

Oneiroscape

Created by

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Episode 1: "He Who Answers"

Oneiroscape, Ep. 1

<digital voice recorder beep>

MARGO (NARRATION)

Hello. My name is Margo Horowitz. Today is November 3rd, 2015. My brother is probably dead.

<eerie music box song plays>

MARGO (NARRATION)

Before I begin, I feel the need to state that I am of sound mind and body. My claims may seem absurd, but I have evidence, I have witnesses. For better or for worse, I am telling the truth.

(sigh)

I have just escaped a terrible, supernatural entity that feeds on human fear. It has targeted my family for longer than I'd ever imagined, and it is still trying to take my brother's life, if it hasn't already succeeded. This thing preys on the weak, the sick, the psychotic. I'm afraid it's not yet finished with me. If any of my experiences sound familiar, please, keep listening. It's far too late for me to fix my mistakes, but maybe I can save you.

<papers shuffle>

MARGO (NARRATION)

Michael is my younger brother. He's a very outgoing person. Loves cooking and indie rock bands, kind of a dork. We haven't been close in years, but...he's a good kid. A few weeks ago, he fell asleep. And no matter what I did, I couldn't wake him up.

<music stops>

<heart monitor beeps>

<ventilator whirs>

MARGO (NARRATION)

The doctors didn't know what was wrong with him.

DOCTOR

He has unusually high brain activity for a comatose patient. These adrenaline levels fall in line with a person experiencing a traumatic event, he shouldn't be in this state unconsciously. Whatever's going on, he's fighting it.

MARGO

That's a good thing, right?

DOCTOR

(sighs)

Margo, is there a guardian that can accompany you for this?

MARGO

I'm Michael's legal guardian.

DOCTOR

I mean someone to help you through this transition.

MARGO

...My aunt and uncle will be here in a couple of days.

DOCTOR

That's good. Are you recording our conversation for them?

MARGO

No, it's for myself. Memory loss issues.

DOCTOR

I see.

<paper shuffles>

<pen scratches>

DOCTOR

Look, we still don't know what's causing his condition, none of the medications we've tried have had any effect, and it's all taking a very heavy toll on his body. Given his trajectory and your family history...we don't think he's going to make it.

MARGO

...Oh.

DOCTOR

I know this is an incredibly difficult situation, and I'm truly sorry. We need to start making some decisions about his end of life care. Do you want him to stay in the hospital, or do you-

MARGO

Let me bring him home.

<hospital noises fade out>

<blankets rustle>

MARGO (NARRATION)

They took him to his bedroom, and the nurses did their best to stay out of the way.

(MORE)

MARGO (NARRATION) (CONT'D)

My mom's sister and her husband were driving across the country to be with us, but my rabbi wanted to come over and say a healing prayer before they arrived. Just in case.

<rabbi recites Mi Sheberach in Hebrew>

MARGO (NARRATION)

He offered to stay and talk about loss, give me spiritual guidance. But I wanted to be alone. After he left, I spent most of my time in Michael's room, trying to make him more comfortable.

<radio tuning sweep>

MARGO (NARRATION)

He has this little radio by his bed and I thought, on the off chance that he can still hear things, he might want to listen to music.

<radio static>

MARGO (NARRATION)

I was trying to find the right station, and then-

MICHAEL

(fuzzy)

...Hello?...Margo!?

MARGO

...What the hell?

<radio static grows louder>

MICHAEL

(fuzzy)

I have to...you...Oneiroscape...before...

<radio static>

MARGO

...Michael?!

<radio static fades>

MARGO (NARRATION)

I didn't hear anything again after that. I felt like I was going crazy, but I could've sworn it was his voice, that he had said my name. And beyond that, there was something else I heard that made my heart drop.

MICHAEL

(fuzzy)

...Oneiroscape.

<box drops on table>

MARGO (NARRATION)

It was something I'd heard whispers of years ago, from my mother. For anyone unaware of the case, my mom was in a similar state to Michael about four years ago. Mysterious coma, no apparent cause. Her mental state had been deteriorating for a while before this happened. She isolated herself, started mumbling and writing nonsensical things. We thought she was having some sort of psychotic break. She didn't survive it.

<rummaging through books, paper, jewelry>

MARGO (NARRATION)

But she did leave behind a video.

<camera beep>

MARGO (NARRATION)

The night before she fell asleep for good, she filmed this on her camcorder.

<camera beep>

TZIPPORAH

(grainy)

Ha. Years of lucid dreaming, years of knowing that *damn door* was somewhere in my mind...I finally found it. I'm going to the Oneiroscape.

<camera beep>

MARGO (NARRATION)

She goes on to explore a variety of theories for this phenomena. For the sake of time and clarity, I'll summarize her most plausible explanation. I know it sounds insane, but please, bear with me.

<eerie music box song plays>

MARGO (NARRATION)

The Oneiroscape is a metaphysical world that can be accessed through dreams. It draws people in who have frequent nightmares, maybe linking it to traumatic experiences or mental vulnerability. My mom wasn't exactly sure why, but she believed this world had something to do with fear. And, as it became clear later, death.

<camera beep>

TZIPPORAH

(grainy)

Margo, Michael...I love you. I'll be back, I promise.

<camera beep>

MARGO (NARRATION)

...Nothing about this situation made sense. I should have just chalked everything up to grief-induced hallucinations and a hereditary medical condition. But I didn't want to lose someone again. This was a shot in the dark, the only thing I could do.

