

SWEET DREAMS

by Ken Bradbury



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(Freddy, a rather forlorn-looking lad, stands to one side as Mark and Jessica sit eating their lunch at the school cafeteria.)

JESSICA: There he is again.

MARK: Who?

JESSICA: That boy. Why's he staring at me?

MARK: Maybe he thinks you're cute.

JESSICA: Mark!

MARK: Okay, maybe you aren't cute.

JESSICA: Mark!

MARK: You're cute! You're gorgeous! And you're hogging all the Fritos. *(he grabs a handful)*

FREDDY: *(to himself)* There she is. Gosh, she's pretty. I think I'm in love! ... I know I'm in love ... I think. I mean, I think I know ... I don't know.

MARK: You want me to get rid of him?

JESSICA: No, Mark, he's not bothering me ... I guess ... It's just ... Well, he stands there every day when we're eating lunch. I mean, what does he want?

MARK: *(rising)* I'll get rid of him.

JESSICA: *(stopping him)* No. Don't make a scene. Maybe he'll go away.

FREDDY: She's really gorgeous. She sat behind me in 3rd grade art and I'd draw pictures of her with my finger-paint. Glad I was a lousy artist.

MARK: Is he still there?

FREDDY: The teacher thought it was a cow in a tree.

JESSICA: Yes.

MARK: Hurry up and eat. Let's get out here.

FREDDY: This is it, Freddy. Your last chance to get a date with her before you graduate.

MARK: Jess, we've been going together for ... how long?

FREDDY: *(to himself)* Four years.

JESSICA: Four years? Maybe longer?

FREDDY: Two months, seventeen days, and three hours.

MARK: Isn't it time we had a little privacy while we ate lunch?

FREDDY: She signed her name on my math paper once. I've still got it.

JESSICA: I don't even remember his name.

FREDDY: "Dear Freddy: You missed 18 out of 25. Signed, Jessica."

MARK: Freddy. Freaky Freddy.

FREDDY: I just don't understand it. I mean, in my dreams I'm so cool! I'm really hot stuff!

MARK: Maybe he wants to ask you out.

JESSICA: Dream on!

FREDDY: (*suddenly morphing into a Super Hero*) It's a bird!
It's a plane! It's Superboy!

(*running to their table*) Jessie! Come with me!

JESSICA: (*both she and Mark become a part of his dream*)
Superboy! My hero!

MARK: What?!!

FREDDY: Come fly away with me over the cafeteria! Through the town! Around the world!

JESSICA: Oh, yes! Yes, Superboy! Yes!

MARK: Not so fast, Superboy! I've planted a thermo-participled bomb inside her knapsack! It's got an altimeter set to go off at 12 feet in the air! And the cafeteria ceiling is fifteen feet tall!

JESSICA: Oh, no! We shall die! We shall die!

FREDDY: Hang on, Jessie! I shall tuck the thermo-participled knapsack under my left armpit that has been specially coated with atomic Teflon from the planet Krypton! (*he grabs her around the waist and the imaginary knapsack with the other hand*)

JESSICA: But I'm afraid, Superboy!

FREDDY: Don't worry, sweetheart! I would gladly give my life for you!

JESSICA: Yes! Yes! Let us fly! Let us fly!

FREDDY: Hang on for the date of your dreams! (*he prepares to fly off into the wild blue cafeteria*)

JESSICA: Wait a minute. Did you say "date?"

FREDDY: Yes!

JESSICA: Uh ... look, Superboy. I've got a paper to write and I've got to babysit tonight.

FREDDY: You would turn down a date with Superboy? But why?

JESSICA: Uh ... maybe it's the tights. I don't know. It's been a bad week.

FREDDY: (*walking back to his spot, discouraged*) Geesh. What a bummer dream!

JESSICA: (*who's returned to her sandwich*) So whatta you want to do tonight?

MARK: Football practice ... then maybe a movie?

FREDDY: Movies. The nice guys always win in the movies.

JESSICA: (*looking at her watch*) Great Scott! Look what time it is!

FREDDY: Scottie! I've got to have more power in the Forward Thrust Blasters! Dr. Spock! What's that on the screen?! (*he answers*) Klingons? In this part of the Galaxy! That's impossible!

MARK: (*as the Grand Klingon, smiling*) Welcome, Captain Kirk. I've been expecting you.

FREDDY: Jockovia! It's you! That's impossible!

MARK: Yes, it's me, Kirk. Your old friend Jockovia. You exiled me here to Itcharia, a planet made entirely of talcum powder. And I've spent all these years building my forces to destroy you!

FREDDY: That's impossible! Force fields up, Scotty!

MARK: (*laughing madly, then*) It will do no good!

FREDDY: What do you mean they're locked, Spock?! That's impossible!

MARK: And look who I have with me ... (*a tied and gagged Jessica hops into view of the zonar screen ... she hops with wide-eyed fear, grunting desperately and noisily*)

FREDDY: Jessikia! My long lost love from the planet Hubba-Bubbah!

MARK: Surrender to me or she dies!

FREDDY: That's impossible! Spock, do something! (*Jessikia continues to jump, murmur, mumble and generally be*



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