

Harvey's Dream
by
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Based on the story by Stephen King

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. STEVENS HOUSE - MORNING 1

We can hear the SFX of BIRDS CHIRPING, WIND RUSTLING, a CAR PASSING. The CAMERA CRANES DOWN on: the Stevens' home, a large, upper middle class suburban house. Conservatively and modestly decorated. The lawn is well groomed and the property well-kept. Two luxury sedans sit in the driveway.

2 INT. STEVENS HOUSE, KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER 2

All is still inside the house. The CAMERA MOVES ever so slightly.

3 INT. STEVENS HOUSE, HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER 3

The CAMERA MOVES down the hallway, passing framed FAMILY PHOTOS, to a door that's not entirely closed and glides into:

4 INT. STEVENS HOUSE, JANET'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER 4

The CAMERA MOVES in on JANET STEVENS, lying on her back in bed, wide awake, resolving in a close-up. She doesn't look exhausted, but she doesn't look like she's slept, either.

JANET'S POV

We see the ALARM CLOCK turn from 4:59 A.M. to 5:00 A.M.

5 INT. STEVENS HOUSE, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 5

With her NIGHTGOWN on, Janet exits her room and closes her door quietly. It's more a gesture of routine than of concern. She walks across the hallway, lined with framed FAMILY PHOTOS to a door that's not entirely closed. She peeks in. We see her husband, HARVEY STEVENS asleep, wrapped in his comforter like he's tousling with some epic beast.

6 INT. STEVENS HOUSE, HARVEY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 6

Harvey GROANS in his sleep as Janet shuts the door and turns away.

7 INT. STEVENS' HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 7

The COFFEE MAKER clicks on, the REFRIGERATOR opens, EGGS are removed from their containers in a methodical, sleepy fashion. We get the impression that Janet could be doing all of this in a coma. Before we know it, she's staring at a POT of boiled eggs. She's jolted out of her daze by a LAUGH from outside. A COUPLE in their late 50s/early 60s jogs together, the MAN jogging backwards while he talks to his WIFE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As they cross Janet's field of vision, we catch sight of FRANK FRIEDMAN'S orange SEDAN parked crookedly in his driveway.

8 EXT. STEVENS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 8

Janet opens the door and stares at the DOORMAT, looking for the morning paper. It's not there. She closes the door and goes back to the kitchen.

9 INT. STEVENS' HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 9

Janet puts a delicious looking tray of DEVILED EGGS into the refrigerator. She closes the door and walks back to the sink to wash her hands. She notices the orange car parked crookedly as well as its heavily dented side.

JANET

Jesus, Frank. I wonder what the other guy looks like.

Janet turns around and jumps with surprise. Harvey is awake, sitting in a chair behind her, staring dumbly, blindly into nothing except a huge ray of sunlight. He's wearing a white UNDERSHIRT and a pair of BOXERS, comfortable in his frumpiness. For a moment, nothing really passes between them. Janet regains her composure and pours Harvey a cup of coffee, sweetening it as she always does. Dust motes dance around Harvey's head in the morning sunshine. He just sits there.

Suddenly, Janet SNEEZES, snapping Harvey to attention.

HARVEY

How are they today?

JANET

Not so bad.

A beat.

HARVEY

It's a good thing you weren't sleeping with me last night, Jax. I had a bad dream. I actually screamed myself awake.

Janet is startled: Harvey hasn't said anything remotely as interesting as this in years. And he never uses her nickname anymore.

JANET

You what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARVEY

Screamed myself awake. Did you not hear me?

JANET

No.

A beat.

HARVEY

I was screaming words, but I wasn't really able to say them. It was like...I don't know...I couldn't close my mouth around them. I sounded like I'd had a stroke. And my voice was lower. Not like my own voice at all. I heard myself, and made myself stop. But I was shaking all over, and I had to turn on the light for a little while. I tried to pee, and I couldn't. These days it seems like I can always pee—a little, anyway—but not this morning at two-forty-seven.

Harvey seems almost in a trance. He just stares into the sun, dust motes dancing around his head. But Janet is interested in what he has to say for the first time in years.

JANET

What was your dream?

HARVEY

I don't know if I want to tell you.

Harvey picks up the PEPPER MILL and tosses it gently back and forth between his hands. Janet is struck by the surreal beauty of his image in the early-morning light. He looks normal. Almost.

JANET

They say if you tell your dreams they won't come true.

HARVEY

Do they say so?

The pepper mill thing is getting on Janet's nerves. But Harvey puts it down on the table, where its shadow strikes an eerie likeness to his. Janet begins to tell Harvey she got it all wrong about disclosing one's dreams, but he interrupts her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HARVEY (CONT'D)

I dreamed it was morning and I came down to the kitchen. Saturday morning, just like this, only you weren't up yet.

JANET

I'm always up before you on Saturday morning.

HARVEY

I know, but this was a dream.

Janet looks him over.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

But it was like this. I mean, the sun was shining in.

Harvey waves his hands about wildly, disturbing the dust motes floating in the air. This action makes Janet very uneasy; she wants to tell him not to disturb the serenity of the moment.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

I could see my shadow on the floor and it never looked so bright or so thick. 'Bright's a funny word to use for a shadow, isn't it? 'Thick,' too.

