

S SHAD UL WS II

SOULSHADOWS II:
JUST A DREAM
By
Tyler Higgins

Tanis By
Robert Newcomer

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FADE IN:

INT. THE ALCOVE

As we enter the candlelit alcove, it appears empty.

Nobody home.

THE DISPLAY CASE

The doors of the mahogany cabinet are ajar -- and a tattered, leather sheath hangs by its strap from one of the door handles.

ON THE SHEATH

Given its size, this sheath would normally house a large dagger. But the sheath is empty.

WIDER

Where is Tanis? We continue to explore the alcove.

And there -- in the far corner -- a figure lies in the bed, little more than a pallet suspended on four gnarled timbers.

We approach.

ON THE BED

Tanis slumbers. We stand above her and watch the smooth rise and fall of her chest.

But it is a quiet, peaceful ruse -- and Tanis suddenly springs to life.

With an ANIMAL SNARL and quicksilver fluidity she snatches a dagger from beneath her pillow and lunges towards us -- stopping mere inches from a strike!

The glinting point of the dagger hovers before our nose.

But after a moment, Tanis cannot continue the hoax.

Her eyes soften as she lowers the dagger with a deep, rich laugh.

TANIS

Ho-ho! You should be seein' your
face!

Tanis mimics an exaggerated, frightened pose -- mocking us, and clearly pleased with herself.

(CONTINUED)

TANIS

Ain't no cause for no worry.
No...Tanis not be cutting
nobody...tonight.

Tanis pulls back the covers and sits up in bed. She pats the spot beside her, inviting us to sit and join her.

And so we do. The flimsy bed creaks ominously beneath our added weight.

TANIS

The world, she keep on rollin'
while you sleep. But when you
sleep...then you in a new world...
a world of your own makin'.

Tanis lifts the dagger once more.

TANIS

But it not a world without peril.

ON THE DAGGER

Revealing its ornate and intricate design, with an iron handle and a blade of black onyx.

There is an eye on either side of the blade.

TANIS

When you close one set of eyes,
another pair...they be openin'.

The eye of the blade opens.

ON THE EYE

The eye is cold -- unreadable, but merciless all the same.

TANIS (O.S.)

Sleep be like a little taste of
death...

Slowly the eye pales and mists and wanes -- taking on a new form to become...

THE FULL MOON

Shining down from a starlit sky to illuminate a quiet suburban street.

(CONTINUED)

TANIS (V.O.)

...and when some lie down, they
even pray the lord their soul to
keep. Well...maybe that happen
sometimes.

(she chuckles softly)

But not tonight. And this tale be
called..."Just a Dream."

SUPER: JUST A DREAM

EXT. PENNY'S HOUSE--DAY

DEVON, 17, walks PENNY, 18, up to her house. He is short and skinny; but they are both dressed nicely--Devon in a button up shirt and Penny in a dress. The moon is full in a starry sky, the flowers are blooming--everything is perfect. They reach the door and face one another.

PENNY

Devon, I wanted to thank you for a
wonderful evening.

He takes her hand and kisses it in a very suave manner.

DEVON

The pleasure, Penny, was all mine.

Penny giggles sweetly and blushes. Devon continues to hold her hand. Penny smiles as she grabs Devon's other hand.

PENNY

I know it's just our first date,
but I just think it went so well,
and-

She is cut off by a passionate kiss from Devon. Mid-kiss, out of the corner of his eye, Devon notices ROGER, 26.

Roger stands behind Penny. He wears black jeans and a solid black snap-up western style shirt with a subtle floral pattern stitched in red over the chest.

Devon, confused, ends the kiss and stares right at Roger. Roger smiles, a toothpick dangling from his mouth. He waves at Devon, then holds up a big sign. It reads: "Hey, Bud!"

PENNY

Devon?

Devon continues to look at Roger, whose sign now reads:
"You're Dreaming!" This further confuses Devon.

(CONTINUED)

Roger lifts his sign up over his head, and drops it. As it falls, it seems to swallow him, and he is gone as the sign hits the ground.

