

DREAMS

Written by

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FADE IN:

1 INT. BOXING GYM BAG ROOM - NIGHT 1

The GYM is dimly lit and devoid of people. VARIOUS PIECES OF BOXING EQUIPMENT are placed throughout the GYM. LANCE (early 20s), a muscular man at around six feet tall, strikes a HEAVY BAG in the corner of the GYM.

He is wearing a WHITE CUTOFF T-SHIRT, BLACK BOXING GLOVES, BLACK BOXING SHORTS, TALL WHITE SOCKS, and WHITE and RED CONVERSE SHOES. He switches his combinations up after each attack. He *grunts* with each *strike*. His eyes never leave the HEAVY BAG. He emits pure rage.

CUT TO:

2 INT. BOXING GYM BAG ROOM - LATER 2

Lance *chops* away at the SPEED BAG, never missing a beat. His arms *slice* through the air creating a constant *wooshing* sound. His arms never slow down enough to even catch a glimpse of them. He stares at the SPEED BAG, never blinking or gazing away. Lance controls his *breathing*, breathing only through his nose.

CUT TO:

3 INT. BOXING GYM BAG ROOM - LATER 3

Lance JUMPS ROPE with extreme intensity. He never misses a jump. His eyes stare forward. He never blinks. He controls his *breathing*, in through the nose, out through the mouth. He finishes his set by *slamming* the JUMP ROPE to the FLOOR one last, hard time. He lets out a loud *grunt* of success as he releases the ROPE.

CUT TO:

4 INT. BOXING GYM WEIGHT ROOM - LATER 4

SERIES OF SHOTS

Lance shoulder presses a BARBELL with PLATES on it.

Lance curls DUMBBELLS, one arm at a time.

Lance does skull crushers with an EZ-BAR.

Lance bench presses a BARBELL.

Lance does pull ups.

Lance wrist curls DUMBBELLS while sitting on the edge of a BENCH.

Lance does sit ups on the FLOOR.

He finishes his last sit up and *slams* back down to the FLOOR onto his back. He flings his arms above his head and stares at the CEILING. He *breaths heavily*.

CUT TO:

5 INT. BOXING GYM REST AREA - LATER 5

Lance drinks from a WATER BOTTLE without pausing for air. He *grips* the BOTTLE tightly. He *gulps loudly*. He stops drinking and *gasps* for one huge breath of air.

He flings his body around to the METAL CHAIR and stumbles into a sitting position. He curls his upper body towards his legs and leans his elbows onto his thighs. He stares at the FLOOR and *breaths heavily*. He catches his breath and stands up fast. He wobbles. His vision goes blurry. He rubs his eyes.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 6

A DAMAGED CAR sits in the middle of the STREET. Lance sits in the DRIVER'S SEAT alone. He is unconscious. There are no other cars around. His HAZARD LIGHTS are BLINKING. POLICE LIGHTS can be seen not too far away.

CUT TO:

7 INT. BOXING GYM REST AREA - CONTINUOUS 7

Lance shakes his head and rubs his eyes. His vision returns but his head now aches. He holds his head and *winces* in pain. He grabs his DUFFLE BAG. He walks out of the GYM. He pauses and looks at the POSTERS above the EXIT. He *sighs* and exits the GYM. He walks up the STAIRS in disappointment.

FADE TO:

8 INT. HOUSE - LANCE'S BEDROOM - MORNING 8

The WALLS are covered in POSTERS and PICTURES of Lance's icons and role models. The POSTERS showcase movie stars, bodybuilders, boxers, musicians, athletes, etc. The ROOM is somewhat neat and organized. Lance sleeps in his BED. The *alarm* on his PHONE goes off. It's 5:00 AM.

Lance wakes up and turns his *alarm* off. He has multiple unread MESSAGES from "Jess".

He sits up and cradles his hands over his face. He *sighs*, stands up and walks to his DRESSER. He is wearing only WHITE SWEATPANTS. He grabs a WHITE T-SHIRT from his DRESSER.

