

## DREAMNASIUM, episode 4: "The Dame Wore a Tesseract," part 2

[Synthy Dreamnasium theme]

THE MUSE: Dreamnasium. Function: noun. A state of mind, marked by abstraction or release from consensual reality. "The Dame Wore a Tesseract," part 2.

[Dreamnasium theme continues, then fades out]

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[Car slows and parks, shuts off. Light city sounds heard through the closed windows.]

THE DAME: Wait, we're stopping?

GRAY: We're here. Chateau Noir. Best gin joint in the bowery.

THE DAME: Looks like a short-order diner. Okay. So how do we work this? You take the front entrance, I circle around to cover the back?

GRAY: Well you're half right. I *am* going in the front. But you're waiting here.

THE DAME: What? Like hell I am. What if-

GRAY: By the book, Maguane. We go with the flow of the place we're in. Maxie wants to see *me*, not you. If I don't come back, you find Belanoff on your own and finish the job.

THE DAME: (dour) Yeah, yeah. By the book.

[Door opens, Gray gets out.]

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[The city bg as Gray closes the door, walks a few steps, opens the door.]

[Jazzy music from a radio]

BUTCH: Hey. It's Harris Gray. On time and everything. I like that. I tell the boys back home how important that is, but they never listen to me. (beat) Maxie's at the bar.

GRAY: Nice. You got the place deserted.

BUTCH: Yeah. Cleared it just for you, peeper.

[Gray walks up to the bar, sits.]

BARTENDER What can I get you?

GRAY: What's the big man drinking?

MAXIE: Champagne.

GRAY: Huh. ...whisky will be fine.

[Bartender preparing the drink.]

MAXIE: Well, well. Harris Gray. Gotta tell you, you're almost exactly what I expected.

GRAY: Yeah? How's that?

MAXIE: Hard boiled. Square jaw. Eh, just little too much steel in the eye. Normally I don't take to that but, for some reason, on you, it's a fit.

GRAY: Fine. So you pegged me. You're Maxie Sparks I take it?

MAXIE: Can't put nothing over on you, huh?

GRAY: You wanted to see me?

MAXIE: Yeah. We got business, whether you know it or not.

GRAY: If you say so.

MAXIE: I *do* say so. You see that, Butch? That's the right attitude for business!

BUTCH: You're the boss, Maxie.

[Glass set on the bar.]

BARTENDER Whiskey.

[Sip.]

MAXIE: Y'know, Doctor B had a good business attitude too. Me and him had an arrangement.

GRAY: Doctor B? Am I supposed to know who that is?

MAXIE: Come on, Gray. I know the Doc's little lab rat came to see you. My boy's been on her since the war started.

GRAY: The war?

MAXIE: Jeez, you don't make it easy, do you? The war between my outfit and Cranzetti's crew. It's mostly a misunderstanding.

GRAY: Most wars are.

MAXIE: Butch tailed her to your place where he lost her. But she could only have been there about one thing. The doc's gone and she don't know where.

GRAY: Let's say he is. What makes you think Cranzetti's got anything to do with it?

MAXIE: (very serious now) Cranzetti ain't playing by the rules, see. He's getting help from some *outside* organization. Knocking over pieces that ain't in play.

GRAY: I'm still waiting on the part where this has something to do with me, Maxie.

MAXIE: The Doc, Gray. The Doc was one of mine, okay? We get his future-static tinker-toys and I keep not breaking his legs.

GRAY: You lost me again. Future-static toys?

MAXIE: Yeah. Sure. Here's one right now.

[Pocket watch pulled out of a pocket, popped open.]

MAXIE: Looks like a pocket watch. Ticks like a pocket watch but...

[Small click of a button, a sci-fi zap, and then another sci-fi zap further across the room.]

MAXIE: (laughs) Ain't that a scream? Like something from a magic show!

[The same buttons and zaps reversed as Maxie teleports back to his old seat.]

GRAY: That's a neat trick. Lemme get a look at that-

[Pocket watch closed and put back in pocket.]

MAXIE: Ah, ah, no touchy. That's what you call me investing in my future. Gotta think ahead, y'know. Otherwise the sharks dig in.

GRAY: "Doctor B" share that philosophy?

MAXIE: Hey, did I beg the guy to lose all that money in one of my joints? Did tell him to run up markers all over town?

GRAY: Okay, so Belanoff's in your pocket. I still don't see how that has anything to do with me.

[Sip.]

MAXIE: The Cranzettis pinched him, Gray. Them and their *out-of-town* buddies. They know that's against the rules.

GRAY: Okay look, Mr. Sparks...

MAXIE: Call me Maxie. I got a good feeling about *you*, Gray. I feel like *we can do business*.

GRAY: Okay, Maxie. How about you tell me what you want from me or tell that ape of yours to mess me up. All this winding around the point is getting me dizzy.

