

DreamWriters "Pilot" Re-Write 09-30-2011

Written By

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. PARK - DAY

The sun beats down between intermittent clouds. Groups of people walk on a paved path around a gorgeous, sparkling lake. They talk and go about their day.

A large fountain shoots water up into the air as a young couple toss in their coins in exchange for unspoken wishes. A short distance away we see a woman sitting alone on a bench. This is LUCY.

She is in her late twenties, and although she has a somewhat quirky facial structure is radiant. She stares ahead of her, where a YOUNG GIRL is posing for a picture with A MAN in a tweed jacket who is smoking a pipe.

A photographer snaps a picture. The girl walks over to the concrete path and sits down Indian-style. She begins feeding the geese, as the man with the pipe takes a seat on another park bench, watching admirably.

Lucy opens her mouth to say something, but then remains silent.

A FIGURE approaches from behind. Lucy smiles.

LUCY

I was afraid you weren't going to
come.

His hand rests softly on her shoulder. There is a silver ring on his middle finger, featuring a circular design not completely unlike the "infinity" symbol.

She opens her eyes and continues to stare at the little girl who is now singing a song as she dispenses her treats.

GIRL (SINGING)

Lucy Lockett, lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it. Not a penny
was there in it, only ribbon round
it.

LUCY

...I want to stay here. Can't
we... can't it always be like this?

She reaches up behind her to gently hold the stranger's hand.

(CONTINUED)

LUCY

I don't want to go through this
again without you. Stay with me
this time?

The hand caresses her cheek for a moment, but then swiftly moves away. The man turns to leave. She sits upright, broken of the trance she has been in. The figure begins walking away.

LUCY

Why?

He pauses momentarily at the sound of this. He starts like he might turn and face her, but instead resumes moving away, more quickly this time. Lucy gets up and walks after him.

LUCY

Why does it have to change? What
aren't you telling me?

They stand there for a moment, his back turned away from her still.

LUCY

Please. Tell me who you are.

The figure continues to stare in the opposite direction. Lucy knows that something is coming, and resists.

LUCY

You've got to tell me! Just look
at me. DAMMIT LOOK AT ME!

Everything becomes suddenly silent. The young girl, while feeding the geese, is bitten by an overzealous one.

YOUNG GIRL

Ow!

She recoils her hand, and a single droplet of blood begins to fall to the ground. Lucy turns her attention to the girl and the geese.

LUCY

Please... not this time. I don't
want...

For a moment everything hangs suspended in time. Then, suddenly, with a huge unearthly noise that cuts her short, the color drains from the scene, and the fountain freezes to ice in midair.

(CONTINUED)

Lucy spins around to where the figure was standing, but nothing is there except for her now-crumbling world.

Buildings in the background begin to topple as the sky grows even darker.

Lucy looks back toward the girl and finds that she is now lying dead in a giant pool of blood. The red of the blood is now the only color in the scene, and it is rapidly expanding toward Lucy's feet. The man with the pipe calmly surveys the chaos.

Lucy begins to make her way toward him, with debris crashing around her. He turns his back and slowly begins walking away, oblivious to the destruction. She tries to no avail to reach him, the harder she struggles to close the distance, the farther apart they become.

She screams after him, but all we hear are the sounds of the world shattering. As he disappears in the distance, Lucy's final scream is cut short as a piece of debris lands right on her, crushing her with a loud noise. CUT TO-

INT. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Lucy awakes with a gasp. Beads of sweat run off her forehead.

Panicked, she looks around and realizes that she's in her bedroom. It is small, and peppered with various posters of bands and vintage road signs, but is mostly covered in photographic collages from throughout her life.

There are clothes strewn about the floor in random fashion. The bathroom door is cracked and light seeps from the small opening onto her floor.

Slowly, she gets out of bed and walks over to the large window that looks outside her house.

It's raining outside and her windows are fogged. Methodically, she places her finger on the glass and begins to squiggle a symbol, the one that was previously seen on the ring in the dream, in the condensation.

She closes her eyes and lets her memory work for a moment, but then opens them again, with resolve and a sigh.

She turns her attention to what's going on outside, and lets her hand, in one fluid and emphatic motion, wipe away the mark she just created.

CUT TO BLACK

(CONTINUED)

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4.

TITLES

END OF TEASER

(CONTINUED)

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Large glass doors, which are emblazoned with the letters "IYD, Inc.", open to reveal a bustling office filled with cubicles and florescent lights.

As the main door opens DANIEL walks in, slightly grinning, and looking like someone who's ready to tackle the work day.

He is in his late twenties, athletic looking, and walks with long, confident strides. He struts past the operator, NANCY, sitting at the front desk.

DANIEL
Morning, Nance.

NANCY
Well hey there hot shot. I have these calls-

Daniel places his hands to his ears and cuts her off, mumbling gibberish loudly so he cannot hear her.

Nancy sighs audibly at him as he rounds the corner toward a long line of cubicles with a wry smile.

Daniel turns into one of the first cubicles he passes. Inside there is a woman in her mid thirties, blond, and pretty in a "business" sort of way. This is LEX.

Daniel sneaks up behind her. She's rubbing her temples with her fingers, and has her eyes closed. Daniel takes his pen out of his pocket and makes like he's going to write on the back of her shirt.

LEX
You must really be anxious to lose a body part.

DANIEL
You're so consistently pleasant in the mornings, Lex. Headache?

LEX
I guess you could call it that. Or the fact that all my accounts are a mess. One of the newbies screwed the pooch on the Williams deal...

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL

You mean the one I wrapped up for you with a bow and ribbon?

LEX

Dude. I was up half the night cleaning up his mess.

DANIEL

Aw, it's fine. You do your best work when you're putting out everyone else's fires.

LEX (MUMBLING)

All I ever do is put out fires...

Daniel puts on a "woe is me" face. Lex spins her chair around addressing Daniel to his face.

LEX

Have you seen these files? They suck. You get something like Bakersfield and I get these.

DANIEL

You know as well as I do that half of it's luck... I've just gotten a couple I could work with lately.

Lex shoots him a hostile look. Daniel reciprocates for a second, but after a moment his scowl turns into a huge grin. Lex isn't amused.

DANIEL

You are such a sweetheart, Alexis.

Daniel winks at her and begins walking away. Lex yells after him.

LEX

Eat me! Oh and Oswald's looking for you.

Daniel wears a quizzical look for a moment, but continues walking toward his desk, saying hello to a couple of random people who walk by.

He walks past two figures that are chatting over their cubicle walls. Both are a bit nerdy looking, and one sports an extremely large pair of glasses. This is NEWTON, who stares in awe at Daniel. The other man, TRUMAN, wears a tie that is way too short. Truman sees Newton's gawk, and taps him on the shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

TRUMAN

Come on, Newton. Eyes here.

Newton fixes his eyes back on the file and Truman resumes talking to him, then shrugs at Daniel.

