

Dream

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INT: LARGE WAREHOUSE-LIKE BUILDING.

RANDY COLES, 35, is being chased by 4 uniformed armed security guards. He takes flight, flapping his arms wildly, coming to rest briefly at the top of a light pole. For a moment he is above the arc light and is hidden from the men by the glare. He has just enough time to catch his breath when he is spotted by a guard with a powerful flashlight.

GUARD

There he is! Get him!

One of the guards fires a shot from his handgun, knocking out the light and narrowly missing Randy. Randy flies off with the guards close behind. His frantic arm flapping tires him quickly, but luckily there is a 5-story building in view. He gives a mighty effort, flying up and landing on the building's roof. Finding the door to the stairs locked, he concentrates hard and painfully pushes himself through the steel in the middle of the door.

He runs down one flight of stairs, then another before hearing the approaching pack of guards. He opens the door to the third floor, heads down the hallway and again pushes himself through a locked glass door. Just as he makes it through, the glass shatters, propelling Randy forward with enough force to fling him into a large copier at the far wall. Stunned for a moment, he again hears the approaching guards.

Randy closes his eyes, concentrates hard, and becomes invisible. He carefully stands and makes his way to a corner, behind a desk.

A guard kicks the rest of the glass out of the door and they enter through the hole. Even though they don't see him, they search the room with outstretched arms. Randy is approached by a guard and wriggles past him, but it's too close.

GUARD 1

It's him! He's over here. I felt him!

GUARD 2 (POINTING)

There! He's there!

The first guard pulls a small can of spray paint out of a holster on his belt, sprays it towards Randy, revealing his whereabouts. Randy coughs from the paint fumes as the guards rush towards him.

CUT TO:

INT: BEDROOM OF SMALL CLUTTERED APARTMENT, DAY.

ALARM sounds. The clock reads 6:56 AM. Randy wakes up groggily, shuts off alarm, walks to kitchen in his underwear. He pours a cup of coffee from a thermos on the counter and puts it in the microwave. After a minute he removes the cup, takes a sip and heads for the shower.

INT: SOUTHSMITH RECORDING STUDIO LOBBY, DAY.

Randy saunters through the door, past BETTY, the receptionist, who acknowledges him weakly. He is carrying the thermos and is dressed very casually in jeans, t-shirt and long sleeved shirt, unbuttoned. He stops by the coffee room, deposits the thermos and grabs a cup of coffee, then heads down the hallway to BOB's office where BOB is just hanging up the phone. He smiles as Randy flops in a chair in the studio manager's office. Bob, going over the projects of the day, hands a small stack of papers across the desk to Randy.

BOB

Finish up the final mix on the Celeste session. They'll be in to hear it at 3, then you have a 5 o'clock with Emma Dylan. Should be a fun one. I'm glad you're handling her instead of me. I don't know where you get all that patience.

RANDY

It's what I do.

BOB

Well, you're the best, so get to work!

Randy gets up, firing Bob a mock salute.

RANDY

Yes, sir!

INT: RECORDING STUDIO, DAY.

Digital editor screen comes up on a computer with waveforms for several channels of audio. Randy settles in with his coffee cup at hand and buries himself in the sights and sounds of his work. He works rapidly and precisely, editing a piece of rock music playing loudly through huge studio monitors. His eyes come alive with the intensity of the work.

CUT TO:

EXT: TREE, DAY.

Several kids are playing in a gigantic circular tree, whose branches reach the ground, completely surrounding an open space in the middle.

Randy and some friends are swinging Tarzan-style from branches around the perimeter of the tree. They are smiling, but not as animated as those above them. Others are climbing up limbs to various levels.

You can hear laughter and happy kid chatter from the upper levels. Randy yells up to a very pretty girl way above him, as those on his level look on. Her hair is strangely highlighted by the sun.

RANDY

Hey! Can I come up there?

GIRL IN TREE

No way, little boy. It's too scary up here for you. You stay down there where it's safe.

CUT TO:

INT: ROCK CLUB, NIGHT.

Randy, and his helper Jim (23) are sitting at a table nursing their beers. They have to raise their voices to hear each other over the band. Randy is rather bored, but Bob is in his element, looking around excitedly.

JIM

Look at this place! It's a cornucopia!

RANDY

Yeah, if you're 22.

JIM

See those two?

Jim points discretely.

RANDY

Yeah.

JIM

Hang on. I'll see if they want to come over.

Bob leaves. Randy sips on his drink, enjoying the music but not really present, his mind drifting. He comes back a minute later with two girls: Brenda, about 25, and Denice, in her mid 30s. He seats them at the table.

JIM
Denice, this is my boss Randy.

DENICE
Hi!

Randy stands and pulls out a chair for Denice.

RANDY
Hi, have a seat.

Denice takes a seat next to Randy.

JIM
And this is Brenda.

RANDY
Hi, Brenda, how are you.

He reaches out and shakes her hand.

JIM
Brenda and I are going to dance. Why don't you join us?

Denice looks expectantly at Randy.

RANDY
I don't really dance. But okay!

Randy takes Denice out to the floor and goes through the motions. Fortunately for him, the song ends about 30 seconds later and the band goes on break. Recorded music comes on, not as loud, and the two couples return to the table. As they engage in small talk, Randy watches a couple at a nearby table. They're holding hands. He instinctively reaches for Denice's hand, nearly touching it. He covers up the blunder by raising his arm to look at his watch. He then pushes away from the table and stands.

RANDY
I really hate to dance and run, but I gotta go.

BRENDA
Hey, stick around. We just started havin' fun.

JIM
Yeah, it's not a school night. You
can stay up late!

RANDY
I just gotta go grab a bite to eat.
You guys stay and have fun.

JIM
He's kind of a loner. Doesn't like
crowds.

DENICE
I really ought to be going too.

RANDY
Need a ride?

DENICE
It's only a few blocks away.

RANDY
Sure?

DENICE
Well, okay, thanks.

Randy and Denice stand. Bob and Randy shake hands.

JIM
(with a slight
twinkle in his eye)
You guys have a good time.

EXT: CLUB PARKING LOT, NIGHT.

Randy and Denice stop at Randy's old convertible car. He
unlocks and opens her door for her.

DENICE
Wow! Nobody ever did that before!

RANDY
Opened your door? Really?

DENICE
Yeah! It's sweet.

RANDY
Just courtesy, I guess.

Denice gets in. Randy walks over to his side, opens his
door.

CUT TO:

INT: RANDY'S CAR

DENICE
Well, I still think it's nice. Are
you for real?

RANDY
(patting himself
down)
I think so. Real as they get.

They both laugh while he starts the car.

RANDY
Hey, are you hungry? Or do you really
gotta go home?

Randy pulls the car out into the street.

DENICE
I've got time. To tell you the truth,
I just felt like getting out of that
place.

RANDY
Yeah, me too. Plus I haven't eaten
all day. It's starting to catch up
with me.

He pulls up to the front of a small café. As luck would have it, there's a parking spot just opening up in front of him.

FADE TO:

INT: CAFÉ, NIGHT.

