

WAKE UP DEAD

Written by
Andy Salmen

Based on the book "Wake Up Dead" by
Christopher Jonnes

V8 8/14/21

Andy Salmen
612-309-3224
ajsalmen@gmail.com
Copyright 2021, Andy Salmen
All rights Reserved

Contact: Mark Vadik
Law Offices Of Mark Vadik
312-656-9926

FADE IN:

1 EXT. BEACH - NIGHT 1

A dark sea, powerful waves slam into the beach. The sky, a dark and dangerous hue.

2 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 2

A tangled web of high-tech equipment; cords, connections, and monitors overwhelm a master bedroom adorned with dark oak furnishings and accents.

3 EXT. BEACH - NIGHT 3

Waves are crashing hard on the beach. Dark storm clouds are in the sky.

4 INT. BEDROOM 4

A large cord spans the width of the room, snaking across the floor and up the side of a bed frame.

MAN (V.O.)
(whispering)
Now I lay me down to sleep,

5 EXT. BEACH 5

A flicker of lightning brightens the blackness of the beach. Down under the pier are the silhouettes of two men.

MAN (V.O.)
(whispering)
Pray the Lord my soul to keep.

6 INT. BEDROOM 6

The cords converge on a motionless figure on the bed. A turquoise-blue light emits from equipment affixed to the headboard, emitting a light blue light focused on the sleeping man's face, scanning.

MAN (V.O.)
(whispering)
If I die while I'm away,

7 EXT. BEACH 7

The two men still facing one another.

Lightning again illuminates the beach with shards of light. Around the wrist of one of the men, a gold bracelet shimmers in the moon's light.

The waves slam into the beach.

MAN
(whispering)
pray the Lord my soul to wake.

Deafening thunder silences the shoreline, the storm now covers the beach in darkness.

CUT TO:

8 INT. UNIVERSITY LECTURE HALL - DAY 8

A door slams thunderously. A man enters a spacious auditorium. MASON BROOKS, an Englishman late 50s, serious, intentional, not unattractive but looks his age; confidently walks to the podium, taking in the room and his audience.

A large blue banner hangs on the back wall behind Mason, spanning nearly the width of the room. It reads "INSTITUTE OF ADVANCED STUDY EST. 1930 - A Fellowship for Theoretical Research and Intellectual Inquiry."

Below the banner, portraits of former faculty hang, a collection of esteemed historical individuals. Most prominent is a picture of an older gentlemen with wiry silver hair and a recognizable mustache; the image is of Albert Einstein.

MASON
(to his students)
Ah, the eager minds full of hope,
aspirations, dreams.

Students are taking their seats.

Mason walks to his desk, sits, and closes an open drawer.

9 INT. MURPHY'S FRO-YO & SORBET - OFFICE 9

MURPHY slides a stack of cash to the middle of a table. Murphy and another man are seated at the table in a small office located in a large warehouse in the back of Murphy's Fro-Yo & Sorbet. Just outside the office, trucks are being loaded with product.

Murphy, in his mid 40s, still has his hands on the cash. Opposite of him is PAUL FONTANA. Paul, 30, is rugged and very good-looking; someone men want to be and women want to be with.

MURPHY

The ten K you already owe me plus twenty more -- makes forty.

PAUL

You mean thirty.

MURPHY

I'm not a charity here.

PAUL

That's more than thirty percent. Last time it was twenty.

MURPHY

Last time you didn't pay on time. You want better rates, go to the bank.

PAUL

Fine -- I'll take it.

MURPHY

That's forty K total. You have seven days.

(pausing)

Paul, look at me.

Paul looks up at Murphy who is staring back at him with purpose.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

I'm not messing around this time. One week, or I'm taking your daddy's car.

Paul grabs the money, puts it into his bag.

10

INT. MURPHY'S FRO-YO & SORBET - STORE

10

Murphy and Paul walk toward the front of the shop.

Murphy stops at the row of Fro-Yo dispensers.

MURPHY

You want Fro-Yo to go?

PAUL

Sure.

Murphy pulls down one of the levers, fills a cup, and hands it to Paul.

Paul takes a bite and begins to walk out.

MURPHY

That'll be seven-fifty.

PAUL

You serious?

Murphy, silent and serious, looks back at Paul.

Paul digs in his pocket and hands Murphy a \$10 bill.

MURPHY

(smiling)

I'll keep the change.

Paul shakes his head and walks out.

Murphy and TOMMY, Murphy's right-hand man, tough-looking and in his early 30s, watch Paul leave.

TOMMY

What's with the old muscle car?
Can't be worth much.

MURPHY

Besides the condo and his family's restaurant, that car is about all he has left after his parents died. He's gambled most everything else away.

11 EXT. MURPHY'S FRO-YO & SORBET 11

Paul jumps in a classic muscle car in pristine condition and speeds off down the road.

12 I/E. MASON'S OFFICE - DAY 12

Mason diligently places files and notes in a briefcase and walks out of his office toward the main entrance.

13 EXT. UNIVERSITY 13

A black Mercedes approaches and slows to stop in front of Mason. Mason gets in the passenger side without breaking stride.

Driving the car is MONICA, 27, a stunning and exceptionally beautiful woman: vivacious, elegance, grace.

MASON

You're late. We must stay on schedule.

MONICA

Sorry, the traffic,

MASON

(interrupting)

Could have been avoided. You know it is imperative that we stay on schedule.

14 EXT. AIRPORT - AFTERNOON 14

Paul, still in his car, approaches the airport. He drives into the parking ramp.

Paul, pulling a small suitcase, heads to the front entrance of the terminal.

As Paul enters the terminal, Mason's black Mercedes pulls up curbside.

Mason kisses Monica goodbye.

MASON

Do your best to be here on time when I return.

15 INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL 15

Mason makes his way to the gate and notices Paul standing in line. Mason does not know Paul, but he recognizes him from somewhere.

16 INT. AIRPLANE 16

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Welcome aboard.

Mason is disturbed by Paul's presence.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

Sir -- Sir, please find your seat.

Anxiously, Mason finds his aisle and takes his seat. Paul sits down in the open seat next to Mason.

The two exchange an awkward smile and a reciprocal head nod.

PAUL

You go to Atlantic City often?

Mason sits silent as Paul nudges his arm off the middle arm rest only glancing down at Paul's arm noticing a gold bracelet.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(sarcastically)

Gotta love these small planes.

Mason does not respond. Stoically stares ahead with uneasy eyes.

17 EXT. AIRPLANE 17

The small commuter plane speeds down the runway, taking flight and climbing high into the clouds.

18 INT. AIRPLANE 18

Just after takeoff, the plane flies into some violent turbulence.

Mason looks fearfully at his travel companion.

Suddenly - the plane plummets, violently shakes. Alarms sound, passengers scream.

CRASH!

Darkness.

19 EXT. AIRPLANE CRASH 19

Smoke and smoldering twisted metal are all that's left of the plane. The smoke rises high above the crash scene. The darkness begins to loosen its grip as the smoke rises higher and faster through the sky, racing toward the heavens.

20 INT. BROOKS HOME - MASON'S BEDROOM - MORNING 20

Mason's eyes open with a jolt. It was a dream.

Mason is surrounded by high-tech equipment. He is wearing a device that covers his eyes, similar to a virtual reality headset, and is seated in a leather recliner on the other side of the room.

Rattled, Mason throws off the device and looks up with a fearful stare.

21 INT. BROOKS HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING 21

Monica is at the kitchen table drinking a cup of coffee and reading the morning news on her tablet.

MONICA

What's wrong?

Mason does not answer, pours a cup of coffee.

MONICA (CONT'D)

He was in your dreams again, wasn't he? What did you see?

Mason takes a sip of coffee, gathering his thoughts, relaxing his mind.

MASON

Sitting right next to me. He's there. Him, that bracelet - always there.

(pause)

Cancel my flight.

22 EXT. UNIVERSITY - MORNING 22

Mason parks his Mercedes in a spot reserved for him and walks toward a prestigious building.

23 INT. UNIVERSITY LECTURE HALL 23

It is a familiar scene with the backdrop of brilliant noble laureates. It is the same lecture hall from Mason's dream. Mason enters and walks to the podium, taking in the auditorium and audience just as he had done before.

MASON

Ah, the eager minds full of hope, aspirations, dreams.

MASON (CONT'D)

Aristotle once said, 'The dream is a presentation when the senses are in a state of freedom. It is here within our soul by which we acquire knowledge.

(gauging his students)

So according to Aristotle, in our dreams, we 'acquire knowledge'? What does Aristotle mean?

STUDENT

Our dreams are --

MASON

(interrupting)

It was a rhetorical, Joshua -- but please proceed. Enlighten us.

STUDENT

Dreams are how we organize our thoughts, our experiences and knowledge gained throughout the day.

MASON

Perhaps. It is what most texts would suggest. But Aristotle also states, 'Nor is every presentation which occurs in sleep necessarily a dream'.

(gauging his students once again)

Now, if Aristotle felt that not all that we see during a sleep state are dreams, what else could we be experiencing? What else are we seeing, our inner-most desires, fears, fantasies?

Mason takes a seat at his desk and places a book in a drawer.

MASON (CONT'D)

Are we such stuff as dreams are made on - Or is there more?

Mason closes the desk drawer.

24

INT. NIGHT CLUB - BACKROOM - NIGHT

24

A pile of chips is pushed toward Paul, now seated with four others playing poker. All look a bit worn and have been playing for a while.

Checking his cards with those on the board, Paul realizes he has a straight flush, a dominant hand and most certainly a winner.

Paul glances at his hole cards again, trying to calm his emotions and forestall any tell. He has a huge hand, unbeatable almost.

POKER PLAYER #4 checks his hole cards and pushes in a sizable stack of chips.

POKER PLAYER #3

Raise -- to twenty-seven thousand.

PAUL

I call.

Poker Players #1 and #2 fold.

Now the turn, Paul confidently checks with a slight hand motion.

Poker Player #3 stares Paul down, measuring him and his hand.

POKER PLAYER #3

I'm all-In.

PAUL

(almost instantly)

I call.

Poker Player #3 shows his hand, the Ace of Diamonds and King of Hearts.

Paul is way ahead with a straight flush. Poker Player #3 only has one improbable out.

The dealer flips over the last card, the improbable out.

DEALER

(gesturing to Player #3)

Straight flush to the ace.

POKER PLAYER #3

Sorry 'bout that river. It can
drown the biggest of fish.

Paul is despondent. He's lost it all. He slams his drink as he leaves the table, shaking his head, mumbling to himself.

25 INT. NIGHTCLUB HALLWAY 25

Paul retreats down the hallway toward the main room of the club.

26 INT. NIGHTCLUB MAIN ROOM 26

Finding a spot at the bar, Paul quickly eyes a very attractive woman. Paul downs his drink.

They lock eyes. He approaches.

PAUL
You want a drink?

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN
What are we drinking to?

PAUL
To inhibitions. May they be silent
and ineffective.

The woman cracks a seductive smile.

Paul orders drinks. A look is exchanged that leaves no doubt as to where this is heading.

27 INT. BROOKS HOME - STUDY - NIGHT 27

Monica and Mason are sitting across from one another.

The room is decorated in comfortable elegance with dark wood and warm accents. A large leather sofa and two matching chairs encircle a large fireplace.

MONICA
How was work?

MASON
Work? What I do, my research, is
far more important than--

MONICA
I know all too well the importance
of your work.

MASON
As I recall it, you were quite
impressed by my research.

Monica doesn't lift her eyes from her book, rebuts,

MONICA

Gullible is more accurate, you showering me with your spot-on predictions, knowing what I was thinking or about to say.

MASON

I always remained a consummate gentleman. Attentive is all.

MONICA

Oh, yes!
 (mocking in a British accent)
 You exhibited a chivalry and charm bred at Oxford and unmatched by any gentleman suitor.

MASON

I don't have time for this.

MONICA

Ah, yes, your research.

Mason retreats and heads upstairs toward the master bedroom.

28

INT. BROOKS HOME - MASON'S BEDROOM

28

Mason organizes cords, electrodes, and various electronics, readying himself for bed. Mason begins to affix electrodes to his chest and head.

Monica enters, appearing a bit conciliatory. She helps Mason adjust the DreamweVR scanner above his head and lays him down on the bed.

MONICA

Sorry, I didn't mean to--

MASON

I wonder if you'd have acted differently if circumstances were reversed.
 (closing his eyes)
 Would you have used all of your abilities, as I had, in pursuit of one's greatest dreams and desires?

29 INT. WOMAN'S APARTMENT - MORNING 29

Paul is just waking, not hungover but certainly out of sorts. Next to him in bed is the woman from the club, naked but covered, still as sexy as the night before.

Paul checks his phone.

PAUL

Oh shit.

Searching for his pants, Paul fumbles to get dressed. Gathering his belongings, he sneaks out of the room unnoticed.

30 EXT. MASON'S CAR - AFTERNOON 30

Mason approaches an intersection and slows to a stop at a red light.

31 INT. MASON'S CAR 31

The light turns green and he proceeds through the intersection.

Suddenly, Mason's face tenses and he closes his eyes, bracing.

CRUNCH!

A blurred heap of metal barrels into Mason's car.

CUT TO:

32 INT. MASON'S CAR 32

Mason's eyes open. He is still at the intersection waiting for the red light to change.

It was a premonition.

33 EXT. MASON'S CAR 33

The light turns green and Mason begins to proceed just as he did in his premonition.

34 INT. MASON'S CAR 34

Mason's eyes go wide, aware now he is experiencing déjà vu.

Things slow down as if time itself was paused. Everything moving at a snail's pace, except for Mason. His movements normal, in real time, and in control.

Mason looks around, scanning his surroundings. He is aware, omniscient.

MASON (V.O.)
Familiar feeling. Recognize and identify.

Mason takes a deep breath.

MASON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Focus. Be present.

Mason scans the intersection, turning his head to the left. Eyes focus, pupils shrink.

MASON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Replay. Recall.

Mason sees Paul's car barreling down the road toward him. Zoom in close to see Paul is not paying attention to the approaching intersection.

MASON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Acknowledge danger. Examine options.

35 INT. PAUL'S CAR 35

Paul's car, racing toward the intersection.

Paul is fumbling, looking for something in the bag next to him. He doesn't see the red light or the intersection.

36 INT. MASON'S CAR 36

Mason looks intently in the direction of Paul's car.

MASON (V.O.)
Take action.

Mason slams on the brakes screeching to a quick stop.

37 EXT. PAUL'S CAR 37

Paul accelerates through the intersection, running the red light, barely missing Mason's car now stopped half past the crosswalk.

38 INT. MASON'S CAR 38

Mason quickly recognizes the driver as the man from his recurring dreams, then abruptly turns in Paul's direction, hoping to catch up to the speeding car.