DEVON

What the . . . ?!

The stars begin dropping from the sky. The flowers and bushes seem to melt as the ground heaves. Penny doesn't seem to notice.

PENNY

What's wrong, baby?

Devon backs up, stuttering.

DEVON

Um... I, uh... Wait. So this-

PENNY

Devon?

DEVON

This is all-

INT. DEVON'S BEDROOM--DAY

Devon snorts as his eyes shoot open.

DEVON

-Just a dream?

He sits up, and sighs. His room is a mess, dirty clothes and garbage strewn about. From the pile on his floor he grabs some dirty looking clothes and his backpack.

INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM--DAY

Devon enters, dropping his backpack on the kitchen counter. This room is just as messy, garbage is heaped on every surface, and the sink is loaded with dishes.

On a Lazy Boy in front of the T.V. sits Devon's DAD (40). He's watching some Springer-esque trash, sitting in his sweats with a cheap beer.

DEVON

Morning Dad.

His dad grunts in response. Devon picks a glass from the sink, rinses it, and then fills it with water.

(CONTINUED)

DEVON

I was thinking I'd go in early today.

He sips his water and stares at his dad, who stares through the T.V. Devon finishes his water, puts it on the counter and slings his backpack back over his shoulder, sighing.

DEVON

Well, bye then.

Devon leaves. His Dad takes another sip of beer.

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY--DAY

Devon scans the shelves of books, when GUS, 15, pops up next to him. Gus is even smaller than Devon, and somewhat geeky in appearance.

GUS

What'cha lookin' for Devon?

DEVON

Oh, hey Gus. Something on dreams, I had the weirdest one last night.

GUS

Oh, wow! Are you in for a treat, man. Dreams are so cool.

Devon only half listens as he continues to scan the shelves.

GUS

I got pretty into studying dreams last year, with like, R-E-M's and, like, the different stages of sleep and native American spirit quests...

Devon ignores Gus as he finally gets to the section on Dreams. One of the books is titled "Lucid Dreaming".

DEVON

What's "Lucid Dreaming"?

GUS

Oh, it's mad cool. Its like when you're dreaming, and you, like, realize you're dreaming, and then, like, you can do whatever you want.

Devon pulls the final book from the shelf and begins flipping through it.

(CONTINUED)

DEVON
Whatever I want?

GUS
Yeah, cuz' it's your dream. All you have to do is figure out that your dreaming, and, like, bam, you're set.

Devon closes the book and looks at Gus.

DEVON
Have you ever done it?

GUS
No way, man. I tried, but I couldn't get it.

DEVON
So it doesn't work?

GUS
I dunno, I just couldn't get it. It took me like, forever to be able to figure out when I was dreaming, and then whenever I did, I'd just wake up.

DEVON
Huh. Well thanks Gus, I'm gonna go check this out.

GUS
No problem Dev.

A beat. Devon's face shows that he was not quite expecting to be called "Dev".

GUS
. . . -in. Devon. Sorry, I uh, had something in my throat.

Devon smiles.

DEVON
Okay, Gus. I'll see you later.

Devon turns and walks away.

GUS
Hey, what are you doing after school today?

Devon, already a few feet away, turns back.

DEVON

Studying!

Devon taps the book in his hand, then turns back around and continues onward.

GUS

Ha! That's cool. I'll see you later?

Devon just holds up his hand in response, before turning the corner and disappearing from Gus's view. Gus looks around, sees a kid studying at a table, and heads over.

GUS

Hey Randy, what'cha readin'?

INT. HALLWAY--DAY

Devon sits leaning against his locker, reading "Lucid Dreaming". The bell rings and the hallway becomes a swarm of students. Devon quickly gets up to avoid being trampled, when he sees her.

Penny walks down the hall in a small posse of equally pretty girls. Devon stares in adoration as they pass, not even paying him a second glance.

KELLY (O.S.)

You should just say hello.

Devon turns to see KELLY, 17, digging for books in the locker next to his.

DEVON

Oh, hey Kelly.