CUT TO:

9 INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER 9

The KITCHEN is pitch dark. Lance is wearing a WHITE SWEAT SUIT. Lance opens the FRIDGE. He squints at the LIGHT from the FRIDGE. He grabs a GALLON OF MILK and shuts the FRIDGE.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. ROAD - LATER 10

It is DARK outside, but the SUN has begun to rise. Lance jogs down the STREET. He shadow boxes as he jogs. He controls his *breathing*. He maintains this for a while. He gradually becomes tired and dizzy. He slows down and jogs in place. His vision becomes blurry and he loses his balance. He stops jogging and stumbles around.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 11

A DAMAGED CAR sits in the middle of the STREET. Lance sits in the DRIVER'S SEAT alone. He is unconscious. There are no other cars around. His HAZARD LIGHTS are BLINKING. POLICE LIGHTS can be seen not too far away.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS 12

He bends over and puts his hands on his knees. He loses control of his breathing and takes *deep breaths* with *loud exhales*.

LANCE

Damnit!

He jolts his torso back up and swings his right hand through the air in frustration. He loses his balance and waivers around. He catches himself, pauses, and then walks to the GRASS.

He sits down. He bends his knees and wraps his arms around his legs until his fingers just barely link with each other.

He looks at the SUN as it comes up. He drops his head in between his shoulders. He raises his head and drops his jaw. He holds back his tears and lets out a *moan*.

LANCE (CONT'D)  
 (Under his breath)  
 You son of a bitch. You mother  
 fucker, god damnit. Why me? Huh?  
 Why me?! This is all I wanted...Why  
 me?

FADE TO:

13 EXT. ROAD - LATER

13

Lance walks down the STREET towards his HOUSE. The SUN is nearly up all the way. He reaches his front yard. He looks at the FRONT DOOR of his house. JESSIE (early 20s), a girl who is somewhat shorter than Lance, dressed in a BAGGY CREW NECK SWEATER and JOGGERS, is standing outside the FRONT DOOR.

Lance looks down and *sighs* with his hands on his hips. He lifts his head back up and walks to Jessie.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

14

JESSIE  
 Why do you do this to yourself  
 Lance?

LANCE  
 What do you mean?

JESSIE  
 I just want to know why you're  
 killing yourself like this.

Lance darts his body towards the STREET. He leans his left arm on the HOUSE.

LANCE  
 Why are you here Jess?

JESSIE  
 I want to help you.

LANCE  
 I told you I need to focus. I can't  
 have you bothering me all the time.

JESSIE  
You know what your problem is?

LANCE  
I think we're all aware of what my  
problem is.

JESSIE  
No, not physical.

LANCE  
Then I guess I'm drawing a blank on  
this one, because I don't know.

Lance paces around the PORCH STEPS.

JESSIE  
You can't tell the difference  
between someone who loves you and  
someone who pesters you.

Lance freezes.

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
Look, I know you're hurting inside,  
but that doesn't give you the right  
to push others out of your life,  
just to watch you get hurt. Other  
people care too you know? Your life  
isn't yours to just throw away.

LANCE  
Do you even hear yourself?

Lance turns towards Jessie.

LANCE (CONT'D)  
If my life isn't mine to do with  
what I please, then whose is it?  
What's the point of living if I  
can't do what makes me happy? I  
understand that you care, but I'm  
well aware of the consequences to  
my actions. It's just that I've  
already weighed those consequences,  
against every other alternative. My  
dreams can't just be something I  
have for eight hours a night when I  
sleep.

JESSIE  
Success isn't everything you know.

Jessie's eyes begin to well with tears.

LANCE

Not everyone achieves happiness the same way. I *have* to do this, and you need to understand that.

Jessie cries.

JESSIE

Even if it costs you everything?

LANCE

That's the mindset you've got to have if you're going to achieve anything meaningful in life.

JESSIE

So all of those times we talked about having a life and a family together...What? Those are just gone?

LANCE

That's not me anymore. And even if I were to go that route, I'd always resent you, myself and any kids we'd have, for it. And I won't pull you or anyone else into that suffering.

JESSIE

Some hero.

LANCE

All I'm asking is for you to let me be who I am.

