

# IN DREAMS

Phil Lewis

*Crime, thriller, suspense, science*

**Approximately 15 minutes duration**

A woman's perception of her life appears vague. But there is a very special reason why her thoughts are not all they should be.

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# IN DREAMS

## CAST

Female Narrator

Male: Narrator

### FEMALE NARRATOR:

The sun fell softly on my face. I became aware of the warmth on my fingertips as they rested against the glass. My breath briefly misted my vision through the window. I idly looked out at the garden, stretching away below me. Beyond that, the fields of rural England. Disappearing into a heat haze on the indistinct horizon.

Around the swimming pool, our children were eagerly playing. Their faces bright with excitement. Noisy squeals of joy, interspersed with the splashing and giggling of their contented play. Our youngest, Jane, rushed up to the nanny, with an urgency only found in the very young. Dragging her towards the pool, to inspect some insect floating on the cool blue surface.

The sky was cloudless. Not many days could be this nice in England. Although of late, there had been quite a few. I felt the warmth of the glass on my naked breasts. The sun was beginning to hurt my eyes.

I pushed away from the warm glass and turned, to watch the sleeping figure of my husband, lay stretched out on the bed. John turned slightly, moving in his dream. I eased back into the bed and snuggled up close. I lay encircled in his arms. His breathing a moving, gentle pressure against me. I lay my head on his muscular chest and listened to the healthy, regular heartbeat. His handsome face seemed to smile as, in his dream, some adventure pleased him. I felt safe. Very safe.

The insurance had been wisely spent and my employer had finally paid out my substantial severance pay. I had at last managed to leave that dreadfully underpaid, over stressed job. I'd tried to leave many times before, but what with one thing and another..... Since that dreadful day of the accident.....I can't remember how long ago now ..... things have certainly looked up.

Neither of us need to go to work any more and we live our family life exactly as we wish. We spend all our time together. Everything we do, the kids can join in. Well .... nearly everything. They have a nanny. That means there is always someone to look after them and give them every attention. We believe it's important that our children feel wanted, all the time.

I can still hear the children, becoming fainter as I drift off into sleep. A contented rest, enhanced by an afternoon of love making, with a very handsome man. Who would still be there when I awoke.

It was then it started. The pain, in my hand. The dream was about to start.

(PAUSE)

The beach was almost empty. The sun was out in a clear sky, though not at all too warm. The waves lapped the sand and hissed their way out to sea again. Birds swooped and caught fish. Delighted children were bobbing about in the foam.

I looked up at the swaying palms, high above me. Offering all the shade I needed. John was stretched out on the recliner, his swimsuit still wet from our swim. We had all swum out, still within our depth, but the children swam strongly with us. Before we knew it, small fish surrounded us. Harry squealed with delight, Jane with a little fear.

Suddenly, just a few yards from John, a tall black, sleek fin had broken the surface. A shower of spray shot up from an opened nostril. A snort, so loud it almost hurt Jane's ears, sounded across the small waves. The Dolphin dived from our view. For the next few minutes we were entertained by four Dolphins swimming around us. We never had the chance to touch them, but they were so close.....

The horizon was misty, where the sea and sky appeared to meet. Many things had become misty to me, since the accident. I tried to think back to

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