

DREAM COME TRUE

by Greg Vovos

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Characters:

JACK: A man in love but hungry for more.

SALLY: A woman in love and perfectly content.

SHADOWY FIGURE: A mysterious being.

SETTING:

The doorstep of a residence in a dream.

SYNOPSIS:

A couple who is literally living the dream life can't agree on whether that's a good thing or not. And if they don't find common ground soon, they will lose each other forever.

TO PRODUCE THIS PLAY

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DREAM COME TRUE

Lights up as a big lonely box, wrapped and fitted with a bow, sits in front of a friendly doorstep, flower pots on either side.

The lid rustles, someone or something tries to break free. A hand emerges, raps on the door, scurries back inside.

The door opens. SALLY emerges, holding an empty flower vase. She has a big smile this morning, but then she always does. After a moment...

A man POPS out of the box. This is JACK. Jack seems happy enough, but there is a hunger that colors his actions.

JACK
Sur--

SALLY
--priiiiiiiiiise!

JACK
Why do you always do that?

SALLY
I'm sorry. I can't help myself.

JACK
I never get to surprise you.

SALLY
Who needs surprises?

JACK
I do.

Jack gets out of the box. Sally's eyes narrow as she looks him over. Something isn't right.

What's wrong?

SALLY
Where are the flowers?

JACK
I have something better. A real surprise.

SALLY
I don't want a real surprise. I want the flowers! (*Growing alarmed.*)
WHERE ARE THE FLOWERS?!?

Sally paces. Trying to control herself.

JACK
Sally, it's okay--

SALLY
(*As if taking inventory*) Every morning, every morning, I open the door, you pop out, we say surprise. You offer me the flowers, I accept, put them in the vase, and the dream commences. But today...today...what?

JACK
I talked to The Guy.

SALLY
The Guy?

JACK
He said if we went past our moment...to the kiss...we could break free from this dream.

SALLY
Break free to where?

JACK
To reality.

SALLY
Why would we do that? We're literally living the dream, Jack. Why would we ever want to change that?

JACK
To experience more.

SALLY
No, no, no. This is not happening. We're not risking this.

Sally rips flowers from one of the pots.

Here. Give me these.

JACK
What?

SALLY
Just give me the God damn--Sorry. I shouldn't say that. (*Sweetly*)
Please, sweetie. Present the flowers to me.

Jack takes the flowers, offers them to her.

(*Overly affected*) Oh, thank you, Jack. How'd you know?

JACK
I don't want to do this...

SALLY
(*More persistent with the act.*) How'd you know, Jack??

JACK
(*Playing along, but half-hearted.*) I just felt it in my heart, Sally.

SALLY
You're such a sweetie.

Sally puts her arm in his, they stare out...toward the sun.

SALLY
I love the sun, don't you?

JACK
Yes.

SALLY
Isn't it beautiful?

JACK
Yes.

SALLY
It's as if it were put there just for us.

JACK
It will set soon.

SALLY
What did you say?

JACK
The sun will set and then it will be dark.

SALLY
Don't say that. It never sets on us. Not in this dream. Now say the right line.

JACK
The sun is setting on us whether you like it or not.

Sally SLAPS HIM ACROSS THE FACE and then GASPS. She grips her hand, stares at it, surprised at herself and by her actions.

Felt good, didn't it?

SALLY
No.

JACK
I liked it.

SALLY
What is wrong with you?

Jack pulls her close and TRIES TO KISS HER. She BITES HIS LIP.

JACK
Owww. You bit me.

She rubs her lips as if she could erase what just happened.

SALLY
WE'RE NOT. ALLOWED. TO KISS!! My God, I hope you haven't already ruined this. Please, get a grip of yourself and tell me the dream about how you got here. Then I'll tell you mine. We'll disagree a moment. You'll win me over and everything will continue as it should, just like it always does.

JACK
I don't want to. I want to kiss you. I want--

SALLY
Tell me your dream or I will go inside and this dream will end.
Forever. And you will never see me again.

JACK
You wouldn't do that.

SALLY
Wouldn't I?

Jack stares at her. Studies her. A standoff.

JACK
You're just afraid.

SALLY
You need to appreciate that what we have now is perfect, there is nothing more perfect than this. If we push things past this dream day, it will take us to places we can't fathom. Dark places.

JACK
Where the sun sets?

SALLY
Yes. And where things happen that we can't come back from. Do you know how many couples in the world would trade what they have to be us, to be living this dream life? Only everyone.

JACK
I'm tired of the dream. I want reality.

SALLY
Reality is overrated, it's boring, and it disappoints!

JACK
Sally, I love you.

SALLY
You don't know what love is. You think you do, you have this vision in your head, but you don't really know.

JACK
And you do?

SALLY
Yes. And I don't want this to go bad. I don't ever want to hurt you.

JACK
You won't hurt me.

SALLY
Yes, I will. And you'll hurt me. Please, if you love me, tell me your dream like we always do. Okay...