39 EXT. MASON'S CAR 39

Mason floors it, but can't keep up with the muscle of Paul's car only getting close enough to see the license plate.

40 INT. MASON'S CAR 40

Mason brings the car to a stop on the side of the road, reaches for his phone and dials.

MASON

I need you to run a plate.

41 INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON - THE NEXT DAY 41

The apartment is well furnished, decorated with style and purpose. It is a place well suited for entertaining guests. Paul grabs a beer from the fridge and turns on some music.

A knock on the door.

Grabbing his gun from his room, Paul moves slowly toward the door. Looking through the peephole, no one is there.

42 INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY 42

Paul opens the door. The hallway is empty and quiet, only the sound of a door closing in the distance.

Paul sees a thick envelope at his feet. Peeking inside, he sees a stack of \$100 bills.

43 INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT 43

In the envelope is \$5,000 in cash and a letter.

Paul pulls out the letter and reads the handwritten note.

ON SCREEN

"I would like to meet with you to discuss a business proposition. The enclosed \$5,000 is yours to keep. You will receive another \$5,000.

Please come alone to my home tomorrow at 5PM. It would be to your benefit to remain silent on this matter.

*Yours most sincerely,
Mason Brooks"*

44 EXT. BROOKS HOME - AFTERNOON

44

Paul's car pulls into an exclusive gated community.

The boulevard is lined with luxury brownstones of distinctive architecture and with landscaping immaculately well maintained. This is not an area that Paul usually frequents.

Paul slows to a stop, checking the house number. Studying the letter for a moment, he grabs his gun from the glovebox holsters it in his waistband, and slowly approaches the front door. Before he has a chance to knock, the door opens.

MASON

Mr. Fontana, we've been expecting you. I'm Mason Brooks, the one who authored the letter.

Mason extends his hand in gratitude.

Paul shakes his hand firmly but hesitantly. From habit Paul introduces himself.

PAUL

Paul Fontana.

MASON

Yes, Mr. Fontana. Thank you, please come in.

Paul enters Mason's house cautiously, taking in his surroundings. His eyes are wide, head on a swivel.

45 INT. BROOKS HOME

45

Mason's home has a classic luxury, the feel of old money. It seems to be well beyond the reach of the people Paul owes money to. Nonetheless, Paul advances on edge.

PAUL

The letter said I would be paid another --

MASON

Your additional five thousand is in the study. Please, Mr. Fontana, follow me.

The two enter the study, a large room with built-ins filled with literature.

The room's natural light streams in through the floor-to-ceiling windows, yet now wanes as the evening wears on. The fireplace is the focal point of the room, filling the space with an amber glow.

MASON (CONT'D)

Mr. Fontana, take a seat. Can I get you anything?

PAUL

Yes, the five K promised in your letter.

MASON

Yes, of course. Here is the monetary allotment, and in exchange you agree to hear me out. But first, you must sign this.

Still holding the envelope, Mason hands Paul a document.

MASON (CONT'D)

It's a standard confidentiality agreement.

Paul skims over the document as if he knows what he's reading.

MASON (CONT'D)

Nothing discussed here can be shared with anyone, ever. No signature, no money.

Paul nods and signs it.

Mason exchanges the signed document for the envelope.

MASON (CONT'D)

Now, may I get you a drink?

Mason pours two glasses of scotch without waiting for an answer, hands Paul a drink, and sits down across from him.

MASON (CONT'D)

I'm a professor and research scientist at the Institute for Advanced Study. I have devoted the last thirty years of my life to the discipline of the human mind and its capacity to dream. Some would argue that I am the world's foremost expert on the topic.

Paul is confused. This is not what he expected.

PAUL

What does this have to do with me?

MASON

Have you heard of REM?

PAUL

The band?

MASON

Rapid-Eye-Movement.

Paul begins to fidget and lose his patience.

PAUL

Where is this going? And, again, what does this have to do with me?

Mason is oblivious to Paul's reaction, too interested in his own ramblings.

MASON

It is imperative that I can trust you with what I am about to tell you.

PAUL

I don't even know why I am here.

MASON

Do you know what déjà vu is, Mr. Fontana?

PAUL

Yes, of course.

MASON

The phrase is French for 'already seen'. Science explains this as an error in our minds, a misfiring of neurons.

(MORE)

MASON (CONT'D)

But what if I told you, Mr. Fontana, déjà vu is more than what you have been told -- that it is real?

Paul is now completely disinterested and has almost reached his limits enduring this scientific dissertation.

PAUL

Real? I'm living it. I keep asking the same question and can't get an answer.

(reiterating emphatically)

I don't see what this has to do with me and why the hell am I here.

Mason doesn't acknowledge, presses on.

MASON

That familiar feeling of "being here before" is indeed a premonition - a recall of the events yet to come. Our dreams provide a glimpse into the future, into the day about to unfold.

PAUL

As in seeing the future?

(sarcastically)

I should have seen that one coming. This is ridiculous. I appreciate the money, but I have better things to do.

MASON

Consensus is dreams in REM sleep are simply a synthesis of the day's events. Is it such a stretch to believe that our non-REM dreams are an aggregate of future events? It is the duality of life. Mr. Fontana, this is not theoretical.

PAUL

I understand the ying and yang here, but this is a bit much. You've got the wrong guy.

Monica, standing unnoticed in the doorway observing Paul, enters the room and the conversation.

MONICA

You will have to excuse my husband. Mason is extremely passionate about his research and can often get lost in it.

Monica crosses the room, gracefully working her way to Mason's side.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Perhaps you should discuss Mr. Fontana's involvement and compensation.

Monica's beauty captivates Paul. He's instantly re-engaged, doing all he can not to stare.

Monica stands beside Mason with her hand on his shoulder. The glow from the fire casts a shadow, accentuating every curve of her perfect form.

MASON

Cutting to the chase, Mr. Fontana, I require your participation in my research.

PAUL

Look, I'm no lab rat looking to be poked and prodded for a couple grand. Thanks for the offer and the science lesson. Like I said, you've got the wrong guy.

MASON

Mr. Fontana, I am sorry if I implied that you would not be well compensated for your participation. It will be much more than a few thousand dollars.

PAUL

How much more?

MONICA

Perhaps we should just show him?

MASON

Indeed.

Monica leads Paul to the stairs. Paul's eyes are on Monica's figure swaying back and forth as she walks. Her dress pulls taught around her thighs and butt as she ascends the staircase.

Mason notices Paul's fixation. His brow wrinkles.

46

INT. BROOKS HOME - GUEST BEDROOM

46

The bedroom has been converted into a research facility. The bed is in the center of the room and surrounded by monitors, cords and electrodes. Next to the bed is a virtuality reality device and a DreamWeaVR scanner exactly like Mason's.

Paul surveys the equipment with trepidation.

MASON

It is a rather noninvasive process in which I will monitor your sleep, recording and analyzing your dreams. It will require much of your time, and for that you will receive a substantial stipend of twenty-thousand dollars per week.

PAUL

Twenty-thousand dollars? You're kidding -- to watch me sleep?

MONICA

This will be your room. I'll assist you each night, making sure that the equipment is connected properly and operating as designed.

PAUL

Wait, I have to sleep here?

MASON

For now, yes, until we are able to fit your house with the necessary equipment to monitor remotely. We will also need to keep track of your daily activity.

PAUL

This is crazy. You want me to sleep here and let you watch my every move? And you're going to pay me twenty k a week -- on a teacher's salary? All because you think you can see the future?

MONICA

You mean Professor.

MASON

And while my salary and grants from the university are quite adequate, you are correct in your summation; alone would not be sufficient to support and sustain such an endeavor as this. To be blunt, I am financially independent and quite wealthy. You see, I have leveraged my abilities into substantial financial gains at the casinos, race tracks, stock markets, and through currency manipulation. I have amassed millions. I can teach you this -- after we complete the research.

Paul cracks a smile, now listening attentively.

PAUL

But why me? What is so important? What game are you playing here?

MONICA

This is no game, Paul. Mason's research is vital. It is a matter of life and death. Your participation is paramount.

PAUL

Life and death? What are you talking about?

MASON

I have been looking for you for quite some time -- ever since you began appearing in my dreams. For the better part of a year, I would see you. And every time I would see you, I would die.

PAUL

I kill you in your dreams and you think it's real? Come on.

MASON

You wouldn't necessarily commit murder. There were accidents. It didn't matter how, but if you were there, we would die. And indeed, it is real, and I can prove it.

PAUL

How can you prove something that never happened? You're not dead, I'm not dead.

Monica smirks, having endured Mason's long-winded nature many times before.

MASON

About a week ago you took a flight to Atlantic City. I was supposed to be on that flight. But during my review, I foresaw a horrific plane crash. Everyone on the flight perished.

PAUL

Ah, but the plane didn't crash. And how do you know I was on a plane to Atlantic City?

MASON

I told you. I saw it in my dream. We were seated next to one another. The plane didn't crash because I wasn't on it. I canceled my flight plans that morning and by doing so I changed the course of future events.

PAUL

This doesn't prove anything. I go to Atlantic City often; so do a lot of people. Lucky guess.

MASON

You were there. You are always there. You are like a harbinger of death. But I still didn't know who you were, not until two days ago when you ran a red light, almost clipping my front bumper. In my dream, we were not so fortunate.

(motioning to an iPad on the coffee table)

Shall I show you the recording?

Paul turns toward the iPad, skeptical but curious.

Monica hands the iPad to Mason, replaying two recordings. First, the fiery plane crash, then the bone-crunching car collision.

The three of them stare at the monitor, none more so intense than Paul, watching as the horrific scenes play out.

PAUL

(still in disbelief)

All that proves is that you know how to work a computer and a green screen.

MONICA

How do you think I knew where to deliver the letter? How do you think we got your name and address?

PAUL

Facebook, Google, my ex-girlfriend I don't know, but none of this proves anything.

MASON

Actually, I know quite a bit about you. In fact, I know that you are going to be late for a meeting at your restaurant.

PAUL

Huh? What time is it?

(looking at his watch)

Look, I can't do this. I don't even know what this is. Thanks for the valuable information.

(holding up the cash)

But I have to go.

Paul stands up abruptly, excusing himself.

Expecting this, Mason waves his hand, motioning Paul toward the door.

MASON

Of course you do. Your reaction is what was foreseen. Monica will walk you out. Give it some thought. We will speak in a few days. I am sure of it.

Monica leads Paul toward the front door. Paul again is hypnotized by Monica's beauty.

47 EXT. BROOKS HOME

47

MONICA

I know this is all hard to digest.
It was for me at first.

PAUL

Look, you both seem nice. I wish I
could help, but it's just too --.

MONICA

Give it some thought -- sleep on
it. Perhaps you will change your
mind in the morning.

PAUL

I doubt it.

Paul shoots Monica a flirtatious smile, gets into his car,
and speeds off.

48 INT. CALABRIA RESTAURANT

48

A classic Italian restaurant with a touch of the Old Country,
comfortably luxurious.

Paul bursts in through the back door, hurries his way toward
the back office. Paul is greeted by JOSEPH FONTANA. Joseph,
early 60's, is Paul's Uncle and business partner.

JOSEPH

You're late. Were you gambling
again?

PAUL

No, a meeting. Just ran late.

JOSEPH

Did you do month's end yet? We were
supposed to go over the numbers
tonight. Plus, the fan is out again
in the cooler.

Paul does not answer. He is lost in his own thoughts.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Paul -- Paul

PAUL

Yeah, I heard you. Month's end.
Fan. I got it.

JOSEPH

Hey, I know this wasn't your dream, nor your parents'. But this place doesn't work without you. It needs your attention.

49 INT. BROOKS HOME - KITCHEN - EVENING

49

Mason is sitting in the study drinking a glass of scotch and going over some paperwork.

Monica walks in.

MONICA

That didn't go well.

MASON

On the contrary, my dear, it could not have been executed more precisely.

MONICA

How can you say that? Paul ran out not believing anything.

MASON

Were you so easily convinced? It's not something that we are conditioned to readily accept. That is not the last we have seen of Mr. Fontana.

50 INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT

50

Paul walks in, tosses his keys and the envelope on the table. Pouring himself a glass of whiskey, he grabs the bottle and takes a seat on couch. Mindlessly flipping through channels, he finishes his drink and pours another, settling on sports.

The whiskey begins to take hold. Paul starts to drift off, his eyelids increasingly heavier, almost impossible to keep open. He's out.

DREAM SEQUENCE:

A series of images quickly pop in and out: distorted, blurry, but still somewhat recognizable scenes of his restaurant and Uncle Joe, Paul's car, his bracelet, then Monica near the fireplace standing next to Mason.

51 INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT MORNING

51

Paul is jolted awake.

The TV is still on. A sports documentary is playing in the background. A coach wearing a tux delivers a speech.

Paul checks his watch. Late again, he jumps up to get ready.

COACH V (O.S.)

How do you go from where you are to where you want to be? I think you have to have an enthusiasm for life.

Moving quickly, Paul takes a stack of cash out of a drawer in the kitchen and places it into the envelope with the cash from last night.

COACH V (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You have to have a dream, a goal, and you have to be willing to work for it.

Paul takes a quick drink of water, grabs his keys, and rushes out.

COACH V (O.S.) (CONT'D)

If you don't know how to dream, you're dead.

52 INT. BROOKS HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING

52

Monica is standing at the counter sipping on a cup of coffee, staring out the window.

Mason enters the room wearing an ear-to-ear grin.

MASON

Good morning, my dear.

Monica continues to stare out of the window at the leaves falling off their branches.

MONICA

What makes this morning so special?

MASON

My morning review revealed some promising developments today.

MONICA

What did you see?

MASON
I'll need you to do something for
me this evening.

MONICA
Mason, what did you see?

Mason hands Monica his tablet showing her an image and the
address of Calabria Restaurant.

MASON
Go to this address and make sure
you are there at exactly 6:17
tonight.

53 INT. CALABRIA RESTAURANT - LATER THAT EVENING

53

The kitchen is full of action. Waiters, cooks, and busboys
rush past each other like an unchoreographed waltz.

Uncle Joe is walking past the expo area, surveying the scene,
inspecting the food prep and presentation.

Paul is in the back, away from everyone, working on the
backside of a long display cooler, adjusting the belts of a
broken fan.

Uncle Joe pops his head around the corner.

UNCLE JOE
How are those fans coming?

PAUL
Almost done.

Paul reaches for another socket without looking up as Uncle
Joe walks away.

Uncle Joe pops his head back around the corner.

UNCLE JOE
You set up all the deliveries for
the Cervino wedding tomorrow?

PAUL
Yeah, all set. Stop worrying.

Paul rolls his eyes as Uncle Joe walks out.

Uncle Joe stops and turns around.

UNCLE JOE
You OK, Paulie?