They have coffee, pancakes, eggs. He's eating fast but politely. Stops to talk.

DENICE
So, do you have a girlfriend?

RANDY
No. Had a wife once. About 4 years
ago. But that didn't work out. We
were young. Just one of those things.
We weren't right for each other. And
you?

DENICE

Well, I had a guy. Or he had me until I found out he had a little extracurricular project on the side. I moved out a couple of weeks ago. I'm living with my mom til I can find a place.

RANDY

Well it's nice to have someone to fall back on. So, how'd you get hooked up with Romeo?

DENICE

We met at a bar. He said I had pretty eyes.

RANDY

How could you not fall for that?

DENICE

Really! I guess I'm pretty stupid, aren't I.

RANDY

No, just trusting.

DENICE

You date?

RANDY

Of course. I've dated a few times, but I haven't met anyone I could get too excited about. I haven't really had what you'd call a relationship. Seems like I'm always working.

DENICE

If you met someone, you'd find the time.

RANDY

That's what Jim keeps saying!

DENICE

So, what do you do?

RANDY

I work at a little recording studio. I record bands and mix down their demos so they can get themselves heard. If they're lucky they get recording contracts.

(MORE)

RANDY (cont'd)

Hard to explain why, but I like the behind-the-scenes stuff. I make them sound good but if I do my job right all the glory goes to them. If I get too gimmicky it overshadows their performance. I'm the invisible band member but I love it!

DENICE

It still sounds very creative to me.

RANDY

Oh yeah? What do you do?

DENICE

I work at a bank. I get paid to not be creative. It's a job, not a career.

RANDY

So what do you do for fun?

DENICE

Oh I read, go to the movies, and I dream. In my dreams, I can fly!

Have you ever heard about the Senoi?

RANDY

Nope.

DENICE

They were a small tribe in Malaysia, who were into dream therapy. It's said that every morning around the breakfast table they'd get together and discuss their dreams. They'd teach their kids from birth to share their dreams and confront their dream monsters, and defeat them.

RANDY

Really?

DENICE

Yeah. The elders would teach them to fight back, and even to take something from them afterwards. Like a poem, or an invention or piece of art. Something they could use in their waking lives.

RANDY

The Senoi?

DENICE

Yeah, S-E-N-O-I. I'm kind of into dreams and that kind of thing. As a matter of fact, I'm going to a lecture on dreaming this weekend.

RANDY

Wow! That sounds fascinating!

DENICE

Wanna come? It's Saturday night. I can get you a ticket.

RANDY

I'm there!

Well, I'd better get you home. Don't want to worry Mom.

DENICE

That darned curfew!

CUT TO:

INT: BOB'S OFFICE, DAY.

Bob's shuffling papers on his desk. Randy has his feet up on the desk. Bob sits up straight, looks at Randy's feet. Randy senses a serious conversation coming, takes his feet down and sits up straight too.

BOB

I'll tell you, this isn't easy to say. We've been together a long time here. I'm moving on. Going to build my own recording studio.

RANDY

Wow, sounds exciting. Hey, if you need a good engineer..

BOB

Wish I could afford you. No, it'll be pretty much a one-man operation for the first year or so.

RANDY

Have you told Chuck?

BOB

Oh sure, I've been pretty up front with him. He's too good a guy to keep in the dark. I had to give him time to find a replacement for me first.

RANDY

(looking a little
lost)

Well, I wish you luck. I wish ME luck, with whoever Chuck brings in I can't imagine working with somebody else. How soon are we talking?

BOB

About two weeks. I have mixed feelings about it, but I just have to do it. It's time.

RANDY

(reaching over to
shake his hand)

Let me know if there's anything I can do.

BOB

You too, buddy!

CUT TO:

INT: OFFICE OF CHUCK SMITH, OWNER OF SOUTHSMITH RECORDING STUDIOS, DAY. (Dream)

Randy is entering the well-lit, conservative office as CHUCK greets him warmly.

CHUCK

Randy! Thanks for coming! I'd like to introduce you to our new G.M., BJ Cox. BJ, this is our studio engineer, Randy Coles.

Randy hadn't noticed the man seated near Chuck's desk until he stood up. With his gray complexion, he blended into the wall color. Randy was astounded at his size: the most enormous man he'd ever seen. His grotesque features completely dominated Randy's field of vision. When BJ opened his mouth, his huge voice literally shook the room.

BJ
(extending a
gigantic hand and
inadvertently
hitting Randy hard
in the stomach)
Hi there!

RANDY
(stumbling back,
catching his breath,
and then screaming)
Noooo! Noooooo! Nooooooo!

CUT TO:

INT: RANDY'S BEDROOM, NIGHT.

Randy wakes up in a cold sweat, moaning. He turned on the light, briefly, looks at the clock. (It's 3:30 AM), then kills the light and rolls over to go back to sleep.

EXT: CHUCK'S PLACE, SUNNY DAY.

Chuck's rambling estate is on a hill overlooking Puget Sound. He has a huge pool few people are taking advantage of, mostly kids. Chuck's been hard at work at the grill. Bob and Randy are sitting at a round patio table nearby.

CHUCK
Steaks are ready! Come and get 'em!

Randy and Bob join the steak line, about 20 people deep. Employees of SouthSmith and friends of Chuck's. Chuck has worked his magic on 3-inch sirloins on his gas fired grill. After many compliments on his culinary prowess, Chuck takes off his apron and joins the guests, letting the kitchen help continue the serving duties. Chuck joins Bob and Randy at their table.

CHUCK
Thanks for coming, guys! I appreciate all you've done and wish you the best of luck on that new business, Bob!

BOB
Thanks, Chuck. I'll miss all you guys.

RANDY
This is wonderful! I love your house.

CHUCK

I had a dream of a stairway with no banister just the wall on one side and stairs on the other, building codes wouldn't permit that, so I had to use clear plexi to get the same effect.

Yeah, it's my dream home, literally. Ever since I was a little boy I dreamed about lying back in my own pool. And the floor plan is patterned after a series of dreams I've had over the years.

RANDY

Really?

CHUCK

Yeah! One day I started getting specific about what I really wanted in a house, writing down a detailed description. Then, to make a long story short, I built it! Even the view is just like I pictured it. Most people don't believe this, but if you can get a clear picture of what you really want, you're on your way to getting it. Your internal guidance system takes over and leads you to do what you need to do to make it happen. You just have to listen to it and take action.

(beat) Well, gotta move on. You guys enjoy!

Chuck is up and off to another table.

RANDY

He doesn't waste much time, does he?

BOB

Yeah, he's the 20-Second-Manager. That's the longest personal conversation I've had with him in years, and I didn't even say anything.

RANDY

He's inspiring though. I wish I could make my dreams work for me like that.

(MORE)

RANDY (cont'd)
All they do is make me feel beat up
in the morning.

BOB
Nightmares?

RANDY
Not really. Just crummy dreams that
make me feel like crap. It's like I
re-live all this negative stuff, and
you know how dreams exaggerate
everything. I had this dream about my
new boss last night.

BOB
(interrupting)
You've got nothing to worry about.
You do brilliant work. And you know
Chuck. He'll make a good hire. You'll
see.

