

DREAMSTATE

by

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FADE IN:

**INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT**

Flashes of a woman, ROSE, in a DARK MAN's arms, his hands around her neck, fingers down her throat. She's fighting him.

A record is playing on the shelf, classical music turned distorted, fragmentary, back and forth.

A broken bottle.

A messy high-class bedroom.

A red box on the bed.

Blurred image of the ceiling, the dark man standing over us.

Flame flickers out. The sound of wind.

**INT. STEVE'S BEDROOM -- DAY**

STEVE, in his 20s, wakes up with a jolt, drenched in sweat.

His bedroom is a messy, small, dirty bachelor pad.

He looks at the clock. 7:43 am. He sighs to himself.

STEVE (V.O.)

Hi, Dr. Bennett? My name is Steve  
Radford. You were recommended to  
me by Will Young --

**INT. STEVE'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY**

Steve sitting on the phone, dressed in a T-shirt. There are old, faded wedding pictures on the shelves. Steve and Rose.

STEVE

I can't quite explain it but I was  
told you specialized in dreamstate?

**INT. THERAPIST WAITING ROOM -- DAY**

Steve is waiting anxiously in the plush post-modern looking office, nervously rolling his wedding band around his finger.

STEVE (V.O.)

Thank you so much. I'll see you at  
six.

He looks at his watch. 5:55 pm. Suddenly, the door opens and Dr. BENNETT (middle-aged, thin, gruff, glasses) shows another PATIENT out. The patient wearing a hat. Dr. Bennett shows him in.

**INT. DR. BENNETT'S OFFICE -- DAY**

Steve lies across his office couch, staring blankly at the ceiling. Dr. Bennett is sitting across from him, writing notes.

DR. BENNETT

What is it about this dream that makes you so afraid?

**INT. HOUSE -- VARIOUS**

Shots of Rose in the house, in bed, walking around, reading... She is beautiful, radiant like the sun. Glistening smile and sparkling eyes.

STEVE (V.O.)

It's my wife. I've never loved anyone like her. The way she'd look at me in the morning, waking up next to her...the smell of her hair...the touch of her skin...the sound of her voice when she smiles at me... We were happy.

Then she turns away, a frown on her face.

**INT. DR. BENNETT'S OFFICE -- DAY**

Back to the scene.

STEVE

All my life I've been having these dreams. Right before they happen... Look, I know it sounds crazy, but it's true! My parents, my friends... Everyone who left me. But nothing's been like this.

DR. BENNETT

What's the difference?

STEVE

Now someone's responsible! Someone is going to kill my wife, and I don't know who! I always wake up. Every day, the same time, I wake up.

DR. BENNETT

Honestly Steve... Dreams are just a way of the mind of taking your memories and interpreting possible outcomes, hopes and fears. You can't dream anything that's outside of your knowledge of the world. Has your wife been threatened by anyone recently?

STEVE

I...We're not together anymore. I haven't seen her for years. Please, doctor... I don't expect you to believe me. I'm just asking for your help. Help me see his face.

DR. BENNETT

Are you talking about hypnosis? It's a dangerous thing, Steve. It can fabricate memories, thoughts, involuntary reactions...

STEVE

Anything. Anything to get to the bottom of this.

Dr. Bennett leans Steve back down on the couch and takes out a matchbox.

DR. BENNETT

Alright, I want you to lean back and relax and concentrate on this.

He strikes a match and holds it by Steve's face.

DR. BENNETT

Look into the light, Steve. Nothing else exists in this moment but this light. Feel the movement of the flame. Every flicker and spark. You begin to feel heavy. Your breath is getting slower and slower. Your eyes are tired, close them.

BLACK

LATER

Steve awakens with a startle.

STEVE  
ROSE! ...What happened?

DR. BENNETT  
In the state of hypnosis, you said  
you killed your wife. Is.. is that  
true?

STEVE  
Of course not. She's alive! What  
else did I say? WHAT ELSE DID I  
SAY DOCTOR?!

DR. BENNETT  
Nothing! You couldn't see  
him. You heard music --

STEVE  
Stravinski... Why do I know that?

DR. BENNETT  
You said it happened seven  
forty-three pm. Tonight.

The clock on the wall reads...6:45.

STEVE  
I...I have to go, I have to find  
her! She's still alive!

Steve rushes out.

**EXT. PARKING LOT -- EVENING**

Steve runs out into the parking lot, leans against the  
railing to catch his breath. His phone BEEPS. A message  
from Rose.

"Come home".

He checks the time - 7 pm sharp.

STEVE  
Oh Jesus. It's happening... It's  
really happening... TAXI!

**EXT. HOUSE -- EVENING**

Steve walks up to the house, long abandoned and grim  
looking. Dark clouds up ahead. He checks his watch - 7.25.

He nervously knocks on the door.

STEVE

Rose?

The door is open. He walks inside cautiously, suspicious.

**INT. HOUSE -- EVENING**

It's all a mess, old and faded. Dirty and covered in dust since years past. He tries the lights - no power.

STEVE

Rose?

He walks further in, looking around. On the desk he finds -- a CARD. On the back of it written in lipstick "REMEMBER". He turns it over, it's their wedding picture. He looks confused.

Suddenly, MUSIC. Stravinski. Coming from the bedroom.

STEVE

Oh God! ROSE! ARE YOU IN HERE?

He runs over into --

**INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT**

It's empty. Dark. The music player suddenly stops. The record player is clearly off.

Steve looks around in confusion. He steps on -- the BROKEN BOTTLE. Pills scattered about. Suddenly the wall clock strikes 7:43 pm.

STEVE

ROSE! ROSE, ARE YOU IN HERE?

ROSE (O.S.)

Steve...

