

I'LL SEE YOU IN MY DREAMS

An Original Screenplay

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POV:

Nebulous location where a gray fog envelopes so densely that absolutely nothing can be seen. Walking through it, hands outstretched groping for anything he walks slowly forward. Suddenly, the fog is gone. He sees a countryside with ultra brilliant colors in which the various shades of green are stark. The sky is still in a over-blue hue of the sunniest day ever seen. He lowers his hand and arm slowly and looks around. Perched on a rock he sees a young woman with long brown hair peering into her hand at something. He approaches and she looks up. Her eyes are amber with flecks of brown. He stops, taken aback by their beauty.

WOMAN:

(Looks at him. Her voice is soft yet her lips do not move)

I have never seen you here before.

MAN:

(Startled his mouth does not move)

Who are you? How is it that we are talking but neither of us are moving our lips?

The woman smile omnisciently.

WOMAN:

So, you are new to this?

MAN:

New to what?

WOMAN:

The traveling.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

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The man looks around, baffled.

MAN:

The traveling? What do you mean?

WOMAN:

Come here. I want to show you something.

He hesitates.

WOMAN:

(Coaxes)

It's okay. You can over. I want to see something.

Reluctantly, he walks over.

POV: He sees a salamander in the cup of her hand.

MAN:

What is that?

WOMAN:

Creation.

MAN:

Creation? I don't follow...

WOMAN:

I am becoming...

(CONTINUES)

MAN:

Becoming what?

WOMAN:

An adept.

INT.: BEDROOM.DAY

The man jolts awake. He covers his eyes with one arm against the bright ray of sun piercing through the slight opening in the curtain. He is upright and scratches his head. He rubs both eyes firmly.

MAN:

(Muttering to self)

What an odd dream! Geez! It
felt so real!

INT. :KITCHEN:DAY

An older man is pouring coffee into a cup.

OLDER MAN:

Wow, Mike! You look like you're
hung over.

Mike slides chair out and sits down. He pours milk and a lot of sugar into his coffee.

OLD MAN:

How about a little coffee with your sugar?

MIKE:

Ha, ha Dad. I just really need to wake up.

(CONTINUES)

DAD:

Didn't sleep too well?

MIKE:

That's just it. I went out like a stone when I went to bed last night and I had the strangest dream. When I woke up, I felt like I had crash landed.

DAD:

Crash landed? What does that mean?

MIKE:

Like I fell hundreds of feet and then whomp! I landed. As I felt like I was falling it was like the feeling you get when the roller coaster hits its high and free falls downward.

DAD:

Sounds like that was some dream! What was it about?

Mike opens his mouth to speak and then decides not to.

MIKE:

You know, it's so nuts it's not even worth going into.

(CONTINUES)

DAD:

Hmmm. That's too bad. Sounds like something I would have found interesting.

MIKE:

You know, Dad. Sometimes a dream is just that—a dream.

DAD:

And a lot of times dreams tell us about what we need or what we are worrying about and sometimes we find answers.

MIKE:

Well, Dad. This dream held no answers for me at all. It was just a dream of questions, that's all.

DAD:

What kind of questions?

MIKE:

Look, Dad. Freud has been replaced by behaviorists, you know.

(CONTINUES)

Dad takes four slices of toast out of the toaster and puts them on a plate. He walks over to the table and sits down. He dabs jelly on two slices and puts it on his plate. He puts milk in his coffee and begins to sip. He takes a bit of toast, chews then swallows.

DAD:

In my day I helped a lot of patients by examining their dreams.

MIKE:

I'm sure you did but like I said, sometimes-

DAD:

A dream is just a dream. But, you know the soldiers I works with....

MIKE:

Exactly. Those were real dreams, nightmares. I know you helped a lot of people, Dad.

They eat and sip a few moments.

MIKE:

(Continues)

Hey, Dad. You sorry you retired?

DAD:

Well, I was in the service many years, son. But there are times I miss having the schedule,

(CONTINUES)

DAD:
(Continues)

the routine, you know? I just can't seem to get my footing on this whole being retired thing.

MIKE:

So what are you planning to do today?

