

Midnight
a screenplay by Paul W. Lewis

FADE IN:

INT. STATION LOBBY - NIGHT

A MAN hurrys through a large, brightly lit lobby. It looks like a train or bus station, but with no identifying signs, and no people around.

The man rushes along with a briefcase. His face is calm, but focused. He doesn't look right or left.

The man heads out into a large corridor without slowing his pace. The lights here are not so bright. At the far end of the corridor, a set of glass exit doors frame the night sky. He paces straight towards them.

The man pushes his way through the doors without a pause.

EXT. LOBBY ENTRANCE - CONTINUING

The man takes a few steps away from the doors, then stops as they swing shut behind him. He looks around him, confused.

He glances at his watch. It reads 12:00 midnight.

He turns back to the doors and gives them a pull. They won't open. He rattles them, but they won't budge.

He sighs and turns to look at the city streets. All is quiet. No traffic whatsoever. He cautiously ventures away from the station.

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUING

The man hikes down a sidewalk. Not one car passes him on the street.

At the end of a block, he stops for the light and presses the walk button. He stands waiting for the light to change.

He glances left and right. No traffic. He shrugs and marches across the street against the light.

He looks up at the street-sign on the corner. All it holds are empty brackets. He frowns and continues on.

He pauses to check a newspaper vending machine. It's empty. There's no name of the paper on the box. He makes a grimace and walks away.

Most of the storefronts are dark. He comes across a shop with a light on. He tries the door. It's locked. He peers in through the glass, then moves on.

EXT. POOL HALL - NIGHT - CONTINUING

The man wanders up alongside a pool hall. A pay-phone stands by the door. He turns towards it.

A plastic phone-book cover hangs from the phone. He sets down his briefcase and opens the phonebook cover. Inside, all the pages are torn out. All that's left is a ragged binding.

He sighs and lowers the phone-book. He lifts the phone receiver. The number of the phone is gone.

He puts the receiver to his ear. There's a DIAL-TONE. He looks relieved.

He dials zero. The dial-tone continues.

He dials zero again. The dial-tone continues.

He stabs at the zero again. The dial-tone won't stop. He slams the receiver down, picks up his briefcase and pushes into the pool hall.

INT. POOL HALL - NIGHT - CONTINUING

The man scans a row of pool tables, each lit by a single overhead light. Shadows hide the corners of the room, but no one appears to be around.

MAN

Hello?... I was wondering if I could
get some directions... I seem to be
a little turned around here...
Hello?

He waits for a response, then smirks.

MAN

(continuing)

Oh, I see. I'll just play a game or two first. Then maybe you can help me.

The clock on the wall reads 12:00.

He glances at his watch. It still reads 12:00.

He shrugs and steps over to the cue rack. He sets down his briefcase and inspects the cues, one at a time, until he settles on one.

He slaps the triangle onto a table and plops the balls in it.

He rolls the rack of balls back and forth, then gently removes the rack.

The man gives his cue some chalk and lines up the cue ball. He sights along the flat of the table and gently slides the cue into position.

The man gives the cue ball a solid hit. The balls break with a SNAP and RUMBLE.

Three balls drop in three pockets, one after the other.

The man raises his brow.

Ball after ball falls into the pockets. The eight-ball rolls into a pocket. The cue-ball rolls to a stop in the center of the table.

The man grins and lets out a gasp.

MAN

(continuing)

Nice table you've got.

He stoops down and looks under the table. Nothing there. He rises up and scans the room.

MAN

(continuing)

I said, it's a nice table you've got here... Hello-o??

The man circles the darkened corners of the room, but no one is there. He stares at the pool table.

INT. POOL HALL - LATER

The man sets the last ball down and pulls away the triangle.

He taps the cue ball. The balls CLATTER in every direction. THUNK, THUNK, THUNK, THUNK-THUNK. All the balls fall into the pockets, save the cue ball.

The man shakes his head with a skeptical grin. He pulls the triangle away from another set of balls.

He strikes the cue ball again. THUNK, THUNK, THUNK. The balls sink into the pockets. The cue ball rolls to a stop.

The man makes a puzzled frown. Another tap on the cue ball. THUNK-THUNK-THUNK, the balls fall into the pockets. The cue ball rolls to a stop.

The man sighs, lays the cue down on the table and turns away. He steps over to a dartboard.

He pulls out the darts and paces back from it. He carefully aims and throws.

It hits bull's eye.

The man snickers. He throws another. It hits bull's eye next to the first dart.

With a smile, he carelessly tosses another. It hits bull's eye too. He chuckles with a puzzled frown.

He pulls the darts from the board. He turns his head sideways and throws. It hits bull's eye.

