

# BAD DREAMS

A ten-page play

By

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## LIGHTS FADE UP ON:

A BARE STAGE is dominated by a large BED and A DOOR. In the bed lay TWO FIGURES. One of them, LIAM, tosses in his sleep clearly battling a BAD DREAM while the other, HAILEY, sleeps.

Whatever Liam's subconscious is experiencing, it's really getting to him as he's started grunting, throwing his arms around and mumbling LOUDLY.

LIAM: *(His ARMS and LEGS are really working)* I never! I never! I NEVER!

*(Liam's increasingly agitated WINDMILLING LIMBS inadvertently smack AGAINST Hailey, waking her. She's NOT pleased about it and SMACKS him back.)*

HAILEY: Stop it!

LIAM: *(Still asleep and still AGITATED.)* I NEVER! I WOULDN'T!

HAILEY: I said – STOP IT!

LIAM: *(He WAKES with a START)* What!?

HAILEY: I'm sleeping. Go next door. I'm not helping. Alright?

LIAM: What?

HAILEY: *(Now fully awake she sit's up, FURIOUS)* I am not doing nuffin', alright? So don't even ask, got it?

LIAM: I had a dream.

HAILEY: *(Throwing herself back under the covers and turning her back on him pointedly)* I've heard that one before. And if you try poking me with it, all hopeful, on my life Liam, I will put it on bread and water for a month. Let me sleep!

LIAM: *(Irritable)* It weren't that sort of dream.

*(He climbs OUT of bed. He wears a pair of boxers and cups his cock and balls through them as he paces in front of the bed.)*

HAILEY: Then why are you pulling at it? If it's itchy the cream's in the bathroom.

LIAM: It's not itchy, is it!

HAILEY: How would I know? I'm asleep. Or at least I'd like to be, but, unfortunately, you don't get that every hard-on you get **don't** have to be offered up like it's my bloody birthday and **that's** my sodding present! *(She sits up and GLARES at him).* I know you're very, very, **VERY** proud of your special soldier Liam, but, funnily enough, my world does not revolve around Popeye down there! If you want sex, try romance. Flowers, foreplay, maybe even just asking with a bit more flair than just jabbing me in the bloody ribs with it and then giving me that pathetic look like a slapped arse, hoping I'll feel sorry for you and chuck you a sympathy-shag!

LIAM: I don't want a fuck, do I!

HAILEY: Good, 'cause you're not getting one!

*(And, as far as Hailey's concerned, that's the end of the discussion. Liam stares at her as she throws herself back under the covers, conspicuously **not** returning his gaze.)*

LIAM: I don't want one. I just want ... I dunno.

HAILEY: I want sleep!

LIAM: *(Hurt)* I want a piss.

*(He stomps ACROSS STAGE towards one the DOOR and yanks it open ... )*

HAILEY: *(She SITS UP in bed)* Don't you **dare!**

*( ... and SLAMS it behind him with a CRASH.)*

HAILEY: You are **such** a child!

*(The sound of an impressive STREAM hitting the water ECHOES from behind the door. Hailey's had enough. She's properly awake now and properly steamed, ready for a proper row. She jumps out of bed and STALKS over to the bathroom door and BANGS on it.)*

HAILEY: More pressure! Squeeze it out! I don't think Sajid and Mina downstairs or the old cow upstairs can quite tell you're having a midnight piss. Remember Mum's birthday party? When you and your dopey brother got drunk and decided to have a pissing contest? Now **that** was proper impressive! Not like this. This is proper pitiful. *(The STREAM intensifies)* Sounds like an old man in there, pissing round his prostate. Not like at Mum's birthday. Remember? **She** said she'd

never seen nothing like it. She never even minded when you got so carried away you almost ruptured a bollock, over-balanced and fell over in her roses. There you was, on your back, Popeye standing up for all the bloody world to see! And you **never stopped peeing!** One hundred and forty-six comments on Facebook got Grandad so confused he still asks Mum's what happened to that new water-feature!

*(The STREAM finally STOPS. The door opens and Liam SIDLES past her.)*

LIAM: Your Mum's always Facebooking me.

HAILEY: That's 'cause you always get drunk when we go round and do something worth Facebooking.

