

A madsummer night's dream

A Comedy



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This is a one-act play of the night that the main character, Jack, falls asleep and is visited in his dreams by his dead wife, Jill, Santa Claus, and his son, Max, when all that he really wants is to sleep peacefully.

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A Play

Performers

Jack
Jill, his wife
Santa Claus
Max, their son

Props

Chairs x 2

Scene. The Scene opens with Jack and Jill seated in armchairs, talking. There is a door on one wall.

Jac. "...and I was talking to Aunty Mildred...and I said, Mildy...If you go to..."

Jil. "Did you hear that?"

Jac. "Hear what?"

Jil. "That noise?...A bang?...In the kitchen I think?...Someone must be in there?"

Jac. (Listens). "I don't hear anything...but I'll go and check...wait here..."

(Goes across the stage, as Santa walks on).

San. "Ho...Ho...Ho..."

Jac. "What the Dickens are you doing here?... We don't have a chimney...How did you get inside...?"

San. "I came in through the cat door..."

Jac. "Well...What are you doing here?...I didn't think you were real?"

San. "I'm not...you're the one who's dreaming?"

Jac. "Dreaming?...So, I'm dreaming?"

San. "Yes!"

Jac. "Why am I dreaming about you then?...I didn't think you were real?"

San. "I'm not real...so don't ask me why I'm here..."

(Looks at door, and looks at Santa).

Jac. "How did you fit through the cat door?"

San. "It's a dream...remember?"

Jac. "This is confusing...I'm going back to see Jill..."

(Goes back to his chair).

Jac. (Shaking his head). "Very strange?"

Jil. "What's strange?...Who was it?"

Jac. "Santa Claus..."

Jil. "But, he isn't real?"

Jac. "I told him that...and he said he isn't real too..."

Jil. "Then what's he doing here?"

Jac. "He said I'm dreaming..."

Jil. "Dreaming?"

Jac. "Yes..."

Jil. "Why am I in your dream then?...I'm dead...so I'm not real either?"

Jac. "Please don't confuse me?"

Jil. "It's your dream remember?"

Jac. "Well...Maybe you can go back to where you came from...and Santa can go back to where he came from...and I can figure this out?"

Jil. "I can't go...I didn't even come here...remember?"

Jac. "This is confusing?...I'll probably wake up and find out this was just a dream?"

Jil. "It is!"

Jac. "Oh...Yes, of course!...So, why are you here anyway?"

Jil. (Shaking her head). "I told you!...It's your dream!...Do you still go to Church?"

Jac. "Church...No, of course not!"

Jil. "Why not?"

Jac. "Because...I didn't want to go after you died..."

Jil. "Would you have wanted me to go...if you died?"

Jac. "Yes...but that's different..."

Jil. "No, it isn't...Promise me you'll go back to Church!"

Jac. "I'm not promising you anything...You're not real..."

Jil. "Don't rub it in, Jack?"

Jac. "Sorry Darling...but this is so confusing?"

Jil. "How do you think I feel?...I'm not even real...and you've brought me here...with Santa?"

Jac. "Look Darling...You'd better go back to wherever you didn't come from...and I'll go back to sleep..."

Jil. "I can't go back there...I didn't come from anywhere...and you're already asleep..."

Jac. "Man...as if living isn't hard enough...now there's this?"

(Santa walks in).

Jac. "What are you doing in here?...You're not real, remember?"

San. "That's what everybody keeps telling me...Why am I here then, if I'm not real?"

Jac. "Don't confuse me any further please?"

San. "So, who are you?"

Jil. "Jack and Jill...we're husband and wife...we ah...we were anyway...before the dream..."

San. "Jack and Jill...like in the nursery rhyme?"

Jac. "No...They aren't real...just like you...But we are...Well...I am anyway!"

(Knock at the door).

Jac. "Who's that?" (Looking at Jill).

Jil. "I don't know...It's your dream?"

Jac. (Looks at Santa).

San. (Shrugs).

Jil. "Come in!"

Max. (Enters).

Jil. "Max!"

Max. "Hello Dad...Mum, what are you doing here?...I thought you were dead...still?"

Jil. "I am...it's a dream..."

Jac. "What are you doing here?"

Max. "I don't know?...And what's *he* doing here?...You always told me he wasn't real?"

Jil. "He isn't!"

Jac. "Then what's he doing here?"

Jil. "He isn't...it's a dream..."

Max. "A dream?...So, which one of us is dreaming?" (Looking at Santa). "Not him, obviously...he isn't real?"

Jil. "I told you...Your Dad...It's your Dad's dream..."

Jac. "It's not my dream...it was until you lot barged in on it...Now it's up for grabs..."

Jil. "Haven't changed a bit, have you jack...everything's a drama!"

Max. "What are you dreaming about?"

Jac. "About things that are happening...that aren't really happening!"

San. "Can I go now?...I can see that I'm not really wanted here?"

Jac. "You weren't invited...You came in through the cat door remember?"

San. "Alright...I'm leaving...Goodbye!"

Jil. "Goodbye!"

Jac. "Don't say goodbye to him...He isn't real?"

Jil. "Why were you talking to him then?"

Jac. "Because he was talking to me!"

Jil. "He wasn't really talking to you, because he doesn't exist..."

Jac. "I know that...Look...Why don't you two go back to wherever you never came from...and I'll

figure this one out?"

Max. "There...I always said you didn't like having me around!"

Jac. "It's not like that...This is a dream, remember?"

Max. "Any excuse..."

Jac. "It isn't an excuse...I need to find out why you two and Santa are in my dream?"

Jil. "It's good to see you again anyway Jack!"

Jac. "And you...even if this isn't really happening..."

Max. "What about me?...Do I get a mention?"

Jil. "You too Maxy!"

Jac. "Good to see you Son...even if I'm not really seeing you?"

Max. "It's good that you're glad to see me...even if you aren't really seeing me..."

Jac. "I should really go back to sleep..."

Jil. "You're already asleep, Darling..."

Jac. "No, I mean properly asleep...like asleep, asleep...Like when you don't know you're asleep?"

Jil. "Okay...we should go Maxy...Come on..."

Max. "You're not really my mother, are you?"

Jil. "I am tonight..."

(They exit out the door).

Jac. "Now...How do I get to sleep?"

(A knock at the door).

Jac. "No...not another gate crasher?...I wonder who that is?...No, I don't want to know...I'll just pretend I'm asleep...No, I can't do that...I'm already asleep..."

(A knock at the door again).

Jac. "Just great!...How am I expected to sleep with all these visitors?...I'll wake up then...How do I wake up?...I've never had to wake up before...Maybe if I close my eyes and pretend I'm not asleep, I'll wake up?"

(Closes his eyes tightly for a few seconds, then opens them, and feels around his body).

Jac. "Ah...success!...I'm awake, that's better...I'll make a cup of tea!"

(Walks over to the door and gasps in surprise).

Jac. "There's red fluff all around the cat door?...How did that get there?...But Santa isn't real?...and I was only dreaming it...Wasn't I?"

(Looks slowly around the room, behind himself, and around the ceiling).

Jac. "This is creepy!...I'm going back to sleep...Good night!"

(He hurries out through the door and shuts it).

Curtain Falls.

Finis.

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Ed.M.