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Dreams That Money Can Buy

By Hans Richter

Party of the first part,
hereinafter referred to as "Joe",
to party of the second part,
hereinafter referred to as "Me",
witness the third party of the third part.
Therefore exclusively exploiting the first part,
in consideration of which party of the second
part entails consideration of the third part.
With all the mutual covenants and conditions
herein contained.
And so on. Get it notarised.
Well, it's a room anyway, Joe.
Better than a tent.
But there's the minor complication of the rent.
Take inventory, son.

Assets :

Liabilities :

Well, that's the list.
Wait ! There's one asset you missed.
The paternal watch that ticks away your life
minute by minute.
Look ! There's a liability in it.
The dream girl. She resigned from the dream.
Why not ? She wasn't so dumb.
You are a self-appointed bum.
Hey, look here !
Are you shedding an old-fashioned tear ?
You don't cry nowadays.
You live or die nowadays.
Things could be tougher.
And after all, an artist has to suffer.
I guess it must be a grain of Italian dust
left over from your last campaign.
Or put it down to eyestrain.
Look at yourself. A real mess.
You're all mixed up.
Snap out of it ! Get yourself fixed up.
Even if poets misbehave,
they always remember to shave.
Say, what's the matter, Joe ? Something
gone wrong ? Is your head on wrong ?
No ! It's terrific !

Here's something on which
you can really pride yourself.
You've discovered
that you can look inside yourself.
You know what that means ?
You're promoted. You're no longer a bum.
You're an artist !
Remember a poem you once read.
"The eye is a camera," it said.
Suppose, like a film, it could retain the images
that glide so secretly through your brain.
Have you ever tried to see the shadow world
inside, photographed by the retina,
and held suspended in its memories ?
This is one of the more unusual talents.
And it's yours, it seems, Joe.
Maybe this will revive your bank balance.
Remember, everybody dreams, Joe.
If you can look inside yourself,
you can look inside anyone.
Customers ?
There are so many, one can't count them.
What's the population of the world ?
Almost two billion.
A potential of two billion customers,
all with a dream to untangle.
You've figured out a new angle. Get it !
Dreams on the instalment plan !
You'll be in the money, man !
It's a miracle !
Just as you were a complete bust, you readjust.
Wait till you're in the chips, then watch
the dream girl warm up those chilly lips.
Get on the phone. Make a small financial loan.
Convert this tomb into a consultation room
and go into business on your own.
You're all set up for business now, Joe.
Place refurnished in the latest style.
All you need to start you off are the customers.
Opportunity knocks.
Already ?
There they are.
The first instalment on the two billion clients.
Method of treatment ? Don't worry.

In uncertain times like these,
a man must improvise.
Employ the materials at hand.
Let's have case number one.
Don't get nervous.
Ah-ha. Case number one.
Mr and Mrs A. He is a bank clerk,
middle-income bracket.

Character :

Wife complains he has mind
like a double-entry column.
No virtues, no vices.
She desires a dream for him.
One with practical values to widen his horizons.
Heighten ambitions, maybe a raise in salary.
Historical precedents for this hope
range from Jacob's pillow to Freud's couch.
Mrs A will please step outside during interview.
Sorry, ma'am. Only one dream to a customer.
Feel free to talk now.
Any special interests besides wife and job ?
None ? One ?
What's your idea of private fun ?
Cutting pictures out of magazines ? Excellent.
Let's find out what that means.
What do you look for in art ?
Design ?
Subject matter ?
Colour ?
Line ? I understand.
Beneath the correct grey ledger cover
you hide the wild images of the art-lover.
Let memory of mortgages,
loans and property sales
dissolve into the cries of nightingales.
A shady street.
And in the middle of it
there was a crowd of nightingales.
They were large nightingales,
and their breasts were rough and hairy.
Some of them had calves' hooves.
And some had paws like panthers and wolves.
Then they dragged me into a dark cavern

in the middle of the street.
What happened ?
They talked about love
and pleasure.
Yes, it does. Here it is. What is it ?
Who's that ? I can't find it.
I see it. I don't know, do you like it ?
Where is it ? It's not here.
When was that ? Long ago. I don't see it.
- Take it. Put it away. I don't like it.
- Yes, I have.
He can't see you.
He can't see you.
Do you know why ?
Yes, it does.
Love and pleasure.
Love and pleasure.
Love and pleasure.
The ones with panthers' feet said,
"What is love
but nature's innermost principle in action ?"
"What is innocence
but a pair of gloves to warm the hands ?"
Admirable.
Yes, how true. How true.
And the ones
with the calves' hooves were saying,
"What is nature
but love's innermost principle in action ?"
Absolutely wrong ! Never ! Don't say that.
And then ?
Yes.
They killed me.
The nightingales shot me in the back.
They killed me.
What a pity ! Terrible !
Open the window.
Close the window.
No matter.
This I shall never forget.
It is beautiful.
Who loves to come with me
under my warm, white gown ?
Come, harpies and magpies,