Kelly shuts her locker and slings her backpack over her shoulder, as Devon works on the combo for his locker.

KELLY

Seriously, you sketch. Staring at her from the corner.

Devon kind of chuckles, taking her advice lightly.

KELLY

Not to mention how you never shut up about her. Just sayin'.

She waits for him as he opens his locker and begins switching books between his backpack and locker.

(CONTINUED)

DEVON

I know it sounds lame, but I really like her. I can just imagine how great we'd be together, you know?

Kelly rolls her eyes.

KELLY

I know how great a couple you *think* you'd be.

Devon finishes and closes his locker. He and Kelly begin to walk together down the hall. Kelly takes a breath, preparing to rant.

KELLY

I know where you'd take her on your first date. I know where you'd take her on your second date. I know where you'd take her on dates three through eighty, Devon, because you've told me, in grave detail, about a billion times! But when, Devon, are you going to tell her?

DEVON

I will. Eventually. I just don't want to ruin it all.

Kelly sighs.

KELLY

You're a strange one, Devon Kale. Definitely a hard nut to crack.

Devon smiles as the two of them enter a classroom.

INT. DEVON'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN--DAY

Devon enters and makes his way through the messy room, grabbing a large open bag of chips on his way. His Dad is no longer on the couch.

INT. DEVON'S ROOM--DAY

Devon slips his backpack off his shoulder, and sits on his bed. He unzips it and pulls out the Lucid Dreaming book. Flipping over onto his stomach, he begins to read.

FAST-MOTION:

(CONTINUED)

Devon just burns through the book, occasionally eating chips as it gets darker outside his window. The hands of his clock are spinning, eventually stopping at 9:30 PM as the

FAST-MOTION ENDS.

Devon tosses the book near his backpack on the floor, turns off his reading light, and eagerly flips over onto his back, shutting his eyes.

Soon after, Devon opens his eyes. It would appear he was unable to fall asleep. Devon sits up, sighs, and then gets up and leaves.

INT. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN--NIGHT

Devon enters the room, which is now somehow even messier. His Dad is back in his chair, facing the television which plays static.

DEVON

Oh, hey Dad. I didn't know you were home.

DAD

That's because you're an uncaring little fuck.

Devon stops, shocked. His Dad stands up and turns, sweating profusely. The white noise from the television gets slowly louder.

DEVON

I-

DAD

Shut the fuck up. You're gonna start pulling your fucking weight around here-

The sink turns on with a loud whoosh. Dad moves slowly towards Devon. His face occasionally spasms, sending beads of sweat into the air. Devon backs up.

DAD

Poor little fucking Devon. You think the world revolves around you?

The blender turns on with a loud vroom. Dad's face is no longer sweating, but melting. When he spasms, bits of skin and blood fly off.

(CONTINUED)

DAD

You good-for-nothing, selfish-

The garbage seems to multiply, and heaps up to knee level. Dads face is basically completely gone, just a bloody skull with black eyes.

DAD

-Stupid, ugly-

The water from the sink spills over the counter onto the floor. The noise from the blender, faucet and sink create an almost unbearable noise level, which is only outdone by the voice of Devon's Dad. Sam covers his ears.

DAD

-Pathetic, loser, fuck-up!

The door bursts open, and white light pours in. Roger runs in with the ornamental dagger. The handle iron and the blade is black onyx. On the handle, there are two eyes--one on either side of the bade. One is open, the other closed.

Roger stabs Devon's dad in the back with the dagger. He flickers and disappears.

ROGER

And that, Kid, is why you need to get better at all this Lucid Dreaming shit.

Devon is still quite shaken up.

DEVON

This is another dream? Who are you? What's that dagger thing?

Like at the end of his last dream, things begin to go crazy as the walls seemingly melt and the floor heaves. Roger grabs a dizzy Devon and shakes him.

ROGER

Don't wake up, kid! Fight it, don't-

INT. DEVON'S ROOM--DAY

Devon wakes up.

