

## THE DREAM SONG

by

AJ DEHANY

Challenge 12 - Due 13/02 at 10am GMT

So... seeing as I'll be on a plane as you all think about it, what better challenge can there be than:  
set your play on a plane. In other words, write a playne!

The possibilities are endless. Pilots in a cockpit, intrigues with the flight attendants, the worst pairing of 'seat buddies', etc.  
OK... maybe not *endless!*

But then, after you've plotted (or written, for the hardcore writers) - take it out of an airplane and set it somewhere completely different, even nonsensically so. What happens then?

One thing, though, if you end up crashing the plane (as some of you will undoubtedly do) - please tell me, in the unlikely event that I randomly want to read your play, as I still have to fly back to the UK.

As a bonus for extra points, add yourself as a character to the play.  
(and points mean prizes. What do points mean? You're right. Nothing!)

[ajdehany@gmail.com](mailto:ajdehany@gmail.com)

SCENE 1

TO SLEEP

DEHO: I'm not afraid of flying. Just landing.

DEMON: In the dream?

DEHO: In the dream I'm flying. I fly across the seas and across lands, swooping down toward the green fields and over the tops of tall buildings, and always falling, falling, but never landing.

DEMON: Do you fall in the dream?

DEMON: I wake up and I can't remember. There might be a few words, the fragments of a poem that's lost, that waking up has taken away.

DEMON: Will you write a poem for me?

DEHO: I can't. I feel broken. I need to sleep. I'd feel better after a sleep. Maybe I could write a poem for you then. Maybe not.

DEMON: You should get some sleep.

DEHO: I'm afraid that if I go to sleep now, I won't wake up.

DEMON: You're afraid of dying? It's just like falling asleep.

DEHO: Not dying. I'm afraid I'll wake, but it'll be too late.

DEMON: Too late for what?

DEHO: Too late... I don't know. Too late to do any good. Too late to pick up the burden and go with it.

DEMON: Come away. We're late. We have to go.

DEHO: To sleep?

DEMON: You're tired. You're sleeping now.

## SCENE 2

### DREAM

DEHO: The sun is rising, but from the west. It's not rising in the sky. The sun is limping across the horizon, like it hasn't the energy, like it's finished but has to carry on, because that's what it does. Because if it didn't try, if it didn't even limp across the horizon, there would be no day at all. Only night. For as long as ever. Night, forever.

MOTHER: He's slept in again. He's missed school. Why does he do this? Every night, hurting his eyes with those books. Filling his head full of rubbish. It only makes him miserable. The more he reads, the more miserable it makes him. He doesn't want to get up in the morning. It's not that he can't, he won't.

DEHO: I want to sleep. I lie in the dark and no dreams come. A head full of thoughts and nothing to dream with. The smell of the unwashed sheets, the screaming of the foxes outside and cars and motorbikes roaring past. The thin slice of the moonlight through the blinds. At last, rain on the skylight. It will never stop.

LOVE: He's never loved anyone. Even himself. Especially himself. When he looks in the mirror, the mirror is empty. Not even the landscape around him. The mirror is blank, absent.

WORDS: There's so much to say, and nothing. He's afraid he'll never write the poem, and that he'll never understand what it means.

COLOURS: There is an invisible colour, an impossible shade of a colour he can't imagine. He can't see it but he knows exactly what it looks like. It's not a colour, it's a feeling composed of colours, burning bright, but impossible.

MEMORIES: When we get back, the door has been left open, but no one is inside. There's a pan on the stove, which is still lit. Your nose twitches and you can smell soup, but there's no soup in the pan.

### SCENE 3

#### FEAR

DEHO: As I fly, falling, the air rushes up against me, holding me up. It won't let me off, won't let me fall. I'm not afraid of falling. I'm afraid of never being able to fall. I'll never sleep, never wake. Never dream, never live or die. Flying forever, over the green fields and blue oceans, through bright white clouds and dark black storms.

DEMON: Fly into the mirror.

DEHO: The mirror is empty. As I pass through the glass I feel a chill bristle for a moment, then nothing. I pass through and nothing has changed. I am exactly the same, and everything is exactly the same as before.

DEMON: Let yourself fall.

DEHO: I loosen up, shake my shoulders and ease the square of my back, stretch out and relax, and I crumple up into a ball of tangles, without sinew to draw them out. I crumple into a shadow and disappear from view, an imaginary colour in an imaginary landscape. The horizon is real, but never gets nearer.

## SCENE 4

### THE DREAM SONG

DEHO: I've written the poem.

DEMON: Can I hear it? Will you read it to me?

DEHO: The Dream Song doesn't have words. The Dream Song doesn't rhyme. The Dream Song isn't a dream inside a song waiting for the last line to wake up, or a song inside a dream forgotten on waking. The Dream Song sings in the night to itself, alone and lonely. The Dream Song doesn't have music. It listens to itself in the moments between other moments. It never begins, but never ends. The Dream Song is always the same, and always different. It changes with the seasons, and gets tired, gets older, forgets some things and remembers others. The Dream Song doesn't make it better or worse. The sun still rises, and falls, and the sky is empty but full of stars too distant to touch. The Dream Song is a song for you, but isn't you. A song for noone, as empty as a mirror. The Dream Song has a strange beauty, but isn't beautiful. It's dark but full of light. It's harsh and plangent, but soft and delicate. If you touched it, the Song would crumble into pieces, like a dream on waking.

SCENE 5

FEAR AGAIN

DEHO:                   The fear came back. That gnawing, strangling, itching, crawling thing. Always itching beneath the skin. At the back of the mind, just out of view. It never goes away. When I look back I can't see it, and when I turn away again I can hear its footsteps getting nearer. It never goes away.

DEMON:                Come away. We're late. We have to go now.

[END]