PAUL
Yeah, I'm good.

UNCLE JOE
Paulie, if there's something --

PAUL
Uncle Joe, I'm fine.

Uncle Joe shrugs his shoulders, preparing to say something.

PAUL (CONT'D)
If you want the fans fixed, you
gotta leave me --

A BUSBOY breaks up the conversation.

BUS BOY
Paul, your car. It's being towed.

Paul jumps up, spilling his tray of sockets, and barrels past the Bus Boy, running toward the exit.

Outside now, Paul's car is being hooked up to the back of a tow truck. BILLY finishes securing Paul's car and jumps in the truck with TOMMY. Both in their late 30's, built, tough.

BILLY
(to Tommy)
We're all set!

Paul runs to his car, yelling. Most of the Calabria staff has gathered outside.

PAUL
That's my car! What are you doing?
I don't owe anything on it. You've
got the wrong car.

Tommy, the driver, leans out the window and,

TOMMY
You may not owe anything on the
car, but you owe Murphy. He thought
this would be a nice security
blanket. You want your car back?
Pay Murphy back.

Tommy rolls up the window and pulls off down the road with Paul's car in tow

54 INT. CALABRIA RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

54

Dejected and embarrassed, Paul slams the door to the office. His jacket, which was hanging on the back of the door, falls to the floor.

As Paul goes to pick up his jacket, the letter from Mason falls out of the front breast pocket.

Paul picks it up and grabs his cell phone to make a call.

Paul's cell phone clock shows "6:17PM"

With his head down, looking at his phone, Paul hurries out of the office, bumping right into Monica, who is standing steps from his office door.

MONICA

About to call someone?

PAUL

I, ah -- what are you doing here?

MONICA

Mason thought we would save you the trouble of making that call.

Paul is speechless, dumbfounded.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Mason is in the car. He would like to get started right away.

PAUL

(still shocked)

Started with what? I told you both, I am not a guinea pig. I never agreed to --

MONICA

But you were about to. Weren't you?

Paul looks down at his phone, seeing who he was about to call.

ON PAUL'S PHONE

*"Mason Brooks
(973) 725-1133"*

PAUL

I don't understand. How could you, why are you --

MONICA

Mason had seen it already.

(pausing)

Please, Mr. Fontana, he would like to get started right away.

55 EXT. CALABRIA RESTAURANT

55

Paul follows Monica to the parking lot where Mason's black Mercedes is waiting.

Monica gets in the driver's seat, motioning Paul to sit in the back.

56 INT. MASON'S CAR

56

Mason is seated in the front passenger seat.

MASON

I am glad that you had a change of heart.

PAUL

I haven't changed anything.

MASON

No need to play games, Mr. Fontana. You were about to call me to discuss arrangements and particulars. That is, of course, before you bumped into Monica.

PAUL

I wasn't calling anyone.

MASON

Now Monica is quite beautiful. Striking. She has been known to cause issues of speech with lesser men, but I have yet to see any effect on memory.

(redirecting)

And the answer to your question is yes.

PAUL

I didn't ask you anything.

MASON

Oh, but you did, Mr. Fontana. In fact, we have already had this conversation.

(MORE)

MASON (CONT'D)

You asked me for an advance. And my answer was then and is now 'yes'. Coming here today saved you the trouble of asking and me the trouble of enduring the conversation a second time.

Paul sits silent, attempting to make sense of what has just occurred.

MASON (CONT'D)

Monica, please drop me off at the house before you proceed to Mr. Fontana's apartment.

PAUL

(reluctantly)

So, two weeks, in advance? Forty thousand dollars in cash -- today.

MASON

It's on the seat next to you.

Paul, noticing the briefcase opens it, revealing four ten thousand dollar stacks.

MASON (CONT'D)

So we have a deal then?

Paul eyes the cash.

PAUL

Yes!

Mason and Paul shake hands in agreement.

57 INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT

57

Paul, gathering items from his apartment, throws them into a duffel bag. Noticing his gun in his sock drawer, he gazes at the gun intently pondering.

CUT TO:

58 INT. BROOKS HOME - GUEST BEDROOM - LATER THAT EVENING

58

The room, still filled with electronics and technology, is blanketed with the quiet hum of the machinery.

Paul's duffel bag is almost completely unpacked. He opens a drawer, staring for a moment, then pulls the drawer off its rails, tossing it onto the bed.

Paul reaches into his bag, revealing the fully-loaded gun. Paul places it in the space the drawer once occupied, all the way to the back, resting it on the back cross beam of the dresser.

Replacing the drawer now, it does not close completely.

Just then Monica walks into the room.

MONICA

Getting settled, I hope?

Paul is startled but collected.

PAUL

Yeah, just like my place at Caesar's. Except there I know what game I am playing.

MONICA

What do you mean, Mr. Fontana?

PAUL

It's Paul. Call me Paul. If I am to be here for a while, let's get away from some formalities.

Monica cracks a smile and leans flirtatiously against the door frame. Suddenly aware of her posture, she straightens quickly.

MONICA

There is no game. I assure you, Paul.

PAUL

You don't actually believe this stuff, do you? It's a sham, three-card monte -- flimflam. Even when you know what's coming, you're still going to lose.

MONICA

I am not sure I understand the reference.

PAUL

I mean, it's rigged.

MONICA

I know you don't know me, but trust me; what Mason says is true. I have seen it with my own eyes.

Monica looks down at her left hand. On her ring finger is a large diamond exquisitely mounted on a platinum band.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Mason is a genius and has unlocked a power that may not be easily explained, but it is very real indeed.

Monica fidgets with the ring.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Mason will be ready for you shortly.

59 INT. MASON'S BEDROOM

59

Mason is at his desk. He has the VR device in front of him and is making some adjustments to the circuitry.

Mason closes the circuit board and turns the unit on.

The four monitors light up, each measuring a different function. On one monitor is a graphical display of a brain, on another the eyes. Another has an image of the human body. The fourth and largest screen is still black.

Monica walks in.

MONICA

Paul is almost finished getting=settled.

MASON

Paul? First-name basis already, eh? The young lad moves fast.

Monica is annoyed by the inference.

MONICA

Are you sure this is a good idea, doesn't feel right. Does he have to stay here? Can we trust him?

MASON

It's all happening as planned. This is just temporary.

MONICA

I don't like him being here. We don't know him. He could be dangerous.

MASON

He's been properly vetted. Wilkins did a thorough investigation. He's not an imminent risk but is most certainly dangerously connected to me some way, somehow. We must persevere to find out why.

Handing Monica the DreamweVR headset,

MASON (CONT'D)

You will have to monitor him closely during the day. It will take a focused effort to search out the connection in his dreams.

60

INT. GUEST BEDROOM

60

Monica shows Paul the equipment, prepping him for the night. Positioning Paul at the foot of the bed, Monica opens the front of the DreamweVR headset and slides an iPhone into the compartment, snapping it shut.

Mason entering the room,

MASON

Ah, good, I see you're nearly prepared. Now, for the next couple hours you'll be shown a movie, and all I ask is that you remain sentient and awake during the entire session. We'll be reading your body's reaction to a series of images as a baseline.

PAUL

Another history lesson?
(gesturing to the headset)
Stephen Hawking, perhaps?

MASON

We'll be showing you a series of images, everyday pictures matched with various geometric shapes.

PAUL

How does showing me a movie of an octagon or a pyramid somehow correlate to what I dream?

MASON

Each image in your dream correlates with different geometric shapes. Your body reacts to these stimuli with various physical responses, which we capture and catalogue.

Mason pulls one of the monitors closer to Paul.

MASON (CONT'D)

Monica will finalize your preparation. It's imperative that you remain focused.

Monica continues the set-up process, connecting a cord to a pad and peeling off the backing.

MONICA

I'll need to place this on your chest to monitor your heart rate.

Paul takes off his shirt, revealing his chiseled physique.

Monica attaches two electrodes to Paul's chest. She presses firmly against the padding. Monica is pleasantly distracted by Paul's shirtless physique.

Paul notices her gaze and the touch of her hands still on his chest.

Lost momentarily in her daze, Monica snaps back and moves on to place an electrode on his arm, pressing firm once again.

MONICA (CONT'D)

This will monitor your body temperature.

A gold bracelet slides down Paul's wrist, surprising Monica. She looks at it briefly, then tries to take it off so as not to interfere with the electrode.

Paul pulls away.

PAUL

I never take it off.

MONICA

Why?

PAUL

My mother gave it to me before she died. I haven't taken it off since. And don't plan to now.

MONICA
I'm sorry. How did she?

PAUL
(deflecting)
It was a long time ago.

Monica takes an extra moment concentrating on the bracelet, eventually noticing an inscription.

Monica gently turns Paul's wrist to catch the light from the bedside lamp. The words on the bracelet glow white as it turns in the light.

"Love is a bond stronger than life itself"

MONICA
Beautiful. She must have been a wonderful woman. I think we can work around it.

Monica slides the DreamweVR headset onto Paul's head and face, adjusting it to a tight but comfortable fit.

MONICA (CONT'D)
See if you can stay awake.

Paul relaxes back into the chair, tilting the device up off his eyes.

PAUL
Do I have to wear this all night?

MONICA
Just relax and stay in the moment.

Monica makes sure Paul's headphones are plugged in and snug. A rhythmic beat begins to play as Monica leaves the room.

Paul relaxes, laying back on the bed, sliding the headset down over his eyes.

CUT TO:

61 PAUL'S POV:

61

The black padding slides past, then the two lenses of the device as it is brought down over Paul's eyes. Slivers of light bounce off the lenses. The light diminishes as the lenses come closer. Pushing in to the lenses then,

ON SCREEN:

Bright geometric shapes and images appear such as the flower of life, the five platonic solids, and the vesica piscis. They grow and morph into seeds, plants, cells, trees, the human form, fire, wind, water.

62 INT. MASON'S BEDROOM 62

Mason is in the adjacent room, tracking the input on a cluster of monitors.

On one screen is an image of Paul's eye with multiple data points. Another has the same data points in relation to the geometric images being presented.

On a third screen we see Paul's heart rate, temperature, and biometric data.

The fourth monitor shows Paul lying on the bed with equipment strewn across the bed and floor.

MATCH CUT TO:

63 INT. GUEST BEDROOM ROOM 63

The room is dark. Paul is lying on the bed.

Mason and Monica open the door. The light from the hall illuminates the room.

Monica turns off the system and removes Paul's headset.

MASON

We got all that was required.
Monica will get you set up for
tonight's recording. Now, off to
bed.

PAUL

Off to bed? What is this, band
camp? It's like nine PM.

MASON

64 YOUR SLEEP HABITS MUST BE REGULAR AND ADHERE TO MY SCHEDULE. 64
 CONSISTENCY AND PATIENCE THROUGH THIS PROCESS WILL HELP YOU
 IMPROVE TO THE POINT OF BEING AWARE OF A DREAM -- LUCID.
 SOON, WITH A SIMPLE GLIMPSE AT THE PALMS OF YOUR HANDS YOU
 WILL BE ABLE TO CONFIRM WHETHER YOU'RE IN A DREAM STATE OR
 NOT. IF YOU CAN'T SEE THE LINES IN YOUR HANDS, IT'S SAFE TO
 ASSUME YOU ARE IN A LUCID DREAM STATE.

Paul looks down at his hands, studying them.

MASON

Being aware and lucid while
 dreaming can dramatically improve
 our results.

While Paul continues to study his hands, Monica pours a small
 amount of a dark elixir into a cup.

MONICA

Here, drink this.
 (handing the cup to Paul)
 It will help put your mind in the
 right state for the research.

PAUL

(smelling the tea)
 Ugh -- What is this?

MASON

This is a shamanic medicinal blend
 to help activate a chemical your
 brain naturally produces known as
 DMT.

PAUL

Medicine? You said you're a PhD,
 not an MD.

MASON

Shamans all over the world use
 this. I've simply reengineered this
 blend with a natural sedative to
 specifically help with the dream
 state and illicit greater imagery
 and recall.

PAUL

Listen, the only liquid healing I
 take is whiskey, and unless I
 missed something, you don't look
 like no shaman.

MASON

This will only help further our efforts. I assure you it is safe. I've been using this for years.

MONICA

I know it sounds strange. I've taken it too. It just puts you in a deeper dream state.

PAUL

(points to Mason)
You first.

MASON

Very well.

Mason takes down the tea. Paul follows suit.

With a sour face, Paul looks at both Monica and Mason with a bit of sarcastic disdain.

PAUL

You think you could reengineer this to taste better?

MASON

You'll get used to it.

Monica takes the cup and adjusts the DreamweVR scanner directly over Paul's face. Her hands make the slightest of contact with Paul's during the exchange.

Paul messes with the scanner and its clunkiness.

MONICA

Try to not to move around too much.

Monica adjusts the scanner again slightly, this time tightening it securely in place.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Are you an active sleeper?

PAUL

Depends on who I am sleeping with.

Monica tries not to show her amusement.

MONICA

The more you move, the less accurate the readings are, so please do try to restrain yourself.

Heading for the door.

MONICA (CONT'D)
Good night, Mr. Fontana.

PAUL
Paul.

MONICA
Good night.

With a hint of a smile, Monica turns off the light and walks out.

CLOSE ON Paul's eyes inside the device.

Heavy eyelids droop, then close -- darkness. Paul is asleep

PAUL'S POV:

A flurry of images fly by like photographs being scattered out on a table.

Chaos, no order. First we see Monica, then Mason, then Uncle Joe from the restaurant, Murphy, Paul's car, his apartment, his bracelet inscription, then Monica again.

65 INT. BROOKS HOME - MASON'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING 65

Paul's eyes open. A look of confusion washes over his face. He's now seated in the leather recliner on the far side of the room.

Mason sits fixated on the monitors, focusing on the variations and blips in the readout.

Paul is wearing the DreamweVR headset and again has electrodes attached.

MASON
You will be shown the images that
were recalled from last night.
Concentrate on the images and
attempt to decipher what they mean.
The'll play out over and over in a
loop, so take your time.

Mason activates a small speaker on the computer to play the same binaural beats from Paul's baseline recording.

Adjusting the equipment and checking their connections, Mason observes Paul looking for a physical response.

Paul concentrates on the distorted images that appear in front of him.

Seconds later, Paul slides the VR headset off of his eyes.

PAUL

I don't think it's working. I'm just seeing a bunch of random images. No rhyme or reason. I don't have a clue of what they are supposed to mean or show.

MASON

(expecting this reaction)
Patience, Mr. Fontana. It took me many months to elicit recall. You must have patience. The images will slowly become more vivid, your readouts more defined. Soon the clarity and the significance of your premonitions will increase as well.

(pausing)

Look at it as a sport. This is your training, your practice.