MAXIE: Like I said. I got a good feeling. You're the best P.I. in the city. You get the Doc back from the Cranzettis for me, I'll pay you twice your day rate.

GRAY: There, was that so hard?

[Sips.]

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[Driving in Gray's car again.]

THE DAME: You're kidding.

GRAY: Nope. Sparks and Belanoff are in business. Proved it with a little pocket watch dingus he used to zap himself around the room.

THE DAME: What do you think it is?

GRAY: I don't know, portable tesseract? Trans D invector? I'm no tech-head. Whyd din't you tell me he'd been handing out A-Level tech like Halloween candy?

## **DREAMNASIUM, episode 4: "The Dame Wore a Tesseract," part 2**

THE DAME: Don't blame me. I'm just the brain-scrambled passenger here. Maybe the Dame knew the doc liked to gamble, but breaking the Alt Organization canon to make good on his debts? Come on.

GRAY: All right. Let it drift. In a way this actually helps us.

THE DAME: Oh, yeah? How's that?

GRAY: *Now* we know where he is.

THE DAME: Do we now?

[Driving a bit, the passage of time, etc.]

GRAY: [V.O.] Yeah. We did. All my brain fuzziness was cleared up by then and it just so happened this private eye Alt of mine kept up on the local mobsters. He knew exactly where to find the Cranzettis, so I did too.

THE DAME: Florence Beach, huh? Well, well. Nice digs if you can get 'em.

GRAY: Eh, more like a well-armed slice of Old Sicilia. Not exactly Heaven on Earth.

THE DAME: I think they call it "Terra Firma" on this Alt.

GRAY: Heh. Yeah. Glad you're starting to pick up on the little nuances, Maguane. The place might be almost the same as every other alt-Earth, but-

THE DAME: The devil's in the differences. You always say that.

GRAY: It's always true. Okay. We're here.

[Car parks, shuts off.]

GRAY: Time to saddle up.

[Glove compartment opened, gun pulled out.]

THE DAME: That thing loaded?

[Clip picked up, loaded into gun, which powers on with a very sci-fi sounding power source.]

GRAY: Wouldn't be much good if it wasn't.

[Door opens.]

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[Waves, birds, etc.]

[Gray steps out of the car, holsters his weapon.]

GRAY: Okay, when I get the Doc out-

THE DAME: Wait just a minute. You're not sticking me out here again.

GRAY: Sure, I am.

THE DAME: Yeah. I don't think so. You need me in there if things go south.

GRAY: If this goes south, someone has to get the doc's notes to HQ. That's you, Miss Contingency.

[Tosses her the keys.]

GRAY: Keep the motor hot. I'm gonna take a peek through that side window.

[Door shuts, Gray walks off.]

[Gray walking stealthily towards the house.]

[He stops as we fade up on voices coming from a window.]

BELANOFF: I told you this would get out of hand. I think we should just abort the project altogether.

CRANZETTI: Not without the Step Disk. The buyer was very specific.

BELANOFF: I don't think that's an option. Maxie's got it hidden somewhere.

CRANZETTI: And... whose fault is that?

BELANOFF: I'm not denying culpability. I'm simply saying we might have to cut our losses.

CRANZETTI: Hm. Wait here a minute.

[Cranzetti's walks deeper into the house.]

[Gray takes a few steps, louder than he'd like.]

[Belanoff walks up to the window.]

BELANOFF: (nervous) Is someone out there? Don't come in, I'm armed!

[In the distance, a door opens, quiet footsteps through the grass approach Gray.]

GRAY: Belanoff?

[A thwack as Gray is punched in the head.]

GRAY: (ugh)

[Gray falls to the ground.]

CRANZETTI: And Gino Cranzetti. Nice to meet ya.

BELANOFF: Bring him in, we can tie him to the chair.

CRANZETTI: My thoughts exactly.

[Cranzetti's tosses Gray over his shoulder.]

CRANZETTI: Ah, quit squirmin'.

[Cranzetti walks back into the house.]

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[Cranzetti dumps Gray into a chair.]

GRAY: (oof)

CRANZETTI: Hey. Gimme the rope.

[Rope handed over, tying.]

CRANZETTI: So, you one of Maxie's boys? Or a ringer?

GRAY: I'm a P.I. Somebody out there thinks your buddy here is in trouble.

BELANOFF: Get his wallet.

[Digging in a pocket, wallet tossed over, opened.]

BELANOFF: (reading) Harris Gray. (beat) Never heard of him.

CRANZETTI: Hmph. Whoever he is, he's crashed his last party.

[Gun withdrawn from holster.]

CRANZETTI: Looky what I found.

[The whine of the gun powering on again.]

CRANZETTI: Lessee if it pops his head like a grape.

[Window on the other side of the room SMASHES, the dame's feet lightly land on the floor.]

