

DREAM ADDICTS ANONYMOUS

Written by

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1

I/E. DREAM STATE

Our eyes adjust to the light of the sun. We vaguely make out that we are walking through a garden. Flowers and plants overlay and sway in the sun. Through our POV we are holding hands with someone. We see two people kissing. Grazing skin. We fall in a bed of flowers, jolting us awake.

All experimental footage from the 'Dream Scape' should have a different cinematographic language. It should look blurry as different images and symbols overlap.

2

INT. AMY BEDROOM - MORNING

AMY - 20s, college student, constantly tired looking - opens her eyes. It's 5:00 AM, an alarm clock is blaring, we see on the bedside table a plethora of sleeping pills, melatonin, and cough syrup. Amy lays unmoving.

3

EXT. AMY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Amy gets ready in front of a mirror. Putting on a bra, shirt, tie, and some rushed makeup. She is visibly unhappy with her appearance. She impulsively cuts off the ends of her hair, then the bottom of her shirt, both she instantly regrets. She closes her eyes in exhaustion.

MATCH CUT TO:

4

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - MOMENTS LATER

Amy's eyes are closed. FOOOOOM. The subway car speeds by, scaring her awake, blowing her hair back, she takes a step back as if she was almost hit.

5

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

Amy works at a coffee shop as a barista, a customer is talking to her. She wears a silly hat with a coffee cup on top.

Amy stares at a girl sitting at a table. Disassociated out of her mind, she doesn't hear the customer's order.

CUSTOMER

(muffled) Americana, flat
white, frothy milk, and
a choclit croissant,
warm.

She continues to stare at the cool girl sitting at the table. Through Amy's POV, we admire her effortlessly cool outfit, her long hair, her enviable nonchalant style.

The customer tries to get Amy's attention by snapping in her face.

AMY (TO CUSTOMER)
OK.

Amy starts pouring hot water into a cup, and nodding off into sleep.

CUSTOMER
(distant/muffled)
Hey! I wanted a quadratina americana! Excuse me, ma'am?

Amy is deep in sleep.

The hot water begins missing the cup and onto Amy's hand. She is jolted awake, the customer screams, Amy does not, she just looks at her hand wide eyed. Her skin is sizzling.

6

INT. GUIDANCE COUNSELORS OFFICE - DAY

Amy sits slouched in an office chair, wrapped in her winter coat, holding pain medication in a freshly wrapped, burnt hand.

The guidance counselor types furiously with long acrylic nails that don't match her personality. She speaks to Amy like she is a five year old with behavioral problems.

COUNSELOR
Amyyy...A-M-I-E?

AMY
Y

The counselor tightly smiles, typing without looking at her computer.

COUNSELOR
Amy, do you mind if while we talk I eat my apple?

AMY
...Sure...

The counselor takes a big juicy bite of an apple and sets it down on her desk, letting the part she bit fall on the table.

COUNSELOR
So I see on your intake form that you've been feeling kind of sad.

She says "sad" like it's a sin for her to have to say it.

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)

Now, I'm so sorry but we have to ask this to all our sadder students, and I do have a contractual responsibility to call the police if you do in fact say yes, but...you would never have thoughts of hurting yourself, right?

Amy says nothing, just looks at her with disdain, almost disassociating. We see flashes of the boiling water and her sizzling skin. She ever so slightly starts to shake her head "no".

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)

Oh good! So sorry we have to ask that, some people have some really icky tendencies.

Apple bite.

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)

So Amy, when is bedtime for you, usually?

AMY

What? I don't- I just- want to feel better? I'm just really all tired. All the time.

The counselor nods understandingly. She opens a large drawer of pamphlets. They are scattered and unorganized, she starts digging through them until she finds the one and hands it to Amy.

Amy takes it from her and looks at it. It reads "DAA - We are here and we are real"

AMY (CONT'D)

I'm not on drugs.

COUNSELOR

Trust me, girl, Xannex is a drug no matter what they tell you.

AMY

OK... Thank you?

COUNSELOR (BEGINS FADING OUT TO
MUFFLED)

Of course, babe! You can always come talk to me, and next time we can start finding some tips and tricks to fight those frownies. Just make sure you are getting at least an hour of exercise everyday, and staying away from caffeine, processed foods, sugar, salt, dairy, trans-fats, marijuana...

Amy is deep in sleep.

