

Simply Dreamy

written by  
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CHARACTERS :

Macy (*like a disney channel cute/nerdy mc*)

Luke (*clueless, airhead*)

Olivia (*homeschooled, recovering horse girl, Jane Austin is her bestie, sits next to you when most people leave an empty chair*)

*Interior: BYU Classroom. Everyone's packing up their stuff to leave*

MACY:

LUKE! Ahem. Luke! Hey!

LUKE:

Hey! What's up Macy?

MACY:

Crazy thing, you were actually in my dream last night

LUKE:

Oh really? (; Wha-

*(OLIVIA, wearing a rumpled cat t-shirt layered over a rainbow long sleeve, pokes her head between them and interrupts.)*

OLIVIA:

And me?

*MACY and LUKE jump back, startled and annoyed*

MACY:

Hi Olivia. No, you actually weren't in my dream, sorry  
*(she's not sorry at all)*

OLIVIA:

Oh, that's fine. You were in my dream. Both of you, actually.

LUKE:

Hey I should probably head to my next class

MACY:

Yep! Me too also as well. Bye Olivia!

OLIVIA:

You were lovers.

BOTH:

Oh

OLIVIA:

Yes, both Luke and Macy were the lovers written of of old. A beautiful couple, whose combined power and admiration could only lead to the most blissful happiness

MACY:

That'd be nice. -I mean it's nice! Nice little dream you dream up.

OLIVIA:

But the fates disagreed. Yes, for on the eve of their nuptials

LUKE

Gross

OLIVIA:

-a masked man in a teeny tiny vest broke into Macy's house and stole her wedding dress. So she called up her three best friends: Me, Ashley Tisdale, and President Abraham Lincoln to go on a quest to retrieve it. BUT! On the way Ashley got hungry so they went to In N Out and it turns out Luke was already there and the masked man was his cousin or something and it was part of a bigger scheme to turn her dress into oil so they could sell it and it'd make them rich.

LUKE:

Hahaha that's pretty wild, my cousins definitely don't wear masks.

OLIVIA:

Heeee right.

*(pulls out a book titled "How to be a wingwoman")*

On a scale of connection to disgust, how would you say you feel after sharing my dream?

MACY:

Err, I don't know

OLIVIA:

Chapter two. (*Reading from "How to be a wingwoman"*) Oh hey there Macy. You seem like a woman with accolades. Do you have accolades of which to boast of?

MACY:

Uh, I, what?

LUKE:

Oh sure she's got accolades! She's got great handwriting.

OLIVIA:

Literacy is certainly one of the greatest accomplishments of the modern era. As was the loom. Do you weave?

LUKE:

Wow Olivia you've got quite the vocabulary on you! You should be a writer or something.

OLIVIA:

It's fascinating the way your brain works, for it's actually true I have published several novels to the independent publishing site Wattpad. My magnum opus is a little series starring one Lacy and her not-so-secret crush Duke. It's a dystopian noir. I'll send you the link.

*OLIVIA pulls out a palm pilot and stilus to do just that*

MACY:

Oh you don't need to go to the trouble. And speaking of trouble, Luke! You said you're running late for class?

LUKE:

Oh yeah, thanks for the reminder Macy! You're such a good friend.(:

*LUKE exits, MACY goes to follow*

OLIVIA:

Oh, and Macy?

MACY:

Yeahhh?

*OLIVIA walks across the stage and gives MACY a handkerchief*

OLIVIA:

In ancient days, royalty would bestow a favor- a handkerchief- upon their favored champion. Today you are my champion. Sally forth on your conquest.

MACY:

Right. I'll just, sally off then.

*MACY exits asap, OLIVIA opens her book back up.*

OLIVIA:

I'm doing great.

***BLACKOUT.***