

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Lukas paces back and forth in the forest.

LUKAS
I had to keep them safe, you
understand? It--oh god. How could
anyone do...

Lukas' voice trails off.

INT. ROOM - DAY

Lukas's expression shifts. Sad. Mourning.

WOMAN (O.S.)
What did you do?

Her voice distorts. Changes octaves. Glitches.

LUKAS
I ran away.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Lukas comes to an abrupt stop.

In front of him, several PEOPLE are on their knees amidst the plants on the forest floor. Their mouths are open wide. Heads tilted back. The sound of the strange frequency emits loudly from their throats.

The WOMAN (indiscriminate age, emotionless) stands outside the circle, nude and emotionless. Stares at Lukas. Through him.

WOMAN
Where did you go?

Her voice imitates the frequency, dozens of voices as one.

