

*DREAMSCALE*

*BY*

*Stephen King's right testicle*

NOTE: ALL CHARACTERS AND EVENTS IN THIS SCRIPT  
ARE ENTIRELY FICTIONAL  
ANY SIMILARITIES ARE MERELY COINCIDENTAL

FADE IN:

INT. WOODS - EVENING

Five backpackers wander the seemingly endless woods. Jeff(21) average looks, the self proclaimed leader who constantly checks his GPS and his balls.

JEFF

We're nearly here guys.

Bert(22) miserable, carries a little bit of weight front and back, seems like he doesn't wanna be there.

BERT

Who's fucking bright idea was it to come here?

JEFF

Fuck you, The pacific northwest is the best place to camp in the US, bar none.

Stevie(21) handsome but an asshole, there's always one in a gang. Speaks with strange accent, a cross between a Welshman and a Tibetan Monk.

STEVIE

The place is riddled with cocksucking, Jager drinking, shit stabbing mountain men... fucking two teeth between them and they're all riddled with herpes.

BERT

Yeah I would be a lot happier in a fucking rundown motel, during a hurricane.

Don(25) dashing good looks, sort of Clark Gable mold, the sensible one. Keeps the gang together, like duct tape on a broken leg.

DON

Ok guys, Let's give it a chance. Who knows, old Jeff might have something here.

JEFF

Yeah fuck you all.

DON

And can we keep the language to a minimum? I don't want my little sister picking up bad habits.

STEVIE

The girl needs to learn Don. How old is she? Six or twelve or something?

DON

You can't tell the difference between a six and a twelve year old.

And finally propping up the rear is Pia(12) A quiet kid, keeps his head down, but her eyes up... very creepy.

STEVIE

No harm Don, but she freaks me out, she's gonna be a serial killer when she grows up.

JEFF

Or a writer of horrors.

BERT

Yeah I can't see that girl doing comedy.

DON

Ok, leave her alone.

STEVIE

Why the fuck did you bring her Don?

Don sighs.

DON

You know I feel responsible for our parents death, I don't usually leave the gas on and with dad being a big smoker. But I was the making mac and cheese, so it had to have been me.

Jeff stops in his tracks, scratches his nuts, the rest follow suit minus the scratching of the nuts. He tilts his head slightly.

JEFF

Do you hear that?

The sound of rushing water in the distance.

STEVIE

It sounds like water... rushing.

JEFF

Lighten the fuck up Stevie. This is paradise... c'mon.

Jeff picks up speed, as Stevie and Don catch up. Bert and Pia are left behind.

BERT  
Hey guys, wait for us.

Bert drops his equipment, bends over, as he holds his chest, breathes very heavily. Pia stands next to him, quiet as usual.

Jeff, Stevie and Don stop and turn around.

JEFF  
Hurry the fuck up Bert.

BERT  
I think I'm having a heart attack.

STEVIE  
Lay off the fucking tacos then.

BERT  
You're such an asshole.

Bert slowly stands up, then lets one rip.

STEVIE  
More like a fart attack.

JEFF  
Can you take this fucking serious  
guys? This is not a comedy.  
(to Stevie)  
You especially, pissar.

Don marches back to his little sis. Pia stands still, looking beyond him... frozen in fear.

DON  
Pia, are you ok? You're hearing  
those voices again aren't you?

Pia raises one finger, she points in the distance. The guys turn in unison, but nothing is there.

DON (CONT'D)  
Did you see something? Pia, you can  
talk you know.

After a beat, Pia shakes his head.

JEFF  
Ok guys fun is over and you know  
it's nearly nightfall, let's get to  
the river and set up camp.

Bert lifts his equipment as the guys get back on track.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

A small waterfall cascades into fast flowing river. The guys pitch two tents and lie on their backs as they stare at the night sky.

Stevie rolls a fat joint and lights it up. He looks at Don who has falling fast asleep.

STEVIE

Party animal.

He checks Bert out... he shovels twinkie bars in him like it's the end of the world.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

There goes our fucking supply.

Stevie hands the joint to Jeff.

JEFF

Naw man I'm good.

STEVIE

Are you shitting me? You can't let a man smoke alone.

Jeff takes a sip from a cup.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Are you drinking tea?

Jeff smiles a devilish smile, Stevie acknowledges it ain't ordinary tea.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Magic shrooms.

