INT. DINER - DAY

A regular diner style coffee and breakfast shop. Stools along the counter and booths along the opposite wall against the windows, a few tables by the entrance.

A MAN(40s) with a fedora hat and old fashion neatly pressed suit sits at a booth. He takes a sip from his coffee cup.

A waitress comes by with a bright smile on her face and rosy disposition. This is MEGAN(20s).

MEGAN
Can I top that up for ya?

The man gives a warm and pleasant smile.

MAN
Yes that would be very kind of you.

Meghan fills the cup happily, then glances at the man a little more closely and is taken aback by his familiarity.

MEGAN
I’m sorry, but I hope you don’t mind me saying, but you remind me a lot of my father.

MAN
I don’t mind you saying that at all. You remind me of my own daughter.

MEGAN
Well now, that’s remarkable isn’t it?

MAN
In deed it is... Would you please have a seat and give me the pleasure of your company for a few minutes?

MEGAN
Oh... I’m sorry I can’t, I need to keep on top of things around here.

MAN
I’m sure the place will hold together a few minutes, while you humor me in conversation.

MEGAN
Really I can’t
MAN
Megan, please seat with me, if only
for a few moments.

Megan looks to FRED (50s) a worn out looking man on the grill
cooking up some one's greasy food.

MEGAN
Really I can't, My boss would dock
my pay if I took even a moment to
sit and chat. He barley gives me a
break as is.

Megan gives a polite smile and is about to move on-

The man calls out to Fred waving his hand in the air.

MAN
Fred.

Megan looks to the man with surprise and then to Fred.

Fred looks to see who is calling his name and spots the Man’s
waving hand.

FRED
Yeah what is it?

MAN
Fred would you mind if I took a few
minutes of Miss Louis’s time to
have a chat with her... You can
assure her I'm a pleasant man, and
you are not going to dock her pay.

Fred takes a moment... then:

FRED
Miss Louis take a few minutes to
chat with this pleasant man will
ya, I ain't gonna dock yer pay.

MEGAN
Fred what about the other
customers?

At that moment the few cliental that are in the diner look to
Megan in unison.

A SALESMAN having a coffee at the counter, an OLD COUPLE
eating breakfast in a booth by the corner. A YOUNG FAMILY, a
man and woman with a baby stroller at a table by the
entrance.
SALESMAN
(with a smile)
I’ll be fine Megan, talk to the man.

THE OLDER COUPLE
We are fine for a few minutes without you. Talk to the man.

THE YOUNG FAMILY
We are fine for a few minutes, talk to the man, he seems pleasant.

Megan looks to the Man who is smiling pleasantly.

MAN
Please Megan have a seat.

Megan puts down the coffee pot and seats herself in the booth. Now out of excuses.

MEGAN
Okay?

MAN
Are you and your father close?

MEGAN
Not really, I haven’t seen him in a long time... You just seemed to reminded me of him, he was a good man from what little I could remember...

(she smirks)
You’re not my father, are you?

The man chuckles.

MAN
Oh no I’m afraid not... I think I just resemble him. But I would be proud to have a daughter such as you... So beautiful and lovely, caring and hard working.

MEGAN
How do you know what kind a person I am?

MAN
I suppose I don’t really... but I can see you are a beautiful young woman, and hard working, and your eyes...

(MORE)
MAN (CONT'D)
well they gleam with love and warmth. Anyone with a moment's glance at you can surmise that.

MEGAN
I'm flattered but if this was all just to come on to me, I really should be getting back to work.

MAN
I apologies, that was not my intention.

(then)
Miss Louis do you have nightmares?

MEGAN
Nightmares?... I can't recall any lately, why?

MAN
I do... I have the same one every night and have for the past three years. A nightmare that takes place here in this diner.

MEGAN
Here?

MAN
Yes here.

MEGAN
In this place?... Have you been here before?

MAN
No, this is my first time being here, with you.

MEGAN
Why do you have nightmares about this place then? If you've never been here before.

MAN
I don't know, a calling perhaps. I thought at first it was a guilt-ridden mind that brought it on, I've done a few things in my past I'm not proud of. I witness the same terrifying and most horrific acts I've ever dreamt, night after night.

(MORE)
Awaking in a cold sweat and short of breath. I thought I was being punished.

Megan becomes a little uneasy.

MEGAN

What happens in your nightmare?

The Man’s demeanor takes on a more grim tone.

MAN

It involves you I’m afraid, and all these people, but it is you that is the reason I’ve taken a considerable amount of effort to make it here... to warn you.

Megan jumps a little at the sound of the bells JINGLING, announcing new customers.

