

It started with a sound.

SFX. Scream.

I want to say it came to me in a dream... but it was more like it woke me from one.

SFX. Interior house. Scream.

Wha--- what the fuck was---

What's wrong?

Did you hear that-

SFX. VO

Often I wake with an idea, some new terrifying moment to bring into my shows... malevolent causes me to think a lot about what scares... this sound scared me.

SFX. Interior.

I'm gonna go check it out.

Check what out?

SFX. VO

How do you trace a sound? I was convinced it wasn't anything... tangible. No back-alley cat fight that woke me, or the sound or something heavy falling – it must've been my mind. My over-active imagination playing tricks on me. Or working.... Until the sound... was sent... to me.

SFX. clicking computer. Play sfx.

A google drive link, no owner... I'm no online sleuth, I'm sure I could've paid someone to track an IP... but it's a sound... why was it the same sound I had dreamt of... or woken from a dream to hear... I couldn't say.

The mind works in mysterious ways. Sometimes I dream not only of something that didn't exist... but I dream about telling people about a non-existent scenario. Waking I'm convinced that the lie my dream told me isn't just my burden but one I've already shared. Why couldn't this be a lie? My brain pretending, I had heard a sound that I hadn't before.

The familiarity of the sound crept into the dark corners of my mind and laid eggs... clawing at the shadowy threads of my memory, implanting itself to that I could do nothing but obsess about it.

I used it in my show, of course...

SFX clip from malevolent.

But that wasn't enough. I played it, with headphones on of course. Listening over and over.

SFX. clips playing.

Why... what about it seemed so... familiar. So... comforting.

I showed my friend dylan...

SFX. dylan listens.

It's a stock sfx, I've heard it before... nothing special.

SFX. VO

But I hadn't, heard it before... and I couldn't find it... anywhere... no file name, just... sound effect. That's when I noticed that it was created... dated... in the future. An error, of course. Of course.

After showing it to enough people, playing it over and over again... it was my son who actually noticed it... sounds... distorted... stretched almost.

And so I unstretched it.

SFX. less stretched.

It started to come into focus... started to become clearer...

SFX. reversed.

Reversing it revealed more to the puzzle... it sounded almost... human.

SFX. unfiltered.

A filtered removed the excess and in that I found it.... A scream.

SFX. scream.

A blood curdling, death rattle... the kind of scream you hear from the mouth of the dying. One. Last. Breath.

Only.... This was mine.

My scream.

My death rattle.

It's coming. I know the date. I know the time.

I know the sound of my death.

SFX. play.