

REAL DREAM

by

Barry John Terblanche

(+27) 079 6469 246 (South Africa)
scriptwriter.barryjohn@gmail.com
secondary email; opm7bjt@gmail.com

All rights reserved.

This screenplay/script may not be used or reproduced
for any purpose including educational purpose without
the expressed written permission of the author.

INT. NYC, BANK - DAY

(P.O.V) Rifle telescope.

A group of 15 sitting cramped together in a corner. A female amongst them wearing a well packed explosive vest. A faint red light flickers from it. Standing a fair safe distance is a balaclava'd man dressed in black and armed with an assault rifle.

Near the entrance door stands another. No rifle, but a revolver in hand. His other holding a detonator.

EXT. NYC, ROOF TOP - CONT'D

A 4 story office block across the street. A police sniper laying in the ready. The back of his vest reads SWAT. Radio in hand.

POLICE RADIO (O.S)

SWAT, Bravo-2. We got 15 friendly grouped, one wearing a heavy explosive vest with a receiver detonator. One balaclava'd man, AK47 on them.

Another at the entrance, revolver and detonator in the other hand.

I can't take the shot at this angel through the glass.

POLICE RADIO (O.S)

SWAT, Bravo-4.
I Confirm Bravo-2's visual.
I have no shot, same bad angel.

POLICE RADIO (O.S)

Copy SWAT, Bravo-4-2.

EXT. NYC, BANK ENTRANCE - CONT'D

Deserted street and walkway, but for a single cop car in the middle of the street, just outside the banks entrance. It's two occupants, Sargent LANCE, 40's, white, athletic. And MIKE, 20's, white, medium build. Have taken cover behind their vehicle, armed in the ready.

A few hundred meters away, either side of them, behind police tape are multiple cops cars, cops and curious

bystanders.

Back on the two cops outside the bank entrance. Their shoulder radios sound.

POLICE RADIO (O.S)

Charlie 412. Captain Graham here.
Pull back.. pull out now.

Lance responds.

LANCE

Captain. Charlie 412. We already here - advantage point.

POLICE RADIO (O.S)

Your presents will make them nerves.. A negotiator is 10 minutes out. NOW PULL BACK!

Mike gives Lance a look.

MIKE

Sargent? Captain has spoke...

LANCE

...WE STAY! Captain is wrong.

MIKE

SARG?.. We got snipers on the roofs. They got this. Now let's just pull back.

LANCE

They got no kill shot.

On the banks entrance, the sound of a metal chain. Mike and Lance focus on it.

A ROBBER exits shielding behind a pregnant woman. His one arm around her neck, revolver under her chin. The other holding up a detonator, thumb above the trigger button.

ROBBER

(Loud voice)

You have 30 minutes to comply to my demands or I blow the whole fucking lot up!

Lance straightens his arms in line with his head that he slightly tilts to focus through the sites of his pistol.

Mike sees this with a worried look.

MIKE

(Low voice)

SARG.. What you doing?
Don't God dammit, you mis and he'll
blow them all up.

LANCE

(Calm)

I got him in site - head shot.

MIKE

Sarg God dammit don't do...

Lance fires - Bullet clips the robbers ear - Thumb down on the detonator trigger - Bright explosive flash - Deafening blast - Glass shatters as it sprays across the street.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mike jolts upright in bed. Through his heavy breathing he shouts out..

MIKE

NO.. NO.. What have you done!

His WIFE, lying beside him wakes and is quick to switch on her bedside lamp. She places a hand on his back, a concern look on her face.

WIFE

Mike.. Breathe slower, calm your breathing.

Mike's breathing calms as he throws his legs over the bed and walks off to the on-suit where he splashes his face over the basin. His wife looking on from the bed.

WIFE (O.S)

Same dream honey?

MIKE

Yeah.. To detail.

WIFE (O.S)

You seeing Doctor Delpport this morning, right?

Mike walking back to the bed, to his wife's side, he gives her a kiss.

MIKE

Yip. First thing before work. I hear his good?

INT. DELPORT'S OFFICE - MORNING

Mike in his police uniform sits at a coffee table. A small digital voice recorder in the middle. Other side of, sits Doctor DELPORT with a note pad on the lap of his crossed knee. Dr Delpport, early 60's, short grey hair, reading glasses. He has professional written all over him.

DELPORT

...and you say this mornings was your third such same dream. Anything different between the dreams? --Gun in left hand, then right hand. --sequence change?

MIKE

NO. Each dream the same.. to the T!

DELPORT

Mmm.. Dreams, for all recurring dreams are commonly brought upon by a similar event in one's past. Can you think of any such similar event?

MIKE

No, nothing. Hell I'm only 5 months a rookie.

DELPORT

Subconscious closure.

MIKE

I'm not with you?

DELPORT

Your dreams don't have a resolute. No closure. As if it's trying to tell you what happens next.

MIKE

Well then.. Mr Dream, please give me the ending tonight, so I can move along.

Delport looks at a wall clock. 07H56. He stands and goes to his desk where he takes out a small medicine bottle from his draw. He walks back giving it to Mike.

