

The Dream Surveillance Act

“The Dream Surveillance Act”
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THE DREAM SURVEILLANCE ACT.

ACT ONE.

Scene 1.

INT. HARRY'S HOUSE – BEDROOM (STAGE LEFT);

INT. DREAM-WORLD – THE BEACH (CENTER STAGE to STAGE RIGHT)

At STAGE LEFT lies a bed, inside an indoor bedroom. A square image over the wall represents a window to the outside, with a bright, full moon visible in the sky. The lights are blue in the bedroom, like outdoor moonlight. Here, Harry Norton is laying in bed, under the covers, fast asleep.

At CENTER STAGE exists an outdoor area. A backdrop here depicts the bright blue daytime sky; white clouds; the sandy beach; a skyline of buildings in the distance. Separating the outdoor place from the bedroom at STAGE LEFT is nothing but a partially-torn wall.

At STAGE RIGHT, over half a dozen people walk around at the beach, most talking on their cell phones. They continue to yell into their phones, all wrapped up in different conversations at once.

Photographic images are displayed to the audience.

1: A village in Paris, France. A long brick walking path surrounded by tall buildings.

2: A big, empty swamp, of green and brown ground.

3: Brooklyn, New York: a ground-level sight of the streets where people walk, and a ballgame is being played.

4: Bright white stars in outer space.

All the lights across STAGE RIGHT and CENTER STAGE now FADE OUT.

Scene 2.

INT. HARRY'S HOUSE – BEDROOM

Now we are left with nothing but Harry lying in bed at STAGE LEFT. The blue light becomes white. He opens his eyes. He jolts, and shakes, as though somebody had just grabbed him. But, giving it a second look, there's nobody there.

He sighs, now fully awake. All the activity of his dreams has died down to nothing. He climbs out of bed, and starts to walk around the room. But he's wearing a metal hat on his head. He takes this metal hat off, setting it down on the bed.

Then he takes a small remote control from on top of his dresser.

HARRY: Now let's just see what I was just dreaming!

He presses a button on the remote. His 50-inch flat TV screen displays the images of his dreams. First: a still image of the beach.

Then: an image of the interior of Paris, France.

Then: the image of the swamp.

The image of the streets of Brooklyn during a ballgame.

The image of stars in space.

HARRY: . . . Jesus Christ. That was my dream?

He looks around, feeling awed. Then he looks back at the TV screen.

HARRY: I . . . halfway remember that now.

He nods his head. His wife, Jillian, enters at STAGE LEFT.

JILLIAN: Who are you talking to, babe?

HARRY: Uhh . . . myself, I guess.

(as he points toward the TV screen) Look. That was my dream last night.

JILLIAN: That was your dream? Outer space?

Harry nods his head, and aims the remote at the TV screen again to flip back through earlier dreams. The image of the outdoor baseball game returns.

HARRY: See, here? Baseball game. Yep! A baseball game. Who would have known that that's what I'd be dreaming about? Look. I dreamed about a baseball game being played outside! I don't think I ever actually did this much as a kid!

The image changes to the image of Paris.

HARRY: This is, what . . . France? Somewhere in Europe? It's hard to say. It's a place I've never lived; a life I've never had. Sort of interesting, huh? That this was my dream?

The image returns to the swamp.

HARRY: And, see. Now, where did I get *that* from?

JILLIAN: Ohhh, wow! There's so much detail in your dreams . . . in . . . in your mind's images. Do you see what I'm saying, now, about the mind's eye?

HARRY: Hmm?

JILLIAN: Your eyes are closed, there's nothing but black, but your mind's eye produces all these wonderful images.

He returns the image to the French village.

JILLIAN: Oh, honey, you dreamed up *this*? This is beautiful!

HARRY: I just can't believe it. I could have sworn I was reliving my childhood when I had this dream. Like I was really *there*, there. But I'm not. And I only remember this right now because I'm watching it again.

JILLIAN: Well, now you get to see what it's like to have your dreams on a TV screen. Isn't it just wonderful?

HARRY: Yeah, it's a real missing piece, all right. I'd otherwise probably not know about these dreams.

Harry uses the remote to turn the TV off, before he sets it down on the dresser. He exits the scene at STAGE LEFT.

HARRY: Makes me wonder what *you* dream about.

JILLIAN: I don't dream.

Scene 3.

INT. STUDIO BUILDING – “ZOEY!” TALK SHOW SET

At STAGE RIGHT, the lights FADE ON to reveal the set of a talk show - “ZOEY!”. Harry is a guest on the show, while Zoey interviews him. The name ZOEY is hung up on the wall in giant letters behind them.

