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In the backseat of her mother’s car, ANNA, a 23 year old troubled writer, is on her way to stay in the old family home in Bukidnon for 2 weeks, taking a break from her life in Manila. Ever since the death of her older brother PETER three years ago, Anna’s life has never been the same. Peter has been the only one supporting her. When she made it clear that she wants to be a writer, their parents weren’t happy about it, and Anna has kept her distance…until now. All it takes was to end up in the hospital and a call from her therapist to be now on the road with her mother to a house in the middle of nowhere.

As soon as Anna steps into the house, she spaces out and starts to hear voices of her childhood memories echo in the house walls, a tendency she does all the time. Anna was not fond of the idea. She rather drowns herself with work than be alone with her mind at play. Mother and daughter say their awkward goodbyes and Anna is all on her own. After a few days, Anna somehow enjoys her solitude. She has created a routine and finally has the time to focus on her novel. But every time she’s in front of her laptop, she still struggles to get words on it, as if she’s holding back. Despite the calm nature around her, the cold fresh air, and taking her pills religiously, Anna can’t help but entertain the voices of her memories, ones she tend to avoid, echo in her head nor the eerie creaking sounds and auras that the house exudes. It’s like the house is alive…and watching her.

This gradually gets to Anna. Her anxiety and depression builds up, wrecking her nerves. Until one day, Anna tries to take a break from writing and explore more of the house. It’s when she stumbles upon a photo of her and Peter that Anna starts to remember an awful memory. As her anxiety builds and the voices of that memory collide, Anna turns around only to find Peter in the flesh, as if he never died. It’s like her memory is brought to life. Peter is arguing with Anna about her doing part-time work while studying, when he can actually provide for her. At that moment, Anna continues the memory, literally reliving it, until somewhere in the middle of the argument that she realizes what’s going on and gets out of the house to compose herself. When she comes back in the house, Peter was no longer there.

Anna truly doesn’t know what to make of it. She stares at her pills as if they’re the ones to blame but still that’s not the case. Despite trying to keep herself together, and ignore what she just experienced, Anna continues to relive those painful memories, memories she long avoided: her mental breakdowns, the disappointing looks from her father, the failures and rejections she endured as a writer, as a sister, and as herself. The more she goes through these memories, the more she notices a black entity hovering in them, like someone observing her.

It’s until she relives the memory of the death of her older brother that everything comes crashing down. Anna desperately wants to escape. Without thinking, she runs through the trees expecting to see the provincial road in the other side. Instead, she finds herself back in the house. She’s stuck. The whole house suddenly crumbles as panic overtakes her body. When Anna tries to escape again, she comes back but this time meeting the black entity face to face. It suddenly becomes a horrifying chase around the house. Fragments of memories start to merge into their chase, as if it’s a nightmare within a nightmare on loop. There’s no difference anymore between reality and the past. It’s a matter of time when suddenly the black entity envelopes her under its grasp.

Silence. A numbing silence. Anna wakes up in a black room. It’s in this void where she sees silhouettes of her family and friends. She starts to hear their voices as they start to approach her. Anna tries to shut them out, even screaming at them as they draw closer and closer. Then in a blink of an eye, Anna is eye to eye with herself. The two wrestle with each other, fighting for dominance over the other. It’s almost apparent that Anna’s other self is winning. It tries to convince Anna that there’s no point of trying. Her brother is gone. Her parents don’t care. No one does. It’s better to just give up.

When all hope is lost, Anna is brought back to the memory where she almost killed herself through drug overdose only to be found by her brother. Peter screams for her not to give up on him, and not to give up on herself. Slowly, memories and voices of conversations between Anna and her brother, her therapist and even her mom; reminding her if she really wants to live her life like this, that there’s so much to her than how she sees herself.

As light slowly shines through her eyes, Anna gets up and runs away from the dark room to an open lit door. She runs up the winding stairs, and in every step she takes, she sees memories turn in to predictions, scenes of what she can be; a successful novelist, her parents and relatives are proud of her, getting married, being an advocate and more. This continues on until Anna enters a bright white light.

In that blinding light, there’s this stillness. Slowly, we go back to reality. Anna is lying on her bed and the house is in one piece, as if what happened before never happened at all. Anna slowly gets up, goes around the house as if trying to understand if this is real or not. She eventually moves on to do her routine as if nothing happened. The only difference is she’s taking it slow, always in deep thought, as if reflecting, feeling and cherishing the stillness and moments of now.

Anna eventually sits down in front of her laptop and starts to slowly type her novel. We watch her finally giving her all in her writing. She starts to meditate and really take care of herself. When she experiences feeling down, she calms and talks to herself. She slowly starts to plan out her life, and even explore more of the photos kept in the boxes without reliving the memories. Nothing was perfect, but Anna is slowly getting there.

It’s in the middle of sorting through the photos where she sees the black entity again, sitting by the corner. They just stare at each other for a moment, ‘til Anna’s mom comes in, and the entity disappears. Anna’s mom is surprised to see Anna going through the photos and even more so when she asks to have some of the old photos.

It was time for Anna to go and after one last look, they’re off. Anna brings down the car’s window and sticks her head and hands out. She relishes the wind brushing through her skin.