JESSIE

You don't need to be some action hero for me or anyone else to respect you. You've got me already.

LANCE

Don't you get it...That's not enough.

Jessie covers her face with her right hand. She turns towards the FRONT DOOR. She cries.

LANCE (CONT'D)

I don't respect myself yet and that's what matters. I don't know if I ever will, but all I can do is try. If I don't try, I'll always regret it.

(MORE)

LANCE (CONT'D)

I need to *prove* myself, not to anyone else, but to myself. That's why I'm doing what I'm doing.

Lance grabs Jessie and turns her around.

LANCE (CONT'D)

I wish I wasn't like this, but I am. I wish I hadn't been in the accident, but I was. I wish a lot of things, but all I can do is be who I am, no matter the costs.

Jessie wipes her face.

JESSIE

And I wish I was able to run off right now and leave you. But I can't. No matter how hard I try to convince myself I don't love you, I will always come running after you.

Lance hugs Jessie *tightly*. She hugs him back just as *tight*.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

Just be careful.

LANCE

I will.

CUT TO:

15 INT. BOXING ARENA - BATHROOM - NIGHT

15

Lance sits on a PADDED BENCH. His feet hang off the edge, hovering over the FLOOR. He wears RED BOXING GLOVES, along with a RED and WHITE ROBE, BLUE and WHITE TRUNKS, WHITE and RED BOXING SHOES and WHITE and RED STRIPED SOCKS. He stares between his GLOVES, towards the point where the FLOOR meets the WALL. He pats his GLOVES together intermittently.

The ROOM is *quiet*. *Muffled sounds* of a *small Crowd* are heard from outside the DOOR. QUINCY (30s), an athletic man, stands in the corner. He is wearing a BLUE BUTTON DOWN TRAINER'S SHIRT. He also wears BAGGY KHAKI PANTS and WHITE SNEAKERS. His arms and legs are crossed slightly in front of him. He leans his back against the WALL.

*Knocks* are heard on the DOOR.

QUINCY

Who is it? We said we didn't want anyone in here before the fight.



JESSIE (O.S.)

It's me.

Lance tilts his head towards the DOOR slightly. Quincy looks at Lance. Lance looks at Quincy. Lance nods his head towards the DOOR. Lance returns his eyesight to its previous position. Quincy pushes himself off the WALL and walks to the DOOR. Quincy *sighs quietly*. Quincy opens the DOOR.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

(To Quincy)

Hi.

QUINCY

(To Jessie)

Hello miss.

Quincy steps to the side while holding the DOOR. Jessie tip toes by him. Jessie walks to Lance. Quincy closes the DOOR and leans back on the WALL. Jessie reaches Lance and puts her hand on Lance's leg. She looks down with him.

JESSIE

How you feeling?

LANCE

I don't know.

JESSIE

What do you mean?

LANCE

I feel cold, and stiff. Not in a physical way, but in like a mental or spiritual way. I know what I want, but for some reason I just feel like this is the point of no return. Almost like a premonition, or a sign. You know?

Jessie *chuckles*.

JESSIE

Sounds like you're nervous to me.

Lance looks up into Jessie's eyes. She looks up into his eyes.

LANCE

No, this is different...

Jessie's face freezes in shock and realization.

LANCE (CONT'D)

This is something bigger. It feels like there's some, force, pushing me into one direction, slowly taking more and more of the decisions out of my hands. And now, as I'm in this room, I suddenly feel as if I have no control, but for some reason, I'm stuck thinking of all the other directions my life could have gone. But for the past few years, I haven't for a second, hesitated about the path I chose in life. So now, during the point of no return, I'm caught thinking, what could have been. And I wonder, did I ever even have a say in how my life would go?

Jessie's eyes water. She puts her hand on Lance's cheek.

JESSIE

You've always been larger than life. You know that? I've always seen that in you, I just didn't want to inflate your ego by telling you.

Lance smiles.

LANCE

I'm sorry.

JESSIE

For what?

Jessie wipes her eyes.

LANCE

For making you feel like you're not enough, for pushing you away, and for always acting like our relationship revolved around my life. I hope you find someone who gives you every part of themselves, instead of holding back the part that means the most.