ZOEY: And now we're back from that commercial break. It is my absolute delight to introduce to you Dr. Harry Norton – a man with a Ph. D and a dream-like claim to fame.

(*turning toward Harry*) So, Dr. Norton . . . mind if I call you Harry?

HARRY: Go right ahead. It's my name.

ZOEY: All of us have dreams, including you, and myself, *that* camera-person, and generally every person here in the audience right now. But *you* don't just *have* dreams . . . you *record* them onto video! You own a dream-recording machine!

HARRY: Yes, that is true. I mean, how many of us, back in, ohhh, 4th grade, 5th grade, dreamed about this? How, if only there was some kind of machine that could *record* your dreams, like recording a TV show onto a tape, so that you could see your own dreams on a TV screen, and keep it on tape. Well, look, now we're coming close to the 2020's, and now this technology is coming closer to the light of day.

ZOEY: You built this whole entire machine yourself.

HARRY: Well, no. That would be an extreme oversimplification, and a lie. There was a whole crew of men and women working on this machine, for years, many years. At least one decade. Technically, two.

ZOEY: "Technically, two"? Then, what was your job?

HARRY: Making sure the red, the blue, and the green images all fused together into *one*, to make all the shades of color you see on the glass screen.

ZOEY: Gotcha.

HARRY: You see, about 10 years ago, Dosan Laboratories perfected what they called the virtual dream-state. That is: you're sitting in a chair, you're wearing a metal helmet, you go unconscious, and your dream has a CGI virtual zone inserted into it. They were able to record the virtual reality part onto video, 10 years ago. That, itself, had taken them a good decade to build. Then, they thought: why not go further? Why settle for recording just virtual reality? Why not record the video of a person's bare dreams?

ZOEY: I am so lost by everything you just said.

HARRY: Yeah. Well, it took countless stress, countless work, countless labor, and an awful lot of frustration, to get this machine to work, taking people's dreams and recording them onto video, but, rest assured, it does work, with zero side effects seen yet.

ZOEY: How do you know? How do you know it's not gonna be harmful to people that try to use this machine? Do you care?

HARRY: Of course I care. *I'm* the one using the machine. *I'm* the one placing myself at risk, every time I put it on, if there are any bad side effects. Of course I want to make sure the thing is safe. Safe for me, safe for my wife, safe for anybody.

ZOEY: Good answer. So, how does it work? How can you take images from someone's *brain* to a machine?

HARRY: Well, it might sound pretty far-out, but it's actually not as much as you might think at first.

Okay. Your body has color cones - one for red, one for green, one for blue. Actually the blue cone alone captures the color violet. The rods detect lightness, but not color. Also the reason that color seems to fade away in darkness.

However, color cones are for your body to sense *outside* information. Dreams are internal. You close your eyes and see *internal* colors - red, green, blue, and the frequencies in between. Not "combinations of colors" necessarily.

ZOEY: Right.

HARRY: But the pineal gland is the organ that processes that *internal* coloring. So you close your eyes and just dream that you're at the beach or something.

ZOEY: All from one gland?

HARRY: Yes, and it's about the size of the pea. It's not quite the color cones.

ZOEY: Wow.

HARRY: Bottom line is: the machine that records dreams, it is real, it *does* exist, and I've got one in my bedroom.

ZOEY: The flying cars are only *days* away.

HARRY: Well . . . hmm. That's the funny thing. Flying cars, the actual technology of it, has been around for a long time already. It's been possible for a while to build and use them. It's just that nobody wants to make the flying car available all over.

ZOEY: Because?

HARRY: Safety concerns. Could everyone do it right? Could everyone afford one? How much more expensive would one flying car be, compared to one regular car? And look how long it took for the world to transition from the bicycle to the car. How long would it take to transition again? Plenty of time. So, even though the technology has been built, no way will it go everywhere. Not any time soon, anyway.

ZOEY: Now, what about the potential for misuse, with this dream-recording machine?

HARRY: What misuse? People record their own dreams. They decide to stop, they can stop any time. I don't see any potential for misuse.

ZOEY: But, what if somebody uses the machine on someone else, without permission?

HARRY: Well, that would be pretty weird. That would not be right. But, that would be

countable as spying on someone. Well, I don't know. There really aren't that many *laws* about dreaming.

ZOEY: Now, when it gets released to the public, how much will one unit cost?

