

TEASER

EXT. DARK FOREST - NIGHT

In a tenebrous forest, the trees stand as shadowy giants touching the heavens and the sky is a strange, alien hue.

In a perfectly circular glade is the paltry glow of a campfire with a lone figure - robed and chained - prodding the embers with a broken sword. The figure's face is shrouded and he is wearing a falconry glove. They are sitting on a half-buried and broken CRT TV.

GREY (V.O.)

I found myself in a dark forest for
the clear path had been lost. A shape
that which was tied to my self rested
in the eye of the universe.

A caw echoes in the night. The figure raises their gloved hand and a crow lands upon it.

GREY (V.O.) (cont'd)

It was a reflection of me but its
image cast a greater shadow than my
own and would envelop the world.

The sky swirls and undulates like a dark lava lamp and the moon turns to a shade of red.

GREY (V.O.) (cont'd)

Across three phases of the moon, four
visitors came to warm themselves by
the fire. The first of which was a
fox.

The figure and crow are by the fire. The shrouded figure gazes up at the moon and with their free hand they take the moon in two fingers as though they're holding it.

A fox leaps out from the ether and swallows the moon. The fox has cybernetics and is covered in scars. It disappears into the ether. It turns up again on the shoulder of the figure and jumps down in front of them.

The fox coughs up the moon. The figure reaches down for it and the fox growls; it sounds electronic. But the figure grabs it anyway and puts it back into place. Turning its head in dismay, it curls up on the ground.

Then the moon becomes a shade of blue.

GREY (V.O.) (cont'd)
When the moon changed to blue on the
second, a bear appeared.

Trees crash in the forest and birds take to the air. A bear
cannons into the clearing, leaving a path of fallen trees in
its wake, however, the trees slowly begin to rise again.

The bear approaches the figure, and upon close inspection,
it has a bear trap around one of its hind legs. It's also
blind. It digs a hole in the ground, submerges its head in
it and collapses.

Finally, the moon turns gold.

GREY (V.O.) (cont'd)
Then on the third, a great
transmogrification came to pass.

From the forest, a blue butterfly enters the glade creating
a glistening, ephemeral trail. Behind it treads a deer. The
deer has a broken antler and shadowy aura. When it gets
closer, it's clear it has silver eyes. It speaks in tongues.

The butterfly flutters around the campfire. It plunges into
the fire, sets alight and its color changes. But it
continues flying. Whilst the deer approaches the shrouded
figure and sits next to them and stops speaking.

The TV switches on. The screen flickers but a dark, hazy
figure appears on screen (referred to as TV MAN).

TV MAN
The endless darkness exists because
of the brilliant stars within it.
From them a terrible beauty is
birthed. The Dragon of Chaos. From
its shape, the cycle perpetuates.

Its voice sounds like the MacinTalk 'Whisper' voice.

The embers from the fire begin to die out and the moon
begins to become crescent shaped as it becomes eclipsed. A
shadowy presence leaks into the glade and the forest starts
to swallow the glade. The shrouded figure stands up.

GREY (V.O.)
There was a guy that met his maker on
a crucifix who once said ...

The figure takes the broken sword and plunges it into the
dwindling fire. The flames consume the sword and the figure.

GREY (V.O.) (cont'd)
"If you bring forth what is within
you, what you bring forth will save
you ...

The crow creates some distance as the figure is engulfed in flames and the sword transforms into a guitar.

GREY (V.O.) (cont'd)
... If you do not bring forth what is
within you, what you do not bring
forth will destroy you."

The falconer glove burns off revealing a guitar pick in their hand. The darkness and forest are dangerously close. The figure straps on the guitar and grips the guitar bridge.

GREY (V.O.) (cont'd)
Face the music or get lost in it,
huh? Men who do nothing but dream
should just stay in them forever ...
but someone once told me that dreams
are a reflection of us, I wonder who
that was ...

The figure holds the pick high.

GREY (V.O.) (cont'd)
I guess it's showtime. This is going
to be one hell of a ride.

The pick is driven downwards. Sick guitar riffs play. A burst of light burns away the darkness.

ACT ONE

INT. GREY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

GREY (early 20's) lies in his bed, only wearing underwear, hugging and drooling on a anime body pillow. His hair is a swirl of black and white with a five o'clock shadow; he's scraggy and has a basset hound tattoo on his forearm. His room is a mess. Beer bottles and noodle cups, nerdy junk and books all litter the room. On a TV, the scene from the dark forest is playing out and has reached its climax.

