

DELIRIUM

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INT. THE DRAGON'S MOUTH (BAR) - NIGHT

From the pit of pitch black, a deep and demonic *HISS* rattles into the nothingness, echoing, fading out as-

A terrified woman, LEONIE HARDGRAVE (18), races out of the void. Her every breath, step and movement is muted in this ghostly space. Her harrowing expression exposed and raw under the haunting green light of-

The flickering fire exit sign, floating, isolated in the darkness.

LEONIE (V.O.)
Envy. It slivers round your soul so smoothly.

She's covered with foul Blackish-green plasma.

LEONIE (V.O.) (cont'd)
So well camouflaged you can't separate scales from skin.

The fear of death bulges from her eyes.

LEONIE (V.O.) (cont'd)
You taste, it eats. You smell, it hunts. You listen, it preys.

HISS-S-S-S.

Leonie reaches for the sign.

LEONIE (V.O.) (cont'd)
It... becomes you.

She disappears, devoured by the darkness.

INT. THE DRAGON'S MOUTH - NIGHT (ONE HOUR AGO)

For a moment, there's nothing but black, until-

Leonie emerges from it. She's completely calm. Hair and clothes in order. Face lit warm as she strolls steadily toward the warning-red lights of-

The bar; like the sign, it floats alone in the void, growing slowly in size on her approach.

LEONIE (V.O.)
You won't feel its bite. You won't even remember the burn as its venom makes dry rivers of your veins.

A sinister smirk ceases Leonie's cheek.

LEONIE (V.O.) (cont'd)
Hunger is all.

Leonie buzzes with drug fueled elation. Rubbing her hands, mouth gaped open slightly, eyes closed in bliss.

LEONIE (V.O.) (cont'd)
If you don't eat, it *consumes* you.

Her mouth shuts, she disappears again, swallowed entirely.

INTERCUT between PAST and PRESENT Leonies

Leonie emerges from the dark; crying, sweating, blackened, running towards the greenness, away from the red.

She disappears-

INTERCUT

And emerge calmly from the shadows, completely in order.

This sequence happens again-

And again.

Leonie growing larger as she approaches. These ominous intervals getting shorter each turn until the whites of Leonie's eyes glow green and red.

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE: D E L I R I U M

INT. THE DRAGON'S MOUTH (BAR) - NIGHT (ONE HOUR AGO)

The front of the bar is illuminated in greens and reds. Leonie toys with a pipette bottle on the bar. Her intoxication seeps through her dewy skin and subtle, involuntary twitches.

CLARA (O.S.)
(sarcastically)
In you own time, yeah, Leonie.

Leonie quickly hides the bottle into her pocket and paces down the bar towards the voice until she sees-

CLARA CARING (18). Despite her tone and crossed arms, there's genuine concern in her eyes as she scans Leonie up and down.

Beside her, a boy named JONAH HOLLOWS (18) sits patiently, lent forward over the table, fingers interlocked.

Leonie's closest friend, VERONICA REYES (17), sits beside Jonah with only a smile for Leonie.

Leonie inhales sharply at the sight of them all together. The shock on her face subtly controlled, then suppressed, swallowed.

She walks to the table and sits with *all* her friends. Clara unlocks her phone to play a voice note aloud.

LEONIE (O.S)
 (distressed/
 intoxicated)
 I'm sorry. I'm sor- I'm no-t okay.
 I'm so sorry. Please come TDM now.
 Pl-lease.

The sound of glass clattering and then shattering in a mess of worry are the last sounds before the voice note cuts out.

CLARA
 Where's the fire?

Leonie laughs. She the only one to react, except Veronica. Veronica grins and *black liquid oozes through her teeth*.

Leonie jumps back, almost tripping over her chair.

CLARA
 What the fuck, Leo?

Clara and Jonah turn to Veronica's seat but there's no one there, not even a chair.

JONAH
 Clara, please. There's obviously something up.

Jonah reaches out for Leonie's hand.

Leonie looks around for Veronica. She stops for a moment and stares at the darkest corner of the room.

JONAH (cont'd)
 Leo, what's going on with you? We're both proper worried mate.

