

OVER BLACK:

Heavy Breathing. Rapid Heartbeats.

OLDER BROTHER(V.O.)
(Echoed) REVE! Do something! Please!

BANG! A deafening noise. The ringing of ears. A gunshot? The sound subsides.

OLDER BROTHER(V.O.)
Why didn't you do something? It was
your fault. All your fault. Your fault
Reve

The voice begins to distort, mixed in with an unsettling chorus of other voices which increases in intensity.

OLDER BROTHER(V.O.)	DISEMBODIED
You let me die. It's so	VOICES(V.O.)
cold, so cold. You did this.	(Distorted) YOUR FAULT. YOUR
You did this. Why'd you do	FAULT. YOUR FAULT. YOU
this to me-	SHOULD'VE BEEN THE ONE TO
	DIE-

CUT IN:

EXT. FRONT YARD - DAY

1

FRIEND
Reve! You good bro?

REVE distressed, opens his eyes. REVE is a 17-year-old teenage male, scruffy hair, he looks like he hasn't slept in days. He is slumped with his back to a fence. Standing in front of him is FRIEND *description*.

REVE
Uh what? Finally. im fine... let's
just get this over with

EXT. PORCH - DAY

2

They approach A door to your average suburban home. It's covered in a bevvly of stickers and patches. A crude sign states "Knock for Consultation"

FRIEND
Reve. This is it man. 1 session is all

it takes. You'll be high as a kite.
Fixing all your problems. You just
gotta meet charlie

REVE

Ye? last guy who met charlie ended up
with psychosis I heard

FRIEND

Truuust. Charlie has helped more guys
out then that therapist your seeing.
Yes, he's a bit insane but he's a good
guy.

Friend knocks on door. Someone walks behind the door.

CHARLIE

WHO IS IT! Say the magic words!?

FRIEND

Come on its *friend*, I got reeve

CHARLIE

Ah ah ah! You didn't say the magic
words! SAY IT!

FRIEND

ugh fine..."I am awoken to the truth,
I do not side with the elite who
control us"

Sound of the unlocking of multiple locks and chains.

CHARLIE

Quickly! Come in. Come in.

CUT TO:

INT. CHARLIE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

3

A cluttered and chaotic living room. Papers, leftovers and
empty cans strewn about. CHARLIE PORTER, unkempt high-school
dropout, quintessential paranoid conspiracy theorist stoner.
He wears a graphic t-shirt and shorts. Charlie peaks outside
to a parked black vehicle and closes the door.

CHARLIE

Sorry boys, can't be more careful.
These elites, THE CIA, Private agents
all been on my ass. Anyway. Charlie
Porter at your service.

REVE

(Under his breath) Jesus Christ. Your meant to be my last hope.

CHARLIE

Ah your here for the elixir aren't you. Alrighty. Get on the couch.

REVE

Uh what? right now

FRIEND

Come on Reve. This will get rid of all your problems. Your Mental health baggage..everything.

Reve lays down on the couch.

CHARLIE

(Pulls out vial of liquid) The Elixir. Only people that got this are the CIA, them shamans down in Peru and Charlie Porter!

REVE

What is it do?

CHARLIE

Psychedelic. A Gateway into your own mind. Gets you in your own head.

Charlie pours the milky blue liquid into an eye drop bottle. Lowers the bottle towards Reve.

CHARLIE

Alright. It hits like a truck. Once you're in. Go deeper. Down as far as possible until you find your truth.

One bead of liquid drops into Reve's right eye. His vision discolours and blurs.

REVE

(Groggily) Wait. Its safe right? Is it safe?

A second final bead drops into his left eye. His senses blur.

CHARLIE

(Voice blurring further) Nothing good comes without risk boy. Our minds are

a further dimension. Just like our dimension, it has its own predators.

Reve panics as he hears Charlie's words. He scrambles to get up as his vision and sense's blur and distort. He falls off the couch...only to wake up somewhere else.

EXT. BIRTHDAY ROOM - DAY

4

Charlies final words echo in Reve's mind and around him. PREDATOR. His surroundings have changed.

REVE

(Echoing) *FRIEND*! Charlie! Hello!

No longer is he in Charlie's ramshackle home but a warm vibrant room. Birthday decoration lines the walls. "Happy 4th Birthday Reve!" on a banner hanging above a table, packed with wrapped gifts and a centrepiece cake. Celebratory music plays around him.

He smiles, looking around and reminiscing. As he does this he stumbles upon a gift catches his eye, a birthday card placed on top. "To Reve, From your Big Brother with lots of love". Reve breathing intensifies and he tucks the card away into his clothing.

BANG! Something large moves above the ceiling. The sound of crawling. Reve scrambles to a curtained window and cautiously peers outside. He is met with a flash of light, outside the window is an endless void resembling a starry night sky. Panicked he looks back up.

REVE

Hello?

He is met with a heartwrenching sound. A distorted cry, a mix between animalistic and unsettlingly human.

Reve panics and runs towards the end of the room only to be met by two doors. He chooses the left door.

INT. STAIRCASE - UNKNOWN

5

The door opens to a staircase spiralling down into darkness. Reve descends. Overlapping whispering breaks out around him. Some in his voice. Some in a more sinister voice.

REVE'S
WHISPERS(V.O.)

(In Reve's voice) Don't go

DISEMBODIED
WHISPERS(V.O.)

It should have been you?

down there. Another mistake? Worthless. Guilty. Should
 Did you take your pills? Is have been you. He's coming.
 this real? Did you take your He'll find you.
 pills? Where are you? Is
 this real?

The darkness breaks into another doorway.