Before he enters his own cubicle, Daniel looks across the hallway. There is a fit but scraggly guy there, MORT, playing with a rubber band and wearing headphones. Daniel saunters over toward him before he sits down.

DANIEL

Mornin' Mort!

Mort slowly looks up at him, with a blank expression on his face. He raises a coffee cup to his lips, takes a sip, and then rotates the cup to reveal that it says "BLOW ME" on the side.

Daniel shrugs and backs into his cubicle. He takes out his pen, and lays it across a blank white pad, similar in size to a keyboard.

He takes off his overcoat and hangs it on the back of his chair before he settles into his seat. Taking a deep breath, he closes his eyes for a moment.

A head quickly pops over the cubicle. This is ZEKE, who is in his mid-thirties and a bit disheveled looking, and wears a very loud shirt. He's almost screaming he's so excited.

ZEKE

HEY MAN YOU'LL NEVER BEL-

DANIEL (CUTTING HIM OFF, STARTLED)

JESUS! Man, what the hell?! It's Monday!

ZEKE

I'm sorry, did I spoil your moment of Zen, pumpkin?

Daniel smiles.

DANIEL

A moment of Zen is impossible when you occupy the adjacent cubicle, Zeke.

ZEKE

Fine, I'll move then.

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL

Do it. See if I miss you.

ZEKE

You'd probably get more work done anyway.

DANIEL

Totally. Move then.

ZEKE

I will then.

Zeke disappears from sight for a moment. Daniel organizes some materials on his desk. Then Zeke's head pops back up again.

ZEKE

I decided you would miss me too much.

DANIEL

You know I'm emotionally fragile. How was the weekend?

ZEKE

Lame. I called Lex but never heard back.

DANIEL

Well, I would stay away from her this particular morning. I think someone spiked her coffee with bitch.

ZEKE

Noted.

Lex walks by and catches the last couple of comments.

LEX

Assholes.

ZEKE

Hey Lex! Looking great this morning! Did you do something new with your... face?

LEX

Why the hell is it that your engineering memos always end up in my files? Are you trying to make my Monday worse on purpose?

(CONTINUED)

Lex waves a handful of papers in their faces emphatically.

DANIEL

Well Lex, if you stopped seducing
the guys down there maybe they
wouldn't keep sending you love
letters.

Lex finally smiles at Daniel, then turns sternly to Zeke.

LEX

And Saturday?

ZEKE

Saturday what?

LEX

Why the hell didn't you call?

ZEKE

I did! Daniel, didn't I just say I
did?

Daniel puts his hands up in the air, avoiding getting
involved.

LEX

Did you leave a message?

ZEKE

Why the hell would I do that?

LEX

Because how the hell am I supposed
to know you called?!

Daniel gets out of his cubicle and walks to the water
cooler. Zeke also shouts after him.

ZEKE

Oh, hey, Osw-

DANIEL (CUTTING HIM OFF)

Yeah, yeah, I know Oswald wants to
see me. Thanks.

As he walks to the cooler, he spots OSWALD, his boss,
talking to one of the newer workers at IYD.

Oswald is in his late fifties, portly, and jovial. He is
balding, though the remainder of his hair sticks out in
random directions awkwardly.

(CONTINUED)

Daniel smiles at Oswald's well-rehearsed lines and jokes. He can distantly hear the conversation.

OSWALD

...so when it comes down to it, the key is productivity, and productivity is key.

The worker nods too enthusiastically, somewhat dazed.

OSWALD

Attaboy. Now get crackin' on it! Just remember that Monday, while manic, is no reason to panic.

Oswald pats the worker on the back and starts to head toward his own office.

Immediately after Oswald leaves, a few heads pop up over the cubicle surrounding the one Oswald was previously in, all wearing sarcastically terrified expressions as they mutely mouth "DON'T PANIC!", mocking Oswald.

Daniel notices this and laughs to himself, shaking his head, but then walks right toward Oswald's office, heading him off.

OSWALD

Daniel! Just the man I was looking for.

DANIEL

So I heard. Must be my lucky day.

OSWALD

Every day is lucky if you make it so. Come on in, I have something to show you.

Oswald opens his office door and both of them disappear into it. From a distance both Zeke and Lex look on.

LEX

What does he see in him?

ZEKE

...which one are you talking about in particular?

LEX

Good point.

INT. OSWALD'S OFFICE - DAY

The office is large, with pictures of Oswald and various people strewn about the place. It looks as if he used to be a picture frame dealer.

Oswald moves behind his giant, dark oak desk and flops himself into his chair.

OSWALD
Sit, Dan, sit.

Daniel takes a seat in one of the three chairs situated across from his desk.

Oswald looks him over for a moment, then retrieves a small file on the side of his desk and waves it in the air.

OSWALD
Not bad, Daniel!

DANIEL
Thanks sir.

OSWALD
Call me Oz in here Dan.

DANIEL
Not Ozzie?

Oswald smiles.

DANIEL
So did you bring me in here just to tell me how great Bakersfield was?

OSWALD
So you agree?

DANIEL
With what?

OSWALD
That Bakersfield was great.

DANIEL
It wasn't my best. I mean... it could have ended differently.

OSWALD
Does it upset you that it didn't?

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL

I... well, I think maybe I was getting a little carried away at times. But it ended exactly how it was supposed to.

Oswald studies Daniel's eyes, then lets out a little bit of a smile.

OSWALD

Well, I thought it worked out well. It was wrapped up exactly how we initially projected and it was developed well. I don't think I'm supposed to encourage some of the more... improvisational flourishes you put on the file, but I always tend to... enjoy those. And, well, I guess I've kind of come to expect that from you.

DANIEL

So why are we here, Oswald?

OSWALD

Do you mean in the existential sense, or what are we doing in this office?

DANIEL

The second one's enough for now.

Oswald appraises Daniel one more time before making his decision.

He walks over to a bright blue filing cabinet. He uses a small key he has around his neck to unlock the top drawer, then opens it to retrieve a bright red file and returns to his seat, stowing the key back inside his shirt.

OSWALD

I have something... interesting for you.

Daniel lets out a sigh of relief and allows his posture to slouch a little bit.

DANIEL

Jesus Oz, you were scaring me. I halfway thought you brought me in here to move me...

(CONTINUED)

OSWALD

Is that what you want?

DANIEL

No. Well, yes. I mean, I don't know, I'm just a little relieved that it's only an assignment.

Oswald's eyes twinkle for a moment.

OSWALD

Well, it's not quite that simple.

Oswald slides the file across the table to Daniel, who pops it open, slyly smiling at him, until he reads the first page in the file. His face turns to one of pure disgust.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

DANIEL

Romance?!

Daniel sits in his cubicle, speaking in a strained whisper into his phone. He twirls his pen acrobatically in his free hand.

DANIEL (CONTINUED)

What the hell am I supposed to do with that?

