

IN YOUR DREAMS

FADE IN:

EXT. PACIFIC ISLAND - DAY

An idyllic scene of breathtaking beauty. The surf gently crashes on a beach to the cries of seagulls, as palm trees wave against a crystal blue sky.

INT. BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

The beautiful vista can be seen through the window as soft music plays. MARCIA SIEGEL, covered by a white sheet, lies face-down on a massage table. She's an attractive woman, fast approaching thirty. She's clearly enjoying the massage being given to her by JULIO, a stunningly handsome Latino man, stripped to the waist, his chiseled muscles glistening with oil.

MARCIA

Oh, Julio, you're the best. Mmm...

JULIO

Time to turn over, señorita.

Marcia turns over, coyly pulling the sheet up to her chin. Julio offers her a box of Belgian chocolates.

JULIO

Would señorita care for a chocolate?

MARCIA

Oh, no, I can't. I'm watching my weight.

JULIO

How silly you are. These are magic chocolates. The more you eat, the more weight you lose.

MARCIA

Oh, of course, that's right. How could I forget?

Julio picks a chocolate from the box. Marcia opens her mouth and he slowly, seductively, places it on her tongue.

MARCIA

Mmm...

JULIO

Señorita...Marcia. There's something I must tell you.

MARCIA
What is it, Julio?

JULIO
I'm not really a cabana boy. I've just been pretending all this time so I could get close to you.

MARCIA
I don't understand.

JULIO
In my real life, I'm actually an extremely successful businessman.

MARCIA
How successful?

JULIO
I hold the patent on water.

MARCIA
The patent on water? My God. That must make you--

JULIO
That's right. I'm the richest man in the world. And I'd give it all up just to be with you.

MARCIA
Oh, Julio.

JULIO
Marcia, my dear, my beloved, there's something I've been waiting...aching to tell you.

MARCIA
Yes, Julio? What is it?

Julio leans forward and gazes deeply, longingly into her eyes. There is a long moment of silence as they appear to be looking into each other's very souls.

JULIO
Marcia?

MARCIA
Yes, Julio?

JULIO
Marcia, my dearest?

MARCIA
Yes, Julio?

He speaks softly yet passionately, his voice oozing with romance.

JULIO
Traffic on the 101 is backed up all the way to the Cahuenga Pass.

Marcia looks at him uncomprehendingly.

MARCIA
What?

JULIO
Southbound the 405 is slow from Ventura to the 105.

Marcia is now completely baffled.

MARCIA
What are you--?

JULIO
(now in the voice of a female radio announcer)
On the 10 eastbound, an injury-accident off to the right shoulder is slowing traffic--

INT. MARCIA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Marcia wakes up in bed, the sheet clutched up to her chin. Her radio alarm clock plays a traffic report.

FEMALE RADIO ANNOUNCER
(V.O.)
--from Cloverfield. On the 110 northbound near Manchester Avenue, debris in the road is blocking the number four lane--

Marcia rolls over and turns off the radio. She lies in bed for a few moments, laughs at herself, then throws off the covers and gets up.

INT. MARCIA'S BATHROOM - LATER

Marcia, sharply dressed for work, professional yet decidedly fashionable. She painstakingly applies her lipstick and studies her face in the mirror for any trace of wrinkles.

She carefully surveys her outfit, making sure there are no creases.

She turns to leave the bathroom, then stops. Returns to the mirror and once again studies her mouth, making sure her lipstick is perfectly applied. Finally satisfied, she turns and leaves the room.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DAY

Marcia steps off a bus onto a crowded city sidewalk and walks towards her office. She's joined by her friend ANN, who is every so slightly older and less attractive than she.

ANN

'Morning.

MARCIA

'Morning.

ANN

Go anywhere fun this weekend?

MARCIA

And miss the *What Not to Wear* marathon on cable?

ANN

God, we're both pathetic.

MARCIA

You saw it too?

ANN

All twelve hours. I ate so much Ben and Jerry's I was practically hyperglycemic. Why didn't you go out with Martin?

MARCIA

Oh, it's over with Martin.

ANN

Why?

MARCIA

You know. He did that spitting thing.

ANN

For God's sake, Marcia. Martin isn't good enough for you. Jim wasn't good enough for you. Tom wasn't good enough for you.

MARCIA

Oh, come on. Tom? He had those ears.

ANN

So his ears were a little big.

MARCIA

A little? He used to have to notify LAX on windy days. Hey, at least I had a great dream last night. The richest man in the world asked me to marry him.

ANN

The richest man in the world, huh?
(beat)
You know, money can't buy everything.

MARCIA

Sister, whatever it can't buy me, I don't need.

Ann laughs as they walk down the sidewalk. Across the street, on the opposite sidewalk and headed in the opposite direction, walk BILL CALDWELL and his friend DOUG. They are both in their early thirties and are both dressed in slightly scruffy "corporate casual" attire.

DOUG

--and then, from behind the curtain, comes the entire Swedish Bikini Team. Only--and this is the crucial part--*without* the bikinis. Top that.

BILL

Nope, you win. I can't even remember my dreams from last night. I probably dreamt about filing my taxes or something.

DOUG

Oh, dude, that's sad. If you're not getting any in real life, you should at least be having some cool dreams.

BILL

What can I tell you? I'll take it up with my unconscious.