Paul is disappointed. With a grimace, he reluctantly accepts the reality of not having instant success and pulls the VR device over his eyes once again.

66 INT. BROOKS HOME - KITCHEN - LATER

66

Monica is seated at the table across from Mason.

MONICA

Anything yet?

MASON

It's too early for any tangible results.

MONICA

What about the playback? Did it show anything?

Mason does not answer. With his eyes, Mason motions toward the doorway behind him.

On cue, Paul appears in the doorway.

PAUL

I'll need to get my car and take care of some things today.

MASON

Of course, Monica will take you where you need to go.

MONICA

I can have the car ready out front in ten minutes.

Paul is a bit put off with having a driver.

MASON

I would prefer that Monica drive you everywhere from now on. The research will benefit from such controls. In fact, you may even want to consider taking a leave of absence from the restaurant.

PAUL

Look, I agreed to play lab rat, and now Driving Miss Daisy, but I'm not abandoning my uncle so you can play Big Brother.

MASON

Very well, Mr. Fontana. It's simply a suggestion to enhance your progression.

67 EXT. BROOKS HOME - MOMENTS LATER

67

Paul exits the Brooks' home with a familiar-looking briefcase.

A red Audi R8 sits out front of the house on the boulevard. The engine's smooth vibration can be heard and almost felt as it idles.

Monica is in the driver's seat. The car matches Monica's curves and features perfectly, as if they were made from the same mold.

Opening the door, Paul gazes at the curvature of the car's back end continuing onto to Monica's legs as he gets into the passenger seat.

PAUL

Nice ride.

MONICA

I like it.

Monica shifts into first and the car advances down the boulevard.

PAUL
I expected something different.

MONICA
Did you now?

They exit the gated community and approach the on-ramp to the expressway.

PAUL
I pictured you more of a Volvo type.

MONICA
(almost choking)
A Volvo? Are you serious?

PAUL
Yeah, you know -- safe, conservative.

Monica, annoyed by the antagonizing banter, slams the stick shift to third gear and pushes the accelerator to the floor.

MONICA
Let's see how conservative this V-ten is.
(pausing)
You may want to put on your seat belt. Safety first!

Monica quickly shifts through to the top gear, speeding away.

68 EXT. MURPHY'S FRO-YO & SORBET

68

Monica and Paul are seated in the car now parked out back of Murphy's Fro-Yo & Sorbet.

PAUL
(getting out of the car)
This should just take a second.

Paul approaches the door and knocks heavily.

Looking up at a security camera above the door, Paul raises the briefcase into view and presses the buzzer.

CUT TO:

69

INT. MURPHY'S FRO-YO & SORBET - OFFICE

69

Tommy is seated with his feet up on the desk, looking at the security monitor.

On the monitor, Paul cocks his head, shrugging his shoulders.

PAUL

Are you going to let me in, or what?

TOMMY

Murph, that deadbeat Fontana is at the door.

MURPHY

Well, let him in, you degenerate.

The locks release and Paul enters, seeing his car parked inside.

PAUL

(to Tommy)

There better not be a scratch on it.

TOMMY

What are you gonna do about it if there is?

MURPHY

Is that anyway to treat a paying customer.

(to Paul now)

You are a paying customer, correct? That better be why you're here, because if you have some sorry-ass excuse or to beg for more time --

PAUL

I got your money. It's all here.

Paul tosses the briefcase onto the table.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Where are my keys?

Murphy counts the cash and throws it at Tommy.

MURPHY

Put this in the safe.

(to Paul)

Here you go.

Murphy flings the keys at Paul.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Pleasure doing business with you.

Paul walks over to his car, eyeing every inch before getting in. He opens the glovebox, the bag with the ten thousand dollars is still there. Paul turns the key to start his car.

70 EXT. MURPHY'S FRO-YO & SORBET

70

A low rumble echoes through the garage as the engine turns over. Paul backs his car out, pulling alongside Monica.

PAUL

I need to get some things from my place. Try to keep up.

Paul pulls out, accelerating down the street, checking the rearview mirror.

A red blur flies by in the left lane. Monica's Audi a few hundred feet in front of Paul now, speeding further away.

71 EXT. PAUL'S APARTMENT COMPLEX

71

Paul pulls into the parking lot of his apartment, finding Monica casually leaning against her car.

MONICA

Did you get lost? I didn't think that old thing would ever make it.

Paul is puzzled.

PAUL

How the hell did you know where I live?

MONICA

Who do you think brought the letter to your doorstep?

Remembering, Paul shoots her a smirk.

PAUL

(a little defensive)
It's not old. It's vintage.

Paul begins to walk toward his building, pauses looking back at Monica.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Well, since you know the way,
ladies first.

Amused and annoyed, she obliges.

72 INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - FOYER 72

An attractive building and impressive entrance. Clean straight lines at the heart of the modern architecture. High vaulted ceilings making the space feel large and open.

Monica takes in the views. Failing to hold the door for Paul, Monica struts through the foyer.

Paul follows, keeping enough distance between them to allow for his eyes to inspect every inch of Monica's backside.

Monica can feel Paul's eyes on her. Bothering her only slightly, she let's her hips and curves rock into each step.

Paul cannot look away as they head toward the elevator. The mirrored doors of the elevator expose Paul's focus.

73 INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - ELEVATOR 73

Paul stares silently forward as does Monica. Their eyes meet in the reflection as the doors close.

After a few floors,

PAUL
How long have you been Mason's
driver? Does he pay you by the
mile?

A familiar feeling of disdain washes over Monica.

MONICA
Mason's research is very important.

PAUL
Do you always do as he tells you?

Reaching Paul's floor, the elevator slows, and the mirrored doors separate along with their reflections.

Monica fires Paul a glare full of both disapproval and disgust, walking ahead down the hall to Paul's apartment.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Look, don't take it the wrong way, just seems like to him your more of an employee than a wife. To be honest, I think Mason is kind of a dick.

74 INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT

74

Clean and attractive. Well furnished and, as always, ready for hosting at a moments notice.

MONICA

My participation was discussed well before we welcomed you into our home.

Paul throws his keys into the bowl on the table.

PAUL

Look, this is all very strange for me. I didn't mean anything by it. Make yourself at home. I just need to get a few things. You want anything to drink?

MONICA

Water is fine.

Paul heads to the kitchen and grabs two microbrews from the fridge. Handing one to Monica, he takes a large gulp of his beer and heads to the other room.

PAUL

What? There's water in beer.

Monica takes a sip and walks about the apartment picking up sculptures and picture frames as she takes in her surroundings.

MONICA

You entertain a lot.

PAUL (O.S.)

When I can.

Picking up an extravagant artifact similar to Kokopelli, exuding masculinity and virility.

MONICA

Mostly women I assume.

PAUL
It's preferable.

Monica moves on to a row of picture frames, staring intently at a photograph of a woman with her arms around a young Paul.

MONICA
Is this you and your mother? She is beautiful.

Picking up another photo of Paul's mom.

Paul continues to pack items from the other room, loose clothing and toiletries into a bag.

Paul, heading now to the bedroom,

PAUL
(in passing)
So, how did you and Mason hook up?

MONICA
Mason was my professor. We began dating shortly after my junior year.

PAUL
And then he brought you into his dream world.

MONICA
Mason is brilliant and he has discovered something remarkable.

PAUL
So, you actually believe this stuff?

MONICA
I know it's hard to comprehend at first, but what Mason is telling you is true. I have seen it -- firsthand.

Paul takes another gulp of his beer and grabs his duffel bag.

PAUL
This should get me through the week.

Paul and Monica make their way back to the elevator.

MONICA

You really should take this more seriously, Paul. Remember, Mason is not the only one in danger here. This is no time for limiting beliefs; your life may depend on it.

The elevator doors close.

76

INT. BROOKS HOME - MASON'S BEDROOM

76

The room is dimly lit. Only the monitors and a small desk lamp provide light for Mason to work.

Mason is at his desk, scouring through data on the monitor and referencing paper reports, making notes, adjusting settings.

Two hard drives sit next to him on the desk. One has a label that reads, "Dream Image Recall & Playback - *Mason Brooks*", the other, "Dream Image Recall & Playback - Paul Fontana".

A beam from headlights shines through the window as a car pulls into the drive.

77

INT. BROOKS HOME - FOYER

77

Monica and Paul enter as Mason descends the flight of stairs to the foyer.

Mason looks at his watch, then to both of them as if he were about to scold his own children.

MASON

It is imperative that we stay on schedule. I keep a very strict regimen and you must do the same.

(to Monica)

You are well aware of my routine. I expect you to ensure that Mr. Fontana is ready for his evening recording by 10. Please take his items to his room and ready the equipment. I would like to prep Paul for this evening's recording.

78 INT. BROOKS HOME - GUEST BEDROOM

78

Almost mother-like, Monica is neatly putting away Paul's things, getting the room ready for his nightly session. She notices one of the drawers is not flush with the others.

Monica tries to push the drawer closed but it won't budge. Curious, she removes the drawer entirely and reaches her arm into the vacated space. Cold, hard steel meets her fingertips. Pulling back, she looks into the space and sees Paul's gun.

Monica pulls the gun from the dresser nervously, almost dropping the gun to the floor. Hearing something, Monica quickly lowers the gun to her side.

Mason suddenly appears in the doorway.

Monica stares at him, keeping the gun concealed by her side.

MASON

Did you shoot him?

MONICA

What?

MASON

Did his flat suit him?

MONICA

(realizing her mind was
playing tricks on her)

Oh -- yes, pretty normal, exactly
as you would expect from someone
like him.

MASON

I will be ready for Mr. Fontana
shortly.

Mason walks out and down the hall.

Monica quickly puts the gun back in the dresser in a hurried fashion, replacing it and the drawer exactly as she found it.

79 INT. BROOKS HOME - STUDY

79

Mason pours a drink, and pours one for Paul as well.

MASON

Did you notice anything different
as you went about your day?

PAUL

You mean other than being chauffeured around town by Danica Patrick and paying a bookie forty thousand dollars I got from a mad-scientist who pays me for my dreams?

(pause)

Yeah -- I would say, other than that, it was a pretty normal day.

MASON

Please, Mr. Fontana, this matter is of the utmost importance. You are looking at this all wrong. You see, in my dreams, you die too.

PAUL

So you say.

MASON

If I am right, in which I am, then your life is in grave danger. But as a hypothetical, if I am wrong, well then, you have been paid quite generously for my unfounded theories.

PAUL

Look, I'm in. I'm a man of my word. But just because I go along doesn't mean I gotta believe.

Mason extends his glass to Paul in agreement. Paul mimics in an obligatory reciprocation.

MASON

Allow me to offer you some guidance and instruction on how to perhaps speed your learning curve.

80

INT. BROOKS HOME - GUEST BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

80

Paul lies on the bed as Monica secures the same electrodes and equipment as before.

MASON (V.O.)

As you prepare for the night, relax and begin to set some bedtime intentions prior to falling asleep.

Paul drinks the herbal tea.

MASON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 As you start to drift, focus on something or someone. Maybe there is a question you are seeking guidance on or an answer to.

Paul fidgets with his mother's bracelet

MASON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Perhaps something that you need to do the next day.

Paul glances around the room.

MASON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Or someone that you hope to see.

Paul's eyes begin to look heavy. With effort he opens them wide to catch another glimpse of Monica as she finishes the setup.

MASON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 These wants, needs, aspirations...

Paul's eyes search the room and focus on the drawer that conceals his gun, then on Mason now standing in the doorway.

MASON
 ... fears; they can help you visualize the next day's events. Allow your intentions to be realized through your dreams.

Monica turns on the DreamweVR scanner above Paul's head.

Paul's eyes fall closed. Dark, he is asleep.

DREAM SEQUENCE:

PAUL'S POV:

A flurry of similar images stream across Paul's subconscious once again, this time more controlled, less random, yet still fuzzy: first, Monica unhooking the equipment, then Mason's inquisitive stance, Uncle Joe, Monica, Calabria, his mother's photo, then Monica again.

81 INT. BROOKS HOME - MONICA'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING 81

Monica is seated at her vanity getting ready for the day.

Mason bursts in, slamming the once-closed door against the wall.

MASON

Why didn't you tell me about the gun?

MONICA

What? I was, I --

MASON

Going to tell me this afternoon. I know. Why didn't you tell me last night when you found it?

MONICA

I don't know. Shock, I guess. I was just so --

MASON

Never mind that now. You said it's in the dresser. Is it still there?

MONICA

Yes, behind the top left drawer.

MASON

Do not let him know that we are aware of his weapon. Our knowledge gives us the edge. I will be able to foresee any imminent threat. I just want him out of this house and away from that gun. You must keep him busy and out of the house during the next few days.

MONICA

Days? Where would we go?

MASON

I don't care. I want him out of the house. I need time for further research into this development and I must speak with Wilkins. How did he miss this?

MONICA

I guess we can go shopping then -- before I bring him to the restaurant.

MASON

I'm going to go over his data again. It'll take most the day. I need Paul out of the house until I am finished. Do not let him out of your sight.

82 INT. BROOKS HOME - MASON'S BEDROOM

82

Paul is in the recliner once again beginning his morning review.

Mason is seated at the desk, monitoring and measuring.

MASON

Ease into it. Give way to the images. You may slowly start to elicit recall from what these images represent. Just focus on the story of the images.

PAUL'S POV:

Flashes of dimly lit images pop in and out of focus, gone just as quickly as they appeared. Then briefly an intensely bright clear image!

Suddenly Paul's body jerks. He gasps as if he is out of breath, almost hyperventilating.

PAUL

What the hell was that?

Mason looks up from the monitors with unexpected intrigue.

MASON

Recall -- already? What did you see?

PAUL

I don't know. Flashes of something. Like before, but more clearer. Intense and in focus. You, me, Monica. I couldn't make much sense of it all.

MASON

What you just saw, those flashes, they are memories of things yet to come.

Mason looking over the monitors again, examining the readouts,

MASON (CONT'D)

Exciting, surprising really, exhibiting a reaction already! Quite remarkable to see this so early in your training.

Paul looks within, searching.

PAUL

It's strange, hard to describe the feeling.

MASON

It's important to tap into that and give it a voice. Trust it as a guiding force through out your day. Soon you will be able to recall the emotion behind the image and foresee the story about to unfold.

PAUL

Ah, the force? I've seen this movie before.

MASON

Mind your emotions. Do you have a positive or a negative feeling right now?

Paul's eyes search around the room as if the answer were written somewhere on the walls.

PAUL

I can't tell. Definitely not bad.

83

INT. BROOKS HOME - MASON'S BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

83

Mason is seated alone at his desk. The desk is in disarray, papers everywhere, data and splatter graphs strewn across the desk.

Mason moves a stack of paper with data from Paul's review and switches on the monitors. He grabs a small black hard drive with Paul's name written on it out of a drawer and connects it to the system.

