Crashing In My Ears

by

Joseph Arnone

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INT. DEN - EVENING

WALLACE sits in his den while being interviewed by his niece ROBERTA for her journalism course in college.

ROBERTA
Talk to me about how it starts...

WALLACE
I've already told you.

ROBERTA
I need more detail, you're being vague.

WALLACE
You're exhausting.

ROBERTA
You promised you would help me.

WALLACE
I know but you left out the fact that this would be a two day interview. I thought this was going to last only a few hours at best.

ROBERTA
Nope. Now walk me through your process.

WALLACE
You're a pain in the ass. (beat) Okay...there's this crashing in my ears. I hear it when I'm alone, sitting on the couch...there's a ceremony to it...I adjust the lighting to a dim, grab a glass of red wine and sit dead center on my cushion couch. I slightly adjust my eyelids, almost closed but enough to sort of put myself in a dream state...that's when things become real quiet and I feel myself enter into a different frequency...it's the hearing, the hearing shifts and it begins...

ROBERTA
Is that when you make contact?

WALLACE
I believe I do.

ROBERTA
Does it work every time?

WALLACE
Always.

ROBERTA
How did you discover this way of communication?

WALLACE
Ever since I was a little boy, surrealistic things would happen to me and I would give myself over to them...sort of like an imaginary world but in fact it's reality, just a different place and time that I touch.

ROBERTA
How long do these spells last?

WALLACE
Spell, good word, it almost feels like a spell. I timed myself once. I would say it doesn't exceed ten minutes. The longer I'm in it, the more things start to fade.

ROBERTA
And what do these experiences tell you?

WALLACE
All kinds of things. Not all of them make sense to me. But for the past three years it's been daunting and I've been getting these real dark images and sounds. It usually begins with buildings crumbling, people screaming...I hear breathing, I see loads of destruction.

ROBERTA
Can you elaborate?

WALLACE
Not so sure I really should, sweetheart. I know this is important for your college report but at this point things get real complicated.

ROBERTA
Uncle Wallace, please. You need to go further, this is getting so interesting.

WALLACE
I want you to get a good grade and all but believe me, the things I've seen and the things I've heard...its traumatic.

ROBERTA
Can't you go a little further for me? ...Please Uncle Wallace.

WALLACE (SIGHS)
There's chaos in the streets. People running, disfigured...there's a little boy I can't ever remove from my mind. He must be about nine years old, olive skin, dark hair, bi brown hard...he's screaming and looking out...I follow his eyes to a man who is collapsed on a chair with a large spike running through his chest...the man is pinned, spiked...from what appears to be a piece of steel from a building I believe. This child is screaming out for his father and it's...I feel the boy's agony which is the agony of all the people. When I encounter this boy, it usually brings me back. It's just so unfathomable.

ROBERTA
...What do you think all of this means?

WALLACE
There may come a time...let's just pray and hope that things get circumvented. I believe that these visions I receive can be altered. Nothing is permanent. Everything around us is in constant evolution within its own truthful reality. You follow?

ROBERTA
Yes. When was the first time you encountered this type of vision or experience?

WALLACE
I was five years old. I was walking along the beach with my father and I suddenly witnessed a boat accident. I asked my father what happened to the man as I pointed to this speed boat that streamed on by. An hour later there was this horrific accident that took place with the very same boat. My father just looked at me in a strange way but never spoke about it ever again. The way in which he stared at me made me learn to keep my mouth shut. At least, until I got much older.

ROBERTA
When did you first start talking about your visions?

WALLACE
I became the black sheep of the family. You may already know this...I got lost into drugs and drinking...going in and out of insane asylums was like getting up in the morning, routine. After years of this and I mean years...I met a man sleeping in an alleyway one night. He was a buddhist monk. Now, at first, I thought I'd finally kicked the bucket because I've seen this man before...he was what I would call a spirit guide. I have three...he is one of them and he gestured for me to follow him, which I did and he lead me down this long corridor and I felt for the first time in my life one with myself...this great inner peace washed itself over me and then through me and this meeting I had taught me that I wasn't crazy and showed me how to harness the potential I had inside myself. That's when everything changed.

ROBERTA
Okay...I think we should take a break at this point.

WALLACE
Take a break? Aren't we done?

ROBERTA
For the first part.

WALLACE
First part?

ROBERTA
Don't you want me to be great?

WALLACE
Of course but---

ROBERTA
Your books are bestsellers Uncle Wallace, you can't have your niece being a lousy writer, correct?

WALLACE
Well, you're too smart for me and you---

ROBERTA
So you need to play ball and let me conduct the interview to the extent we agreed on. (beat) Just a few more questions after we snack and then I'll be out of your hair.

WALLACE
Don't get me wrong, I love your company. I've seen you more these last two days than the whole twenty! (he chuckles) I'm just not one for interviews. I've never given one before.

ROBERTA
I'm your niece so I guess you're gonna have to deal with me.

WALLACE
It's okay. Just don't drill me because it's starting to sting.

ROBERTA
I won't. I'll make us sandwiches and then ask you a few more important questions and we're done. Yeah?

WALLACE
Do I have a choice?

ROBERTA
Nope.

WALLACE
Right.