The voice on the other end of the phone is deliberately soothing, trying to keep Daniel's perspective.

VOICE ON PHONE

Do whatever you can man. Listen it's not a big deal right? You've written this stuff before.

DANIEL

Remy, you have to know I'm better than this.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Hundreds of dark little desks are lowly lit by computer monitors. At each station someone is working and staring intently at their screen while typing into a traditional keypad.

Looming behind all of them is a giant wall with hundred of monitors showing random people on them, going about their every-day business, much like security monitors.

(CONTINUED)

Everyone is fixated on their work for the most part, except one desk, which is a little more brightly lit than the others. This is REMY.

He is kind of short, African American, and handsome in an intellectual way. He's trying to be as quiet as possible to avoid distracting his co-workers, who all seem to be engrossed in their work.

REMY

I wouldn't complain man. I mean, I have a pretty strong feeling that the dude's looking out for you. Just look at the stuff you've gotten lately...

DANIEL (ON PHONE)

This type of work is either for idiot newbies... or Mort.

REMY

Now you just sound like a brat! Listen, you can complain and bitch and moan about this, or just accept the fact that Oswald knows what he's doing.

DANIEL (ON PHONE)

Sometimes it feels that way, and then others I just feel like he's testing me. I mean, I know there's a specific reason he fed me this crap, but I can't figure out his game.

REMY (SIGHING)

Think about it this way; it's easy. It's the easiest genre we have man! It'll be such a breeze you can probably have the file finished in a couple of weeks, and then you're done. I mean, these days girls fall for pretty much anything. 'Cept the ones here, of course.

There is a long pause, and Remy looks at the phone.

DANIEL (ON PHONE)

...I need you to feed for me on this one Remy.

Remy gets quieter for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

REMY

No. No way. Not again! Are you consistently trying to get me demoted or something?!

DANIEL (ON PHONE)

It'll be cake Remy. Just a little help. It can be between you, me, and Leah.

REMY

So... you're going to bring Leah in on it too?

Remy gets excited for a moment, but then maintains his composure.

REMY

Okay, but only if she's in. Tell her I'm not too excited about it though.

INT. OFFICE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Daniel sits at his desk smiling.

DANIEL (INTO PHONE)

Don't worry about it, it'll be fun.

REMY (ON PHONE)

When you say "it'll be fun", usually that means the building is going to catch on fire.

DANIEL

I'll talk to you later man.

Daniel hangs up the phone, then grabs his jacket and throws it on. As he turns to leave the office he almost runs into Lex.

She notices his jacket.

LEX

Early lunch today?

DANIEL

Bathroom.

LEX

Aha. Sure is frigid in there.

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL

You of all people should know of my temperature sensitivity.

Lex nods, and Daniel starts to walk away. As he leaves her vicinity she calls after him.

LEX

Have fun in engineering.

Zeke's head pops up from his cubicle.

ZEKE

There goes our youthful equal opportunist.

Lex nods while continuing to look at Daniel as he exits.

LEX

Friggin' grease-monkeys.

INT. ENGINEERING DECK - DAY

A blast of brown, oozing material sprays all over LEAH's face. She's in her late twenties and a little mousy, but pretty, and has her hair pulled back into a ponytail. She is wearing extremely unflattering goggles.

She is surrounded by machinery that is steaming and sparking, and attached to contraptions that line the floor, looking like small "pods" each about the size of a beach ball.

Various workers perform maintenance, while others take small vials that are being shot out of a machine on the ceiling.

They delicately remove the vials from their containers with small pliers and place them into specific pods. It looks like a metal working factory.

Leah pulls herself halfway out from under some machinery, cursing.

LEAH

Saul! Get me a damned boot clamp and some freaking one eighth or I'm going to blow something up!

A hand with the necessary materials hands it to her.

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL

It would still be cool if you blew something up.

Leah pulls herself back out again and raises the mucked-up glasses above her eyes.

DANIEL

Hey Leah.

Leah smiles, revealing that the substance is also in her teeth.

LEAH

Hi!

INT. ENGINEERING DECK HALLWAY- DAY

Leah and Daniel make their way through a tangled passage, as she checks various levers and ventilation settings. She goes about her job effortlessly while Daniel continuously trips.

DANIEL

So how are things in the great below?

LEAH

Well, as you can see there's not always the greatest importance placed on hygiene, but it's been good. We got a new supervisor in.

DANIEL

Nice. I was just talking with Remy.

LEAH

Oh yeah? What did he want?

DANIEL

Well it's more of something I needed. I got re-filed today.

Leah stops and studies him for a moment.

LEAH

Wait, did you come down here just to ask me a favor?

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL

No! Of course not. I miss hanging out with you.

Leah smiles, but guardedly, knowing his angle.

LEAH

Yeah, well, I miss hanging out with you too.

A moment passes between them, which Daniel cuts short quite quickly.

DANIEL

But if I DID need something...

Leah starts to walk, shaking her head.

LEAH

I knew it. Listen, you're my friend, so I'll take good care of anything you send down. I know we're not supposed to play favorites, but I always make sure your work is a priority, okay?

DANIEL

I know, you're really great. That will work for now, but I'm having Remy pull some extra info on this one. I might need some extra firepower.

Leah stops again, and thinks over what he just said.

LEAH

Special interest in this one or something?

DANIEL

Hardly. I'm gonna try and bounce it as quickly as possible. For some reason Oswald assigned me a romance.

Leah giggles loudly at him.

LEAH

HAHA! Romance? You?!

DANIEL

Yeah, yeah, laugh it up.

(CONTINUED)

LEAH

I mean, it's not THAT funny but,
you aren't really the romantic
type.

DANIEL

What, you don't think I can turn on
the charm?

Daniel throws her a flirting look.

She begins to smile, then scoffs loudly, walks into an open
area and uses a rag to wipe herself so she's a little
cleaner.

LEAH

So you think that having me give it
a little extra attention might get
it over and done quick?

DANIEL

Record time.

LEAH

Well, you know what they say, the
substance of the ambitious is
merely the shadow of a dream.

DANIEL

Leah, I got this. Besides, I don't
think "everyone" says that. I
think that was Shakespeare.

Leah stops in her tracks, then faces Daniel.

LEAH

I won't make any promises to you,
but, you know, I'll help you out if
the chance comes around.

DANIEL

You're the best, thanks!

LEAH

So will we get to do something
together again sometime?

DANIEL

Yeah, of course. I know Remy wants
to.

(CONTINUED)

LEAH

It's just... sure, that would be nice.

DANIEL

Absolutely. I'll get in touch with you. In the meantime I should probably get back to work.

LEAH

Right, you wouldn't want people associating you with us lowly engineers.

Daniel smiles at her sarcastically, and then gets onto a lift and hits the up button.

She watches him as the elevator begins to move quickly upward.