under my warm, white gown.
Who loves to come with me
under my warm, white gown ?
Come, harpies and magpies...
under my warm, white gown.
Glad it was satisfactory, Mr A.
However, it is too soon
to estimate results of treatment.
Fee ? Whatever you care to give.
\$50 ? More than generous.
Yes, delighted to sign a receipt
for the transaction.
No, can't say if it's deductible from income tax.
Yes, any time at all, drop in.
No, will not mention a word of this to your wife.
Thank you.
Next. Come in.
Case number two.
I wonder why she's consulting you.
She seems a healthy, well-balanced girl.
What kind of dream does she want ?
She doesn't want a dream.
She wants him to sign up.
Sign up ? For what ?
It doesn't matter for what.
As long as he signs something.
Here. League for the Clarification
of International Timetables.
20th Century Thursday Afternoon club.
League for Cleaner Features.
Council to Perpetuate Citizens in Public Life.
League to Discourage Citizens in Public Life.
Action Committee for the Abolition of Abolition.
Pro-rata Partisans for the Extenuation
of the Democratic Dilemma.
The Daughters of American Grandfathers.
The Little Friends of Tenth Street.
The Louisa M Alcott Chapter
of the Cheese-Finders Union. Take your choice.
Hold on, Joe.
You don't want to sign up with anything.
He doesn't understand.
He has to belong to something.
Otherwise, how will he ever know who he is ?

Sorry, lady. Some other day.
He can't do this to you, dear.
Doesn't he realise you like to sign people up ?
It's your aim in life. Your duty.
It's how you maintain your self-respect.
It's also how you make a living.
Convince him somehow. It's important.
Be careful, Joe.
She's charming but she'll stop at nothing.
Before you know it, she'll start crying.
See ? You're in for it now.
Poor kid. She's high-strung.
Go on, Joe, do something.
Your professional reputation's at stake.
Hm. It's certainly an unusual case.
Organisational neurosis.
If you could only look deeper
into those eyes of hers...
T ry it.
No ? The tears are throwing everything
out of focus.
On your guard, my dear.
This man has mistaken your motives
completely.
Exactly the way most of his kind do.
Frankly, I believe him to be unreclaimable.
You're wasting your time.
Should you give up so easily ?
It might indicate lack of discipline.
Dream detective ? Perhaps he likes being that.
It's his aim in life.
It's how he maintains his self-respect.
It's also how he makes a living.
Reconsider, my dear.
Not one look, however, before he signs up.
That's final. It's a matter of principle.
All right, Joe. Sign.
Sign every dotted line.
What's the difference ?
You'll never belong to anything anyway.
Don't hesitate now, dear.
Stick to your promise.
A matter of principle.
Go on. Get it over with.

The Girl With The Prefabricated Heart
Oh, Venus was born out of sea foam
Oh, Venus was born out of brine
But a goddess today, if she is grade A
Is assembled upon the assembly line
How divine. Rise and shine
Upon the assembly line
Now, Julie was born as is proper
Her every proportion was planned
She was poured from a mould,
exquisite and cold
And she grew up untouched by human hand
Oh, how grand ! See her stand
Untouched by human hand
Her chromium nerves and her platinum
brain were chastely encased in Cellophane
And to top off this daughter of science and art
She was equipped with a prefabricated heart
She prepares for life.
Shall I be auburn or dark or fair ?
Shall I unbind my nylon hair ?
Would love make skies look clearer ?
Or should I serenade my mirror ?
A hero would always admire me
He'd pamper and pet and inspire me
Why else were my charms made so drastic ?
Why else were my arms made so plastic ?
What else was my heart electroplated for ?
Oh, send me the mate it was prefabricated for
Then just like the movies, a mail-order male
Was sent by the gods direct from Yale
He was handsome
with biceps of stainless steel
Plus which he was rich,
and his love for her was real
By fate he was guided to knock at her door
'Twas love at first sight for evermore
They were made for each other,
exclusively planned
So he bent his knee
and he asked her for her hand
Her bridal gown was a synthetic
weave of coal tar, milk, and wood,
spun under atomic pressure

