

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A young married couple in their early 30s are asleep in their bed. The man, HENRY, on his back and his wife, LAURA, on her side with her back to her husband. The only sound is their breathing.

Without warning, Henry suddenly opens his eyes. He stares up at the ceiling, as his mind seems to be searching--

HENRY (V.O.)
Hysteria... Destruction... Death.

The man rises from bed and leaves. His wife, still asleep, rolls onto her other side, her body now facing the empty side of the bed.

HALLWAY - SAME

Henry, in T-shirt and boxers, is walking down the dark hall.

HENRY (V.O.)
The earth shook from the sheer
weight of this-- thing. This
destroyer on his march, crushing
underfoot the homes and buildings
of the city. Of the world.

DEN - CONTINUOUS

A lamp cuts on, as Henry sits down at a large OAK DESK. He grabs a memo-pad from a drawer and tears off a few square sheets.

HENRY (V.O.)
Clinging to the ankle of this beast
was a tiny old man-- yelling,
pleading with the people to
scatter. To run. But none would
listen. Only stare.

Henry is searching his desk for a pen--

HENRY (V.O.)
Because the creature upon whose leg
he rode, ravaging all in his path,
was nothing more than a--

ON MEMO SHEET

With pen to paper, Henry's hand writes: GIANT CHILD, A BABY REALLY, CRUSHING THE WORLD WITH HIS STEPS

ON HENRY

--tearing off another small sheet and hurriedly SCRIBBLING more notes. When that one is full he tears off another and writes, then another, until there are about five in front of him.

ON DESK

The small square sheets contain phrases such as: OLD MAN, BUILDINGS TRAMPLED, PEOPLE SCREAMING, RUIN

BACK TO HENRY

--opening a desk drawer and retrieving a SHOEBOX wrapped with a rubber band. He removes the lid and dumps the contents out on the desk: Hundreds of FOLDED SQUARE MEMOS, similar to the ones he'd just written.

Curious, as if he's made some connection, Henry begins unfolding them, reading them.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Laura is still lying on her side but is now awake. In the morning light she looks exhausted, pale, even sick. She watches her husband, who now stands in front of the mirror, trying to adjust his necktie. It hangs too long, so he undoes it. Tries again.

LAURA

I was thinking-- we can move the desk into the other room this weekend... If you want to.

HENRY

(barely listening)
Okay. Sure.

He gives up, yanks his tie off, undoes his top button.

HENRY
(to himself)
All right. I won't wear one.

He leans toward the mirror, inspecting his face, looking like someone who hasn't slept in days.

LAURA (O.S.)
You know, Henry... There's plenty
of good medicine out there.

HENRY
Like all the stuff that's helping
you so well.

He takes a swig of coffee, sees his wife lying in bed,
looking helpless.

HENRY
I'm sorry. I shouldn't...
(putting on his coat)
Anyway, it's not insomnia. I told
you. I get plenty of sleep.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - RESTROOM - DAY

On the lavatory floor of a small bathroom Henry is lying on
his back SLEEPING. His breathing is a bit louder than normal.
Intense, until--

KNOCKING at the door. Henry wakes and sits up, rubs his eyes.

RATTLING of keys in the door's lock.

HENRY
Someone's in here.

CLEANING WOMAN (O.S.)
Sorry. I come back later.

Groggy, Henry stands and goes to the SINK, where he splashes
water to his face and cups some to drink. He dries his face
and neck with a paper towel then abruptly stops, recalling
something--

HENRY (V.O.)
A dozen of them. Some floating on
their sides, some wedged between
rocks down at the bottom. All dead.

Henry quickly pulls a pen from his breast pocket, searches
for a notepad in his coat--

HENRY (V.O.)

Trying not to cry, a little girl
scoops the fish from the pond and
carries them out back, to the
dumpster. When she returns, though,
there are more.

Henry snatches a brown PAPER TOWEL from the dispenser--

HENRY (V.O.)

She does the same again, only now
the tears are welling. She returns
once more to the pond and sees--

Henry begins hurriedly SCRIBBLING on the paper towel, which
he holds up against the wall.

HENRY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Henry, at his desk, is carefully tearing the same paper towel
into seven or eight separate pieces, all bearing his
handwriting.

Among other phrases on the paper towel squares are the
written words: MOUNDS OF DEAD GOLDFISH, IN A DRY POND, GIRL
CRYING, HELPLESS

Henry stares at these for a moment, then reaches across his
desk and grabs a STACK of napkins, ripped phonebook pages,
and receipts. Each covered with similar jottings of past
dreams.

Intense, Henry looks to be trying to figure all these notes
into some kind of order, rearranging them with bursts of
speed and moments of hesitation.

Lost in the task at hand, he doesn't notice that a CO-WORKER
has stepped into the doorway--

CO-WORKER

(tugging his own tie)
Maybe the company--

HENRY

(startled)
Jesus, Matt--

MATT

--will agree to buy you a box of
clip-ons.
(smiles)
You all right, there?

HENRY
(collecting himself)
Yeah, I just...

Matt notices the notes littered across Henry's desk.

MATT
(apologetic)
Your door was open.

HENRY
I know.

Self-conscious, Henry begins raking all the notes into a DESK DRAWER.

MATT
You had lunch yet?

HENRY
No. I, uh... I've gotta run out.
Run some errands.

Matt picks up a couple notes that fell from the desk and hands them to Henry.

MATT
Still having nightmares?

Henry rises and puts on his coat.

HENRY
They aren't nightmares.

MATT
You're not wetting the bed, are you?

HENRY
No. I'm not wetting the bed.

MATT
Hey, you know Sandra, over in accounting? Always wearing purple? You know, she used to be into spiritual healing or shamanism or something like that. Hocus pocus, I know, but I've heard her talking with other people about their nightma-- dreams before. You could--

HENRY

Thanks, but I'm not going to a medium.

MATT

Even one who's good at math and balancing budgets?

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - CUBICLE - AFTERNOON

Henry, in an almost hushed voice, is talking to someone.

HENRY

When they started, they were more humorous, I guess. One of the first ones I had was--

FOOTSTEPS of someone walking by cause him to briefly stop his story until they pass.

HENRY

(lower now)

One of the first ones I had was of a guy who moved all of his den furniture into his bedroom. And all of his bedroom furniture into his den. Because he had read somewhere that insomniacs shouldn't do anything in their bedroom but sleep. And he'd always slept on the couch and didn't want to change that just because he liked to read and eat in the den.

(to himself)

Even confuses me...

(to other person)

Anyway, eventually he was cooking meals out on the driveway and sleeping on a cot in the kitchen.

ON THE PERSON HENRY IS TALKING TO

A heavysset middle-aged woman in purple, SANDRA. She is smiling at this story, encouraging Henry to go on--

HENRY

Then they started getting a little more strange, you know. There was one I had, this old gray-bearded man whose village was inside a tiny snowglobe.

(MORE)

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For the complete script please contact Jennifer Brooks at
info@filmmakers.com