

SWEET DREAMS

A ten-minute comedy by
Wendy-Marie Martin

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

JORDAN, a 16-year-old super student whose academic goals are beginning to take their toll. She is a straight-laced good girl.

FAYE, an extravagant female teen fairy usually decked out in some funky, crazy outfit and fully accessorized with as much glitz and glitter as possible. (Most people mistake her for a high fashion model.) She is a boisterous diva who knows how to have fun.

(Lights up on JORDAN, balancing an unbelievably high stack of books. She trips and the books fall to the floor.)

JORDAN: Oh come on. Give me a break!

(Jordan begins to pick up the books as FAYE enters dressed like she's ready for a fashion show in Paris.)

FAYE: You called?

JORDAN: Excuse me? Who are you?

FAYE: Faye—your B.F.F. Fairy. Just in time, too, by the looks of things—

(Faye helps Jordan pick up books.)

JORDAN: My B.F. what?

FAYE: Fairy. I believe you requested someone to... *(Looking through her notes:)* ..."give you a break."

JORDAN: *(Rubbing her eyes:)* I really did stay up too late last night. *(Blinking a few times:)* You're still here.

FAYE: B.F.F. Fairies don't leave until the job is done. It's in our contract.

JORDAN: I'm sorry, I have no idea what a B...F...F Fairy is—

FAYE: Seriously? What are they teaching you in school?

(Faye assesses Jordan and makes a few notes.)

JORDAN: *(Shaking her head to clear it:)* I've finally lost it. *(Deep breath.)* Focus, Jordan. You need to study.

(Jordan takes a stack of books back to a desk. Faye follows her.)

FAYE: Study? On a Saturday morning? You should be hanging out with your friends or...

(Takes Jordan's hand.)

...getting a desperately needed manicure.

JORDAN: Hey –

FAYE: Or at least sleeping the day away like a normal teenager –

JORDAN: Sleep? Are you kidding me? I've got SATs coming up. I have to pass with at least a 2300 or I can forget Harvard. Wait, why am I talking to a hallucination?

FAYE: First of all, I'm not a hallucination. Rude. Secondly... you're the one who asked for a break, remember? That's why I'm here in the first place. And I've got a bunch of other people to help today, so if we could move this along, I would appreciate it. Liliana is NOT going to beat my high score again this month.

JORDAN: High score?

FAYE: Complicated fairy stuff. You wouldn't understand. Now back to you...if all this SAT stuff and Harvard, or whatever, is stressing you out so much why don't you just forget about it?

JORDAN: Forget Harvard, are you insane?

FAYE: There are lots of other schools you can go –

JORDAN: No there's not –

FAYE: Sure there are, silly. There's like thousands of colleges, especially with all the junior colleges –

JORDAN: Junior college? No way. There's only one school for me. Harvard. (*Beat.*) Stop talking to the air, Jordan. You're losing it. Study.

(Jordan puts on a set of headphones and opens a book. Faye leans next to her, trying to hear her jam.)

FAYE: That is not...classical music.

JORDAN: Excuse me?

FAYE: Old people listen to classical music. You should be listening to...

(Faye snaps her fingers and the library is transformed into a disco. [If this isn't possible, Faye can sing something a cappella instead as she jumps up on the table and dances wildly.])

(Jordan tries to continue studying, but Faye makes it very difficult. Jordan packs her books up and gets ready to leave. Faye finally notices and stops.)

Hey...heyheyheyhey. Where are you going?

JORDAN: Somewhere I can study—and listen to my music, which I happen to like, thank you very much—in peace.

FAYE: But I can't leave you alone until I give you a break. Those are the rules.

JORDAN: My family has been going to Harvard since the first class graduated in 1642—

FAYE: Yeah? Well my family has been in the fairy business longer than that, and we don't quit until the job is done. Now I've got a quota to fill, if you don't mind, so I'd like to finish your assessment.

JORDAN: Look, I know you're probably a figment of my imagination conjured from a mixture of stress and sleep deprivation, but I've got exactly one week left to study. If I don't ace my SATs I'll be branded a failure—

FAYE: Ha. I've got it! You need a sleep-out.

JORDAN: A sleep-what?

FAYE: A sleep-out. *(Beat.)* A sleep-out? It's so clear, I can't believe I didn't think of it before.

JORDAN: I have no idea what you're talking about.

FAYE: A sleep-out is like a time-out but in bed. Asleep.

JORDAN: I don't know. I don't think –

FAYE: Look, you summoned me, remember? Now I don't want to be rude, but I've got a lot of other stressed out overachievers to help, so you're going to have to pick your poison. Now do you want some sleep or not?

JORDAN: A nap would be pretty amazing, but...what about studying?

FAYE: The books will still be here when you wake up. Only difference is...you'll actually be able to keep your eyes open while you read them.

(Beat.)

JORDAN: Ooooh...kay.

FAYE: Okay? You mean it?

JORDAN: Yes, just...do it quick before I change my mind!

(Faye blows fairy dust in Jordan's direction as a bed appears. Faye tucks Jordan in and sets the alarm, as Jordan falls asleep.)

FAYE: Sweet dreams.

(Jordan falls asleep immediately.)

Few days of sleep should help your stress levels. And don't you dare think about what you've done while you're sleeping, young lady! I'll just wait to make sure you're in REM and then...

(Faye starts to fade, then crawls in with her feet in Jordan's face and starts to snore. The alarm goes off. Jordan opens her eyes, sits up and screams, which wakes up Faye.)

What, whatwahtwhatwhatwhat?

JORDAN: You're...you're... What time is it?

FAYE: Uh... One hundred o'clock –

JORDAN: What?

FAYE: Or 10. Yeah. That makes sense. It's probably 10 o'clock.

JORDAN: Ten o'clock? ...what day?

FAYE: Uhmhhh...looks like it's...Friday. Wait –

JORDAN: FRIDAY?

No, nononononono
that's not possible.
Tomorrow is my test day,
and I just lost a week of
study time? What was I
thinking?

FAYE: Friday??!!

Liliana is going to be days
ahead of me now! I'm
never going to be the top
fairy. Ever!

FAYE: I can't even handle a simple sleep-out. I mean, look at you! You're more stressed now than you were before.

JORDAN: ...actually, I feel pretty good –

FAYE: Clearly you're just saying that to make me feel better. I mean, look at you.

JORDAN: No, it's true... I feel good. Really, really good. So...rested. And clear. *(Beat.)* Wait. Ask me a question. Any question.

FAYE: Like what?

JORDAN: The projected sales volume of a video game disc is given by function $s(p)$ equals 3,000 over $2p + a$ where s is the

number of discs sold, in thousands; p is the price per disc, in dollars; and a is constant—

FAYE: Huh?

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