Chuck comes back with his stepdaughter, JENNIFER, in tow.

CHUCK
Hey guys! I want you to meet
JENNIFER. She's Ann's (Chuck's
wife's) daughter.

Randy is visibly moved, dumbfounded for a second. He feels a
jolt of energy at the sight of her. JENNIFER is a knockout.
And he notices her hair is highlighted by the sun. He feels
juiced. It's love at first sight. She smiles, extends her
hand politely to each in turn.

BOB
Glad to meet you!

RANDY
Yeah, nice to meet you.

Chuck and JENNIFER don't sit. They're making the rounds.

RANDY
I'm in love.

BOB
Yeah? Well, I hear she's engaged. Her
dad is a big shot in the automotive
business. Makes parts for Ford or
something. I think she's out of your
league, even if you did have the
balls to ask her out.

FADE TO:

INT: LECTURE HALL, NIGHT.

The rented hall is sparsely decorated with chairs, crowd of about 100 listening with varying degrees of attention.
(applause)

LECTURER

For those of you who are totally new to the concept of Lucid Dreaming let me tell you that you are about to embark on an eye opening adventure like you have never experienced before. Most people don't even believe it's possible to become aware in your dreams, but there are those of us who are living our dreams every day. And by 'living our dreams' I don't just mean living in our dreams - that is, retreating into this dream world for our own entertainment - but achieving our dreams in 'real life'.

You may be here tonight because you want to experience flying. Or you may want to have the experience of blasting your boss with a shotgun, without the usual repercussions, or you might just want to vicariously have sex with the neighbor or that girl or guy at work. Well, in lucid dreams you can do that. You could wallow in that dream world, like being on a drug, tune out, and go no further than that. And you will the first few times. But let me challenge you to do more - much, much more, with this powerful tool. Let me challenge you to use your dreams to tune in - to achieve your full potential - for personal growth and the good of society.

Consider, that the underlying reason you want to destroy your boss, or to exercise your power over other people in dreams, you feel a lack of personal power.

(MORE)

LECTURER (cont'd)

What if you could use lucid dreams to gain power over your life in the 'real' world, all the time? That's what I mean by living your dreams.

You may or may not give credence to dream therapy, or dream analysis, but your dreams are actually communication from your 'other self'...your subconscious mind. You have two minds, conscious and subconscious. Even when you would think you would be conscious, a great deal of the time you are actually on 'auto pilot' - under the control of your subconscious mind. In fact, some scientists suggest that we are actually conscious as little as 10% of our waking lives, and we're asleep 1/3 of every single day! You'll sleep over 20 years in your lifetime!

Are you conscious right now? Really conscious? Make yourself aware of where are sitting. Become aware of your being, your state of consciousness, right at this moment. Have a moment of consciousness lucidity. That's consciousness - being fully conscious. And we can only maintain that state for a moment at a time. After a fleeting few seconds, we revert back to auto pilot. Most of the time our subconscious is at the wheel. That's the only way we can negotiate this complex world we live in.

Consider the simplest act of driving a car, or walking. Think of all the muscles, and computations, and constant shifting of our weight, just to maintain forward motion and balance. We walk automatically. Without even thinking about it we give the command. We set in the course... where we want to be and tell our bodies to 'go there', and it does. The subconscious mind gets us there all by itself, while we think about something else, or watch the scenery, or talk on our phone.

You could not possibly perform the simple act of crossing the street completely under your conscious control. You would not be able to keep your balance – to keep taking step after step – and to watch for cars, and navigate your course, without your subconscious mind.

This concept of consciousness is the key to lucid dreaming. In order to become conscious in our dream state the first step is to become conscious in our waking life. When you make a habit of periodically examining your state of consciousness in your waking life, that will carry over into your dream life too. And when you examine your state of consciousness in your dream, and correctly deduce that you are dreaming, you snap into lucidity. You breakdown the barrier and pop into the world of the lucid dream.

How many of you, by show of hands, have experience lucidity in a dream?

(About 1/3 of the hands go up, including Denice's. Randy looks at her quizzically)

For the two-thirds of you who have never experienced a lucid dream, let me ask you this: Suppose you were sitting here in this lecture hall. Look around you for a moment. Now suppose you suddenly realize you are not here at all. Suppose you suddenly become aware that you were actually dreaming this! Let me say that another way. Suppose all of a sudden, you realized you were dreaming... right... now. Would you continue to just sit there and listen to me? Or would you get up, explore the room, go out and walk around? What would you do? The answer is whatever the hell you wanted! Right? You could walk over to that window, throw that chair through the glass, and fly right out the window.

(MORE)

LECTURER (cont'd)

You could give that stranger next to you a big wet kiss on the lips! Think about it. That is the essence of the lucid dream experience.

While you mull that over, let me stress that what I have just described is only the tip of the iceberg. We have only scratched the surface of what you can experience in lucid dreams. As I mentioned before, dreams are a window into your subconscious mind. They are actually communications between your two minds. Here is the challenge: They speak different languages. Messages from your subconscious mind are couched in mystery. They are coded in symbolism. They must be translated to make any sense.

Let me back up. Why try to access your subconscious at all? Well, for one thing, if you don't you're only using half - maybe less than half - of your potential brain power. Your subconscious mind is at least as powerful as your conscious mind; maybe even more powerful. So, your subconscious mind contains the key to all kinds of powers of imagination and creativity. Some even suggest it contains the key to Extra Sensory Perception (ESP), clairvoyance, and other senses that some of us seem to possess and others of us don't. Deep within your subconscious mind might even lie all of those memories we're supposed to be recording every waking moment of our lives. What if we could tap into those at will?

At the very least, your subconscious mind knows why you do what you do - what is holding you back from doing the things you want to do. Your subconscious mind can release your creative blocks, and help you focus your energies toward defining and achieving your goals - that 'Making Your Dreams Come True' thing! Opening the door to your subconscious is like winning the Intellectual Lottery.

FADE TO:

INT: BAR, NIGHT.

Randy and Denice are drinking beer and talking about the lecture.

DENICE

Yeah it was amazing! I was at work at the bank. I don't have an office, just a desk, kind of out in the open, where I approve loans, car loans, home improvement loans, etc. Well, I was sitting at my desk, kind of looking around, and suddenly I had this realization I'm Dreaming! This is a Dream!! It was so exciting I felt like I'd been somewhere I'd never been before, but everything looked familiar like the same old bank but different somehow. It was so real!

I got up and started flying around the room. There were people walking around the bank, just like there usually are, and I was flying. They hardly noticed me; didn't seem to think there was anything wrong with me flying. I picked up a wad of 20's lying on a counter and threw them up in the air! As they scattered around the room, Jenny, one of our tellers, just casually started picking them up, and the other people in the bank just kind of gave me a funny look and went about their business.

Then I went over to Rick's desk. I've always thought he was kind of cute, but not in a serious way. He's married, and kind of boring. He was talking to a customer at his desk and I went over and sat on his desk facing him.