He closes his eyes and throws. Again, bull's eye.

The man frowns and flings the last dart off to the side.

It hits bull's eye on another dart board.

The man stares at it apprehensively. He grabs his briefcase and hurries out.

EXT. CITY STREETS - LATER

The man hikes along the sidewalk, away from the pool hall. He comes across a can and gives it a kick. It CLATTERS down the street. He stands listening until all is silent again.

He moves on, down the middle of the street.

EXT. ELECTRONICS STORE - CONTINUING

The man approaches the bright display window of an electronics retail outlet.

Inside, a wall of TV's displays nothing but static.

The door is open. He steps inside.

INT. ELECTRONICS STORE - CONTINUING

The only sound in the store is the quiet the HISS of static from the TV's. He pauses at the doorway, then moves in.

He scans the aisles, but sees no one.

MAN

Hello?

He wanders the store, weaving back and forth through the aisles of merchandise, looking around.

MAN

(continuing)

Hello! Is anyone here? Your door's open... You ought'a be careful about that. Someone might come in here and try to --

The man widens his eyes with fear for a moment, then he shakes his head at the idea.

MAN

(continuing)

Like I was saying... Someone might wanna steal some of this stuff.

(sarcastic)

Well... I'll just help myself, then.

The man pauses for an answer. He shakes his head.

He wanders along the aisles, indifferent to the merchandise as he heads towards the back of the store.

He rounds the back corner. A shadow of doorway curtain flaps swing shut.

He darts around the corner. The flaps are swaying as if someone just went through the doorway.

MAN
(continuing)

Hey!

The man rushes to the doorway and pulls back the flaps.

Inside the back room, an oscillating fan slowly swings back and forth. The return swing sends a gust at the doorway and blows the flaps around.

The man gasps in frustration and turns back.

He moves through the aisles towards the front.

He looks at the wall of TV's. He heads over towards them.

He sets down his briefcase and picks up a remote. He points it at a TV and touches the button. Several TV's flash through the channel numbers, but every channel is static

The man sighs and tosses the remote back on the shelf. He picks up his briefcase and turns away.

EXT. ELECTRONICS STORE - CONTINUING

The man emerges from the store and pauses just outside the door. He looks both ways, then wanders off.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - LATER

The man heads through an empty parking lot towards the entrance of the store. The doors slide open for him.

INT. GROCERY STORE - CONTINUING

All the check-out stands are empty. He strides in, unphased. He calls out without pausing for an answer.

MAN
Hello.

He files through a check-out stand and heads down one of the aisles.

MAN

(continuing)

Hope you don't mind if I help myself.
I must not have eaten in...

He looks at his watch. Still 12:00 midnight. He frowns.

MAN

(continuing)

Well, a long time, anyway.

He continues down the aisle, past several brands of potato chips. He pulls out a bag of chips.

He pulls at the corner, but the plastic won't tear.

He tugs and wrestles with the bag. It refuses to open. He marches off down the aisle with the bag.

He steps up to the butcher's block and grabs a big knife from the block.

He grips the bag in his fist and pushes the blade into the crease.

The knife slips. It slices the bag open and slips across his hand. The man hisses in shock.

He looks at his hand. No blood. No cut.

He sets down the bag. He puts his thumb to the knife and presses against the point. He looks at his thumb. No blood.

He raises a brow. He steps over to the butcher's block.

He sets his hand on the block, palm down. He aims the point of the knife at the webbing of his thumb.

The man turns his face away and makes a grimace as he raises the blade.

He stabs it down. There's no reaction on his face. He pulls the knife out and looks down. His hand is untouched. He grins.

He stares at his hand on the block, then stabs it repeatedly with the knife. He lifts his hand from the block, untouched.

The man stares with amazement, then makes a disturbed frown. He shakes his head and tosses the blade back onto the block.

The man turns away, but turns back to pick up the bag of chips on the floor. He takes it and moves on.

INT. GROCERY STORE - LATER

The man arranges the bag of chips, a bottle of Martinelli's, and a jar of salsa before him on the floor.

He plants himself down, legs spread to either side of the tiny banquet. He grabs a fistful of chips and crams them in his mouth.

He grins and MUNCH, MUNCH, MUNCHES on the chips, but his munching slows. He frowns and smacks his lips at the blandness. He swallows the chips.

He grabs the Martinelli's and chug-a-lugs, then lowers it with a prunish face. He taps his fingers on his tounge.

He picks up the jar of salsa. It says "MEDIUM HOT."

He makes a quick smirk and dunks a chip in the salsa.

He cautiously MUNCHES on the chip for a moment or two, waiting for the spicy taste. He chews faster, then swallows.