DELPORT

Right then, times up. Take these, take two an hour before you go to sleep - Sleeping tablets.. 4 nights supply.

If the dreams continue? Come back and see me.

INT. BEDROOM ON-SUIT - NIGHT

Mike standing over the hand basin. Small medicine bottle in-hand he shakes out two tablets into his palm that he swallows.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mike asleep. Slightly restless, rapid eye movement.

EXT. NYC, BANK ENTRANCE - DAY

On the bank's entrance, the sound of a metal chain. Mike and Lance focus on it.

A robber exits shielding behind a pregnant woman. His one arm around her neck, revolver under her chin. The other holding up a detonator, thumb above the trigger button.

ROBBER

(Loud voice)

You have 30 minutes left to comply to my demands or..

MIKE (V.O)

..I blow the whole fucking lot up!

ROBBER (CONT'D)

..I blow the whole fucking lot up!

MIKE (V.O)

What the.. How did I know he was going to say that?

Mike is quick to focus on Lance with an uneasy look.

MIKE (V.O)

Shit.. He's going to fire at him..
Mis.. Just like in the dreams I had!

Lance straightens his arms in line with his head that he slightly tilts to focus through the sites of his pistol.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(Low voice)

Sarg.. What the fuck you doing!
Don't God dammit, you mis and he'll blow them all up.

LANCE

(Calm)

I got him in site - head shot.

MIKE (V.O)

Shit! --In my dreams he.. He fires
- mis - explosion - shattered glass.

His mind racing a hundred thoughts a second. One sticks.

He swiftly points his gun at lance. To the side of his head. Aimed in the ready. Gripping tight to stop his hand from shaking.

MIKE

(Nerves)

Sarg.. Put the gun down.

Lance calmly turns his head to look at him. Looking down his barrel.

LANCE

(Calm)

What the fuck you think you doing?

MIKE

Sarg listen to me.. I've been here before. This does not end well.

Lance turns his head back to aim down through his sites.

LANCE

Kid.. Get that fucking gun out my face or pull the trigger.

MIKE (V.O)

Fuck.. Fuck..

Mike's finger closing in on the trigger.

Lance's finger closing in on the trigger.

Lance fires - Bullet clips the robbers ear - Thumb down on the detonator trigger - Bright explosive flash - Deafening blast - Glass shatters as it sprays across the street.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mike jolts upright in bed. Heavy breathing that slows as he looks over to his still sleeping wife. Lying with her back to him we see her open eyes.

INT. DELPORTS OFFICE - MORNING

Mike in his police uniform, sits at a coffee table. Digital voice recorder in the middle. Other side of, sits Doctor Delport.

DELPORT

..the dream now having progressed to you raising your gun to your partner, Sargent Lance.. Wanting to shoot him, kill him. In order to prevent the explosion. Deaths.

MIKE

Doc.. This shits getting to much for me. It's getting to real.. To fucking real.

Jesus man.. The dream is so real, I tell myself in the dream that I've dreamt this. I know he's going to fire at the robber.. MIS! And the only logic that comes to mind!
SHOOT HIM!

Yet I don't?

DELPOR

Mike, let's just say.. if it played out in real life. Would you pull the trigger?

MIKE

Fuck Doc.. What part of, the dream is so real, did you not get. I did not pull the trigger.

DELPOR

Not to say you didn't want to! Maybe Lance just beat you to it. Maybe you should have been quicker on the trigger.

MIKE

--And just how are you helping me here?

DELPOR

I'm not. This is beyond my PHD.

Delpor stands and walks over to his desk where he writes on a pad, tearing off two pages.

MIKE

GREAT! You writing me out some more sleeping pills?

Delpor at Mike, gives him the page.

DELPOR

Better.

Mike reads it.

MIKE

Feth- om- ly?

DELPOR

FETHOMLY. A mild hallucinating drug. "A joint in a pill if you like" Will make you dream of weird shit you'll not remember. Should break your current dream pattern.

MIKE

Great..

Delport gives him another note.

DELPOR (CONT'D)

Here. 5 Days leave. Don't want you
hallucinating on the Job. You
know.. Shooting pink elephants in a
donut shop.

MIKE

NO.. No shooting pink elephants.

DELPOR

..And Mike. Failing this, you'll
need to see a Professor Mill's at
the NYC University

INT. NYC, COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Mike (now has a mustache) and his partner, Sargent Lance,
sitting at a long counter having a peaceful coffee.

Delport walks in going to the orders counter.

DELPOR

Hi Sandy. The usual, and a slice of
carrot cake to go.

Delport looks around. Sees Mike along the counter and walks
up to him, to his side.

DELPOR

Mike?

Mike turns to see Delport. He stands to greet his hand in
shake.

MIKE

Doctor Delport!

DELPOR

It's been awhile.. See you've grown
a mustache since. You look good
Mike. Real good.

Mike turns to Lance. Lance is already looking Delport over.

MIKE

Ah.. Doctor Delport. My partner
Sargent Lance.

Delport gives a hello nod. As does Lance.

LANCE

A Doctor.. Doctor of?

