

JOHN FROM BACK HOME: EPISODE 7, "THE ROOM BEHIND THE MIRROR"

*SFX: BEEP*

MACHINE VOICE

Tuesday, May 12. 6:20 P.M.

*SFX: BEEP*

JOHN

OK, ah, so I'm calling you from the room behind the mirror. It's... well it's pretty much just an empty room. About... twelve by twelve, maybe? It's hard to tell. It's like pitch black. I think maybe the walls are painted black? It's like this room just absorbs any light that comes in and... I don't know, destroys it. It's absolutely fucking freezing in here. Which does not make a lot of sense because it's not cold outside. And I can't see any vents or anything. So, I don't know why it would be this cold. I mean, I really don't. It's like 20 degrees colder than it is outside. I'm trying to see if there's maybe a light switch or something. I don't actually understand how this room fits into the rest of the house. Like... I should be in the garage right now... that's what should be on the other side of the bathroom, if I'm picturing it correctly in my mind. Uh... it... doesn't seem like there's a light switch. I guess I'll just use the light on my cell phone. You know what this kind of looks like is one of those safe rooms. Like, panic rooms. But, I don't know why you would need one of those in a shitty house in the suburbs. No offense. Oh fuck, oh shit, hold on. I just felt a breeze. There's something coming from the floor. Maybe like a vent or something. Uh... let's see. Yeah, OK, I definitely feel it right here. But it's not a vent, it's like... a seam. I think it might be... dude, it looks like a trap door. Hang on, I'm gonna see if I can get it open.

*SFX: Door opening.*

JOHN

Dude. What the hell? Uh, so, there's like this trap door in the floor. And it opens up to like, some kind of tunnel. It goes straight down. There's like a wooden ladder. Shit, it must be, like, so deep. My phone's flashlight doesn't even reach the bottom. Maybe it's like a root cellar or something? Like the kind of thing people used to use for refrigeration? That would explain why it's so fucking cold in here. But, why would your dad have a root cellar? There's part of me that wants to go down this ladder. Fuck, I do really wanna know where it leads, or at least how far it goes. But there's no fucking way am I going down there. Not for one fucking second. Nope. No fucking way. For one thing, I'm not sure how strong this wood is, if it's super old it could be rotten, and that's gross and --

*SFX: Rumbling sound.*

JOHN

What the fuck is that? Dude, can you hear that? It's like...

*SFX: Rushing wind, wailing voice.*

JOHN

Oh fuck!

*SFX: BEEP*

MACHINE VOICE

Tuesday, May 12. 7:04 P.M.

*SFX: BEEP*

JOHN

I've been sitting here trying to figure out how to describe what the fuck just happened in that room. I'm still not sure what I can even say, how I could possibly tell you what I just felt. I don't know man, maybe I'm sleep-deprived and like... fuck, hallucinating. But I don't think so. It just felt too fucking real. So there was this rumbling sound. Sounded like it was coming from a million miles underneath the house. And then, suddenly it was like right under me, like faster than anything could possibly move. And then it was just like, exploding out of that trap door. A huge gust of wind, and this sound like... crying, or wailing. It felt like the entire house was going to implode. And, I just started fucking running, like I booked it. It didn't even feel like me. Part of me felt stuck to the floor, just getting my face melted off by whatever the fuck it was that came out from underneath the house. But another part, the animal part of me, just fucking ran and dove through the hole in the wall, back into the bathroom. And then it just stopped. And it was quiet. Like nothing had happened at all. So, I put the mirror back up over the hole in the wall, and shut the door to the bathroom. If I could have locked it from the outside I would have. I'm not going back in there, that's for goddamn sure. I don't want to be in this house anymore. I'm debating just leaving, sleeping in my car. Shit, I'm almost ready to go home and apologize to Dale, that's how fucking much I don't want to be here anymore. But, I also don't want to make any big decisions in the state that I'm in right now. I'm exhausted and wired at the same time. I desperately need a good night's sleep, but my adrenaline is surging. I'm gonna crash in like an hour or so once the shock wears off. If I can make it through the night, if I can just sleep without hearing the fucking walls crying, I can make a decision in the morning.

*SFX: BEEP*

MACHINE VOICE

Tuesday, May 12. 9:32 P.M.

*SFX: BEEP*

JOHN

So I just realized I went a whole day without leaving you a message telling you to go fuck yourself. Well, go fuck yourself, Wes! I don't know what the fuck is going on in this fucked up, crying, screaming, messed up haunted house that you have, but this is your fucking mess to clean up, not mine. If you had actually stuck around to take care of your shit -- or fuck that, if you hadn't abandoned your friends and family in the first place -- then you'd be the one dealing with this bullshit, not me. I fucking can't believe you managed to fuck me over like this, and you don't even fucking know you're doing it. You don't even know what's going on! You might not even remember that I fucking exist. All that time since high school, you never fucking called once, never texted. You didn't even check in on me when my fucking dad died. And I really fucking hoped you were better than that, dude. I really fucking did. I got so fucking excited when I heard you were back in town. I really thought that we could hang out, catch up, play Turok, and that it would be just like old times. And then I'd know that you actually did care about me, that our friendship actually fucking meant something to you. I would have given you the chance to apologize, or at least explain yourself. I don't think I'm an unreasonable person. But you really are the piece of shit I thought you were. You truly do not give a fuck about other people. That sucks, man. That really fucking sucks that you turned out to be that person.

*SFX: BEEP*

MACHINE VOICE

Wednesday, May 13. 8:15 A.M.