Mason searches for today's files.

On the largest monitor, images appear: the same images from Paul's dreams.

They are muddy, not fully in focus, a vignette. The scenes play out on the screen like a movie without sound.

The first image is of Paul and Mason. Paul is sitting in the chair, wearing the DreamweVR headset. Mason is seated at the desk conducting the review.

Jump to Paul, Monica, and Mason in the kitchen at the breakfast table.

Push closer in on the monitor, crossing over into the scene.

84 INT. BROOKS HOME - KITCHEN - EARLIER THAT DAY

84

Paul, Monica, and Mason are seated at the table exactly as in Paul's recording.

MONICA
(to Mason)
Anything more about the
connection?

MASON
No direct correlating...

Paul stares through the two finishing Mason's sentence under his breath.

PAUL	MASON (CONT'D)
... correlating instances.	(off a beat)
	... instances.

Monica and Mason give Paul an intriguing look.

MONICA
(playfully)
No ominous visions of death? Guess
we can go shopping. What do you
say, Mr. Fontana,

Once again, Paul in unison,

PAUL	MONICA (CONT'D)
... feel like a day at the mall?	(off a beat)
	... feel like a day at the mall?

Both Monica and Mason are excited while Paul remains confused. Almost in a trance, trying to pull together his thoughts.

PAUL (CONT'D)
I -- I've had déjà vu but that was,
that, that -- I knew everything
that you were going to say. If I
could have opened up my mouth
quicker, I could have said the
whole thing for you.

Monica is excited, Mason surprised.

MONICA

Is this possible? It took you months, almost a year --

MASON

Yes, great progress.

(to Monica)

My time was slowed by the experimenting and refinement. While quite sooner than planned, the reaction was expected. However, its timing was not.

Paul still in a state of shock.

PAUL

So, what now?

MASON

Accompany Monica, if you will today. Focus on what you experienced. Draw on that feeling from this morning. Use it as your compass.

Paul heads upstairs to ready himself for the day.

MONICA

How did you not see this coming? You see everything first.

MASON

I don't know. There's now two of us looking into tomorrow. The answer will be in his data. Maybe I missed something. Maybe Fate is a competition.

Pull back from the scene and out of the monitor, back to,

85

INT. BROOKS HOME - MASON'S BEDROOM - LATER

85

Mason is seated at his desk, staring at the monitor, watching Paul, who is now in his office at the restaurant.

Mason checks the time, grabs his phone, and walks out of the room.

Push in closer on Paul, jumping into the screen to,

86 INT. CALABRIA RESTAURANT - PAUL'S OFFICE - EARLY EVENING 86

Paul is seated at his desk crunching numbers and filing paperwork.

87 INT. CALABRIA RESTAURANT BAR 87

Monica takes a seat at the bar, greeted by Uncle Joe.

UNCLE JOE

Come si bella! What can I get for you?

MONICA

I'm here for Mr. Fontana.

UNCLE JOE

And I'm here for you. What can I get you?

MONICA

Sorry, Paul Fontana.

UNCLE JOE

Oh Paul? He's in back. I'll grab him for ya.

Uncle Joe pours Monica a glass of water and heads to the back office.

88 INT. CALABRIA RESTAURANT - PAUL'S OFFICE 88

UNCLE JOE

Hey, Paulie, there is a knockout brunette at the bar. I mean Sophia Loren in her prime. Says she is here for you. Must be confused, lost or something. I'll get rid of her for you.

Giving no credence to Uncle Joe's pestering, Paul looks up at the security monitors and sees Monica sitting at the end of the bar.

PAUL

Her name is Monica.

UNCLE JOE

Bellucci?

PAUL
 Jesus Joe, NO! Can you get her a
 drink or something? I'm almost done
 here.

UNCLE JOE
 I'll keep her company while you
 finish up.

Uncle Joe starts to walk away with a smile on his face.

PAUL
 (yelling down the hall)
 How come I have this strange
 feeling you're about to make a fool
 out of me?

89

INT. CALABRIA RESTAURANT - BAR - MOMENTS LATER

89

Paul sees Monica seated at the end of the bar talking with
 Uncle Joe, laughing and smiling at what Paul can only assume
 is his expense.

PAUL
 I see you've met my Uncle. I
 apologize if he,

MONICA
 A perfect gentleman host.

UNCLE JOE
 Just giving this bella donna a
 stroll down memory lane.

Uncle Joe places a picture back in the middle of a collage of
 images on the mirror behind him. There are pictures of Paul
 as a kid at Halloween, of Paul at MIT, one with Paul and his
 mother, and a more recent one of Paul and Uncle Joe.

PAUL
 (to Monica)
 Shouldn't we get going?

UNCLE JOE
 What? No, stay and eat. Mangia!
 Mangia! I'll make it myself.

Monica looks at her watch.

MONICA
 I guess we have a little time to
 spare.

Paul shrugs his shoulders reluctantly in agreement.

Monica and Paul walk toward a table near the window.

Uncle Joe follows with a bottle of red wine.

90 EXT. CALABRIA RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS 90

A camera's shutter snaps shut.

Through the lens of the camera we see Monica and Paul sharing a toast with Uncle Joe.

WILKINS, 50, a private investigator stands in the shadows outside the restaurant.

Wilkins grabs a phone out of his pocket and dials.

WILKINS

They're both still at the restaurant.

MASON (V.O.)

Working, this late? What's my wife doing? They're going to be late.

WILKINS

They're both at a table. Looks like dinner and drinks.

91 INT. BROOKS HOME - STUDY 91

MASON

Keep eyes on them until they get here.

Mason is alone in the vast room, stewing in the firelight. Grabbing the poker, Mason stokes the flames. The fire grows active, flames jumping. The cast-iron poker glows red hot.

Mason's teeth are clenched, his face a mask of anger. A fire burns inside and out.

92 EXT. CALABRIA RESTAURANT 92

Wilkins is still concealed in the shadows, watching as the two enjoy their meal.

93 INT. CALABRIA RESTAURANT BAR 93

Monica and Paul sit with half-eaten plates and an empty bottle of wine in front of them.

Monica takes a drink, noticing a clock across the room.

MONICA

We need to go. We're really late.
Mason will be waiting.

94 INT. BROOKS HOME - FOYER 94

Monica and Paul enter giggling and laughing like school kids.

Mason is seated in the foyer, concealed partially by the shadows cast from the fire in the study.

MASON

Is this a game to you two?

Both Monica and Paul are startled sober.

MASON (CONT'D)

I had assumed from the success and progress you showed this morning, Mr. Fontana, you'd begin to believe in my research -- moreover, respect the process.

PAUL

Not quite sure what you're getting at.

MASON

There is a strict schedule that must be followed. It is paramount to the program's success.

(to Monica)

And you -- you are well aware of the time requirements. We're well over an hour off schedule.

PAUL

Sorry Dad, wasn't aware I had a curfew.

MONICA

I lost track of time.

MASON

Just get him connected.

95

INT. BROOKS HOME - GUEST BEDROOM

95

Paul is lying in the bed with most of the equipment and electrodes in place.

Paul shoots guilty, flirtatious looks at Monica as she finishes setting up the equipment.

Monica this time returns his advances with a nervous smile.

Monica adjusts the DreamweVR scanner above Paul's head, leaning in close to secure it.

Their eyes meet. The two hold.

Abruptly, Monica pulls back and in a jarring motion connects a cord to the DreamweVR scanner.

PAUL

Why does your husband care so much about what time I go to sleep?

MONICA

Mason keeps a very rigid schedule. He begins prepping for the evening's recording at nine PM every night. No exceptions.

PAUL

Well, except for tonight?

MONICA

Yes, I suppose.

Monica hands Paul the herbal tea.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Mason's ability to see into the future seems to wane in the evening hours.

Paul fights off the effects of the tea to listen.

MONICA (CONT'D)

With Mason frequently dreaming of his death, he never stays up past ten. Which is why he requires you on the same schedule.

PAUL

So, Mason's crystal ball drops before midnight.

MONICA

He has found this schedule to be
the most effective for recall.

Paul's eyes again begin to fall heavy. He fights to stay
awake.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Good night, Paul.

Monica and Paul both reach for the power switch to start the
process. Their hands meet. Monica again pulls away, slowly
this time, letting her fingers hold contact with Paul.

Standing now at the doorway,

MONICA (CONT'D)

Sweet dreams.

Monica flicks off the light switch and closes the door.

96

INT. BROOKS HOME - MASTER BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

96

Monica is soaking in the tub, relaxing. Bubbles surround her,
concealing. Eyes closed, lost in the moment.

Mason stands silently next to the tub, staring down at her.

MASON

So, did you enjoy your little
dinner date?

Startled, Monica nearly jumps out of the tub.

MONICA

I was hungry. And you're the one
who told me to spend the day and
babysit him.

MASON

I don't like the way he looks at
you.

Annoyed, she pulls the drain and steps out of the tub.

Bubbles and beads of water slide down her glistening, perfect
body.

Mason stares, watching, wanting. He is both proud and jealous
at the same time.

Monica turns and faces Mason. Her youthful figure freezes
him, leaving him almost breathless.

MONICA

How, exactly, does he look at me?

Monica wraps her towel around her, tucks in the edge just above her breasts, and struts out of the bathroom. Confidently and in defiance, she strides across the room and across the hall to her bedroom, slamming the door behind her.

- 97 INT. BROOKS HOME - GUEST BEDROOM 97
 Monica wakes Paul, helping him to disconnect the various electrodes.
- 98 INT. BROOKS HOME - MASON'S BEDROOM 98
 Mason is seated at his desk reviewing papers and viewing the monitors.
 Paul lies still on the chair, connected to the DreamWeVR system.
- 99 INT. BROOKS HOME - MASON'S BEDROOM 99
 Mason and Paul are seated facing one another, reviewing and discussing data. Monitors display various dream imagery. Mason grabs Paul's wrists, turning them palm-side up, gesturing to the details and lines in Paul's hands.
- 100 INT. BROOKS' GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT 100
 Monica places electrodes on a shirtless Paul. As she secures the equipment, her fingers linger on Paul's sculpted chest longer than necessary.
- 101 INT. MASON'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON 101
 Mason sits alone at his desk, staring at the bank of monitors. On one of the monitors is Paul and Monica enjoying themselves in the city.
 Push into the monitor full screen and back out to.
- 102 INT. BROOKS HOME - MASON'S BEDROOM - MORNING 102
 Mason is seated at his desk reviewing recordings from last night.
 Monica knocks and enters.

MONICA

Are we still banished from the house today? It's been almost a month like this.

MASON

Please wake Mr. Fontana and get him ready for this morning's review.

MONICA

How much longer is it going to be like this?

MASON

I have to go to the university, I will need you to keep him out of the house again today.

MONICA

Fine, we'll go into the city.

MASON

Very well.

103 EXT. NEW YORK CITY

103

Monica and Paul are walking down a crowded street in Lower Manhattan looking every bit a couple.

PAUL

Do you come to the city a lot?

MONICA

I used to. I suppose you spend a lot of time here in the clubs.

PAUL

Not as much as you think. I haven't been able to get away, with the restaurant, Uncle Joe and all.

Paul looks around, soaking in the vibrant city.

PAUL (CONT'D)

How about your family? Do they get along with Mason?

Disinterested, Monica walks off to admire a window display.

Paul follows as the two peer in at a miniature replica of the city depicting a family enjoying the fall festivities in Central Park. In it, a little girl holds her father's hand as a mother and her son run ahead.

MONICA
 (looking at Paul's
 reflection in the glass)
 Why are you so interested in my
 history with Mason?

PAUL
 I've been probed and prodded, it's
 only fair. I wonder when you go out
 for dinner, do servers ask what you
 and your father will be having?

Monica's eyes begin to well up with tears. She shoots Paul a
 look of disgust and walks ahead.

PAUL (CONT'D)
 It's a joke, I didn't mean to,

Paul runs to catch up, grabbing Monica's shoulder.

PAUL (CONT'D)
 Look, I'm sorry.

Monica stops walking. She is having trouble looking Paul in
 the face.

MONICA
 You don't understand.

Monica looks to the sky for answers and a way out of this
 conversation, then giving into it.

MONICA (CONT'D)
 We dated only a short while before
 we got married. The university,
 like my family, values its image.
 Appearances are everything. The
 university would not look kindly on
 a student moving in with a
 professor if we were not married.
 We were in love and talked about
 it. It just made sense.

PAUL
 'Were' in love?

MONICA
 Yes, well, I think so. It was all
 so fast. But now -- if you haven't
 noticed, we don't even sleep in the
 same room anymore.

PAUL

Didn't think about it much with all
the fortune-telling and dream
weaving.

MONICA

I was mesmerized. It was
intoxicating. I dropped out of
school and it was just Mason and
his research.

He used, he used his skill. I'm
such a fool. Then when Mason
started dreaming about his death
and, well, about you, everything
changed.

Monica begins to tear up again. A single tear rolls down her
cheek.

Paul moves to wipe away a tear.

Monica pulls back.

PAUL

I'm sorry, I didn't.

Paul looks around, searching. He walks over to a hot hog cart
and purchases two hot dogs. Handing one to Monica, Paul
unwraps the other and takes a bite, leaving a glob of ketchup
on his cheek.

Monica cracks a smile and chuckles, then leans in to wipe it
off as they continue to saunter on down the street.

104 EXT. NEW YORK CITY - CENTRAL PARK 104

Monica and Paul are strolling side by side.

A horse-drawn carriage clops past. Kids kick a soccer ball in
the grass. A couple is sprawled on a blanket for a picnic.

105 EXT. NEW YORK CITY - MUSEUM OF MODERN ART 105

Monica notices the large banner at the entrance of the museum
and turns to Paul, urging him to accompany her inside the
museum.

Reluctantly, he agrees.

106 INT. NEW YORK CITY - MUSEUM OF MODERN ART 106

Paul and Monica are wearing headphones, listening to a description of the Salvador Dalí collection.

TOUR GUIDE (V.O.)

And this 'The Persistence of Memory', giving the representation of dreams a tangible and credible appearance. In what he called 'dream photographs', hard objects become inexplicably limp, time bends.

Monica and Paul glance at each other and share a smile.

107 EXT. NEW YORK CITY - BATTERY PARK 107

A street artist draws a caricature of a couple.

Monica and Paul saunter past and into a boutique jewelry store.

108 EXT. NEW YORK CITY - SOHO 108

Monica and Paul exit another shop with a few bags in tow. The two walk back toward the car.

A fire engine's siren can be heard softly in the distance, slowly gaining strength. Louder still, the fire engine is coming closer. The sound begins to have an effect on Paul.

Paul stops, looks around, and begins to gravitate toward the siren.

The fire engine rolls past with a deafening siren.

