

## Scene 1

*Dr Dream enters. He stands over a small, sleeping shape and speaks with a thick Greek accent.*

**Song: "Everybody Wants to Rule the World" by Tears for Fears.**

*Dr Dream prepares himself for the operation. He leans over the sleeping figure and sings sweetly:*

Dream: *Welcome to your life,  
There's no turning back.  
Even while you sleep,  
We will find you!*

*Acting on your best behaviour,  
Turn your back on Mother Nature,  
Everybody wants to rule the world!*

Dream: Bobbi!

*Bobbi appears from behind a large, 80s style computer monitor and console, its many screens flashing 1s and 0s. A broken fan and a bust of Aristotle adorn the lab. Bobbi wears white lab gear and goggles/3D glasses. JACk, a cyborg, loiters nearby.*

Dream: Good, good. It's perfect!

*The song continues. He sings as he works.*

Dream: *It's my own desire  
It's my own remorse  
Help me to decide  
Help me make the most  
Of freedom and of pleasure  
Nothing ever lasts forever  
Everybody wants to rule the world.*

Bobbi: Thirty seconds til he hits REM, Doc.

Dream: I think five, at the most.

*Bobbi waits, checks the screen, and then nods, impressed.*

Bobbi: You're right. He's in deep sleep now.

Dream: Good, now the music— Now softer— Good, good— Now, a little bit softer now, a little bit softer now— a little bit softer now— Perfection. Oh, he's peaking! Quickly, I need backup!

*Bobbi and JACK sing along:*

*There's a room where the light won't find you  
Holding hands while the walls come tumbling down  
When they do, I'll be right behind you*

Dream: *So glad we've almost made it  
So sad they had to fade it  
Everybody wants to—*

*The music is sharply replaced by the ringing of a rotary phone that flashes urgent neon as it rings. Silence. Dr Dream, Bobbi, and JACK exchange glances. After a moment, JACK picks up.*

JACK: Dr Dream's office. JACK speaking. (*Listens; to Dream.*) It's for you.

*Dr Dream, equally annoyed and scared, takes the phone. An image of several shadowy figures appears beyond the lab.*

Dream: Hello?

Board: Dr Dream. This is... the Board of Directors. It has come to our attention that you have been channelling funds away from our approved project - the new hybrid C-PAP/karaoke machine - towards your patented dream technology with the express interest of... (*reads*) Ruling the world?

Dream: Please, that is but a catchy misunderstanding. Permit me to explain—

Board: Your thesis is mad, your philosophy antique, your procedures wildly unorthodox to say the least. Not to mention the fact that we specifically said no more experimenting on children—

Dream: But their brains are so mushy!

Board: It is frowned upon! Consider your contract terminated, Doctor. Please turn in your badge and bunsen burner.

Dream: But please, Your Holiness—

Board: Board Out.

*The screen and Dr Dream's eyes go dark. A moment.*

Bobbi: Doc?

*Dr Dream slams his fist on the button and the music returns with a vengeance.*

Dream: *I can't stand this indecision  
Married with a lack of vision  
Everybody wants to rule the world!*

*Dr Dream manipulates a drill-like device and aims it over the sleeper's head. It pulses shades of magenta.*

Dream: *(As he works) Say that you'll never, never, never, need it  
One headline, why believe it?  
Everybody wants to rule the world.*

*The little body begins to convulse. Bobbi and JACK look on with horror.  
Dr Dream screams, as though challenging some forgotten god:*

Dream: The night is young, and dreams endangered! Sandman, heal thyself!

## Scene 2

*Sound of rain. Distant club music. Someone in the distance sings karaoke, badly.  
Ellen enters, looking worried.*

Ellen: Seymour? Are you here?

*She notices an open window. She shuts it and shivers. Suddenly she notices a note.*

Ellen: Dear Ellen...