INT. BEDROOM - UNKNOWN

6

Reve enters a bedroom closing the door behind him. It seems to match the decor of a young child's bedroom. Toys are littered around. A nightlight illuminates the room. Flashing red and blue. Reve sees his reflection in the mirror, distorted and blurred. On the dresser sits the same gift from the previous room. Unwrapped and open. Reve's eye tear up as he looks over the gift.

OLDER BROTHER (O.S.)

Do you like your present?

The voice comes from beyond the closed bedroom door. Reve is stunned.

OLDER BROTHER (O.S.)

Do you like it? Open the door.

REVE

Is it really you? *NAME*?

OLDER BROTHER(O.S.)

Yes, Reve. Let me in. Open the door.

Reve slowly inches towards the door. His hand cautiously reaches out to the door but he hesitates. He pauses. SLAM! The room plunges darkness. Reve scrambles through his old dresser finding an old toy torch. He shines it at the door. SLAM!

OLDER BROTHER (O.S.)

(Distorted) OPEN THE DOOR! LET ME IN!

Reve scrambles back looking for a way out. The window shines with a blue other-worldly light. An endless void. His only option is the closet. Reve swiftly hides in the closet, shutting the door. Drenched in darkness. SLAM! CRACK! Whatever was outside as breached the door and begins to crawl inside. Reve sits dead quiet.

Whatever it is, it calls out. A blood-curdling cacophony of human cries, animalistic screams, moans and groans.

Reve lays quiet waiting for the inevitable. However in surprise a flickering light catches his eye from the right. As he turns he finds that the closet has formed into a hallway stretching toward an opening. The hallway quickly flashes from pitch dark to illuminated as this light beyond the doorway flicks on and off.

Reve slowly walks towards the light. As he does whispers and voices around begin to intensify.

DISEMBODIED VOICES(V.0.)

You killed him. The gift means nothing. He used to love you. He abhors you now. He hates you. A gift means nothing. Hates you.

As he makes his way from the darkness behind him a voice calls out.

OLDER BROTHER (O.S.)

Why didn't you do something? It was your fault.

Reve reluctantly turns around to see his older brother standing in the darkness.

OLDER BROTHER

All your fault. Your fault Reve

Black elongated hands stretch around from behind his older brother. Pulling him into the darkness. 2 white eyes staring at him from the darkness.

Reve quickly moves to the light and looks into the room. He sees the very last thing he would have wanted to too. His eyes filled with horror.

He turns back to the hallway hoping for a way out. He looks at the darkness. The cacophony of screams begin he hears the crawling movement of the creature louden. As he begins to see a figure emerge the darkness grows, encroaching towards him. Getting closer.

At the very last moment. The darkness closing in. Reve takes a deep breath. He enters the room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

7

An average suburban living room. A couch sits in front of the TV. Reve looks at himself, realising he is wearing children's pyjamas. Rain roars outside. Sitting on the couch is his

older brother. Everything seems normal.

OLDER BROTHER

Reve! Come. Just me and you tonight
buddy. I got a surprise for you. I
rented -

REVE

Halloween

OLDER BROTHER

Halloween

OLDER BROTHER

Yeah. All right, I'll get popcorn.

Reve knows this memory. He moves towards the couch. His
younger self in the reflection of the TV. He looks towards
the door. A knock.

REVE

(Under his breath) Don't open it,
Don't open it, Don't open it

However, he still stands up. Moves towards the door. Almost
as if being compelled.

OLDER BROTHER (O.S.)

Check first. Don't just open it

Reve's hand reaches for the door.

YOUNGER REVE (V.O.)

Its probably mum and dad

REVE

(under his breath) It isn't, It isn't

Reve turns the knob. The door opens. He's shoved aside. The
memory blurs as we focus in on Reve's pained Expression

UNKNOWN MALE VOICE

Get down! Get down! I have a gun!

OLDER BROTHER

Reve run! Go GO!

UNKNOWN MALE VOICE

Get down! Don't you dare!

OLDER BROTHER

Get the police! Now go!

We hear the sounds of a scuffle. A fight. Then the deafening
noise of a single gunshot. Ears ringing. Reve stands their

stunned. Tears fall down his face.

INT. HALLWAY - UNKNOWN

8

He looks back. Darkness. He looks towards the open door. Same hallway. His brother stands at the end. Flickering in and out. Replaced by a dark menacing figure occasionally.

Reve slumps to the ground. His back to the wall.

REVE

It was my fault. I'm so sorry. It was my fault. I'm sorry. I deserve this. Deserve this. So so sorry. The figure and surrounding darkness once again move's closer.

Reve assumes his end. One last time he pulls out the card his brother gave him and opens it. Bearing to read it.

ON THE SCREEN - BIRTHDAY CARD

Written text:

I'll always be by your side. Be there for you. I'll always love you Reve. No matter what.

Happy Birthday

REVE

(under his breath) no matter what. GET OUT OF MY HEAD! GET OUT-

The same chorus of human and animalistic cries erupts. Reve lets out a primal scream. His surrounding flashes between the dreamscape. From Birthday to bedroom, to his brother's death and finally to the starry void.

Reve closes his eyes.

INT. CHARLIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

9

Reve wakes up. Breathing heavily. He looks around. Charlies living room as it was. SNOOREE... Charlie is slumped asleep on the couch. Reve smiles to himself.

REVE

(smiles) No matter what...You genius
charlie.

Reve slumps back into the couch. Exhausted. He closes his
eyes.

The living room lays quiet. An open doorway however catches
our eye. A flickering light. A small shadow emerging.

CUT TO:

BLACK

A final animalistic cry.