

A DREAM IS ENOUGH

Written by

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An investment banker thinks he's got the deal of a lifetime, but what he stands to gain is little compared to what he stands to lose.

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FADE IN:

INT. THE FOYER OF AN APARTMENT - DAY

The door opens. JEREMY (40s), storms in, fizzing with barely restrained frustration. He's dressed in funeral attire, clearly expensive and well cut. As he struggles to remove his black tie and jacket, he bristles into the phone.

JEREMY

Of course I'm upset about the old man dying but the stock market doesn't stop for one man.

Behind him, his girlfriend CHLOE (flame-haired, 30s) sighs as she closes the door. She's red-eyed and grief-stricken.

CHLOE

Can't you let it go, just for one day? We've only just buried him.

Jeremy covers his phone and hisses at Chloe.

JEREMY

If I waste his inheritance he'll climb out of that grave and kick my ass from here to hell.

Chloe shrugs her shoulders and drifts into the living room. Jeremy continues his call in the corridor.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM OF THE APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Expensive artwork and designer furniture broadcast wealth but not taste. Chloe looks out of the window at a toyshop across the street, incongruous in the area's polished affluence. Its windows are stuffed with handmade toys and clockwork figures.

JEREMY (O.S.)

I'll invest my money where I want. The Trustees are behaving like they're running a... a...

CHLOE

Toyshop.

JEREMY (O.S.)

Thank you. Toyshop. When you want something enough, you get it. You just have to want it enough. OK?

He stabs at the phone to end the call.

EXT. A TOYSHOP - CONTINUOUS

OLIVER, a toymaker, stands in the doorway of the toyshop. A quiet man in his 30s with a knitted tartan tank top, he stares up and down the street before looking up at Chloe's window. He catches her eye and shyly waves.

As Chloe is about to wave back, Jeremy joins her and she stops herself. Oliver ducks back into the shop.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

From the window Jeremy sees Oliver's car, a battered yellow mini with black stripes.

JEREMY

That shop and that car are a disgrace. They devalue our properties by at least ten percent.

CHLOE

It's charming to have a toyshop in the street. You never used to mind.

JEREMY

It's like he doesn't even want to monetise his assets. What does he really want?

CHLOE

I wonder what it must be like not to care about money.

JEREMY

The only way not to care about money is to have money.

He thinks for a moment.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Of course. Now I have the inheritance, I can make him an offer he would be a fool to refuse.

CHLOE

It would be a shame not to have the toyshop there any more.

JEREMY

Do I care? What does he really want?

EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE THE APARTMENT - LATER

Jeremy strides out of the door onto the street. He waves pigeons off his beloved sports car. Taking a handkerchief from his top pocket, he polishes where they had landed.

JEREMY

Bloody vermin. Bloody shame I can't shoot the bloody bastards.

INT. THE TOYSHOP - CONTINUOUS

As Jeremy flings the door open, the clang of a jangling bell startles Oliver, toiling at his workbench.

JEREMY

Hello. I'm Jeremy Flinders and I'll keep this brief. I'll make you a rich man and you'll thank me for it.

OLIVER

Nothing here is expensive. You can't buy the love of a good toy.

JEREMY

Not the toys, I'm buying the shop. You'll never have to worry again.

OLIVER

I'm not worried now.

JEREMY

Finally you can achieve your dream.

OLIVER

My dream is to run a toy shop.

JEREMY

Is that the best dream you can think of?

Oliver thinks for a moment then looks up at the window. He can see Chloe but she can't see him.

OLIVER

It's the best one I can have.

JEREMY

What do you really want?

OLIVER

What I can't really have.

JEREMY  
Then you don't want it enough.

OLIVER  
I want time to think.

JEREMY  
Tomorrow afternoon, then?

As Jeremy turns to leave, he sees a large toy sports car on the shelf.

JEREMY (CONT'D)  
I'll take one of these for Chloe.

OLIVER  
I hand make those to order. Chloe.  
Your wife?

JEREMY  
My girlfriend. Current girlfriend.  
See the car out there?  
(he points to his car)  
Can you make one like that?

OLIVER  
The car out there? Sure.

With his hand on the door, Jeremy turns.

JEREMY  
Why do you even stay in this shop?

Oliver looks out again. Chloe is sitting at the window.

OLIVER  
I like the view.

EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE THE APARTMENT - NEXT DAY

Oliver, carrying a large box, buzzes the apartment intercom.  
Jeremy answers.

JEREMY (O.S.)  
Flat 28, first floor. Be quick.