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY--DAY

Gus stands behind a girl sitting at a table doing homework. The pretty girl he is hovering over looks quite uneasy.

GUS
Hoo-boy! Limits. Good news though:
They're easier than they look.

DEVON (O.S.)
Gus!

Gus turns and sees Devon running in.

GUS
Sorry hun, I'll be right back.

Gus taps her on the head, then walks to Devon as the girl emits a sigh of relief and begins packing up her books.

GUS
What's up man?

DEVON
I need to know more about Lucid
Dreaming.

Gus smiles, glad for the attention.

GUS
Yeah, man, of course.

Devon is red, sweaty, and his hair is messy. He looks as though he ran all the way there.

DEVON
Well lets go!

GUS
Jeez, man, what's the hurry?

DEVON
Can we just do this?

GUS
Yeah, okay, whatever. I know a few
websites.

Gus leads Devon over to the lab section of the library, where they sit. Gus opens a web browser.

(CONTINUED)

GUS
Alright, well this is a sort of
Lucid Dreaming Database-- anything
you need to know should be on here.

Devon intercepts the mouse, and navigates through the site.

GUS
Uh, yeah, go ahead. Check it out I
guess.

Devon frantically clicks around, reading every bit of
information that pops up.

GUS
Hey, I was wondering what you were
doing tonight?

Devon is too absorbed in his research to notice Gus'
question. Gus whistles and waves his hand in front of
Devon's face.

GUS
Hello? Buddy?

Devon snaps out of it and looks at Gus.

DEVON
Yeah?

GUS
What are you doing tonight?

Devon looks back at the screen.

DEVON
Um, homework.

GUS
On a Friday?

DEVON
I have lots.

Gus shrugs.

GUS
Alright. Maybe I'll see you
tomorrow?

Devon doesn't break his gaze.

DEVON
Definitely.

INT. HALLWAY--DAY

Kelly stands by her locker as students swarm around her. She is looking for someone. Devon is nowhere to be seen. She waits by her locker.

The crowd of students begins to thin, and the bell rings. Devon doesn't come. Kelly takes one last look around, then jogs off.

INT. LIBRARY--DAY

Devon is hard at work in front of a computer, reading everything he can. His eyes begin to droop.

PENNY
Devon?

Devon snaps to attention.

DEVON
Penny? Hey!

PENNY
Hey. Um, this is embarrassing...

Devon smiles and looks up at her.

DEVON
What?

PENNY
Well, I've always had sort of a
crush on you...

Devon beams, and then notices Roger leaning against a bookshelf, toothpick in mouth, dagger in a sheath attached to his belt, the ornamental handle poking out. Devon's smile fades.

DEVON
Shit.

PENNY
Oh, okay, I understand.

Penny looks at her feet and turns.

(CONTINUED)

DEVON

No, wait!

Penny turns back hopeful.

DEVON

Just give me a second.

Devon runs past Penny to talk with Roger.

ROGER

Hey lil' man, nice to see you back so soon.

DEVON

So this is another dream, then, right?

ROGER

If I say yes, will you puss out and wake up?

Devon appears unsure.

DEVON

I don't . . . think so?

Roger smiles.

ROGER

Yeah, it's a dream. Wrap your head around it, we've got work to do.

Devon is hesitant. He glances at Penny

DEVON

But...

ROGER

Don't worry. Your flat little lady friend will still be here when we get back.

Devon frowns.

DEVON

Who are you? Where are we going?

ROGER

The name's Roger, and where we're going is up to you.

DEVON

Huh?

ROGER

It's your dream bud. Its sort of up to you.

DEVON

Alright, I dunno. Where do you want to go?

Roger chuckles.

ROGER

Well, damn, doormat, there ain't a single decisive bone in your body, is there?

Devon just looks at him. He looks a little pathetic.

ROGER

Just picture like a beach or something kiddo--we don't have all day...

Devon closes his eyes. The library around him seems to fade and warp into a beach.

EXT. BEACH--DAY

Devon opens his eyes.

DEVON

Woah.