(MORE)

DENICE (cont'd)

He said, kind of jokingly. "Can I help you lady?" and I just gave him this kiss on the lips. It was exciting! So exciting, I woke up. I've remembered that dream ever since, just as clearly as if it had really happened.

RANDY

I can't believe that can really happen!

DENISE

It did.

RANDY

Has this ever happened before?

DENISE

Not before or since. I go to the library quite a bit, that's where I found out about tonight's lecture from a poster. Anyway, I looked up dreams in the online catalog and ran across this book on Lucid Dreaming, Become Awake in Your Dreams, or something like that.

RANDY

I've heard about lucid dreams, on a radio show. You know, one of those weird late night shows where they talk about UFO's and stuff, but I always thought it was a bunch of metaphysical junk. And I started to believe it at the lecture. But when you tell me it happened to you, it makes me believe it can really happen.

When you think about it, even if you think you're seeing a UFO, a flying craft from another planet, or Bigfoot or a ghost or the Loch Ness Monster, you can't really be sure, can you. Your mind could just be playing tricks on you. But if you're dreaming and suddenly you come to the realization that you're dreaming, you really are having a lucid dream by definition!

DENISE

I wouldn't have believed it either,
if it hadn't happened to me.

CUT TO:

INT: KITCHY NEW AGE BOOKSTORE, EVENING.

Randy picks up a book called "Lucid Dreams" and another on "The Senoi Dream People". Then he sees a box that interests him. He picks it up and looks at it. The box says: "The Amazing DreamScape, triggers Lucid Dreams by signaling REM sleep". He looks at the price on the end of the box, winces, then takes it up to the counter. A young female CLERK puts down the book she's reading to help him.

CLERK

Will this be all?

RANDY

Yeah. Hey, does this thing really
work?

CLERK

I don't know, we've never sold one.

RANDY

Okay, I'll take it.

INT: RANDY'S APARTMENT, NIGHT.

Randy comes in quickly, locks the door behind him, turns the phone ringer off, walks right past his computer, right past the flashing answering machine, and into the bedroom. He hops onto the bed and quickly fumbles to open the Dream Machine box, spreading its contents onto the bed and the wrappers on the floor. He gets under the covers with his clothes on, fluffs up the pillows and props himself up to read the instruction manual. Then he places the unit's black box on the nightstand. He reads part of the instructions out loud:

RANDY

The Dream Machine's red LED's flash,
signaling the REM sleep state. Put
the blindfold on and press the test
button. You'll see the red indicator
even through closed eyelids. As
you can see the light, say out loud,
"I'm dreaming. This is a dream."
Repeat this several times while
imagining yourself coming to a
realization in a dream.

(MORE)

RANDY (cont'd)

It may take a few nights before your sleeping mind develops a connection between the indicator lights and the dream state.

He puts on the blindfold, pulling it back to reveal his eye while he finds the test button on the black box. He repeats it over and over as the light flashes:

RANDY

I'm dreaming. This is a dream. I'm dreaming. This is a dream.

He settles in with the blindfold on and goes to sleep.

FADE TO:

INT: RANDY'S BEDROOM, DAY.

Alarm rings. Randy wakes up with the DM blindfold on. He pulls it off and looks at the clock. It's 6:56 AM.

RANDY (cont'd)

Hey, it didn't even work. Shit.

He gets up and groggily heads towards the kitchen.

FADE TO:

INT: SOUNDSCAPE STUDIOS, DAY.

Randy walks into the reception area and who's sitting at Betty's desk but JENNIFER! Randy's shocked to see her and it shows. JENNIFER sees him and speaks first.

JENNIFER

Randy?

RANDY

JENNIFER! What are you doing here?

JENNIFER

Oh, didn't Bob tell you? Betty's on vacation and Chuck asked me if I'd fill in for her for a couple of weeks.

RANDY

Wow, welcome!

JENNIFER

Thanks!

INT: BOB'S OFFICE, DAY.

Bob is putting stuff from his desk in a cardboard box. Randy watches.

BOB

I guess I had other things on my mind. You know, leaving and all. You seem kind of interested in her.

RANDY

No. She's just, you know, cute.

BOB

And engaged.

RANDY

I know, you said that before.

BOB

And a little..

RANDY

What? Out of my league?

BOB

Well..

RANDY

Thanks a lot!

BOB

I just know you, Rand. And I know you have this low self esteem thing. And I know you'd be too shy to ask her out anyway.

RANDY

I don't have low self esteem. I just don't like to come on too strong with women, that's all.

BOB

You don't!

RANDY

You know, I'm gonna miss these man to man conversations.

BOB

Hey, cheer up. This could be a good thing for both of us. It's not the end, just a new chapter. You'll see.

(MORE)

BOB (cont'd)

Chuck says he's excited about taking the studio to a new level. He's got some great candidates. Should have a new guy in a few days. In the meantime, you're your own boss!

INT: RANDY'S BEDROOM, NIGHT.

Randy's wearing the DreamScape blindfold on his forehead as he reads the Senoi book. He puts a slip of paper in the book to mark his place, puts it on the nightstand and pulls the blindfold over his eyes. Then he turns off the light.

FADE TO:

INT: MENS ROOM DOWN THE HALL FROM SOUNDSMITH STUDIOS.

(Dream) Randy is standing at the urinal. He finishes his duty and looks around, amazed. We switch to Randy's POV as he walks over to the sink and looks at himself in the mirror. There is a peculiar red glow at the top of the frame, flashing on and off. Randy looks up at it, gives a puzzled look. Holds a hand up to it.

RANDY

I'm dreaming. This is a dream.

He washes his hands in the sink very slowly and reaches for a paper towel. Dries his hands, looking at himself once again in the mirror. The red glow reappears.

RANDY

I'm dreaming. This is a dream. I'm dreaming! This is a dream!

He walks out of the bathroom, down the hall. People walk by as he looks on incredulously. They don't seem to notice him. There is an odd kind of strobing effect as he moves his head from side to side. He walks into the SoundSmith lobby, toward Jennifer, who is seated at the front desk. She smiles at him. He walks around behind her, approaches, and starts rubbing her back. She looks ahead and speaks, purring:

JENNIFER

Mmm that feels good.

RANDY

Yeah.

JENNIFER rolls her head back and forth in response to his touching. He bends down and kisses her. She kisses back. Suddenly he snaps out of the dream!

CUT TO:

INT: RANDY'S BEDROOM, NIGHT.

Randy removes the blindfold and switches on the light.

RANDY
Oh my God. It works! It really works!
A lucid dream! Man!

CHUCK'S OFFICE, DAY.

Randy enters the well appointed and airy room where Chuck is sitting behind his desk. Another man is sitting in front of the desk. They both rise as Randy enters. Randy is dressed a little better than usual.

CHUCK
Randy, thanks for coming. I'd like
you to meet ALLEN GREEN. Al's our new
General Manager.

Randy shakes hands with Allen. Allen is a bit younger than Randy, about 30, but looks even younger. He's well groomed and is wearing a business suit. Randy is relieved. He looks nothing like the boss from Hell in the dream.

ALLEN
Nice to meet you, Randy. Chuck tells
me you're quite the engineer!

