

“Calling Hours”

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Opening Narration

Interior: Large country house, cold and empty, which could likewise describe its sole occupant, artist Sebastian March. He built his beloved wife’s dream home around an imposing century-old brick bulwark repurposed as a foundation wall. Since her passing, however, only grief colors his world.

But tonight, after he uses the wall as his latest canvas, he’ll find something other than catharsis. For while he sleeps, someone or something will mysteriously collaborate on his work. It’s an installation that could only appear in a gallery known as The Twilight Zone.

Closing Narration

Exterior: Large country house, recently burned and brought to ruin, which could’ve likewise described its owner had he surrendered to the sinister force that seeped from the brickwork until it overtook the walls and his sanity. And now, even with the brick red dust at his feet, Sebastian March has learned that some colors always bleed through from The Twilight Zone.