Leonie rubs her eyes and exhales deeply, taking a seat and Jonah's hand.

She rubs his hand with her fingers, feelings the smoothness of his palm.

Her eyes drift between her friends and things in the air unseen.

CLARA

Nah, sorry.
 (stands up)
 Jonah, I can't do this.

JONAH

(stands up)
 Clara, hang on, wait a minute.

CLARA

When you going to wake up?
 (leans toward Jonah)
 You make it worse by helping.

Leonie looks through her friends, something in the corner of her eye make her look over her shoulder.

JONAH (O.S.)

Then, what? I help by doing nothing?
 For God's sake Clar' why don't you
 care?

She gets up from her seat ignoring her friends, their voice muffled, and follows this presence towards the bar.

It stops and turns back, revealing itself to be Leonie. She smirks at herself, devilishly. The lights of the bar change, glowing warmer and hazy like memories.

Leonie looks puzzled, somewhere between scared and intrigued. The lights flicker and-

The smirking Leonie vanishes in the blink of an eye.

CLARA

I care more than anyone. I care the
 most. And, it-
 (upset/frustrated)
 I- We lost- She's-

The *Other Leonie* stands up from below the bar with three glasses and two small pipette bottles of translucent liquid.

Leonie paces to the end of the bar, to its entrance.

Jonah pulls Clara in for a hug, unable to watch her cry.

JONAH
(tears welling)
We're *not* about to lose another one.

Leonie watches herself at the bar. Her hands glow and tremble as she individually splashes two glasses with the substances from both pipette bottles.

Leonie walks up to herself. The Other Leonie turns and looks at herself watching herself.

LEONIE
(leaning over bar)
Drinks! We need drinks!

Clara rolls her eyes, slap her thigh with disappointment.

CLARA
Oh, come on, Leo. No, we're-

Jonah taps Clara, gets her attention. He sighs, raises his brow, nods towards Leonie.

CLARA (cont'd)
(rolls her eyes)
Fine. Just one.
(sits down)
Not strong, Leo. I'm driving us.

Jonah sits down with Clara.

The two Leonies face off with one another. She slides the glass into her own hand.

LEONIE
One is all we need.

INT. TABLE - SOON AFTER

Three phones rest side by side on the table's edge. Leonie swipes them off and into her pockets. The table they sit at is strangely quiet and hosts a dozen empty glasses.

Leonie scans left to right and back again. A smirk twitches on her lips as she sees-

Clara and Jonah spaced out opposite her at the table.

CLARA
(points upstairs)
Where are...?

LEONIE
 (chews her thumb)
 Holiday; two weeks.

Clara nods agreement.

CLARA
 What, erm... time is it?

Jonah turns his hands over, watching as it has a stroboscopic effect.

LEONIE
 You've been here 'bout forty-five mins.

Clara looks at Jonah as his hair swirls on his head.

CLARA
 Oh. And, what are we doing?

Jonah drops his hand down onto the table.

JONAH
 I feel kinda-

LEONIE
 We're playing a game. Delirium.

HISS-S-S-S.

From the darkest corner of the bar, some thing without form watches the trio. Faintly, a symbol drawn in an unknown substance dries inside the darkness.

CLARA
 How many shots were in those drink,
 Leo?

Another shadow, under a bar stool, faces Clara and Jonah as they unwittingly sit at a table marked with the same sinister symbol underneath.

LEONIE
 Enough.

So much darkness in this room. Some many places *it* could be. Jonah looks unwell, pasty, the colour drained from his face.

JONAH
 I really don't feel right guys.

CLARA
 (to Leonie)
 Enough, of what?

Leonie chews her thumb.

Jonah inhales sharply and his eyes flutter as a wave of euphoria rolls through him.

The room expands around them. Their faces become rounder like looking into a funhouse mirror.

LEONIE
 You know, I was surprised you guys even came tonight. Surprised, you cared enough. You didn't when Veron-

The lights around Leonie fade, spotlighting her, encircling her with shadow.

LEONIE (cont'd)
 I wonder would she appreciate this? All my efforts. The chemicals, the isolation of my research. Digging graves and cutting myself. Would she still love me?

The shadows around her grow darker...