A YOUNG REBEL COUPLE enter. A young man with TATTOOS and a sleek and dangerous look to him enters with a young and equally REBEL GIRL.

They seat themselves in the booth directly behind Megan, but as they pass, the TATTOO MAN locks eye contact with Megan, his icy blue eyes holds a void of blackness behind them that it sucks in Megan’s attention... he flashes a grin which gives Megan the shivers. She whips her attention back to the man.

Megan loses herself in a moment unnerving foreboding.

MAN (CONT’D)

Have you ever became aware that you were dreaming while asleep?

MEGAN

(a little distracted)

I don’t know... I can’t recall.

MAN

Well its suppose to be a wonderful thing... to become lucid in your dreams. To take total control over them. To do what ever you like without consequences.

MEGAN

I suppose that would be nice.

The man places his hands on top of Megan’s hands. She notices that her own hands are shaking of their own free will.
MAN
When my nightmares became lucid, I found I still had no control over them, the horrible event would happen regardless of my tireless efforts to stop it... that’s when I knew this was more than just a dream, more than a nightmare. It was something beyond me.

The Man is frightened which makes Megan frighten.

Megan delicately pulls her hands from under the Mans.

MEGAN
I don’t understand but you’re starting to really scare me.

MAN
Good, you need to be frightened, you need to remember this! Look around you Megan.

Megan scans the Diner, there is an uneasy stillness to the place, everyone’s eyes are on Megan. Fred, the SALESMAN, the OLD COUPLE, the YOUNG FAMILY and... the TATTOO MAN sitting behind Megan with a grin, his eyes tell another more dark intention and holds such intensity Megan pulls away from his gaze immediately shutting her eyes.

MAN (CONT’D)
Megan please open your eyes and look again.

Megan slowly opens her eyes to the Man across from her, his grim but gentle face locked on Megan, then his eye line shifts towards Fred.

Megan follows suit to see Fred standing behind the counter, his face suddenly changes to the face of the TATTOO MAN, who’s sinister grin is forged into her memory.

Then Fred pulls up a gun to his temple and fires blowing his brains out.

Megan looks to the SALESMAN at the counter, his face changes to that of the frightening grin face TATTOO MAN. He places the barrel of a gun under his chin and pulls the trigger.

The OLD COUPLE’s faces change to the same evil grinning TATTOO MAN, before they each pull a weapon, cross firing into their partner’s chest.
Megan whips her head towards the YOUNG COUPLE and their baby in the carriage. The man and woman’s faces change to the visage of the TATTOO MAN. Then the young man pulls a gun and shoots his newlywed wife then turning the gun to the carriage and fires twice, then turning it onto himself and pulling the trigger.

Megan finally turns to the booth behind her, the TATTOO MAN is holding the weapon in his hand, smoke whispers up from the barrel. His devil grin a permanent fixture on his face.

His rebel girlfriend then turns to face Megan.

REBEL GIRL
He did this for me, because he fucking loves me, look at his hard-on. Now its your turn bitch!

The rebel stranger turns the gun on Megan, drawing a bead on her and fires.

BANG!

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - BACKROOM - CONTINUOUS

Megan jolts from her sleep. She is sweating, and breathing labored. Catching her breath she scans her surroundings. It the tiny staff room where she was taking her break.

She gets up and straightens out her uniform with shaky hands.

MEGAN
(to herself)
Holy shit Megan get a hold of your self.
(then)
What in Gods name brought that on?

Megan exits heading back to the floor.

INT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

Megan enters to Fred’s greeting,

FRED
Thank you your highness for making a god damn appearance.

MEGAN
Sorry, I fell asleep.
FRED
Well I hope you got yer beauty rest
’cause yer gonna need them looks to
make up on tips what yer little
venture to dreamland cost you in
wages.

Fred’s voice becomes distant as Megan is flooded with deja
vue: The SALESMAN at the counter drinking his coffee, the OLD
COUPLE in the corner booth, the YOUNG FAMILY of three, man,
wife, and baby in a carriage by the entrance.

Everything is familiar as if she had just lived this scene;
except for one detail: the MAN is nowhere to be seen.

MEGAN
(distracted)
Yeah... fine... whatever.

Then the RINGING of the bells over the entrance door, and
enter the YOUNG REBEL COUPLE.

Megan freezes with a silent gasp.

The TATTOOED MAN locks gazes with Megan, his icy blue eyes a
facade to the black empty void that lies behind the glassy
balls. He gives her a spine chilling grin.

Megan still frozen in terror, watches as they sit in the same
booth they had done in her dream, the TATTOOED MAN not taking
his gaze off Megan, winks at her.

CUT TO BLACK