*(Unconsciously, Hailey steps into the bathroom, SLAMS the lid shut and FLUSHES the toilet behind him.)*

LIAM: Yeah, well ... I wish she wouldn't. I don't like it, do I?

HAILEY: Can you blame her? What about last month when you got the dog horny?

LIAM: That dog's a fucking pervert! I was just stroking it! That's what you're supposed to do with dogs, stroke 'em. Wasn't my fault Cici had fell asleep in front of Love Island. I even pulled 'im off. And what's your Mum do? Facebooked it. Just sat there laughing and Facebooked it. Cici was proper scared she'd get a' ear infection.

HAILEY: Is this your way a sayin' you don't wanna to go tomorrow?

LIAM: No. Course not. I like your Grandad. He's nice even when he calls me Roger. It's just ... you know, your Mum and this dream and ... well ... just, you know.

*(He looks at her, PLEADING). Is your Mum gonna be there?*

HAILEY: It's his Birthday. He's eighty-six so quite possibly his last one. What d'you think?

LIAM: I was just asking. You don't have to get stressy.

HAILEY: I am 'stressy' Liam, because I am tired. And I am tired, Liam, because it's three in the morning when normal people should be asleep and instead I'm awake, 'cause you got a semi and can't keep it to yourself!

*(He's suddenly ANGRY)*

LIAM: I DO NOT WANT TO FUCK YOU!

*(His outburst STUNS her into SILENCE, which, as you've probably worked out, is far from easy. She STARES at him in complete SHOCK. And then, of course, she BURSTS into TEARS.)*

LIAM: *(Instantly CONTRITE)* Babes, I'm sorry. I never meant it! I'd love to fuck you. I really love fucking you. Fucking you's, like, the best thing ever! I like fucking you better'n ... football!

*(He advances on her, his arms OUTSTRECTHED in the hope of a HUG. She backs away)*

HAILEY: *(Through TEARS.)* You fucked a football?

*(That stops him DEAD.)*

LIAM: *(Very confused)* What?

HAILEY: *(Still SNIVELLING)* I was just tryin' to sleep. And you wake me up just to tell me you don't fancy me no more 'cause you'd rather fuck a football!?

LIAM: *(He's completely OUT of his DEPTH here.)* I never!?

HAILEY: Mum was right about you. You are weird!

*(That one REALLY takes the wind out of his sails. Liam SITS DOWN sharply on the bed, but, unfortunately, he's about THREE FEE away from it and instead DROPS to the floor on his ARSE with a THUMP. He sits there, his legs outstretched and looking up at her for all the world like a GIANT BABY.)*

LIAM: What's your Mum been saying about me?

HAILEY: *(The SNIVELLING'S more for EFFECT now.)* Now you wanna talk about Mum. You've always been weird about her. Always. You think I don't see the way you look at her, but I do. You might think I'm stupid, Liam, but I'm not.

LIAM: How can you be stupid? You done GCSE's **and** a A-Level.

*(She looks at him. The SNIVELLING's almost forgotten.)*

HAILEY: *(Sniffing.)* I failed it.

LIAM: But you done it. The exam an' everything. Babes, I know you're the clever one. I know that. That's why I'm with you.

HAILEY: But you **don't** fancy me no more, right?

LIAM: *(He puts his HEAD in his HANDS, because it really does HURT.)* No! I mean, yeah. I mean ... I dunno! It's this dream. It's proper messin' my head up.

*(Hailey looks DOWN at him. For the first time she registers that he is actually in emotional PAIN. She KNEELS next to him and takes his HANDS from his head, cradling them in her own.)*

HAILEY: Talk to me, babes.

LIAM: It's nuffin'. Know what I mean? It's just a stupid dream, it's proper nuffin', right? Just some stupid fuckin' dream. *(He PULLS his HANDS away and CLAMBERS to his FEET. He starts PACING again.)* It's just ... you're clever, right? I'm not. I know that. I'm good at different things, right? Tell me to dig a trench and I'll dig it better'n anyone. Or ... or, build a wall and make sure it's straight and strong. I know about that stuff, but this ... figuring this stuff out ... it's nuffin'.