LEONIE (cont'd)
 (hushed)
 Maybe, we'll ask her soon. Face to face.

And darker...

LEONIE (cont'd)
 You see, we see what we want to. When we drain away the noise, the opinions, the rage, the depression, the shame. We see what we want and...
 (tears well)
 I want Veronica.

Clara and Jonah don't react at all to her, looking forward with indifference.

LEONIE (cont'd)
 (bends to their ear)
 If this work, no one will ever leave me aga-

Leonie words catch in her throat as she sees-

THREE SHADOW PEOPLE staring at her through the doorway. Clara's, Jonah's, and Veronica's silhouettes.

CLARA (O.S.)
Enough of what, Leo?

Leonie wakes from her daydream, the light around her instantly returns as it was.

She wipes her eyes and nose clean of tears.

LEONIE
I've *really* missed you guys.

A look of realisation washes over Clara.

CLARA
(to Leonie)
You didn't?

Leonie shrugs.

CLARA (cont'd)
You're fuckin' broken, Leo.

Clara stands with a bit of a wobble. The bar lights flicker and buzz with anticipation.

CLARA (cont'd)
Come on, Jonah, she's spik-

Clara screams as she turns to-

Jonah, foaming at the mouth, eyes painfully roll to back on his head.

Leonie gasps as-

Veronica squeezes onto Jonah's throat. Jonah claws at his own throat, at her fingers.

Leonie shakes her head, rejecting what she sees. She gets up and slips away toward the bar.

Jonah stops choking. Veronica is gone but then-

BANG! He smashes his own head off the table and rises with lump growing purple.

CLARA (cont'd)
Jonah, no!

BANG! He smashes a second time, a cut opens on his forehead. Clara screams again. She grabs his chest, trying to stop him from-

BANG! He smashes again, a cut opens on his forehead.

CLARA (cont'd)
(screams)
What's happening?

BANG! Blood drips from a open wound.

CLARA (cont'd)
Leonie, help me! Do something!

Clara grabs hold of him tighter, this time putting herself between him and the table.

CLARA (cont'd)
(looks around)
Leo?!

Leonie is gone. The door to the loft *SLAMS* shut.

CLARA (cont'd)
(screams)
Leonie! Where'd you go? Leo, please!

Jonah tries to again but Clara blocks him! She forces him to the floor and holds him there, his head in her lap. Jonah begins to calm. Clara searches her for her phone, hyperventilating, shaking.

CLARA (cont'd)
No, no, no. Leonie. Fuck sake, Leo! I hate you, I hate you so much!

Clara dabs Jonah cut, tries to stop the blood running down his forehead.

CLARA (cont'd)
You're okay. You're okay. Oh, God.
It's over now. You're okay.

She gently puts him on the floor and stands, trembling, hands red with Jonah's blood.

CLARA (cont'd)
I'll be right back, Jonah. I need- I need to get our phones but I'll be right back.
(crying)
Please be okay.

Jonah lies in pain on the floor trying to catch his breath. Clara runs for the loft door, disappearing around a corner.

Suddenly, a SHADOW PERSON steps into the background. It takes one step towards Jonah, reaching for him and-

He freezes in an agonising expression as he's paralysed. Back arched in agony. Mouth twisting to the left. Blood spilling from his gaping mouth. Eyes wide and fully aware.

INT. THE LOFT - JUST BEFORE

The dimly lit loft, fogged with cold air, is stained orange-red by the lights coming through its windows.

Leonie stumbles up the warping stairs. The steps swaying as much as she is.

She reaches the top, runs to the centre of the room and falls flat against the wood floor, right on top of-

A *huge demonic symbol* chalked on the loft's floor. Leonie begins to wipe it away frantically. A sinister laughter of multiple entities emanates from above, the darkest shadows of the rafters.

Leonie looks up. She stands atop the broken symbol, stares at the darkness.

LEONIE

You promised, Vee. I t-trusted you.

She spies the stairs leading to the mezzanine and bolts for it.

LEONIE (cont'd)

Jonah's hurt, you have to stop! Why are you-

She runs to the banister, almost too fast as it wobbles in grasp.

LEONIE (cont'd)

What is happening? Aren't you coming back to me?