We see her from the elevator's perspective, and as the lift accelerates she becomes smaller and smaller revealing the enormity of the operations going on there.

There are at least fifty more rooms like the one Daniel is leaving, and they stretch as far as the eye can see.

END OF ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. LUCY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Lucy opens her eyes very slowly.

She is lying in bed, with all of the covers piled around her. She stretches, and wiggles her toes around for a moment, then glances toward her clock, which is blinking "12:00".

Lucy notices this and sits up abruptly. She reaches over to her nightstand and looks at her cell phone.

LUCY

Great.

Her phone rings, startling her. She tosses it in the air, but then retrieves it and answers as she begins rushing out of bed.

The voice on the other end is British, and there are loud barking sounds in the background.

LUCY

Hello?

VOICE ON PHONE (SARCASTIC)

Good morning Lucy. This is your coworker. I hope you have been abducted or were involved in a drive by shooting because, otherwise, I'm about to be mauled by a pack of evil chihuahuas who haven't had their breakfast.

LUCY

Karen, sorry, I'm on my way right now. I just... I'm on my way.

Lucy is scrambling to put on clothes.

LUCY

Tell Susan I won't be long.

KAREN (ON PHONE)

What happened?

(CONTINUED)

LUCY

My power must have cut out or something, my alarm didn't go off.

KAREN (ON PHONE)

Likely excuse. I just hope I'm not eaten by the time you get here.

LUCY

They're just pets Karen, what are they going to do?

At that point, on the other end, there is a large crash on the phone and Karen screams for a second.

KAREN (ON PHONE)

Lucy!

INT. SOMMER'S VETERINARY CLINIC - DAY

A large display, for a pet skin powder, has been destroyed in the lobby of the clinic. White powder is strewn everywhere in that area, but otherwise the clinic looks neat and pristine.

LUCY, now wearing scrubs, surveys the damage and then looks back to Karen, who is cowering behind the reception desk. She then looks in the opposite direction.

A tiny dachshund and a gargantuan great dane both sit side by side, very still, paying total attention to Lucy. They are covered in white powder.

LUCY

Did you puppies do this?

Both dogs begin wagging their tails.

LUCY (TO KAREN)

Will you help me clean this up?

As Karen stands up with a broom both dogs begin barking angrily at her. She sulks back into her seat. Lucy, shushes them and she grabs both by the collar, walks them back to an examining room and puts them inside, shutting the door.

KAREN

They started it!

As she speaks these words, SUSAN, the resident veterinarian and owner of the clinic walks in. She's wearing a white doctor's jacket.

(CONTINUED)

Susan looks in the other direction at the mess with no surprise.

SUSAN
Oh, fun, we're remodeling.

INT. SOMMER'S VETERINARY CLINIC - WASHROOM- DAY

Susan and Lucy are washing the two dogs in large tubs.

LUCY
Sorry I was late.

SUSAN
Don't sweat it. It happens. Although based on the damage caused in that small amount of time we might want to come up with a contingency plan for poor Karen.

LUCY
They really don't take to her, do they?

SUSAN
Not like the do to you, at least. Just wait, we'll walk back to the front and the place will be on fire.

LUCY
You know... I really appreciate the way you helped he-

SUSAN (CUTTING HER OFF)
Stop it right there. There was no helping out. I needed another competent employee.

Karen loudly busts through the door, carrying a dog crate ungracefully.

LUCY
Could have fooled me.

SUSAN
So what did we learn, Karen?

KAREN
Um... carry a sedative at all times?

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN

Much like your own rules in
dating.

Susan vanishes into the front of the clinic, and Karen
strolls over beside Lucy.

KAREN

Is it happy hour yet?

LUCY

I think it's still a bit early.

KAREN

So what made you late? Were you
passionately romping about the
sheets with John?

LUCY

Karen!

KAREN

Just asking.

LUCY

I told you the power went out and
my alarm didn't go off.

KAREN

You mean that actually happens? I
thought that was just the go-to
excuse when you're too lazy to get
out of bed.

LUCY

Well, that's what happened. I
didn't sleep very well
though. Strange dreams...

KAREN

Oh yeah? About what.

Lucy thinks for a moment.

LUCY

Can't remember.

KAREN

Pity.

INT. LUCY'S OFFICE - DAY

Lucy's office is neatly organized, everything in its place.

She sits at her desk, relaxing for a moment. She takes a deep breath, and hits her voice mail button as she begins to check emails as well.

The message machine beeps.

VOICE ON PHONE

Yes, this is Mrs. Shoester again...
 Champ has been making this wheezing
 noise.... I know last time Dr.
 Sommers said it was only snoring,
 but it sounds different this
 time. He also coughed
 yesterday. I need to know when I
 can bring him i-

Lucy hits the delete button mid-sentence, sighing. It moves onto the next message.

JOHN (ON PHONE)

Hey babe, it's John. It's a little
 early, so I guess you're not in
 yet... just wanted to tell you I
 love you, and have a great
 day. See you later.

Lucy smiles slightly, and hovers for a moment before she pushes the delete button, but then does. The next message comes on.

MIRIAM (ON PHONE)

Luce. Hey, it's, um, your favorite
 aunt...

Lucy drops everything she's doing and listens intently to the message.

MIRIAM's voice is a little unsure, and wavering, older, with a hint of a Scottish lilt.

MIRIAM (ON PHONE)

Um.. I'm sorry I haven't returned
 your message, I had gotten a bit
 under the weather and didn't want
 to... anyway, I hope your work is
 going well. We can certainly get
 together for tea this week if you'd
 like. I'm not sure what your plans
 are with John but... I saw the most

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MIRIAM (ON PHONE) (cont'd)
beautiful dress the other day; it reminded me of one you had when you were younger. I nearly bought it but, well, I figure I wouldn't fit into it very well. So... you can call me. I'll be around the house. And... I'm sorry if I got a little short with you last time, that wasn't my intention. I'm just too overprotective of you I suppose... anyway... I love you.

The message ends a little abruptly.

Lucy sits staring at the phone, and then reaches over as if she's about to pick it up and dial, but then hesitates.

Susan walks into the room, a little rushed.

SUSAN
Our ten-thirty is here.

LUCY
Yeah... oh. Yeah. Great.

SUSAN
You okay?

LUCY
Yeah, I'm fine. I just... need some coffee.

Lucy gets up and leaves the room, but as she does we see some of the other contents of the room a little more closely, including a recent picture of her with a woman in her fifties, Miriam, and also one with her and a young, handsome man, John.

Finally we see a framed picture of a little girl and an older, distinguished looking man, who is wearing a tweed jacket, smoking a pipe, and smiling widely. The same pipe sits framed above the picture.

The picture was taken at the park from the dream, and the little girl is the same as well.

INT. LUNCHROOM - DAY

A busy crowd lines up at various buffet style platforms where food is being served. The tables are long and brown, and the walls are an off color white.