*(She watches as he stops DEAD and TURNS to face her, his arms OUTSTRETCHED, completely LOST. Her HEART goes out to him.)*

HAILEY: It's not nuffin' if you're this messed up, is it?

LIAM: Yeah ... well. It's just ... I dream it over and over and over, right?

HAILEY: So, tell me. What is it?

LIAM: I told you, a **dream**.

HAILEY: *(Slightly exasperated.)* Yeah, I know it's a dream, Liam, but what **kind** of dream? What happens?

LIAM: I don't wanna talk about it.

HAILEY: For god's sake! You can't go on about it this much, tell me it's messin' with your 'ead so's you can't sleep, **and** that you can't stop dreaming it over and over and over, **and then not tell me!**

LIAM: It's stupid.

HAILEY: You mean embarrassing?

LIAM: Yeah.

HAILEY: Liam, remember St Paddy's day?

LIAM: *(He GRINS, sheepish.)* That weren't embarrassing, that was just funny.

HAILEY: That's my point. You don't get embarrassed. You stood there at the bar the day after St Paddy's day with everyone around you, telling anyone who'd listen how you drank ten pint of Guinness, then farted when we were shagging and blew something that felt like **tar** all over my foot!

LIAM: Didn't smell like tar.

HAILEY: You never even slowed down! Just kept pumping away till your eyes crossed, you yelled 'begorrah!' and shot your wad. You weren't embarrassed by that, but you're embarrassed by this. By a fuckin' dream?

LIAM: It's just ... weird.

HAILEY: And Sharting on your girlfriend mid-shag, without losing a single stroke isn't? Come on, babes; whatever it is, you know you can tell me. You can tell me anything. I love you.

*(He looks DOWN at her, THINKING. The moment STRETCHES ... )*

LIAM: I love you, too.

*(He takes a DEEP BREATH, then ... launches into ... IT.)*

LIAM: We're ... at your Mum's. I'm in the living room sitting on the sofa and she's there. It's just her an' me. An' ... she's looking at me. You know, like she does when you ain't there?

HAILEY: Liam, how would I know how she looks at you when I'm not there?

LIAM: 'Cause I told you.

HAILEY: When?

LIAM: After I fell over in the Roses that time.

HAILEY: When you pissed everywhere?

LIAM: Yeah, she just kept on ... you know, **staring**.

HAILEY: What'd you expect? You had your shorts round your ankles, Popeye was stood up straight, squinting at the world and squirting like a Homebase shower-head! **Everyone** was staring, Liam. Even the bloody dog!

LIAM: That dog's a fuckin' pervert!

*(Hailey CLOSES HER EYES for a moment as if battling INFINITE PAIN. After a long moment, she OPENS THEM and stares at him.)*

HAILEY: You was in the living room with Mum ... and?

LIAM: And she was staring at me.

HAILEY: Like she does when I'm not there?

LIAM: Yeah, exactly! Exactly. She was giving me that... **look** she gives me. You know?

HAILEY: Let's say 'yes' and move on. What happens then?

LIAM: Well ... she's sat there, right?

HAILEY: Giving you 'The Look.'

LIAM: *(Excitedly)* Yeah, and then ... then the living room door opens and you walk in. And you're smiling, right? Sort of, laughing and you're pointin' at me and laughing, and your Mum's giving me 'The Look', and you're both sort of laughing at me, but I don't know why, right?

HAILEY: Right.

LIAM: Right! And then, right; you point at me and you say 'you was right about him, Mum. I never believed you, but I seen what he's done to your shoes!' And I say, 'what?' And then you point right at me and say ... 'he's been wanking on 'em. All over 'em. They're, like, covered in ... in ...

HAILEY: *(struggling not to LAUGH)* I get it. Then what happens?

LIAM: Then your Mum looks at me and she's got 'The Look' on her face and she says, 'I told you. He does it all the time. Whenever he gets the chance. He can't help

himself. He never could. Everyone knows he fancies me.’ And then you’re still pointing, right? And as you point at me you say, ‘I know; he says he doesn’t, but no-one believes him. We all know he does. He can’t help himself. We know what he’s like. We all know.’