in a four-billion-dollar machine.
I'll offer you sterilised flowers
Expensive and scentless and rare
There'll be pedigree birds
Singing songs without words
As they fly through the air-conditioned air
Your fanciful dreams I'll interpret for you
Your hidden desires I will bring into view
All the wheels in your brain
I will polish and shine
To prove they can move in harmony with mine
Oh, nature and art will not win her
So ply her with diamonds and pearls
For bracelets and rings are practical things
That appeal to the mind of a healthy girl
Nature and art will not win her
I'll ply her with diamonds and pearls
For bracelets and rings are practical things
That appeal to the mind of a healthy girl
- Julie, at last you're mine.
- I guess.
- I've always dreamed of this moment divine.
- It will be nice, unless...
Oh, darling, let us seal our marital bliss
with a glorious technicolour kiss.
I suppose so.
You express every ideal I've ever had.
You're as evocative as a full-page ad.
Tell me that you care.
You're mussing my hair. Watch my new clothes.
- Beloved.
- Oh, well, I suppose.
- Angel.
- Don't make such a fuss.
- T reasure.
- You're so impetuous.
Dearest ! Sweetest ! Queen !
This is ridiculous ! Sisters, come to my aid !
Her Amazon sisters
were passing that way
They rushed to her aid
and they saved the day
The swine !
He has frightened her out of her wits

The brute !
We should shoot him and tear him into bits
Wheels started turning
inside her head
So from his ardent arms she fled
Girls of wax can't use devotion
They might melt if they felt an emotion
She left him bereft and wifeless
And he fell to the ground...
...quite lifeless
But she rides on into the dawn
On and on as her wheels revolve
A riddle whose answer none can solve
Who sends all her dreams to the laundry
Who prefers to live in a quandary
Her loneliness she must insist on
She's Isolde without a Tristan
Her groom who for doom was slated
Dissolved into tears and disintegrated
And so she rides on through the evening
As pure as she was at the start
For there's no man alive
who could ever survive
A girl with a prefabricated heart
A love-proof, unbreakable heart
And so she rides on through the evening
As pure as she was at the start
For there's no man alive
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A girl with a prefabricated heart
A love-proof unbreakable heart
Have you come back here,
and against your better judgment too ?
What's happening to you lately ?
Nervous, upset, jumpy.
The way you went on at the club meeting,
everyone noticed, I'm sure.
What can you expect,
married to a little stick of a man like that ?
You stand for something in your set.
Many activities.
A sense of responsibility to the community.
Why is there always this empty feeling
inside you ?

It's like living in a vacuum.
Day after day, running the house,
and then at night
listening to that droning voice of his.
No life to him.
And then you try to sleep, twist and turn,
listening to his irritating little snore.
Lying there until it seems the walls
are closing in on you, crushing you inside.
You hear lonely dogs barking at the moon, and
somebody's footsteps echoing in the street.
Oh, it's terrible. Terrible.
And he talks in his sleep,
and you can't make out what he's saying.
That's why you're here, aren't you ? Curiosity.
Maybe this man can tell you what your husband
is up to. What he dreams about.
Curiosity killed the cat, they say.
You'll find out nothing.
This man is obviously a big fake of some kind.
Anyway, now you're here,
you might as well find out what his game is.
What if any of my friends knew I'd been here ?
No reason they should find out.
You're in for it now. Go on, ask him. Ask him !
I want a treatment.
The same as my husband was given, of course.
Are you interested in my symptoms ?
Of course not. That was foolish.
Why should he be ?
I hope it won't take long, whatever it is.
I hate this sort of atmosphere.
What a disreputable looking office.
No feeling of solidity.
He doesn't inspire confidence.
What's he up to ? A photograph ?
Why should he give me a photograph ?
Probably wants to see my reaction.
Why don't you scream at him loud
and tell him you don't have any reactions ?
You're living in a shell. This is all nonsense.
Although it is an interesting picture.
The girl has such a sweet face.
Reminds me of myself when I was a girl.