DAD:

Meeting Ezra at the Park for chess.

MIKE:

That's great! You love chess!

DAD:

You know what I would really like?

MIKE:

What's that, Dad?

DAD:

I'd really to hear about your dream.

(CONTINUES)

MIKE:

Not gonna happen. I" see ya later, Dad.
Gotta get ready to go to work.

INT.:BUSY NEWS OFFICE:DAY

Mike is typing on the computer when the phone rings.

MIKE:

Okay Janey. Just take a message.

His desk mate looks at him from the side of his monitor.

JACK:

Don't tell me....

MIKE:

Okay I won't 'cause I don't think I have to.

JACK:

The crackpot again?

(CONTINUES)

MIKE:

Yeah. Him again. Want's a cover for his so called speech. Again.

JACK:

Well, that's what being the lifestyle editor gets you. Lady Gaga and nut jobs like- What's his deal again?

MIKE:

Past lives, other dimensions and planes and to fly there.

JACK:

How much are the tickets?

MIKE:

To his thing? Oh, it's free.

JACK:

No, Mike! I meant the tickets to the outer limits!
Gee, Mike! Lighten up a little.

They get back to typing. The mail clerk drops mail off at Jack's desk then at Mike's.

(CONTINUES)

JACK:

Hey, Mike. Here's a promo for your guy. It says here he's going to talk about astral travel.

MIKE:

(Mindlessly)

Uh-huh. (He pauses) What did you say?

JACK:

Astral travel. It's about astral travel.

MIKE:

Traveling.....

JACK:

Hey, Mike. You okay? Earth to Mike, come in Mike.

MIKE:

Sorry, Jack. When is that again?

JACK:

You serious?

(CONTINUES)

MIKE:

Jack.....

JACK:

Okay! Tomorrow. The Library on Prospect.

MIKE:
(Impatiently)

Time?

JACK:

3::30.

INT.:LIVINGROOM:NIGHT

Mike is on the sofa looking at the the flyer. His father is doing a crossword puzzle. The television is playing.

DAD:

Hey, Mike. What's this you have on? One of those ghost hunting reality shows?

MIKE:

Naw. It's about ESP. About distance viewing or something like that.

(CONTINUES)

DAD:

Remote viewing.

MIKE:

What did you call it? I thought you weren't paying attention.

DAD:

I wasn't. I asked you what it was about and you said distance viewing. The right description is remote viewing.

MIKE:

You know something about this?

DAD:

A little. Enough to know it was a big deal with army during World War II. They've been interested ever since in one way or another.

MIKE:

And you know about it how?

DAD:

I Had a patient a while back. He was kind of messed up. Said he had seen things no one should have to.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE:

Oh, you mean back when the military gave hallucinogenics to patients in the VA?

DAD:

Aldous Huxley.

MIKE:

Who? Was that the name of your patient?

DAD:

Jesus! How much do they say your college education cost? You never heard of Aldous Huxley? Everyone's a specialist! No one learns the humanities anymore!

MIKE:

Dad!

DAD:

Aldous Huxley was a great philosopher in his day.
"Doors of Perception"

Mike looks quizzically.

(CONTINUES)

DAD:

In this book he talks about mind altering drugs raising barriers in the mind or brain that inhibits the extraordinary senses.

MIKE:

You talking ESP?

DAD:

Among other things.

MIKE:

Me about this distance viewing.

DAD:

Remote viewing.

MIKE:

Remote viewing...

DAD:

Well you know, Hitler was intrigued with the occult. They said he had psychics foretelling events.

(CONTINUED)

DAD:

So, we separated using people that were supposed to be psychic too. They were used to draw pictures of places they had never seen. When they looked at photos darned if most of them weren't on target! Did they give give them drugs? Probably.

MIKE:

Seems to me using drugs isn't exactly scientific.

DAD:

But that was the thing. After taking drugs, the psychics were even more accurate! So Huxley may have been right.

MIKE:

I can't believe this! You're a doctor! A psychiatrist! Are you telling me you think there is something to this crap?

