

DREAMS UPLOADED

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INT. DARK VOID - NIGHT (DREAM)

The scene unfolds in a hazy, otherworldly glow. Muffled, echoing sounds reverberate through the expanse. A BUFF MAN, the epitome of strength and poise, stands amidst the shadows. His movements are deliberate and exaggerated, as if playing a solitary game of Twister, his limbs reaching for unseen dots.

RENE (30s), a look of fascination etched on his face, steps forward from the darkness.

RENE  
(whispering to himself)  
Right hand... blue?

Compelled by an unseen force, Rene approaches the bodybuilder. With a tentative hand, he reaches out and touches the spot next to the Buff Man's hand, and suddenly, vibrant Twister dots appear beneath them. They begin to play, limbs twisting and turning, reaching for colors.

As they become more entangled, their movements grow absurd.

INT. DESSAR INSTITUTE - LOBBY - DAY

The pristine lobby of the Dessar Institute is abuzz with the hum of a documentary crew interviewing researchers and participants. DR. HAMBURG (50s) stands out with his earnest demeanor and slightly disheveled lab coat. Rene stands close by awkwardly.

The director of the documentary, CEDRIC (40s), interviews Dr. Hamburg.

CEDRIC  
Please state your name, what you do here, and a brief summary of what the Dessar Institute does.

DR. HAMBURG  
I'm Dr. Hamburg, the Senior Director here at the Dessar Institute. We like to think of ourselves as a dream factory -- both figuratively and literally. Here, we record our participants' dreams in visual and sonic formats, primarily for Hollywood's creative use. Participants receive ten percent of the profits from their dreams.

(MORE)

DR. HAMBURG (CONT'D)

Additionally, we explore therapeutic benefits through daily group sessions, where participants have the opportunity to view and discuss each other's dreams.

Cedric gestures to Rene.

CEDRIC

And what about you, Rene?

RENE

I'm Rene, Junior Director of Research. The D.S.R., or Dream Sequence Recorder, is our patented EEG head-cap that records our participants' dreams to a nearby computer. And, if I do say so myself, it's almost as revolutionary as can openers, zippers, or wheelie suitcases.

CEDRIC

Don't sell yourself short, I'd say it's as revolutionary as sliced bread.

RENE

I was going to say that but sliced bread is overused, in my opinion, and I'm gluten-free.

DR. HAMBURG

We've had our share of celebrity dreamers, too. Take Martin Short, he'd have these recurring dreams where Jiminy Glick was interviewing him. Night after night - I feel sorry for the guy.

The scene shifts as Cedric turns his attention to the participants, eager to delve into their personal experiences.

CEDRIC

(to the participants)

Tell me, what motivated you to sign up for this sleep study?

PARTICIPANT ONE

Mostly here for the paycheck, to be honest.

PARTICIPANT EIGHTEEN

I'm all about watching my dreams on a big flatscreen. It's like being the star of your own movie, except you don't have to do lunch with studio execs.

PARTICIPANT SEVEN

I'm here to dive into my mind and fish out whatever Freudian treasures have sunk to the bottom of my subconscious.

PARTICIPANT NINE

I wanna blow myself away.

CEDRIC

How would you feel if one of your dreams was chosen and used in a movie?

PARTICIPANT TWO

Oh, heavens to Betsy, if my mighty nights made it to the big screen, it would be more thrilling than the time I accidentally got a standing ovation at a mime showcase for silently sneezing.

PARTICIPANT EIGHTEEN

That would be incredible. My dreams are action packed! Just last night, I had a racing dream that made Fast and Furious look like 'Driving Ms. Daisies.'

PARTICIPANT SEVEN

Oh, I'm an actor so I'd ride that wave of Hollywood success straight to my big break. Some have said I'm the next Peter Lorre.

RENE

How about I show you how dream recording works with a new participant?

CEDRIC

Sounds good, let's go.

INT. DREAM RECORDING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Rene and PARTICIPANT THIRTY-ONE (20s), a new participant, enter the DREAM RECORDING ROOM.

RENE

Ah, the dreamatorium. This is where your nighttime reveries turn into Oscar bait.

PARTICIPANT THIRTY-ONE

Nighttime reveries?

RENE

Or midnight musings, whatever term you're more familiar with.

PARTICIPANT THIRTY-ONE

I call them dreams.

RENE

Please lie down, and I'll put your head-cap on.

Rene helps Participant Thirty-One get settled on the bed and carefully fits the head-cap, which looks like a futuristic crown made of wires and sensors.

The head-cap, intricately linked by several wires, is connected to a PC running Windows 97 stationed on a table beside the bed, ready to record Participant Thirty-One's dreams.

RENE (CONT'D)

Wearing this might feel like you're in a sci-fi novel, but don't worry, you'll slip into snoozeville faster than you can say 'Every life comes with a death sentence.' Now, fall asleep for ninety minutes.

Participant Thirty-One stares, confused, at Rene.

RENE (CONT'D)

It's a quote from the cyberpunk novel *Hardwired* by Walter John Williams.

PARTICIPANT THIRTY-ONE

Wait, doesn't it usually take hours before REM sleep kicks in? I didn't think you start dreaming right away.

RENE

(chuckling)

That's what old science says. Once you know the truth, it's like believing the Earth is flat. With our state-of-the-art technology, we've found that dreams start way sooner - just about thirteen to eighteen minutes after nodding off.

PARTICIPANT THIRTY-ONE

Oh, ok.

RENE

We'll leave you to it. Lights on or off?

PARTICIPANT THIRTY-ONE

Off.

Rene nods, turns off the lights, and exits with the camera crew. The room is bathed in a soft, ambient glow from the computer screen.

NINETY MINUTES LATER

Rene re-enters the room, just as Participant Thirty-One is waking up. The laptop screen displays a colorful graph and the text "Dreams Uploaded."

RENE

Look who's back awake. So, how was it, sleeping with our head-cap?

PARTICIPANT THIRTY-ONE

It felt like an octopus tap dancing on my skull.

RENE

No worries, that's pretty normal. Let's head to our viewing room. You're about to watch a movie called My Dreams starring you.

PARTICIPANT THIRTY-ONE

Let's just hope it gets better reviews than my college performance of The Vagina Monologues.

Participant Thirty-One looks a mix of anxious and excited as she follows Rene out of the room.

INT. VIEWING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The viewing room is cozy yet high-tech, with a large flat-screen mounted on the wall and comfortable seating arranged for optimal viewing. Rene stands at the forefront, remote in hand with a look of eager anticipation on his face.

RENE

Alright, let's take a peek. It looks like you had a couple of dreams, Participant Thirty-One.

PARTICIPANT THIRTY-ONE

I hope they were interesting. A lot of my dreams are me talking to cardboard cutouts of myself and sometimes Kevin Pollak.

RENE

(chuckles)

Well, let's hope your subconscious cast someone more A-list this time.

PARTICIPANT THIRTY-ONE

(defensively)

I consider Kevin Pollak not only an A-lister, but one of the finest actors of our generation.

RENE

Yeah, he's great on Mrs. Maisel.

PARTICIPANT THIRTY-ONE

(pridefully)

He's also my third cousin.

RENE

Well, with a cousin like Kevin Pollak, I'm sure your dreams are box office gold. Fingers crossed, let's see if we've got a blockbuster hit.

PARTICIPANT THIRTY-ONE

Oh, I don't do the crossed fingers thing, I'm Jewish.

RENE

Well, history's shown us that Jewish directors make great films. So, your dreams could be right up there with the likes of Kubrick, Spielberg, Lumet and Seth Rogen.

Participant Thirty-One looks curious, fidgeting slightly in anticipation. Rene points the remote toward the screen, playing the dream.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY (DREAM)

A dream-like white haze surrounds the frame. The Oval Office is exaggeratedly opulent, with golden drapes and presidential portraits wearing whimsical expressions. Everyone's voice echoes with a surreal reverb.

Participant Thirty-One stands on a central, elevated pedestal in the Oval Office, flanked by lower pedestals where MITCH MCCONNELL (80S) and NANCY PELOSI (80S) stand, their expressions a mix of awe and disbelief. JOE BIDEN (80s), overflowing with enthusiasm, addresses an eclectic crowd.

JOE BIDEN

Ladies and, uh, Germinators...  
 Damn, I mean ladies and Germans, as  
 my thing I'm doing—winds down, I'm  
 handin' over the torch to the wiz-  
 kid over here, a true virtuoso!  
 Yup, you're the big cheese now,  
 pal! Here's your medal, Mr.  
 President.

Joe places a GOLD MEDAL around Participant Thirty-One's neck. The medal features a skateboarding Bald Eagle, adorned with sunglasses, a backwards cap, and holding up a peace sign.

DONALD TRUMP leans in, with a sly grin.

DONALD TRUMP

(whispering)  
 Give me a ring-a-ding sometime.  
 We'll make a deal, and trust me,  
 you don't want to risk being on the  
 wrong side of history.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN (50s), raises a jug labeled "Honest Abe's Moonshine."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Let's have a drink. My own 'Honest  
 Abe's Moonshine!' To the new leader  
 of the nation!

LIL' WAYNE

Nah, nah. We smokin' tonight!

LIL' WAYNE lights a BLUNT, passes it to Participant Thirty-One and he take a big toke.



PARTICIPANT THIRTY-ONE  
 My fellow Americans, I stand here  
 before you filled with gratitude  
 and Lil' Wayne's blunt smoke. I vow  
 to uphold the values of truth and  
 promise free will and Wi-fi for  
 all!

The crowd goes wild with excitement.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN  
 Oh, hell yeah!

PARTICIPANT THIRTY-ONE  
 Listen up, I'm also bringing Taco  
 Tuesdays to every American! And  
 we'll have Fortnite tournaments in  
 the Oval Office and pool parties at  
 the Capitol!

The cheers intensify. JAY-Z (50s) appears in the crowd,  
 nodding approvingly.

JAY-Z  
 You crazy for this one!

PARTICIPANT THIRTY-ONE  
 (excitedly)  
 So I'm the prez now, and it's gonna  
 be awesome. We're gonna have the  
 biggest parties, the best snacks,  
 and with me in office, every day is  
 gonna feel like winning the  
 lottery. Love ya, America, keep it  
 real!

A cardboard cutout of HILLARY CLINTON (70s), sporting a  
 '2028' hat, joins in the applause.

HILLARY CLINTON  
 (shouting over the noise)  
 We love you too! Woo!

INT. VIEWING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Rene looks curiously at Participant Thirty-One.

RENE  
 How'd it feel seeing your dream on  
 the silver screen?

PARTICIPANT THIRTY-ONE

It was surreal. I mean, I never thought I'd be president - always saw myself as more of a vice type, you know?

RENE

Makes you think of all the amazing dreams you have and just forget. Some of them could've been Golden Globe worthy. So tell me, did you vote for Biden?

PARTICIPANT THIRTY-ONE

(awkwardly laughs)

Uh, I don't really want to discuss politics on camera.

RENE

Oh, come on. Just a tiny political secret between the film crew, audience and myself.

PARTICIPANT THIRTY-ONE

How about we stick to discussing dreams?

RENE

Ok, sure, no problem. So, you dreamed of Lil' Wayne, what did you think about Trump pardoning him?

PARTICIPANT THIRTY-ONE

I'd rather not say.

RENE

No pressure, just curious. We're not running a political survey here, and if we were, it would be for Michael Dukakis.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Cedric interviews LISA (40s) as participants wait in the background.

CEDRIC

Can you please tell me your name and what your position is here?

LISA

Hey, I'm Lisa and it's been a wild ride since I became a researcher here at Dessar. Last week, I recorded a dream about a cheese rolling competition, and let me tell you, I haven't seen people chase after cheese like that since my cousin Sheldon's bar mitzvah.

As they talk, Rene enters the lobby.

CEDRIC

Rene, can we get a quick chat?

RENE

Sure, I can spare some secs.

Cedric and Lisa look at each other, confused.

CEDRIC

Sex?

RENE

(laughing)

No, no. Secs is short for seconds.

CEDRIC

Anyway, I was wondering if...

LISA

(interrupting)

Wait, we're done here? You can't distill my charisma from that short interview. Mark my words, with a directing style like that, you're headed straight for the Razzies!

Lisa dramatically storms off.

CEDRIC

So, how's your day going?

RENE

Everything's fine, except for some recent developments I can't really talk about here, it's... sensitive stuff.

CEDRIC

Can we discuss it privately?

RENE

Yeah, I guess that'd work.

INT. RENE'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Cedric looks to Rene.

CEDRIC

So now that we're alone, what's on your mind?

Rene sets his hands down on his desk and accidentally turns the PA system on.

RENE

(over PA)

People here see me as just another researcher, but unlike my colleagues and participants, I'm privy to truths they couldn't fathom.

CEDRIC

What truths do you know?

RENE

I know a few, but today I heard some news about the reptilian race on The Joe Rogan Experience that's very disturbing.

CEDRIC

What is the reptilian race?

RENE

Basically, the earth is hollow, and hybrid reptile-humans live underground. Some of them live up here too and are disguised as normal people.

CEDRIC

And what's the news?

RENE

It's come out that Michael Keaton is actually a reptilian. And I was such a fan of Jack Frost.

CEDRIC

How was it discovered that he's a reptilian?

RENE

Well, generally you can tell a reptilian by eye color like hazel, green, or blue eyes.

(MORE)

RENE (CONT'D)

You can also tell a reptilian by red hair, low blood pressure, good sight or hearing, ESP, UFO connections, fondness of space, a sense of not belonging to the human race, accepting the downfall of mankind, psychic abilities...

INT. LOBBY - SAME TIME

The participants can hear everything that Rene and Cedric are saying through the PA system.

PARTICIPANT SIX

Did he just say Michael Keaton's a lizard person?

PARTICIPANT NINE

He's a moron!

PARTICIPANT ONE

You have to have mental problems to believe in reptilians. That's some next-level crazy.

PARTICIPANT THIRTEEN

Reptilians? Please, I've dated worse. At least reptilians might remember anniversaries.

PARTICIPANT TWENTY-SIX

Yeah, but can you imagine the in-laws? I mean, a family of green, scaly, cold-blooded creatures? Wait, that actually sounds like my ex's family.

PARTICIPANT THIRTEEN

Honestly, if dating a reptilian means getting access to secret underground cities, sign me up! I could use a partner with some real assets.

PARTICIPANT FIFTEEN

Reptilians aren't real, people!

INT. RENE'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Rene and Cedric continue their conversation.

RENE

Reptilians disrupt electrical appliances, are allergic to salmon, have low testosterone, and a fondness for the 1984 film "Gremlins." Those are all indicators you're dealing with a reptilian. And believe it or not, Michael Keaton fit seventy percent of those criteria.

CEDRIC

I always thought there was something otherworldly about his role in Herbie Fully Loaded. It's all starting to make sense now.

RENE

Anyway, you guys are the only ones who I've told this to here. So let's just keep it between us and the home audience.

CEDRIC

Sure, your secret's safe. You're not typically this open. Why is that?

RENE

Truthfully, I'm shy and I've never really had luck with broads so I try to keep my personal life separate from work.

As he speaks, Rene suddenly sneezes loudly in a high pitched tone three times in succession, not bothering to cover his mouth. He carries on talking as if nothing unusual happened.

RENE (CONT'D)

I just try to be genuine, you know? I believe in being true to yourself, not playing those dating games. Maybe I'm just too irreverent for romance, too off-beat for love, too screwball to screw.

