

Static

By

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INT. HOME GARAGE - NIGHT

A garage sits in the still of the evening. It is lit only by the neon ring of a wall clock hung above the workbench. Pictures of a boy and his father pepper the walls and table tops. Tools litter the work surfaces.

SEAN (V.O)

My father passed away several weeks ago. He was a racer. So was I. We were closer when I was younger, time and life drifted us apart...but that didn't make losing him any easier.

A car sits in the garage under a large white sheet.

ON THE SCREEN

DAY 1

The interior door opens, spilling light from the house into the garage. SEAN - male, 30, beard, - stands silhouetted in the doorway briefly before he flips the light switch.

He steps in front of the car with his hands on his hips.

SEAN (V.O)

I figured I knew why this car was dropped off in my driveway a week after he was gone. A tombstone sitting in my garage. I didn't know for sure. Maybe I didn't want to.

He grabs the front of the sheet and in one motion pulls the sheet off of the car and into the air, revealing a red 1962 Austin Healey Sprite.

SEAN (V.O)

I remembered this car. I remembered racing it in the desert when I was just in highschool.

Sean balls up the sheet as he's walking around the car giving it a look over when he notices a white envelope with his name written in blue ink laying on the driver's seat. He quickly tosses the sheet aside and grabs the envelope.

He opens the envelope and pulls out a hand-written letter. He reads it aloud to himself quietly.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

"Dear Sean, this Sprite was once your father's. I thought it was only right the car go to you after I heard of your father's passing, it's what he would've wanted. Enjoy the Healey. She may not seem like much but I promise she's full of surprises. Sincerely, B. Willow.

SEAN (V.O)

I still don't know who B. Willow is.

Sean looks back at the car to see a small box of parts sitting in the passenger seat. An old radio sits among the parts in the box.

Sean notices the key in the ignition and gives it a turn. The car whales but doesn't turn over.

SEAN

Hmmmm...

CUT TO

Sean is under the hood of the car. He's dirty and sweaty. A few more ratchet cranks are heard before he stands up, sets the ratchet on the car's frame, and wipes his hands with a rag.

He jumps in the driver's seat. He runs his fingers around the steering wheel, the gauges, the shifter. He snaps out of it and turns the key in the ignition. The engine whales and cries but does not turn over. He tries a few more times but has no luck.

He continues to work under the hood. After another attempt at fixing the problem, Sean returns back to the driver's seat to try again. He turns the key and the car whales and screams again but never turns over.

Sean sighs.

SEAN

Sorry, dad. Maybe another night.

Sean, frustrated and defeated, checks his watch and decides enough is enough - it's getting late. Before he gets up, he peers into the box of parts in the other seat and pulls out the radio. He gives it a look over before pushing it into the vacant hole it used to reside.

He looks at it for just a moment before exiting the vehicle.

He wipes his hands one more time, closes the hood on the car, and hits the light switch on his way out of the garage.

INT. - HOUSE - NIGHT

Sean walks into the living room from the garage. From his cozy bed, his dog wakes up and looks at him as he enters.

SEAN

Do you gotta potty?

The dog stares at him and cocks her head to the side.

SEAN

Well c'mon. Let's go out. C'mon.

Sean gestures the dog to follow him out of the house through the back door. He waddles behind him quickly as they exit.

The door closes.

INT. - GARAGE - NIGHT

The dimly lit garage sits quiet. A rumble starts to become more noticeable. A breeze picks up in the garage which makes some of the loosely tacked pictures on the wall move. Tools and parts on the work bench rattle and vibrate.

EXT. - HOUSE - NIGHT

Sean stands on the back patio as his dog sniffs around the yard.

INT. - GARAGE - NIGHT

The wind picks up. The rumbling is louder. The vibrations are stronger. A small clock on the workbench vibrates across the surface displaying the time.

ON THE SCREEN

11:11

Then...

Silence...

CLICK! The light in the radio flicks on and a classic rock song begins playing.