ROGER

Easy, right? And you didn't wake up.

Devon smiles.

DEVON

Yeah, I guess I didn't.

ROGER

And it will only get easier, Matty.

DEVON

It's Dev-

(CONTINUED)

ROGER

No, dumbass, it's a nickname. Like doormat. Try to keep up.

Devon frowns, Roger walks toward the shoreline, and Devon follows.

ROGER

You can only get better at this. The weirder shit you do, the more likely you'll be to just wake up. But, if you get used to doing the weird shit, you'll be less likely to wake and-

Roger reaches the water and just keeps walking, Jesus style. Devon stops.

DEVON

Woah, I dunno if...

Roger turns, he looks exasperated.

ROGER

Oh, c'mon. It's a dream. The sooner you get that the sooner you'll get this.

Roger motions to his feet, and their perch on top of the water. Devon daintily takes a step, and it works. He's walking on water.

DEVON

Woah. I'm like Jesus.

Roger smiles.

ROGER

Nope. Here, Matty-boy, you're God.

KELLY (O.S.)

Devon? Devon!

Devon looks up for the voice. The water begins to bubble beneath him, and Roger gets all wavy.

ROGER

Oh, fuck, really?

INT. LIBRARY--DAY

Devon sits in front of the computer, his head on the keyboard. He opens his eyes and sees Kelly standing, worried, next to him.

KELLY

What's up? You missed class.

Devon sits up, and wipes the drool from his face. Even with as much sleep as he's been getting, he looks exhausted.

DEVON

I was just doing some research,
Kells, not really a big deal.

Kelly looks at his screen.

KELLY

Lucid dreaming? What class is that
for?

Devon closes the window and gets up, grabbing his backpack and slinging it over his shoulder.

DEVON

It's not for a class. It's for me.
I'm getting pretty good at it.

He walks toward the exit and Kelly follows.

KELLY

At what? Dreaming? Devon, what good
is being good at dreaming?

DEVON

Plenty. It's, I dunno, it's
great. What's with your attitude?

They leave the library and enter the hallway.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY--DAY

Devon and Kelly come through the door from the library.

KELLY

It's not real, Devon.

Devon looks very annoyed.

(CONTINUED)

DEVON

It's pretty damn real to me, Kelly.

Devon turns and storms away, towards the school exit. Kelly doesn't follow.

KELLY

Devon, where are you going? It's only second period!

Devon doesn't even turn as he yells back to her.

DEVON

Home. I need some sleep.

Devon leaves. Kelly looks after him sadly, then turns and goes back into the library.

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY--DAY

Kelly enters and looks around, eventually spotting Gus, who she walks over to.

KELLY

Hey Gus. Do you know anything about Lucid Dreaming?

GUS

What, is it like some sort of new trend all of the sudden?

KELLY

Was Devon asking you about it?

GUS

Yeah. He seemed, like, crazy into it.

KELLY

Yeah, I know. I'm worried. I was wondering if it was at all, like dangerous.

Gus thinks, and then starts walking towards the computers.

GUS

You know, I never really took it that seriously, but there were some warnings and stuff on the website...

Gus pulls up a web browser. Kelly stands looking over his shoulder.

INT. DEVONS LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN--DAY

Devon enters and walks straight past his Dad. Neither of them acknowledge the other.

INT. DEVONS ROOM--DAY

Devon closes his blinds, turns off the lights, and lies in his bed.

INT. LIBRARY--DAY

Gus and Kelly are hunched over the computer screen.

GUS

Nothing that looks too serious,
Kelly.

KELLY

This doesn't even really make
sense... Exhaustion is on the list?

GUS

Yeah, the lucidity throws off the
REM cycle.

Gus chuckles.

GUS

Look at this one: "Accidental
Encounters with Spiritual
Entities". Isn't that crazy? They
think they can see, like, gods in
their dreams.

KELLY

This whole thing is crazy. Wait,
scroll up--what's "dissociation"?

GUS

It says that it might become hard
to tell the difference between your
dreams and reality.

Kelly looks uneasy.