HARRY: Starting price, once this thing is released publicly, will be \$12,000.

ZOEY: What??

HARRY: At first. Give it a little time.

ZOEY: Why *that* much money?

HARRY: There's an awful lot of tech involved! I mean, it costs a lot to make. It's not like one of those things where, I don't know, it costs a couple bucks to make, charge a few hundred. It's actually not much profit margin involved, believe it or not.

ZOEY: So, not everyone can afford one, then. Only the rich, and wealthy. Who knows. If someone is rich enough, perhaps they'll share with the rest of us.

HARRY: Well, just give it time. They may eventually build cheaper models.

ZOEY: But you have one. So, I'd really like to know. What is it like, when you turn on the TV, and you see your own dreams? What kinds of things do you see?

HARRY: Oh, wow, I . . . I don't even know how to put it into words and do it justice.

Well . . . hmmm. It's kind of like going back in time about 8 hours, and seeing those visions and images, that whole sequence, all over again. It's like, oh yeah! I remember that now! I'm re-connected! I end up feeling really re-connected to myself. I can't wait for the day when more people can afford to buy these things.

ZOEY: Now, I understand you wish to share some of these dreams here.

HARRY: Yes. Take a look here. Still images, extracted from the dream-video footage.

On the electronic screen, we see the village in Paris. Harry and Zoey turn their heads toward the screen.

HARRY: I have no idea where this is actually located, but my wife really loved -

ZOEY: Looks like Paris.

HARRY: Really?

ZOEY: Yes, in France.

HARRY: Well . . . I know . . . hmm. It looks like Paris?

ZOEY: This looks exactly like Paris, France.

HARRY: I . . . it's just a made-up image, is all. My wife loved this one.
And this is the outdoor baseball game, looks like somewhere in Brooklyn, I think.

ZOEY: Yes, that looks like 34th Avenue.

HARRY: Really? . . . Whatever, it's just made-up.

ZOEY: Absolutely exciting. Just fascinating.

HARRY: Yeah. Thanks.

The APPLAUSE sign flashes, to signal the audience to start clapping and cheering. Zoey continues to smile. Meanwhile, one of the cameramen is aiming the camera at the audience itself, aiming the camera from right to left to slowly capture the whole audience in a pan shot. Soon, the lights all FADE OUT.

Scene 4.

INT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD – EVENING

Harry and Jillian arrive at STAGE RIGHT, bundled up for cold weather, walking toward STAGE LEFT while talking.

HARRY: So, I've got this big, amazing secret. I actually own the dream-recording machine in my house. Ahhh. Now I'm finally happy and fulfilled.

JILLIAN: Big, amazing secret? You just went on Zoey's talk show and talked about it to millions of people, Harry!

HARRY: Yeah. Now I finally got to announce this great big knowledge. I finally told the world that I've got this machine. I guess I regret it, then, a little bit.

JILLIAN: Why, exactly?

HARRY: Because now everyone and their mother will try to break into the house to steal the machine. I can't believe I did that – publicized it.

JILLIAN: Are we going to have to move?

HARRY: Well – I don't know. If anything does happen – any windows get broken, or anything – then let's move.

JILLIAN: Oh, Harry! It's not like we live in a bad neighborhood.

HARRY: I know. But . . . you never know. Us having this machine, and me talking about it on TV, might just disrupt things.

JILLIAN: Well, I'll stay on-guard. Ready to call the police. What are gonna be the consequences of us keeping this machine?

HARRY: Theft of the machine itself is all I'm worried about. But, if people do break and enter for *that*, what if they take more too? Or - what if someone who needs more drugs figures, hey, I'll get *thousands* for *this!* . . . We just gotta be prepared.

JILLIAN: How do you know it's safe to use?

HARRY: Oh, it's extremely safe to use.

JILLIAN: How do you know that?

HARRY: About 10 years ago, Dosan Laboratories finished the Dream Machine chair and helmet. In 10 years, so far, nobody has complained of any side effects. The Dream-Corder is made from technology originally built upon the Dream Machine's tech.

JILLIAN: If you can read someone's dreams when they're asleep, what about when they're awake?

HARRY: Not the same. It *loses signal* every time a person wakes up.

JILLIAN: Really?

HARRY: They'll work on that, for the future, the machine that scans your mind while you're awake. Give it, oh, another 10, 15 years. Maybe even 20.

JILLIAN: Whoa, whoa, slow down. Slow down. It's already a bit much to process that you're recording dreams onto video.