Grey's alarm is going off with the same guitar riffs from the dream but he sleeps through the noise.

He turns over in his sleep but falls off the bed - crashing to the ground. Climbing back up, clinging to the side of his head, he turns off the alarm. Grey opens his eyes revealing a set of ruby red irises and looks at the clock. It reads: '11:05'. His bed-ridden eyes squint then shoot wide open.

GREY

No, no, no, no, NOOOOOO!

Grey darts around his apartment like a bolt, seismic quakes materializing as his feet slap the ground. He snatches his keys, wallet, phone and a bottle of painkillers.

GREY (cont'd)

No time to eat! No time to clean! No time to-

He skids and stops in place and sniffs his arm pits.

GREY (cont'd)

Yeah, that's fine.

A coffee cup is sitting atop a screenplay in the kitchen. He knocks the cup right off, catapulting it across the room. The title 'Snapshot Hearts' is encircled by a stain. Bundling it into his arms, Grey heads for the door and forces his feet into an old pair of huaraches.

Opening the door with his mouth, he stumbles out and maneuvers the door closed using his foot ...

GIRL 1 (O.S.)

Ewww, that's so gross!

GIRL 2 (O.S.)

Put on some clothes, you freak!

Grey bursts through the door - red in the face - and disappears into his room. He comes back with a t-shirt and army jacket on, awkwardly getting his legs into pants.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE COMPLEX - MOMENTS LATER

The sun is high in the sky and cooking the city streets. Leaning over her balcony is VIOLET (late 20's) dressed in shorts and a tank top. Straw color hair is tied in pigtails and heterochromia eyes. She's chewing on ice and humming.

Grey spills out into the street stuffing his things into his pockets and attempts to crack open the pill bottle. Violet notices him and watches. Grey uses his teeth to open the bottle but most of them scatter onto the street. He curses. A rain of honeyed laughter showers down from above. He twists his head up and sees her.

GREY

It's not nice to laugh at people's misfortunes Vee.

VIOLET

Yeah, but you make it so hard not to. Especially when your shirt is inside out.

He sticks his tongue out then grabs two pills.

GREY

Mind watering me?

Violet leaves and returns with a bottle of water. Grey positions himself and takes the painkillers. She pours the water and it mostly hits him in the eye. She winces.

VIOLET

SORRY!

GREY

Gotta run! Thanks!!

He runs off. She leans, rests her head in one hand and takes a sip of water.

VIOLET

Who knew someone could look so pitiful yet cute all at once.

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Grey runs down the street taking off his shirt and pulling it on right. He sees the bus in the distance but it pulls away as he gets to the stop.

He runs for the metro across the street as though he were Frogger but, upon getting closer, sees that all the trains are delayed on the board.

Panting, he checks his watch and clenches his teeth. Securing the script under his armpit, he gallops off.

EXT. FUKUSAKU CROSSING - MOMENTS LATER

Bobbing and weaving through people, Grey spasmodically apologies and leaps over obstacles. He checks his watch again and picks up the pace.

Cars are bumper to bumper. Aggressive honks blare. Grey reaches the crosswalk and hugs the traffic light and slaps the button to cross. Rasp and audible gasps leave his mouth as he sucks in fresh air. Sweat trickles down his brow and pools onto the ground. His eyes meet the ground.

The clamor and hubbub of the city dies down to a deafening mute as Grey closes his eyes and catches his breath. His respiration eases and he remains still.

A sound creeps in - one akin to hearing the sound of static deep underwater but it has a murky quality. Grey's ruby eyes gradually open again. It has suddenly become pitch black.

Grey's head snaps up. The entire area is void of life and bathed in darkness. That is until a flash of light shines down on the middle of the intersection - like a spotlight.

There are two figures staged in the center of the massive, multi-intersecting crossing. The aloofness and suffocating humidity makes it seem as if it is a mirage.

One figure is a woman draped in a delicate white summer dress with a wide brim straw hat off to the side. Her raven black contrasts starkly against her blanched skin.

The other is a shadowy figure that stands over her. It is a vague, coated outline that lingers and gazes at her. An intricate Polaroid camera dangled from around its slender, elongated neck. A photo falls from the camera.