Various groups of people are huddled together in a clique-ish way. The engineers are all dressed alike, slightly dirty and are bunched together at one end of the room, being noticeably louder than the others.

Meanwhile, the writers from the office are crowded toward the middle of the room, except for Lex and Zeke, who sit alone at a table.

One of the engineers guffaws loudly, spraying his co-worker with food.

LEX

Must be a full moon or something.

ZEKE

No. I'm pretty sure they're like this every day.

Leah steps in behind them, and takes a seat at the table. Lex gawks with food falling out of her mouth.

LEAH

We have a reputation to uphold, after all.

Lex and Zeke stare at her awkwardly for a moment.

LEAH

Oh, am I bothering you?

Zeke nearly spits his food out.

ZEKE

No! No, Leah, we like YOU.

LEX

It's the rest of them I don't care for.

LEAH

They're good people. But that's the way you've got to be when you're getting your hands dirty every day.

(CONTINUED)

LEX

And that entitles you to what,
exactly?

ZEKE

I don't think that's what she was
implying, Lex.

LEAH

Well I'm not quite sure what I was
implying, I'm just saying that it
takes a certain type of person to
get things done in the lower decks.

ZEKE

I agree one hundred percent as does
Lex.

Lex shoots him a dirty look, disapproving.

LEAH

So, where's Daniel? He told me we
were all meeting for lunch.

LEX

On his way.

ZEKE

I think he's doing some prep work
on his new file.

LEAH

So I heard; he's apparently the
office's new Romeo.

LEX

Geeze, did he tell everyone?

LEAH (PROUDLY)

I'd like to think he fills me in on
most of what's going on with him.

ZEKE

Yeah, but I mean, word travels fast
in the office already. I think
it's the joke of the week to a lot
of the guys.

During the conversation, Remy has walked up behind the
group, and takes a seat next to Zeke.

(CONTINUED)

REMY

I'm pretty sure you think love IS a joke, Zeke-man.

ZEKE

Look who decided to drop by... the eyes from the sky. What's shaking captain?

REMY

I'm quite sure you know what my daily grind entails. I just wish it wasn't Monday.

ZEKE

I hear ya.

REMY

Hi Leah.

Leah smiles back big at him.

LEAH

They're picking on the engineers again.

REMY

Well, you do have a reputation to uphold.

LEAH

So do you. You guys hardly even eat lunch.

ZEKE (JOKINGLY)

Dogs and cats, living together. MASS HYSTERIA!

LEX

I didn't mean any offense, sorry. It's just I get anxious at the way some of those lugs are looking at me.

Daniel walks up and sees the entire group chatting, albeit not very cordially, and smiles for a moment. He approaches the table.

Behind him Truman and Newton are following.

DANIEL

Well look at this motley crew!

(CONTINUED)

LEAH
Hey Daniel.

REMY
What's up man?

DANIEL
Just hanging in there. Do all of
you guys know Newton? He started
earlier this month and Tru is
showing him the ropes

Everyone waves, but no one really speaks. Truman and Newton
wave back as Daniel sits down with his food.

DANIEL
So what's the topic of discussion?

LEAH
The usual. Class warfare.

DANIEL
As if I needed to ask.

LEX
Exactly.

LEAH
At least my people stick
together... you guys are all over
the place.

Leah motions to a nearby table, where MONTY sits.

He's dark skinned and dark eyed. He very intensely and
quickly eats his food while focusing on a black leather
journal he's writing in.

He looks over briefly, before darting his gaze away.

ZEKE
That guy creeps me out.

DANIEL
He's not that bad.

ZEKE
Daniel, when have you ever spoken
to him?

LEX
I don't think anyone has spoken to
him except Oswald.

(CONTINUED)

REMY

You guys are just scared of him.

LEX

Ha. Right. He just never talks, never does anything outside of work.

DANIEL

Well, he's good with his copy.

LEX

Sure, aside from the fact that it's completely bizarre and weird. The stuff he writes is just... I don't know. It gives me the willies.

Daniel abruptly walks over to the table Monty is sitting at, as everyone else stares wide eyed.

Monty acknowledges that Daniel is there with his posture, but he focuses on his plate as he surreptitiously closes his journal. A table away, MORT is reading a book and has his earbuds in, but a glance shows he's listening to the exchange.

DANIEL

Hey Monty, I was wondering if you want to join us.

There's a long pause.

Daniel looks back to his table and shrugs his shoulders.

MONTY

I don't think that's the greatest idea.

DANIEL

Why not?

MONTY

I... don't get along with your people too well.

DANIEL

Well, maybe that's because you don't know "my" people.

Monty finally breaks off his gaze and looks at Daniel.

(CONTINUED)

They hold each others eyes for a moment, then Monty hurriedly grabs the rest of his lunch, as well as his journal, and marches off, away from the table where everyone is sitting. Mort smiles widely and looks back to his book.

MORT (SARCASTICALLY)

Well done, trailblazer.

Daniel ignores him and walks back toward the group.

DANIEL

That went well.

LEAH

I can't believe you did that.

DANIEL

Hey, I say it's good to know people.

LEX

Don't you mean it's good to be liked by people?

TRUMAN

Well, Daniel certainly has that down to a science.

ZEKE

And now he's mister Romeo... doing some romance writing to moisten the housewife's loins! Dan the man!
(chanting) DAN THE MAN!

TRUMAN

Wait, Daniel's on romance?

Everyone shares a chuckle, while Newton just stares confused, looking overwhelmed.

DANIEL

Newton, don't listen to these people. You'll understand when you have an assignment like this yourself.

REMY

Actually, make fun of him as much as possible. It's the only thing that keeps Mr. Daniel's ego in check.

DANIEL

And I was just about to sing your praises Rem. Newton, this is Remy, he works upstairs with the live feeds. He's a good person to know if you want to write... effectively.

LEX

What he means is cheat, Newton.

DANIEL

I DO NOT cheat and I never have.

TRUMAN

But he probably would if he wasn't "Dan the Man."

ZEKE

DAN THE MAN!

Everyone chuckles again, but Newton still looks like a fish out of water.

Leah reaches out her hand.

LEAH

I'm Leah.

They shake hands briefly.

LEAH

As you can see, physical contact with an engineer will not give you rabies.

LEX (MUMBLING)

Not at first at least.

DANIEL

Leah works down below and makes sure all of your precious copy gets published.

LEAH

I get all of the fun work.

NEWTON

Um... hi... everybody.

ZEKE

He speaks!

(CONTINUED)

REMY

I think I didn't speak for two whole months when I started!

Newton smiles very big, graciously.

DANIEL

See, most people don't know that having these guys as friends will help you out. Trust me on this.

NEWTON

Thanks for the... advice.

REMY

Don't worry; he'll give you plenty of it. He already thinks he runs IYD.

DANIEL

Nonsense. I don't think Oswald is going anywhere. At least not anytime soon.