KELLY

I dunno, that's pretty creepy, Gus.
I don't really like this. I think
I'm gonna go check on him.

(CONTINUED)

Gus gives Kelly a funny look, as she slings her backpack over her shoulder.

GUS

I mean, I'm sure he's fine Kelly.
It's just a dream, you know?

Kelly waves back at Gus as she leaves.

KELLY

Thanks for your help Gus!

Gus turns back to his computer, and smiles to himself.

GUS

She so digs him.

EXT. WOODS--DAY

Devon stands in a shady forest, looking around. He concentrates. A picnic blanket appears, with a beautiful looking picnic set up on top of it.

He concentrates again, and the canopy of foliage opens up and sunshine pours down upon his blanket. Pink leaves fall at a steady and constant pace from the trees.

He concentrates, and a stream appears, with a pleasant bubbling. He concentrates again, and Penny appears, looking quite stunning. He smiles.

DEVON

Hey Penny.

Penny looks around, struck by the beauty Devon created.

PENNY

Wow, Devon, it's beautiful.

Devon beams. Roger walks up.

ROGER

Well ain't this romantic?

He grabs an apple from the blanket and bites in. Devon looks upset.

DEVON

One second, Penny.

Roger winks and waves at Penny, as Devon grabs him by the arm and pulls him away. They go slightly deeper into the forest, away from Penny.

(CONTINUED)

DEVON

Hey, man. I was wondering if I could sort of try things out on my own this time?

Roger looks down at Devon with fake sympathy.

ROGER

Oh, yeah, man. I'll let you get right back to your imaginary lil' date with the surfboard after just one more little fun fact.

Devon, angry, gets all up in Rogers face.

DEVON

You know, she's really beautiful.

Roger chuckles.

ROGER

I'm sure she is, Matt, if you're into pancakes and what have you.

DEVON

You know, I've had just about enough of you!

Roger chuckles and jokingly backs up, hands in a mock surrender.

ROGER

Alright, alright. Just one more lil' fun fact and I'll get out of your hair.

DEVON

Fine. What is it?

ROGER

When you want to stay in a dream, ya gotta rely on the senses. If you fill 'em up with dream stuff, you won't be able to sense stuff in reality, and can avoid snappin' back.

DEVON

Awesome, Roger, thanks. Bye.

Devon turns and heads back towards Penny.

ROGER

Woah, there, Seabiscuit. That's just part one. It's the second part thats real useful.

Devon turns, impatiently.

DEVON

Yeah?

ROGER

The sense that's best at keepin' ya anchored, is your sense of touch.

DEVON

Awesome.

Devon turns again.

ROGER

Wait, lets just give it a quick practice.

Devon lets out an impatient sigh as he turns once more, only to see Roger's fist flying towards his face. WHAM. Roger's fist makes a solid connection with Devon's right temple. Devon crumples to the ground.

EXT. DEVON'S HOUSE--DAY

Kelly runs up to Devon's front door, and rings the doorbell. She looks worried.

EXT. WOODS--DAY

Devon, the side of his face already swelling, backs away from Roger.

DEVON

What the fuck was that for?

Roger smiles.

ROGER

Fun.

Roger plants a firm kick directly into Devon's rib cage. The force spins Devon in a complete 360, and he lands with a thud on his stomach.

(CONTINUED)

Roger pounce onto Devon's back and pins his knee between Devon's shoulder blades. He grabs Devon's hair, getting a good grip and pulling up his head, exposing his throat.

ROGER

You know Matty, it didn't used to be this way. Used to be no huntin' involved.

Matt groans as Roger pulls the dagger from his jeans.

ROGER

People'd just send souls to me. Called 'em sacrifices. It was mad easy.

Roger presses the blade against Devon's throat, and moves in so that he's whispering right in Devon's ear.

ROGER

But not nearly as enjoyable.

EXT. DEVON'S HOUSE--DAY

No one has answered, so Kelly pushes the doorbell again. She leans over the banister, and peeks in through the window. She sees Devon's dad in his chair, and waves, and points at the door. He doesn't react.

