

# IN YOUR DREAMS

by

John Staats

**FADE IN:**

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Dark and dingy. A floor lamp sets off to the side of two well worn recliners. In one is MAGGIE (40), in her robe with her hair in curlers. In the other is FREDDIE (45), a balding man in boxers and a stained t-shirt. Both are reclined with their feet up.

Freddie sleeps and sounds like he's sawing logs.

An old cathode tube television flickers its light on the two viewers as it plays a rerun of Monty Python's Flying Circus.

PEPPERPOT 1 (OS)  
What's on the telly?

PEPPERPOT 2 (OS)  
It looks like a penguin.

Maggie snorts with laughter. She looks to Freddie and nudges his arm.

Freddie only lets out a grunt.

MAGGIE  
Aw, Freddie, it's one of your favorites. You're missing it!

PEPPERPOT 2 (OS)  
What if it lays an egg?

From behind, down the hall in a back room, comes the sound of a low moan.

Maggie cocks her head to listen.

Again, but just a little louder.

Maggie mutes the television and sits upright.

Now the moan is on the verge of a scream.

MAGGIE  
Oh, dear!

She gets up, turns and hurries down the hall. She enters a darkened bedroom.

**INT. BEDROOM**

The room is dark except for a bedside nightlight. A young boy, TOMMY (8), tosses and turns under the covers. He's having a dreadful nightmare.

Maggie sits on the bed and shakes him awake.

MAGGIE

Tommy? Tommy, Wake up, dear.

Tommy thrashes for a moment and then settles down. He's covered in sweat and panting.

TOMMY

Oh, Mummy, it was horrible!

Maggie puts her arms around his shoulders and rocks him.

MAGGIE

There, there, Tommy. It's okay, now. Tell Mummsy all about it.

Tommy squirms a bit and looks up with tears in his eyes.

TOMMY

So... I was in the woods and, and, oh, Mummy... A grizzly bear charged me!

Maggie does her best to comfort Tommy.

MAGGIE

Oh, my! That would be scary!

TOMMY

No, you don't get it. It was so real. The roar it made. The smell of its breath....

Maggie leans back and cups Tommy's face in her hands.

MAGGIE

Oh, Tommy. You got nothing to be afraid of in dreams. They can't hurt you.

TOMMY

But...but...I always heard that if you get killed in a dream that you really die.

Maggie lets out a little chuckle.

MAGGIE

Nah, now, that's an old wives tale. Dreams can't hurt the dreamer.

Tommy pauses and thinks for a moment.

TOMMY  
But what about...

Maggie has had enough.

MAGGIE  
Now, Tommy. You just get some rest.

TOMMY  
But you also said that thing about  
if you're ever chased by a bear?

Maggie looks puzzled for a moment and then bursts out  
laughing.

MAGGIE  
You mean that old joke? That if  
you're ever chased by a bear, just  
make sure you're faster than the  
other guy?

TOMMY  
Well, yeah. 'Cause tonight I was  
faster than--

Maggie stifles her laughter and cuts him off in  
mid-sentence.

MAGGIE  
Now, look, Tommy. You just don't  
worry your little self about that.  
You're just fine. Go back to sleep.

A startling loud moan now comes from Freddie, back in the  
living room. Maggie emits an exasperating sigh.

MAGGIE  
(to herself)  
Bloody hell. What did you two eat  
to haunt your dreams tonight.

TOMMY  
But, Mummy-

MAGGIE  
No buts. Now I've got to tend to  
your father.

She pecks him on the cheek and tucks him in.

MAGGIE  
Sweetie dreams, Tommy boy.

TOMMY

Oh, okay.

Maggie gets up and leaves the bedroom.

**INT. LIVING ROOM**

Maggie chuckles as she walks back to the living room.

MAGGIE

Oh, Tommy-boy.

**CLOSE ON MAGGIE**

Maggie enters the living room and sits back in the recliner.

MAGGIE

Freddie, Freddie, Freddie. That's a  
silly boy, you got there. You know  
what he told me?

She turns to Freddie and screams bloody murder.

**CLOSE ON FREDDIE**

Freddie has bear claw marks across his throat and chest. His  
face hangs by tendrils and one eye stares towards the  
heavens.

FADE TO BLACK