INT. LOBBY OF OFFICE BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Marcia and Ann arrive at the lobby of their office building, which is bustling with activity. Marcia steps up to a bank of elevators.

ANN
Hey, you going to the thing
tonight?

MARCIA
What thing?

ANN
You know. The big reception.

MARCIA
Oh, God. I hate those things.

ANN
Come on, Marcia. Maybe we'll meet
a couple of really great guys.

MARCIA
Yeah, in your dreams.

ANN
Of course, if you'd prefer to stay
home, I hear there's a *Murder She
Wrote* marathon on the Lifetime
channel. I'm sure you and your
cats will enjoy that.

MARCIA
Okay, okay. I'll stop by and check
it out. God, you're a worse nag
than my mother.

The elevator doors open and Marcia steps on, along with a wave of others.

ANN
(calling behind her in a
matronly voice)
And don't forget to clean up that
room, young lady!

Marcia smirks and gives her the finger as the elevator doors close.

EXT. COFFEE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Bill and Doug stop outside a coffee house.

DOUG
There she is.

Doug gestures through the window of the establishment.

BILL
Who?

DOUG
That chick I was telling you about.

Bill looks through the window. Inside, an incredibly hot young woman is ordering a coffee at the counter.

DOUG
She's there every morning. Always alone, even on Saturdays and Sundays. Which means...

BILL
Which means?

DOUG
Which means she doesn't have company on Friday and Saturday nights.

BILL
So?

DOUG
What do you I have to do, draw you a map? Go talk to her. You haven't even had a date in months.

BILL
Oh...I don't know. I mean, I appreciate it and all, but...

DOUG
What's the problem?

BILL
I'm just not very good at that kind of thing. You know, walking up to a strange woman, striking up a conversation. Besides, I don't think I'm over Lisa yet.

DOUG
Lisa walked out six months ago. Come on, Bill.

(MORE)

DOUG (cont'd)

At this rate, you're going to need Viagra by the time you have sex again. Just go talk to her.

BILL

And say what?

DOUG

Say anything. Talk about the weather.

BILL

The weather?

DOUG

Whatever.

BILL

No, seriously, the weather? That's going to impress her? Women are really captivated by witty meteorological observations these days, are they?

DOUG

You know what your problem is? You think too much. Come on, take a risk for once in your life.

Doug opens the door of the coffee house for Bill. Bill heaves a heavy sigh and walks in.

Through the glass, Doug watches as Bill orders a coffee at the counter. He takes the coffee and joins the woman at the condiment stand.

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bill stands directly across from the woman, who's pouring non-fat milk into her chai tea. He picks up the sugar, begins pouring it into his coffee. Glances toward the window. Doug gives him a "thumbs up" sign.

Bill pours more sugar into his coffee. Clears his throat. The woman doesn't notice. He continues pouring. She glances up for just a moment. He tries to make eye contact with her, smiles. Again, she doesn't notice.

He continues pouring sugar into his coffee. Begins whistling. Again, the woman doesn't acknowledge him. Finally, she picks up her tea and leaves. Bill watches as she walks out the door, right past Doug. A moment later, he follows her.

EXT. COFFEE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

DOUG

Well?

BILL

I don't think we really hit it off.
Want some coffee?

DOUG

You don't want it?

BILL

I don't take sugar.

He hands Doug the coffee and walks away. Doug tastes it and makes a face of disgust.

EXT. ROOFTOP OF MARCIA'S OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

The rooftop is decorated for a party, with streamers, tables, and various bar stations scattered about, and a lectern stationed at one edge of the roof. The roof is packed with professionally dressed people, drinking and mingling.

At the podium, an older, PRIM WOMAN is delivering a speech with the lights of the Los Angeles skyline as a backdrop.

PRIM WOMAN

And this quarter, under the leadership of Mr. Farnsworth, we have once again been named the top realty company in Los Angeles. Thank you all for your hard work. And now...enjoy!

A smattering of applause.

EXT. - AT THE BAR

Marcia stands alone at the bar nursing a drink and looking extremely bored.

FARNSWORTH

(O.S.)

Don't you hate these things?

MARCIA

God, yes. And if I have to listen to one more speech about how bloody wonderful Clifford Farnsworth is, I think I'll pu--

She turns to find she's speaking to CLIFFORD FARNSWORTH, president and CEO of the company. He's a tall, dashing, handsome man with a thousand dollar suit and a million dollar smile.

MARCIA

Oh, my God. Mr. Farnsworth. I'm so sorry, I didn't mean--

FARNSWORTH

(laughing)

Don't worry. I get awfully tired hearing about myself, too. Forgive me if this is an impertinent question but...do you work for me?

MARCIA

(nervously)

Uh, yes. Actually. About three years now. In Finance.

FARNSWORTH

Really? Well, I must make a note to give someone in H.R. a raise for hiring somebody so...fetching.

MARCIA

(blushing)

Well, thank you.

FARNSWORTH

You appear to have me at a disadvantage.

MARCIA

Excuse me?

FARNSWORTH

Well, I suppose I could have one of my assistants do an exhaustive search of our personnel files, but it would be so much easier if you'd just...*tell* me your name.

MARCIA

Oh. Marcia. Marcia Siegel.

Suddenly an ASSISTANT approaches.

ASSISTANT

Excuse me, Mr. Farnsworth. I'm sorry to interrupt, sir, but that call from Tokyo has come through.

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For the complete script please contact Jennifer Brooks at
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