DELPOR

The local kind. Stomach pain..
common cold..

Delport turns to Mike.

DELPOR

So.. Mike. All good since I last
sore you.

MIKE

Never been better. Those med's done
the job.. It all stopped.

DELPOR

(Looking at Lance)

Yeah.. Insomnia can be a bitch.
(Chuckle)

It'll keep you up all night.

Well I'll leave you guys to it.
Nice seeing you again Mike. Lance.

Delport walks off back to the orders counter.

EXT. NYC, BANK ENTRANCE - DAY

Middle of the deserted street. Mike and Lance behind their
vehicle, armed in the ready.

Mike is uneasy. Looking around him.. It's all too familiar.

MIKE (V.O)

I've been here before! This bank?

On the banks entrance, the sound of a metal chain.

The sound is deafening to mike as he looks on in fear..
confusion.

MIKE (V.O)

A robber exits.. Shielding behind a
woman.. A pregnant woman.

A robber exits, shielding behind a pregnant woman. His one arm around her neck, revolver under her chin. The other holding up a detonator, thumb above the trigger button.

ROBBER

You have 30 minutes left to comply to my demands or..

MIKE (V.O)

..I blow the whole fucking lot up!

ROBBER (CONT'D)

..I blow the whole fucking lot up!

Mike grins a faint smile.

MIKE (V.O)

Cause I've been here before.. Many times. Just the same old dream fucking with me.

Blaa.. Blaa.. Lance shoots him in the ear and BOOM! I get to wake up. Same old.. Same old..

Mike is now very calm and relaxed.

MIKE

(Sarcastic)

Hay Sarg.. This time try to shoot him in the head.

LANCE

WHAT?

MIKE

HEAD SHOT! Not his fucking ear.

LANCE

What the fuck Mike.. You tripping or what?

Mike takes one hand off his pistol to wipe the sweat from his brow, then from his nose down he feels his full MUSTACHE.

In that instant he goes white in shock. His mind races to a..

FLASH BACK:

INT. NYC, COFFEE SHOP - DAY

DELPOR

It's been awhile.. See you've grown
a mustache since. You look good
Mike. Real good.

MIKE

Never been better. Those med's done
the job.. It all stopped.

END OF FLASH BACK.

MIKE (V.O)

O MY GOD.. O shit this is real.
This is fuck real.

Eyes wide open in fear. He turns to look at Lance.

Lance straightens his arms in line with his head that he
slightly tilts to focus through the sites of his pistol.

MIKE

SARG! Don't do it.. God dammit
don't.

LANCE

Fuck Mike. Get a grip on it.

His trigger finger closing in.

LANCE (CONT'D)

I got him in site - head shot.

MIKE (V.O)

No you don't. You mis.

Mike swiftly turns his gun on Lance. Barrel to the side of
his head.

MIKE

(Nerves)

Sarg.. Lower your arm! Put the gun
down.

Lance calmly turns his head to stare him down his barrel.

LANCE

(Calm)

What the fuck you think you doing?

MIKE

Sarg listen to me.. I've been here.
You going to mis, and he's going to
detonate the bomb killing everyone.

Lance turns his head back to aim down through his sites.

LANCE

Kid.. Get that fucking gun out my
face or pull the trigger.

Mike's finger closing in on the trigger.

Lance's finger closing in on the trigger.

MIKE (V.O

God help me if I'm wrong.

He pulls the trigger.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - CONT'D

A dull room. Large one-way glass window. Corner wall mounted
video camera with a red LED.

Mike in uniform. Seated at an old wooden table. His one
wrist cuffed to a side rail. He is surprisingly calm. On the
table before him is a voice recorder and a glass of water.
Standing opposite side is CAPTAIN Graham.

CAPTAIN

..15 MIKE! 15 Civilians. What the
fuck were you thinking?

MIKE

You got no idea.

CAPTAIN

You lucky Sargent Lance is alive.
Those hostages too. You know you
blew his fucking ear drum...

MIKE

...And he dropped like a log. Just
like what a stun-grenade will do to
you. Disorientate you.

Hay.. Better that shooting him in
the head.

CAPTAIN

You going to need a real good
lawyer Mike. No Judge or jury is
going to buy this DREAM.. Vision..
Shit you telling me.

A knock on the door as it opens. An OFFICER stands at the door.

OFFICER

Captain. There's a Doctor Delport
here to see you. Say's he has
voice recordings you need to listen
to. Say's it will.. Will blow your
mind.

Delport steps in holding up a small digital voice recorder.
Mike gives a sigh of relief as he looks at it, then to
Delport.

MIKE

Holy God above. I forgot about
that.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. NYC, BANK ENTRANCE - DAY

INSERT. EARLIER TODAY

MIKE (V.O

God help me if I'm wrong.

He pulls the trigger as he tilts his pistol to just behind
his head. Lance drops like a log.

A split second later a faint gun shot is heard behind him.
Mike turns to look at the robber.

A bullet hits the robber between his eyes - The detonator
drops to the ground - His revolver drops as the woman frees
and runs off - Robber drops dead.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END