7

I/E. DREAM STATE

Amy floats through a liminal space, then finds herself moving down the streets of New York. Observing the world around her like it's through a narrow telescope. Everyone is something to be envied, to want. She now finds herself standing in a black room with a spotlight on her. She is dressed like a movie star. Amy clutches her pearls and begins to cry. Roses fall around her. We hear ironic lines of admiration from the audience: "She's so hot" "I wanna be her" "I wanna be with her" "I wanna be in her" "I wish I could cut off all my skin and wear her's". She begins to smile, she is finally admired and without want.

8

INT. SUBWAY - DAY

Amy wakes up in subway.

9

EXT. UNIVERSITY CENTER - DAY

Just cut to Amy's eyes darting around almost paranoid. She tries desperately to look aloof leaning against the outside of her school. She is smoking a skinny cigarette in her burned hand, and holding *Just Kids* by Patti Smith in the other.

We see close ups of "cool" people around school. Unique outfits, standing in friend groups, a couple making out. Nose rings, ring rings, ripped tights, sunglasses, vapes.

Amy keeps looking around to see if anyone is looking at her. She takes a drag and starts coughing vigorously. So much that people start looking at her, but she can't stop.

She's coughing and coughing until finally she just throws up on the pavement.

Now people are really looking at her. She doesn't know what to do. She decides to flee the scene.

10

INT. SCHOOL BATHROOM STALL - DAY

Amy runs into a stall and screams to herself in embarrassment and anger. She is freaking out, claustrophobic in the four stall walls. She pulls cough syrup out of her bag and starts chugging it.

She walks out of the stall, her eyes are red and baggy. A girl is putting on makeup at the sink.

GIRL

Holy shit I fucking love your makeup. You're giving tired girl aesthetic.

AMY

...Thank you. I love your...face.

The girl smiles in a judgmental, weirded out way and walks away without another word.

Amy closes her eyes like she wants the world to swallow her whole right then and there.

Amy can't keep her eyes open. Her head bobs up and down, up and down, until SMACK. Her face smashes against the sink in a loud bang.

12

INT. DAA MEETING ROOM - DAY

A group of people in winter coats sit in a circle. It resembles an AA meeting.

Amy sits slouched in her chair, blood all over her white color shirt. She looks like shit, broken nose, burned hand, exhausted, and on the brink of breaking into tears.

She opens her eyes to see her hand already raised.

AMY

Uh...Hi my name is Amy and I think I'm addicted to...dreaming-

EVERYONE

Hi Amy.

AMY

Hi...um... I was sent here by my university after I broke my nose in class. I was tired and um-

We see a quick flash of a dream.

AMY (CONT'D)

Yeah recently I've just felt like being awake is like a lot...worse than being asleep. I think I'm a lot happier when I'm asleep, less responsibilities, less aware. I can't really tell what's a memory of what really happened and what never happened. But when I remember those memories I wanna be there...not here.

Quick flash of dream.

AMY (CONT'D)

I think I'm addicted to feeling happy. And when I'm awake I don't feel that, and I'm so fucking tired of trying to feel that, all the time. Sometimes I just don't want to wake up anymore. But I don't want to die- I just- I don't know what to do. When I dream I don't want anything, or need anything and it's so fucking nice not to feel like something is missing or I'm doing something wrong. All day it's like I just can't get enough stuff, or sleep, or love.

Quick flash of dream.

AMY (CONT'D)

I don't feel that way when I'm asleep. When I'm in my dreams, I'm just an observer. I want nothing and I'm happy. I don't exist. I don't want to be perceived. I actually feel better saying all of this. But that's how I know this isn't real. None of you are real.

NANCY

No Amy, we are real, you are real, this is all happening.

AMY

Then why am I all the sudden feeling better?

NANCY

Because you're sharing.

Quick flash of dream.

AMY
SHUT FUCK THE UP, NANCY!

NANCY
Amy... calm down.

Quick flash of dream.

AMY
This isn't real. I can't feel
anything. I actually feel ok. I
feel really ok. That's how I know.

Amy tries to stand up but can't.

13 **INT. DREAM STATE - DAA MEETING ROOM - DAY**

Reality starts to blur.

People around her start to melt and disappear.

Total chaos and light.

Kissing.

Running.

Screaming.

Reality and dream are blended into one.

Finally, we see Amy on stage, in her gown from the last dream, roses all around her, standing alone in the spotlight. She is so happy she is crying.

CUT TO BLACK