<paper shuffles>

MARGO (NARRATION)

I looked through all of her notes, journals, the weird web articles she printed out, and I was able to piece together how she found the Oneiroscape. I was ready to follow her steps, but...I don't know. I guess I was scared. I didn't want to do it alone.

<music stops>

<door opens>

YARA

Margo!

JAMIE

Hey!

<clothes rustle>

MARGO (NARRATION)

Yara and Jamie. They were close friends of my brother and I when we were younger. It had been a while since we'd seen each other, so I wasn't sure if they'd come. I'm really glad they did.

YARA

I am so, so sorry from the bottom of my heart. I can't even begin to imagine-

JAMIE

We didn't want to stress you out or anything, but we've been so worried-

MARGO

Thank you for coming. It really means a lot.

<door closes>

JAMIE

You're still doing that voice recorder thing?

MARGO

Yeah, my memory's still shit.

JAMIE

Fair.

YARA

Hey, Margo, if there's anything at all we can do to help you or ease the burden, please, let us know.

MARGO

I actually do have something in mind.

YARA

Of course, shoot!

MARGO

Just hear me out.

<muffled dialogue>

MARGO (NARRATION)

I told them about everything I'd found and played the radio recording.

MARGO

I mean, it *clearly* says my name. Jamie, don't look at me like that.

JAMIE

I just...you sound kinda-

YARA

We know you're in an awful situation right now, and...this could be real, but we don't want you to lose sight of, um...

JAMIE

Reality.

<smack on clothes>

JAMIE

Ow!

YARA

Jamie, shut up.

MARGO

I know this sounds insane, I really do. But...Michael only has a few more days in him, at best. I've seen the doctors and I've prayed, now I have to try this. It's all I have left.

YARA

...Okay. We'll help you.

JAMIE

Yeah, I...sorry.

MARGO

Thank you, guys.

YARA

So, what do we do?

MARGO

You need to have a nightmare.

<mysterious music plays>

JAMIE

What?

MARGO

It's best to do something that scares you before falling asleep, so the fear enters your subconscious and turns into a dream. What are you guys afraid of?

JAMIE

Uh, heights, clowns, natural disasters, nukes, people without faces-

YARA

Is there anything you're not afraid of?

JAMIE

Fuck off.

MARGO

Okay, just pick one. Yara?

YARA

Being tortured and, um, hospitals.

MARGO

Either of those work. You need to immerse yourself in this fear. Use books, internet videos, your imagination- whatever you want. Just get scared.

YARA

On it.

<books shuffle>

<keyboard typing>

JAMIE

Woah, what's this freaky drawing?

MARGO

That's the entrance to the Oneiroscape. I found it in my mom's stuff. Apparently, this door is hidden away in every nightmare you've ever had, just waiting to be found. Once you're asleep, all you have to do is get to this door-

<paper slides across table>

MARGO

-and walk through.

YARA

And when we go through, we'll see each other?

MARGO

Right. The Oneiroscape allows you to cross over from your personal dream into a shared, metaphysical world. That's the idea, anyway.

YARA

Interesting.

<music stops>

<crickets chirp>

MARGO (NARRATION)

Night fell and we started getting ready to go to sleep. I decided to hook up one of my voice recorders to the radio. Maybe the electromagnetic energy would pick up on something. I wasn't sure.

<clothes rustle>

JAMIE

Is there any chance we can keep the lights on?

YARA

Really?

JAMIE

I'm freaked out, dude! There's *actual* video evidence of faceless people, and I just keep seeing them out of the corner of my eye.

MARGO

You need to be afraid, Jamie. It'll be fine.

<light switch flips>

MARGO

Are you ready?

YARA
Ready.

JAMIE
I guess.

MARGO
Alright. Look for the door. I'll see you guys there.

MARGO (NARRATION)
We were quiet after that. I think the absurdity of what I was asking them to do had finally set in, but we'd gone too far to back out now. The worst case scenario is that this plan doesn't work and Michael...I'll lose him. I still had my doubts, but I needed to see it through.

<eerie music box plays>

MARGO (NARRATION)
Eventually, I fell asleep and found myself in the nightmare I'd imagined. Forgive me for the omission, but I'd rather not reveal the content of this dream. Not yet.

(pause)

I spent what felt like hours looking for the entrance. I worried that I'd never find it, or that it wasn't real to begin with. Maybe it was just a distraction from the grief. But eventually, I saw the door. And it had this...terrifying atmosphere, I don't even like thinking about it. This unbearable dread washed over me and I almost turned and ran. But I pushed through and walked towards that damn door. And sure enough...

<radio static>

JAMIE
(fuzzy)
Yara?! Holy shit!

YARA
(fuzzy)
Where are we?!

JAMIE
(fuzzy)
Oh my god!

MARGO
(fuzzy)
It worked.

<radio static fades>

MARGO (NARRATION)

Against all odds, it worked. We had made it through, all standing together in this eerie field of dreams. All we had to do now was find my brother.

<papers shuffle>

MARGO (NARRATION)

If my account has sparked any sort of morbid curiosity in you, please, do not follow in my footsteps. Once you enter this world, there is no easy way out. I don't want anyone to experience the things I have, to meet the monster that I met. But if you're beginning to think that this world has captured someone you care about, or may soon capture you, then keep listening. If you can find the courage to fight it, I'd like to help you through.

<music ends>