RANDY
Well, yeah, I do my best.

CHUCK
Randy's a perfectionist. I think you
two will work very well together, and
will help us take this studio to the
next level. Allen's from San Diego
and he's got some great ideas about
how to make things happen. Why don't
the two of you go to lunch on me and
get to know each other.

FADE TO:

INT: CAR, FREEWAY, DAY.

(Dream) Randy's driving, we see the red glow, flashing, but Randy doesn't realize he's dreaming. Other red lights taillights of the traffic ahead mask the Dream Machine indicator light.

He reaches up, unlatches the convertible top, first one side then the other. As he unlatches the second side the wind catches the top and tears it off the car. He accelerates, bumps into the car ahead of him, swerves to one side hitting the car next to him. He leaves the road, driving down the embankment through a thick jungle that magically parts to let the car pass. He's driving through a small Malaysian village, past bamboo huts suspended from the ground on long poles. And right into the open end of a large longhouse. He leaves the car behind and winds up seated around a rustic breakfast table where an ELDERLY MAN speaks to him.

ELDER

So Randy, what did you dream last night?

RANDY

I don't know. I don't remember.

Everyone around the table looks at him like he's said the wrong thing.

ELDER

But you must remember. We always remember our dreams, to share with the group. How else can you gain control over your dreams if you don't share them? From now on you will remember. You will confront your dream demons and conquer them. You will take from each conquered demon a gift of value. You will seek pleasure and become the master of your dream world. Now go, and do not come back empty-handed.

CUT TO:

INT: RESTAURANT, DAY.

Randy, looking a bit uncomfortable, is not really used to business lunches.

RANDY

I'd known Bob since high school. He knew I was looking for a gig and gave me a shot. That was eight years ago.

ALLEN

So this was your first studio job?

RANDY

Well, yeah, other than college and some freelance stuff. It was my first fulltime position.

ALLEN

Well, SouthSmith has a lot of potential. We should be a lot busier. What hours are you working?

RANDY

I get in about 9:00 and work until 6:00 or so, sometimes later if I have a big project.

ALLEN

With an hour for lunch?

RANDY

Usually. Sometimes I skip lunch.

ALLEN

Do you have an updated resume?

RANDY

A resume?

ALLEN

Yes, it's just a formality. I'd just like to see where you are, what your experience is, things like that. It's just part of evaluating the whole situation.

CUT TO:

INT: SOUTHSMITH STUDIOS HALLWAY, DAY.

(Red DM lights are
seen but Randy
doesn't notice them)

(Dream) Randy approaches Allen Green's office. The door is open. Allen is inside at his desk looking like a teacher grading papers.

ALLEN

Hi Randy. Come on in. Where's your timecard.

RANDY

I turned it in last week.

ALLEN

Oh yeah, here it is. Nice try.

He marks on it and hands it across the desk to Randy, who is now seated. Randy looks at it. Allen has written a B+ on it. One of the in times was changed, 8:00 was crossed out and 8:08 was written on. Randy folds it neatly and puts it in his pocket.

ALLEN

Dismissed.

Randy gets up and walks right into the now closed door. He reaches down but there's no knob.

CUT TO:

INT: SPORTS BAR, NIGHT.

Denise and Randy are sitting in a relatively quiet corner, drinking beer.

RANDY

Then he asked for my 5 year goals. He wants me to fill out a timecard and a daily log of what I do! What's with that?

DENISE

I don't know, but it doesn't sound good.

RANDY

It's driving me nuts. I don't know what to think.

DENISE

Have you tried confronting your dreams, like the Senoi?

RANDY

I can't.

DENISE

Oh, I have some news. Remember Gordon, the guy at work I had the dream about? I didn't know, but he's been divorced for almost a year. He said he's finally gotten up the nerve to ask me out. We're going to dinner Saturday.

RANDY

Does he know about the dream?

DENISE

No! Maybe some day I'll tell him if
all goes well.

INT: SOUNDSMITH STUDIOS, DAY.

Randy is in his studio. He has just wrapped up a session and looks at the clock on the computer: 6:10 PM. He shuts down computer, writes his time on the timecard and leaves the studio.

When he walks down the hall past Allen's office he notices a closed door. He pauses briefly, then hears Jen's voice.

JEN

I'm out of here! See ya tomorrow.

Randy hurries to follow her, without her seeing him. She takes the elevator, he takes the stairs. He exits at street level just behind her, lags behind and follows at a distance. She enters a building a few blocks away called the Hallmark Towers. It's a security building that needs a keycard to enter. A guard sits in the lobby, reading the paper. Randy turns and leaves.

INT: RANDY'S BEDROOM, NIGHT.

Randy is sitting on the bed, reading a book with DM blindfold on his forehead. He marks his place, closes the book, turns out the light and repeats the lucid phrase before going to sleep.

FADE TO:

INT: RANDY'S STUDIO, DAY.

(Dream) We see Randy's computer monitor with waveforms as Randy is working on a session. Along with the brightly colored screen graphics we see a red light at the top. So does Randy. He turns his head away from the monitor and the red light stays in his field of vision.

RANDY

I'm dreaming. I'm dreaming!

He gets up slowly, looking around the room. He tries hard and contains his excitement as he explores his dream surroundings. They look almost real except he notices he cannot read any of the printed signs or papers lying around. It's like they're in Chinese.

Randy leaves the room, heads up the hall towards Allen's office. The door is closed. He approaches and can hear voices, laughter, on the other side. He takes a deep breath and opens the door. Allen is behind his desk. He looks up, startled. The fat man from The Boss from Hell Dream is seated on the other side of the desk from Allen. He starts to get up.

RANDY (cont'd)

(BOLDLY, TO FAT MAN)

Oh no you don't! Just stay right there. This is my dream and I'm taking over! He reaches down and pulls the chair out from under him and the fat man falls to the floor in a heap. Then he seems to dissolve into a pool of fat.

Randy then approaches Allen, who looks quite meek. He tips Allen's desk up, pushing him and the desk thru the window behind him. Randy watches Allen and the desk tumbles five floors to the traffic below.

RANDY

This is great! I did it! I'm king of the world!

CUT TO:

INT: RANDY'S BEDROOM, DAY.

The alarm clock says 9:34 instead of the usual 7:04. RANDY jerks off DM blindfold, looks at the clock.

RANDY

Oh god! I'm late!

CUT TO:

INT: SOUNDSMITH STUDIOS LOBBY, DAY.

Randy walks quickly in the door. His hair is still wet. It's 9:20.

JENNIFER

Allen's been looking for you. What happened?

RANDY

Nothing. Just overslept.

INT: ALLEN'S OFFICE, DAY.

Things look quite different than in the dream. Much more real. Randy is sitting in his usual spot, opposite the desk, and Allen.

ALLEN

We need people who are excited to be here, who look forward to coming to work every day self motivators. I don't see that in you, Randy. It's like you don't care. You've been late twice this month.

Allen folds his hands in front of him, sits silently, waiting for Randy's response.

RANDY

I do care. I just sometimes have a hard time waking up.

ALLEN

Handing Randy a legal looking sheet of paper

I'd like you to read and sign this, to show that you've read and understand it.