*SFX: BEEP*

JOHN

Holy shit dude, you would not believe what happened last night. I mean, it's the craziest fucking thing. Well... OK, maybe not the craziest thing. Shit's been pretty crazy since I got here, so I guess that's like a pretty high bar. But still, I can't fucking believe it. So, I was pretty fucked up after that thing with the trap door and the, like, screaming air. I just couldn't stop thinking about it. I couldn't sleep, I couldn't watch TV. And I was lying in your bed when I noticed there was a bunch of paper and some pencils on your desk. And, I don't know why, but I had this thought that like... maybe if I drew what happened, I could take it out of my brain like... I guess just like, put it somewhere else? I don't know how to say it. Anyway, I just started drawing. I drew that room, the way it felt to me, the way it seemed to just suck light in and kill it. I drew trap door and the staircase, and I tried to draw the way it felt looking down in it, the way it made me feel dizzy, like I was gonna fall in even though I was laying on the floor. I drew myself the way I felt when that rush of air and that screaming sound came at me...

JOHN (cont'd)

stuck to the floor, my entire face being pulled off of my skull. And then I just... stayed up all night drawing. Like, I don't think I could have stopped even if I wanted to, it was just pouring out of me. That room and the trap door... it's like the most metal shit I've ever seen in my life, dude. I've never had an idea as creepy as what's going on in your bathroom. I don't even feel like I was the one drawing, it was like I was the conduit. You know? And the wildest thing is, I haven't drawn at all since you left. Like, not anything. And all of a sudden you come back into my life... except it's not you, it's... something else. It's like the space you left behind, like I entered that space... I'm not making any sense, I know. I guess I forgot that drawing wasn't something that I liked, it's something I need to be doing. Maybe all this time since you've left I've been so miserable because I wasn't drawing. I had all this... terrible shit happening to me, and it just stayed in my head. I didn't have anywhere else to put it. So it just rotted and festered in my brain. Things have sucked so, so bad lately, I've felt so shitty. And this is the first time I've actually felt like... there's some reason for me to be alive. I don't know. That's really dramatic, I know, but I don't know how else to say it. Anyway, my point is, I need to keep going. There's something here, as fucked up as this place is. If I leave now, I don't know if I'll ever get the chance to capture it. Dude, this could be a comic, or a story, or... I don't know, I don't even know if I would want anyone else to see it, that's not really the point. But either way, I have to make it. I have to draw this. And I think that means I have to go down those stairs. I have to see what's under this house.

*SFX: BEEP*

MACHINE VOICE

Wednesday, May 13. 8:29 A.M.

*SFX: BEEP*

JOHN

Oh, and you wanna know what else is wild? No crying last night. Didn't hear a thing. I don't know, maybe there was something trapped down there, and when I opened that door, I... released it? Maybe?

*SFX: BEEP*

MACHINE VOICE

Wednesday, May 13. 10:25 A.M.

*SFX: BEEP*

JOHN

OK, so I'm at the hardware store now. I figure if I'm gonna do this I need to do it right. Need to stock up. I still have some money left, so I figured this is a good place to use it.

JOHN (cont'd)

I can live off of soup and RC Cola from your dad's kitchen for a while. Let's see, I've got a headlamp, some work gloves, some duct tape. Always comes in handy. Um, I'm thinking I should take some rope too. I can tie one end off in the bathroom and the other around my waist. Like they do in the movies. Just to, like, stay tethered. But also, I figure I can tie off some knots at different lengths, and that way I can track, like, how far I've gone. Ah, let's see. They have some of that like, brightly colored high visibility rope. Seems like a good idea. Comes in two lengths. There's a 50 foot bundle for seven dollars... and like a big wheel that's 500 feet. For seventy bucks. Hm. That's... 500 seems like... seems like overkill. Right? I'll just take four of the 50 foot bundles. That's two hundred feet, that... has to be enough. Right? I would think. Yeah. OK. So, next I wanna get like one of those hooks on a screw-in plate. So I can attach it to the wall to tie off. Uh... you know, I'm actually gonna gonna another 50 foot of rope.

*SFX: BEEP*

MACHINE VOICE

Wednesday, May 13. 1:13 P.M.

*SFX: BEEP*

JOHN

Alright, so I'm packing my backpack. For my trip. I've got my supplies. Got a can of RC Cola, got some paper and pencils. Let's see. Oh, and I'm taking your copy of the Minotaur. For inspiration. I've got your dad's journals and sketches. Kinda interested to see how much he knew about what was down here. Maybe this stuff that I thought was just... rambling or dementia... maybe there's something actually useful in that. Who knows. Ah, I'm not really planning to stay down there all that long. It's fucking freezing for one thing. But, I also don't want to make like tons of trips if I don't need to. So, you know... be prepared and all that shit, right? Hmm. Y'know, I took all the guns out of the backpack to make room for all my shit, but... it might not be a terrible idea to bring one with me. Right? I mean what if there's like... a family of raccoons living down there you know? Those shits are vicious. Yeah, I'm gonna go ahead and take it.

*SFX: BEEP*

MACHINE VOICE

Wednesday, May 13. 1:34 P.M.

*SFX: BEEP*

JOHN

So, the time is currently... 1:35. Ish. Ah. This is the voice of John Myers. I am at the home of Wes Davis. And I am about to explore the... mysterious... uh... tunnel?

JOHN (cont'd)

Underneath his house. I don't know how far down it goes. I don't know what's down there. I've got about a hundred-fifty feet of high visibility rope connecting me to a metal plate I have screwed into the wall. I'm currently looking down into this hole in the ground right now. Even with my headlamp, I can't see the bottom, so... it's a ways down there. Uh, and this is my last recording. Well, I mean... before the exploration. Last before I'm in the tunnel, whatever it is. Not like, *last* last. Jesus. OK. I will keep recording what I find. So. Yeah. Um... over and out. Fuck.

*SFX: BEEP*