The entity approaches, laughing, taunting.

Leonie retreats, slowly.

LEONIE (cont'd)

You're not Vee, are you?

Leonie turns to run but-

Veronica appears in her face with a smile only evil could produce.

The sounds of Clara's stomping up the stairs echoes, louder with each step. Veronica backs off, out of sight.

CLARA (O.S.)
Leo! Give me my phone!

Leonie turn back to the banister, sees Clara.

Clara stomps across the symbol, pausing for a second to look at it.

CLARA
(to herself)
What the fuck?

Clara runs, with difficulty, towards to mezzanine and struggles up its shifting steps.

CLARA (cont'd)
What have you done to us?

LEONIE
I didn't- I- We-

CLARA
Give me my phone now!

LEONIE
I can fix this. Vee, she's here with us. She's not-

Clara stomps right up to Leonie and slaps her. The whole loft flashes green.

CLARA
You're the fucking reason she died. That's why everyone avoids you and you fucking know it. You fucking know what you did.

LEONIE
I wasn't-

Clara slaps her again, much harder as than the first. Leonie lands on the floor.

CLARA
Give me my phone. I'm not going to tell you ag-

Leonie face twists with rage as she stands and pushes Clara into the darkness. Clara yells as she falls but her scream dies as her body enters the shadow.

All is silent.

LEONIE

Clara?

(towards the dark)

Clar?

The faintest sounds echo into Leonie's ears. The sounds of Clara's screams.

Jonah's silhouette edges out from the shadow instead of Clara's. He reaches for Leonie. The screams stop and Leonie freezes, staring at the pitch black on Jonah's skin, the black of his deathly grin.

CLARA (O.S.)

(loud screaming)

Leo! Help me! Leo!

Leonie jumps, she bolts for the cellar door.

CLARA (O.S.) (cont'd)

Leo! Please! Helllllllppppp!

INT. STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Leonie slams into the rafters about the stairs as she runs for her life.

The stairs shift expand below her.

Leonie runs down them but suddenly a blackened arm reaches out and it grabs hers ankle, she kicks free.

She screams, pulling away from the shadow but then another hand grabs her. She smacks it away but then another grabs her, and another. More and more hands clutch onto her as she presses through, down the steps, yelling for help as she goes. Once almost at the bottom, Leonie is turn around and pushed. Falling backward into darkness.

INT./EXT. VOID - CONTINUOUS

Leonie falls through a empty space, nothing but her and the black.

HISS-S-S-S.

An image of her and Veronica's first kiss flashes in the space. The image dissolves into the four of them; Clara, Jonah, Leonie and Veronica together, singing at the bar. They explode into a red bloody mess.

Veronica lies dead, beaming car lights shining onto her twisted and broken body. Veronica's body melts and morphs into Leonie, rocking, crying, punching, screaming, staring.

Leonie's eye grows and she blinks a tear away. The tear rolls into a book. It falls onto a stack of books and they fall over and form Leonie's teeth, as she screams into this personalised hell, falling through the darkness alone.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. TABLE - SOON AFTER

Leonie sits shaking violently, barely able to catch her breath, too afraid to be loud about it. Black slime covers hers. It slicks her hair to her neck and face, arms.

She listens to wet footsteps, the slow grating noise of wooden chairs being pulled against wooden floor and two wet corpses slopping into them. Leonie stares at-

Clara and Jonah's dead bodies, covered in even more black substance, like their made of it. Veins grows across their faces, black eyes, black mouths. They're just sitting opposite her at their table. Clara on the right, Jonah on the Left.

Simultaneously, Clara slams her right hands down on the table and Jonah does the same with his left. They join hands with the spares too.

Leonie jumps out of her skin. Tears falling without consent.

Silently, Veronica strolls into the space between Clara and Jonah. She places a hand on each of their shoulders.

The three entities smile in unison and at the same time they move their left hands together, interlocking their fingers into a monstrous attempt at forming a hand.

Leonie peers up through her hair. She lets out a silent weep, breathes deeply over and over. She suddenly steadies her breath. Leonie lifts her left hand and with unnecessary speed goes to grab the shadow's hand but before they touch.

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE OUT