CRANZETTI: Jesus, Mary and Hotep!

[The dame's sci-fi gun powers up, FIRES, a big wave hits Cranzetti and sends him flying across the room, where he crashes into a bunch of furniture.]

CRANZETTI: (oof)

BELANOFF: No, no, no, I'm-

[The dame fires again, another wave hits Belanoff, sends him crashing into a wall.]

BELANOFF: (ugggh)

[The dame walks across the broken glass and furniture.]

GRAY: Thought I told you to wait in the car?

THE DAME: You're not the boss of me. Oh, and *you're welcome*.

[She cuts the rope and frees him.]

GRAY: Thaaaank youuuu. Here, use the rest of that rope to tie up Cranzetti. I'll get "Doctor B".

[The dame picks up the rope and walks over toward Cranzetti.]



[Gray walks over to Belanoff, SLAPS his face.]

BELANOFF: Ahh! Stop!

GRAY: On your feet.

[Belanoff hauled to his feet.]

GRAY: Get the lead out, Maguane. We're leaving.

THE DAME: No need to tie Cranzetti up. He's dead.

GRAY: Least we got Belanoff.

THE DAME: Well you can't take him back to Sparks.

GRAY: Have to. It's the only way we can get close enough to retrieve that—what did you call that thing, Doc?

BELANOFF: (mumbles)

GRAY: You're already a parsec into my bad side, Doc. Speak up.

BELANOFF: (resigned sigh) It's a Step Disk. It generates a field that allows a magical teleportation charm to function in this reality.

GRAY: You gave a magical teleportation charm to *Maxie Sparks*?! What kind of moron are you?

BELANOFF: He only has the one device and it's only good for short teleports. It's little more than a party favor.

GRAY: I don't know what the hell kind of parties you've been going to, Doc, but I guarantee you won't be attending any more.

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[That jazzy radio goodness.]

[Door opens, in walk Gray, Belanoff and The Dame.]

BUTCH: Hey, Maxie, look who's back. And with the Doc, too.

**DREAMNASIUM, episode 4: "The Dame Wore a Tesseract," part 2**

MAXIE: Ha! Told ya I had a feeling about this guy. Nice work, Gray. And quick. I might have to put you on the pad, permanent-like.

GRAY: Thanks, I'll pass. (beat) Sit.

[Belanoff shoved into a chair.]

BELANOFF: (oof)

GRAY: Keep your weapon on Belanoff. No funny business.

THE DAME: Of course.

[Maxie stands and walks over to them.]

MAXIE: And who's this piece of candy? This the kind of crew you partner up with, Gray, I might have to switch rackets.

GRAY: Don't you teach your ape to talk? She's Belanoff's assistant.

BUTCH: (small laugh) Uh. No, she ain't.

GRAY: ...how's that?

BUTCH: That ain't the Doc's gal. I ain't never seen this chickie before.

[A few quick steps from the Dame, her weapon pressed into Maxie's neck.]

THE DAME: Everyone just say where they are, or Maxie's head goes *pop*.

GRAY: Maguane! What are you doing?

THE DAME: That was always your trouble, Harris. You go through so many partners, you can't tell them apart. It hasn't been that long, has it? I mean you *were* just talking about me an hour ago.

GRAY: (realization dawns) Chasis? Chasis Verdant?!

THE DAME: Huh! You get the prize.

GRAY: You can't be.

THE DAME: Sure I can. You said it; I work for myself now. I'm a Rogue.

[Belanoff stands, walks over beside the Dame.]

BELANOFF: And so am I.

THE DAME: Ain't he a scream? A real Baby Bad Guy. But we're gonna do *big* things together, Gray. Things your tiny little brain would never even think up.

GRAY:(frosty) What did you do with my partner?

THE DAME: I'm sure your little newbie is around here somewhere. Teams that jump together lump together, right? Isn't that one of your little sayings?

GRAY: (seething) Chasis...

THE DAME: God, you're so predictable. You even kept the same trigger phrase, "Twilight Time". At least *try* to stay in the game.

[The sounds and voices from the opening again, low but obviously there]

MAXIE: Gray! I'm over-

[A click and whine of the gun.]

THE DAME: Quiet.

BELANOFF: Maybe... we should go now?

THE DAME: You're right. Get the Step Disk and I'll get the ship to boot us out.

[Belanoff moves to the bar, begins rummaging through things.]

THE DAME: You, Butch. Drop your weapon, get on the floor, face down.

[Gun dropped, Butch lies down.]

BUTCH: Uh, yeah, okay, just don't hurt Maxie.

[Communications beep.]

THE DAME: Chasis to ship. Boot in one minute.

COMPUTER VOICE: [over communicator] Affirmative.

BELANOFF: It's not here!

THE DAME: You *said* you knew where he kept it.

BELANOFF: I saw him put it here. But it's gone.