Where is the girl I was ?
Lost in a million lunches, teas, benefits,
charities, matinees.
Who would ever remember me as I was,
silly and romantic ?
Does this man see that ?
Nonsense. It's all nonsense.
But I wrote poetry once.
Where did the poems in me disappear to ?
When did I begin to build this shell around me ?
If I could only break it into bits, break it into bits.
Break it into bits, break it into bits.
Break it into bits, break it into bits...
For you, my forbearing one, my sister.
High-breasted organ
of the prolonged night veneration,
hiding all the heavens within its grace.
Prepare for vengeance
the bed from which I shall be born.
Why do you look at me
as if I were some foreigner...
...who speaks a strange language,
who refuses to assimilate himself
to your familiar ways ?
You know perfectly well that you can be as
easily seduced by an exotic prince
as by one of your own colloquial yokels.
You are a pendulum
that clicks like a metronome
in the space minutes of two inches,
risking the same destruction
that threatens your victims.
Hm. I laugh with you.
But only in risk is an escape possible.
Those who have assured themselves
against all risks are bound to lose all.
Good evening.
We are going to have the privilege tonight
of witnessing one of the most unusual films
ever produced.
Whatever it may lack
in the way of sound and colour,
you may supply out of your own conversations,
and by looking at me.

But, for the real success of this presentation,
I earnestly implore you to collaborate
even more actively.
You all know the principal character in this film.
You have every confidence in him,
and in the economy of his gestures.
To give these gestures their full meaning,
I earnestly request you to follow and to repeat
these gestures as they occur.
Are we agreed ?
Thank you.
All we need now is a revolver.
You see. It's like this book.
People look at one side -
that's for details that are more prosaic :
Title, subject matter, country of origin, language.
But look carefully at the other side
and you will see the real significance,
including the exact date of the writing.
Any comments, ma'am ?
Definitely not.
And don't write my name, please.
I'll pay in cash.
Goodbye.
Wait ! Don't go out that way !
Lady ?
Lady !
Lady !
Close the door.
Get over there. Sit down.
What's on his mind ?
Looks like an emergency case.
- Oh, I see.
- Do something.
Not exactly your line, Joe.
To anybody what unlocks dreams,
handcuffs should be a snap.
So they are.
Amazing !
Now what ?
A light.
A light ? Sure. The customer's always right.
Here's the problem, Joe.
He has no conscience,

he has no subconsciousness.
That's why he wants to have a dream.
Now, this is a paradox.
Why should an extrovert, a man of action
like this customer, need your services ?
Maybe there's something to this brain racket.
Maybe a dream can tip off
who's going to win the derby this year.
It won't ?
Well, it better had !
He wants what he wants when he wants it.
Only, how can you look into somebody
who won't relax ?
Well, that's one way to relax.
Thank you very much, sir.
OK, bub. You'll get what you asked for.
Let's hope it works.
Imagine an active type like that
having such a delicate dream.
If he wasn't so much of an extrovert,
he might have been a poet.
No tips for the races, huh ?
What do you hand me ?
A lot of dames and no horses.
A waste of my time. Fine. You pay me.
Business is business.
What's going on here ?
Got a licence ?
There's nobody here, Grandpa.
Let's go in and wait. He'll be back.
Play, dear. Grandpa's going to play too.
Anything wrong, Grandpa ?
Private practice
has its disadvantages, hasn't it ?
Now a blind man and a child.
You're a dream dealer ?
I want to sell you one of mine.
I have so many, you see.
- It's a deal, son.
- It's a deal, Grandpa.
Goodbye.
Goodbye.
- Goodbye.
Are you waiting for me ?

I was born. Not very much was said about it.
There was a trolley car rattling down the street
at the time.
My father earned a good living.
Ours was a normal family.
I'm a normal man.
Rather dark, of average size,
and with excellent teeth.
If you studied my teeth,
you would know me thoroughly.
Or my hair, or hands, or legs.
Then all of a sudden there's a big explosion.
Who's responsible ?
Nobody knows.
One day we must all face the great disaster.
One day, in May, it suddenly happened.
I met myself.
I was not prepared for it
when the unspeakable became true.
My senses were numb.
I felt nothing. I said nothing.
Then I tried to reason it out.
Blue. Why is blue worse than green,
violet or white ?
I don't know.
Or white better than violet, green or blue ?
Hard to think.
Whatever it is, you retreat into yourself.
It is the final retreat
that makes everything so puzzling.
Neither your newspaper, nor your doctor,
your car, your wife,
nor your work can enlighten you.
I've always been a decent, law-abiding citizen.
Never crossed the street against the lights.
But now all the lights are out.
Yes, but blue ! Would you want to sit
at the same table with a blue man ?
- Joe or no Joe, friend or not.
- Fling him out !
- I wouldn't go so fast.
- You wouldn't ?
Blue or not blue. I don't like it. Joe or no Joe.
- Why didn't he stay in Atlantis ?