He dips his finger in the salsa and lays a dab on his tounge. He waits for the taste, then shakes his head.

He looks up at an array of tabasco sauce bottles on the shelf. He grabs a bottle.

He uncaps the tabsco and douses his tounge with it. No reaction.

He licks his lips. With a frown, he throws the bottle on the floor, shattering it. He walks away.

He pauses at the check-out stands, before a colorful stack of "Talking Leroy" dolls.

He picks one up and glances it over. He presses on its back.

TALKING LEROY

Hi. My name is Leroy.

The man lets out an amused grunt.

MAN
(funny voice)
Hi Leroy. My name is...

The man widens his eyes.

MAN
(continuing)
My name...
(determined)
My name is...

The man drops the doll to the floor, and gasps with panic. He looks at his briefcase in his hand and laughs.

MAN
(continuing)
What's wrong with me? I know who I
am. It's all here.

The man lays the briefcase on the checkout counter and tries the latches. It's locked.

He takes a look at the combination lock and sighs.

He lets out a grunt and reaches into the checkout register.

He lays aside the drawer insert full of money and rummages underneath to pull out a pair of scissors.

The man jams one of the scissor tines into the seam of the briefcase. He does it again and again, but can't manage to get it through.

He stabs the scissors into the top of the briefcase, then into the corners. He manages to poke some holes in the edges.

MAN
(continuing)
It's... all... in... here!

He marches out the front door with the briefcase.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - CONTINUING

He slams the side of his briefcase onto a cement parking pylon with a CRACK. He swings it down again, CRACK.

On the third swing, the briefcase caves in with a CRUNCH.

The man kneels down and desperately pries open the cracked siding. Inside is a stack of papers.

The man rummages through the papers. Every one is blank.

He turns, covers his face and sobs.

He recovers and breathes deeply. He slowly shakes his head.

MAN

(continuing)

Crazy... crazy... No. There must be a reason.

The man pauses.

MAN

(continuing)

I-if I could just find someone, I could figure this out.

He takes in a deep breath.

MAN

(continuing)

Maybe it's just this place. There's gotta be someone in the next town or something.

The man gets up with renewed determination.

A blue convertible sits alone in the parking lot.

The man looks puzzled to see a car. He walks over. A set of keys is in the ignition. He hops in.

He starts up the car and drives away.

EXT. CONVERTIBLE ON CITY STREETS - CONTINUING

The man drives through the dead city. He passes a sign that points right, towards "CENTRAL STATION."

He passes the turn. A green light turns red before him. He continues down the center of the road without slowing.

He takes in a deep breath and relaxes.

His foot presses down on the accelerator. The speedometer climbs to 70.

The car flashes through another red light.

The man glances side to side at the cityscape flying by.

MAN
Good bye.

The man sees the radio. He turns it on, but it just puts out
STATIC.

He clicks the tuning button. The radio scans through the
frequencies. It produces nothing but static.

MAN
(continuing)
Come on. Come on...

He clicks the button one step at a time. Only static.

MAN
(continuing)
Even a talk show. Something...

Still static.

For a moment, he clicks past a snippet of MUSIC.

The man does a double-take. He tunes the radio back. The
radio plays MOONLIGHT SERENADE.

The man chuckles.

MAN
(continuing)
That's right! Where there's a song,
there's a person. And I'm gonna find
you if it's the last thing I do.

He drives on as the music continues.

The car approaches the darkness at the edge of the city.

The MUSIC FADES TO STATIC.

MAN
(continuing)
No, no, no...

The man makes a U-turn back the way he came, but the static
remains. He pulls to a stop.

He tunes back and forth on the radio. Only static.

The man clenches his jaw and turns the wheel. He mutters...

MAN
(continuing)
Enough of this.

The engine stops. He turns the key. All he gets is CLICK, CLICK.

The man bangs on the wheel. He hops out and slams the door.

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUING

The man looks up around him at the buildings.

MAN
What is this?! Is this some kind of
joke?!

The man jogs back up the street, then pauses.

MAN
(continuing)
Show yourself!... I know you're out
there... Someone's gotta be...
Please!

The man continues up the street.

MAN
(continuing)
Is anyone out there?!... What's
going on?! Someone tell me, what's
happening?

The man drags to a stop.

MAN
(continuing)
WHERE IS EVERYONE?!... Is this
Hell?!... There must be some
mistake! I don't belong here! I
know I don't! I...
(lowers head)
Just can't remember why.

The man stands there for a moment. The quiet strains of
MOONLIGHT SERENADE drift in from the distance.

He looks back towards the car. He jogs back to it.

He glances at the radio. It's off. The MUSIC still plays in the distance, from the city. He strides back into the city.