GRAY: Too bad, Chasis. Looks like you're out of luck.

THE DAME: Not at all. I've still got the Doc here *and* all his notes. If he doesn't find the disk before we boot, I'll just have him build another.

GRAY: I don't think that's going to happen.

THE DAME: Please. You've been played. This whole kidnapping thing was just a grift so we could get the Step Disk back from Maxie. We knew he'd never let the Doc near it under normal conditions. We had to have Maxie so twisted around he didn't know which way was up.

GRAY: Ahhh. *You* started the gang war.

THE DAME: Of course.

GRAY: You faked the kidnapping.

THE DAME: Just told you I did.

GRAY: You killed Cranzetti. Your own partner.

THE DAME: He knew the risks.

GRAY: And using me? What was that?

THE DAME: Icing. I love to screw up the life of *every* Harris Gray I meet. It's kind of a hobby.

MAXIE: Find another one.

[The pocket watch click, zap, and zap as Maxie reappears across the room.]

MAXIE: Aha!

GRAY: (angry) Belanoff!

[Gray leaps at Belanoff, punches him.]

BELANOFF: (aah! ugh!) Get off me, Gray!

[The Dame's gun powering up even higher than before.]

MAXIE: Gray, get down!

[Gray drops to the floor as the dame's gun fires and DISINTEGRATES BELANOFF.]

BELANOFF: (wails of excruciating pain)

THE DAME: It doesn't matter. I still have the *notes*. The client will settle.

[The pocket watch click, zap, and zap again right behind the Dame.]

MAXIE: I don't think so. Looking for this?

[Pops open the pocket watch.]

THE DAME: You! Who-

MAXIE: Ah ah.

[Maxie has a gun that sounds much like The Dame's, just slightly different.]

MAXIE: You're not the only one with a quantum pistol, honey.

THE DAME: Who the hell are you?

MAXIE: The name's Maguane, bitch. (beat) Katerin Maguane.

[Maxie fires and the dame DISINTEGRATES.]

THE DAME: (wails of excruciating pain)

[Her briefcase falls to the floor.]

[Gray gets to his feet.]

GRAY: Nice to see you, Kat.

MAXIE: Nice to be seen. (beat) Got the doc's notes?

[Briefcase picked up.]

GRAY: Yep.

MAXIE: Good. You think we can get out of here now? This guy's body *totally chafes*.

GRAY: Yeah, kid. We're done.

[A few footsteps to a phone, 0 dialed on the rotary. Ringing.]

OPERATOR: This is the operator. How can I direct your call?

GRAY: KL-32637.

OPERATOR: Putting you through.

[A switch heard over the line, then suddenly soft static from the receiver, which fuzzies up the voice coming from it. Static continues under the entire scene until the phone is hung up.]

DYSON: [on phone] Gray?

GRAY: Yeah. Maguane and I are ready to jump.

DYSON: [on phone] You have Belanoff?

GRAY: ...in a manner of speaking.

DYSON: [on phone] Rezzing you out now.

[Gray and Dyson de-rezz out of the universe.]

[The phone receiver falls back into the phone cradle, hanging itself up.]

[A beat, Butch stands up, dusts himself off.]

BUTCH: Oooh. I'm just not even gonna bother tellin' the boys back home about this one.  
(laughs) Hoo.

[Noir music picks up again.]

[The sounds and voices from before, SLIDE SPACE, start soft and grow.]

GRAY: [V.O.] And that was that. Another successful mission, Magaune back in her proper body. The director wasn't happy to lose Belanoff but she was on my team about the doctor's notes. Nobody was happy to find out Chasis Verdant is still in the game. Got a bad feeling about how things will go the next time we meet. And we *will* meet. The multiverse might be infinite but one thing is always true... opposites attract. So I'll see you again, Chasis. Maybe even soon. But this time, I'll be ready.

[Noir music fades out.]

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[Dreamnasium theme plays.]

THE MUSE: Geoffrey Thorne's "Dreamnasium", episode four. "The Dame Wore a Tesseract," part two.

Featuring the voice talents of:

Pete Milan as Harris Gray

Kristen Bays as the Dame

Perry Whittle as Maxie Sparks

Joe J. Thomas as Belanoff

Jack Calk as Cranzetti

Philip Weber as Butch

Jessie Moore as Dyson

Darian Lindle as the Operator

Marte Brengle as the Bartender

Kathryn Pryde as the Computer Voice

and Melissa Autumn Hearne as The Muse

Written by Jeffrey & Susan Bridges, based on the original short story "The Dame Wore a Tesseract" by Geoffrey Thorne

Dreamnasium theme by Vincent Morrison

Music by Josh Molen at [TheTunePeddler.com](http://TheTunePeddler.com)

Directed by Dave Morgan

Produced by Pendant Productions

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[Dreamnasium theme fades out.]