TRUMAN

So was it Oswald's idea for the switcheroo?

DANIEL

Something like that.

LEX

Well, it certainly has the potential to be very entertaining.

They all sit, eating their lunch for a moment quietly.

Meanwhile, in the corner of the room, Monty stares at them, slowly eating his food, and writing in his journal.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Daniel moves toward his desk and sits down, eying the red file that remains closed. He taps his pen on the desk.

His pen is long, and has a pattern that runs around the outside, as if the pen itself was tattooed. He stares at it for a moment, admiringly.

Zeke pops up over the cubicle, using a cheesy French accent.

(CONTINUED)

ZEKE
Feeling romantic?

DANIEL
Ha.

ZEKE
Well, I hope you still remember how
to sweep a girl off her feet. You
wanna practice on me?

DANIEL
Something tells me you'd be too
easy.

Daniel grabs the file and opens it up.

ZEKE
Whoa, can I take that picture to
the bathroom for a minute before
you get started?

DANIEL
I've seen better.

ZEKE
Not in person you haven't.

Daniel begins to flip through the file, then out of the
corner of his eye, sees Oswald looking at him from across
the room. Oswald smiles briefly and vanishes into his
office.

ZEKE
Man that guy is a Nutter Butter.

DANIEL
Maybe. I trust him though.

ZEKE
Why?

DANIEL
I'm not really sure.

Zeke disappears back behind his own cubicle.

Daniel takes a deep breath, closes his eyes for a moment,
and then begins reading. His pen settles onto a pad sitting
over toward his right.

After a moment, the markings on the pen, very slowly, begin
to change their form, and we reveal the photo in Daniel's
folder; it's a picture of LUCY.

(CONTINUED)

END OF ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. SOMMER'S VETERINARY CLINIC - DAY

It's toward the end of the day, and Lucy is escorting one of the last clients out with their cat.

She signs some paperwork as Karen and Susan approach. They stop by Lucy's desk.

KAREN

So, drinks?

SUSAN

You two youngins take off, I'll lock up.

LUCY

Probably not tonight. I think John's coming in from the city.

KAREN

Ooh, romantic.

On cue, a handsome man in his late twenties steps through the door. This is JOHN.

He is very good looking, in a timeless kind of way, and is in great shape. He has a trace of a southern accent, that he tries to hide.

JOHN

Someone talking about me?

LUCY

Hey! What are you doing here?

JOHN

I finished a brief a little early and figured I'd come and surprise you.

They embrace and kiss briefly, with Karen and Susan looking on, enviously.

Karen sighs audibly.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN
Susan. Karen.

SUSAN
Hey John.

JOHN (TO LUCY)
So are you ready?

LUCY
For what?

JOHN
For me to take you out to a nice
dinner?

LUCY
Right now?

JOHN
That's the idea.

KAREN
Looks like I've lost my drink date.

SUSAN
Oh, alright, I'll join you.

Susan then looks at the couple.

SUSAN
You got a good one there
Luce. Treat her right John.

JOHN
Yes ma'am. Of course.

LUCY
So I'll see you guys in the
morning.

Lucy and John leave while Susan and Karen stare enviously
after them.

KAREN
Save a horse, ride a cowboy indeed.

SUSAN
With that accent you almost make
that sound proper.

They turn and re-enter the building.

INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

Waiters bring food around to everyone in a nice, Italian sort of joint. There is wine on the table at which John and Lucy sit, and they are laughing very loudly.

JOHN

...so there we were, hitting golf balls of the roof of the student center with the Dean, and the director of programs keeps wondering where these balls are coming from.

They laugh out loud for a moment.

JOHN

Too funny. Some day you should come into the city and meet him.

LUCY

That sounds great.

JOHN

You know... I miss you when you're not around. I don't like sleeping without you.

LUCY

Aw, well, me neither babe. It's just such a commute in the morning from your flat.

JOHN

It's just as far for me to get from your house to the office on the weekdays!

LUCY

I know, I know.

JOHN

I mean, I really just wish we could make it easier. We could get a place, right outside the city, where the commute wouldn't be as bad for either-

LUCY

I'm just... not ready yet. Plus, I love my house.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

I mean, I'm not trying to pressure you or anything.

LUCY

I know, I know, and you've been great.

JOHN

I'm just selfish... I want you to myself all the time.

LUCY

I think Karen would die if that were the case.

JOHN

It's hard, I imagine... dating both of us.

They laugh, then sit for a moment in silence, which John breaks.

JOHN

So, have you thought about going back?

LUCY

Going back?

JOHN

To take your exams.

Lucy stops eating for a moment, and eyes him. He senses her tenseness.

JOHN

I'm sorry, I know, I said I wouldn't talk about it.

LUCY

Then don't. I'm not interested right now.

JOHN (PLAYFULLY)

You know that's why people go to veterinary school, right? To be veterinarians?

LUCY (COLDLY)

Well I guess you've found one exception.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

I must really be getting on your nerves tonight.

Lucy sighs and glances back up at John, and her mood and posture warm up again as she smiles.

LUCY

It's fine. It was just a long day.

JOHN

Did you get enough sleep last night? You look a little tired.

LUCY

Kind of. I read. I ended up oversleeping this morning and we nearly had a meltdown at work. I woke up and my clock was doing that blinky thing.

JOHN

Oh yeah?

LUCY

Yeah, and I was having wild dreams.

JOHN

The one in the park?

LUCY

No, this was a new one. It was... I don't know. It'll sound silly.

JOHN

Ah, come on, tell me!

LUCY

Well, it felt real. I was in this house, or this room, and I swear I've seen it before. Like, something from my childhood?

JOHN

Sounds like the twilight zone.

LUCY

I don't know. It just looked so... familiar. I read sometimes things can happen in your life that are subliminally stored and your dreams might be the only place to access the memory...

(CONTINUED)

JOHN (PLAYFULLY)

I would... love to know where you read that.

LUCY (IGNORING HIM)

I swear I had been there before. But I can't place it. Still, it made me feel... safe.

JOHN

Well, I guess that's a good memory, if that's what it was.

LUCY

No, not exa- it's really hard to explain. I guess it doesn't really matter.

She stares at the floor for a moment. John smiles at her.

JOHN

You know, I have this dream where I'm a fish.

LUCY

...a fish?

JOHN

Yeah. A trout.

They both start laughing.

JOHN

Ever since I was young, it's really weird. The whole time I'm afraid someone is going to catch and eat me.

LUCY

That doesn't sound like fun.

JOHN

It isn't!

They look at each other for a moment, and then he slides his hand across to rest on top of hers.

JOHN

You know, I really love you.

She smiles, and grabs his hands.

(CONTINUED)

LUCY
I love you too.

INT LUCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lucy and John lie next to each other in her room, while the ceiling fan slowly circles.

Their clothes lie scattered around the room.