He turns back around and there she is, by the window. Hazy, barely standing. Suddenly the DARK MAN passes right THROUGH HIM like a specter, lunging at her. His hands around her neck. Steve drops to his knees, clutching his chest in pain.

STEVE

STOP! WHO ARE YOU?

Steve tries to stand up in vain, struggling to get closer to them, to see the Dark Man's face.

STEVE  
WHO ARE YOU? ROSE?! PLEASE, BABY!

Suddenly, the man turns around. It's STEVE! Eyes glowing with hate. Steve A looks in shock.

STEVE  
Wait, what? It's...it's impossible! No! It can't be! This...isn't real? You're not real! None of this is real! DOCTOR BENNETT!

The room turns pitch black. A flicker of a light on him as he screams in silence.

**INT. DR. BENNETT'S OFFICE -- DAY**

Steve awakens with a jolt. Again.

STEVE  
ROSE! ...What happened?

DR. BENNETT  
In a state of hypnosis, you said --

STEVE  
I said I killed my wife?

DR. BENNETT  
Yeah. Is that true?

STEVE  
Did I say I heard music? Stravinski? And I said it would happen tonight at seven forty-three, correct?

DR. BENNETT  
Yeah, how did you...?

STEVE  
Wait, what is going on here? Am I... still dreaming?

DR. BENNETT  
I'm very real, thank you very much.

STEVE  
Prove it. I can't dream anything outside of the existence of my own knowledge so tell me something new. What's inside that door?

Steve points to another door by the side. Dr. Bennett smiles mysteriously.

DR. BENNETT  
Why don't you open it and find out?

Steve walks over to it, wrapping his hand around the knob nervously... Suddenly he yanks it open and we're in...

**EXT. PARKING LOT -- EVENING**

Steve, confused, looks around himself. No door from which he came. Dr. Bennett steps out from behind him.

STEVE  
How is this possible?

DR. BENNETT  
How is what possible?

STEVE  
I was just in your office. I don't remember --

DR. BENNETT  
What do you remember, Steve?

His phone beeps. The same message as before. As he looks up we're at...

**EXT. HOUSE -- EVENING**

As before. Dr. Bennett walks past him to the front door.

STEVE  
I'm still dreaming.

DR. BENNETT  
If you say so. C'mon. Lets see what really happened that night.

**INT. HOUSE -- EVENING**

They walk inside. Same state as before.

DR. BENNETT  
...Dreams are just a way for the mind to figure things out, of taking your memories and interpreting possible outcomes.

Steve walks up to the desk. The card. "Remember". Steve looks off to the side. Empty bottles of liquour. A lot of them.

INT. HOUSE -- DAY

A quick flash of Rose writing on the back of the CARD, tears in her eyes, pushing all the bottles aside. She picks up her phone to write a text.

INT. HOUSE -- EVENING

Back to scene.

DR. BENNETT  
Remember this, Steve?

Dr. Bennett holds up a lacy pink bra.

STEVE  
That's...not my wife's.

Suddenly the music starts. Steve swallows, scared.

STEVE  
What happened here?

DR. BENNETT  
You killed her, Steve. Just like you said. Just like you always remembered. Just like you always dreamt.

STEVE  
No! It's impossible! She's alive!

DR. BENNETT  
Why don't you open it and find out?

Steve walks with great trepidation toward the bedroom. Suddenly he stops.

STEVE  
Wait... I remember this. I came in!

Steve watches as the lights suddenly turn on, layers of dust suddenly dissipating. He sees himself, STEVE B...walking in the front door, hanging his business jacket.

STEVE B  
Honey, I'm home! I got your text. Sorry I was so late, Bennett gave me a pile of papers to fill out in the last minute...

Steve B stops as he sees the CARD on the desk. He walks over, looks at it curiously. He looks at the bottles then notices the bra on the floor. Suddenly, music!

STEVE B  
Fuck! HONEY!

Steve A watches Steve B rush past him into the bedroom. Dr. Bennett looks over Steve A's shoulder, whispering...

DR. BENNETT  
(sarcastically)  
You were happy...

Steve A follows Steve B into...

**INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT**

Rose is swaying by the window. Steve B stops as he steps on the broken bottle. Pills all over the floor.

STEVE B  
Honey? Jesus... What did you do?

Suddenly, Rose collapses. Steve Beta rushes to catch her.

Steve A looks at them blankly.

STEVE A  
I tried to save her...

Steve B holds her up, slapping her face, pushing his fingers down her throat until she starts choking. He pushes the pills up her throat with his hands.

STEVE B  
COME ON ROSE! PLEASE, BABY! DON'T  
YOU DIE ON ME!

Steve B is crying as nothing helps. He drops to his knees with Rose in his arms. She is dying.

STEVE B  
I'm so sorry baby, I didn't mean  
it... I didn't mean for you to get  
hurt... I didn't mean for you to  
find out... I promise I'll be a  
better man for you baby!

ROSE  
(softly)  
It's okay, Steve. It's okay. Let  
me go.

Suddenly, Steve A is the one holding her, looking at her distantly.

STEVE A

I can't... I can't stop dreaming  
about you... I want to be a better  
man for you.

ROSE

You don't understand. You  
can't. This is my dream. Not  
yours. You're not real. I wish  
you were.

STEVE A

(realizing)  
Possible outcomes...

ROSE

Hopes and fears...

Her eyes close. Everything starts to shake. Books are falling off the shelf. One book - "INTERPRETING DREAMS". Everything is falling apart.

Steve A clutches her tightly, his eyes welling up with tears as he fades away, leaving Rose alone on the floor, dead, with Steve B standing over her, on the phone.

STEVE B

I need an ambulance! My wife just  
committed suicide!

THE END