

# IN DREAMS

By Phil Lewis

## SHORTENED **SAMPLE** VERSION

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*Approximately 12 minutes duration*

### Cast

**HER**                      40+

**HIM**                      50+

### Programme Notes

A woman's perception of her life appears vague.

But there is a very special reason why her thoughts are not all they should be.

### Production Notes

The set is a bedroom with a window.

# IN DREAMS

## SCENE 1

**HER:** (LOOKING OUT OF A WINDOW)

I can feel the sun softly on my face. Aware of the warmth on my fingertips as they rest against the glass. My breath briefly misting my vision through the window. The garden, stretching away below me. Beyond that, the fields of rural England. Disappearing into a heat haze on the indistinct horizon.

Around the swimming pool, our children are eagerly playing. Their faces bright with excitement. Noisy squeals of joy, interspersed with the splashing and giggling of their contented play.

The sky is cloudless. Not many days could be this nice in England. Although of late, there have been quite a few. The sun is beginning to hurt my eyes.

(TURNS)

The sleeping figure of my husband, stretched out on the bed. John turns slightly, moving in his dream. I love to snuggled up close, encircled in his arms. His breathing a moving, gentle pressure against me. I lay my head on his muscular chest and listen to the healthy, regular heartbeat. I felt safe. Very safe.

The insurance had been wisely spent and my employer has finally paid out my substantial severance pay. I have at last managed to leave that dreadfully underpaid, over stressed job. I've tried to leave many times before, but what with one thing and another..... Since that dreadful day of the accident.....I can't remember how long ago now ..... things have certainly looked up.

Neither of us need to go to work any more and we live our family life exactly as we wish. We spend all our time together. Everything we do, the kids can join in. Well .... nearly everything. We believe it's important that our children feel wanted, all the time.

(SHE SITS)

I can still hear the children, becoming fainter as I drift off into sleep. A contented rest, enhanced by an afternoon of love making, with a very handsome man. Who would still be there when I awoke.

It was then it started. The pain, in my hand. The dream is about to start.

(PAUSE)

The beach is almost empty. The sun is out in a clear sky, though not at all too warm. The waves lap the sand and hiss their way out to sea again. Birds swoop and catch fish. Delighted children are bobbing about in the foam.

I look up at the swaying palms, high above me. Offering all the shade I need. John is stretched out on the recliner, his swimsuit still wet from our swim. We had all swum out, still within our depth, but the children swam strongly with us. Before we knew it, small fish surrounded us. Harry squealed with delight, Jane with a little fear.

Suddenly, just a few yards from John, a tall black, sleek triangular fin had broken the surface. A shower of spray shot up from an opened nostril. A snort, so loud it almost hurt Jane's ears, sounded across the small waves. The Dolphin dived from our view. For the next few minutes we were entertained by four Dolphins swimming around us. We never had the chance to touch them, but they were so close.....

The horizon is misty, where the sea and sky appear to meet. Many things had become misty to me, since the accident. I tried to think back to my childhood. Memories returned. My cat, Henry. My Parents, Arthur and Sarah. Jenny....I could recall all of them. But of recent events.....very little. Especially since the accident. But, why worry? It really doesn't matter.

I have nothing to worry about. We're all healthy. We have money enough for the rest of our lives and a nest egg for the kids. No. It really doesn't matter if I can't remember the odd detail. It doesn't matter at all.

I let the sun warm me. I begin to drift off to sleep with the sound of the gulls in my head.

The pain returns.

My hand burns, briefly. Then the pain bites deeper. I cry out, like I had done many times before. There is always a moment of panic. A few seconds of absolute fear. All goes black. All that is left is the pain. I open my eyes and am blinded by a light. No longer the warmth of the sun, but a cold, unfeeling light. I am back in my dream. Images moved across my vision. Strange shaped people, pale and indistinct. Unreal. A gash in the face from which eyes, intent and menacing, look down at me. Hairless creatures, moving slowly and making indistinct noises as part of their faces move, where should have been mouths.

A strangely smooth-skinned hand appears briefly within my limited range of vision. I feel them touching me. The pain intensifies and I scream out loud for John. I struggle to get away, but am restricted by a force I can not see. I try to cry out again, as one of the heads moves purposefully towards my face. I see it shake, as if saying no. Thankfully my vision fades, as I fight to awake from the dream. The darkness descends again and I know it is once again over. Until the next time.

EDITED

## SCENE 2

(THERE IS THE SOUND OF CLICK.)

(FADE UP ON HIM)

**HIM:** (INTO A HAND HELD RECORDER)

Dear Mister Jarvis.

I thought I'd better bring you up to date on the condition of your wife.

As you appreciate, it has been three months since your wife entered her coma. Under normal circumstances there would be little, or no, brain activity after these severe head injuries. In her case, it has been quite different. The brain is active, sometimes quite intense. This is, as I have already explained to you, the main reason we have agreed to research her case at a reduced cost to yourself. However, her brain activity does appear to be slowing down.

We have tried shock treatment, under very clinical conditions, to bring her out of the coma. We applied low voltage charges to her hand, on several occasions. To a certain degree, she responds. She then returns to her unconscious state. She seems to resist all our attempts to communicate during her few lucid moments. If we could just sustain her attention for long enough, it may encourage her to begin her own recovery process.

I believe she may be dreaming and resents leaving that dream. We cannot know for certain whether the dream is pleasant, or not. I believe she is in no pain, but it is difficult to be sure.

The main purpose of this letter is to inform you of her slow deterioration. Also, there may come a time where all her brain activity may cease. In that event, a re-evaluation of her future with us must be reconsidered.

**EDITED**