We hear the sound of the house settling, and at this Lucy sits up slowly, wide-eyed. She looks around as if expecting someone else to be there, then stands while covering herself with a blanket.

She walks to the door of her bedroom, but it doesn't look quite right, with darker corners and wider rooms.

She steps into the hallway, which looks to go on for quite a ways, but she sees a glint of light at the front door.

Slowly she makes her way there, trying not to trip in the darkness. The light becomes more and more pronounced as she approaches.

She grabs the door handle as she gets there, flings the door open, and is nearly blinded with the sunlight and looks away, before squinting and looking back out...

EXT. PARK - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The park is seemingly the same as before, with people walking around and the giant fountain gushing water, but small details are askew here and there.

The sound of people laughing and talking is in the air.

Lucy looks back to where the house was, but there is nothing but the park. She is also fully dressed.

She looks over at the park bench from earlier, watching everything as it unfolds.

The young girl is sitting, playing with the geese and feeding them. She immediately feels the presence of someone behind her, and a hand lands on her shoulder.

LUCY
Hi.

She turns around, and then suddenly smiles.

(CONTINUED)

The man there is John.

JOHN
Hey, I brought a picnic.

Lucy seems to not understand, and reaches up and touches John's face for a moment.

JOHN
Haha, what's going on? It's me.

LUCY
Yes... um, just happy to see you.

Lucy looks back over to the girl, who's now smiling directly at her as she plays.

John grabs her by the hand.

JOHN
Hey, are you okay?

LUCY
Yeah... I mean, I think I really am.

JOHN
You look fantastic.

She does look fantastic. She stares back into his eyes for a moment.

JOHN
Hey, I've saved us a spot, over here.

John walks, guiding Lucy to a shady spot beneath a tree. At this, our view zooms out, showing the entire park and the beautiful day.

It continues to rise, until we see the clouds, and the entire city.

As we get further and further away, things become more distorted and blindingly bright. It becomes completely washed out, until...

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

We pan up out of a pad, where the last image of the park slowly begins to fade. A pen lifts from the pad, as if the image was just "drawn".

We see that it is Daniel that is "writing" and he stops for a moment, then very gently puts his pen down.

He stands, looking at the pad and pen, and smiles. He grabs his jacket off the back of his chair and puts it on. He takes one last glance, and begins to leaves his office. He is the only one there.

As he starts to walk out, we pull back through the office, and toward the windows. As we move through the wall, we see the outside of the IYD building, which looks normal, like a reflective skyscraper.

As we pull out more, we see that the ground is unearthly and fluid-looking... it is a flat, lifeless, morphing landscape that stretches as far as the eye can see.

There are electric storm clouds that roll in the sky. Above that there is only black. There are no stars. There are no other structures, save the building.

As we move further back, we see this expands to infinity.

This is not earth.

END OF ACT THREE

(CONTINUED)

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. BAR - EVENING

The quiet bar is populated by a couple of groups of people, chatting enthusiastically.

A lone bartender sits behind the counter, washing glasses, looking displeased.

Newton and Truman sit at the bar, where Truman slowly sips on a drink, but Newton, looking beyond three-sheets, sways for a moment and then clunks his head loudly to the bar, passing out. Truman hardly bats an eye.

A group of engineers, still dirty from the work day sit and talk loudly about their new supervisor, while Leah has gone back toward the bar for a refill.

Daniel enters and immediately walks over toward her.

LEAH
Thirsty?

DANIEL
Always.

A brief moment passes between them.

DANIEL
So, did you look?

LEAH
What do you mean?

DANIEL
You know what I mean, did you peek?

Leah empties her glass and signals for another refill.

LEAH
I sort of did, for a second at least.

DANIEL
You weren't interested?

LEAH
Yeah, well, I have a lot more work to do than to preoccupy myself with everything you give me.

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL

Well, yeah, but you know what I'm getting at.

Leah turns and looks Daniel straight in the eye.

LEAH

You just want me to tell you how good it was.

DANIEL

Basically, yes. I think I nailed it on the first shot.

LEAH

Well, then why should you be concerned with what I thought about it?

DANIEL

Because you can see the live feed.

LEAH

But we don't watch them Daniel, you know that.

DANIEL

I know you aren't really supposed to, but if you're trying to convince me that you guys don't take a peek occasionally how do we know which ones to screen later?

LEAH

That's a whole process that I don't even...besides, what does it matter? It streamed. You're in good shape. Just wait for the report.

DANIEL

I want something more than that.

Leah pauses for a moment, carefully choosing her words.

LEAH

Dan...what were you trying to get across to her?

DANIEL

The usual with romance. You know, sweeping off of feet, beautiful ambiance, et cetera.

(CONTINUED)

Leah pauses again, and Daniel catches it.

DANIEL

What?

LEAH

I really don't think we should talk about this anymore.

Daniel gets visibly frustrated and turns to leave, then stops and turns back around.

DANIEL

Leah, I need to see it, I need you to run me a copy-

Leah quickly shushes him and lowers her voice, then checks to see the bartender's whereabouts and make sure he is out of earshot.

LEAH

What the hell? Are you trying to get us in a major pickle?

DANIEL

You've done it before, Leah, you can do it again. I want to know how it played. I need to know how SHE saw it.

LEAH

You're crazy, Daniel, you are out of your damned mind! Do you know what would happen if someone found out? If Oswald found out? Or if Fallon...

Leah shivers and Daniel looks slightly nervous at the mention of this name.

LEAH (CONT.)

I mean, I knew you were self-absorbed but would you really risk that?

DANIEL

Say I forced you. If you're caught you have no obligation to me.

LEAH

But I don't want you gone either. You're... my friend and I don't want to see you in that situation.

(CONTINUED)

Daniel lets these words settle for a moment, and then calms himself down a bit.

DANIEL

Leah... please just do it for me. After work tomorrow. You won't get caught. I won't either. I want to turn this file quick, and I need to see that feed to do it. Now are you going to help me?

Leah stares at him for a long moment, and a slight sadness creeps into her eyes.

She looks down.

LEAH

I'll call you at four. Tell you where to find it.

Daniel moves in and briefly kisses her on the forehead.

Leah is surprised, but shyly smiles at him.

DANIEL

You won't regret it Leah, I swear.

Daniel jogs off, leaving Leah alone.

She stares after him and repeats him.

LEAH

You won't regret it.

INT. LUCY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Lucy walks into her kitchen, which is neat and pristine, looking much like a model home. There are some dirty dishes in the sink, which looks to be the only thing unclean. She sighs at them, and then retrieves some rubber gloves from underneath the sink. She begins washing all of the them.

INT. LUCY'S LIVING ROOM - INTERCUT

Lucy still has her plastic gloves on, and is meticulously cleaning her house. The decor and neatness look akin to a better Homes and Gardens house.

INT. LUCY'S DINING ROOM - INTERCUT

Lucy dusts off her table, and then begins to polish it with a rag.

