

I AM THE DREAMER OF DREAMS

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. CALL CENTER CUBE FARM - DAY

ANGELA sits amongst a number of other people, all busy calling on the phone. There is nothing personal to be seen in any of the cubes. There is a general DIN of people talking.

Angela is mid twenties, white, cute, but unremarkable. It would be easy to not notice her.

Angela talks on her headset.

ANGELA

Yes, ma'am. That's why this is so wonderful. It helps you to make sure you take that vacation every year.... Yes, we can help with financing. The monthly cost is no more than you would pay for a room at a hotel, and you have this wonderful resort to stay at for two weeks every year. So can I get your... Hello? Hello?

She looks dejected as she taps the button on the phone to hang up.

ERIC, a red headed, short stocky white man comes out of his office at the end of the cubes and walks to Angela. He taps her on the shoulder and signals for her to follow.

Angela takes off the headset and follows.

INT. ERIC'S OFFICE - DAY

The two walk in, Angela following Eric.

ERIC

Don't bother to sit.

He does however.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Angela, I think we have a problem.

ANGELA

Sir?

ERIC

Your work. It just isn't very good.

ANGELA

I'm sorry sir. I really try. But I've just had a stretch of bad luck.

ERIC

Like that lady yesterday?

ANGELA

Sir, she was on fixed income. She couldn't afford a time-share.

ERIC

That's not your concern. Just sell the damn units.

ANGELA

I'm sorry sir. But they're people on the other end of that phone. People with problems. I can't just...

ERIC

I know. That's why we have to let you go. Stop by HR and get your last check. I'm sorry.

Angela takes a deep breath, starts to talk but thinks better, and leaves.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Angela walks along, dejectedly. It is overcast, but she really doesn't care about the weather. She stops to watch some children playing. She smiles. Then she sees a dog running in the park. She watches.

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Angela walks into her apartment carrying some mail. It is small, sparsely decorated except for two movie posters, framed, on the wall. A bed fills one side of the room. A table with a computer fills most of the rest.

A cat comes up to greet her.

ANGELA

Hey, Absalom. How are you doing today?

She goes into the kitchen area and opens a can of food and sets it down.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Enjoy buddy. Then I have to do something neither of us will like.

She walks to her computer and taps a button to turn on the screen. Her email is open and it shows an empty inbox.

She turns her attention to the mail. Several pieces show "Past Due" and "Final Notice". She tosses it all on the desk, dejected.

She goes to the closet and gets out a cat carrier. She picks up the cat and puts it inside.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

This will be for the best. Trust me.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

She waits on a bench in the park, the carrier by her feet. A WOMAN approaches her. Tall, black, mid twenties.

WOMAN

Excuse me, are you Angela?

ANGELA

Yes I am. You must be here for Absalom?

WOMAN

That's right. Is this him?

She hands her the carrier.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Oh, he's adorable. You sure you want to give him away?

ANGELA

Yes. I hate to, but it's best for him. I can't take care of him anymore. I put some of his toys inside.

She hands her a folded piece of paper.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

There's what food I give him. And a few things about what he likes and dislikes.

WOMAN  
I feel kind of bad about this.

ANGELA  
Don't. You are doing me a big favor.

WOMAN  
Well, here's my address.

She hands her a note.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Feel free to visit. And should you change your mind...

ANGELA  
Thanks. But I won't.

She puts her face by the carrier.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
You be good for your new momma. I love you very much sweet boy.

She walks away, as the woman watches, saddened and a bit confused.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Angela sits in an old, beat up car, waiting. A young MAN walks up, about twenty, white, slender build.

MAN  
You the lady with the car on Craig's list?

Angela nods.

ANGELA  
Yep. Here it is. Five hundred dollars, as is.

He looks at the car.

MAN  
Five hundred seems cheap for this.

ANGELA  
Maybe. But it's all I need.

He looks at it some more. Gets in and starts it. Car sounds fine. He turns it off.

MAN

OK. I'll take it.

He takes out five one hundred dollar bills and hands it over.