*(Liam’s words come FASTER now, TUMBLING over one another like boulders CRASHING down a MOUNTAINSIDE.)*

And I try and say it’s not true, that I don’t ... and that I don’t know how come your Mum’s shoes is all covered in cum, but it’s not mine, right? It must be the dog, right? ‘Cause everyone knows, that dog’s a fuckin’ pervert. Ask Cici! And I say ... it can’t be me, it can’t! I’ll prove it! An’ I pull down my trousers, right? And ... and ... and show you both that it can’t be me, right? There’s no way it can be me, right? It’s not possible for it to be me and you can both see why ... and that it’s proper obvious that it can’t never be me because ... because ... because ...

*(He TRAILS OFF. The moment stretches, PREGNANT; until Hailey BREAKS IT.)*

HAILEY: Because **WHAT!?**

LIAM: Because I haven’t got a cock. And, you know, you can both see I haven’t.

HAILEY: Wow.

LIAM: And then ... and this is the bit where I always wake up, right?

HAILEY: Right, this bit, not the bit where you’ve got no cock. This bit, whatever this bit is, right?

LIAM: Right.

*(The moment STRETCHES ... )*

HAILEY: WELL!?

*(Her BARKED COMMAND spurs Liam into SPEECH.)*

LIAM: Your Mum’s got my cock ...

HAILEY: What!?

LIAM: ... in her pocket. And she pulls it out and gives me ‘The Look’ and then ... then I wake up.

*(Hailey's JAW is on the FLOOR. She doesn't know WHAT to SAY. Instead of speaking she GETS UP and just STARES at Liam.)*

HAILEY: And you dream this over and over and over?

LIAM: It's why I don't wanna go tomorrow. You know?

HAILEY: *(Incredulous)* You're telling me, you don't want to go on Holiday to Butlins with my family, for a week - all paid for by my Mum - to celebrate my Grandad's eighty-sixth birthday, probably his **last** birthday, because ... every night you dream you wank over my Mum's shoes with your detachable cock?

LIAM: No! That not it! I don't wank over 'em.

HAILEY: Liam, if you don't, who does?

LIAM: Your Mum.

*(Hailey is **almost** SPEECHLESS.)*

HAILEY: And you reckon the **dog's** a pervert!?

LIAM: No! It's not me. I swear! On my life. It's not me!

HAILEY: It's my **Mum**? That's what you're saying. You're saying, let me get it straight, that every night you dream **my** Mum detaches **your** cock, and wanks it over **her** shoes?

LIAM: Yeah. But I never used to!

HAILEY: Oh, that's a comfort. What did it used to be, her knickers? Oh my god. Oh my god. My fiancé wants to pull a Rooney on my Mum!?! I can't breathe. I can't think. I'm gonna vom. I am ... I am going to **vom**.

LIAM: It's not my fault, I swear. I never used to dream nuffin' about your Mum. Nuffin'. Not until ... not until ... she **touched** me.

*(Hailey FREEZES. She looks at Liam, her BODY screaming DISBELIEF.)*

HAILEY: Excuse me?

*(Liam stands like a STATUE in the middle of the stage. Hailey ADVANCES on him.)*

What did you just say to me, Liam?

LIAM: Nuffin.'

HAILEY: Don't you **DARE** clam up now, Liam. Not now. Don't ... you ... fucking ...  
**DARE!**

LIAM: It was after the Roses, remember? Your Mum's birthday. Someone put me to bed in the spare room. With all the coats. I was really drunk.

HAILEY: I know you were, Liam. It was me who put you there.

LIAM: Well ... I woke up. And your Mum was ... next to me. And she was, you know ...

*(He drops into a WHISPER of SHAME)*

... touching me.

*(Hailey STARES at him. And then ... she LAUGHS. Liam stands there statue-like in the middle of the stage as Hailey LAUGHS at him. Over and over. She can't stop herself. She's almost DOUBLED-UP laughing. He stands there STARING at her as she LAUGHS. It hurts him. Every moment STABS at him. He drops his head, ASHAMED ... as Hailey keeps on LAUGHING.)*

LIAM: You don't believe me, do ya?

HAILEY: What d'you think?

*(Liam seems to SHRINK. Then suddenly TURNS, walks stiffly over to the BED. Climbs in and pulls the COVERS over him and lays STILL. He lays there, UNMOVING as ...)*

**THE LIGHTS FADE DOWN.**