

TRANSITION

Written by
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Inspired by,
'The Music of Erich Zann'
by H.P. Lovecraft

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

A stretcher bangs through the entry doors, pushed by an EMT, MAC (28). He's greeted by a nurse, BETSY (30s) and a DOCTOR who takes charge of the thrashing ELDERLY PATIENT.

ELDERLY PATIENT
I must play.

The Nurse attempts to calm him.

BETSY
It'll be okay. You're in good hands. You can relax.

ELDERLY PATIENT
The music must be played or it will open. Every sixth night I must play. No, no, NO!

The Doctor looks expectantly at Mac.

MAC
Neighbors found him unresponsive. Deteriorating vitals. I put him on O two and a saline drip. Agitated when conscious.

Satisfied, the doctor directs Betsy to move the delirious man to his room.

ELDERLY PATIENT
The music must be played!

With the patient in good hands Mac relaxes.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - HALLWAY - NIGHT

With earbuds blasting CLASSICAL MUSIC, Mac admires the vending machine selection while his fingers conducts an invisible orchestra.

A jingle of coins is followed by a soda can dropping from the vending machine, Mac grabs it and unzips his EMT jacket.

Betsy approaches, she smiles showing they know each other more than professionally.

NURSE
Do you have an ID on your John Doe?

Mac pops out his ear buds and gives her a questioning look.

NURSE
Any idea who your John Doe is?

MAC
(shrugs)
My shift is over... I could check
with his neighbors.

She lays a friendly hand on his arm and smiles.

NURSE
You'd be a real lifesaver.

MAC
That's me. So still on for dinner
Saturday?

She nods and winks, hurrying back to her patients.

EXT. OLD MULTI-STORIED APT - NIGHT

Mac looks up at the dilapidated apartment with a frown.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Climbing the stairs, Mac huffs and puffs with each level. A NEIGHBOR pops out of an apartment around a blind corner. Mac steps back startled.

MAC
(nervous)
I don't remember there being so
many stairs earlier.

NEIGHBOR
That happens.

MAC
I was here for the man who
collapsed upstairs. You wouldn't
happen to know who he is?

NEIGHBOR
Oh, the Music Man. Ask the super.

Mac shakes his head realizing he's been an idiot.

NEIGHBOR
He's on vacation. Won't be back
until Monday though.

Mac looks up at the next flight of stairs with resignation.

EXT. ELDERLY PATIENT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Standing outside the stained and worn door, Mac, looks for a name plate, letters, something to identify the patient.

He knocks and it swings open into a dark apartment.

INT. ELDERLY PATIENT'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The street lights through the windows are the only light in the barren apartment. The main room is empty save for a chair bolted to the floor facing a large window.

Next to the chair is an open violin case. In front is a music stand similarly bolted to the floor, the sheet music loosely sitting on the stand.

MAC

Hello? The door was open. I'm the
E.M.T. that took the man who lives
here to the hospital... Hello?

Looking in each room, it's clear no one is home.

His eyes fall to the case. Inside sits an ancient violin.

MAC

It can't be.

Gingerly, he picks up the instrument as if it were a baby.

MAC

A Gagliano? No fucking way.

He tries the light switch on the wall, but nothing, no bulb. There's a lamp taped to the music stand, he flips it on.

Holding the violin under the light, his eyes widen with amazement confirming it is indeed rare and precious. He lifts it to his ear and plucks a note smiling with satisfaction.

The room darkens.

A clock on the wall gongs. John looks up confused by the darkness and checks his watch. It hasn't been that long.

It's pitch black outside and there is a low keening noise. He approaches the window and he can see the street and lights, but in front of the window is a black disk, which is GROWING.

The noise is coming from the disk.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The Elderly Man thrashes in agitation.

ELDERLY PATIENT
I must play!

He looks right at Mac with pleading desperate eyes.

ELDERLY PATIENT
The music must be played or it will
open! Every sixth night I must
play!

INT. ELDERLY PATIENT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The screeching unmelodic sounds coming from the growing disk are accompanied by a wind that sucks the loose music papers out the window.

Mac looks around confused, the weight of the violin pulls his arm down.

ERICH (V.O.)
The music must be played!

One sheet of music written in thick notes like a mad man remains on the stand because it's been taped down.

The off kilter music is now accompanied by unearthly screams.

Mac looks down at the Gagliano in his hands.

He sits in the chair and grabs the bow. His playing starts shakily as he reads the music, but in no time he's pouring his heart into it.

The screaming voices in the void respond with an increased yowling, but they fade as Mac plays.

Sweat beads on his brow as he plays for his life, for the life of everyone.

The unhealthy music from the disk stops and the disk itself is shrinking.

Mac plays a few chords more as the disk vanishes and normality returns.

Slumping back in the chair Mac gasps for breath.

He fumbles for his cell phone. Standing, he sits the violin in the case. Mac paces the room with the phone to his ear.

MAC
 Betsy! Oh God, can you tell me
 about the old man that was
 delivered a few hours ago...

The wind is sucked out of Mac by the voice on the other line.

MAC
 Dead?

He looks up and sees, on the back of the apartment door,
 writing in the same manic handwriting as the notes he played.

"Every six days you must play. Or they will come through."

Hanging under the note is a set of apartment keys.

FADE TO BLACK