HARRY: Each machine costs \$12,000 to buy. It's way too much. I'm sure that, in the future, their goal will be to make the thing smaller and smaller. More compact. More affordable.

JILLIAN: No, let's just make it bigger. More expensive.

HARRY: Oh. Well. Hmm. So now what?

JILLIAN: Now, you're good for the day.

The lights all FADE OUT.

Scene 5.

INT. HARRY'S HOME

At STAGE LEFT, Harry and Jillian are both asleep in bed. Harry wakes up, sits up a little bit, looks around, and rises. Within moments, he locates the remote control, then presses it to turn on the TV screen.

JILLIAN: Hmm? What's happening?

Soon, she sees that Harry is holding a remote. She sees that the remote is aiming at the TV. So she sees that he's watching his dream-footage again.

JILLIAN: Watching last night's dreams, eh?

The electronic screen displays video footage of Harry's POV, as he holds a basketball, aiming it at the basketball hoop. (Perhaps the video footage is filmed with a cameraman holding the camera to capture Harry's viewpoint, as he uses both hands to hold the orange ball.) He throws the ball.

HARRY: Hmm. Yeah. This was it.

JILLIAN: Mm.

She lays back down on the pillow, and is soon passed out asleep.

Harry looks around.

He thinks about it.

Soon enough, he's slowly taking the metal hat and placing it softly over her head.

On the TV screen, we see a single red dot. It's recording. Harry smiles. Then he climbs back into bed and lays a few feet away from her. She's facing away from him, but she's wearing the helmet. So he lays down and starts to doze off.

At CENTER STAGE and STAGE RIGHT, light shines to reveal:

INT. JILLIAN'S DREAM-WORLD

A shower curtain of an all-ocean design is hung, to display some of her dream images. Many extras walk around at once, all facing away from the audience. Everybody seems to be talking a bunch of nonsense. Heavy metal music starts playing. Then, after seven seconds, it abruptly stops.

OVERHEAD SPEAKERS: Passengers, please. Passengers, please. May I please have your attention. Will seating rows A through B please report to the flight deck immediately. Will seating rows A through B please report to the flight deck immediately.

CROWD PEOPLE: Get out of my way! Move it! Come on! I've got a place to be! My husband's a doctor.

Although Jillian is asleep at STAGE LEFT, a similar copy of her appears at STAGE RIGHT, dressed in white pajamas and a white 1905-era sleeping hat. She starts moon-jumping from one foot to another, then resumes walking normally.

JILLIAN: I don't know *what* my seating row is! Would somebody please help me? Hey!

People bump into her, pushing into her.

JILLIAN: Hey! Stop that! No!

She hides down a little, avoiding people.

JILLIAN: No! Get away from me!!

She darts on ahead, and takes off the sleeping cap.

At STAGE LEFT, Jillian begins to thrash a little. Harry sits up, in bed.

HARRY: All you all right? Are you all right? Jillian.

At STAGE LEFT, he starts to shake her.

JILLIAN: UNNN!!

The lights all FADE OUT at CENTER STAGE and STAGE RIGHT. The dream-world is cut off. Meanwhile, the electronic image, displaying the single red dot, goes back to black, as we hear an electronic sound to imply that it's done recording.

Harry quickly grabs the metal hat and pulls it off her head.

Then he gets to work stuffing it by his side.

JILLIAN: It's not even the right one. No.

HARRY: What? What's happening?

Jillian finally sits up.

JILLIAN: Hmm?

HARRY: You were only asleep for about 10 seconds. If even that much.

JILLIAN: Really?

She stands up.

JILLIAN: Well, I don't feel like sleeping anymore. I'm not sure why. I think it's time to just get up.

HARRY: Hmm.

JILLIAN: What is that? The helmet?

HARRY: Yeah. I . . . yeah.

JILLIAN: Oh well. At least it's wireless!

HARRY: Yeah. That's a major thing.

They both get up, rising to their feet.

Soon enough, Jillian leaves the room. But Harry stays behind. Then he takes his remote control, and turns on his TV, to see the images of Jillian's dreams.

First, he sees the ocean-themed shower curtain.

HARRY: Hmm.

Then, several strangers fade into view, seen from the back.

HARRY: This is . . . interesting.

VOICE: Will seating rows A through B please report to the flight deck immediately.
Get out of my way! Move it! Come on!

HARRY: Wow. What is this?

JILLIAN'S VOICE: Hey! Stop that! No! . . . No! Get away from me!!

HARRY'S VOICE: All you all right? Are you all right? Jillian.