INT. LUCY'S HALLWAY - INTERCUT

Lucy stands framed in the middle of her hallway, the light bathing her back from the front entryway. She pulls off her gloves, and nods to herself.

INT. LUCY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Lucy enters her bedroom, which is comparatively quite askew, almost like a teenager's domain. She walks through a door on the far side of the room, and opens it.

INT. LUCY'S STUDIO - DAY

Sun shines in through a glass roof, as art supplies and easels lay all over the place in a completely random fashion. The entire place is covered in splotches of paint and equipment is strewn all around. A smile creeps onto Lucy's face.

She walks over to a stereo and turns it on, as loud rock music breaks the silence and fills the air.

She dances over to one of the easels and grabs a brush, beginning to paint.

She starts to paint a texture, methodically, making strokes that should serve as a background.

She pauses.

She closes her eyes, and begins tracing something. We don't see what it is.

She opens her eyes. Her smile fades and her eyes open wide. She walks back to the stereo and cuts it off, sucking all the noise and energy out of the air.

As Lucy walks back to the painting, we are shown that it is the SYMBOL that she had previously seen on the ring in the dream. She studies it for a moment.

A realization washes over her face.

INT. LUCY'S CLOSET - DAY

Lucy opens the closet door and pulls a giant box down from the top shelf. She sets it on the floor and opens it. There is still drying paint on her hands.

As she explores the box, we see pictures of the older gentleman in the jacket with the pipe. There are pictures of her too, as a little girl. She thumbs through them, pausing on a particular picture of the two of them on a swing, where she looks happy. She smiles, and thumbs past it.

Then she sees a picture that stops her. She studies it. In the picture, there is a party of some kind. Many people are walking around with drinks, not paying attention to the camera. Young Lucy is at the front, grinning for the lens, and the older gentleman is in the background, apparently talking to someone out of frame while shaking their hand.

Lucy looks closely at the handshake.

On the hand of person who is out of frame, a ring on the middle finger is distinguishable.

The ring from her dream.

Lucy flips the picture over, where there is an inscription. She looks closely trying to make it out, but a water stain has obscured most of the words, except for the last five scribbled words.

"can do it for you."

Lucy stands up with the picture, and slowly backs away from the box, shutting it in darkness with the closet door.

INT OFFICE - EVENING

Everyone is packing up for the evening at IYD, with various workers all packing up their briefcases and pens. End of the day chatter permeates the air.

Zeke walks from cubicle to cubicle saying goodbye to everyone, and then stops at Daniel's, where he is intently working.

ZEKE

Trying to make the rest of us look
bad, dickhead?

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL

Just putting in a little extra time.

ZEKE

Appearing live, one night only, at In Your Dreams, Incorporated, it's Dan the man! So what do you think of the newbie?

Zeke turns his attention to Newton, who is trying to organize his desk and looks flustered, as papers are falling on the floor. He struggles to maintain his balance.

DANIEL

He seems like a good enough kid, even if he's a little dazed. I'm sure it'll pass; he's got Truman looking after him.

ZEKE

Yeah, he said that they're going out for drinks... you coming?

DANIEL

Yeah man, I'll call you.

Truman pops over the cubicle, jacket already on and briefcase in hand.

TRUMAN

You coming?

DANIEL

Not quite yet, finishing up.

TRUMAN

Suit yourself.

They leave the cubicle area, and are joined by a few others, including Lex.

They walk out loudly, with Zeke chanting "Dan the Man", and then the room becomes nearly silent.

Daniel sits for a moment, staring at his pad and pen.

He pulls a square, silver disk out of his jacket pocket and raps it against the table for a moment, then looks at it.

As he does, the office lights shut off, and we can barely see him, but the disk is slightly luminescent, and gives light to his face.

He gets up and walks away.

INT. SCREENING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is small, with a couple of seats, not unlike a movie theater, lined up toward the front presentation area.

Daniel pops the disk into a large, foreign looking contraption as a screen lowers.

He presses a few buttons and walks back to take a seat in the middle.

The screen blinks white for a moment, and then goes black, followed by a fuzzy green.

Images slowly start to appear, although they are barely discernible. Daniel squints watching intently.

The image becomes clearer we move closer and closer to the screen, until we are in it, and...

EXT. PARK - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The blurry figures change to show the park again, with the fountain shooting up high behind it, and the first person who comes into focus is Lucy.

She is talking to John, and half smiling.

The girl is over toward the geese, feeding them. The people are tossing coins into the gushing water, and people are walking around, talking.

JOHN

You look fantastic.

He brushes his hand across her face, and she closes her eyes for a moment, opens them, and looks at his hand.

He has no ring on his middle finger.

A strange, complex look comes across her face.

John moves away and begins unpacking the meal, and then pulls a bouquet of flowers from the basket and gives them to her.

She grabs them, quickly, and looks right in his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

LUCY
...when is it going to happen?

John looks a little confused, but then goes back to his unpacking.

Lucy looks around desperately.

LUCY
John... why are you here.

JOHN
Because I am, I mean, I brought us lunch.

LUCY
I'm dreaming. You're not meant to be here.

JOHN
Okay...?

LUCY
This isn't the way it's supposed to...

Lucy looks over at the girl, who has now stopped feeding the geese and has clasped the hand of a man, whose back is turned, and they begin walking out of the park.

Lucy stands upright, abruptly, and takes a step toward them.

JOHN
Um, babe, are you okay? I made this meal for us...

LUCY
What is this?!

John looks confused, and grabs her hand from the ground.

JOHN
I don't know. I just had some things I wanted to tell you.

Lucy looks back at John, and studies him, her lips pursed.

LUCY
This isn't right, something's supposed to happen. It ALWAYS happens!

JOHN

Well, I was going to ask you something really im-

LUCY

What?! This isn't about that!

Lucy loses John's clasp, and then skitters out to the fountain, looking for the young girl.

Her eyes search the scattered crowd.

John calls something inaudible from his spot but it's muffled.

She spins.

LUCY

Why isn't it happening?

The people, the fountain, and the park grow blurry.

She looks up suddenly and yells loudly...

LUCY

What the hell is going on, Daniel?!

Everything cuts to black.

INT. SCREENING ROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

We pull out of the screen, which is now glowing a dull white; the dream having finished.

Daniel sits in his chair, silent. His face has a look of complete awe on it, with perhaps a little bit of horror as well. His eyes are wide.

He swallows, and then stands slowly, realizing he's having a hard time keeping his balance.

He stumbles over to the player, where he hits a few quick buttons as the screen begins to rise.

The disk shoots out and he grabs it and stares at it, visibly shaken.

He puts the disk hastily into his jacket pocket, not seeing the shadowy figure at the edge of the room, who has his arms folded. It is Oswald.

He observes quietly, as a hint of a smile crosses his face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

56.

Silently, he slips into the shadows of the office.

CUT TO BLACK

END PILOT