Kelly knocks loudly on the window, waving at Devon's dad.

KELLY

Mr. Kale? Mr. Kale?!

EXT. WOODS--DAY

Roger is smiling, his dagger still pressed against Devon's throat.

ROGER

I hope, Matty, that you had a bit of fun too. Almost sad it's over...

Devon struggles to talk.

DEVON

It's...not...

Devon's face is tight with concentration. Roger's beaming.

(CONTINUED)

ROGER
Not what, Matty?

DEVON
Over...

The scenery around them melts and heaves.

INT. HOSPITAL MRI ROOM--DAY

The room is empty, except for the giant MRI machine, and the woman inside it. It is on, and its strong magnetic pull causes the dagger to fly out from Roger's hand.

ROGER
You clever lil' fuck!

Roger laughs, surprised but not annoyed. He slams Devon's face into the hard tile floor. Roger gets up off of Devon's back, and walks over to the machine.

ROGER
How do I turn this little bugger
off?

Devon lays still on the floor, his face messy with blood, seemingly passed out. Roger inspects the MRI machine.

ROGER
If I were an MRI off/on switch,
where would I be?

He sees a red button with "Emergency Session End" written above it.

ROGER
Bingo!

He pushes it, and the humming sound it was making stops. The dagger clatters to the ground, and the woman inside is slowly ejected. Roger walks over to pick up his dagger.

The woman's head pokes out of the machine. With one swollen, bloodied eye open, Devon looks at her. He concentrates. The room seems to melt and heave.

ROGER
Oh, fuck no are you disappearing!

Roger grabs the knife and jumps to grab onto Devon, but he disappears. So has the lady from the machine.

INT. DEVON'S KITCHEN/DINING ROOM--DAY

It is not the same room we have seen, as it is completely clean, and everything is in much better shape. Drawings in crayon adorn the refrigerator. Devon and his MOM, 37, the lady from the MRI machine, appear standing in the room.

DEVON

Mom!

Devon hugs her tightly, she looks extremely confused as she looks around to the place she just appeared in, but as she does so she returns the hug.

MOM

Devon, honey, what's going on?

She looks down at him now, and notices his beat-up condition.

MOM

What happened to you?

They break the hug, and Devon looks at her, serious.

DEVON

Honestly, I have no idea.

MOM

Are you in trouble?

DEVON

I think so. I... I'm having a... a really bad nightmare.

She hugs him again, holding his head to her breast.

MOM

Don't worry baby, it's just a dream. I'll protect you.

Devon lets her hug him for a few seconds, but his heart isn't in it. His eyes and face are wet with tears.

DEVON

I... I don't think you can.

He steps away.

DEVON

I don't think anyone can.

EXT. DEVON'S HOUSE--DAY

Kelly is still pounding on the door. She stops, and yells pleadingly.

KELLY
C'mon Mr. Kale! I think Devon
needs help!

Just a few second later, Devon's dad opens the door. He looks stern, yet somewhat worried.

DAD
Why would you say something like
that?

Kelly, relieved he finally opened the door, rushes past him. Devon's dad, confused, turns and follows.

INT. DEVON'S KITCHEN/DINING ROOM--DAY

Devon and his mom stand apart.

DEVON
I know you want to help, but it's
only because I want you to help.
You're not real. I... I think I'm
just alone in this.

The dagger shoots through his Mom's neck, then pulls back out. She flickers and disappears, revealing Roger standing beside her.

ROGER
Not completely alone. Sorry buddy.

Devon, startled, jumps back.

ROGER
Who are you?! Why are you doing
this?!

Roger smiles and laughs. He slowly moves towards Devon with the dagger.

ROGER
Well ain't you a curious cat. But
seriously, Matty, if I told you
that... I'd have to kill ya!

He jumps forward, smirking, towards Devon, who, startled, topples backwards. Roger laughs, Devon stares up at him furiously.

(CONTINUED)

DEVON

Well aren't you just getting a kick
out of this!