JILLIAN'S VOICE: Mmmmmmm!

Then the screen FADES TO BLACK. The signal was lost when she woke up.

Harry nods his head.

HARRY: I can't believe it.

JILLIAN: Can't believe what?

Jillian enters the bedroom again, at STAGE LEFT.

HARRY: (*gasp*) Spying on me?! Listening in on my words?!

JILLIAN: What can't you believe? You just said you can't believe it. What is it that you can't believe, hmm?

HARRY: Oh. Well, look at this.

He aims the remote at the TV, re-playing all its footage again.

HARRY: At the end of this dream . . . you can hear my voice. You can hear me saying, "Are you all right? Are you all right? Jillian." And you can hear *my* voice, but I was saying it when I was awake!

JILLIAN: Gaaaaasp!! You did NOT!

HARRY: What?

JILLIAN: YOU RECORDED MY DREAMS!

HARRY: On-only for a minute.

JILLIAN: HOW LONG have you been doing this??

HARRY: J-just this once.

JILLIAN: You recorded my dreams?!!

HARRY: Listen. Look. Your dream is just . . . it just showed me something important! Okay? You could hear my voice –

JILLIAN: That is not okay, to look into my dreams without even telling me!!

HARRY: But I did tell you. I'm telling you now.

JILLIAN: That's not the point and you know it!!

She storms out of the room, mad, leaving Harry alone, to contemplate his actions.

Harry starts to pace around, while holding a cell phone aimed at himself.

HARRY: Video log. New theory. I'm wondering exactly how it works, how someone who's asleep can hear the words of someone who's awake. I'm noticing now that my words, to my wife, did show up in the dream.

He paces around a little more. He looks back at the TV screen, currently displaying one still image from the dreams.

HARRY: I guess I talk, and she hears it, she processes it from body to mind, from mind to dream, and from dream to video. Therefore, how far can I take this? Could I play a song, and hear it recorded in her dream? If so, I can test exactly how *time* works, between real life and dreams – I may end up proving or disproving a lot of things.

The lights all FADE OUT.

Scene 6.

INT. HARRY'S HOME - MORNING

Harry and Jillian are eating breakfast.

HARRY: Well, it's been three months now since that talk show.

JILLIAN: And nobody's broken and entered yet.

HARRY: Yeah, but hey. Can never be too careful.

JILLIAN: So, I read an article today. Something in it really struck me.

HARRY: Yeah?

JILLIAN: The dream-recording tech . . . it was meant to be . . . I don't know. "Fun."
"Entertainment."

HARRY: Yeah, it's entertaining.

JILLIAN: But the article says that people are looking into possibilities of using it to aid law enforcement, and detectives.

HARRY: (*excited*) What? Really? That . . . that's amazing! How, though? I don't understand.

JILLIAN: Well, suppose they have a list of suspects for a particular crime. A really big one - not just a minor little thing like jaywalking or petty larceny or something.

HARRY: Something major, like . . . rape, murder?

JILLIAN: Or witnessing something. Or having once been a victim. Dreams might be able to put together more pieces of the puzzle for investigators.

HARRY: I . . . I don't know. It's just dreams. I don't think much can be proven there.

JILLIAN: No. Perhaps not. But . . . well, it's hard to explain what it said.

HARRY: Can I read it for myself?

JILLIAN: Yeah, of course. Let me see where I read it from.

She goes to find the article, then finds it and hands it to him.

JILLIAN: Here. No one ever said anything about this to you yet?

HARRY: Just a bunch of speculation from my team. A thousand theories and possibilities. This seems to be coming from somewhere else.

JILLIAN: Right. This isn't coming from the scientists this time. This is coming from law enforcement; they believe this technology might be useable somehow.

HARRY: I just don't see how. I mean - people could dream about whatever, whenever.

JILLIAN: Well, just read it.

HARRY: Okay.

Harry walks off to STAGE RIGHT, while reading the magazine article.

A few seconds later, he returns from STAGE RIGHT, finished reading it. He sets it back down on the table.

HARRY: Wow, I'm glad that you brought this to my attention.

JILLIAN: This is happening a lot faster than I ever expected. It's only been three months since you went on that talk show!

HARRY: And already I'm *adding* things to law enforcement!

No. I'm sorry - I just don't see how this could be helpful or useful to them.

JILLIAN: Well, say they have a suspect for something serious. What they're talking about is . . . well, you read it.

HARRY: Yeah, yeah, putting the helmet over a suspect's head before sleep, if he consents. But if a warrant is filed on a suspect they won't need consent. I don't know. I find it hard to imagine that happening.

JILLIAN: They may end up with useful clues from dream footage.

HARRY: Wow. Well, they should go ahead and do it, then!

This is all I've got so far of a 60-page play. Here's the rest of what will happen, from now to page 60.

Harry will learn that they are indeed building newer and better models of the Dream-Corder, but not to be smaller. They are built and positioned in underground rooms, in the sewer systems, and aimed to the ceiling. As a result, a lot of people in the city are having their dreams scanned and recorded without their knowledge, and the dreams are instantly sent to the Headquarters of the FBI, who, from there, shares the dreams with various other agencies. Soon, the Dream Surveillance Act will require that all people have all their dreams recorded at all times.

Men sit in a room all day and analyze video footage of people's dreams. The dreams are dated, and kept in a vault forever. One man dreams of firing a gun at someone else. Now the FBI decides to probe further into the man who had that dream. They watch the dream repeatedly. They analyze the gunshot. They analyze the yellow glow, and what it may mean. They analyze who it is being shot. Then they decide it's time to investigate his past week of dreams.

After investigating the entire week of dreams, they wonder what exactly is normal, and what's not. They find that a lot of people seem to dream about kissing. After noticing the same basic themes in enough people's different dreams, they conclude that some dreams are not too bad to have after all.

But the police officers are having their dreams scanned, too. When they dream of firing guns at people, it must be analyzed as much as anybody else's dreams. Does the gunshot represent a memory of the past, or a vision of the future, or a clue as to the present and his future intentions? The police officer is confronted about his gunshot dream. He remembers no such thing. He had no dreams last night. But he is sat down and shown a video of his dreams. Indeed, he did dream of the violence. Now he has no answer for it, except to say that it's just some dream, and it means nothing.

Men and women sit in a room all day, watching dream video footage. They notice that a man dreams of kissing a different girl, and sneaking around, while his wife

is dreaming of an affair with another guy. 10 people discuss what this means as to where their relationship is headed, going into the future. Maybe it says something about their state in the present.

Big news: the exact same natural disasters that have been happening around the globe lately were seen in visions in people's dreams. The proof is in the video footage. People did, indeed, definitely dream about events that soon after happened. Then, those are the people to keep an eye on, for their dreams may be used to predict terrible events. On the other hand, watching from a great distance, it may be hard to tell what's a silly dream and what's a serious clue.

The Dream Surveillance Act requires that all dreams be recorded. It's like a security camera system, which is built and then continues to exist permanently. But the consequences are the discomfort and panic that it causes on a major scale.

Scene 7.

INT. UNDERGROUND ROOM – CENTER STAGE

A large silver funnel is installed, by two men, up-side down from a ceiling.

WORKER 1: I don't think we get paid enough for these slave labor jobs.

WORKER 2: Ah, quit griping. Come on. It needs more screws.

Whirrrr! We hear an electronic screwdriver twisting a screw into place, so that the funnel will suspend from the ceiling on its own.

JILLIAN: What is it? What's the problem?

HARRY: Looks like people won't have to spend money to have their dreams recorded, after all.

JILLIAN: What? What do you mean?

HARRY: They're building new Dream-Corder models. I thought they would make the Dream-Corder machine *smaller*, over the years – make it more affordable – but I was wrong. They're building Dream-Corder units bigger. Big enough to record a pretty good percentage of the whole city's dreams, all at once.

JILLIAN: Wait a minute. So . . . everybody's going to have their dreams recorded?

HARRY: Whether you like it or not.

JILLIAN: Basically, there's no way, at all, for everyone on Earth to have their dreams recorded at once, unless every single person is wearing an individual helmet. These helmets are easy to feel, easy to spot, so it's really hard for your dreams to be read without you knowing.

HARRY: But then they thought. What if they built a helmet to be up-side down? What if, instead of a helmet worn over the head, it was an up-side down helmet, placed underground, aimed toward the feet? A helmet of a big enough size, powered up to high-enough levels of energy, might be enough to read a sleeping human being's mind. These metal hats are placed on the ceilings of underground rooms in the sewer systems. They are built to be big enough to capture all the dreams of people within a 0.2-mile radius. In other words, LOTS of people can now have their dreams recorded, without

their permission. Lots.

JILLIAN: It sounds like a little much.

HARRY: Well . . . overall it's more safe this way than the earlier way.

This is all I've got for now of an intended 60-page play.