JEFF

Oh yeah... what about the kid, maybe she wants a toke?

Stevie glances over to see Pia wide awake. Stevie whispers not to wake Don.

STEVIE

Hey Pia, you wanna try?

Don shuffles around in his sleep, Stevie helps by "sshhhhing" in his ear.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

It's ok, everyone tries it, it helps ease the pain so it can't be bad.

Stevie smiles a stoner smile, while Jeff begins to laugh uncontrollably.

Pia takes the joint and exhales.

STEVIE (CONT'D)  
No girl, you gotta inhale, hold it  
and then exhale.

Pia inhales, holds it and exhales much to her own delight. A warm smile appears on his face.

STEVIE (CONT'D)  
Hell ya, you do smile..

Jeff abruptly stands up and stares into the distance. He walks towards a tree.

Stevie watches on, with one raised eyebrow. Bert stops eating for a second, with cream all over his mouth he watches on intrigued.

JEFF's POV

A stunning playboy model, brunette, with perfect ten breasts, legs that never end and shaved clean, gives Jeff the "come to me" look.

Jeff strips as his white bare ass glows from the moonlight. He wraps his arms tightly around the model and picks her up by her sweet ass... Slowly he enters her, then picks up speed.

He moans and groans with sweat dripping from his forehead. He glances around, and notices the woods is filled with smoking hot naked chicks, all satisfying themselves to Jeff's orgasm.

MODEL  
Oh Jeff, oh Jeff... give it to me  
hard, oh --

Back to the real world.

Stevie touches Jeff on the shoulder.

STEVIE  
Jeff, Jeff, what the fuck man?

Jeff turns around to see Stevie and Bert with huge smiles on their faces.

JEFF  
Some fucking privacy here guys. I  
saw her first.

STEVIE

Well she is pretty hot and it looks  
like she's got wood in her.

Bert laughs hysterically. Stevie holds the joint in his  
hand.

JEFF

What the fuck you laughing at fatboy?

STEVIE

Buddy... You're fucking a tree.

JEFF

What the fuck?

Jeff quickly pulls his pants up, realization kicks in.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Buzzkill. Gimme a smoke of that.

Jeff grabs the joint, then Bert.

JEFF (CONT'D)

You better not tell anybody or I'll  
shove a taco up your ass sideways.

Stevie turns back to the campsite... something's wrong.

STEVIE

Hey guys, where's the kid?

JEFF

Maybe she's in the tent sleeping,  
the joint might have knocked her  
out.

The guys quietly search the tents, not to wake Don.

STEVIE

She's not here.

BERT

Oh shit, Don is gonna freak... we  
gotta wake him.

JEFF

No way man, I'll rather give a red  
rocket to a tiger.

STEVIE

Or fuck a tree.

JEFF

Screw you.

BERT

Well, are we gonna stand round here  
and do nothing.

The guys stare at each other for a beat, then they lie down  
and share the weed.

EXT. WOODS - SMALL CHURCH - LATER

Pia stands alone, surrounded by tall redwoods. She stares  
at what seems to be a small church.

It's broken stain glass windows are occupied by perilous  
crows. The front door lays broken in pieces, leaving a dark  
archway.

Faint voices can be heard from inside calling Pia's name.

She approaches slowly, cautiously with her head down and her  
eyes up.

INT. SMALL CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

The benches remain surprisingly intact, although shattered  
glass takes over the aisle. The altar covered with a table  
cloth and two stick candles which continue to burn.

Faint voices continue to call Pia's name, she lifts her head  
as she tries to follow the voices.

FAINT VOICES (O.S.)

We have the answers you need...  
Open the altar.

Pia approaches the altar, lifts the candles off and slowly  
tries to pry open the lid... it opens.

Cobwebs fill the inside, as Pia picks up a lighted candle  
and holds it over for a better view.

PIA

What the fu --

EXT. WOODS - LATER

The guys still haven't moved from the camp area. Don remains  
sleeping under the stars.

STEVIE

I'm just saying, "Beatles for Sale"  
had much bigger impact than any  
fucking Maiden album... and that's  
probably their worst one.

JEFF

If I hear one more fucking Beatles reference, I swear I will rip the head off your shoulders and shove my hand so far down your neck, I'll pull the fucking price tag out of your speedos.

STEVIE

Ok, I'll let it be.

Stevie smirks to himself. Don starts to toss and turn.

BERT

Shit guys, he's waking up.