Jessie's eye watering turns into soft crying.

JESSIE

What are you saying?

LANCE

I'm saying, sometimes a person's best, just isn't good enough.

JESSIE

You sound like you know the future.

LANCE

I'm saying there is no future with me, no matter the outcome of this fight.

Jessie cries harder.

JESSIE

Then why go through with it? You said yourself this is the first time you've thought of the other things you could have done in life. Just call it off if you know the results already.

Lance looks down, then to Quincy. Lance nods his head to Jessie.

LANCE

(To Quincy)  
Quince.

Quincy walks over to Jessie.

QUINCY

(To Jessie)  
Alright miss, fight's about to start. Let's give Lance some time to himself.

Quincy and Jessie walk to the DOOR. Quincy opens the DOOR. Jessie stops and turns towards Lance.

JESSIE

(To Lance)  
I said I'd be by your side no matter what, so I'll be in the stands, until the end.

LANCE

(To Jessie)  
Thanks.

Jessie turns around and walks out the DOOR. Quincy waves one hand to Lance. Lance raises one hand back. Quincy walks out of the ROOM and closes the DOOR.

Lance returns to staring straight ahead. He presses his hands to the PADDED BENCH on either side of him. Lance's eyes water.

LANCE (CONT'D)

(Under his breath)

Whoever, or whatever you are, why do you work in such mysterious ways? Why lead me here just to put these thoughts in my head? Why have me sacrifice everything for this one mission, just to strip it all away in the end? Why'd you choose my life to screw with? You could have chosen anybody. Why me?

Lance drops his head. He controls his *breathing*. He raises his head slowly.

LANCE (CONT'D)

(Under his breath)

Just give me a sign. Show yourself. What do I do?

CUT TO:

16 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

16

A DAMAGED CAR sits in the middle of the STREET. Lance sits in the DRIVER'S SEAT alone. He is unconscious. There are no other cars around. His HAZARD LIGHTS are BLINKING. POLICE LIGHTS can be seen not too far away. Lance's unconscious body, wakes up.

LANCE

It's you. It's always been you, until the end.

FADE TO:

17 INT. BOXING ARENA - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

17

The *muffled* sounds of the *crowd* become louder. Lance is frozen. He stares forward. *Knocks* are heard on the DOOR.

QUINCY (O.S.)

It's time boss!

Lance nods his head. He puts the HOOD of his ROBE over his head. He *hits* his GLOVES together.

He slides off the PADDED BENCH and walks towards the DOOR. He bobs his body up and down, while shadow boxing.

FADE TO:

18

INT. BOXING ARENA - LATER

18

Lance and his OPPONENT (early 20s), stand toe to toe in the BOXING RING. His Opponent wears ALL BLACK BOXING ATTIRE. They dance around the RING while trading punches.

A REFEREE (40s) follows them throughout the RING. Quincy stands in Lance's CORNER. A TRAINER (30s) wearing a BLACK BUTTON DOWN TRAINER'S SHIRT stands in his Opponents CORNER. Lance gets multiple punches in. His Opponent is beaten and tired.

Lance is looking good, but he slowly becomes sluggish and dizzy. He stays away from his Opponent for a while and reduces his movement.

Lance's Opponent regains his stamina. He comes at Lance hard and fast. Lance is pushed into the corner of the RING. He avoids multiple punches. Lance throws multiple punches at his Opponent's face.

His Opponent is pushed back into the middle of the RING. Lance follows him and throws multiple punches at his Opponent's mid section. His Opponent blocks them and throws a heavy uppercut after Lance's last punch and before his next punch. It lands.

Lance goes stiff. He floats on his feet for a moment. He slowly falls backward to the MAT. He hits the MAT hard and bounces slightly. The RING shakes. The Referee checks Lance's eyes. He pulls Lance's MOUTH GUARD out, stands up and waves his arms. The fight is over.

Lance is dead. His Opponent bobs and jumps around the RING, raising his hands in victory. His Trainer joins him.

Quincy runs into the RING and kneels down next to Lance.

FADE TO BLACK.