Rene wipes his nose with his hand then wipes it on his pants.

CEDRIC

What are you looking for in a romantic partner?

RENE

Well, I have a thing for women who are thick all over, including in their heads.

CEDRIC

So, by 'thick headed,' do you mean not particularly intelligent?

RENE

I'll put it like this, my type are simpletons.

CEDRIC

I like a woman with a thick tush myself, but why would you want a partner who's thick in the head?

RENE

It makes life easier when there's less overthinking involved. You know? I like to enjoy the simple things.

INT. LOBBY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The participants, Lisa, and Anthony exchange amused glances as they listen to Rene's bizarre preferences as a companion. Anthony stifles a chuckle as Lisa covers her mouth, trying not to burst into laughter.

LISA (WHISPERING)

Did you hear that? Rene wants a woman who's thick all over!

ANTHONY (CHUCKLES)

Yeah, and he thinks Michael Keaton is a reptilian. If anyone from Jack Frost is a reptilian, it's Henry Rollins.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Cedric, TWO CAMERAMEN (40s), and a SOUND GUY (30s) are eating dinner in the parking lot.

A THIRD CAMERAMAN (30s) is filming B-roll of them.

CAMERAMAN ONE

Man, that interview was crazier than a David Icke message board.

SOUND GUY

Yeah, I half expected Rene to start talking about how Bigfoot killed JFK after that reptilian nonsense.

CAMERAMAN TWO

Bat shit insane doesn't even begin to cover it. Believing in reptilians is like believing in Santa Claus - if Santa lived underground and controlled the government.

CAMERAMAN ONE

And that 'thick in the head' comment? My sides still hurt from laughing so hard!

CAMERAMAN TWO

(laughing)  
Seriously, who wants someone thick in the head?

CAMERAMAN ONE

(chuckling)  
I thought 'thick in the head' meant when the blood in your brain gets thicker from an aneurysm!

The crew shares a hearty laugh.

CEDRIC

Speaking of thick all over, I once met this girl, Evelyn, at Dairy Queen. She's got a unique... charm. Maybe we could see if she's interested in joining the study. You never know, she could accidentally end up schtupping Rene.

CAMERAMAN ONE

Accidentally? Sounds like the plot to a bad reality TV show.

CEDRIC

No, no, no, it would just be a little... serendipitous romantic experiment.

CAMERAMAN TWO

Serendipitous? More like 'seren-SCRIPTED-ous!'



SOUND GUY

It feels like you would be crossing a line.

CEDRIC

Come on, every documentary shapes its narrative. It's about handcrafting the story like a loaf of bread. We're just adding a bit of... caraway seeds. How about this, I'll leave this conversation in so we're being totally transparent. You're getting this right?

CAMERAMAN THREE

Yeah, I got the whole thing.

CEDRIC

I also think it makes a good point about the reality of documentaries.

CAMERAMAN ONE

Uh huh.

SOUND GUY

Sure, whatever.

INT. CEDRIC'S HOME - DAY

Cedric is in his home office on Facebook. Cameraman Three is there filming him. Rene's on Evelyn's profile page.

CEDRIC

Make sure you're filming. Alright, I found her. This is Evelyn, and oh boy is she thick! Rene will totally go for her.

CAMERAMAN THREE

Yeah, I guess.

INSERT - COMPUTER SCREEN

Evelyn's profile picture shows her standing on a flat Earth map, grinning wildly and holding a sign that says, "Flat Earth Club: We have members all across the disc."

Cedric scrolls down and finds a meme split into two halves. The top half, labeled 'Flat Earth Research,' shows earnest individuals with simple tools, intently studying the horizon.

The bottom half, titled 'Ball Earth Research,' depicts two disheveled men staring at a globe, arrogantly declaring victory over flat Earth theorists with the phrase 'Checkmate Flat-minds!'

CEDRIC

She's a Flat Earther, perfect!

INSERT - COMPUTER SCREEN

A Facebook text post by Evelyn. It reads, "Just got canned from Dairy Queen. Told a customer Flat Earthers aren't losers or anti-Semites. She freaked out and her wig ended up in the fryer. What's a girl to do now? #FlatEarthLife #FryerFiasco #FlatEarthDebates #DeepFriedConspiracies"

CEDRIC

She's figuring out what to do with her life after being fired from Dairy Queen. Should I call her?

CAMERAMAN THREE

If you want to. I'm not telling you to do it.

Cedric calls Evelyn.

EVELYN (V.O.)

Yo, who dis?

CEDRIC

This is Cedric, the filmmaker, we met at DQ a while back. Do you remember me?

EVELYN (V.O.)

Nah, nah, I've never met any Cedric in my life.

CEDRIC

I used to order the Blizzards warmed up to a soupy temperature.

EVELYN (V.O.)

Wait, wait, wait. Yeah, I sorta remember you.

CEDRIC

I'm working on a new documentary right now, and I think you're perfect for it.

EVELYN (V.O.)  
Ok, so what's in it for me?

CEDRIC  
You'll have your dreams recorded at a sleep center and watch them back in group therapy sessions. We also pitch your dreams to movie studios and if they buy, you get a slice of the pie. Just don't tell anyone we know each other.

EVELYN (V.O.)  
Weird, but whatever, I guess that sounds cool.

CEDRIC  
And I wanted to tell you, I still feel bad about not hiring you for my student film that ended up winning an Oscar.

EVELYN (V.O.)  
I haven't cared about the Oscars since they applauded the guy from After Earth for slapping The Rock. Does the dream thing pay good?

CEDRIC  
Well, it doesn't pay anything per se, but at the very least it will be a good reference for when you re-apply to work at Dairy Queen.

EVELYN (V.O.)  
That blows... But I never remember my dreams, and I am curious about what I dream about.

CEDRIC  
That's great. I'll e-blast you the deets so you can stop by the Institute sometime.

EVELYN (V.O.)  
Ok.

CEDRIC  
Bye.

Cedric hangs up.

CEDRIC (CONT'D)  
Bingo bango, she's in!

CAMERAMAN THREE

You're going down a weird rabbit hole here. It's unethical, it's deceptive...

CEDRIC

It's genius.

INT. DREAM RECORDING ROOM - DAY

Rene is showing Evelyn the high-tech dream recording room.

RENE

So this is where I'll record your dreams.

EVELYN

But how can you record them if I'm awake?

RENE

I mean later on, when you're asleep. First, check out our memory foam mattress, it's like sleeping on a giant gnocchi under a blanket of marinara sauce.

Rene pulls back the red sheet from atop the bed, revealing the mattress, and then presses his hand into the foam.

RENE (CONT'D)

Just feel that perfectly cooked gnocchi. Try it.

Encouraged, Evelyn tries it too, but she presses a bit too hard. Her hand sinks in and comes out with a chunk of memory foam. They both look at the foam in her hand, slightly surprised.

EVELYN

What the hell?

RENE

Well, it's memory foam, it tears easily.

EVELYN

Really?

RENE

We once had a muscle man rip out an even bigger chunk. Check it out.

Rene pulls the red sheet down further, revealing more of the mattress, and eventually uncovers a large hole that's been filled with bubble wrap and covered with Scotch tape.

EVELYN

This is a real MacGyver operation  
you've got here.

RENE

Yeah. And lastly, this is the head-  
cap you'll be wearing as you sleep.

Rene securely places the head-cap on Evelyn's head and fastens the chin strap. It's connected to a nearby laptop by a wild tangle of rainbow-colored wires, some as thick as garden hoses, others delicate like threads.

RENE (CONT'D)

I'll wake you up in ninety minutes.

EVELYN

Uh, just so you know, I sometimes  
wet the bed when I'm around khakis,  
and it smells like you're wearing a  
fresh pair.

RENE

(laughs)

That's funny. You almost had me  
there for a second.

EVELYN

No, really. It's called Khakturna  
Incontinencia. It's an extremely  
rare but very real condition.

RENE

Oh, sorry, that's no problem.  
Participants urinate on this bed  
all the time. Just try not to get  
it in the holes. Alright, see you  
in ninety minutes.

Evelyn gets under the covers and starts sleeping.

90 MINUTES LATER

Evelyn starts to wake up. The laptop connected to her head-  
cap displays "Dreams Uploaded."

INT. VIEWING ROOM - DAY

Rene is gathered with Evelyn and some participants for a group therapy session.

RENE

Welcome, everyone. Today we're joined by a new participant, Evelyn. We'll be sharing some of her dreams and discussing them together. So, Evelyn, how was your first experience sleeping with the head-cap?

EVELYN

Sleeping with the head-cap reminded me of those Brain Freezer Hats we used to sell at Dairy Queen - they actually had straws sticking out everywhere, just like the head-cap.

PARTICIPANT SEVEN

I remember those. Whatever happened to them?

PARTICIPANT NINE

Didn't you hear? They turned out to be really dangerous. People were trying to drink Blizzards too quickly and... there were some tragic accidents.

RENE

Now that's what I call a brain teaser!

PARTICIPANT TWELVE

Maybe we should skip the jokes for now, Rene.

PARTICIPANT THREE

Especially after the woman who died from trying that Brain Freezer Tightrope Walk TikTok challenge.

EVELYN

My last day at Dairy Queen was traumatic. A kid in red socks thought he could handle two Brain Freezers at once. Ended up with his brain literally frozen. We had to thaw him out under the heat lamps.

RENE

Things are getting a little frigid  
in here, how about we defrost and  
move on to Evelyn's dream?

Rene points the remote toward the screen, playing the dream.

EXT. DARK VOID - NIGHT (DREAM)

The dark void eventually transforms into a vibrant ocean filled with bioluminescent creatures. There is a SQUARE SHAPED TAMPON floating on the surface of the water.

The tampon suddenly starts to emit soft, melodic music that attracts the attention of a majestic JELLYFISH with iridescent patterns all over it's body. The Tampon and Jellyfish engage in a mesmerizing dance, their movements synchronized with the music.

The Tampon then turns into a circle and then turns into a star.

INT. VIEWING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Rene turns to the group.

RENE

Alright, let's discuss. Your dream's transformation from a square-shaped tampon to a star, Evelyn, may reflect a change your experiencing and the certain sparkle you have. What do you think the square shape represents in your life?

EVELYN

Um, maybe it's about feeling boxed in? Like I'm trapped in a box truck, always moving, always bumpy, always getting speeding tickets.

RENE

And about the star transformation in your dream - does that connect at all with your personal goals or is it the way you see yourself?

EVELYN

I always kind of hoped I'd be discovered at Dairy Queen - you know, for my own show.

(MORE)

EVELYN (CONT'D)

Like a talent agent would come in for a snickerdoodle and leave with a new star. And now look at me, I've finally made it on a real reality show.

CEDRIC

(off screen)

It's a medical docu-series for Queecy.

RENE

That's insightful, Evelyn. Do you often have dreams where you transform or evolve in some way?

EVELYN

Yeah, sort of. But it's not me changing in my dreams, it's everything else. Like one night my menstrual pads transformed into a pentagram.

RENE

Does anyone have any thoughts or comments about Evelyn's dream?

PARTICIPANT SIX

I'm no Sigmund, but maybe the tampon turning into a star is about wanting to shine or glow when, you know, 'Aunt Flow comes to visit.'

PARTICIPANT TEN

I'm thinking it's about transformation, right? Maybe not just physical but also... spiritually? It's an uplifting message if you think about it.

PARTICIPANT EIGHTEEN

I thought the tampon represented Evelyn's menstrual anxiety.

PARTICIPANT THIRTY-TWO

That dream, mija, reminds me of old sayings - 'En lo inesperado, a veces se encuentra la belleza.' Sometimes beauty is found in the unexpected. Like finding art in a tampon, no?



## PARTICIPANT THIRTY-FIVE

You're right, the juxtaposition in Evelyn's dream strikes me as a commentary on societal norms - a journey from the mundane to the exceptional. It's truly all about that glow-up.

## RENE

(leans in closer, lowering his voice)

By the way, Evelyn, I'm planning on going to Sizzler by myself after I get off tonight. Then it dawned on me, I should invite you.

## EVELYN

Sorry, I'm not trying to hear all that Sizzler talk right now.

## RENE

(regaining composure)

Anyway, let's watch another dream. How about Participant Seven? You had an interesting dream about an elderly woman roller-skating in a pit of fire and ice, all while singing 'Ode to Joy' from Beethoven's ninth.

## INT. DREAM RECORDING ROOM - DAY

Evelyn is sleeping, having her dreams recorded. Rene watches her sleep, occasionally touching his face as if contemplating something deeply.

## EXT. DESSAR INSTITUTE - DAY

Seated together on a bench, Rene and Evelyn are intently reviewing Evelyn's dreams on his laptop in a one-on-one session.

## RENE

Here's where you were flying over the beach in your dream. It's quite fascinating. I mean, I love the beach too, but this is something else.

As they watch, the dream footage shows Evelyn soaring above a serene beach. Suddenly, from the ocean, a figure emerges, shimmering and indistinct at first.

It soon takes the form of a menstrual cup with wings, gliding onto the beach. It begins to transform, unfolding and reshaping, gradually turning into an iridescent shooting starfish. With a trail of sparkling light behind it, the starfish ascends, joining Evelyn in her flight.

RENE (CONT'D)

A flying menstrual cup turning into a shooting starfish. This seems to tie in with your other dream, don't you think?

EVELYN

Yeah, but why a menstrual pad, why a tampon?

RENE

They could symbolize a shift, from your time at Dairy Queen to being part of this study. Or maybe they're about growth, something more personal?

EVELYN

The docu-series has been a big change... and then there's the whole thing with you.

RENE

With me? Oh, well, uhh, what do you mean by thing?

EVELYN

We're spending a lot of time together, watching my dreams, having deep talks. That doesn't happen everyday.

RENE

It does for me. But, umm, our sessions are special, your one of my favorite participants. Do you want to finish watching the rest of your dream now?

EVELYN

Sure.

Rene and Evelyn watch her dream. Evelyn and Rene's hands are close to each other's. Rene slowly moves his hand over until his pinky is resting on top of her pinky.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

Why are you touching me?

RENE  
Your pinky looked cold.

EVELYN  
Oh, it was actually. Thanks.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The crew wraps up their day's filming and begins packing away their equipment. Nearby, Rene and Evelyn share a laugh and embrace in a friendly hug as they head to their respective cars.

CEDRIC  
I'm starting to second-guess  
bringing Evelyn on board. Watching  
Rene's pinky play was brutal.

CAMERAMAN ONE  
She seemed to go for it too, which  
was odd.

CEDRIC  
I guess I didn't expect Rene to  
really win her over. I feel like  
it's morally questionable or  
something.

CAMERAMAN TWO  
That's what we were trying to tell  
you, man!

CEDRIC  
I'm going to say something to Rene.

Cedric approaches Rene's car and taps on the window. Rene rolls it down.

RENE  
Hey Ced. Something on your brain?

CEDRIC  
Yeah, can I talk to you for a  
minute?

RENE  
Sure thing.

Rene steps out.

CEDRIC

You know, Rene, I was thinking we could come to your house sometime and shoot more footage of you.

RENE

I don't know. I'm sort of a private person.

CEDRIC

It would be a behind-the-curtain look into your life. I want to capture the growth you make, and the setbacks too.

RENE

I'm not really comfortable with that. I prefer keeping some things to myself.

CEDRIC

It would only be observation of you in your home for the next few months. It's all part of the process.

RENE

Honestly, I'm starting to have feelings for Evelyn, and your doc is kind of cramping my rizz. It feels like I'm on National Geographic or something, like I'm an animal who you're observing.

CEDRIC

Oh, I had no idea. But what if Evelyn isn't interested in you?

RENE

She seems curious enough.

CEDRIC

Just remember, it's a slippery slope getting romantically involved with someone you're studying.

RENE

Watching Evelyn's dreams as a way to get close with her isn't that different from breaking the ice in any other more traditional way.

CEDRIC

She trusts you, and you don't want  
to betray that trust.

RENE

Whatever. Let's just keep things  
professional between us, alright?

Cedric gives Rene a dismissive look and turns away, heading  
back to join the crew.

INT. RENE'S OFFICE - DAY

Rene sits intently at his desk, absorbed in watching Evelyn's  
dreams unfold on his laptop screen.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY (DREAM)

Evelyn and her friend SARA (20s), stroll leisurely down the  
sidewalk, chatting animatedly. Their attention is suddenly  
captured as an ATTRACTIVE MAN (30s), clad in tight blue jeans  
that leave little to the imagination. Evelyn and Sara  
exchange a look, both trying to stifle a giggle.

ATTRACTIVE MAN

Nice day we're having, isn't it?

EVELYN

Uhh, yeah, it's a beautiful day.

The man winks at Evelyn and walks past them.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

Did you see the jeans on that hunk?

SARA

I love a man in jeans.

Another attractive man wearing jeans, FRANK (30s), walks  
toward them.

SARA (CONT'D)

Look, another!

A GUY IN A CAR (30s) drives by and stops next to Frank.

GUY IN CAR

Hey, Frank!

FRANK

Hey, Louis. How's the wife, how's  
the kids?

LOUIS

Wife is great, fresh outta cosmetic surgery, kids are so-so.

FRANK

Alright, see you later!

Frank walks in Evelyn and Sara's direction.

FRANK (CONT'D)

How's it going, ladies? I like your blouses.

EVELYN

Thanks, they're Yugoslavian.

SARA

Your jeans are outrageously sensational.

EVELYN

They really are.

FRANK

You're too kind. I'm blushing.

EVELYN

Oh, your name's Blushing?

FRANK

No, I'm blushing.

They all look at each other for a beat.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I gotta go!

Evelyn and Sara continue down the street, pausing at a jeans store.

EVELYN

Oh my God, Sara, look at his tush!

SARA

Those jeans really outline his assets in a way that makes me go, 'Mmmm tasty.'

A MAN IN KHAKIS walks by, his attire noticeably less stylish.

SARA (CONT'D)

Is that... are those khakis? In public?

EVELYN  
Somebody call nine-one-one because  
this is a dire fashion emergency.

SARA  
And I think the homicide victim is  
flatlining!

Evelyn and Sara burst into laughter as the man passes.

SARA (CONT'D)  
Loser!

EVELYN  
Khakis suck!

The man in khakis suddenly contorts into a repulsive human-beast hybrid.

SARA  
(mockingly)  
Guess that's what happens when you  
choose khakis over jeans. Talk  
about a monstrous fashion choice!

EVELYN  
(chuckling)  
Definitely not making it to any  
best-dressed lists.

They continue laughing, shaking their heads at the human-beast in khakis.

INT. RENE'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Rene stares at his khaki pants, the realization dawning on him. With a mix of anger and embarrassment, he slaps his desk in a moment of frustration.

CHIP (30s), previously known as Participant Six, knocks and then enters.

RENE  
Hey Chip, I mean Participant Six.  
Sorry, my mind's all over the joint  
today.

CHIP  
No problem. You can call me Chip  
though - I'm actually Chip the  
Fourth.

RENE

You know, Ivan the Terrible was also a fourth. Let's just hope you don't kill your son like he did. Anyway, khakis... I mean, they're just pants, right?

CHIP

(confused)  
Khakis?

RENE

(quickly changing the subject)  
Oh, uhh, nevermind. So what's happening?

CHIP

I just wanted to stop by and see how you were doing. Your job seems so hard sometimes, like you're juggling dreams and... uhh, head-caps?

RENE

You have no idea. Sometimes it feels like there's so much weight on my shoulders. Like boulders or rocks or stones.

CHIP

If you ever need someone to help carry a stone, I'm here.

RENE

Thanks, I'll keep that in mind. I'm moving next month.

CHIP

And I want you to take it easy, don't worry about Evelyn. Try to let things happen like they're meant to and let go a little bit.

RENE

That's easy for you to say.

CHIP

Why do you say that?





EVELYN  
No, they're really cool. Turn  
around.

Rene spins around.

EVELYN (CONT'D)  
Nice. I think I would look pretty  
good in those.

RENE  
Most assuredly, you would look  
mighty beautiful.

EVELYN  
Too bad I don't have money for a  
new pair right now.

RENE  
Indeed, that... well, that sucks.

INT. GROUP VIEWING ROOM - DAY

Rene leads a group session with participants, including  
Evelyn.

RENE  
That was amazing, Participant  
Thirteen. Your dream of a ghoul  
playing 4D chess with Rudy Giuliani  
in a neon-lit carnival was a  
masterclass in storytelling. I  
think Warner Brothers may be  
interested in that one.  
Now, let's turn our attention to  
Evelyn's dream.

Rene points the remote at the screen and plays Evelyn's  
dream.

EXT. DESERT - DAY (DREAM)

In the stark landscape of an unknown desert, Evelyn is in a  
state of frantic desperation, wearing baggy, tattered,  
mustard-colored khakis. With each attempt to rid herself of  
the khakis, they instantly reappear. This cycle continues as  
she sprints desperately across the sand, heat beating down on  
her.

EVELYN  
Help me! Someone help me! Anyone!  
Where am I? Help! I've been cursed!

DISEMBODIED VOICE (V.O.)  
What do you desire, Evelyn?

EVELYN  
Is that... is that you, God? Or are you some kind of desert spirit? Whatever you are, please, I need jeans! These khakis are torture - I'm begging you! I can't take another second in them!

DISEMBODIED VOICE (V.O.)  
Why should I grant your wish?

EVELYN  
Oh, Great Genie of the Desert, I've been trying my best, really. I even started chatting up this guy in a sleep study - it's like doing community service, right? I mean, I let him touch my pinky, that's got to count for something!

DISEMBODIED VOICE (V.O.)  
I'm no genie, but you're in luck. Since you've been mingling in the name of science, I'll switch your fashion fiasco into a denim delight. Khakio-chango!

Evelyn's khakis turn into jeans.

EVELYN  
Oh, thank you! Thank you!

DISEMBODIED VOICE (V.O.)  
Alright, denim it is! But promise me this: keep spreading good vibes, or it's back to khaki hell for the entire month of November!

EVELYN  
I promise to walk the path of kindness and compassion - no more mocking khakis, at least till the next blood moon. You're my savior. I won't let you down!

DISEMBODIED VOICE (V.O.)  
Good, Evelyn. Very good.

EVELYN

My last boyfriend said jeans were for construction guys and that I should only wear skirts and dresses. Could you also punish him in some way?

DISEMBODIED VOICE (V.O.)

Your last boyfriend shall perish soon. I promise you that.

Evelyn laughs maniacally.

INT. GROUP VIEWING ROOM - DAY

Rene looks to Evelyn.

RENE

I've noticed you've been dreaming about jeans a lot lately. Do you have an idea why?

EVELYN

They're sort of my favorite type of pant.

RENE

Well, I was shopping the other day and saw this pair of jeans that screamed 'Evelyn' so loud I ruptured an eardrum, metaphorically.

EVELYN

Oh, yeah?

RENE

Yeah, so I got them for you, as a thank you for participating in the study. And for being a mensch in my life.

Rene hands Evelyn the jeans.

EVELYN

I can't believe you got these for me! This is the nicest thing anyone's done for me since that Dairy Queen customer paid for my mime school tuition.

Evelyn gives Rene a hug.

PARTICIPANT EIGHT

Rene didn't get us any jeans.

RENE

Don't mention it, Evelyn.

PARTICIPANT THIRTEEN

Yeah, where the hell are our jeans?

PARTICIPANT FIVE

He just got a crush, that's all.

RENE

Alright, moving on. Today we have a new participant joining us. Herman, can you please introduce yourself?

HERMAN (30s) stands up from his seat. He's a good looking man and is wearing blue jeans, denim t-shirt, jean jacket, denim bucket hat, denim socks and denim shoes.

HERMAN

Hello, I'm Herman, a fashion designer from Rancho Cucamonga. I specialize in denim, from denim jeans to denim hats to denim wallets.

RENE

It's nice to meet someone who's single-handedly keeping the denim industry alive. You know, Evelyn here loves jeans but she's not that into denim outfits, and I'm more in her camp personally.

EVELYN

(glancing at Herman with a smile)

Actually, I find his denim outfit... kinda cute.

PARTICIPANT SIXTEEN

I love a man who commits to a look.

RENE

Thank you, Herman. Please sit, please sit.

HERMAN

I'm very excited to be a part of this experiment. Thank you.

RENE

(turning to Herman)

Jay Leno wears a lot of denim but even he would say that's a bit excessive, am I right?

The participant's aren't amused. Participant Twelve coughs. Rene pulls his collar.

RENE (CONT'D)

Alright, now we're going to be watching another one of Evelyn's dreams.

Rene starts the dream playback, his eyes flickering with a mix of intimidation and envy.

INT. BAR - NIGHT (DREAM)

Evelyn leans against the bar, busily snapping selfies. She starts with a classic duck face pose, then contorts her arm behind her, angling her phone's camera for a behind shot. She snaps a shot and reviews it.

EVELYN

(muttering to herself)

Front, back, looking good.

In a moment of inspiration, Evelyn hoists her leg onto the bar, striking an awkward pose to capture the bottom of her jeans.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

Getting the three-sixty view.

Evelyn taps away at her phone, adding hashtags like #DitzyDenim, #IDreamofJeanies, #LegUpFashion. After posting her pictures, she notices a BAR PATRON (30s) watching her from across the bar.

BAR PATRON

Nice jeans, toots!

EVELYN

They're new! I just got them a micro century ago.

BAR PATRON

(confused)

Micro century? What's that?

EVELYN

A century is a hundred years so  
just micro that and you've got  
fifty-three minutes.

The Bar Patron walks over to Evelyn's side of the bar and  
sits down next to her.

BAR PATRON

Would you like to sit?

EVELYN

I don't want to get my jeans dirty.

BAR PATRON

What? Jeans are meant to be lived  
in! Haven't you heard the legend of  
jean?

EVELYN

No, I haven't heard the legend of  
jean. Why don't you enlighten me?

BAR PATRON

It's a tale of rivets and  
resilience, where every stitch  
holds up a story of adventure,  
romance, and construction work. The  
story goes that jeans were made to  
withstand hard labor. They were the  
first pant to have copper rivets in  
the places pants rip the most,  
pockets and flies.

EVELYN

So, this is what it feels like to  
be enlightened. Wow.

BAR PATRON

They were invented by a man named  
Jacob Youphes from Riga, Latvia.

EVELYN

Who knows shit like that?

BAR PATRON

There's a lot you don't know about  
me.

EVELYN

Like what?

BAR PATRON

I like to get freaky with jeans.

EVELYN

Enlighten me.

BAR PATRON

Well, I start off by spilling sour cream on the crotch area of my jeans, and here's where the freaky part comes in... I don't clean it.

EVELYN

That's freaky.

BAR PATRON

I just leave the sour cream on my jeans and go about my merry day.

EVELYN

My jeans are looking good, right?

Evelyn spins around and lifts her leg onto the bar again.

BAR PATRON

I do admit those jeans are looking good.

EVELYN

And oh, look what I found here.  
Some sour cream.

Evelyn reveals a tub of sour cream, seemingly out of nowhere.

BAR PATRON

Where did you get that?

EVELYN

Don't worry about it.

She scoops up some with her hands and playfully slops it onto her jeans, front and back.

The Bar Patron is clearly turned on.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

Oops, this cream turned sour...

Evelyn rubs the sour cream into her pants.

BAR PATRON

Do you mind if I have a scoop?

EVELYN

Go ahead.



The bar patron hesitantly takes a handful of sour cream. His eyes widen as he places it onto his crotch area. A shudder ripples across his face.

BAR PATRON  
Oh, that's nice.

The bar patron's jaw quivers slightly.

EVELYN  
(glancing across the room)  
Do you see that dirty sock over there?

BAR PATRON  
Yeah.

EVELYN  
Let me go get it.

Evelyn struts over to a single sock on the floor, leaving a trail of sour cream behind her. She picks up the sock and tosses it into a nearby hamper.

EVELYN (CONT'D)  
Whenever I pick up dirty socks, I feel good about myself.

BAR PATRON  
I know what you mean. Like a proud feeling.

EVELYN  
Yeah. Exactly.

BAR PATRON  
Ruff.

INT. LOBBY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The group session has ended and the participants are mingling. Rene is talking with Evelyn in the corner.

RENE  
You won't believe what Shirley said on the Bachelorette last night.

EVELYN  
What?

A loud gurgling noise comes from Rene's stomach.

RENE  
 (clutching his stomach)  
 I'm actually not feeling so well.  
 Excuse me...

Rene waddles toward the bathroom.

IN ANOTHER AREA

A group of researchers and participants are gathered around Herman, hearing him tell jean-based stories.

HERMAN  
 So I was on this construction job a long time ago, and I'm wearing jeans, while this other guy's in khakis. I tell the poor schlub, 'I would not wear khakis on this job if I were you.' But he just shrugs it off. So, we're working, and mid-day, this shlemiel's pants rip right down the ass crack! I was like, 'Uhh, you should've been wearing jeans, you stupid son of a bitch!'

The laughter in the group grows loud, with several participants wiping away tears of laughter.

PARTICIPANT SEVENTEEN  
 That's too good to be true!

Evelyn approaches the group as they continue to chuckle and shake their heads in amusement.

EVELYN  
 Jeans are the best pant in my opinion because they go with every outfit.

HERMAN  
 Exactly, they're the most versatile pant ever. I've worn the same pair of jeans from the gym to my father's funeral - they've seen it all!

EVELYN  
 I've had this pair since I was thirteen years old.

Evelyn proudly shows off her jeans. They are worn-out, faded, with rips in awkward spots and strings hanging loosely.

The bedazzled design, now mostly missing rhinestones, outlines what used to be a sparkling unicorn.

HERMAN

What a beautiful vintage pair! And your dream tonight, about the sour cream on jeans thing? Totally resonated with me. Made me feel like all this denim I'm into, it's not just a lifestyle, it's a fabric too. And if those jeans get a little sour cream on them? Shows you're living life to the max.

EVELYN

I like your jacket.

HERMAN

Touch it.

Evelyn touches Herman's jean jacket. They step to the side of the group.

EVELYN

That's good denim. Where do you get it?

HERMAN

Local factory.

EVELYN

Oh, nice.

HERMAN

Do you want to hang out sometime, maybe get a drink?

EVELYN

Sure, here's my card.

The card lists Evelyn's occupation as "Unemployed Dairy Queen Cashier."

HERMAN

My name is Herman but my close friends call me Herm for short.

Rene walks out of the bathroom and sees Evelyn handing her card to Herman.

Evelyn rejoins the group.

EVELYN

It was nice watching all your  
dreams tonight. See you next week.

Evelyn walks out of Dessar.

PARTICIPANT EIGHT

Bye.

PARTICIPANT EIGHTEEN

See ya.