DAD:

I've spoken to a few subjects over the years and read journals after they were declassified for my rank. I found it fascinating. As you said I'm a psychiatrist and found this really interesting as it related to the unknown abilities of the mind.

(CONTINUES)

MIKE:

So what do you think? Was all this just
“mind blowing” like the hippies used to say
or what?

DAD:

I think there is a lot we don't know. That's all.
So what if they were given drugs? Their information
was either correct or improved.

MIKE:

So what was the explanation? You said lowering of
barriers?

DAD:

The patients I spoke with said it felt as if they were
leaving their bodies when they did this. Mom was
fascinated. She read about Edgar Casey, The
Sleeping Prophet.

MIKE:

I'm sorry, Dad. The what?

DAD:

The Sleeping Prophet. He would go to sleep and
dictate visions that his assistant would write up.
So far a lot of his predictions have come true.

(CONTINUES)

MIKE:

You never mentioned any of this before.

DAD:

How do you bring a topic up like this? Haven't you ever wondered about the unusual? The unexplained?

MIKE:

Yeah. But I decided there aren't UFOs.

Dad raises hand.

MIKE:

(Continues)

Aw, c'mon, Dad! You telling me-

DAD:

Naw. Just kidding.

MIKE:

Did these patients tell you? How did they do it?

DAD:

Well, like I said. They all said it was like they were

(CONTINUES)

DAD:
(Continues)

of their body. One guy told me he'd done some research and found out some people could go out of their body. He called it astral travel.

Mikes hands his dad the flyer he'd been looking at.

DAD:

What's this? This is interesting. You going?

MIKE:

This guy has been hassling me for months to go to one of his talks. All day I've been coming that phrase, astral travel. Remember that dream I had last night? The one where I said it was too stupid to go into? Well I dreamed I met a woman after going through a fog. She had a salamander in her hand. I questioned her and she said I must be new to traveling or some such. Today, it seems I can't get away from the word travel or traveling.

DAD:

Sometimes a dream is just a dream, huh?

EXT.:FOGGY PLACE:NEBULOUS

POV:

The fog lifts. A woman is sitting on the shore of a sandy lake beach. The sand is bright white. She sits staring at something in her hand.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

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POV:

She draws near as he approaches her.

WOMAN:
(Lips unmoving)

Well, it's you again.

MIKE:

How are we doing this? How are we talking
yet we make no sound-

WOMAN:

This is Dreamtime.

MIKE:

I'm sorry, where?

WOMAN:

This is the domain between there and where.

MIKE:

I don't understand.

(CONTINUES)

WOMAN:

Few do until they travel here a few times.

Mike shakes his head.

MIKE:

What do you have there now?

WOMAN:
(Holds out her hand)

Isn't he sweet? I made this frog.

MIKE:

You what? How?

WOMAN:

I am an adept.

MIKE:

You said that the last time. What do you mean?

WOMAN:

We all contribute to creation. Most do not know it.
They make their dreams come true or they don't
Some of us understand the essence of manifesting.
I am simply here practicing and contributing to
The One's creative force.

(CONTINUES)

MIKE:

I gotta say this is an amazing dream and
it's picking up where it left off too!

WOMAN:

No, silly. Not a dream. Dreamtime.

MIKE:

You said that too. What do you mean...

WOMAN:

The domain unseen by men. Known by few.

MIKE:

You mean this is a place?

WOMAN:

As real as your bed when you wake up.

MIKE:

How am I getting here?

WOMAN:

You wandered here and now that you have you'll
probably travel here more often.

(CONTINUES)

MIKE:

Travel? How? Am I sleeping?

WOMAN:
(Giggling)

No. You are more awake than you have
ever been in your life.

MIKE:

Your eyes! They are amazing! You look at me
as if you know me. Do you?

WOMAN:

Yes and not yet....

INT.LIBRARY:DAY

Mike gets a seat in the front. Jack and his father are with him.

MIKE:

Well he got his article, after all didn't he?

A slender woman walks up to the podium to begin the introduction. She looks at Mike in the eyes.
They are the eyes of the woman he has been seeing in his dreams and she is the woman of his dreams.

