

HARVEY' S DREAM

based on a short story by **STEPHEN KING**

adapted for the screen by **CHRISTOPHER ZATTA**

Janet washes dishes. Coffee brews. Harvey ENTERS.

He's beaming as he pulls Janet into an intimate embrace, startling her.

HARVEY
Morning, Jax.

Harvey leads Janet in a small, little dance. Janet laughs and goes with it. They spin apart, still laughing.

JANET
What's got into you?

HARVEY
Happiness.

JANET
You haven't called me *Jax* since...

As she thinks back on it, her smile fades. Harvey doesn't notice, still grinning as he pours himself some coffee.

JANET (CONT'D)
What's got into you?

HARVEY
Something happened last night.
(beat)
Well, it wasn't really night. Dawn.

JANET
Harvey. What happened?

HARVEY
I had this, this dream. Surprised you didn't hear me crying.

Janet looks at him, her eyebrow arched.

JANET
Crying? Is that why you were in bed?

HARVEY
(understanding)
You're upset about that.

JANET
Yes. We discussed, that... that we would discuss, when the sleeping arrangement could change.

HARVEY

I know.

JANET

You can't --

HARVEY

But I feel... different now, Janet.

JANET

I don't. You can't distance yourself from me, for so long, and not... and just, decide, without discussing, that you'll climb back into bed.

HARVEY

Can I tell you my dream?

JANET

I steer the direction of us, too.

HARVEY

I know that. I do, and I...
 (taking her hands in his)
 ...I remembered that smile, you just had...

JANET

Because you said *Jax*.

HARVEY

I'm ready to go back to what... to who I was, before I got distracted.

Janet withdraws her hands from Harvey's clasp.

JANET

That's great... for you.

HARVEY

It's because I had this dream. I want to share it with you. Can I?
 (off her silence)
 Can I?

JANET

Okay. Go ahead.

HARVEY

It was awful.

JANET

I thought it was a good dream.

HARVEY

It gets there.

(proceeding)

So, in it, I wake up at, must've
been... 4am.

She pours some coffee. Harvey crosses to the couch and sits.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

I was hungry, so I... I actually
made breakfast.

Janet looks at the freshly washed dishes on the dish rack...

HARVEY (CONT'D)

Then I put on the TV. There was
nothing really to watch though,
some... old cartoons.

Janet moves to the fridge and gets out milk and eggs.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

(remarking)

The details were, really... vivid.

JANET

Harvey. The cartoons. Your eggs.
What are you talking about?

HARVEY

(oblivious to her
confusion)

I'm just telling you my dream.

(getting back to it)

While I was eating, maybe on my
second bite, my phone rang.

JANET

Uh huh? And who was it?

HARVEY

Hannah.

Janet's eyes go wide. She watches Harvey for a beat.

JANET

She called you?

HARVEY

Yeah, I thought it was strange,
too. She's *your* friend. I've never
talked to her without you around. I
don't think she even has my number.

JANET

What did she say?

HARVEY

It was... like I woke up, in the dream, specifically for her call.

JANET

What did she say, Harvey?

Harvey looks at Janet for a beat. His enthusiasm abates.

HARVEY

That... you're having an affair. That you met someone, and it'd become... serious.

(laughs uncomfortably)

I wasn't... completely surprised either. Given our... I've even... I've wondered... if you were having an affair.

(then, angered)

But, in my dream, when Hannah confirmed it, it... drove me mad.

Janet shudders, suddenly flustered. She moves toward Harvey.

JANET

Harvey...? I need to --

He stands, waving his hands, dismissive of it all.

HARVEY

Don't... say anything, based on a dream. It was just a stupid dream.

(adding)

Remember you told me once, how... dreams are, they aren't logical. They're poems of the subconscious. I don't know what a nightmare must be, but... I think I, I think... I had this nightmare, to break me from the... mental block that I've been in.

JANET

I don't want to hear anymore.

HARVEY

But it doesn't end there, Jax.

JANET

I don't care. It wasn't... This... I just don't want to hear the rest.

She turns to the kitchen. Her back to Harvey. She busies herself by grabbing ingredients and accessories for pancakes. The batter, a pan, a wisk, etc.

HARVEY

I hung up. I took a knife from the knife block. I went to the bedroom. And I... stabbed you. Repeatedly, stabbed at your throat. I was saying something. But I wasn't really able to say the words. It was like... I don't know... I couldn't close my mouth around them. Like I'd had a stroke. Like it wasn't my voice. It was... *Ell-ee ow ew ood. Ell-ee ow ew ood, ax.*

He trails off for a beat. Then, snapping out of it --

HARVEY (CONT'D)

Right then I became aware I was still in bed, I mean, the air mattress. I cried myself awake. But still... saying it. *Ell-ee ow ew ood. Ell-ee ow ew ood, ax.*

JANET

(pieced it together)
Tell me how you could?

HARVEY

(nods)
Tell me how you could, Jax.
(adding)
And I was disgusted with myself. With what I'd dreamt. I finally understood how you must have felt lately, how I've neglected... us, how much you must have hated me.

JANET

I haven't...

HARVEY

You've been disappointed by me. I was supposed to be... a good catch.

He takes her hands again. Janet lowers her eyes to the floor.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

When I went to our bedroom, I was so happy to see you. Sleeping peacefully. I was relieved you were okay... it was all a dream.

(MORE)

HARVEY (CONT'D)

I decided... in that moment, to
make us work. No matter what. I
felt... how much I still love you.

(beat)

So I crawled into our bed.

Janet looks up at Harvey with absolute terror. But Harvey
just smiles at her with his happy smile.

JANET

Is that where it ended?

HARVEY

Us in bed. Me holding you. Just
before I fell back asleep, I had
this, image... stupid, simple
image... of us having breakfast.

(gestures to the table)

Right over there.

He gestures to the breakfast that Janet has prepared.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

And we were having pancakes and
coffee.

Harvey laughs. Janet lets out an exasperated gasp, almost
sounding like a laugh too.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

Amazing, isn't it, how deep
imagination goes?

She pushes away from Harvey. Rushing out of the kitchen.
Harvey moves to the pancake batter and turns on the stove.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

A dream like that is... how a poet,
one of the great ones, must see
their poem. Every... detail, so
clear. So bright.

7 **INT. HALLWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

7

Janet moves through the hallway, stumbling towards --

8 **INT. BEDROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

8

-- she takes several steps inside, looking in horror at
something she sees off screen.