Don sits up and cracks his neck.

DON

How long have I been sleeping?

BERT

Hours, but I covered for you like I always do.

Don realizes Pia is missing and jumps up like a raging bull.

DON

Where's my sister?

Jeff, Stevie and Bert suddenly become oblivious to Don.

JEFF

What? Pia? She was right here, wasn't she guys?

Bert and Stevie nod in agreement.

STEVIE

I think she's taking a dump in the woods.

Jeff gives Stevie a sarcastic thumbs up, behind Don's back.

DON

PIA! PIA! Where are you?

The wind begins to pick up, the tall redwoods rock slowly back and forth. Don looks at the three guys, who all gulp in unison.

DON (CONT'D)

If anything happens to her.

They all hear a noise of breaking branches on the ground, it gets louder and louder, until... Pia appears with what seems to be a piece of paper.

PIA

What are you guys doing?

STEVIE

Ohh she speaks and with a strange Canadian accent... Who are you and what did you do with Pia?

DON

Shut up you idiot.

(To Pia)

Where did you go? You had me worried.

BERT

Did aliens take you?

STEVIE

Yeah it's like that movie, where the guys go camping and they discover that the place they've been camping is plagued by aliens... What the fucks the name of it? Dream something.

JEFF

Dreamscale.

STEVIE

Dreamscale? What the fuck is a dreamscale?

PIA

Dreamcatcher.

STEVE

That's it... thank you Pia. Wait how did you know that?

Pia holds up the piece of paper.

PIA

I found this, in an old abandoned church.

DON

Hey, you don't go wandering off by yourself.

PIA

Well you were sleeping, Bert was stuffing his face, Stevie was stoned  
(MORE)

PIA (CONT'D)  
and Jeff was... well, putting his  
peepee in a tree..

Don shifts a disconcerted look at Jeff.

JEFF  
It's not what you think.

PIA  
Anyways, the voices led me to this  
piece of paper, it holds the answer  
to everything in life... ask anything.

The guys laugh between themselves.

STEVIE  
Jesus Christ Pia, you had one puff  
of weed.

A tear of sadness starts to stream down Pia's face.

JEFF  
Ok, I'll give it a try. I'll start  
with any easy one. Who was the first  
President of America?

Pia holds up the paper... words begin to appear. "John  
Hanson"

JEFF (CONT'D)  
Well that's a magic piece of paper  
alright, but it's completely wrong...  
everyone knows George Washington was  
the first.

More words start to appear on the paper, as Don gets a closer  
inspection.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
Well I'll be. George Washington was  
the first under the constitution,  
but there were seven other presidents  
before the constitution and the first  
was John Hanson.

Stevie takes another drag.

STEVIE  
Mind blowing.

BERT  
Let me ask a silly question.

PIA  
No Bert, don't ask silly questions...  
please.

BERT  
Here goes... would acid vomit be  
considered a form of projectile  
weaponry?

The page doesn't answer. All of a sudden the ground rumbles.

PIA  
It doesn't like silly questions.

DON  
What's happening Pia.

Bert slowly backs up to a tree. The branches reach out and pull him in tighter and tighter until his eye sockets pop out.

JEFF  
Fuck.

Bert is left for dead, as everyone freaks out except Pia, who stands with a devilish grin.

PIA  
Anymore questions?

STEVIE  
No way.

Pia glances at Don.

PIA  
What about you brother, dear?

DON  
I think I'll pass.

PIA  
Ok then, I'll ask one for you.

Pia holds the paper up high for all to see.

PIA (CONT'D)  
Who killed my parents?

The paper slowly prints out the name "Pia".

Don's eyes light up.

PIA (CONT'D)

That's right you did turn the stove off, captain responsible. But when you left for work, with your mac and cheese in hand. I turned it back on and waited outside for dad's morning smoke... Boom!

DON

You little bitch, I thought I was to blame all this time.

He runs at her, but is thrown across the woods into a tree, that holds him captive. Jeff and Stevie try to escape, but are captured by trees.

Pia watches on as the guys struggle to escape. Pia looks up to the night sky.

PIA

It's beautiful, isn't it.

She has one final look at the guys.

PIA (CONT'D)

Goodnight boys.

And with that, Pia disappears into the woods, as the trees crush every bone in their bodies.

As we zoom out the Beatles "The End" plays... it's how Stevie would have wanted.

FADE OUT: