

DREAMS ARE BUT SHADOWS

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. GARAGE - SUMMER NIGHT

Three young men sit on a mattress and drink beer.

To the left, leaning on his sleeping bag, is JOHNNY-FOOLISH - a bald, skinny, and unshaven man who looks homeless. With a cigarette in his mouth, he drinks from the can.

At the center is FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST, wearing a dirty white shirt whose sleeves are pulled half high. He has black graying hair and looks sad.

The third man on the right - CURT with the nickname Bulldozer - is fat, has a wrinkled face, and many mysterious tattoos with numbers and hieroglyphs on all possible places of his body. On his chest dangles a large gold cross. He drinks his beer with large gulps and steadily BURPS and FARTS.

JOHNNY-FOOLISH
What's the news, guys?

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST
Yankees lost again.

CURT-BULLDOZER
Are you still a fan of those losers?

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST
And you're not a loser, are you?

JOHNNY-FOOLISH
(conciliatory)
We're all losers here, guys!

They drink in silence; only Curt-Bulldozer FARTS again.

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST
(to Curt-Bulldozer)
Stop farting man!

He turns away from him.

CURT-BULLDOZER
Guys, we need a plan - an excellent one.

Johnny-Foolish takes the cigarette out of his mouth.

JOHNNY-FOOLISH
(excitedly)
Let's rob someone.

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST
How? Tell me!

JOHNNY-FOOLISH
It's simple. First...

JOHNNY'S-FOOLISH FANTASY #1

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A yellow lantern swinging in the wind weakly illuminates an empty street.

From afar, an OLDER MAN slowly walks, tapping the sidewalk with a white cane of a blind. Johnny-Foolish runs towards him.

JOHNNY-FOOLISH
Stop! Gimme your money!

OLDER MAN
I have no money!

JOHNNY-FOOLISH
We'll see that right away!

He knocks the cane out of his hand and ransacks his pockets.

JOHNNY-FOOLISH (cont'd)
Ah! What do we have here?

He takes his wallet out of his pocket, opens it, and takes out a few bills.

JOHNNY-FOOLISH (cont'd)
Oh, how I hate liars!

He turns the Old Man around, gives him a foot under his ass, and runs away.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST

Pooh! That's terrible to rob an old,
poor, and blind man!

JOHNNY-FOOLISH

I know why they call you Frank-
Sociologist!

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST

But do you know why they call you
Johnny-Foolish?

Johnny-Foolish becomes apathetic again and fumes silently.

CURT-BULLDOZER

Guys, we have no use for a couple of
bills for a few bottles of beer! We
need real money!

JOHNNY-FOOLISH

(indifferently)

Then, let's rob the shop at a gas
station!

CURT-BULLDOZER

Tell me, how?

JOHNNY-FOOLISH

I won't. The sociologist will be
against it again.

CURT-BULLDOZER

Maybe I like it?

Johnny-Foolish sits pouting.

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST

Come on, tell me! I won't say a
word!

Johnny-Foolish throws away his cigarette.

JOHNNY-FOOLISH

Fine, I'll tell you how we do it!
First...

JOHNNY'S-FOOLISH FANTASY #2

EXT. SHOP AT A GAS STATION - NIGHT

Frank-Sociologist and Curt-Bulldozer keep watch on both sides of the street, deliberately peering into dark corners. Johnny-Foolish sneaks to the well-illuminated shop at the gas station.

INT. SHOP - NIGHT

A young SALESWOMAN with thin pigtails and a pierced nose stands at the cash register chewing gum and listening to music through headphones.

Johnny-Foolish approaches her and points his finger at the "Marlboro." The Saleswoman turns around to get the pack. At that very moment, Johnny-Foolish pulls a children's gun from his back pocket and directs it at her.

The Saleswoman stops chewing gum and looks at him with a blank stare. He indicates with his gun at the cash register. The Saleswoman opens it and picks out the money without taking off her headphones.

Johnny-Foolish snatches the money out of her hands, is about to go, remembers his cigarettes, grabs the pack, and walks out of the store with the confident stride of a real cowboy.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST

(sadly)

Firstly, the police will find us quickly, and the girl will recognize you. Secondly, we'll barely get any money but spend several years in prison.

JOHNNY-FOOLISH

You're a hard man to please!

He lights a cigarette again.

CURT-BULLDOZER

He's right! It's not worth it! Besides, it's not enough!

JOHNNY-FOOLISH

How much are you after?

CURT-BULLDOZER

In six and seven digits.

Then he FARTS.

JOHNNY-FOOLISH
No wonder they call you Curt-
Bulldozer! You always climb onto the
wall!

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST
(seriously)
The more the digits, the more years
you get behind the Swedish blinds.

CURT-BULLDOZER
Don't shit your pants!

They drink again in silence.

JOHNNY-FOOLISH
Well, then we'll have to rob a bank.

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST
Are we going to dig a tunnel beneath
the bank?
(pause)
During ten years?

JOHNNY-FOOLISH
Why would we? It'll be easier than
that. For example, like this.

JOHNNY'S-FOOLISH FANTASY #3

INT. BANK - DAY

By the cash register are two OLD LADIES, a WOMAN with a BABY
in her arms and her five-year-old BOY. The Boy blows a
yellow balloon.

Three BANDITS, with stocking masks on their faces, barge
into the bank and take turns shouting:

BANDIT #1 (JOHNNY-FOOLISH)
All down!

BANDIT #2 (CURT-BULLDOZER)
All down!

BANDIT #3 (FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST)
All down!

They are waving children's guns.

All people look at them in astonishment. Only the Boy is curiously delighted. He runs to Johnny-Foolish and offers him his balloon.

BANDIT #1 (JOHNNY-FOOLISH)
Take your boy away, mother!

BANDIT #2 (CURT-BULLDOZER)
Learn to educate your child, mother!

BANDIT #3 (FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST)
Right on - Educate!

The Woman runs to her Boy and grabs his hand; he twitches and screams, whereupon her Baby begins to cry loudly.

BANDIT #2 (CURT-BULLDOZER)
How I hate roaring kids!
(to the Lady-Cashier)
All the money! And quickly!

He hands her a plastic baggie.

BANDIT #1 (JOHNNY-FOOLISH)
Yes! All the money! Quickly!

BANDIT #3 (FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST)
Exactly - all the money, please!

While the LADY-CASHIER is selecting and folding the money, there's a sound resembling that of a GUNSHOT. Everybody turns to stone.

BOY
Ow! My balloon!

He begins to cry loudly, and then the Baby cries even louder.

BANDIT #1 (JOHNNY-FOOLISH)
Calm down your children, mother!

BANDIT #2 (CURT-BULLDOZER)
I cannot stand it anymore!

BANDIT #3 (FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST)
Mother, please, take your kids and go!

The Woman with her children heads for the door.

OLD LADY #1
Can we go, too?

OLD LADY #2
We won't say anything to anyone.

BANDIT #2 (CURT-BULLDOZER)
No! Not before I go!

BANDIT #3 (FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST)
Wait a moment, please!

BANDIT #1 (JOHNNY-FOOLISH)
Count to thirty. But slowly!

OLD LADY #1
One... Two... Three...

Old Lady #2 sighs heavily.

Bandit #2 - Curt-Bulldozer - grabs the baggie of money.

BANDIT #2 (CURT-BULLDOZER)
There should at least be tens of
thousands of dollars in there.
Right?

BANDIT #1 (JOHNNY-FOOLISH)
Six digits and no more... at least
for now, that is.

BANDIT #3 (FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST)
How much money is in here?

WOMAN-CASHIER
I don't know. I didn't get a chance
to count it yet.

OLD LADY #1
Fifteen... Sixteen...

The Bandits, pushing the Woman and her Boy, run out of the
bank.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST
Why does your fantasy always have a
disabled person or a woman acting up?
What if there were men there instead?

JOHNNY-FOOLISH
If there were any men by chance, we
wouldn't go in.

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST

Aha!

CURT-BULLDOZER

No, that's no good! You won't know how much money will be in there!

And he BURPS loudly.

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST

That's not the main thing! The cashier will press the button. The police will find our fingerprints. There will be dogs to sniff us out. In short, we'll go to jail. That's sure as eggs is eggs.

They are dejectedly silent.

JOHNNY-FOOLISH

If you don't like that, you should start a bank yourself.

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST

That's not a bad idea. We collect money from people, and then we disappear. Or go bankrupt.

(pause)

The only thing we'd need is equity.

JOHNNY-FOOLISH

What do we need again?

CURT-BULLDOZER

Some money.

The cigarette falls out of Johnny's-Foolish mouth.

JOHNNY-FOOLISH

We need money to get money. How's that?

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST

You must be credible if you want people to bring you their money. You must have money to get permission to open a bank.

Johnny-Foolish is thinking.

JOHNNY-FOOLISH

Let's give them a piece of paper on which the money will stand in numbers.

CURT-BULLDOZER

Oh! I like that! Now, that's an actual fraud! How will you do that?

JOHNNY-FOOLISH

Simple. With the help of drugs. I've got a loyal Colombian friend in Guatemala...

JOHNNY'S-FOOLISH FANTASY #4

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Frank-Sociologist, with a wig and a mustache, sits next to the DRIVER.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST

Hey! Why me, of all people?

JOHNNY-FOOLISH

Because only you can say "sorry," "please," and "goodbye" at the right time.

CURT-BULLDOZER

Go ahead!

JOHNNY'S-FOOLISH FANTASY #4 - CONTINUATION

INT. TAXI - NIGHT - TRAVELING

DRIVER

What do you have to do by the Mexican border at night?

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST

I have a rendezvous with my beloved.

DRIVER

Aha, a hot Latina?

They LAUGH.

DRIVER (cont'd)

Do you have money?

Frank-Sociologist shows him a hundred-dollar bill.

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST
This will be yours!

He puts the bill back in his shirt pocket.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

The taxi stops.

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST
Muchas gracias!

He takes the hundred-dollar bill out of his pocket and gives it to the Driver. The Driver takes it, turns it over, and sees that it's just a printed piece of paper.

DRIVER
What's this??

At that moment, the door on his side opens, and a hand gives him a good smack on his head.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TAXI - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Three friends travel on. Frank-Sociologist sits at the wheel, Johnny-Foolish next to him, and Curt-Bulldozer on the back seat.

Johnny-Foolish looks at the photo in the taxi driver's passport, then at Frank-Sociologist.

JOHNNY-FOOLISH
That will do! Your name is... Nomak from now on, Bill Nomak. Got that?

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST
Can you even read? Read it again!

JOHNNY-FOOLISH
No-wak! Ah, Bill Nowak!

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST
Put it back!

Johnny-Foolish puts the passport back in Frank-Sociologists shirt pocket.

After a while, the taxi approaches the booth at the state border.

Curt-Bulldozer sprawls over the seat, assuming a swaggering posture. Johnny-Foolish smokes nervously, immersing himself in a cloud of smoke.

EXT. STATE BORDER BOOTH - NIGHT

Frank-Sociologist hands over three passports to the male BORDER SERVICES OFFICER while avoiding eye contact.

Holding the passports in his hand, the Border Services Officer talks to someone in the booth and LAUGHS. Several minutes pass as the pressure builds up.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

JOHNNY-FOOLISH
(to Frank-Sociologist)
Keep in mind that your name is Nowak,
No-Wak!

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST
Shut the hell up!

EXT. STATE BORDER BOOTH - NIGHT

Not looking at the passengers, the Border Services Officer returns all the passports to Frank-Sociologist.

EXT. TAXI - NIGHT

The taxi whizzes away.

INT. TAXI - DAY - TRAVELING

Curt-Bulldozer drives the taxi. Two passengers are asleep in funny poses with open mouths.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TAXI - DAY - TRAVELING

Johnny-Foolish drives now, and the others sleep soundly.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TAXI - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Frank-Sociologist drives the taxi again. Johnny-Foolish smokes as Curt-Bulldozer sleeps; SNORING and FARTING.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

The taxi goes down the twisted road.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Frank-Sociologist is the driver; Johnny-Foolish drinks beer; Curt-Bulldozer looks at the bare mountains blankly.

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST
Gracias a Dios! We're in Guatemala!

JOHNNY-FOOLISH
I already miss the U.S.

CURT-BULLDOZER
And what do we do now? We've got no money for a living!

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

CURT-BULLDOZER
Right! What can one do without money?

JOHNNY-FOOLISH
Wait! Who's telling the story now - you or me?

CURT-BULLDOZER
Okay, okay. Continue.

JOHNNY'S-FOOLISH FANTASY #4 - CONTINUATION

INT. SHED - DAY

The shed is full of wrecked cars and different spare parts. Johnny-Foolish talks to a WORKER who wears dirty clothing. Then they clap each other hands.

EXT. SHED - DAY

Johnny-Foolish comes out of the shed, and all three friends get into a wrecked blue Tuk-Tuk.

INT. TUK-TUK - DAY

JOHNNY-FOOLISH
Now we'll be going to my Colombian
friend Juan.

He starts the auto rickshaw but only after a few tries.

INT. PATIO - DAY

Three friends and JUAN - an excellent-looking Mayan guy of 30 - sit at a table on a luxurious patio in the shade of dangling purple flower garlands while having coffee.

JOHNNY-FOOLISH
(to Juan)
You live like a king!

Juan smiles guardedly but happily.

JOHNNY-FOOLISH (cont'd)
You know why I came to you, right?
We've got a plan...

JUAN
Let's hear it, amigo!

EXT. ROAD AT THE GATE OF A HACIENDA - DAY

Above the gate is a flower garland arc.

Juan comes out through the gate and hands Johnny-Foolish a folder.

INSERT - FOLDER

on which is written "DOCUMENTS."

BACK TO SCENE

JUAN
What you need is inside, and the
other thing too... Watch out! I do
not know you.

JOHNNY-FOOLISH
But of course! I owe you one!

JUAN
See you in New York, amigo!

Johnny-Foolish puts money in his hand; then, they pat each other on the shoulder.

JOHNNY-FOOLISH
See you!

They part.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Smartly dressed, Frank-Sociologist sits at the desk across from the OFFICIAL, who is flipping through his papers.

OFFICIAL
Permission to start a bank?

He stops reading, looks at Frank-Sociologist, and thinks.

OFFICIAL (cont'd)
All your documents seem to be in order, but my gut tells me something is not kosher here.

With a regal gesture, Frank-Sociologist picks a cigar box out of his jacket pocket, opens it, and offers the Official a thick Cuban cigar. The Official takes it.

They both have a smoke.

Some minutes later...

OFFICIAL'S P.O.V. - FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST

grows into a GIANT, then becomes a shape of a CLOWN who smiles radiantly. The Clown gives him a golden pen and a piece of paper to write on. And the Official...

signs this paper.

BACK TO SCENE

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST
Muchas gracias, amigo!

And he leaves. The Official shakes his head like he wants to wake up.

EXT. TWO-STORY SPANISH-STYLE HOUSE ON THE OCEAN SHORE - DAY

The garage opens, and a red Rolls-Royce drives out.

INT. ROLLS-ROYCE - DAY

Curt-Bulldozer drives the car and... farts.

EXT. OCEAN COAST - DAY

Johnny-Foolish lies on the sand and smokes a fat cigar. Three beautiful model GIRLS are gathering around him.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

In a long silk robe, Frank-Sociologist sits by a desk and talks on the phone.

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST
(into the phone)
Please, promise them a fifty percent
profit now!
(pause)
You know, it's a pyramid scheme! Let
all be happy!

He LAUGHS.

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST (cont'd)
I'll tell you when we've had enough
and have to disappear.
(pause)
Please, don't bother about it, let
people transfer the money from around
the globe.

He ends the conversation and slaps his hands over his head in satisfaction.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

JOHNNY-FOOLISH
Well, how does it look?

CURT-BULLDOZER
Not bad, I'd say.

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST
(to Johnny-Foolish)
Where did you come to know about the
pyramid scheme?

JOHNNY-FOOLISH
I'm not as stupid as you think. I've
made friends...

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST
(thoughtfully)
You are so naive, guys! That will
not work.

JOHNNY-FOOLISH
Why? Firstly, the police cannot find
us because we will act under false
names and documents. Secondly, we'll
have a lot of money to disappear into
the fog. And thirdly...

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST
But what will you do with your
appearance? Can you change your face
and fingerprints?

CURT-BULLDOZER
Right! What should I do with my
face?

JOHNNY-FOOLISH
(to Curt-Bulldozer)
Listen. You wanted to have the best
method to make a lot of money. The
pyramid scheme is the best of all
because there are way too many stupid
and greedy people.

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST
Alright, I agree. But if the police
catch us, you'll take all the blame.
Okay?

JOHNNY-FOOLISH
Why me?

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST
Because then we can get you a good
lawyer and get you out of jail after
a few years. Listen - isn't it worth
spending a few years in prison for
some million dollars? A million for
a year?

JOHNNY-FOOLISH

No.

(pause)

I need three million for a year in prison.

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST

Okay.

CURT-BULLDOZER

I disagree with this. For me, the risk is too big. From the very beginning, I want to transfer the responsibility for our company to someone else.

Again they sit in gloomy silence.

JOHNNY-FOOLISH

Then...

(pause)

How about organizing a religious community?

CURT-BULLDOZER

What would be the difference?

JOHNNY-FOOLISH

The income and the actions with drugs remain the same, only the thing about the management changes. We get a charismatic wacky man as a priest who will sit in prison later.

CURT-BULLDOZER

Draw the whole picture, man.

JOHNNY-FOOLISH

Here, look.

JOHNNY'S-FOOLISH FANTASY #5

EXT. WIDE MEADOW - DAY

The CROWD sits in a meditative pose. The PRIEST is in a white robe, to the right on the small stage, SINGING into the microphone:

PRIEST

Om, Shalom, Hare Krishna! Hallowed be thy name...

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

CURT-BULLDOZER

Come on, dude! No one is buying it!

JOHNNY-FOOLISH

Wait and Watch. There are as many
crazy as there are greedy ones.

He blows his nose onto the nearest wall.

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST

But the priest will give us away!

JOHNNY-FOOLISH

Who'd believe a madman smoking our
cigars?

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST

What happens if they do believe him?

JOHNNY-FOOLISH

Then we'll say we have nothing to do
with it! Because there were men
there, and we're women! Tina, Dina,
and Mina!

CURT-BULLDOZER

Wow!

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST

No way! Not with me!

CURT-BULLDOZER

Are you a homophobe?

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST

Yes. And I'm proud of it.

JOHNNY-FOOLISH

Homo - what?

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST

The topic is closed.

Silence.

CURT-BULLDOZER

(to Frank-Sociologist)

Hey, sociologist! A long-haired wig
and... a short skirt would suit you
just good.

He LAUGHS.

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST
First, let's wax you, you loudmouth!

JOHNNY-FOOLISH
Do we have any more beer?

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST
There... In the corner...

Johnny-Foolish gets up, goes to the left corner of the garage, takes a few bottles out of the box, and hands them to his friends. Everyone is silent once again.

CURT-BULLDOZER
I am hungry.
(pause)
Everything you've come up with here doesn't work for me. First of all, I want tons of money; I want to have a worldwide pyramid scheme. Second, I shouldn't even exist: I shouldn't have a name, an address, nothing at all, so they couldn't find me in any way! And third, none of these greedy fools playing with money would even dare to contact the police!

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST
I know what you need - to come up with a new bitcoin.

JOHNNY-FOOLISH
What??

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST
You then would be a new Jed McCaleb! I'm convinced that all these people making money this way are waiting for the right moment to disappear into thin air! That's a great scam! Ponzi hasn't even dreamt of that yet!

CURT-BULLDOZER
How many such coins already exist in the world?

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST
You mean - how many cryptocurrencies are there already?

Curt-Bulldozer nods.

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST (cont'd)
Hundred.

CURT-BULLDOZER
That much already?

JOHNNY-FOOLISH
That many fraudsters??

CURT-BULLDOZER
And all of them make real money??

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST
Do you think you're the only one of
your kind?

CURT-BULLDOZER
But how do they do that?

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST
Everything as you wanted: complete
anonymity. Everything runs on the
Internet, and all the players don't
want to be recognized. They want to
be free from the state. Therefore,
the police can't find the fraudsters
so easily.

JOHNNY-FOOLISH
Oh!!

CURT-BULLDOZER
Why do they want to be free from the
state?

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST
Many reasons. To avoid paying taxes.
Or to hide where big money came from.
Or it's the usual humans'
inexhaustible greed.

CURT-BULLDOZER
And if this goes down, they'll have
no one to complain to?

Frank-Sociologist nods.

CURT-BULLDOZER (cont'd)
My respect!

JOHNNY-FOOLISH
Yeah, I never would have thought of
that!

CURT-BULLDOZER

Well, if there's one hundred, there could also be a hundred and one. Let me know how we're going to do that.

JOHNNY-FOOLISH

(briskly)

Yeah, let us know!

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST

Forget about it! You've no brain for that!

CURT-BULLDOZER

Hey! Settle down, boy!

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST

Okay. It works that way: people send you real money and, in return, receive... Um... numbers on the computer screen.

JOHNNY-FOOLISH

What? Like they would change money for the leaves from a tree??

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST

Something like that, yeah.

CURT-BULLDOZER

I like it!

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST

But you must know the programming.

JOHNNY-FOOLISH

Pro-who?

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST

The programming.

JOHNNY-FOOLISH

Do you know this... pro-gramming?

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST

No.

JOHNNY-FOOLISH

(thoughtfully)

What a pity! This is a game of heavyweights between swindlers! I don't think we have the chops for it!

He opens a new bottle of beer with his teeth and SIGHS loudly.

Suddenly, the open lift garage door starts to lower.

JOHNNY-FOOLISH (cont'd)

Oh!!

The three friends look at it first as if it were a miracle. Then they scurry around the garage in panic, trying to find a way out. When Johnny-Foolish finally decides to crawl out through the narrow opening of the lowering door, there's a loud voice that makes them all cringe.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Stop!

All three look around, trying to figure out where it's coming from.

There is the SOUND of a surveillance camera turning in Johnny's-Foolish direction.

MALE VOICE (V.O.) (cont'd)

So that's who's stealing my beer!

The camera moves by looking at each of them separately.

JOHNNY-FOOLISH

Well, we only took a couple of bottles...

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

But every day for a month!

JOHNNY-FOOLISH

We won't do that anymore.

He looks like a dog with its tail between its legs.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

You even slept here a couple of times when I was on vacation. How do you manage to open my garage?

JOHNNY-FOOLISH

Magicians never reveal their tricks.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Oh! So you're saying you're a magician? Then do the trick to get out of here!

Johnny-Foolish stares blankly.

CURT-BULLDOZER

You have no right to keep us here!
What you do is called deprivation of
liberty!

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

And what you do is called
trespassing!

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST

We will sue! We have done nothing
wrong! What's the big deal? It's
just a few bottles of beer.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

What if I tell the court that you
stole my car? There was a car here,
and now it's gone.

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST

This is blackmailing! And we all are
witness to it!

He points at himself and his friends.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Take a good look at yourselves - what
kind of witness are you all? Not
even a monkey would believe that you
are not stealing or lying!

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST

(offended)

I didn't see you. Maybe you look
worse than me.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Ha ha ha! And who would have more
money for a decent lawyer?

CURT-BULLDOZER

Right, litigation costs money. We're
not going to do that. Neither are
you since you're unwilling to donate
a few beer bottles to others. You,
stingy!

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

So as I understand it, you guys are
ready for a settlement without
recourse to the ordinary courts of
law.

JOHNNY-FOOLISH
Without - what??

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST
Shut up!

CURT-BULLDOZER
Hey, let us go!

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Okay. If you don't want me to call
the police, you must listen
carefully. My conditions are as
follows.

The video camera turns on Johnny-Foolish.

MALE VOICE (V.O.) (cont'd)
What do you have there, a sleeping
bag?

Johnny-Foolish nods.

MALE VOICE (V.O.) (cont'd)
For my expenses, I'll be taking it
away. Throw it in the left corner.

Johnny-Foolish opens his mouth to say something but then
obeys, takes the bundle, and throws it in the corner.

The camera focuses on Frank-Sociologist.

MALE VOICE (V.O.) (cont'd)
Are you a sociologist? Then donate
me something from your wallet; you
have one, don't you?

Frank-Sociologist is silent.

MALE VOICE (V.O.) (cont'd)
It's not good to hide from your
friends that you have enough money
for beer. Go ahead, empty your
pockets!

Frank-Sociologist takes out his wallet.

MALE VOICE (V.O.) (cont'd)
Throw it in there, too!

Frank-Sociologist throws the wallet with a heavy heart in
the corner.

The camera goes on Curt-Bulldozer.

MALE VOICE (V.O.) (cont'd)
 Just look at him - he has a cross on
 his chest! It's stolen, isn't it?
 Why do you need a cross, you crook?
 Do you think it will help you avoid
 retribution? Throw it in the corner!

CURT-BULLDOZER
 But it's made of gold! It's worth a
 lot of money! Whereas your bottles--

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
 Is freedom of any worth to you?

CURT-BULLDOZER
 You, pig! Robber!

He takes off his cross and angrily throws it into the
 corner.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
 That's it! Now you all can go! But
 remember - never step in my garage
 again! Got it?
 (pause)
 If I catch you again, I won't be as
 kind. Capito?

Silence.

Then the lift garage door starts to go up.

Johnny-Foolish is the first to jump out, and Frank-
 Sociologist is the second. Curt-Bulldozer slowly walks
 toward the exit, then suddenly turns around and makes an
 obscene gesture at the camera.

MALE VOICE (V.O.) (cont'd)
 Ha ha ha!

EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT

The friends finish their beers in silence. Then they
 angrily throw their empty bottles on the pavement.

CURT-BULLDOZER
 Dreams are but shadows.

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST
 Where will we meet now?

JOHNNY-FOOLISH

I'll find a new garage for us. But
it'll take me time.

(pause)

How much money did you have in there?

FRANK-SOCIOLOGIST

It's none of your business!

With quick steps, he moves away.

CURT-BULLDOZER

(to Johnny-Foolish)

Don't dare tell anyone that I've been
ripped off! Or I'll kill you!

And he, too, walks away with a heavy gait.

Johnny-Foolish stands pondering, then takes a few steps
toward the house across the street and looks up to the dark
windows.

Then he creeps towards their garage.

FADE OUT.

THE END