HERMAN

Well, guess it's time for me to hit  
that old dusty trail. And hey, if  
you're ever in need of some  
threads, come by my store 'Denim  
Ultra' where our denim is less  
absorbent than your regular denim  
brand, for sure. Denim Ultra: buy  
three, get four. Goodnight!

As Herman confidently heads for the exit, he clumsily trips  
over a chair. He quickly scrambles to his feet and brushes  
off his denim with a sheepish grin. Regaining his composure,  
he continues on his way, determined not to miss the  
opportunity to catch up with Evelyn as she's getting into her  
car.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Cedric and the crew are packing up their equipment.

CAMERAMAN ONE

You know, the more I think about  
it, the more Herman seems like a  
plant, and I'm not talking ferns.

CAMERAMAN TWO

His whole denim schtick was just  
too perfect.

SOUND GUY

The only thing missing was him  
trying to sell us denim g-strings.

CEDRIC

(sheepishly)

Ok, you guys caught me... Herman's  
an out-of-work porn star I stumbled  
upon while browsing Craigslist.  
It's just, the way Rene's been  
messing with Evelyn's head...

(MORE)

CEDRIC (CONT'D)

it hasn't been sitting right with me. I thought adding Herman might level things out on the playing field.

SOUND GUY

(chuckling)

Well, if Evelyn decides to go out with Herman, one thing's for sure - she's guaranteed a good time.

CAMERAMAN THREE

Honestly, this is starting to feel less like a docu-series and more like reality TV.

CEDRIC

You take that back. I would never work on reality TV!

CAMERAMAN TWO

Yeah, it's becoming too contrived to be an honest portrayal of the study.

SOUND GUY

You have to stop interfering, Cedric.

CEDRIC

We've already been over this, guys. Look, every documentary bends reality to some extent - it's part of the craft. As the director, my job is to weave this bull-shit study into a compelling story. At the end of the day, it's my call and if any of you have a problem with that, then resign.

CAMERAMAN THREE

Alright, I quit.

CEDRIC

Really? I didn't think anyone would actually do it.

Cameraman Three hands a camera to Cameraman Two.

CAMERAMAN THREE

See you guys later.

CEDRIC

That Schmendrick!

Cameraman Three looks back, utterly confused.

CEDRIC (CONT'D)  
(further annoyed)  
And now he has a nudnik expression  
on his face!

CAMERAMAN THREE  
What's the hell's a schmendrick and  
nudnik? Are those even real words?

CEDRIC  
Uhh, yeah, they're common words.  
Now get your tuchus out of here.

CAMERAMAN THREE  
I don't know what you're saying.

Cedric sternly stares at Cameraman Three. After a moment,  
Cameraman Three waves off Cedric and walks to his car.

CEDRIC  
Sorry about Cameraman Three. We can  
find better cinematographers  
walking down skid row at 3am than  
him.

SOUND GUY  
Whatever, this is just a gig to me.

CAMERAMAN ONE  
Yeah, I don't care that much  
either, and he was kind of a  
schmuck.

CAMERAMAN TWO  
I would quit but I need the money  
to fuel my drug habit.

CEDRIC  
Wow, I'm kind of surprised how  
chill you all seem about this now.  
You guys were pretty fired up a  
minute ago.

CAMERAMAN ONE  
Honestly, seeing Cameraman Three  
walk out just made me realize... I  
really couldn't care less about how  
staged this doc is.

SOUND GUY  
I heard that.

Rene steps out of Dessar and immediately notices Herman, casually leaning against Evelyn's car, deeply engaged in conversation with her. Evelyn laughs at a comment from Herman and, in a spontaneous moment, subtly slides her hand closer to his on the car, allowing her pinky to gently rest on top of his.

Rene's expression shifts from confusion to a pained unease. He stands there, a mix of hurt and jealousy clouding his face, before turning towards his car.

INT. RENE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - ONE HOUR LATER

Rene lies in his bed, half-covered by blankets, with tears streaming down his face. On his laptop screen, a dream unfolds: Evelyn runs frantically through a dimly lit corridor, her screams echoing. Shadowy figures relentlessly pursue her, closing in with each step. Rene's emotions are stirred not by the dream's content, but by the memory of Evelyn growing close to Herman earlier. Overwhelmed, he reaches out with a trembling hand, gently touching the laptop screen where Evelyn's screaming face appears.

Roused from his sniffing by the abrupt ring of his phone, Rene hesitates before reaching to answer it. Evelyn's screams still audible in the background.

RENE  
(wearily)  
Yeah, Chip? What's up?

CHIP  
(somberly)  
Hey Rene. I noticed that moment between Evelyn and Herman in the parking lot today. That's rough, bro.

RENE  
You saw that? The pinky thing she did with Herman... it meant something when I first did it, to warm her cold pinky. Now she's doing it with him, as if we had nothing special.

CHIP  
Forget about Evelyn. If she's into Herman, her taste in guys is as sour as her creamed jeans dream.

RENE

Thanks, that kind of makes me feel better.

CHIP

I'm hitting a few bars tonight with my boys. You should totally come with.

RENE

I don't know... Maybe another time.

CHIP

Honey, trust me, we'll make you forget Evelyn ever had pinkies.

RENE

(resignedly)  
Alright, I'm in.

CHIP

(excitedly)  
Yay!

Rene reaches for his new jeans but then pauses, his gaze shifting. He walks to the closet and pulls out his khakis instead. Holding them up, he sniffs them, a wave of memories and emotions washing over him.

EXT. SKIPPY'S BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

Rene stands outside the bar on his phone, fidgeting slightly. Chip bursts out of the bar's door with a wide grin, his enthusiasm a stark contrast to Rene's slight unease.

RENE

(trying to muster  
enthusiasm)  
Hey, Chip.

CHIP

(excitedly)  
Rene! So happy you came! My boys are dying to meet you.

RENE

That's cool.

CHIP

(rubbing Rene's shoulders)  
We're going to get you out of this funk in no time, trust us.



INT. SKIPPY'S BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Chip leads a visibly reluctant Rene to their table. Chip's friends, GEORGE, MICHAEL, and LEV (all in their 30s), are chatting with drinks in hand, a mixture of curiosity and amusement on their faces.

CHIP

Guys, this is Rene! Rene, meet George, Michael, and Lev.

RENE

(offering a small, forced smile)  
Hi, I'm Rene. Nice to meet you guys.

GEORGE

Hey, Rene!

MICHAEL

Rene, come over here and sit down, you're schvitzing.

LEV

Hi, it's a pleasure to have made your acquaintance.

MICHAEL

Chip, did you tell him yet?

CHIP

No, not yet.

MICHAEL

Come on, what are you waiting for?

GEORGE

Just spill those beans already!

RENE

Tell me what?

CHIP

I arranged for some of the dancers to perform a special number just for you, called - 'The Denim Experience.'

RENE

(awkwardly)

I actually stopped wearing denim jeans. I only wore them for Evelyn, so I'm trying to move past that fashion faux pas.

GEORGE  
(facepalming)  
Chip, what's the matter with you?  
The man's heartbroken and you're  
reminding him of his ex.

RENE  
Well, we never really dated. We  
just did some pinky play.

MICHAEL  
What were you thinking, buddy?

LEV  
Putz!

CHIP  
This night was meant to take your  
mind off Evelyn, not remind you of  
her jean fetish. Damn it!

Chip slams his fist on the table in frustration, silencing  
the bar momentarily, then rubs his hand to soothe the sting.

LEV  
Calm down, Chipster!

CHIP  
(trying to shrug it off)  
It's fine, it's fine. I only spent  
three hours coordinating 'The Denim  
Experience,' no big deal.

RENE  
It's ok. I'll try to enjoy the  
show. Jeans or no jeans, right?  
Thanks, Chip, I mean it.

A spotlight hits the stage as a sexy song starts playing.  
Three MALE DANCERS enter, adorned in extravagant denim attire  
- tight vests, bow ties, oversized cowboy hats, wrist cuffs,  
cowboy boots, and belts, all in denim. As they dance to the  
beat, they gradually peel off layers, revealing denim thongs.

CHIP  
Isn't this fabulous?

RENE  
(sarcastically)  
Oh, absolutely. I'm having the time  
of my life.

MICHAEL

These men are stunning! Look at those denim berries!

GEORGE

(nudging Michael)  
Ripe for the picking, huh?

MICHAEL

You know me, always up for a fruit salad!

The audience reacts with a mix of cheers, confusion, whistling and clapping.

RENE

That one reminds me of Herman.

Rene points to one of the less coordinated dancers who clumsily falls off the stage.

CHIP

Yeah, he falls just like Herman!

RENE

Oh my God, you're right!

The dancers leap off stage, surrounding Rene's table. They encircle Rene, moving with provocative motions, their bodies undulating in sync with the music.

RENE (CONT'D)

Hey, what's going on?

CHIP

Relax, Rene. Just enjoy the moment!

LEV

Woo! Denim party!

GEORGE

(teasing)  
Looks like Rene's the main attraction tonight!

CHIP

Share those hunks of denim, Rene!

MICHAEL

Yeah, send the denim cowboys this way!

Rene sits, a mix of embarrassment and resignation on his face, as the dancers continue their intimate performances around him.

INT. RENE'S OFFICE - DAY

Rene chuckles to himself as he reviews Chip's latest dream on his laptop.

EXT. BEACH - DAY (DREAM)

Chip strolls along the shore, his amusement evident as he observes surf boarders and, more strikingly, a group of MUSCULAR MEN in DENIM SPEEDOS. They flex and pose with unabashed confidence, attracting a large crowd. Some spectators cheer and whistle in admiration, while others watch in bemused confusion.

Chip, intrigued, weaves through the spectators and approaches a BYSTANDER (30s).

CHIP

Hey, what's this all about?

BYSTANDER

It's the semi-annual Denim Speedo  
Muscle Man Flex-Off!

On a small stage, a MUSCLE MAN flexes, his denim speedo stretched to its limit.

CHIP

Looks like he's smuggling beach  
balls in that thing!

BYSTANDER

Let's see what the judges think.  
I'd give him a 6.6, personally...

Three judges hold up signs reading "7.2", "8.9", "9.3".

Another MUSCLE MAN, even more impressive, strides out, his denim speedo nearly bursting at the seams.

BYSTANDER (CONT'D)

Now that's a showstopper!

CHIP

Wow, he's a real man.

The muscle man does a backflip, eliciting cheers from the crowd.

INT. RENE'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Rene, still chuckling, hurriedly shuts his laptop as Lisa knocks.

LISA (O.S.)  
 Hey, Rene, I need to talk to you  
 about-

RENE  
 (calling out)  
 Busy now, Lisa! Please, go away!

As Lisa's footsteps recede, Rene's chuckle morphs into a sly grin, a plot clearly forming in his mind.

INT. VIEWING ROOM - DAY

Evelyn, Herman, and other participants are in a group session.

RENE  
 Good afternoon. Today we'll be  
 reviewing a series of dreams from  
 Participant Twenty-Six, Participant  
 Eighteen and Herman. Let's start  
 with Herman's dream.

Rene dims the lights and plays the video.

CUT TO DREAM  
 SEQUENCE

EXT. BEACH - DAY (DREAM)

(On viewing room screen)

First-person perspective of Chip in a crowd, observing a  
 MUSCLE MAN on stage in a denim speedo, striking poses.

CUT BACK TO  
 VIEWING ROOM

PARTICIPANT FIVE  
 (whispering)  
 What a weird Strongman competition.

PARTICIPANT TWENTY-TWO  
 What are they wearing?

PARTICIPANT TWELVE  
 (quietly chuckling)  
 Those denim speedos are... a bold  
 choice.

Herman watches, a mix of curiosity and puzzlement.

CUT BACK TO  
 BEACH (DREAM)

The muscle man flexes dramatically, the denim speedo  
 stretching to its limits.

The voice of Chip, distorted and ambiguous, comments in the  
 background.

CHIP  
 Mm, look at that stud muffin.

BYSTANDER  
 A beefcake on a denim platter.

Disco music starts. The crowd and muscle men dance to the  
 beat.

CHIP  
 Feel like shaking a foot?

BYSTANDER  
 Wouldn't miss it for all the  
 Serbian denim in the beach.

They dance with flair, drawing closer together.

CUT BACK TO  
 VIEWING ROOM

PARTICIPANT NINE  
 (whispering)  
 Those are some killer moves.

PARTICIPANT EIGHTEEN  
 I'm really feeling this groove.

CUT BACK TO  
 BEACH (DREAM)

BYSTANDER  
 How about we take this dance  
 somewhere more... private?

CHIP  
 Only if you kiss as passionately as  
 you boogie.

They share a sultry kiss, as the music reaches a crescendo.

CHIP (CONT'D)

I've got sugar water, just for you,  
my hummingbird.

Chip pulls out a bird feeder, dripping sugar water into the bystander's mouth. Suddenly, denim-clad hummingbirds swoop in, creating a looming shadow overhead. They flutter eagerly around Chip, vying for a taste of the sugar water.

CUT BACK TO  
VIEWING ROOM

INT. VIEWING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Rene watches the dream, amusement and scheming on his face. As the dream ends, he smoothly transitions back to his professional demeanor.

RENE

Well, that one was unique. Herman,  
is this a recurring dream of yours?

HERMAN

No, it's definitely a new one for  
me.

RENE

Any feelings about seeing yourself  
in such a scenario?

HERMAN

It's bizarre, but I guess my love  
for denim transcends into my  
dreams.

RENE

Exactly, it's all symbolic, the  
hummingbirds, the muscle men, the  
denim bulges. Dreams represent the  
unconscious mind, your true mind.

HERMAN

Just to be clear, you're sure that  
was my dream? Maybe you got it  
mixed up.

RENE

(chuckling)

Your affinity for denim is well-  
known, Herman. It's your dream.  
Thoughts, anyone?

## PARTICIPANT FOURTEEN

I thought the hummingbirds represented Herman's aspirations. Maybe he's meant to expand his denim empire.

Evelyn glances down at her own denim jeans, then eyeing Herman, clad in denim from head to toe, she has a moment of realization.

## EVELYN

You know, that dream... It's made me see denim in a new light. Maybe it's not for me anymore.

## PARTICIPANT EIGHTEEN

I don't know, those denim speedos were pretty hot.

## EVELYN

Don't get me wrong, those muscle men were jacked. It's just, I think I'm getting over a phase.

## HERMAN

But you guys still like my denim, right?

## PARTICIPANT THREE

Yeah.

## PARTICIPANT EIGHTEEN

Uhh, sure.

## EVELYN

Honestly, not as much anymore.

## HERMAN

You don't like these acid washed vintage jeans? Not even my denim bucket hat?

## EVELYN

It's just the dream made me think differently about my fashion choices, no offense.

## RENE

Now, let's move on to Participant Twenty-Six's dream.

## HERMAN

Hold on. How can we be sure that was really my dream?



RENE

Who else would dream about a denim Strongman competition? You're covered head-to-toe in denim right now.

HERMAN

Maybe you dreamed it, you son of a khaki!

EVELYN

Hey, don't speak to Rene like that!

HERMAN

And why do you care?

EVELYN

Because... I think Rene's... charming, actually.

RENE

Really?

HERMAN

What are you saying right now?

EVELYN

I like Rene's personality, ok? And he's kind of handsome too.

RENE

Are you serious?

HERMAN

You backstabbing plebeian! I thought we had a connection.

RENE

Take it easy, Herman.

