

INNOCENT WHEN YOU DREAM

FADE IN:

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Directly in front of us lying face-up on a rich, dark-leather couch is a MAN in his mid thirties. Although dressed conservatively neat in khakis and a fitted button-down shirt he appears to be dishevelled, and worn down from many sleepless nights.

Seated in a chair beside him, slightly out of focus from the bright sunlight bursting through the office windows, we see the outline of a WOMAN patiently looking down toward the MAN.

After a moment, the MAN reaches over to a table at his side and grabs a lit cigarette from an ashtray. He takes a long drag. Smoke billows out of his mouth as he exhales. We follow the smoke as it trails off slowly to nowhere...

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

I don't know. Sometimes I get these feelings...

WOMAN'S VOICE) (O.S.)

And what feelings are those?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

I know she loves me. But, I can't help but feeling as though...I mean, If I can't give us a...? And that makes me angry...It makes me want to...

The MAN'S voice trails off raspy and tired.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

What would you like to do Bradley?

BRADLEY

I don't know...Something I'll regret.

PANNING DOWN from the smoke we MOVE IN close on Bradley's tortured face, until we settle on his troubled, bloodshot eyes...

FADE TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

...We PAN OUT from Bradley's face and see that his head is no longer resting on a leather couch. Rather, it rests on a white satin pillowcase.

The room flickers softly by candlelight as WE PAN across. The walls are neatly bare except for a portrait of Bradley looking distinguished, donning a conservative, sharp-looking suit. Draped on his shoulder is a beautiful, slightly YOUNGER WOMAN wearing a beautiful sundress, and an equally beautiful smile. She is a breath of fresh air in opposition to Bradley's seriousness.

As WE PAN back down to the bed we see straddling on top of Bradley from underneath the covers is the outline of a WOMAN. She is orally pleasing her man.

Bradley moves around uncomfortably.

BRADLEY
Honey...Honey stop.

The woman keeps right on going.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Honey...Please. STOP!

After a frustrating moment the woman stops. With the covers now off we see that she is KATE(26), the woman in the portrait.

KATE
Babe...what can I do?

Bradley, now sitting up in bed, stares shamefully ahead. Kate comes up from behind him.

KATE (CONT'D)
Baby...It's okay.

Kate attempts to put a comforting hand on Bradley's shoulder, but he immediately pulls away from her. Kate watches helplessly as he abruptly moves out of bed and puts on his robe.

Bradley then walks to the door and pauses. After a deadening silence...

BRADLEY
It's not okay.

Bradley walks through the door and out of the bedroom.
CHANGING FOCUS we end on a framed snapshot on a night-stand
next to the bed. In it Kate and Bradley cuddle up together
in what seems to be a far off exotic location.

FADE OUT.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Dark clouds roll in from the distance. In front of us stands
a well kept traditionally white two story New England style
house. From inside WE HEAR Canon in D Major (quintessential
wedding song) by Johann Pachelbel PLAYING SOFTLY in the
background.

INT. LIVING ROOM.

Kate finishes packing up art supplies.

Bradley sits watching his wife intently in a large
overstuffed leather chair, his beloved CAPTAIN'S CHAIR.

Kate moves to Bradley and gives him a quick kiss on the
lips.

KATE

Gotta go, babe. See you tonight.

Deflated, Bradley nods. Then...

BRADLEY

Have a good time with your class.

KATE

What is it, sweetie?

BRADLEY

Nothing.

KATE

No, baby. Tell me what it is.

Bradley gets up and meets Kate at the door.

BRADLEY

I...I suppose I was hoping maybe you
could miss your class today, and be with
me.

KATE

Oh, Honey! You're still upset about last
night aren't you...

Bradley looks away clearly upset.

KATE (CONT'D)

Look, I told you it's okay. We'll work it out...together. I'm not your past, I'm here to stay. I promise you.

BRADLEY

I just don't know what I'd do if you ever...

KATE

(cutting Bradley off)

...Hey, I told you I'd never leave you. I mean that. I love you. And I want to spend the rest of my life with you.

Bradley grabs her hand and kisses it assuringly.

KATE (CONT'D)

Listen, I won't be late tonight and we can be together as long as you want. I promise.

Kate runs her fingers through Bradley's hair.

BRADLEY

I love you.

Bradley cups Kate's head in his hands and kisses her on the forehead.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Now go. You're going to be late.

Kate, torn, kisses Bradley one more time on his lips and then hurries off.

INT. STUDY - MOMENTS LATER

Bradley enters his study and sits at his desk. He looks very meager, almost like a boy, against the ornately refined decor of the study. He gazes around at all the framed documents of accomplishments on the walls of his study. Hanging his head in shame, Bradley finally breaks.

INT. CAR - DAY

Kate talks into her cell phone as she drives through traffic.

KATE
Heellllooo, Noah...Yes, I'm
going to be a little late.
Again....Oh, you're soo
bad!...Thank you, Noah! I'll
see you soon...yep, Ciao.

Kate throws her phone down on the console. She then checks the rearview mirror, BLASTS her car stereo, and steps on the gas zooming through traffic.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Bradley paces around the kitchen with his cell phone to his ear.

BRADLEY
Answer the curs'ed phone
dammit!

After a moment he slams the phone shut and throws it on the table. From the force it starts to fall. He moves to catch it, fumbling around with it for a bit until it drops to the floor.

Angrily, he snatches it off the floor, looking as though he's about to hurl it against the wall. But at the last moment he gains his composure, somewhat, and places it on the table.

He walks to the wall and pounds his fists into it.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
FUCK!!!

The classical music PLAYS a bit louder in the background. It has changed to Adagio In G Minor by Albinoni-Giazotto (Beautifully tragic song.)

WE PAN upward to see held up by a magnet to the fridge, a snapshot of Kate and another MAN smiling as they hold a painting up over their heads.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM. - DAY

Bradley sits in his CAPTAIN'S CHAIR. He is sipping from a drink. Bradley now has a strange poise about him. He stares forward at a painting hanging on the wall.

After a moment Bradley puts the glass down on a coffee table next to a half empty bottle of scotch. Bradley walks to the painting. He observes it closely. It is of a baby. It is quite simple, but beautiful.

He looks to the bottom where there is the artist's name. It reads "Katie Johnson."

Tears begin to well up in his eyes as Bradley looks onto the painting. Then, suddenly, he lurches at the painting ripping it off the wall and BASHING it repeatedly into the coffee table. He stands over his mess breathing heavily like a rabid animal.

Finally, Bradley looks off in the direction of his study. In an instant he is off in that direction.

INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Bradley storms in toward a wall painting. He swings it open and underneath hides a safe. Frantically he turns the dial opening the safe. He reaches in and pulls out a revolver. Checks it. Pulls out a box of bullets. Loads it. Puts it in his pants pocket. Shuts the safe. Walks out of the room.

INT. LIVING ROOM. - CONTINUOUS

Bradley in a CONTROLLED HASTE walks to the door. He opens the door and walks out, SLAMMING it behind him.

INT. CAR - LATE DAY

THE CLOUDS HAVE ROLLED IN and it is beginning to RAIN. Our car drives slowly ahead. In front of us lies a long unpaved driveway leading to what appears to be an abandoned warehouse.

Looking closer we see a sign above the front entrance that reads in clean, simple letters, "NOAH ST. PIERRE: ARTIST." Light spills from the windows of the warehouse loft.

CUT TO:

INT. NOAH'S WAREHOUSE LOFT- LATE DAY

The loft is surprisingly well kept in contrast to it's rundown exterior. It is a huge room with concrete floors,

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