INT. - HOUSE - NIGHT

Sean opens the door and let's the dog in first. The dog runs to the opening of the dark hallway that leads to the garage. He stares into the darkness as the muffled music plays in the background.

Sean steps inside, closes and latches the door, and turns around only to freeze in his tracks. He listens. The muffled music still plays.

His dog runs to his bed and lays down. Sean steps to the entrance of the hallway and peers into the dark. Nothing is seen but everything is heard...coming from the garage.

INT. - GARAGE - NIGHT

The radio continues to play as Sean slowly opens the door. Before he can step into the garage the music stops and the light goes out on the radio. Sean steps into the garage and looks around with a raised eyebrow.

After a few moments, Sean gives up and goes back through the door, shutting it behind him.

The radio fires up again, playing the same song from the beginning.

Sean quickly opens the door and steps into the garage with urgency. He looks at the car and quickly makes his way to the driver side door. He sees the radio light is on and it's the source of the music.

Sean opens the door and slowly takes a seat. The closer he gets the more the radio flickers and struggles to stay on.

Sean taps on the radio's faceplate and the radio dies - it's light goes out and ceases to play music. He stares at it for a moment, then goes to touch it again.

Once his finger touches the radio it lights up the brightest it ever has since it was new. It blares the song from the beginning and it's crystal clear.

The sudden burst of light and music make Sean jump. He's perplexed. How could this be? He checks the wires. They aren't attached to anything.

SEAN

How is this even possible?

(CONTINUED)

The radio starts to go in and out with white noise, like it's being tuned. Then Sean here's a voice struggling to come through.

VOICE IN RADIO

Sean?...Sean? Is that you? Can you hear me?

The hair on the back of Sean's neck stands on end. He recognizes the voice, but it can't be possible.

VOICE IN RADIO

Sean? Are you there?

SEAN

...Dad?

VOICE IN RADIO

Turn the tuner knob a little to the right, would ya?

Sean turns the right knob to the left a touch and the white noise fades away. The voice is clear now.

VOICE IN RADIO

That's a lot better.

SEAN

Dad?

VOICE OF SEAN'S DAD

Yeah, Son. It's me.

SEAN

How? How is this happening?

VOICE OF SEAN'S DAD

I'm not sure, Son, but let's take advantage of the time we've got.

Sean looks down for a moment as if ashamed. He hangs his head and fiddles with his hands.

SEAN

Dad...I'm sorry I didn't make time for you while you were here. I always had something going on - work, friends, girls...but I should've made the time.

VOICE OF SEAN'S DAD

The past is the past, we can't go back and change that, but the past

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VOICE OF SEAN'S DAD (cont'd)
is a great teacher. The lessons we
learn along the way allow us to
change ourselves for the
better...for the now and for the
things still to come.

Sean and the radio sit in silence for a moment.

SEAN
That was such a corny dad thing to
say...

Sean chuckles.

SEAN
But...it doesn't make it any less
true.

VOICE OF SEAN'S DAD
Well, enough of that stuff. It
looks like you found my old Healey!

Sean straightens up and has more pep.

SEAN
Yeah. Yeah! Someone who had it sent
it to me. Said they wanted me to
have the car.

VOICE OF SEAN'S DAD
Have you taken her for a spin yet?

SEAN
No...honestly today's been the
first day I've even uncovered her
since it was dropped off. I tried
for a while tonight but I just
couldn't get her to turn over. I'm
just a driver. You were always the
mechanic.

VOICE OF SEAN'S DAD
Well, maybe I can help. These old
British cars can be finicky
sometimes. Do you have the time to
mess with her now.

SEAN
Yeah, definitely. Let's do it.

(CONTINUED)

VOICE OF SEAN'S DAD

Okay, pop the hood and let's see what we can do.

FADE TO:

Sean rubs his eyes.

SEAN

Dad, I'm running out of steam over here.