HERMAN

And I don't believe that was my dream for one millisecond! I know what you did, Rene. I'm out of here!

PARTICIPANT SEVEN

Herman, don't go, man!

Herman, flustered and indignant, storms towards the exit. In his haste, he trips over a chair, echoing his earlier mishap. He quickly recovers, brushes off his denim with an embarrassed scowl, and exits the room.

EVELYN

(to Rene)

I've been thinking... maybe khakis  
aren't so bad after all.

RENE

(smiling)

I'm glad to hear that.

Evelyn returns Rene's smile with a hint of flirtation.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Rene and Evelyn sit in a packed movie theater, waiting to  
watch SLINGBUSTER.

Advertisements play on the movie screen before the film  
begins. Audience members take their seats.

RENE

Dr. Hamburg mentioned this movie's  
based on one of our participants'  
dreams. But it's not public  
knowledge, so keep it quiet, no,  
keep it silent.

EVELYN

Have you seen the dream?

RENE

Sadly, I have not. All I know is  
that it involves an old lady and a  
slingshot.

EVELYN

Well, TMZ gave it six stars up so  
I'm sure it'll be as good as  
Casablanca or better.

The lights go down and "Slingbuster" begins to play.

EXT. FRONT YARD - DAY (MOVIE)

An OLD LADY (80s) stands with a slingshot, launching rocks at  
passing cars. However, the cars speed by too quickly for her  
to land a hit.

OLD LADY

You're driving too fast. Slow down,  
you barbarians!

The old lady slings more rocks at cars and misses them all. She's almost out of rocks.

OLD LADY (CONT'D)  
This fucking slingshot sucks. Piece  
of shit!

The old lady throws the slingshot into the road.

EXT. ROAD - SAME TIME

The slingshot hits a speeding car, which causes the car to skid and crash into a light post.

EXT. FRONT YARD - MOMENTS LATER

A married couple (30s) exits the vehicle, both a bit dazed. The HUSBAND, bleeding from his ear, and the PREGNANT WIFE approach the old lady.

OLD LADY  
Don't come near me, muff munchers!

HUSBAND  
What were you thinking? You  
could've killed us.

OLD LADY  
You were speeding, driving too fast  
down my road!

HUSBAND  
The speed limit is forty-five. I  
wasn't speeding!

OLD LADY  
Go eat some ass, butt freaker.

PREGNANT WIFE  
What is wrong with her?

HUSBAND  
I think she's on drugs.

OLD LADY  
I'm going to rip off your nuts and  
make you eat them, buddy.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Rene watches with a look of disbelief, almost embarrassed.

RENE

Wow, I was not expecting it to be... this.

EVELYN

Well, it's certainly dream-like.

RENE

Who knows, maybe it'll be good in a Tommy Wiseau sort of way.

EXT. FRONT YARD - DAY (MOVIE)

As the couple returns to their car, the old lady moons them.

OLD LADY

Kiss my fat grits!

PREGNANT WIFE

We're calling the police.

OLD LADY

Do it! I dare you!

The old lady hastily pulls up her pants, grabs her slingshot, and starts pelting their car with more stones. The husband and pregnant wife scramble into their car. They honk at the old lady, reverse hastily, causing the front bumper to detach and clatter to the ground. They drive off, still being pelted with stones. The Husband rolls down his window.

HUSBAND

I'll see you in small claims court!

As the couple drives off, the old lady lands a stone through their rear windshield.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Evelyn and Rene exit the movie theater. Evelyn is shaking her head as Rene is in a state of shock.

EVELYN

Ok, that was officially not as good as Casablanca.

RENE

This is bad for Dessar, really bad. I don't know how we're going to keep getting funding after this.

EVELYN

It won't be that bad, no one even knows that it's based on a Dessar dream.

RENE

You don't understand. The film industry knows. The last two Dessar movies bombed, and in Hollywood, it's three bombs and you're blacklisted.

EVELYN

That's a myth, look at Terrence Malick's career.

RENE

It's not a myth, it was an actual rule instituted by the Warner Brothers back in the day.

EVELYN

Rene, relax. Dessar will be fine. You're overreacting.

RENE

I'm not overreacting, I'm underreacting! If Dessar goes bankrupt, everything goes - our projects, our dreams, my livelihood.

EVELYN

And the head-caps...

INT. DR. HAMBURG'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Hamburg meets with Rene. The office is cluttered with paperwork, dream catchers, sleep study equipment, and old coffee cups. Dr. Hamburg looks disheveled from having stayed up all night.

DR. HAMBURG

(pacing, agitated)

Did you see the Rotten Tomatoes score for Slingbuster, Rene? It's zero percent. Right now, our partners are about as interested in our dreams as they are in a sequel to Cats.

RENE

Out of all the dreams, they had to pick the geriatric slingshot vigilante.

DR. HAMBURG

I give Dessar three months before we have to close our doors for good.

RENE

I don't know what I would do without you and this place. Outside of work, I'm just some normal guy, but here, I really help people.

DR. HAMBURG

(sighs)

It's not just about the Institute itself. It's about the dreams, the research, the breakthroughs we achieved. All of that's at risk now.

RENE

(desperate)

And my connection with Evelyn would basically be over. It's built on this Institute and having an understanding of her unconscious mind.

DR. HAMBURG

Relationships are delicate, especially ones formed under such unique circumstances. But remember, if it's meant to be with Evelyn, it'll survive beyond Dessar.

RENE

(resolute)

You're right, Doc.

DR. HAMBURG

I have to halt most of the study for the time being. You will continue with only three of our best dreamers, which doesn't include Evelyn. Our only hope now is to find a new investor before we're forced to close down for good.

INT. VIEWING ROOM - DAY

Rene is meeting with the remaining three participants, Participant Three, Participant Eight, and Participant Nine.

RENE

Dessar's closing down in three months unless we can convince new investors to save us. One way to attract investors could be to spice up your guys' dreams. I was thinking, you could watch some Girls Gone Wild clips right before falling asleep. Then we sell those dreams to some smut distributors.

PARTICIPANT THREE

I get that you're trying to come up with new ways to attract investors, but Girls Gone Wild is highly inappropriate, especially in today's climate. We should aim for dreams that are both impactful and respectful.

RENE

I understand your concerns and truly apologize... How about we go in a more classic direction, like videos of burlesque dancing?

PARTICIPANT NINE

Maybe we could watch The Graduate?

PARTICIPANT EIGHT

I guess that sounds like a good idea.

RENE

What if you only watch one minute of Girls Gone Wild? Like the part right before they lift up their shirts.

PARTICIPANT THREE

I'm not ok watching college girls get exploited.

RENE

How about I hire male actors to re-enact the college girls lifting up their shirts?

PARTICIPANT THREE  
I guess I'd be ok with that.

INT. VIEWING ROOM - DAY

Rene and Dr. Hamburg meet with a BUSINESS MAN (40s).

DR. HAMBURG  
I'm Dr. Hamburg, Senior Director  
here at the Dessar Institute.  
Alongside me is Rene, our promising  
Junior Director.

BUSINESS MAN  
Pleasure to meet you both.

RENE  
The pleasure's ours.

DR. HAMBURG  
For decades, I've dedicated myself  
to the fascinating realm of dream  
recording. The method? Simple, yet  
groundbreaking. An EEG head-cap  
captures the sleeper's neural  
activity, which software then  
translates into visual and auditory  
data.

RENE  
Would you like to experience the  
head-cap firsthand?

Rene offers the head-cap to the business man, who hesitantly  
tries it on.

BUSINESS MAN  
Feels a bit snug.

RENE  
It's usually a one-size-fits-all.  
Maybe it's just... a unique fit for  
you.

DR. HAMBURG  
(coughs)  
Rene...

RENE  
Interested in seeing a dream  
recording?



The business man, intrigued yet slightly taken aback, removes the head-cap.

BUSINESS MAN  
Absolutely, let's see it.

Rene and Dr. Hamburg exchange a quick, hopeful glance.

INT. HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT (DREAM)

Participant Eight washes dishes. A sudden, loud crash echoes from off-frame. Participant Eight freezes, water still running, looking around cautiously. As tension builds, she reaches for a kitchen knife.

Suddenly, a MASKED BURGLAR (30s) bursts into the kitchen, brandishing a gun. Without hesitation, he strikes Participant Eight on the shoulder with the butt of his weapon. She stumbles but manages to plunge her knife into the burglar's side. As he grunts in pain, she snatches the gun from his grasp.

BURGLAR  
Please, don't shoot. I'm your mother!

The Burglar morphs into Participant Eight's "MOTHER."

BURGLAR (AS MOTHER) (CONT'D)  
It's me, your little old mother.

PARTICIPANT EIGHT  
Mom, is that you?

BURGLAR (AS MOTHER)  
Yes, it's me!

PARTICIPANT EIGHT  
You look different.

BURGLAR (AS MOTHER)  
It's me. Please believe me!

PARTICIPANT EIGHT  
Then where's your mohawk?

BURGLAR (AS MOTHER)  
I got rid of it last month because of the egg shortage.

PARTICIPANT EIGHT  
There's an egg shortage?

BURGLAR (AS MOTHER)  
Of course, you fool. Didn't you  
know that?

PARTICIPANT EIGHT  
Fool? You've never called me a fool  
before.

Participant Eight opens the refrigerator and takes out a  
carton of eggs.

PARTICIPANT EIGHT (CONT'D)  
So how do you explain these?

Participant Eight's "Mother" grabs the gun from Participant  
Eight's hand and points it at Participant Eight.

PARTICIPANT EIGHT (CONT'D)  
You don't want to do this.

The burglar morphs from Participant Eight's "Mother" back  
into a man.

BURGLAR (MORPHING, MOCKINGLY)  
And why the hell not?

PARTICIPANT EIGHT  
Because that's not a gun. It's a  
banana!

The gun in the burglar's hand suddenly becomes a banana. Out  
of nowhere, Participant Eight produces a gun adorned with a  
banana-shaped magazine clip and fires at the burglar. As the  
smoke clears, the burglar is revealed to have transformed  
back into Participant Eight's "Mother."

BURGLAR (AS MOTHER)  
Why did you shoot me?

PARTICIPANT EIGHT  
(teary, voice trembling)  
Because you're not my mother.  
You're a shape-shifting witch!

With a mix of fear and defiance, Participant Eight shoots her  
"Mother" again, this time in the head. For a moment, she  
watches, expecting her to fall. But to her astonishment...

BURGLAR (AS MOTHER)  
Can't even kill your own mother,  
can you?

Participant Eight's "Mother" starts bleeding from her neck. As her "Mother" falls, Participant Eight sobs, a confusing mix of guilt and fear manifesting across her face.

PARTICIPANT EIGHT

Mom! Are you ok?

Participant Eight, amidst her sobs, blinks at the strange, quiet stillness of the room.

Suddenly, "Mother" stands up and lifts her shirt, celebrating absurdly...

BURGLAR (AS MOTHER)

Woo hoo! Someone give me more  
Jägerbombs. Spring break, Cancún!

INT. VIEWING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Rene stops the video clip. He looks to Dr. Hamburg, then to the business man.

BUSINESS MAN

Cancún really does change people,  
huh?

RENE

That's a typical example of dreams  
we record here. We've worked with  
many film studios which have made  
us very profitable in the past.

BUSINESS MAN

Can you show me your financial  
records from the last five years?

RENE

I don't have those numbers here but  
I'll e-mail them to you.

DR. HAMBURG

We're looking for an investment of  
thirteen million dollars in  
exchange for a thirteen percent  
stake in our company.

BUSINESS MAN

Thirteen million is a lot. If I was  
interested, I could start with a  
50K investment. And that's if I'm  
interested.

DR. HAMBURG

The thirteen million investment will go directly to funding our studies and help us get a foot in the door to exclusive scientific communities.

RENE

Are you in?

BUSINESS MAN

No, I already said thirteen is too much.

RENE

We've seen the deals you've made. This is a drop in the bucket for you.

DR. HAMBURG

You're going to be an instrumental part of the next great breakthrough in scientific history.

BUSINESS MAN

I'm sorry but my answer is no.

RENE

Is there anything I can do to change your mind? A foot rub, perhaps? Or... a back massage?

Dr. Hamburg looks over at Rene with disbelief, taken aback by the unexpected offer.

BUSINESS MAN

What is wrong with you people? I'm leaving.

The business man, visibly irritated, quickly gathers his belongings. Without another word, he stands up abruptly and strides out of the room in a huff.

INT. DR. HAMBURG'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Hamburg's office is still a mess. Papers, charts, and research notes are scattered everywhere. Dr. Hamburg sits at his desk, weariness evident in his posture, across from Rene.

DR. HAMBURG

Four rejections. I've poured everything into this study. We can't let it come to an end.

RENE

We still have two meetings: one with Sergei, a foreign investor, and another with a business advisor. There's still hope.

INT. VIEWING ROOM - DAY

Rene and Dr. Hamburg sit, visibly anxious, across from a ALTON VAN VORDEN (50s), who scans the company's financial papers.

RENE

Dr. Hamburg, this is Alton Van Vorden, a highly recommended business advisor and a certified public accountant. He's here to give us an outsider's perspective on our finances.

DR. HAMBURG

Pleasure to meet you, Alton. I hope you can shed some light on our situation.

ALTON VAN VORDEN

Thank you. From the preliminary numbers I've looked at, your situation is concerning.

DR. HAMBURG

How so?

ALTON VAN VORDEN

(adjusting his tie)

The numbers paint a challenging picture. With the combined costs of your recent films and their less-than-stellar returns, especially post-Slingbuster, Dessar's standing isn't what it used to be.

DR. HAMBURG

Is there any hope for us to stay afloat?

ALTON VAN VORDEN

Based on these numbers, you should've gone bankrupt years ago.

DR. HAMBURG

Surely, you're exaggerating.

ALTON VAN VORDEN

You've bled over ten million in the last five years without a cent in profit.

DR. HAMBURG

That's standard for groundbreaking sleep studies. We just need the right investor to back us up.

ALTON VAN VORDEN

With these records? They're a disaster. Who's been handling your taxes?

RENE

That'd be me. Picked it up from some YouTube tutorials.

DR. HAMBURG

Several potential investors have turned us down. Is our pitch off?

ALTON VAN VORDEN

It's not your pitch. It's the fact your business isn't viable. Investing in you would be like setting money on fire and then flushing the ashes down the toilet.

RENE

Could it be we're lowballing? Maybe thirteen million is too modest, and they think we're not serious?

ALTON VAN VORDEN

Quite the opposite. You're dreaming if you think anyone would hand over thirteen million.

DR. HAMBURG

Cut to the chase, Van Vorden. What's our current valuation?

ALTON VAN VORDEN

Taking into account your successful history, brand recognition, minus the recent pitfalls, I'd place your current valuation at approximately one hundred fifty million.

RENE

(stammering)

One hundred fifty million? But our dream recording technology...

ALTON VAN VORDEN

Is innovative, yes, but its potential for steady revenue is unproven. And given your recent creative choices, potential investors are wary.

DR. HAMBURG

How much do we need?

ALTON VAN VORDEN

I'm estimating eighteen million to settle outstanding debts and fund your next venture. If that venture doesn't hit the mark...

RENE

(interrupting)

It will. We just need one solid opportunity.

ALTON VAN VORDEN

An investor might bite, but they'll want a bigger chunk of the pie. In the current scenario, I'd recommend offering around fifty percent for the eighteen million. But bear in mind, they'll drive a hard bargain.