He gets up, filled with rage, catching Roger off guard and
replacing his smile with a look of confusion.

DEVON

Watching me run around--scared
shitless. You could probably kill
me whenever you wanted, but you're
too twisted for that.

Roger regains his composure and his smile returns.

ROGER

What can I say, Bambi, I'm a
hunter.

Devon shakes his head.

DEVON

No. No you're not. You're like
me. You're forgotten--overlooked.

Devon moves towards Roger, whose smile has faded yet again.

DEVON

I heard what you said earlier about
getting sacrifices. What, were you
some kind of God or something?
Something considered holy, now
wholly forgotten?

Roger looks furious, and speaks through gritted teeth.

ROGER

Listen, Dr. Phil, I ain't got no
time for this-

Devon throws his hands into the air, a crazed smile on his
face.

DEVON

Then end it already! Kill me. But
it's not going to change anything.
You'll still be a forgotten asshole
and I'll lay dead in my room for at
least a month before anyone thinks
to check. Face it, Roger, I
have--no one cares!

INT. DEVON'S ROOM--DAY

Kelly bursts into Devon's room, and sees him asleep on his bed. She smiles at the sight of him, and relief washes over her face.

She works her way over to Devon's bed. She looks down at his peaceful sleeping figure. She kneels down next to him, and quickly fixes her hair, preparing for when he wakes.

KELLY

Devon . . .

INT. DEVON'S KITCHEN/DINING ROOM--DAY

Devon and Roger glare at each other, about five feet between them.

DEVON

Face it, Roger! We don't matter. I don't matter. *You. Don't. Matter!*

ROGER

You sonofa-!

Roger, dagger held above his head, runs at Devon.

KELLY (V.O.)

Devon . . .

Devon hears her, and looks up for the voice, the sadly confident, angry smirk wiped instantly from his face and replaced with one of regret.

DEVON

Kelly?

Roger stabs the dagger deep into Devon's heart. The pain is unbearable, and it shows on his face, but he fights to yell one last time:

DEVON

Kel-

Roger, still furious, twists the dagger, cutting Devon off with an intense pain. White mist begins to whip out from Devon's mouth.

KELLY (V.O.)

Devon? Devon?! Devon!

Roger keeps the dagger deep in Devon's chest, as Devon's body begins to melt and heave into the white mist, which is then sucked into the open eye of the dagger. Roger pants, his face red with anger.

INT. DEVON'S ROOM--DAY

Kelly is kneeling next to Devon's body, shaking it. She is screaming. Devon's dad rushes into the room, worried. He sees Kelly shaking Devon, and he pushes her aside, checking his pulse.

INT. DEVON'S KITCHEN/DINING ROOM--DAY

The last of Devon evaporates into the white mist and is sucked into the open eye of the blade. As the last bit goes in, the eye closes.

INT. DEVON'S ROOM--DAY

Devon's eyes open. They are blank white.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE EYE OF THE DAGGER

It stares ahead, fierce and unblinking.

TANIS (O.S.)

Dreams...they tell us 'bout
ourselves. You dream 'bout what you
love the best...or you dream 'bout
what you fear the worst.

And now the eye of the dagger slowly winks closed.

TANIS (O.S.)

When you sleep it all come tumblin'
out...like leaves in the wind. But
if you listen, listen close, out
that chaos can come wisdom.

WIDER

Tanis rises from the bed -- it CREAKS in relief -- and she walks to her display cabinet.

TANIS

But spend your life dreamin'
somethin' 'stead of doin'

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TANIS (cont'd)
somethin'...then dreams haunt
you...become regrets.

She slips the dagger back into its sheath, then returns it to its proper place in her collection.

TANIS
But your dreams...they be the story
of your life...composed by your
soul...

Tanis steps back over to the bed, until she stands directly in front of us.

TANIS
...and truth is...you can no more
stop dreamin'...than you can make
them all real.

She reaches out towards us with her hand -- and gently closes our eyes.

TANIS (OVER BLACK)
Sweet dreams.

FADE OUT.