GREY'S POV:

The shadowy figure bends its neck and Grey sees a pair of piercing golden eyes staring directly at him. Grey's vision shakes and pulsates.

TV Man appears on every single monitor and electronic display in the vicinity; they all ooze a strange liquid.

TV MAN

The dreamer looks to the past.
Visions control the future. The
nascent is where we dwell in the
present. You are hollow. Unity is at
hand.

The same voice. Grey's vision blurs almost entirely but the two golden eyes shine through.

END POV

Grey's script drops to the ground; he clings to the sides of his head like it is ready to explode. His ruby eyes glow. Then an acidic upchuck shoots from his mouth onto his shoes.

His eyes meet the ground again and he shuts them. His grip loosens on his head and, when he recovers from his spew, Grey looks around him. Life and light has returned to this static world. TV Man is gone. People around and walking by Grey are staring at him. His eyes are bulging.

GREY

(muttering)

I'm not crazy. Am I crazy? No, I'm
definitely not crazy.

A car passes by and he sees the fallen body of the woman still in the same spot.

The light goes green. Grey kicks off his soiled shoes, tosses them in a nearby bin and runs over. As he does the body begins to dissipate. He lands down at the body on his hands and feet. When he goes to reach for the body, his hands go right through it as though it weren't there.

GREY (cont'd)

... I'm definitely crazy.

The body continues to dissipate and as it does Grey spots a small glowing spot on the ground that was underneath her. It soon turns out to be a small glowing crack in the ground. With a shaky hand, Grey daubs away his sweat. When he puts his hand down, he places it down on the Polaroid photo.

It's a photo of the same woman except that her face is blurred as if it were a painting smear. Grey focuses on it. He closes his eyes and takes a deep breath.

GREY (cont'd)
In three seconds, I'm going to wake
up in my bed and realize this was all
a dream. One ... Two ... Thre-

A skeletal, ringed hand lands on Grey's shoulder. A hooded figure leans over and examines the crack. Grey notices the hand and a fear grin takes shape on his face. He trembles.

Grey turns to see a bony head housed in a black hoodie with a gentleman smoking a pipe in white; a pair of 3-D glasses and a black face mask with a jagged, drooling mouth design in gold are on its face. Large, contracted wings of emerald green scales twitch on its back and strapped behind is a black guitar case. Its name is CHARON.

It pulls down its mask and puts an index and thumb finger to its chin and tilts its head.

CHARON
A temporal crack, eh? And a murderous
entity stealing the souls of mortals
to boot?
(shrug and sigh)
I guess my holiday is ruined.

Grey lets out a small shriek and falls; pointing at Charon, he tries to get out words but can't. Charon looks offended.

CHARON (cont'd)
C'mon *kemosabe* lighten up, you're
scaring all the cute chicks away.

Grey realizes a group of women are giving him concerned stares and walking around him.

GREY
There's nothing to be scare-

Charon sniffs and waves his hand in disgust.

CHARON
Holy crap, what did you eat?! You on
a diet of raw sewage and fossilized
butt mud or something?

Grey continues to stare in disbelief and terror.

CHARON (cont'd)
Hey now, you're making me uneasy the way you're looking at me. I'm a bit self-conscious about the wings.

Checking his surroundings, Charon crouches down to Grey.

CHARON (cont'd)
Okay listen here *kemosabe*, I need to go to attend to other business and grab a Slurpee. In the meantime, stay out of trouble until I return, got me?

Grey promptly nods. Charon takes the Polaroid.

CHARON (cont'd)
Bueno, bueno! Now just uhm close-

They stare at each other for a moment. Charon then awkwardly grabs Grey's limp arms and uses them to cover Grey's eyes.

CUT TO: BLACK

CHARON (O.C.)
-your eyes for *uno momento* - again, the wing thing. No peeking. Catch you later, *kemosabe!*

There is sound of a gust of wind. Grey's hands remain on his face even after Charon is seemingly gone.

HONK!

Grey falls over to the side to see an angry TAXI DRIVER in his taxi revving his engine.

TAXI DRIVER
Move out of the way, you nut! You're blocking the road!!

Grey scrambles to his feet and heads over back to the path before dashing back to where he started.

GREY
My script ... My script!

He heads back and grabs his script off the ground and continues on his mad rush to his destination.

GREY (V.O.)
Late to my already late meeting and I'm crazy. No, I'm not crazy. This is all one big, bizarre nightmare.