- Throw him back in the ocean.
- Why's he in our cellar ?
- Let him build a cellar for himself.
Sorry, sir, you have to leave. It's you or us.
They left me alone.
And the coldness crept over me.
Even familiar objects
became strange and unfriendly.
I had always suspected
they led a private life of their own.
"Help me, Father," I said.
But there was no help.
There was only fear.
Everything was cold.
It was like snow falling on my hat
and on my heart.
I tried to figure out what had happened.
In an emergency there are a few things
you can count on.
The metronome in yourself.
On mother's piano.
The sound of the big clock
over the mantelpiece.
The repeated agonies of love.
The invasion of Holland, May 10th, 1940.
My situation became clearer
because everything else became unclear.
The blue thread of hope
will lead me out of the labyrinth.
Where to ?
Never mind.
I had to go, and so I did.
- Where do you think you're going ?
- Easy does it, mister.
Business is bad. No room for competition.
Restrictions have to be imposed
in the interests of all.
The right of being in everybody's way
is everybody's right.
- The right of left.
- The right of right.
- Wrong of right.
- Right to walk his own way.
The right to hit somebody over the head

because he walks his own ways.
Easy does it, mister.
Or you may lose your way altogether.
Where do you think you're going ?
East, west, south, north ?
- He's off now.
- Good luck.
Have a good trip.
The war is over.
Why not take a vacation ?
There are a thousand places to go.
Every day a fiesta. Follow it all up, sonny.
Fill your eyes, your mouth, your pocket.
Choose carefully.
There's music and girls and cards,
and a paycheck every Friday night.
Take it easy.
Stop worrying.
Don't make trouble.
Forget about your feet,
your politics, or your religion.
I suddenly realised I had lost my way
and my time.
Nothing behind me, nothing in front of me.
Nothing.
Everything.
Nothing.
Everything.
Nothing. Everything.
Nothing.
Everything.
Nothing. Everything.
Nothing.
Everything.
Nothing. Everything.
Nothing.
Everything.
Nothing.
Everything. Nothing.
Everything.
Nothing.
Everything.
Nothing.
Everything.

Sure. We were always getting involved.
There's no way of not getting involved.
But there seemed to be a way out.

Yes. To start all over again.
All over again.
All... over... again.
To return to forgotten memories,
where the faces of the old gods
shine, excite, inspire...
and vanish.
Leaving unforgettable traces in your mind.
Make up your mind.
Maybe it's better this way.
For old times' sake.
Enjoy your friends.
It's the same room, the same chairs to sit on,
the same cards.
Here we are again, just like in old times.
Turn on the radio. It saves conversation.
But is it too late now ?
Everything's the same. Sure.
Only you are not the same.
Help, for old times' sake.
Look closely at them. Be objective.
They seem different,
but they are the same people.
You are the one who has changed.
It's over with now.
Forget it.
Many men in my position
would have hesitated to compromise,
or gone into business on a small scale.
But what's the use of a roof without any house ?
Due to the emergency,
I was forced to choose a way out I did not like.
My mind was made up.
My baggage was ready for the journey.
I had delayed for much too long.
All kinds of events passed through my mind.
Some of them happened long ago.
I remembered them without any apparent order
or significance.
I remembered that I went with my second wife
to the seashore,
where our photo was taken.
And a friend discovered a new star
in the southern sky.

And I saw dear old Ollie in Cata Vijetta.
And the world went to pieces
and the pieces lived on separately.
But the farther I came, the more
all isolated events lost their meanings.
Everything seemed to happen at once
and in the same space.
It was quite a new experience.
Then I decided to tear up my one-way ticket
and stay where I was.
I had not come so far
only to jump at the wrong moment.
I was out for the great embarrassment
and I liked it.
I would have gone on anyway,
no matter what happened.
There is so much ahead of me.
So much that I have to find out.
I've been dreaming of you
All night through
Till the summer sunshine
found me still sleeping
And dreaming of you
I've been dreaming of you
Lost in the blue
And I get the most peculiar feeling
You've been dreaming too
I thought that I was falling
But I woke up just before I hit the ground
And found I'd been dreaming of you
My friends all gathered round me
And their lips moving in time
I get the most peculiar...