VOICE OF SEAN'S DAD

Sounds like you're running on empty. Go get some shut eye. We can continue working on her tomorrow, she's not going anywhere.

Sean picks up a rag and starts wiping his hands, eyes focused on his hands.

SEAN

What if you're not here tomorrow?

VOICE OF SEAN'S DAD

Then we'll be happy for the time we've had today. Go to bed, son. I don't know how this works but let's just plan for the same time tomorrow and go from there.

SEAN

Alright...Night, Dad.

VOICE OF SEAN'S DAD

Night, Son.

Sean lays the rag on the workbench and heads towards the door. He opens the door goes to hit the lights when he stops himself.

SEAN

Hey, Dad.

VOICE OF SEAN'S DAD

Yeah?

SEAN

I uh...I miss you.

VOICE OF SEAN'S DAD

Miss you too, kiddo.

Sean hits the lights and exits the garage.

(CONTINUED)

FADE OUT

MONTAGE

- The clock hits 11:11. The same song blares. Sean works under the hood of the car while he talks with his father through the radio.

- The clock hits 11:11. The same song blares. Sean sits in the driver seat with a mug of coffee talking with his father

- The clock hits 11:11. The same song blares. Sean works under the car while still talking with his father

ON THE SCREEN

DAY 2

DAY 3

DAY 4

SEAN (V.O)

11:11 on the dot. Every night like clockwork. Sometimes we didn't work on the car, we just talked. Recalling funny stories from the past or reliving memories we both had forgotten...And then the day came.

CUT TO

Sean is under the hood tightening the last bolt.

ON THE SCREEN

DAY 5

SEAN

Well, dad. I think that about does it.

VOICE OF SEAN'S DAD

Want to give 'er a try?

SEAN

Yeah.

Sean wipes his hands with a rag and hops in the driver's seat. He turns the key. The car whines with rhythm.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

C'mon.

VR00000AR! The car comes alive!

VOICE OF SEAN'S DAD

Yeah! Listen to that!

SEAN

Yeah! That's awesome!

VOICE OF SEAN'S DAD

Wanna take her out for a spin?

SEAN

Let's do it.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Sean zips the car down the streets. The car sings and purrs as it's driven. Sean talks with his father over the roar of the engine.

SEAN

Talk about bringing back some memories.

VOICE OF SEAN'S DAD

No doubt! How long has it been since you've raced?

SEAN

Probably 6 or 7 years at least.

VOICE OF SEAN'S DAD

This little Healey would make a great track car!

SEAN

Yeah! Hey, thanks for the help, Dad. I couldn't have done this without you.

VOICE OF SEAN'S DAD

Absolutely, son. Glad I could help!

SEAN

She's getting a little warm, I'm gonna take her back home just in case.

(CONTINUED)

VOICE OF SEAN'S DAD

Let's keep going, this is great!

SEAN

Nah, I don't want to push her too hard just yet.

VOICE OF SEAN'S DAD

Alright, take us back home then.
Better safe than sorry!

SEAN

Exactly!

INT. - GARAGE - NIGHT

The overhead door opens. Sean pulls the car inside and turns it off.

SEAN

That. was. awesome. Haha.

The radio barely flickers.

SEAN

Dad? You there?

The radio sits in silence.

SEAN

Dad? Dad if you're there say something...anything. Dad...please be there. Please be there. Can you hear me, Dad?

Sean fiddles with the dials on the radio and is becoming increasingly frantic.

SEAN

Dad, we can go on another ride. Are you there? Can you hear me? Dad?

The radio flickers, clips of songs briefly break through the static. Sean's father can be heard coming in and out.

VOICE OF SEAN'S DAD

I think this is where my road ends, Sean.

SEAN

Dad, don't go.

(CONTINUED)

VOICE OF SEAN'S DAD
You take care of yourself, son.

SEAN
Dad...

VOICE OF SEAN'S DAD
Love...you...
The radio light fades to dark. Sean places his hand on the
faceplate of the radio and hangs his head.

FADE OUT

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