LATER

Rene and Dr. Hamburg nervously sit across from their last potential investor, SERGEI (60s), a stern-looking man with a sharp gaze.

DR. HAMBURG

Thank you for taking the time, Sergei.

SERGEI

I've heard a lot about Dessar. Mostly concerning.

RENE

Well, we're evolving. At Dessar, we record dreams and sell them to movie studios. It's a unique approach.

SERGEI

I'm familiar. Slingbuster, right?  
Didn't do well.

DR. HAMBURG

That's why we're refining our  
process. We believe our next batch  
of dreams could have Oscar  
potential.

RENE

Would you like a preview of some  
recent dreams we've captured?

SERGEI

Show me.

EXT. POSTAL STORE - DAY (DREAM)

A FEMALE CASHIER (30s) hands Participant Nine his change.

FEMALE CASHIER

Here's your money, man.

PARTICIPANT NINE

Thanks so much.

FEMALE CASHIER

Next!

Two men, ROBBER ONE and ROBBER TWO (40s), walk up to the cashier, pull out guns, and slide a note across the counter. The cashier, complying, quickly puts money in a bag and slides it back to them. Suddenly, the store's alarm system starts blaring, and the doors lock shut.

ROBBER ONE

Open the door!

ROBBER TWO

Open it or I'll shoot!

MALE CUSTOMER

Hey, look over here!

A portly MALE CUSTOMER (50s) unzips his jacket, exposing a white t-shirt. His t-shirt suddenly becomes wet, his erect nipples clearly visible. The robbers, along with everyone else, can't help but stare.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Well, I never!



TEENAGER

Bruh, that's one way to grab attention.

The female cashier, seizing the opportunity, grabs a metal baseball bat and strikes both of the distracted robbers, knocking them unconscious. The male customer joins in, helping to subdue them with kicks and punches.

FEMALE CASHIER

You saved us! How did you make your shirt wet like that?

MALE CUSTOMER

Don't mention it. I'm a superhero. They call me Wet T-Shirt Man.

FEMALE CASHIER

Wow. Will you marry me?

MALE CUSTOMER

Yes!

Robber one slowly stands up.

ROBBER ONE

You may now shake the hands.

Male customer and the female cashier shake hands.

INT. VIEWING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Sergei leans forward, captivated by what he just watched.

RENE

Dreams like these could be a goldmine for film studios.

SERGEI

That's one way to put it. I've had some odd dreams, but a robbery foiled by... whatever that was?

DR. HAMBURG

(nervously chuckling)  
The human mind is a vast, unpredictable landscape.

RENE

But that's what makes dreams valuable! Unpredictable, fresh storylines every time.

DR. HAMBURG

The potential for dream recording is boundless, not just commercially, but scientifically.

SERGEI

How so?

DR. HAMBURG

Well, both NREM and REM sleep are believed to play pivotal roles in learning and memory. Dreaming may represent a state of protoconsciousness, a virtual reality of sorts, prepping us for the conscious world. It's like our brain's own simulation software.

RENE

And imagine the narrative potential of those dreams. Sergei, we're asking for eighteen million for fifty percent of the company.

SERGEI

But eighteen million? For that kind of money, I'd want to star in one of these dream movies. How about ten million for seventy five and a half percent? I've always had a thing for those half percentages.

There's a tense pause. Dr. Hamburg and Rene exchange anxious glances, knowing Sergei is their last hope.

DR. HAMBURG

Sergei, we've poured our hearts, souls, and savings into this. We genuinely believe in its potential.

SERGEI

Eighteen million is a lot of money, especially for... wet t-shirts and post office heists.

DR. HAMBURG

(accepting reluctantly)  
Alright, Sergei. Eighteen million for seventy-five and a half percent.

SERGEI

I want my dreams recorded too.

DR. HAMBURG

Absolutely. Rene would be happy to guide you through the process personally.

SERGEI

Alright, I think we have a deal.

Sergei and Dr. Hamburg shake hands, sealing the deal.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Dr. Hamburg meets with the entire Dessar staff and all of the participants.

DR. HAMBURG

Hello, everyone. We've faced challenges recently, especially after the unexpected reception of Slingbuster on Rotten Tomatoes. But remember, every stumble is an opportunity to get back up stronger. Thanks to Sergei, our new investor, the future looks bright for Dessar Institute. As he'll be joining us shortly, I ask you all to extend your warmest welcomes and treat him with respect. Our Institute hinges on this new partnership.

LISA

His name is Sergei? Bet he has a mysterious past and a hidden tattoo.

PARTICIPANT TWENTY-SEVEN

That's the kind of name you hear whispered in dark alleys.

PARTICIPANT THIRTEEN

Maybe he's a spy!

PARTICIPANT EIGHTEEN

That's a nasty stereotype. My grandma was Russian and she never spied on a soul.

Suddenly, Sergei steps forward from the shadows, revealing himself.

SERGEI

Only tattoo I have is of Baba  
Yaga's hut on chicken legs. It's  
a... cultural thing.

Sergei rolls up his sleeve to reveal a tattoo of BABA YAGA's  
rustic, eerie hut perched atop spindly chicken legs.

SERGEI (CONT'D)

And for the record, I've never been  
in a dark alley. Well, not recently  
anyway.

The group chuckles nervously.

SERGEI (CONT'D)

I'm not a spy either, but the  
offers have been tempting. My true  
passion lies in backing  
groundbreaking projects like  
Dessar.

RENE

Welcome aboard, Sergei. Ready to  
dive into the world of the  
unconscious?

SERGEI

Eager to get started.

Evelyn enters.

RENE

Evelyn! Feels like forever since I  
last saw you. How've you been?

EVELYN

Oh, you know, same old. Time just  
flew by for me. How about you?

RENE

Trying to keep busy, but it wasn't  
the same without you around. We  
should catch up later.

EVELYN

Yeah, maybe. It's been a hectic  
time off for me.

RENE

What's been so hectic about it?

SERGEI

Rene, dreams first, catch-ups  
later.

RENE

Right, Sergei. Evelyn, we'll chat  
soon.

INT. DREAM RECORDING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The room is dimly lit. Sergei takes a moment to look around,  
slightly bemused.

SERGEI

Nice place you got here.

RENE

Thanks. This bed was Dr. Hamburg's  
personal bed before he switched to  
memory foam.

SERGEI

I was kidding about the "nice  
place" comment. How often do you  
change the sheets?

RENE

(a bit embarrassed)  
I'll have to ask the cleaning crew.

SERGEI

Get a new sheet on this bed before  
I lay down, will you?

RENE

Sure.

Rene signals to a staff member, who quickly replaces the  
sheets. Moments later, Sergei lies on the bed, a fresh sheet  
beneath him, with the head-cap positioned over his head.

RENE (CONT'D)

Ready to fall asleep?

SERGEI

As ready as I'll ever be.

RENE

Relax, and let yourself drift to  
sleep.

After a few seconds, Sergei's breathing evens out as he falls asleep. Rene watches him for a moment before exiting the room.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

The once-busy lobby is now eerily silent, with only a few stragglers technicians and researchers.

Rene and Evelyn stand in the lobby.

RENE

Did you catch the game last night?

EVELYN

I don't like sports.

RENE

I can't say I'm a big fan of sports either. So, what are your hobbies? Like constructing tiny furniture for mice or antique lamp collecting?

EVELYN

I love movies and music. I play the keyboard a little bit too.

RENE

That's really cool. It must be soothing, playing the keyboard.

EVELYN

It is. It's my little escape. Are you going to record me soon?

RENE

We can't right now; Sergei's recording. He had a restless night, so he's probably going to be a while.

EVELYN

Any idea when he'll be done?

RENE

I don't know, I wouldn't wake him. He's been demanding a lot of attention lately. The way things are going, I just have the bandwidth to focus on you and him.

EVELYN

I understand studying Sergei, but why me?

RENE

Your dream patterns are unlike anything I've seen. And, maybe there's a hint of favoritism.

Just then, Sergei emerges from the dream recording room.

SERGEI

That was refreshing. Seems like I scared everyone away with my marathon nap.

RENE

You were out for about five hours.

SERGEI

Felt like a full night's sleep. I feel great!

RENE

Good for you. Evelyn, let's get your recording done.

EVELYN

Finally, my turn!

SERGEI

Didn't bother making the bed. Hope it's no issue.

INT. DREAM RECORDING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Rene prepares the head-cap as Evelyn sits on the bed.

RENE

Dream of anything fun lately?

EVELYN

I don't remember my dreams. That's the whole reason I'm here.

RENE

Come on, there must be something you remember.

EVELYN

I guess I dreamed I was riding a huge pancake in a syrup ocean. Weird, huh?

RENE

A pancake in a syrup sea? Now  
that's a what I call a sweet ride!

They share a fleeting moment of levity, but Evelyn avoids eye contact.

RENE (CONT'D)

It was...quiet here without you,  
Ev.

EVELYN

Well, life didn't stop, Rene. I had  
to stay busy, stay moving. And it  
stung a bit, not being chosen as  
one of the best dreamers.

RENE

Your dreams have always been top-  
notch to me, you know that.

Dr. Hamburg and Anthony enter.

DR. HAMBURG

Rene, I hate to break this up, but  
Sergei is asking for you.

RENE

I'm working with Evelyn. He can  
wait.

DR. HAMBURG

I understand, but Anthony can  
continue with-

RENE

Sergei can wait. Evelyn deserves my  
time now.

Anthony interjects, attempting to diffuse the tension.

ANTHONY

(easygoing)

Hey, I've got it covered here,  
Rene. Go handle the Sergei  
situation, will you?

EVELYN

It's ok. I trust Anthony.

She offers a reassuring smile. Rene hesitates, then nods,  
leaving the room with a lingering glance back at Evelyn.



EXT./INT. SERGEI'S APARTMENT - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Rene knocks, a fatigued drag in his posture. Sergei, dramatically whipping open the door, reveals his bright green dinosaur-themed robe.

SERGEI

Welcome, weary traveler, to my  
humble abode.

RENE

Humble is one word for it.

INT. SERGEI'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Rene steps in, revealing Sergei's eclectic, dinosaur-themed living space. Figurines, a giant Brachiosaurus sculpture, and a Pterodactyl model chandelier adorn the room. The wallpaper is a pattern of tiny T-Rexes.

SERGEI

I've recently become quite  
fascinated with the Jurassic  
period. Magnificent, isn't it?

RENE

It's... certainly something.

SERGEI

These pieces, they are my  
treasures. You know, the  
Pachycephalosaurs used to bang  
their heads to impress females.  
Strange, but we all have our ways  
in love, don't we?

RENE

Sure, maybe not quite as violent  
but yes.

They proceed toward the bedroom, Rene dodging a toy Velociraptor on the floor with a bemused shake of his head.

INT. SERGEI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Rene gently puts a head-cap on Sergei as he lays in bed. Rene can't stifle a YAWN.

SERGEI

You are tired, yes?

RENE

It's been a long day.

SERGEI

You can lay down if you are too tired to drive. My sheets, they are clean. Every day, I change them.

RENE

It would be sort of weird for us to lay in bed together, don't you think?

SERGEI

Nothing is weird, Rene. We are simply two guys. I will be sleeping within three minutes. Just let yourself out when you've had enough rest.

Rene considers this, visibly conflicted but his heavy eyelids betraying his need for rest.

RENE

(succumbing, awkwardly)

I guess, just for a minute.

Rene lays down on Sergei's bed, maintaining a stiff distance. Sergei, on the other hand, rolls comfortably on his side and falls asleep almost instantly.

Rene, trying to remain awake and alert, eventually gives in. Seconds later, he too falls asleep.

CUT TO:

INT. SERGEI'S BEDROOM - LATER

The two of them, now somehow tenderly tangled up in sleep, snore softly in a shared peaceful stillness.

INT. RENE'S OFFICE - DAY

Rene, bags under his eyes, fatigued, types on his computer.

CLOSE UP - COMPUTER SCREEN

Navigating to Craigslist, Rene heads to "Talent Gigs."

RENE

Sergei's becoming a full-time job.  
And I'm losing time with Evelyn.

He types his post, smirking slightly.

ON SCREEN

"32-year-old scientific researcher seeks assistant at Dessar Institute. Must love dreams, tolerate eccentric financiers, and possibly give non-sexual massages. \$13/hr."

He hesitantly hits "POST." Instantly, his inbox is flooded.

INSERT - COMPUTER SCREEN

A MONTAGE of bizarre replies flickers across the screen: a selfie of someone asleep, a goth guy surrounded by Poe books, and an old man with hat-wearing squirrels.

BACK TO SCENE

Rene shakes his head, amused and exhausted, scrolling through the outlandish applicants.

RENE

Welcome to the jungle of job  
hunting on Craigslist.

He clicks an e-mail from a distressed HORSE WHISPERER, a SHAMAN, and a BELLY DANCER.

RENE (CONT'D)

Maybe Sergei would enjoy a belly  
dance.

ON SCREEN

Rene watches a video of an applicant's bellydancing video before clicking to the next application.

BACK TO SCENE

Rene sighs, swiveling slightly in his chair, his eyes darting over the bizarre applicants. He rests his forehead on his hand.

INT. DREAM RECORDING ROOM - DAY

Evelyn, slightly uneasy, sits on the bed as Rene adjusts the head-cap.

RENE

(apologetic)

I'm really sorry about Sergei's interruption last time, Evelyn. That won't be happening again.

EVELYN

Sergei sure does know when to show up, huh?

RENE

Honestly, sometimes I think about quitting. But then there's you, and I'd miss these sessions. Changing gears - ever play Twister?

EVELYN

(curious)

Twister? It's been years. Why'd you ask?

RENE

There was a Twister sale at Gelson's, and I thought... why not? Fancy a quick game before we start?

EVELYN

(resolute)

I'll pass. Let's just stick to dreams, alright?

RENE

Fair enough. But to keep it fun, I made you a mixtape to listen to while you drift off.

Evelyn raises an eyebrow, intrigued. Rene pulls out a CASSETTE PLAYER and EARBUDS.

EVELYN

(confused)

What's that old chunk of metal?

RENE

This, my dear, is a cassette player. Just strap the earbuds on, and let the tunes lull you into dreamland.

Evelyn chuckles as Rene hands her the ancient-looking cassette player and earbuds.

Evelyn puts in the earbuds and lies down. Rene focuses on preparing the dream recording equipment. Once assured she's asleep, he leaves quietly.

INT. DREAM RECORDING ROOM - LATER

Cedric sneaks in and curiously takes off Evelyn's earbuds. He puts them on and listens to the mixtape play unsettling whispers.

RENE  
(in headphones)(whisper)  
Twister... Twister... Twister...

Cedric, puzzled, continues listening until Rene enters, visibly irritated.

RENE (CONT'D)  
(sharp)  
What the hell, Cedric?

CEDRIC  
Why is this mixtape whispering  
Twister in between songs, Rene?

RENE  
Uh, that's...a new technique. For  
inducing, uh, a dream thingy. Just  
forget about it.

CEDRIC  
This isn't going to become a creepy  
thing, is it? This Twister  
fixation?

RENE  
Just do your job, Cedric. And don't  
mess with the participants or their  
stuff.

Rene snatches the cassette player and repositions the earbuds on Evelyn.

CEDRIC  
Hey man, that's enough. If she  
doesn't want to play Twister, you  
have to respect that.