JANET

Harvey—

HARVEY

I crossed to the window, and I looked out, and I saw there was a dent in the side of the Friedmans' Volvo, and I knew—somehow—that Frank had been out drinking and that the dent happened coming home.

This revelation hits Janet in the chest. She remembers seeing the dent only minutes earlier. She feels faint. Her pulse quickens. Sweat begins to bead up on her cheeks and forehead. She wants to tell him, "Enough," but he continues.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

I went to the refrigerator, and I looked inside, and I saw a plate of devilled eggs with a piece of Saran wrap over them. I was delighted—I wanted lunch at seven in the morning!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Horrified, Janet looks into the sink. There's one egg left in the pot. It bobs up and down, almost mocking her.

JANET

I don't want to hear the rest.

HARVEY

I thought I would have just one, and then I thought, 'No, if I do that she'll yell at me.' And then the phone rang. I dashed for it because I didn't want it to wake you up, and here comes the scary part. Do you want to hear the scary part?

She feebly shakes her head, "No," but she's unable to command him to stop. Of course she wants to hear the scary part.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

I picked up the phone, and it was Trisha. She only said one word at first, just 'Dad,' but I knew it was Trisha. You know how you always know?

Yes, she knows.

HARVEY (CON'T) (CONT'D)

I said, 'Hi, Trish, why you calling so early, hon? Your mom's still in the sack.' And at first there was no answer. I thought we'd been cut off, and then I heard these whispering whimpering sounds. Not words but half-words. Like she was trying to talk but hardly anything could come out because she wasn't able to muster any strength or get her breath. And that was when I started being afraid.

Not Janet.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

And then Trish said what sounded like 'lees' or 'least,' but in the dream I knew she was...eliding? ...is that the word? Eliding the first syllable, and that what she was really saying was 'police.' I asked her what about the police, what was she trying to say about the police, and I sat down. Right there.

Harvey points to a little CHAIR under the PHONE, what they call a phone nook.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

HARVEY (CONT'D)

There was some more silence, then a few more of those half-words, those whispered half-words. She was making me so mad doing that, I thought, 'Drama queen, same as it ever was,' but then she said, 'number,' just as clear as a bell. And I knew—the way I knew she was trying to say 'police'—that she was trying to tell me the police had called her because our number's unlisted.

Janet nods, numbly, and starts to pace aimlessly in front of the sink. The tension is driving her mad. She's unable to bear it any longer, and walks out to the porch, staring right into the morning sun, which is now blasting through the windows on the front of the house. The neighborhood looks charmed, almost mystical. She wants to scream at Harvey to stop, but she doesn't have any breath.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

All these whispered little half-words, and she would not speak up. Then I heard 'killed,' and I knew that one of the girls was dead. I just knew it. Not Trisha, because it was Trisha on the phone, but either Jenna or Stephanie. And I was so scared. I actually sat there wondering which one I wanted it to be, like Sophie's fucking Choice. I started to shout at her. 'Tell me which one! Tell me which one! For God's sake, Trish, tell me which one!' Only then the real world started to bleed through...always assuming there is such a thing...

Harvey laughs at this a little, but Janet is riveted: the morning sun illuminates Frank's car, highlighting the dent on its left front. A red substance is caked around the bashed-in area. Janet notices it for the first time. And she knows what it is. It's BLOOD.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

By then I knew I was in bed, but I could hear this low voice that didn't sound like mine at all, it sounded like some stranger's voice, and it couldn't put corners on any of the words it was saying. 'Ell-ee itch-un, ell-ee itch-un,' that's what it sounded like. 'Ell-ee itch-un, Ish!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

He falls silent, thinking to himself, mouthing the words he's just said.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
 (mouthing, whispering)
 Ell-ee itch-un, ell-ee itch-un, ell-ee
 itch-un, Ish...

He's unaware of it, but Janet is no longer listening to him. She opens the front door and begins to walk outside, the sunlight blasting into the front porch.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
 I lay there waiting for you to run in and see what was wrong. I lay there, goosebumps all over, trembling, telling myself it was just a dream, the way you do, of course, but also thinking how real it was. How marvelous, in a horrible way.

10 EXT. YARD - CONTINUOUS 10

Janet steps outside, focused on the blood-covered dent in Frank's car, the realization of what's happened sinking into her. We hear a faint BICYCLE BELL RINGING. The PAPERBOY approaches in the background.

11 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 11

Harvey sits still, and finally says:

HARVEY
 It's amazing, isn't it, how deep imagination goes? A dream like that is how a poet—one of the really great ones—must see his poem. Every detail so clear and so bright.

He falls silent, and the kitchen is deathly still. Only the dust motes move.

12 EXT. YARD - CONTINUOUS 12

Janet is fixed on Frank's car. She could break down at any moment. The paperboy tosses the NEWSPAPER toward Janet. It lands at her feet with an almost inaudible CRACKLE. He rides away, waving, with a bright smile on his face. Janet looks down at the paper.

13 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 13

The CAMERA MOVES IN as the PHONE RINGS! It's loud, shrill and piercing. All the other sounds of the world go mute. Harvey snaps to attention and walks to the phone nook.

14 EXT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 14

The sound of the ringing phone whirls Janet around. She would scream if she had any breath. She covers her mouth.

15 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 15

Harvey picks up the phone.

HARVEY
Hello?

CUT TO BLACK.

CUE MUSIC.

ROLL CREDITS.