At the edge of the curb, Paul drops to a knee. Eyes closed, his head collapses into his hands.

Monica rushes to his side.

Paul has a vision, a premonition.

109 EXT. CALABRIA RESTAURANT 109

Paul is standing outside of a collapsed, smoldering structure of what appears to be the entrance to the restaurant. It is gone. Nothing remains, just a charred pile of concrete and ashes.

110 EXT. NEW YORK CITY - SOHO 110

Paul opens his eyes. He is sweating profusely.

MONICA

Paul! Paul, what is it?

Paul stands silent, not sure how to comprehend what he just saw.

PAUL

The restaurant, my uncle!

Paul takes off in a sprint toward the parking ramp.

111 EXT. CALABRIA RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER 111

Smoke is billowing from the restaurant. A fire is blazing.

Paul and Monica barrel into the parking lot.

Paul sprints toward the burning building.

MONICA

Paul! What are you doing? Paul!

Paul crashes through the entrance.

The fire is growing, flames now shooting from the windows.

112 INT. CALABRIA RESTAURANT 112

Thick smoke clouds the air. Flames cover the floor and walls.

Paul coughs and crashes his way through the restaurant into the kitchen.

113 EXT. CALABRIA RESTAURANT 113

A loud explosion. Flames and smoke spew out of the roof. A portion of the roof collapses.

Monica flinches with the explosion and now stands fearfully in disbelief, waiting.

Paul slams through the door, Uncle Joe under his arm. The two stumble away from the restaurant.

Another explosion, the structure crumbles.

The two turn and stare at the smoldering remains of what was their life's work. It is the same image that Paul saw in his premonition, except now Uncle Joe is safely standing next to Paul.

114 EXT. HOSPITAL 114

An ambulance is parked in front of the emergency room entrance.

115 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM 115

Paul and Uncle Joe are seated in a hospital room, smoke-stained and bruised. Paul has a small bandage on his arm and a visible burn on his cheek.

A nurse finishes putting a bandage on Uncle Joe's leg and adjusts the tubing of the oxygen being administered.

Monica stands outside of the room observing through the window.

MONICA
(to the nurse exiting the
room)
How are they?

NURSE NATALIE
Some smoke inhalation and
superficial wounds. They'll both be
fine.

Paul walks out, passes Monica without saying a word.

Monica quickly follows.

116 INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT EVENING 116

Paul paces around the apartment, mind racing.

MONICA
Paul.

Paul continues to pace.

MONICA (CONT'D)
Paul.

Paul goes to the kitchen, pours a drink. Slams it down. Now another.

MONICA (CONT'D)

(Loudly)

PAUL!

Paul maintains a manic pace, face beet red, eyes swollen with tears.

PAUL

My family built that restaurant.
Uncle Joe, he has nothing else.
What is he, what are we, going to
do? That place was my entire life.

Monica grabs Paul by the arms, hoping it will snap him back to reality.

Paul drops his head and sobs.

Monica pulls him in close to console him.

Paul picks his head up, looking into Monica's eyes. He leans forward, his lips softly touch hers.

Monica stiffens. Her grip on Paul's arms tightens as she pushes him away in rebuff of the advance.

Staring at one another, she pulls Paul back in and kisses him.

Monica's hands relax and pull Paul against her body. She gives way to the kiss, a kiss filled with pent-up sexual and emotional tension.

The two kiss passionately, stumbling toward the bedroom, tearing off items of clothing as they make their way to the bed.

Monica playfully pushes Paul on the bed, standing for a breath before joining him.

They begin to make love: lustful, passionate, not just sex.

Pull back from the bed further and further, jumping out of the scene.

117

INT. BROOKS HOME - MASON'S BEDROOM - EARLIER THAT DAY

117

Mason sits at the desk staring at the monitors. A large vein pulsates in the middle of his forehead.

Paul and Monica continue to make love on the monitor.

Mason pushes away from the desk.

MASON
 (to himself)
 That treacherous whore.

Mason looks at his watch. It is "1:15PM". Then back to the monitor. The clock next to Paul's bed reads "5:47PM".

Mason quickly reaches for his phone, takes a deep breath and dials.

118 EXT. NEW YORK CITY - SOHO

118

Monica's phone rings. The clock on her phone shows "1:16PM" and the caller ID reads "Mason".

Paul stands a few feet away, about to order the hot dogs.

MONICA
 Hello.

MASON V.O.
 (calmly)
 I need you to come home. Now,
 please.

MONICA
 Why? What did you see?

MASON V.O.
 I'll explain later. Please just
 drop what you are doing and come
 back to the house.

Monica gestures to Paul that they need to leave.

MONICA
 Mason called. He wants us back at
 the house.

Monica leads Paul back toward the parking ramp.

Moments later, after Monica and Paul have disappeared into the ramp, a familiar fire engine pulls out from the adjacent fire station into the southbound lane. With sirens blaring, the engine roars toward Battery Park.

119 INT. BROOKS HOME - KITCHEN

119

Mason is standing with a cup of tea in his hand, waiting.

Monica enters a bit hurried and anxious.

MONICA

What was it? What did you see?

MASON

It wasn't me this time. It was you.

MONICA

Me?

MASON

I saw myself standing over you in a hospital bed.

MONICA

Hospital? What happened?

MASON

Where's Fontana?

MONICA

He's in his room. Why?

MASON

I don't want you near him. He's dangerous. You said so yourself.

MONICA

I was wrong. Paul is harmless, charming even.

MASON

Well, Prince Charming put you in a coma! I saw you in the hospital on ventilation. It was Fontana.

MONICA

How? What happened?

MASON

You are not to do anything. He cannot know what we know. I'll take care of it.

MONICA

Know what? What are we going to do?

MASON

Let's get through the night. Act like nothing has happened. I'll look to end this arrangement tomorrow after I review both of our recordings. I do not want any surprises.

120 INT. BROOKS HOME - STUDY - LATER THAT EVENING

120

Mason, Monica, and Paul sit in the study. The three of them sit silently.

Monica nervously pages through a novel unable to concentrate on its frivolity.

Paul is playing a game on his iPhone.

MASON

(to Paul)

We will be headed to Atlantic City first thing in the morning. Mr. Fontana, tomorrow is the day you've been waiting for. It will change your life. This evening, immerse your thoughts in blackjack, craps, or whatever your game may be.

Paul's phone rings.

PAUL

Hello, this is Paul.

FIRE CHIEF (V.O.)

Hi, Paul. This is Chief Ascher. There's been a fire at the restaurant. We need you to come down here right away.

PAUL

Wait, WHAT? I'll be right there.

MASON

Paul, what is it?

PAUL

The restaurant. There was a fire.

MONICA

Is everything all right?

PAUL

They didn't say. I need to go.

MONICA

I will take you.

MASON

(loud and abruptly)

No!

(now more calmly)

(MORE)

MASON (CONT'D)

No need for Monica to slow you
down. Paul, please take my car.
Your review can be delayed. Family
must come first.

Paul grabs Mason's keys and rushes out.

121 EXT. CALABRIA RESTAURANT

121

The building is smoldering, most of it crumbled in ruins.

Paul stands near what was once Calabria's entrance, exactly
as in Paul's previous premonition.

The sign that once hung so proudly on the building's facade,
now lies in charred pieces.

The fire department hoses begin to sag and go limp. Water
slowly recedes back toward the hoses.

A paramedic zips up a body bag and, with the help of his
partner, lifts it onto a stretcher. The stretcher is slowly
wheeled past Paul as smoke rises in the background.

FIRE CHIEF ASCHER, 55, a tough, weathered man, approaches
Paul and removes his helmet.

FIRE CHIEF ASCHER

I am sorry, Paul. We all loved Joe.
This place was a home to us all. He
was a great man.

Paul stands motionless as the smoke rises toward the heavens.

122 INT. BROOKS HOME - MASON'S BEDROOM

122

Mason is getting himself situated for the night, securing
equipment and connections for review.

BANG, BANG!

A loud knock at his bedroom door. Mason is startled, eyes
wide, surprised!

PAUL

Mason! Mason!

Paul is at the door, drunk and very emotional.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Mason, open up.

MASON
(annoyed)
Hold on. Hold on.

The commotion stirs Monica. She walks into the hallway to investigate.

Mason opens the door.

Paul pushes past him, stumbling into the room, mumbling and stuttering.

PAUL
He's gone. It's gone. I have
nothing. Nothing!

Paul flails about knocking over equipment on Mason's desk. Hard drives, cords, and papers are sent flying around the room.

PAUL (CONT'D)
The fire, Uncle Joe, everything's
gone.

Paul gets himself tangled up in the cords falling to the floor.

MONICA
The restaurant? What happened?

MASON
Get this inebriated ingrate out of
my sight.

PAUL
He's gone; nothing left. Just
ashes. Nothing!

Paul gets to his feet and aggressively rushes toward Mason.

PAUL (CONT'D)
How did you not see this?

Paul falls again, still entangled in the web of cords.

Monica picks Paul up off the floor, clearing the cords wrapped around his legs.

MONICA
We have to help him.

MASON

Get this drunkard out of my room.
He still needs to execute tonight's
recording, drunk or not.

Mason turns his back on the pair and begins to reorganize the various cords and equipment.

MONICA

We have to do something.

MASON

I will figure something out
tomorrow. Just get him out of here.

Monica leads Paul past Mason, heading back toward the guest bedroom.

Paul is still stumbling through his words with only brief moments of coherence.

PAUL

I have nothing left.

Realizing that Monica is once again tucking him in for his recording.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Except you.

That elicits a smile from Monica as she attaches the last electrode to his bare chest.

Paul reaches out for Monica's hand and places something in it.

Monica opens her hand, revealing the bracelet from Paul's mother.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I want you to have it.

MONICA

(brushing off the advance)
Get some rest, Paul.

PAUL

Take it, please.

Monica sets the bracelet on the bedside table, secures the DreamweVR scanner overhead and then hands Paul the herbal tea.

MONICA
Sleep it off.

PAUL
(drifting off)
My days begin and end with you.

Paul drinks the tea dropping the cup to the floor. Paul is out.

Monica glances at the bracelet for a moment and then walks out.

Paul is in a dream state almost instantly.

123 DREAM SEQUENCE:

123

Images race through his subconscious in a flurry of chaotic scenes: Paul sitting at a blackjack table, then craps, storm clouds, now a beach and a pier, a lighting strike, the bracelet inscription, then,

SILENCE.

DARKNESS.

A siren is heard in the distance, louder, louder.

END DREAM SEQUENCE:

124 INT. BROOKS HOME - GUEST BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

124

Paul opens his eyes. An alarm is blaring across the room.

MASON
Mr. Fontana, wake up.

Mason is seated next to Paul, hovering, waiting.

MASON (CONT'D)
Get dressed. We are leaving
shortly.

Paul, still groggy, checks his watch.

PAUL
Huh? What -- Where are we going?

MASON
Atlantic City, remember? We leave
in fifteen minutes. I'll be in the
car.

PAUL

What about my uncle, the
restaurant? I can't --

MASON

There is nothing you can do now.
This will be a needed distraction
for you now.

Still drowning in sorrow and liquor, a slight rush of
adrenaline stirs Paul out of bed.

PAUL

(under his breath)
Thanks for the condolences.

As Paul gets dressed, he begins to experience strange
sensations.

First his shoulder. Paul grabs it and winces. Then his head.
Paul cautiously feels the side of his head. Again, he winces
as if in pain.

Paul begins to walk out of his room, looking back at the
drawer concealing his gun. He takes a step toward the
dresser, then turns back and walks out.

125

INT. BROOKS HOME - MONICA'S BEDROOM

125

Paul opens the door without knocking.

Monica, just finishing getting dressed, is a bit startled.

MONICA

Paul, I'm so sorry. Are you ok?

Paul walks closer to Monica. He pulls her hand close to him
and once again places the bracelet in her hand.

PAUL

I meant what I said last night. I
want you to have this. You're what
I think about during the day and
what I dream about at night.

Monica tries to speak.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(quietly interrupting)
Something isn't right. Please just
keep it.

MONICA

What are you talking about? I can't accept this. First off, Mason! Plus, your mother gave this to you.

Paul releases her hand.

PAUL

Just keep it for me, for now, just until I return. I know it's crazy but something -- something's guiding me. Just keep it, please.

MONICA

You are not making any sense.

Paul looks her in the eye, pausing. He smiles, then turns and leaves.

126 EXT. HIGHWAY - MORNING 126

Monica's car weaves its way out of the gated community.

127 INT. MONICA'S CAR 127

Paul is sitting in silence as Mason drives.

MASON

Hope you don't mind our taking Monica's car. I prefer it for longer drives.

Paul doesn't answer.

MASON (CONT'D)

I am very sorry for your loss, Paul. Upon our return, I will see to it that the expenses for the funeral are taken care of and I'll give you some time to get your affairs in order.

128 EXT. MONICA'S CAR 128

Monica's car speeds down the tollway.

129 INT. MONICA'S CAR

129

MASON

Pay attention to the slightest of notions, no matter how fleeting. Your readout hints at something big today.

Mason reaches behind his seat and hands Paul an iPad open to a series of photos.

MASON (CONT'D)

This is from your reading this morning. It's not complete or quite coherent. Not surprising, considering the state you were in last night.

Paul focuses on the iPad.

130 EXT. ATLANTIC CITY

130

Monica's car is now on Atlantic City Expressway, approaching the coastline. On the horizon, is the bright glow of the casinos lighting up the sky and seashore.

131 EXT. ATLANTIC CITY - THE GRATTO

131

A large sprawling facility. Bright lights illuminate the entire block. A busy scene of risk-takers and reward seekers. People filing in and out of the building.

Mason and Paul, prepped and ready, sit in Monica's car in a parking lot near the casino.

MASON

We walk in separately, you're on your own when we get in there. We cannot play at the same table; they'll assume we are cheating or working together. Do not draw attention to yourself. When you win big, act surprised, but temper your emotions and focus on the next hand.

PAUL

Did my review show anything specific? What about yours?

MASON

Like I said it wasn't clear. The liquor affected your results, but I have a positive feeling. We should be able to make a killing.

Paul smiles in anticipation.

MASON (CONT'D)

Let's meet back here no later than seven tonight. We need to be back home on time and stay on schedule.

132 PAUL EXITS THE CAR AND WALKS UP THE BOARDWALK TO THE CASINO ALONE. HE PAUSES IN THE GRAND FOYER THEN HEADS TO THE CASHIER TO STACK UP ON CHIPS. 132

133 WAITING IN THE CAR UNTIL PAUL IS OUT OF SIGHT, MASON CHECKS HIS WATCH AND THEN HEADS TOWARD THE ENTRANCE. 133

134 INT. GROTTO - BLACKJACK TABLE - LATER 134

Paul is seated at the middle of a crowded table with a modest stack of chips in front of him.