RENE  
(confrontational)  
You think you can order me around?  
You're just a non-union filmmaker.  
(MORE)

RENE (CONT'D)

You have no control over me inside  
this Institute or outside this  
Institute.

(whispering to Evelyn)

Twister... Twister... Twister...

CEDRIC

You're crossing a line by doing  
this.

RENE

How about you and I play some  
Twister then? Whoever wins the duel  
is the real man.

CEDRIC

I'm not playing Twister with you.  
How about you play by yourself and  
I film it?

RENE

Fine, I'll show YOU some moves!

INT. DR. HAMBURG'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Hamburg sits at his desk, reviewing documents. He offers  
a subdued, friendly nod as Cedric enters.

DR. HAMBURG

Cedric, you've got that worried  
look again. What's up?

CEDRIC

(real concern)

Dr. Hamburg, I've been keeping an  
eye on Rene and he's pulling some  
real weird stuff with Sergei and  
Evelyn. Got it all on tape.

DR. HAMBURG

On tape? This better not be another  
"hip hop career" thing.

Cedric flicks open his laptop and displays a compilation of  
Rene's erratic behaviors.

INSERT - COMPUTER SCREEN

We see Rene teaching his new assistant how to give Sergei a lower back massage, Rene awkwardly whispering Twister to a sleeping Evelyn's ear, and Rene executing a concerning Twister solo performance.

BACK TO SCENE

Dr. Hamburg's face contorts from intrigued to deeply concerned.

DR. HAMBURG

Who is that massaging Sergei like he's kneading dough?!

CEDRIC

That's Rene's assistant. He found him on Craigslist. He took on all of Sergei's requests so Rene could... do whatever that is.

DR. HAMBURG

We could lose Sergei over this catastrophe! Rene has utterly lost it.

Dr. Hamburg stands, shouting through the half-open door.

DR. HAMBURG (CONT'D)

(enraged)

RENE! I want you in my office, NOW!

LISA (O.S.)

He's mid-session, Dr. Hamburg.

DR. HAMBURG

(frustrated whisper, to himself)

Rene, I expected better from you.

INT. VIEWING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Rene, enthusiastic, leads a group session with participants. Two JANITORS, unbothered by the session, clean around them.

RENE

...and that's why you should never eat cheese before bed. Unless, of course, you enjoy being chased by zombified, murderous mice in your dreams!

The participants laugh, a bit uneasy but amused. Dr. Hamburg enters, his expression stern. Rene, oblivious to the tension, greets him cheerily.

RENE (CONT'D)

(cocky)

Look who it is! Dr. H, listen to this dream. Participant Seven follows an eery scent into a dungeon which transforms into a wheel of Pecorino!

DR. HAMBURG

Rene, we need to talk. Now.

RENE

Just listen to this. Some killer mice the size of mini vans smell the scent and havoc ensues. I mean blood and cheese everywhere.

DR. HAMBURG

Cedric showed me the tapes.

RENE

What tapes?

DR. HAMBURG

I saw your assistant giving Sergei a massage. And the Twister stuff? What's wrong with you?

RENE

I can explain. Twister was on sale and I got it at a great discount.

DR. HAMBURG

Enough! Rene, I'm afraid you leave me no choice. You're dismissed from Dessar, effective immediately.

RENE

Dismissed? What, like school? You're kicking me out of school right now?

EVELYN

Rene, maybe it's for the best. That Twister thing... it wasn't cool, ok?

DR. HAMBURG

(disappointed, firm)

You're fired, Rene. Please leave.



RENE

Wait, are you serious? I saved this Institute by studying Sergei's dreams. You can't fire me.

DR. HAMBURG

Your assistant seems well-trained enough to keep Sergei happy. I think I'll keep it that way.

RENE

(desperate)

I've dedicated so much to this Institute. Please give me another chance.

EVELYN

Rene, you crossed lines. This isn't just about your job, it's about respecting boundaries.

Rene looks to the group, shocked.

PARTICIPANT SEVEN

Don't look at me!

PARTICIPANT THIRTEEN

You made your bed, now lie in it.

PARTICIPANT TWENTY-SEVEN

I'm not getting involved.

RENE

(hurt, lashing out)

You know what, I'm better off without this place anyway. All of your dreams suck, and if someone's ever stupid enough to make them into movies, they'll be way worse than Slingbuster ever was! You'll all regret this when I'm gone. Good luck understanding your dreams without me!

Rene storms out of Dessar.

DR. HAMBURG

(to the group, sincerely)

I apologize for that spectacle.

Dr. Hamburg walks back to his office. The film crew starts chatting.

CEDRIC

Well, that was unexpected.

CAMERAMAN ONE

Do we... keep rolling?

CAMERAMAN TWO

I mean, this is gold, right?

CEDRIC

Yeah, keep it rolling.

(to the room, trying to  
regain control)

Alright everyone, let's get some  
reactions. Thoughts on Rene's  
departure?

CHIP

I'll miss his wild lizard people  
theories more than anything. The  
man saw conspiracies everywhere.

PARTICIPANT FIFTEEN

His heart was in the right place,  
but when it comes to  
relationships... he has a lot to  
learn about connecting to people.

PARTICIPANT SEVEN

Sure, the man swapped khakis and  
jeans like a fashion identity  
crisis, but beneath those  
questionable choices, there were  
moments of sheer brilliance.

PARTICIPANT FIFTEEN

In a society where most people work  
so hard to make an impact, it's  
delightful how Rene settled into  
that 'barely remembered' category.

CEDRIC

(raising an eyebrow)

Any... inappropriate experiences  
with him?

Suddenly, Dr. Hamburg rushes back in to retrieve his glasses.

DR. HAMBURG

(awkwardly)

Sorry, sorry. Just forgot these.

## PARTICIPANT THIRTEEN

He once commented that he thought my toes looked like breakfast sausages that he wanted to eat for dinner. It made me uncomfortable.

Dr. Hamburg's eyes widen slightly, before he turns and exits again.

## CEDRIC

So, moving forward... will Dessar feel emptier without Rene?

## PARTICIPANT THIRTY-THREE

He had his moments. It'll be different without him.

## PARTICIPANT FIFTEEN

(shrugging)  
Change might be good.

## PARTICIPANT NINE

(looking around)  
One less distraction. We're here for research, not a circus.

## PARTICIPANT THIRTEEN

It's like when a really loud car alarm finally stops. Initially, there's an odd sense of silence, but then you remember what peace feels like.

## INT. CIRCUIT COUNTY - ELECTRONICS STORE - DAY

Rene browses through an aisle filled with video cameras. He pulls out a handheld camera and starts recording himself, speaking in a hushed voice.

## CAMERA'S POV:

## RENE

(to the camera, quietly)  
Day one of my post-Dessar journey. The documentary must go on. Evelyn, if you're seeing this... well, you're probably not seeing this.

He awkwardly angles the camera to try capturing a full shot of himself. Rene notices a STORE EMPLOYEE nearby and approaches.

RENE (CONT'D)

Excuse me, I need to see how this records someone. Do you mind filming me really quickly?

STORE EMPLOYEE

Uhh, sure.

Rene hands over the camera. As the store employee films, Rene strikes a thoughtful pose, rubbing his chin.

RENE

Ever feel like your life's being filmed but then, suddenly, the cameras are all gone? Strange feeling.

STORE EMPLOYEE

(confused)

Can't say that I have...

RENE

Have you ever videotaped yourself before?

EMPLOYEE

Yeah, hasn't everyone?

RENE

You ever videotaped yourself playing Twister?

EMPLOYEE

No, why do you ask?

RENE

No reason. This camera feels good. I think it'll provide some much needed comfort. I'll take it!

Rene swiftly grabs the camera and heads to the checkout counter, leaving the store employee slightly bewildered.

INT. SIZZLER RESTAURANT - DAY

CAMERA'S POV: Rene, unshaven and looking more disheveled than normal, is in the middle of his feast.

RENE

Here I am at Sizzler. Going back to the salad bar for more tostadas. I just can't get enough!

(MORE)

RENE (CONT'D)

Some people like to meditate, not me though, I tostada-tate.

Rene takes a large bite of his last TOSTADA and chews slowly.

Rene leans in closer to the camera, a contemplative look on his face.

RENE (CONT'D)

You ever just stop and think about the word tostada? Do they toast the ada? And what the heck is an ada anyway?

Rene picks up a tostada, examining it closely.

INT. RENE'S BEDROOM - DAY

CAMERA'S POV: Rene cradles his stomach, grimacing.

RENE

I might've gone overboard on the tostadas.

Rene's stomach gurgles.

RENE (CONT'D)

My stomach is feeling really crazy right now. I think I may have to use the restroom.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

CAMERA'S POV: Rene plops down on the toilet and places the camera next to the sink so only his face is visible in the frame. A series of guttural moans escape from Rene.

RENE (O.S.)

Why, oh why, did I eat so many? I knew I shouldn't have eaten thirty-six tostadas. Why did I do that?!

TIMELAPSE: Rene has diarrhea for twenty minutes.

LATER

CAMERA'S POV: Rene gets off the toilet and looks into the toilet bowl. He sees his reflection in the water and punches it.

RENE (CONT'D)  
I'm never eating another tostada  
ever again.

INT. RENE'S BEDROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

CAMERA'S POV: Rene places the camera on the bedside table and  
collapses in his bed.

AFTER AN HOUR

The camera catches Rene abruptly waking up.

RENE  
I just had the most amazing dream!

CAMERA'S POV: Rene picks up the camera.

RENE (CONT'D)  
I just had this dream where I feel  
like I unlocked... I mean, I was  
going to the... oh man, I'm having  
trouble remembering it!

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

CAMERA'S POV: Rene aims the camera at the toilet bowl,  
scanning the clear water. He searches for his reflection, but  
it's absent, leaving him momentarily unsettled.

RENE  
When did I become this invisible?  
When did I lose myself? Evelyn...  
Dessar... This camera is all I have  
left to show I still exist.

He takes a deep breath, regaining his composure.

RENE (CONT'D)  
It's time to make amends. Time to  
find purpose again.

INT. RENE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CAMERA'S POV: Rene begins drafting an e-mail.

ON SCREEN:

"Dear Cedric,

I've done a lot of reflecting, and I sincerely apologize for my behavior. I've been studying other peoples' issues while ignoring my own. Perhaps, by studying my own dreams, I can become the man I know I'm capable of becoming."

RENE

Every journey begins with a single step... or in this case, a single click.

Moments later, the computer dings with a new e-mail notification. Rene leans forward, opening the message.

RENE (CONT'D)

That was fast.

ON SCREEN:

A reply from Cedric is visible:

"Your self-awareness is compelling. Let's talk."

EXT. DENNY'S - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

CAMERA'S POV: Rene is leaning against his car, filming himself.

RENE

I'm waiting for Cedric. Ah, here he is now.

CAMERA'S POV: Cedric's car pulls into the parking lot. Cedric and the documentary crew get out.

RENE (CONT'D)

Wow, you all came! I honestly wasn't expecting this.

CEDRIC

It's all good. I briefed the crew on your idea, and everyone was immediately on board.

CAMERAMAN ONE

It was either this or watch a rerun of RuPaul's Drag Race. So here we are.

SOUND GUY

You're filming us?

RENE

Yeah, I missed you guys filming me  
so I got my own camera.

SOUND GUY

Do I look ok? Got any flyaways?

CAMERAMAN TWO

You look like you survived a  
twister.

RENE

Please, let's not bring up Twister.

CAMERAMAN TWO

Sorry, everyone hits a rough patch.  
It's time to bounce back.

RENE

I appreciate that.

SOUND GUY

Back in business!

EXT. DESSAR INSTITUTE - NIGHT

Rene, Cedric, and the documentary crew are hiding behind some  
bushes outside of the Dessar Institute.

RENE

Ok, the coast is clear.

CEDRIC

Are you guys ready?

CAMERAMAN ONE

Should we do a quick yoga stretch  
first?

CAMERAMAN TWO

Are you crazy? Let's just go!

RENE

Well, we don't want any cramps  
while we're committing a b&e.

CEDRIC

Fine, just be quick.

CAMERAMAN ONE

Alright, everyone. Let's do our pre-  
break-in stretch.



They all reluctantly line up, and Cameraman One leads them.

CAMERAMAN ONE (CONT'D)

Ok, everyone, this position is called the flying splits. Plant your palms flat on the ground, extend one leg back while twisting your torso and hooking your opposite knee to your tricep. Extend the back leg fully, and lift off, hovering both legs parallel above the ground. Easy!

SOUND GUY

(struggling a bit)  
Ugh, I should've stretched before this!

CAMERAMAN TWO

You know, this is actually helping with the nerves.

RENE

Enough. Let's get this done.

SOUND GUY

Yeah!

CAMERAMAN TWO

I'm ready.

CEDRIC

Let's do this.

Rene, heart pounding, quickly darts from the shadows of the bushes to the dimly lit side of the Dessar Institute. A flickering security light above casts an eerie glow on the wall. After a tense moment, Rene waves the crew over. They hustle to meet him, as they press themselves against the building's facade.

CEDRIC (CONT'D)

Do you have the key?

RENE

Of course.

Rene walks over to a small gnome statue near the entrance of the Dessar Institute. The gnome is bent in a wild contortion, playing Twister. Rene lifts the gnome, revealing the key beneath it.

RENE (CONT'D)

The Twister gnome. I thought Evelyn would find it funny. Bad call.

CAMERAMAN TWO

We all have those moments, man.

Rene casts a wary glance around, then dashes to the front door of Dessar, swiftly unlocking it.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The Dessar lobby is dimly lit, casting long, haunting shadows. A soft beep emanates from the alarm panel. Rene quickly disarms it as the crew cautiously enters, their footsteps echoing in the silence.

RENE

Shut the door.

Cameraman One closes the front door and locks it.

CEDRIC

What's next?

RENE

I guess we can record my dreams.

CEDRIC

Let's go.

RENE

I'm actually pretty nervous, you know?

CAMERAMAN TWO

I once had a meltdown deciding if I should get bangs or not. This? This would be a full-blown nervous breakdown for me.

SOUND GUY

Yeah, I could never fall asleep at a time like this.

CEDRIC

Guys, enough! You'll do fine, Rene.

RENE

Thanks for the pep talk, guys.

INT. DREAM RECORDING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Rene hooks himself up to the head-cap. The laptop shows a successful connection.

CEDRIC  
Good luck, Rene.

RENE  
Thanks, Ced.

CEDRIC  
We'll keep an eye out for you in  
the lobby. You focus on your  
dreams.

Rene nods, visibly nervous. Cedric gives Rene's hand a reassuring squeeze.

CAMERAMAN TWO  
Sleep well, don't let the bedbugs  
dwell.

CEDRIC  
Let's give Rene some space, guys.

With one last glance at Rene, the crew exits the room. Rene takes a deep breath, trying to calm his nerves, and then closes his eyes.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Cedric and the crew wait in the lobby for Rene.

SECURITY CAMERA'S POV: The crew is having a discussion.

CEDRIC  
Where do gophers go after they dig  
their holes?

CAMERAMAN TWO  
They just... dig deeper, right?

CAMERAMAN ONE  
He means where are they digging to?

CAMERAMAN TWO  
Maybe they're in search of the  
ultimate worm.

CEDRIC  
I'm binging it. Hey Bing, where do  
gophers dig to?

SOUND GUY

Actually, pocket gophers are known to create specialized chambers in their burrows. These chambers serve as food caches where they store fresh vegetation.