Randy reads the sheet, silently, then speaks quietly.

RANDY

Probation? I'm on probation?

ALLEN

Yes, we'll evaluate your work at the end of the 10 days and consider at the time whether you're right for this position.

Randy slumps in the chair, completely deflated.

INT: BOB'S NEW STUDIO, DAY.

Randy and Bob sit in Bob's rather sparse office with a decent view of the waterfront. In the same room is a digital editor and speakers where Bob can do both the job of managing and editing for the small operation.

RANDY

And Denice won't even have lunch with me because she's seeing this new Rick every minute of the day.

BOB

Use 'em or lose 'em. Have you talked to Chuck?

RANDY

Heck no, you know Chuck, the 20 Second Manager. He doesn't have time for me. He has to back Allen. Besides, I'm not so sure he's not right. My attitude does suck now!

BOB

Allen? Let me tell you something. He's just a college kid, fresh out of Management 101. He doesn't have a tenth of the talent you have. And you're probably right about Chuck. I've seen these Allens before. They're like mirrors. The shiny side faces the upper management, reflecting this fresh young face that tells them what they want to here. They dazzle them with projections and numbers and the owner's too proud to admit he doesn't understand 'em all. It all just contributes to making them sound like Wonder Boy, this mysterious genius who is going to work his magic. And all he is really doing is screwing the poor slobs who work for him.

But on the other side, the side you see, only blackness. Chuck's putting the pressure on him to perform and he's taking it out on you. Not to say you're not in trouble. You're going to have to decide to play his way or find something else. God I wish I could put you on here! Maybe in a year, if you can hang in there.

CUT TO:

EXT: SUBURBAN DRIVEWAY, DAY. (Dream)

Randy's sitting in a red Radio Flyer wagon. He is moving back and forth, making the wagon go forward. He starts waving his arms, out at his sides, then bringing them forward. He starts moving quite fast. He exits the driveway, into the path of an oncoming car.

CUT TO:

INT: RANDY'S BEDROOM, DAY.

Clock says 9:03. Randy picks up the phone, dials. We see an unfamiliar person and the other end of the line. He is seedy looking.

RANDY
Hello, Allen.

GUY
Yeah, this is Allen.

RANDY
Uh, I'm running a little late.
Overslept. I'm really sorry.

GUY
Oh, that's okay. Take your time.
There's not much going on today.

RANDY (LOOKING CONFUSED)
Really, okay. I'll be right there.

Guy is seen snickering as he hangs up the phone. He's in prison. One of his fellow inmates speaks.

INMATE
Who was that?

GUY
Don't know. Some poor slob got the
wrong number. Hope he has a nice day.

INT: ALLEN'S OFFICE, DAY.

RANDY
But you said on the phone..

ALLEN
(calm, hands folded,
looking coldly at
Randy)
I don't know who you called, but it
wasn't me. Anyway we've decided to
make some adjustments.
(handing him a piece
of paper)
Read this and sign it.

RANDY (READING)
Reasons for termination? I'm fired?
(MORE)

RANDY (READING) (cont'd)
(looks up at Allen)

Allen doesn't speak, just sits looking calmly at Randy, hands folded. Randy looks back at the paper, picks up the pen from Allen's desk and signs, holding back tears.

CUT TO:

EXT: CITY PARK, SUNNY DAY.

BOB
It just so happens I can use some help. I can't pay much, but if you're willing to stick it out for a few months I can pay you under the table.

RANDY
That'd be great. I really miss working. I miss my old job. I miss Denice.

CUT TO

EXT: SUBURBAN DRIVEWAY, DAY. (Dream)

Same as before, but now he has a weight (dumbbell) in each hand. As he starts rolling he notices the red lights, becomes lucid. He's going fast, sees the car approaching, decides to ram it. A big shield materializes on the front of the wagon. The car rolls, Randy is unharmed, he gets out of the wagon, goes to help the man in the car. After pulling him from the wreck and dragging him some distance the car explodes.

MAN
(ANGRY, SCOLDING)
That always happens. Never drag a person out of a wrecked car.

RANDY
What do you have for me?

MAN
You have it already. The idea. Here.
He touches Randy's forehead. And he has another dream.

□

FADE IN: SERIES OF SHOTS

Randy's boyhood home. He's 7 years old, sitting in a red Radio Flyer wagon.

He starts shifting his weight to make himself go. He leans forward, then pulls back quickly and the wagon inches forward. Randy in the same Radio Flyer wagon. This time he's holding a small dumbbell in each hand. He is holding his arms out to the side, flinging the weights forward to propel the wagon. Animation showing a weight being pushed forward quickly, stopping suddenly, then coming back slowly. Then multiple weights, a dozen, performing the same motion at slightly different times. Scientist's voice with a German accent narrates the video.

SCIENTIST VOICE

Now of course, we get a jerky motion.
We need multiple weights moving out
of sync to produce a fluid motion.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Child's toy. A round plastic ball with rubber bumps on it, a bumble ball, hops around crazily on the floor. A black box is seen to hop around on the floor the same way. A black box inches jerkily across the floor. A black box slides smoothly across the floor.

FADE TO:

INT: RANDY'S BEDROOM

Randy sits up quickly in bed, turns the light on, and writes frantically in a spiral notebook, drawing crude illustrations of what he's seen in the dream.

FADE IN:

INT: PROFESSOR FRANCIS DUKE'S OFFICE

(Randy has his
notebook, obviously
having a very
animated discussion
with the physicist.)

PROFESSOR DUKE

No, it's not that simple. It just
doesn't work like that. I
appreciate your enthusiasm Randy, but
this has all been thought of before.
It just won't work.

RANDY

Why can't it?

PROFESSOR DUKE
Well, it violates the laws of
physics, for one thing. You'd
have no net gain, unless..

(He holds up his
hand as if to signal
a time out. He seems
lost in his
thoughts.)

RANDY
What?

PROFESSOR DUKE
I have a colleague who has been
observing the influence of
gravity on certain fluids within
strong magnetic fields. You may have
just stumbled onto something neither
of us had thought of. Let me give him
a call.

(He picks up a phone
on his desk.)

We might just have something here.

FADE IN:

INT: BOB'S RECORDING STUDIO

Randy's on the phone.

PROFESSOR DUKE (cont'd)
(ON THE PHONE)
Randy. I need to talk to you. Can you
come see me right away.

RANDY
Sure, I have a lunch break coming up.
I can be there at noon.

PROFESSOR DUKE
Did you tell anyone about our
meeting?

RANDY
No, why?

PROFESSOR DUKE
Just, keep it under your hat 'til we
can talk, okay?

RANDY
Okay.

PROFESSOR DUKE
It's important. See you at noon.

FADE

INT: DR.'S OFFICE

There's another scientist there, very intense, with a large notebook.

PROFESSOR DUKE
Randy, this is Andrew Leeks. Andrew,
Randy Coles.

DR. LEEKS
Randy. I am so happy to meet you.

RANDY
Me too. What's this all about?

Leeks glances at Dr., then at the door, then back to Dr. Dr. closes the door.