His hand, a soft 17. The dealer's up card, an 8.

Action to Paul, he stays.

Next player draws a 4.

Paul moans. It would have made his 21.

The dealer flips over his under card, a king.

DEALER

Dealer has 18.

Paul shakes off the loss, takes a deep breath to refocus.

Dealer begins to wave his hand to close all bets.

Paul, last second, on a gut feeling plays two hands, pushing forward two large stacks of chips totaling \$500 each.

First hand: blackjack.

Second hand: 9 and 2.

PAUL
Double down!

Paul's card comes: a king, making 21!

DISSOLVE TO:

135 INT. CRAPS TABLE 135

Paul stands at the end of the table. A woman next to him leans over the gaming table and rolls the dice. The table erupts with excitement.

Paul collects more winnings.

DISSOLVE TO:

136 INT. BACCARAT TABLE 136

Paul is seated next to two suited Asian men with notebooks and calculated stares.

Paul places a bet. Another winner. More chips.

DISSOLVE TO:

137 INT. CASHIER'S WINDOW 137

Paul stands eagerly awaiting the total count of his winnings.

The cashier rearranges the chips, counts them, and then counts again.

CASHIER
Seventy-five thousand, four hundred
and fifty dollars! Congratulations!
How would you like it?

Paul slides over his ID and a piece of paper with his bank information on it.

PAUL
Wire transfer, please.

The cashier enters data into her computer and hands Paul his ID and a receipt for the transaction.

Paul steps away, excited and glowing from the win. He reaches for his phone and dials. The call goes to voicemail.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Monica, it's Paul. I -- I've. Mason was right. I have won more money in just a few hours than I thought possible. I should be happy but I am not. I know I surprised you this morning, just please call me when you get this.

Disappointed, Paul wanders aimlessly around the casino in search of another game.

138 INT. CASINO - HIGH STAKES POKER ROOM

138

Paul finds himself in the high-stakes poker room, about to sit down at a table with some serious well-dressed players.

Paul's phone vibrates, with an incoming text. Paul pulls out his phone to check the message.

DEALER

Sir, no cell phone use at the table.

Paul sees the message is from Monica and steps away from the table.

PAUL

Sorry.

ON SCREEN:

MONICA: Got your message. I'm here in Atlantic City. I had to see you. Meet me? Don't tell Mason.

Paul is surprised and elated, immediately texting back.

ON SCREEN:

PAUL: Yes :) Really?

Paul quickly leaves the poker room and heads toward the main exit.

139 INT. CASINO - MAIN EXIT

139

Paul looks around and sees no sign of Mason. Another text.

ON SCREEN:

MONICA: Ocean One Pier, just north of the casino. Down by the beach. Be there in 20? I'll explain when I see you.

One more look around: nothing. Paul heads for the door.

140 EXT. CASINO

140

Paul walks out of the casino full of bravado. Looking up the coastline along the horizon, he sees the pier about a half mile away.

He texts,

ON SCREEN:

PAUL: C U in 15 :)

Beyond the pier the sun is setting. Ominous storm clouds are on the horizon, closing quickly.

141 EXT. OCEAN ONE PIER - BEACH - NIGHT

141

The sun has disappeared behind the buildings and all but dipped completely below the horizon. It's dark, the street lights have yet to come on.

Waves are crashing hard on the beach. Dark storm clouds gather in the sky. A flicker of lightning brightens the blackness of the beach.

Paul works his way down the beach, following the directions in Monica's text.

He is steps away from the pier now.

PAUL

Monica, where are you? Monica?

Paul ducks under the pier.

A figure emerges from behind a beam.

Paul strains as he attempts to see.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Monica, why on earth did you drag me down here?

Mason reveals himself from the shadows.

MASON

I'm sure you're wondering what this is all about.

(pausing)

I will try to explain.

Mason continues to close on Paul.

Paul is stunned, motionless.

MASON (CONT'D)

I knew you would come. So easy to
manipulate.

Mason and Paul, just steps between them now, facing one another. Lightning crashes, showing the rage in Mason's eyes. The skies open up. Rain begins to pound the sand and the pier overhead.

MASON (CONT'D)

Did you really think that I would
teach you all that I know while you
were sleeping with my wife?

Mason's hands fall to his side, revealing Monica's phone in one hand and a gun in the other.

PAUL

What? I didn't. We didn't, I swear.
You -- you must believe me.

MASON

Oh, I do believe you. I know you
haven't slept with Monica -- yet.
But you would have, if I hadn't
stopped the two of you.

(pausing)

I saw you two. I saw what happened,
rather what would have happened if
I hadn't taken control and changed
your course.

PAUL

What are you talking about?

MASON

The power you could have wielded.
If only you would have allowed me
to complete my research. But you
had to have what is not yours to
have.

PAUL

She's not something to own or
possess.

This amuses Mason.

MASON

She wouldn't have lasted much longer anyway, especially, after what I saw in your review: the two of you in your apartment, fornicating after the fire.

Lightning again illuminates the beach with flashes of light.

PAUL

The Fire? You knew? You knew and did nothing? But my uncle, why?

MASON

To keep her from you. And now I can make that permanent. It would seem that fate has it in for one of us. I've decided it will be you.

(pausing)

I'm sorry, Mr. Fontana your dream ends here.

Mason raises the gun.

PAUL

Wait -- Wait! You don't have to do this.

Lightning flashes, then darkness.

Mason pulls the trigger.

CRACK! Fire explodes from the muzzle providing the only light.

CRACK! A muzzle flare, CRACK!

Paul folds, collapsing on the beach. Blood pools near his head resting on a boulder sticking out of the sand.

Mason stands over a motionless Paul, admiring his work.

A bloody foam is forming around Paul's mouth.

Mason nudges Paul with his foot, the gun still trained on the seemingly lifeless body.

No movement, Paul's pants soaked with urine.

Mason kneels next to the body, looking for signs of life, rifling through Paul's pockets, and emptying the contents on the sand: a few poker chips, Paul's wallet, and his phone.

Mason stuffs the poker chips in Paul's mouth and struts up toward the boardwalk. Emptying Paul's wallet, Mason pockets all of the cash, snaps Paul's phone in half and tosses both the broken phone and empty wallet in the garbage can at the edge of the sand.

The freshly lit street lights glow grows as Mason, steps onto the sidewalk and strolls back toward the casino with a relaxed rhythm to his pace.

142 INT. BROOKS HOME - STUDY 142

Monica is seated in the study curled up with a book. A fire rages in the fireplace. Flames dance violently, throwing shadows and shards of light across the room.

She reaches for her phone on the table next to her but it's not there. Checking her pockets, it's not there either. Monica closes her book and heads upstairs.

143 INT. BROOKS HOME - MONICA'S ROOM 143

Monica looks under the bed, opening drawers, searching for her cell phone.

144 INT. BROOKS HOME - GUEST BEDROOM 144

Monica enters Paul's room on the off chance her phone may be in there.

Looking around the room, no phone. Then the neatness of the dresser catches her eye. All the drawers are flush and closed completely.

Monica bolts over to the drawer, flinging it off its tracks and looking behind it.

The gun is gone.

145 INT. BROOKS HOME - KITCHEN 145

Monica rushes into the kitchen, now frantically looking for her cell phone. She checks the counters and the junk drawer. Still no cell phone.

Monica picks up the receiver to the land line and dials.

146 INT. MONICA'S CAR 146

Monica's phone vibrates and lights up. The caller ID shows, "HOME".

Mason grabs the phone, powers it down, and tucks it in his coat pocket.

147 INT. BROOKS HOME - KITCHEN 147

Monica is still standing with the phone in her hand. She dials again. This time it goes straight to voicemail.

148 INT. MONICA'S CAR 148

Mason enters the gated community. Another block, then headlights brighten his darkly lit home as he turns onto the driveway.

149 INT. BROOKS HOME - FOYER 149

Monica sees headlights come up the drive and walks briskly to the foyer.

Mason is already inside, just closing the door.

MONICA

Thank goodness you are home. I was worried.

MASON

Why?

MONICA

Paul was acting so strange. And what you said yesterday about your dream. I thought something might have happened to you -- or him.

Mason turns on the outside lights and locks the door.

Monica's eyes widen, staring at the locked door, then Mason.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Where's Paul?

MASON

I wish I knew.

MONICA

Mason, where's Paul?

MASON

I don't know.

MONICA

What do you mean you don't know?
You always know.

MASON

For all I know, he was rolling
around with some young,
objectionable hussy.

MONICA

You left him there?

MASON

Look, we were supposed to meet in
the lobby. He didn't show, I looked
high and low for the man, scoured
the casino. He wasn't there. He
knew where to meet and at what
time.

MONICA

Did you try his cell or have him
paged?

MASON

He's putting my research at risk
like this. I should sack the
imbecile for his antics alone. When
the playboy finally returns, get
him connected and his recording
started as quickly as you can. It's
late. This whole ordeal has been
one big nightmare.

- | | | |
|-----|---|-----|
| 150 | INT. BROOKS HOME - STUDY | 150 |
| | Monica falls into the sofa, confused and worried. She stares into the fire, lost in her thoughts and fears. | |
| 151 | INT. BROOKS HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY | 151 |
| | Mason peeks down the hallway, making sure no one is there. | |
| 152 | INT. BROOKS HOME - MONICA'S BEDROOM | 152 |
| | Mason quickly sets Monica's phone under her bedside table as if it had been there all along. | |

153 INT. BROOKS HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY 153

Satisfied, Mason walks to his room and shuts the door behind him.

154 INT. BROOKS HOME - STUDY 154

Monica is still on the sofa, looking off into the fire. A single tear runs down her face. An open bottle and a half-filled wine glass are on the table next to her.

155 INT. BROOKS HOME - MONICA'S BEDROOM 155

Monica, now in bed, pours another glass. A little drunk, she spills. The red wine pools on the bedside table and down onto the floor.

Monica kneels to clean up the wine with a towel draped across a nearby chair. As Monica pushes the towel under the table to soak up all of the wine she feels something, her phone.

She tries to turn it on, nothing. Monica gets to her feet and plugs it in the charger on her dresser, then lies back on her bed.

Waiting for her phone to power back up, Monica glances across the hall into the guest bedroom.

The hallway fixture throws off just enough light to see clearly into the room. Monica looks longingly to Paul's room. Her eyes can no longer stay open. She passes out.

DISSOLVE TO:

156 EXT. BROOKS HOME - LATER THAT EVENING 156

Lightning illuminates the neighborhood as the bolt's finger-like tentacles branch out through the sky. Thunder rolls through the dark, menacing clouds.

Thunder, then lightning. Lightning, then thunder.

CRACK!

A lightning bolt strikes a power line out on the street. Sparks fly with a sizzling, crackling sound. Then, darkness.

The power is out.

- 157 INT. MONICA'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING 157
- The sun has not yet risen. The dim pinkish hue spreading across the sky provides hints of the next day.
- Monica is in bed, starting to wake. Her eyes open to see the empty bottle of wine on the floor as reality returns swiftly.
- With a head-pounding hangover, Monica pulls herself out of bed and stumbles over to the bathroom, draws water for a bath, and makes her way back.
- She picks up and checks her phone, still not charged. She tries to turn on the light. Nothing.
- Monica grabs a flashlight from her dresser drawer.
- 158 INT. BROOKS HOME - BASEMENT 158
- Stacked boxes, equipment and file-cabinets line the dark room. A large generator lies dormant in the corner.
- Monica enters with the glow of the flashlight guiding her way to the back corner. She finds the fuse box and transfer switch. Monica pulls the lever activating the back-up generator.
- The generator growls, then purrs. After a few moments, the power and lights are back on.
- 159 EXT. OCEAN ONE PIER - EARLY MORNING 159
- A lightning flash brightens an otherwise dark beach. The moon's glow powers the tide. The sun has yet to break the horizon. Waves are still choppy with whitecaps from the storm.
- Waves crash against Paul's body under the pier, receding as the tide begins to retreat back to the sea. A wave splashes Paul in the face.
- 160 FLASHBACK: 160
- 161 EXT. OCEAN ONE PIER - LAST NIGHT. 161
- The sun has set. Darkness creeps in, as does the violent storm in the sky.
- Mason stands under the pier as Paul approaches, exactly as he had done before.

MASON

I'm sure you're wondering what this
is all about.

Mason's hands fall to his side, revealing Monica's phone in
one hand and a gun in the other.

MASON (CONT'D)

The power you could have wielded.

Suddenly, time slows down. The waves once violently crashing
against the pier now almost frozen in time.

Mason moves at a statuesque pace.

Lightning again illuminates the beach with beams of light.

MASON (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Mr. Fontana, your dream
ends here.

Mason raises the gun.

A storm rages in the sky above.

Paul glances at his hands.

Stark lines and wrinkles are easily seen.

Paul is suddenly fully aware, omniscient.

Thunder rolls in the distance and lightning dances across the
sky.

PAUL (V.O.)

Get the gun.

Paul lunges toward Mason, grabbing for the gun. He is not
quick enough.

Lightning flashes, then darkness.

Mason retrains the gun on Paul.

PAUL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Avoid bullet. Move.

Paul dives to the side, anticipating the gunfire.

The gun fires. A bullet hits Paul in his upper arm. He's
wounded, but not critically.

PAUL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Quicker. Act; do not react.

Mason takes aim directly at Paul's head.

PAUL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Another shot. Duck.

The muzzle flashes. The bullet races toward Paul's forehead.

Paul quickly throws his head and chest back to avoid the bullet. His feet slip. He begins to fall.

The bullet glances off Paul's head, doing more damage to his hair than his skull.

PAUL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(falling)
Watch out for the --

Paul crashes head first into a jagged rock that is mostly buried in the sand.

PAUL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Too late.

Paul lies unconscious in the wet sand. Blood is gushing from the wound on his head.

END FLASHBACK.

162 EXT. OCEAN ONE PIER - PRESENT TIME

162

Paul's face is smacked by a large wave. His eyes open.

A weak cough, then another, forcefully thrusting Paul back into consciousness.

Paul coughs and spits blood as he rises to his hands and knees. His hair is soiled with a mixture of blood, vomit, and seawater. Paul settles on his heels, surveying what was his temporary grave.

He sees the boulder rising out of the sand surrounded by a pool of blood now mixed with vomit and a few poker chips.

Paul grabs the chips, rinsing them in the crashing waves, and tries to rise to his feet.

With a deafening pain in his head, disorientation takes over. Paul is back down, defeated.

Raising his head toward the boardwalk, Paul sees a beautiful brunette resembling Monica crossing the street toward the pier.

PAUL
MONICA!

The woman takes a few more steps toward the pier and vanishes into the wind.

A renewed energy spurs Paul to his feet. He takes a few steps and stumbles again. Paul wills himself to his feet and the to the boardwalk, fighting for each step.