CEDRIC

No, I don't think so. According to Bing, they're using extensive underground tunnels to communicate with gophers worldwide.

CAMERAMAN TWO

I've heard they use tunnels as trading posts. You know, swap a carrot for a potato.

Two Janitors enter Dessar. Cedric jumps up out of his chair.

CEDRIC

Hello. How are you tonight?

JANITOR ONE

Good, thanks.

CEDRIC

We're just here waiting for Dr. Hamburg for a late night shoot.

JANITOR TWO

Late night shoot? That's new.

CAMERAMAN ONE

We left our cameras in the car. You know, didn't want to lug them in until Dr. Hamburg arrives.

JANITOR ONE

Ok.

The janitors start to clean. Cedric goes to check on Rene.

INT. DREAM RECORDING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Rene is in a deep sleep.

CEDRIC

Rene, wake up. The janitors are here. Come on!

Rene shifts, groggy and disoriented, the wires of the head-cap pulling slightly as he tries to sit up.

RENE  
Huh? Who's here?

CEDRIC  
The janitors. If they see you, it's  
goodnight, nurse.

RENE  
Why?

CEDRIC  
They know you were fired. They  
can't see you here.

RENE  
Shoot, you're right. But I need my  
dreams.

CEDRIC  
We may not have time.

RENE  
Without my dreams I'm like rye  
without pastrami or acarajé without  
vatapá. Empty inside.

CEDRIC  
Ok, just do it. How long to  
transfer?

Rene scrambles, pulling out a Sizzler branded FLASH DRIVE -  
it glows faintly.

RENE  
It's a Sizzler drive, faster than  
regular ones. Just... buy me some  
time.

Rene inserts the flash drive into the laptop and begins  
transferring.

Cedric nods, darting to the door. He peeks out. He hears the  
janitors coming.

CEDRIC  
(whispering to himself)  
Think, think...

Suddenly, Cedric spills a cup of water on the floor near the  
door, creating a puddle.

RENE  
(whispering)  
What are you doing?

CEDRIC  
Hopefully, buying us two minutes.

They both wait anxiously as the dream transfer progresses.

INSERT - COMPUTER SCREEN

The bar on the screen, slowly filling up.

From inside the room, Cedric sees the approaching shadow of Janitor One through the rectangular glass window on the door.

CEDRIC  
(whispering)  
He's coming, get down!

Rene lays down flat and rolls under the bed.

The door swings open, revealing the spilled water in the hallway.

Janitor One enters, carrying a mop.

JANITOR ONE  
You spill this?

Janitor One eyes the water suspiciously, then shifts his gaze to Cedric.

Cedric, feigning innocence, gives a shrug.

CEDRIC  
Must've been that leaky pipe again.  
You know, the one that always acts  
up on Tuesdays?

Janitor Two, looking around the room, narrows his eyes.

JANITOR TWO  
This room's not supposed to be used  
at night. What's going on in here?

Cedric, thinking on his feet, gives a mischievous grin.

CEDRIC  
Getting ready for a late-night  
podcast recording. Ever heard of  
Midnight Musings with Dr. Hamburg?

Janitor One chuckles. Janitor Two, still suspicious but deciding to move on.

JANITOR TWO  
Just be sure to lock up when you  
leave.

The laptop makes a beeping noise as the transfer completes.

RENE  
(coughs, covering up the  
beeping noise)  
Have a great night!

The janitors exit the room. As the door shuts, Rene exhales loudly and rolls out from under the bed.

RENE (CONT'D)  
(panting)  
That was close.

CEDRIC  
Too close. Now, let's get out of  
this joint.

After a moment, Cedric approaches the door, placing his ear against it, listening for any signs of the janitors. Satisfied, he slowly opens it, peeking outside.

RENE  
(whispering)  
Are we good to go?

CEDRIC  
(whispering)  
Yes, but keep a low profile.

RENE  
(whispering)  
I'll do my best.

CEDRIC  
(whispering)  
Alright. On three, we make a run  
for it. Ready? One... two... three!

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Rene and Cedric sprint to the front door. As they approach, they find they crew leisurely sipping coffees.

CAMERAMAN TWO  
You guys want some coffee? We  
brewed a pot.

CEDRIC  
 (panicking)  
 No time! We're leaving, NOW!

SOUND GUY  
 (scrambling)  
 More sprinting? I haven't run this  
 much since I chased down that knish  
 cart for a bialy!

CAMERAMAN ONE  
 Knish carts don't sell bialys?

SOUND GUY  
 They did at Forty-Sixth Street and  
 Sixth Ave.

CEDRIC  
 We don't have time for this!

As they hustle out, the two janitors are right outside,  
 cleaning. One of the janitors turns to the other, shaking his  
 head.

JANITOR ONE  
 Isn't that Rene with them?

JANITOR TWO  
 Yeah, I thought he was let go.

They watch as Rene and the crew scramble out, disappearing  
 into the night.

JANITOR ONE  
 Maybe it has something to do with  
 Midnight Musings.

INSERT - JANITOR TWO'S PHONE SCREEN

Midnight Musings with Dr. Hamburg isn't showing any matches.

JANITOR TWO  
 I doubt that. The only Midnight  
 Musing I found is Midnight Musings:  
 An Alley Cat's Nocturnal Journey.

JANITOR ONE  
 Now that's a podcast I'd listen to.



EXT. DENNY'S - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Rene, Cedric, and the crew run back into the Denny's parking lot.

CEDRIC  
Were we followed?

RENE  
I think we got away clean.

SOUND GUY  
Getting away clean would be if the janitors didn't see us.

RENE  
Yeah, well, janitors always get away clean... because they do the cleaning.

CAMERAMAN ONE  
You got the dreams, right?

RENE  
They're right here.

Rene pulls out the flash drive from his sock.

CAMERAMAN TWO  
Nice.

SOUND GUY  
Now, since we're already here, anyone up for a Grand Slam? All that running worked up an appetite.

CAMERAMAN ONE  
Grand Slam? No way, I'm on that Dr. Gundry diet. We need to find a place with lectin-free pancakes.

RENE  
Seriously? Lectin-free pancakes? I'm all about that keto life. No carbs for me.

CAMERAMAN TWO  
Guys, I've gone paleo. So, as long as there's meat and no processed stuff, I'm good.

SOUND GUY

Every meal is like a health seminar with you guys. I miss the days when we'd just chow down anywhere.

CEDRIC

I do miss those days... but, for what it's worth, I'm intermittent fasting, so I'm out for another three hours.

INT. RENE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rene, looking wary, eyes the flash drive. He mutters to himself.

RENE

The moment of dream. Here we go.

He cautiously inserts the flash drive into his computer and opens the video of his dream.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

Rene and Cedric sip their coffees, Cedric eyes Rene curiously, trying to read his expression.

CEDRIC

So, did the heist pay off? See anything... enlightening?

RENE

Yeah, I did. But it wasn't exactly the revelation I was hoping for.

CEDRIC

C'mon, spill them beans. It can't be worse than that time you ran a red light and hit an ambulance carrying a pregnant woman.

RENE

That was an honest mistake, the ambulance was the one who ran a red. The dream... it's just... really personal and embarrassing, ok?

CEDRIC

Did watching it give you some kind of cathartic breakthrough?

RENE

No, I still feel like there's this void in my life.

CEDRIC

Maybe there's a block in your mind. Ever thought of, I dunno, group therapy? Sharing might help.

RENE

Share my most personal, embarrassing dream with a bunch of people? I'd feel more comfortable wrestling an oiled pig on Twitch.

CEDRIC

Sometimes stepping out of your comfort zone is just the kick in the pants you need. Just think about it.

RENE

(sighing)

You might be onto... some kind of something.

INT. RENE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rene hesitates for a moment, looking at his cellphone's contacts, and then decides to call Lisa.

RENE

Hey, Lisa, it's... it's Rene.

LISA (V.O.)

(sighs)

What do you want, Rene?

RENE

I know I messed up, and mere words might not cut it... I was in the wrong place, wrong time, and things spiraled.

LISA (V.O.)

That's an understatement. What's this about?

RENE

I've been trying to understand myself, my mistakes. Cedric and I...

(MORE)

RENE (CONT'D)

well, we took a risk and got a recording of one of my dreams from Dessar. I believe if you, and others who've been affected by my actions, watch it with me... and maybe talk it out in a group therapy session, it might help me bridge the gap between my emotions and actions. Some folks have agreed already. It's a long shot, but...

LISA (V.O.)

Only you would think of something like that, Rene. Alright, I'll be there. But this better be worth it.

INT. CEDRIC'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Cedric prepares chips and dips for Rene's group therapy session. Sergei, Evelyn, Anthony, Lisa, Chip, some participants, and a few random people are all there.

CEDRIC

Everyone, I'd like to have your attention... we're about to play Rene's dream.

RENE

Please silence your cell phones.

Just as the room goes silent, Chip's phone rings loudly. Everyone turns to look at him.

CHIP

(with a surprised look)  
Oh, that's mine! Sorry, everyone!

Chip answers the call.

CHIP (CONT'D)

(in a loud whisper, trying to be discreet)  
Ma? Now's not a good time. Yeah, I fed the snake. Bye!

Evelyn rolls her eyes, Lisa suppresses a giggle, and Rene looks exasperated.

CEDRIC

(teasingly)  
Well, now that we've established the snake's been fed.

He gestures toward the screen.

CEDRIC (CONT'D)  
Without further ado, the moment  
we've all been waiting for...

RENE  
(whispering nervously to  
Anthony)  
I'm really nervous.

ANTHONY  
(whispering back,  
reassuringly)  
Hey, no matter what's on that  
screen, it can't be worse than  
Slingbuster.

CEDRIC  
Shh!

INT. DARK VOID - NIGHT (DREAM)

A BUFF MAN wearing a khaki speedo is punching and knocking out other buff men. It's the same dream from earlier, but this time, it's clearer and more defined. None of the men disappear this time.

The buff man then boxes a giant phallic shaped PUNCHING BAG and knocks it down. He continues to show off his muscles as he performs more and more tantalizing poses.

Suddenly, he hears a loud, screeching noise and looks up to see a giant MONSTER TRUCK driving straight towards him. The monster truck stops right in front of the buff man and a familiar figure steps out. It's Rene, dressed in a fur hat and swimsuit.

Rene approaches the buff man.

RENE  
Excuse me, can I join your workout?

The buff man looks at Rene in disbelief as Rene starts to perform his own body-building poses, to the amusement of the buff man. The two of them continue to pose and show off their muscles.

RENE (CONT'D)  
Oh, yeah, work it. That's the  
stuff!

The buff man's muscles start to grow at an exponential rate, becoming so large that he becomes stuck in the same pose. Rene tries to help, but the buff man's muscles keep expanding until he becomes a massive, muscle-bound behemoth.

BUFF MAN

Oh no, oh no, oh no!

RENE

Hold on, I got this!

The dream world starts to crumble and disintegrate and just when it seems like all hope is lost, Rene pulls out a remote control and presses a yellow button. The dream world collapses in on itself, until everything is consumed by a bright white light.

The white light fades to reveal Rene turn to the camera with a sly grin.

RENE (CONT'D)

Now that's what I call flexing to the max!

INT. CEDRIC'S HOME - DAY

Cedric looks around, taking a moment to sense the group's reaction after the playback of Rene's dream.

CEDRIC

That was... quite the dream. Rene, how are you feeling about it?

RENE

(pause, exhales)

Embarrassed, to be honest. I'm struggling to understand its meaning.

CEDRIC

There's a feeling of isolation in that dream. Maybe it's a reflection of some deeper feelings?

EVELYN

Maybe it's a mirror to times when Rene has been so focused on something that he unintentionally overlooks others.

SERGEI

(nods)

Like forgetting about our study,  
because of his interest in Evelyn.

Rene looks down, absorbing the feedback.

RENE

I... never realized any of you felt  
this way. I always saw myself as a  
great man so it's hard for me to  
imagine myself being selfish. It's  
like I've been watching my life on  
a blurry TV, and someone just  
smacked the side to clear it up.

EVELYN

Rene, you're talented and kind-  
hearted. It's just... that Twister  
obsession got the better of you.  
But seeing you reflect like this,  
it shows growth.

RENE

(smiling weakly)

Thanks, Evelyn. I guess I was using  
Twister as a distraction from my  
issues. Time to find healthier ways  
to cope.

EVELYN

(takes a deep breath)

And... there's something else.  
Herman and I... we're seeing each  
other.

Rene seems taken aback. He pauses, processing the  
information.

RENE

You and Herman? That's...  
unexpected. But if you're happy,  
then I'm glad for you.

EVELYN

We are. Very happy. I saw some  
Japanese jeans in Sports Elucidated  
that turned me back onto denim.

CEDRIC

(trying to redirect the  
focus)

Anyone else have thoughts on Rene's  
dream?

## PARTICIPANT TWENTY-SIX

I felt there were deeper issues at play, perhaps needing professional attention.

## PARTICIPANT ONE

(lightheartedly)

Or maybe Rene's got a future in monster truck driving. Those were some impressive moves!

## RENE

Oh, really? Thanks, maybe I will take up monster trucks. It could be a fun new hobby, and who knows, it might even be therapeutic in a way.

## INT. DAIRY QUEEN - DAY (SIX MONTHS LATER)

The documentary crew follows up with Rene. Rene now works at Dairy Queen.

## CEDRIC

It's been six months since we last saw you at the group therapy session. You were in a fragile place. How's life now?

## RENE

I've found peace. There's something therapeutic about making Blizzards. And just the other day, I handed a kid their favorite treat, and their smile... That's pure satisfaction to me.

## CEDRIC

I've noticed the jeans. Did Evelyn influence that fashion choice?

## RENE

Nah, they just bring out the 'Dairy King' in me. Plus, the feedback has been overwhelmingly positive from both men and women.

## CEDRIC

I'm happy to see you owning your style. You've come a long way, and it was a pleasure being part of your journey.

(MORE)



CEDRIC (CONT'D)

Reaching your full potential, which I feel you finally have, has been rewarding to witness.

RENE

You and the crew truly supported me. Thanks for being there during this whirlwind of... self-discovery.

CEDRIC

(awkwardly)

You, uh, want a hug?

RENE

Sure.

As they hug, Cedric whispers.

CEDRIC

(whispering)

Call me sometime?

RENE

(pulling away)

What?

CEDRIC

(flustered)

I mean... for a follow-up? Forget it.

RENE

(laughing slightly)

Alright, well, duty calls. Those Buster Bars won't make themselves.

Rene gets back to work, serving customers with a newfound confidence.

INT. DARK VOID - NIGHT (DREAM)

The BUFF MAN, now in a denim speedo, is surrounded by other imposing BUFF MEN.

BUFF MEN

You're dead meat!

As tension builds, an unexpected upbeat, vintage show tune begins to play. The bodybuilder places his arms around the men.

Suddenly, their faces transform from menacing to jovial, and together, they form a spirited chorus line, kicking their legs high and in sync to the rhythm of the song.

The void now shimmers with colorful stage lights as the buff men, once threatening, gleefully dance in unity.

**TEXT OVER BLACK:**

"One year later, a major movie studio learned of Rene's story at The Dessar Institute and green-lit a feature film starring Rob Schneider as Rene. It's set for a January 2026 release.

Rene was awarded two hundred thousand dollars for the rights to his story and promptly resigned from Dairy Queen.

However, Rene soon lost it all to a scam phone call alleging he owed back taxes. He's now once again flipping Signature Stackburgers at Dairy Queen."