DR. LEEKS
As Professor Duke may have told you, I'm a researcher, and you have just helped me to see a practical application for something I've been studying for 19 years. I don't know why I didn't see this before, but we may have come across a revolutionary propulsion system that could change the shape of all transportation as we know it. Listen. I can show you better in my lab. The Professor tells me I can trust you to keep this strictly between the three of us. Until I publish my findings we need to be very discreet. This is a very competitive area.

RANDY
Sure. I don't know what I'd tell anybody. You haven't told me anything, but where's the bible? I'll swear.

DR. LEEKS
Good boy! Then let's go to my lab.

RANDY
Let's go!

INT: ANDREW LEEKS LAB

There's a loud droning noise so the three have to speak up.

DR. LEEKS

The generator makes a lot of noise, but at least I'm sure the room's not bugged. Plays havoc with anything electrical. I've set up a crude demonstration. I really didn't think we'd get this kind of movement. But the Professor insisted we give this a try. It's unbelievable and I'm just working on an explanation for why it works, but I think you will see that it does.

A mechanical contraption about a foot square sits at one end of a long narrow table. Wires lead from the top of the device up to a box in the ceiling. The device has small wheels on it.

DR. LEEKS

Now, as you can see, the wheels are free wheeling. They are not drive wheels.

He picks up a wired remote control.

DR. LEEKS

Now, take this remote and push the joystick forward, very slowly.

As Randy pushes the stick a light goes on on the device and it glides effortlessly along a track on the table.

RANDY

Pretty slick!

DR. LEEKS

It's more than slick, Randy my boy. What you are looking at is the propulsion device of the future. Here, let me take the controls. Put your hand right here. I'll move the device forward and I want you to try to hold it back.

Randy does as told as the Dr pushes the stick causing the device to glide forward. Despite Randy's best efforts it moves against his hand.

RANDY
Boy! That's strong!

DR. LEEKS
Yes! It's amazingly powerful for its size. And it is very directional. It could just as easily be propelling a boat in water or an airplane, or a space ship. And we are only feeding it a little over 90 watts of power. This is truly a revolutionary discovery.

RANDY
Meaning, valuable?

PROFESSOR DUKE
Whoooah! Hold on there, Randy. Andrew has to publish his findings before any of this can become public.

DR. LEEKS
Yes, but let me assure you, you will be named as co-discoverer in the official documents. You'll share the patent. It's part yours!

RANDY
Wow! But I didn't I mean ..

DR. LEEKS
Look, it might have been just dumb luck, or you might be a genius, but no matter. Your ideas proved to be the key to turning theory into usable technology. You have performed an invaluable service, and for that I am deeply indebted.

He shakes Randy's hand.

FADE TO:

INT: LOBBY OF RANDY'S APARTMENT BUILDING, DAY.

Randy opens his mailbox. There is an official looking brown envelope. He opens it. It's a check. A big check! From DR. ANDREW LEEKS. Randy is ecstatic! Skips and jumps down the hall, yelling with joy.

INT: CONDO, DAY.

Randy walks down the hall, past apartment 401, stops and runs his hand on the door lovingly, then goes to 405, inserts his key, enters, leaving the door open. The place is spacious with a great view of the downtown waterfront, but lots of boxes are stacked around. His old furniture looks a bit out of place, in its small new home. He flops on the couch surveying his domain. He hears a sound in the hall, jumps up, runs to the doorway, looks out. It's Jen just arriving at her door. He walks quickly towards her, pretending to be deep in thought. She sees him, recognizes him.

JENNIFER (PUZZLED)

Randy?

RANDY

JENNIFER! Hi.

JENNIFER

How are you? Why are you here?

RANDY

You live here?

JENNIFER

Yeah.

RANDY

So do I. I just moved in today.

JENNIFER

405? That's you?

RANDY

Yeah—imagine that.

CUT TO:

INT: JENNIFER'S APARTMENT, DAY.

RANDY

It's a propulsion designed for cars, boats, just about anything. Anyway, we just sent the patent to a place in Detroit, I have to keep it secret, and I'm getting my share of the royalties.

JENNIFER

It's like a transmission?

RANDY

Not really. More like gravity or inertia propulsion instead of gears and stuff.

JEN

My Dad owns a place that supplies
(voice gets low)
transmissions for Ford! Eh uh .. you should meet him.

RANDY

I'd love to, but I don't really get into the technical or manufacturing end of things. I just own part of the patent. It was my idea.

JENNIFER

Wow. And I thought you were just a computer geek.

RANDY

Well, geeking's my specialty.

JENNIFER

You're so modest. You just had a dream and revolutionized the transportation industry overnight?

RANDY

Yeah, I guess so.

Don't say anything, about me, to your dad.

JENNIFER

Oh, I didn't think about that.

RANDY

Promise me. You'd better not tell him about me. Do you promise?

JENNIFER

Wow, not tell him about you. Uh, okay I promise.

RANDY

Yeah, he could really come unglued. Besides, your gonna get married to ...

JENNIFER

Gordon .. OK. I won't tell, but on the married thing, we're putting it off.

RANDY

I thought it was this summer, you've got the place and everything.

JENNIFER

That was my Dad. He got the place, from a friend of his. I finally got him to slow down. He's got to give Gordon a secure place in the company. If he had it his way I'd already be married. I'm not sure I wanna get married.

RANDY

Aren't you living with Gordon?

JENNIFER

I was, until last week. Gordon moved out. He left everything, in case Dad came by, and because he really wants me to come around. I think he he is looking forward to getting that big promotion.

CUT TO:

RANDY'S APARTMENT:

Doorbell rings, Randy answers.

PROFESSOR DUKE

(Serious)

Randy, can we talk.

PROFESSOR DUKE comes in. Locks door.

PROFESSOR DUKE

Randy, there's something I have to tell you. DR. LEEKS is dead.

RANDY

(Having trouble, he sits down)

But I just saw him. He sent me, uh. What happened?

PROFESSOR DUKE

He was alone in his lab. Someone caught him from behind. Hit him on the head. Then shot him, twice. They set the place on fire.

RANDY

That's awful.

PROFESSOR DUKE

It was murder. And you could be next. I've been in touch with SGT. WALKER of the police. Told him everything. He'll be talking with you.

RANDY

But, why ME?

PROFESSOR DUKE

Because YOU are right in the middle. YOU'RE name's on the patent, right along with DR. LEEKS. And whoever is causing all this, when they find out they are coming after YOU. Call SGT. WALKER now.

RANDY

Okay I'LL call him.

RANDY shows PROFESSOR DUKE the way out. Closes and locks the door. Picks up the phone, looks in the phone book for the number, and calls.

CUT TO:

INT: POLICE STATION

SGT. WALKER

Oh, I'm glad you called. Where are you? (beat) Okay, stay there. Lock the doors and don't let anyone in. I'll be right over.

CUT TO:

INT: RANDY'S APARTMENT, DAY

SGT. WALKER and DETECTIVE WISE meet with RANDY.