Just across the street, the women again.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Monica! Monica!

Paul musters enough strength to rush across the road to whom he believes to be Monica. Three steps in and the image of the woman fades, as does everything else.

Paul hits the pavement hard, lying unconscious in the middle of the street.

163 INT. BROOKS HOME - KITCHEN

163

Monica is downstairs trying to calm herself sipping a cup of tea.

Mason enters.

MASON
What time did Paul come in?

MONICA
He didn't and I'm starting to worry.

MASON
What a bloody waste, the blinkered arse.

MONICA
You're up early.

MASON
I skipped my review this morning. I have to go out. I'll take your car again. I shouldn't be more than an hour or two.

164 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

164

Two beds sit in a cramped room. A window on the east side provides natural light, contrasting the starkness of the fluorescent overheads.

A nurse stands in observation at a monitor, briefly making notes in the computer system and then walks out to the nearby nursing station.

Blips, beeps, and the chirp of the heartbeat monitor are the only sounds heard in the room.

Paul lies unconscious in one of the beds. The other bed is occupied by an equally unconscious patient. Paul has a large bandage wrapped around his head and another on his shoulder. An IV is pumping fluids into his arm.

165 EXT. WILKINS' OFFICE

165

Mason is in Monica's car, alone in the parking lot of a worn-down strip mall.

A black sedan pulls up and parks next to Mason. Wilkins gets out and speaks to Mason through his car window

WILKINS

This better be important dragging me out here on my day off.

MASON

Thanks for meeting me. I appreciate it.

WILKINS

You better appreciate it. I'm charging you triple.

MASON

I'll be right up. I have to make a quick call.

WILKINS

Make it quick. I need to pick up my daughter in an hour.

Wilkins heads toward his office on the second floor.

Mason exits Monica's care wearing a long ladies overcoat, gloves, sunglasses, hat, and a brunette wig following Wilkins' path to the second floor.

Once inside the building, he quickly removes his coat, concealing the disguise in the coat as he drapes it over his arm.

166 INT. WILKINS' OFFICE

166

Wilkins is seated behind the desk, Mason in front.

WILKINS

Today's my daughter's birthday,
what is so damn important that it
couldn't wait 'til tomorrow?

MASON

It's Fontana, I need to look into
his file -- all of it -- to see if
there is something in there,
something we missed.

WILKINS

This Fontana connection is going to
be the death of me, I tell ya.

Wilkins bends over toward a file cabinet behind him to his right.

MASON

You have no idea.

Wilkins drops a thick stack of envelopes and files on the desk. It hits with a thud.

WILKINS

This is everything, all I got on
your godforsaken Paul Fontana.

MASON

Does anyone else know about this
case, your work on Mr. Fontana?

WILKINS

You know how I work. I don't even
tell my wife about my cases.

MASON

Very good. Can't have any loose
ends.

Mason rises to his feet, the coat falls to the ground revealing a gun. Mason takes aim point blank at Wilkins, and pulls the trigger.

The bullet pierces Wilkins' forehead, killing him instantly.

A mixture of blood, brain, and skull matter is splattered on the window and wall behind Wilkins.

Mason's face lights up with excitement, actual enjoyment. He grabs the Fontana files, puts the disguise back on, and heads to the car.

167 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

167

A nurse checks Paul's vitals and walks out. She can be heard in the background.

NURSE

John Doe, multiple gunshot wounds, superficial wound to the skull and a perforating wound to left upper extremity. -- Yes, went straight through.

Paul's eyes begin to flutter ever so slightly with movement. His fingers begin to twitch.

Paul's eyes open once again regaining consciousness, but not yet his full awareness. Paul rips out his IV and jumps from bed.

Paul's clothes are nowhere to be found. Paul looks in his roommate's closet, grabbing a few items.

PAUL

(to his unconscious
bedfellow)

Sorry, bud. Hopefully you won't need these for a while.

168 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY

168

Nurses, medical assistants, and doctors fill the active hallway. All busy, heads down.

Paul steps out of his room unnoticed and walks down the hallway calmly, still in pain and wincing slightly, but able to hide his injuries well enough.

Weaving his way through the labyrinth that is the hospital corridor, his energy waning.

Two EMTs rush past pushing a stretcher without giving Paul a glance.

169 EXT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM ENTRANCE 169

An ambulance's rear doors are wide open. Paul musters enough energy to jump in the back. Climbing his way to the cab, he sees the keys in the ignition with the engine still running.

Paul puts on an EMT's jacket from the passenger seat, and floors the accelerator.

170 INT. BROOKS HOME - HALLWAY 170

Mason walks with purpose up the staircase and down the hall.

Mason checks the hallway for Monica; all clear. He quickly ducks into the guest bedroom.

171 INT. BROOKS HOME - GUEST BEDROOM 171

Mason pulls the gun and a white cloth out of his jacket pocket. He quickly wipes down the gun with the towel.

Mason kneels next to the dresser, pulls the drawer out, and replaces the gun exactly as it was before.

172 INT. MASON'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER 172

Mason is seated at his desk viewing the monitors. All is as it should be until the replay goes blank. All the other monitors and measurements flatline.

Panic stricken, Mason checks the connections, the power, and then looks at the paper backups. They all go blank at the same time.

Monica hearing the commotion,

MONICA

What's wrong?

MASON

They start at ten and stop at two.
It doesn't make any sense.

MONICA

Oh, the power went out last night;
not sure what time. I transferred
to the generator sometime this
morning.

MASON

What? Why didn't you tell me?

MONICA

You usually don't need me to. As soon as I begin to speak, you answer. What does it matter?

Mason storms past Monica, bounding down the steps, pausing halfway.

MASON

The recording isn't complete. Without it, I'm blind.

Mason continues his frantic descent toward the utility room.

Monica quietly steps into her bedroom.

173 I/E. AMBULANCE 173

The speeding ambulance weaves in and out of traffic.

Paul is showing fatigue behind the wheel. Realizing, his speed, Paul turns on the sirens and lights to help clear his path.

174 INT. BROOKS HOME - MONICA'S BEDROOM 174

Monica stands with her phone in her hand finally charged. Flipping through her phone, Monica sees missed calls from Mason, Paul, and home.

Her curious look turns to horror when she sees the text messages between "her" and Paul. Confused and frightened, Monica paces her room, searching for answers.

Her mind spinning, grasping. Monica's eyes settle on Paul's room across the hall noticing the drawer that was flush yesterday is now askew again.

175 INT. BROOKS HOME - GUEST BEDROOM 175

Nervous, she quickly and quietly scampers across the hall, pulls the drawer out and off its tracks, peering inside.

The gun is there again.

Monica grabs the gun, holding it in desperate fear. She stands, inspecting the gun further, notices it's missing three bullets and smells of a sharp, pungent aroma of metallic sulfur.

Monica falls to her knees with shock. Pulling herself back up, Monica rises enough to place the gun back in its hidden nook.

SMASH!

A thunderous blow to the back of Monica's head. She falls forward, folding to the ground. She turns her head before losing consciousness and sees Mason standing over her.

176 I/E. AMBULANCE 176

The ambulance races down the tollway, nearing the exit toward Mason's neighborhood.

Paul is very woozy and struggling to stay conscious.

177 INT. BROOKS HOME - GUEST BEDROOM 177

Monica is tied up on the bed with both hands and feet bound by rope secured to the bed posts. Mason is seated next to her with the gun in his grip.

Monica comes to. The pain quickly overshadowed by horror and fear as Mason towers over her with the gun trained on her.

MASON

It is obvious now that this arrangement just won't do.

Monica stares at Mason in complete disbelief and fear. Writhing in pain, she cries,

MONICA

Why? What did you do? What'd you?

MASON

All men dream, but unequally, my dear. Those who dream at night in the dusty recesses of their minds awake the next day to find that their dreams were just vanity.

(pausing)

But those who dream during the day with their eyes wide open are dangerous men; they act out their dreams to make them reality.

Monica stares in horror.

MASON (CONT'D)

The fiber of your future lies in the dreams I bring to life. You see, you conniving, cheating whore, to address the remote possibility that suspicion falls on me, I've linked you to the murder of not only your wannabe lover...

Flashback:

178 INT. BROOKS HOME - MONICA'S CLOSET 178

Mason surreptitiously rummages through Monica's closet. He grabs a hat, gloves, a long coat, and a brunette wig leaving with a devious smile.

179 EXT. GAS STATION 179

Mason stands next to a gas pump wearing the same disguise he wore to Wilkins' office.

Mason inserts Monica's Credit Card to pay for the gas. He fuels up Monica's car, tossing the receipt on the ground when finished.

180 INT. CASINO 180

Mason has Monica's phone in his hand, texting Paul.

MASON (V.O.)

... but also to the recent murder of my dear friend Mr. Wilkins.

Mason calls Wilkins from Monica's phone.

181 INT. WILKINS OFFICE 181

Mason writes Monica's name in Wilkins' schedule.

END FLASHBACK.

182 INT. BROOKS HOME - GUEST BEDROOM - PRESENT TIME 182

Mason is now on top of Monica forcing the gun to her chest.

Monica resists pushing back as best can.

MASON

All the while absolving myself from your future death. When I discovered your atrocities, you turned the gun on me. I struggled to get away and, unfortunately, my poor troubled wife was shot as we jostled for control of the gun.
 (sadistically sarcastic)
 I'm so deeply saddened by this loss.

MONICA

You're a monster! You won't get away with this.

MASON

Oh, but I do.

Mason confidently looks at Monica's body and pulls the gun back away from her chest, craving.

MASON (CONT'D)

Maybe you fancied one last go before trying to kill me.

Monica squirms, screaming in terror.

MASON (CONT'D)

It's a long shot, but I think I can make that work.

Mason swings the gun forcefully at Monica, striking her across the face and temple, knocking her unconscious.

183 I/E. AMBULANCE

183

The ambulance swerves wildly, turning into Mason's community crashing through the gate. Just blocks away from Mason's house Paul cuts the lights and siren.

The ambulance speeds up the Brooks' driveway.

184 EXT. BROOKS HOME

184

Paul stumbles out of the cab, struggling to find his footing and enough strength to make it up the front steps.

Monica's screams are heard from inside.

At the front entryway, Paul tries to open the door. It's locked. Paul retraces his steps unsteadily to the ambulance, retrieving a fire extinguisher.

Paul raises the fire extinguisher and slams it squarely on the doorknob, breaking it off cleanly and swinging the door slowly open.

185 INT. BROOKS HOME - FOYER 185

Monica's cries can be heard more clearly now.

Adrenaline kicking in, Paul rushes up the steps, fire extinguisher still in his grip.

186 INT. BROOKS HOME - GUEST BEDROOM 186

Monica is subdued on the bed. Her face is beaten, swollen with red contusions and blood streaming down her face.

Mason is ripping at her clothes with one hand, the gun in the other. Monica is barely moving.

As Mason claws at her shirt, Paul's bracelet slides down Monica's arm, resting at her wrist.

Mason sees the gold bracelet. Startled, his eyes go wide.

FLASHBACK:

187 INT. PLANE 187

Paul and Mason sit on the plane just before it plummets. Light reflects off the bracelet on Paul's wrist.

188 INT. PAUL'S CAR 188

Paul is distracted, barreling through the intersection. The bracelet glows as Paul grips the wheel.

189 EXT. OCEAN ONE PIER - BEACH 189

Under the pier, down by the beach, Paul lunges forward at Mason to stop the attack. Paul's wrist is naked; the bracelet is not there.

END FLASHBACK.

190

INT. BROOKS HOME - GUEST BEDROOM - PRESENT TIME

190

Paul bursts through the door with a primal growl, leaping toward the bed, swinging the fire extinguisher at Mason.

Paul lands a clean blow to the back of Mason's neck, knocking him from his perch atop Monica and the bed.

As Mason falls he swings the gun around, searching for Paul and fires. The bullet catches Paul directly in the thigh, crumpling him to the floor.

The tangled web of electrical cords breaks Mason's fall.

MASON

You are a tough arse to kill.

Mason finds his footing and stands.

MASON (CONT'D)

I will enjoy killing you even more
the second time around.

Paul is crippled, paralyzed by pain, unable to stand. Blood is flowing heavily from the bullet hole in his leg.

Mason raises the gun, cocks the hammer, pausing.

MASON (CONT'D)

But first, some unfinished
business.

Mason releases the hammer and turns his attention back to Monica, still unconscious on the bed, clothes torn to shreds. She lies half naked, fully beaten.

Mason climbs on top of Monica again as she starts to come to. Mason's leg gets entangled in the maze of cords. He yanks violently to free his leg, creating some slack in one of the ties securing Monica to the bed.

Paul, on the floor leg soaked in blood, launches the fire extinguisher at Mason.

Mason sees the object out of the corner of his eye, quickly pivots, barely avoiding it.

With Mason off balance, Monica gathers herself and thrusts her knee into Mason's groin.

Mason spins off, trapped in the cords. He trips, stumbles, and slams face-first to the floor.

CRACK! The gun goes off.

Mason lies motionless, imprisoned by cords. Blood dripping from his abdomen.

Paul struggles to his feet, limping over to Monica, nudging Mason with his foot as he unties her.

Monica stands over Mason. She violently kicks him in the gut. Kneeling down she checks for a pulse: nothing.

191 EXT. BROOKS HOME - MOMENTS LATER

191

Monica and Paul sit on the back of the ambulance, bruised and battered but alive. Sirens can be heard approaching, gaining strength.

MONICA

What do we tell them?

PAUL

Do you think anyone would believe us?

MONICA

I'm not sure the world is ready?

The two share a brief smile as two police cruisers and an ambulance speed up the drive.

DISSOLVE TO:

192 INT. VEGAS CASINO - SIX MONTHS LATER

192

Paul and Monica stand at a roulette table, looking every bit the couple.

Paul pushes a large stack of chips onto Black 13.

Monica pulls her large diamond wedding ring from her purse adding it to the stack of chips just as the dealer spins the ball on the wheel.

DEALER

No more bets. Chips only please.

The ball drops, spinning round and round.

Monica reaches back into her purse. She then grabs Paul's hand, placing his mom's bracelet in it.

MONICA

You better keep this.

Paul confused and saddened by the gesture.

MONICA (CONT'D)
(smiling up at Paul)
Your mom would want you to keep it.
(now flaunting her naked
ring finger)
Besides, I'll need a new ring.

The ball bounces around the number wheel hitting in Black 8, then Red 23, circles to Black 28 and bounces back around, falling in and then out of Black 13 and into Red 27. And then out again almost at rest now teetering on the edge between the two numbers.

Monica smiles excitedly at Paul, reaching for his hand.

Paul smiles back glancing down at his hands, rotating them to reveal his palms,

FADE TO BLACK.