JACK
I want more. I want to go through the day-to-day with you, I want us to struggle together, to surprise each other, to--

SALLY
--What happens when the struggle becomes too much?

JACK
It won't become too much. It will--

SALLY
--Really? Can you promise that? Can you guarantee that one day you won't come home from your mundane, soul-sucking job, walk through that front door, see me, and think, "Jesus Christ, who is that? She's not the woman I thought she was at all. She's not the woman of my dreams!" Can you promise me that won't happen?

JACK
I would never do that.

SALLY
That's what they all say. And why not? We're living the dream. But once the dream becomes reality, it all changes. The reality is you fall in love with someone when the sun is shining, and it all seems perfect. But then night arrives and you bear your soul to them, you truly open yourself up, and then the switch goes off in their head that you're not who they thought you were at all or who they want you to be, and they leave you. And you're pregnant. They leave you before you can even tell them. And when you think it can't get any worse, you miscarry, and that sends you into a sleep that lasts lifetimes. And you

think you'll never wake up, but you do, you do wake up, and when you awake, you open your door, and there is a box, a box with a beautiful bow, and a man pops up, hands you the flowers, and you smile...

JACK

...a smile so bright, so warm, it sets your soul on fire.

SALLY

Yes...

JACK

A smile you never thought you'd see, surely not since you lay in your own bed, late at night--

SALLY

In the darkness...

JACK

...In the darkness, yes. Feeling like a child. Seeing things only children can...shadows, spirits, ghosts...until a force pulls you under the covers, down the edge of the bed, and onto the cold hard floor where you feel a weight bearing down on your chest. Your heart pounds, like a drill press...and you hear voices, screams. They're the voices of strangers, but really they're your own, and you don't know what to do because it's so dark. Then two hands pull you out from under, stuff you into a box, toss you onto a pallet in the back of a trailer truck, and whisky you away across galaxies to a place unknown to you but secretly you hope it's a place of goodness and light. And then, finally, after receiving instructions from a man in a black stovepipe hat, you knock on the door, and she comes out, and smiles at you...

SALLY

And you feel the sun...

JACK

And the blaze, my heart on fire.

SALLY

Mine too.

JACK

I love that.

SALLY

See? It's perfect. There is nothing more perfect.

JACK

Maybe. But there is more. Beyond this dream.

They get close, about to kiss...

I'm willing to risk whatever comes our way after the kiss, even if it's the last thing I ever do, because I would literally die for you.

SALLY

But what if you don't love me enough? Or I don't love you enough? What if we fail each other and our dream turns into a nightmare?

JACK

Look at me. I will screw up. You will screw up. And we will suffer pain. But in the end, we will triumph. And it won't be perfect because life's not perfect. And neither are we. Because we're just people. We're just us. And me, well, I'm a supremely fucked up individual.

Sally laughs.

But I love you. Enough. I'm sure of that.

SALLY

I'm scared, Jack. Supremely scared.

JACK

So am I.

They stare at each other...then...SHE KISSES HIM. A deep kiss. A beautiful moment. Then...the light starts to fade.

Wasn't that beautiful?

She nods...but then notices the darkening sky...

SALLY

Jack, what's happening? Why's it getting dark?

It gets darker still. Jack looks at the sky...it's been awhile since he's seen a darkness like this.

JACK
Night...

It's dark as midnight now.

SALLY
What did we do?!

JACK
It's okay.

SALLY
We've never been in the dark before.

SHADOWY FIGURE enters, puts Jack in a choke hold and STABS him in the heart. We hear the SOUNDS OF THE STRUGGLE, and then...

Jack? Jack???

SHADOWY FIGURE
(Like a whisper from the wind.) You kiss the man and the man dies.

The Shadowy Figure vanishes just before lights come back up to the original daytime look. Jack's body lies strewn in the box.

Sally runs to him.

SALLY
Jack? Jack! I told you. I told you it would turn into a nightmare.
God damn it! Why did I kiss you?

She shakes his body and then...she SMACKS his face.

Why did I kiss your sweet stupid face?

She's about to slap him again but stops herself. She rests her hand gently on his cheek. Calms down a bit.

I'm sorry I slapped you. Your face isn't stupid. It's...

Sally kisses Jack's face right where she slapped it. A peaceful moment. She touches her hand to his heart, then...

Jack springs up out of the box.

JACK
SURPRISE!

Sally jumps back, frightened. She SCREAMS!

Got you that time, huh?

SALLY
What? Shit! Jack!

She hits him in the chest. He laughs as she recovers her breath from the "surprise."

What...what's happening?

JACK
(*Gently*) You kiss the man and the man dies, but he is born anew, strengthened by her love, created by it, transformed by it-- he belongs to her forever. He is different but he is the same.

SALLY
And she is different. I am different.

JACK
And WE are born.

She takes his hand.

SALLY
You are...

JACK
You are...

SALLY/JACK (*together*)
My dream come true.

Jack sweeps Sally up in his arms, kisses her, as lights fade...

END OF PLAY