EXT. CITY PARK - LATER

The man walks onto the grass. MOONLIGHT SERENADE plays in the distance, but much closer now. He hikes towards some bright lights in the distance.

The lights come from an outdoor dance-floor gazebo. The music plays on a PA. Through the lattice-work, he can see no one around.

He moves towards the gazebo and steps up on the dance floor.

He glances around. Nobody's there.

The man strides across the dance floor.

At the far side of the gazebo, he stops and stares into the darkness.

He turns around. A WOMAN in a blue dress stands across the dance floor where he stood just moments before.

The man gapes in disbelief.

The woman steps towards him.

WOMAN

Care to dance?

The man hesitates, then reaches out. She takes his hand.

They dance to the music. The man has a peaceful, yet puzzled look on his face. They turn slow circles around the dance floor.

MAN

Are-are you real?

WOMAN

I've been waiting for you.

The man looks into her eyes.

MAN
You look familiar.

The woman smiles.

MAN
(continuing)
Where have I seen you before?

WOMAN
Shh -- No more questions for now.
Just dance with me.

They swaying around the dance floor to the music. Their feet shuffle quietly on the wood planks.

The woman rests her head on his shoulder. He opens his mouth in an uncertain grin.

They turn a slow circle. The man's face relaxes. They gently rock back and forth to the music. The man closes his eyes.

Their hands swing an arc as they turn.

The MUSIC ends. The woman whispers into his ear.

WOMAN
(continuing)
I'll be waiting.

The man opens his eyes. She's gone. He stands there for a moment in silence.

MAN
(whispering)
No.
(out loud)
No! Come back! Don't leave me here!

The man rushes across the gazebo and down the steps. He stops at a slip of paper laying at the base of the steps.

He stoops down and picks it up. It's the torn corner of a ticket. On it are the words, "CENTRAL STATION."

The man's eyes open wide. He grips the ticket in his hand and dashes off into the darkness.

SERIES OF SHOTS

The man races down the center of the street.

He passes the pool hall without slowing.

A red light turns green for him as he dashes through an intersection.

EXT. STATION LOBBY - CONTINUING

The man runs towards the station. He stumbles to a halt some distance from the entrance.

The woman sits on a bench to one side of the doors.

The man stoops to catch his breath. His mouth turns in a grin of relief.

Recovering his breath, he straightens up and steps towards the woman.

She gives him a smile. He smiles back. He slows to a stop and she rises.

MAN

Why did you leave me?

WOMAN

I can't stay here.

MAN

But why? Where did everyone go?

The woman takes his hand.

WOMAN

Come with me. It will all become clear.

They walk towards the station entrance.

MAN

We can't get in there. It's locked.

The woman steps ahead of him and pulls the door open.

The man stops before the door and makes a curious frown.

MAN
(continuing)
Where are we going?

WOMAN
Don't you want to leave here?

The man hesitates.

MAN
How do I know I can trust you? I
mean, I don't even know who I am, let
alone you. And maybe this is a trap.

He backs away a step.

MAN
(continuing)
Maybe you're taking me the same place
you've taken everyone else.

WOMAN
Would that be so bad?

MAN
But where are we going?

The woman extends her hand again.

WOMAN
Trust me.

He hesitates, then sighs and takes her hand.

MAN
Anything's better than staying here.

He steps inside, past the woman.

She lets the door swing shut, then steps forward and takes
the man's hand.

MOONLIGHT SERENADE echos over the station PA.

They walk down the corridor. The man glances back over his
shoulder at the entrance.

INT. STATION LOBBY - CONTINUING

They head down the corridor into the brightness of the lobby. The MUSIC ECHOS LOUDER. The man squints his eyes in the light...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The man squints at the bright light and his eyes flicker open. The MUSIC CONTINUES quietly in the background.

The room comes into focus. Beside sits the woman from his dream, smiling. She's wearing a blue dress.

WOMAN

Hi babe. Welcome back.

MAN

It's you...

The woman leans over and gently gives him a hug.

WOMAN

That's right. I never gave up on you. Did you hear my voice when I talked to you?

The man gives an uncertain nod.

WOMAN

(continuing)

I knew one of these days you'd hear me and wake up.

The man raises up on one arm. The woman reaches over to the table and turns off the small CD player that was playing the music.

MAN

But what happened? How long have I been here? I --

A doctor gently settles him back in bed.

DOCTOR

Easy there. You're lucky to even be here with us. You'll have plenty of
(more)

DOCTOR (cont'd)
time for questions later. Right now
you just need to rest.

The man opens his mouth, but is at a loss for words. He
sighs and exchanges a smile with the woman.

MAN
It's good to be back.

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END