INT. THE DOOR TO FLAT 28 - CONTINUOUS

Oliver knocks on the door and hands Jeremy the box. Oliver looks past Jeremy's shoulder at Chloe and smiles at her.

JEREMY

Yes? Anything further? I'll be over later to discuss terms.

OLIVER

Perhaps you could bring Chloe with you so she can see inside the shop?

JEREMY

Perhaps you could mind your own business.

As Jeremy closes the door, Chloe calls out.

CHLOE

Yes, I'd like that. See you later.

Oliver gives a little wave to the closed door.

INT. THE APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

JEREMY

I bought you a present. Had it made specially.

Chloe opens the box. Inside is a car, but it's not like Jeremy's car - it's a yellow mini with black stripes.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Bloody idiot. Why would he think I meant that heap of shit?

He throws the car back in the box.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

That's it. He's getting no mercy from me. That's prime real estate and I'm going to get it.

He grabs his phone and prods at it. Chloe looks out of the window and sees Oliver crossing the road to his shop. He looks back briefly and smiles.

Jeremy marches into the corridor, talking as he goes.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Yes. Unlock those funds. All of them. This is a once in a lifetime investment opportunity and you're not going to stand in my way. I want access to that money now. Now.

Chloe places the box with the car in on the table.

INT. THE TOYSHOP - EVENING

Jeremy and Chloe are in the toyshop. Chloe is enchanted. She wanders along the shelves, picking up and playing with random toys.

JEREMY

This shop is in an appalling condition. Inefficient layout, insufficient price-indexing.

CHLOE

(to Oliver)

This shop is so cluttered - but so gorgeous. I wish I could live here.

Oliver winds up a musical box with a ballerina on it.

OLIVER

Toy shops are all about the love that the owner brings. A toy shop run for money will soon wind down.

Jeremy takes an envelope from inside his jacket.

JEREMY

Do you mind? I'm trying to negotiate here. You'll find my offer fair and generous. Take your time to read the details.

As he speaks the musical box stutters and dies.

OLIVER

Yes. Where do I sign?

JEREMY

But you haven't read it.

Oliver takes the offer from the envelope and signs it.

OLIVER

I don't need to. Happy?

JEREMY

Delighted. You're not much of a negotiator, are you? You have to want something enough to get it.

CHLOE

(to Oliver)

What's your favorite toy?

Oliver leans over an old doll's house.

OLIVER

A hundred years ago, a toymaker  
gave this doll's house to a woman  
he loved but he was too shy to tell  
her. This was his secret message.

(he picks out a doll)

This is what she looked like.

JEREMY

Chloe, we're leaving.

CHLOE

Does every toymaker have a secret  
love?

OLIVER

Every toy is a love letter.

CHLOE

Did you make that car for Jeremy?

OLIVER

I made that car.

Jeremy strides out. Chloe stands thoughtfully by the toys.

CHLOE

Have you ever wondered what the  
right thing to do is?

OLIVER

Do you mean the right thing, or the  
sensible thing?

Jeremy pokes his head back round the door.

JEREMY

Chloe?

CHLOE

(to Oliver)

The right thing.

She smiles at Oliver and leaves.

INT. THE LOBBY OF THE APARTMENT - LATER

As Jeremy and Chloe re-enter the apartment, Jeremy is  
immediately on his phone. Chloe goes to the living room.

JEREMY

Peter? Jeremy. It's sorted. Like  
taking sweets from a baby.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM OF THE APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Chloe inspects the car in the box. The driver and passenger look exactly like Chloe and Oliver - her flaming hair and his tartan tank top. As she turns it, a key falls from the car.

Jeremy paces the corridor, on the phone.

JEREMY (O.S.)

What a loser. No idea what his shop was worth. I almost feel dirty.

Chloe pulls the door shut and looks for where the key might fit. Eventually she finds the keyhole and winds it up.

She puts the car down, and it trundles across the table, unrolling a banner as it goes. The banner reads 'Look out of the window'.

JEREMY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

No, there's nothing he can do about it. The deal's signed. Delivered.

Chloe looks out of the window to see Oliver standing in his tank top. She waves to him. He takes off his tank top to reveal a big red heart on his t-shirt.

INT. THE CORRIDOR IN THE APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

JEREMY

What do I care what happens to him? I wanted it more than he did.

The front door slams. Jeremy ends the call and goes to the living room.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM OF THE APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

JEREMY

Chloe?

She's nowhere to be seen. He looks out of the window to see Chloe in Oliver's arms. They get into the yellow mini.

EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE THE APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jeremy runs out of the front door in time to see Oliver's car driving off. The window of the toyshop is painted with the words 'When you dream it enough, you get it'.

FADE OUT.