SGT. WALKER (cont'd)

My research tells me that the people have a lot to lose if news of this gets out. I talked with DR. LEEKS wife and she told me that the Doctor filed a patent a couple of days before his death and that your name was on it. They don't know this yet, but when they do they'll come a gunning for you.

RANDY

Your scaring me.

SGT. WALKER

I know, you should be scared, we have a safe place for you, but you'll have to stay here for tonight. That's why DETECTIVE WISE is here, he'll be staying here, right outside your door. If anything happens, he will respond.

RANDY

OK.

RANDY and DETECTIVE WISE shake hands and RANDY gets him a chair, and he sits down outside. SGT. WALKER leaves.

INT: RANDY'S APARTMENT, NIGHT

He pulls covers over him and tosses, trying to sleep. But he can't sleep.

He puts pillows under the blankets and it looks like he's sleeping. He then goes in the living room and lies down between the couch and the table and goes to sleep.

CUT TO: RANDY'S APARTMENT OUTSIDE, NIGHT

PIZZA MAN

Pizza!

DOORMAN hits button to open door. PIZZA MAN comes in. DETECTIVE WISE (quickly) comes in.

DETECTIVE WISE

Let me see that.

PIZZA MAN

But it's only pizza.

DETECTIVE WISE

Open it.

PIZZA MAN takes pizza out of the hot box and opens the inside box, holding his breath. DETECTIVE WISE looks sick, closes his eyes and slumps down. PIZZA MAN drops pizza and grabs DETECTIVE WISE. Pulls a sniffer, puts it in his nose and yells to DOORMAN:

PIZZA MAN

Don't think about it.

DOORMAN reacts, PIZZA MAN takes DETECTIVE WISE'S gun and points it at DOORMAN.

PIZZA MAN (cont'd)

Open the door.

OTHER MAN enters, with a sniffer in his nose, ties the two of them up. He is carrying a backpack, he reaches in gets a small bottle and sprays DOORMAN who immediately goes out. He gets the 2-way from DETECTIVE WISE and master key-card from the desk.

They go downstairs to the basement where they undo the fire alarm, and sprinklers, by cutting wires.

The two of them go back upstairs to Randy's apartment, slip the key-card in and open the door (quietly). They pull out their guns and go into the bedroom. They see (they think) Randy sleeping under the covers and fire three shots into him, with a silencer. Then they take out a bottle and squirt liquid around. One of them takes a match lights it and throws it. The bedroom lights up and flames go up as the two of them go out.

CUT TO:

INT: LARGE WAREHOUSE-LIKE BUILDING. (DREAM)

RANDY is being chased by 4 uniformed armed security guards. He takes flight, flapping his arms wildly, coming to rest briefly at the top of a light pole. For a moment he is above the arc light and is hidden from the men by the glare. He has just enough time to catch his breath when he is spotted by a guard with a powerful flashlight.

GUARD

There he is! Get him!

One of the guards fires a shot from his handgun, knocking out the light and narrowly missing Randy. Randy flies off with the guards close behind.

His frantic arm flapping tires him quickly, but luckily there is a 5-story building in view. He gives a mighty effort, flying up and landing on the building's roof. Finding the door to the stairs locked, he concentrates hard and painfully pushes himself through the steel in the middle of the door.

He runs down one flight of stairs, then another before hearing the approaching pack of guards. He opens the door to the third floor, heads down the hallway and again pushes himself through a locked glass door. Just as he makes it through, the glass shatters, propelling Randy forward with enough force to fling him into a large copier at the far wall. Stunned for a moment, he again hears the approaching guards.

Randy closes his eyes, concentrates hard, and becomes invisible. He carefully stands and makes his way to a corner, behind a desk.

A guard kicks the rest of the glass out of the door and they enter through the hole. Even though they don't see him, they search the room with outstretched arms. Randy is approached by a guard and wriggles past him, but it's too close.

GUARD 1

It's him! He's over here. I felt him!

GUARD 2 (POINTING)

There! He's there!

The first guard pulls a small can of spray paint out of a holster on his belt, sprays it towards Randy, revealing his whereabouts. Randy coughs from the paint fumes as the guards rush towards him.

CUT TO:

INT: RANDY'S APARTMENT, DAY

Room is dark. Hard to see, smoke. You hear an alarm - a fire alarm from a truck. You see between the couch and the table in front of the couch, Randy is sleeping. A fireman comes in grabs Randy and pulls him out. He doesn't come to, and he is moved to an ambulance.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM, DAY

BOB

How ya doin?

RANDY
Ah, okay I guess.

BOB
How'd this happen? I mean there's
police outside the room and I had to
be frisked to get in to see you.

RANDY
Well, I don't know who, but someone's
telling. And nearest I can tell,
someone at the patent office, or
online, is the mole. They watch for
any patent that interferes with what
they do, then they contact them.

BOB
You know what I think, now your not
gonna like this, but it sounds like
JENNIFER'S the real mole.

RANDY
Jen? Why do you say her?

BOB
Look at it: her dad supplies
transmissions for Ford, and other
cars. Your invention's gonna put him
outta business.

RANDY
Oh my God. Jen?

DENICE COMES IN, LOOKING AT THE POLICEMAN. LOOKING
BEAUTIFUL, HER EYES STANDING OUT, HER SKIN LOOKING WHITE.

RANDY
Hey, it's DENICE! This is BOB.

DENICE
Hi, Bob?

BOB
Hi, glad to meet you, DENICE.

RANDY
You look beautiful.

DENICE
I look like I always do.

BOB
I'll let you two alone.

BOB leaves.

RANDY
I guess I never saw you like this
before.

DENICE
Well thank you.

Hey what are the police doing here?

RANDY
It's a long story. I can tell you
about it tonight. Are you free
tonight?

DENICE
I'm always free .. for you. You
getting out?

RANDY
Yeah. Doctor's got to give me a final
exam, then I'm outa here. I've got a
meeting, then I'll see you.

CUT TO:

EXT. DENICE'S MOTHER'S HOME

RANDY meets DENICE outside her home. She is clearly
uninformed.

DENICE
Where are the cops? And you. Why so
un-scared?

RANDY
All in time. Listen, do you want to
come with me?

DENICE
Oh RANDY. I always want to go with
you. Any place, any time.

They kiss. At the car now, RANDY opens the door and motion
her to get in.

CUT TO:

INT. RANDY'S CAR

RANDY

I'll tell you. First, I want you to close your eyes until I tell you to open them.

EXT. RANDY'S CAR

They pull up to an apartment. RANDY gets out, goes to the other side and lets DENICE out. They walk up, RANDY gets a key out of his pocket and opens the door. We see inside, and the place is dazzling. RANDY leads DENICE to a couch and sits her down.

RANDY

Okay, you can open them now.

DENICE

Oh, RANDY this place is wonderful. But how?

RANDY

That meeting I went to, well I sold the patent. I more or less gave it away. But I had to sell it. I was tired of being scared. Tired of the cops. Tired of not being able to sleep.

DENICE

I believe you RANDY. Your well ... yourself. I'm happy.

RANDY

I sold it for fifteen million dollars. After taxes, it more like twelve million. And I got you.

DENICE

And I got you.

THEY KISS.