ANGELA

Thank you very much.

MAN

You sure about this?

ANGELA

Yep. All good.

She turns to walk away. He starts up the car and drives off.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Angela waits on the street. JASON comes walking up. He is a black man, tall, good looking. Early thirties. He gives Angela a big hug.

JASON

How you doing sweetie?

ANGELA

Well, it is what it is. Thanks for stopping by.

JASON

For you, anytime.

She takes out the money and gives it to him.

JASON (CONT'D)

What's this?

ANGELA

The five hundred I owe you.

JASON

What? I gave up on ever seeing this.

ANGELA

Well, then today's your lucky day.

He takes the money, suspicious.

JASON

You OK?

ANGELA  
I've been better.

JASON  
I think I'm starting to worry about  
you. What's going on?

She shrugs.

JASON (CONT'D)  
Come on. Talk to me. I'm your  
oldest and dearest friend, if I do  
say so myself.

The two start to walk along the street, as they talk.

ANGELA  
I lost my job today.

JASON  
Oh, sweetie. I am sorry. But you  
hated that job.

ANGELA  
I did. I did. But still, it's just  
another rejection.

JASON  
You'll find another.

ANGELA  
Sure. But that's not the point.

JASON  
What is?

She hesitates before answering.

ANGELA  
It's my writing.

Jason stops and looks right in her eyes.

JASON  
Still no takers?

ANGELA  
Nothing. Just the sound of  
crickets.

JASON  
You just need to keep trying. You  
know this is a hard business.

ANGELA

Yeah, I know. But this is all I want to do. I write stories. I am a dreamer of dreams. But no one wants to hear by stories, or dream my dreams.

JASON

You need to stick with it. You yourself have said you get better with each one you write.

ANGELA

I know. But I've been at it for years. After a while you take the rejections personally. Maybe I'm just not that good. Why bother fooling myself?

JASON

You can't give up girl. You just can't.

ANGELA

Yeah, I think I can.

They continue walking.

JASON

So what are you going to do?

ANGELA

I don't know.

JASON

You aren't thinking of anything stupid, are you?

ANGELA

Mean other than my stories? Which clearly must be stupid. No, don't worry.

They reach a corner.

JASON

I have to get to work. But I want to talk with you more about this. OK?

ANGELA

Sure, sure.



JASON

I mean it. If you want to talk, you call me at work. Just don't do anything rash. We can get together tomorrow and talk more about it. OK?

ANGELA

I understand.

JASON

Promise me.

ANGELA

Promise what?

JASON

That you won't do anything stupid.

ANGELA

I promise.

He gives her a kiss on the forehead, and heads down the street. Angela turns her face to the sky. A tear is rolling down one cheek.

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Angela sits at her computer, thinking. Finally, she seems to have resolved something.

ANGELA

Voice dictation.

A blank page pops up on the computer. As she talks words come up on the screen.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

I just want to say I'm sorry to everyone I let down. I couldn't go on anymore. I realize not everyone will understand. They're just stories. I know. You could have kept trying. Yeah, I guess. All I know is that I have reached my end.

All I ever wanted to do was touch the souls of those who read my work. It might sound corny, but it's true. But apparently I can't do that. Everyone who could make a difference says so. Every agent, every editor, every producer.

(MORE)

ANGELA (CONT'D)

After a while, you get the message.

Many people tried to help. Some yelled. Some listened. All cared. I know that. Don't blame yourselves.

I am the dreamer of dreams. I need someone to dream those dreams with me. I guess that will never happen. Today, my dreams have died. Forgive me.

She looks at the screen. Satisfied.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Dictation off.

She opens the drawer of the desk and takes out a prescription bottle. She heads over to the bed and lies down. There is a glass of water. She takes all the pills out, swallows them, and drinks some water down. Then she lays down to wait.

A little time has passed. All is quiet. Then there is a DING and on the screen an email alert pops up. The subject reads "We are interested in your screenplay". There is just a small SOUND from Angela.

FADE OUT.

THE END