*As she reads, the karaoke music slowly grows beneath her words.*

### **Song: Advice for the Young at Heart**

Ellen: *Advice for the young at heart  
Soon we will be older  
When we gonna make it work?*

*Ellen fades. Seymour and Ramona appear, separately— furtively.*

Ramona: *Too many people living in a secret world  
While they play mothers and fathers  
We play little boys and girls  
When we gonna make it work?*

Seymour: *I could be happy  
I could be quite naive*

*It's only me and my shadows  
Happy in our make believe*

*Soon*

Both: *And with the hounds at bay  
I'll call your bluff  
'Cause it would be okay  
To walk on tiptoes everyday*

*They come together, joyfully.*

Both: *And when I think of you and all the love that's due  
I'll make a promise, I'll make a stand  
Cause to these big brown eyes, this comes as no surprise  
We've got the whole wide world in our hands*

*Advice for the young at heart  
Soon we will be older  
When we gonna make it work?*

Ellen: *Love is a promise  
Love is a souvenir  
Once given  
Never forgotten, never let it disappear  
This could be our last chance  
When we gonna make it work?  
Working hour is over  
And how it makes me weep  
'Cause someone sent my soul to sleep*

Ramona & Seymour: *And when I think of you and all the love that's due  
I'll make a promise, I'll make a stand  
Cause to these big brown eyes, this comes as no surprise  
We've got the whole wide world in our hands  
We've got the whole wide world in our hands  
We've got the whole wide world in our hands*

*Advice for the young at heart  
Soon we will be older  
When we gonna make it work?  
Advice for the young at heart  
Soon we will be older  
When we gonna make it work?*

Ellen: *Working hour is over  
We can do anything that we want  
Anything that we feel like doing  
Advice...*

*Thunder and lightning. Ramona takes Seymour's hand and they run into the darkness. Ellen crumples the note in her hand.*

### **Scene 3**

*Lightning crashes. From the static, the sound of a flat line. Dr Dream stands over a lifeless, little body.*

Bobbi: Shit. Doc, I'm sorry—

Dream: It was not your fault, Bobbi. The error was my own. (*Darkly ruefully*) I was rocking out too hard.

Bobbi: Sorry anyways, kid...

Dream: Call JACK. Get rid of it.

*Bobbi hits a button. JACK promptly enters. He looks at the little body.*

JACK: Ah, another soul for Charon to ferry across the River Styx. (*To Dr Dream*) I have installed a Grecian Lore update, Doctor, so that we may converse with ease. Tell me, which of Zeus' disguises was your favourite? I prefer the time he seduced Leda in the form of the new McDonalds Double Veal Value Meal. (*Considers*) It appears that this new update is not ad-free.

Bobbi: That's enough, JACK. You know what to do.

JACK: That is correct. They don't call me Janitorial Assistant Cyborg for nothing, after all. Let's do this.

*He carries the little body out. Bobbi watches, sadly. Dr Dream takes a sharp breath and gets back to work.*

Dream: Enough wistful staring! Recharge the burner. I want the entire road lit up at once. We are out of Dreamers!

Bobbi: (*Shouting technically*) Burning! Hands away from outlets!

*She flips a switch. Dangerous electric sounds - perhaps the music of Tears for Fears, but distorted and strange. Dr Dream stands with his arms outstretched, his little fingers beckoning his unseen prey inexorably closer...*

#### **Scene 4**

*A blast of lightning and crash of thunder bring Tears For Fears to an abrupt end.*

*Ramona and Seymour are in a car. Ramona, the driver, squints and looks ahead through the rain.*

Ramona: Well, if rain on your wedding day is good luck, then I think we've won the lottery.

Seymour: Is it technically a wedding day if it's 11 o'clock at night?

Ramona: Obviously!

*They smile at each other. Seymour turns on the radio. "Mama Mia" by ABBA plays.*

Seymour: Ooh!

*He goes to sing.*

Ramona: Nope.

*She changes it to the news.*

Radio: — still missing after their car went off-road on the A431, amidst a terrible thunder storm, en route to Bath.

Ramona: That's this road! Spooky, eh?

*Seymour laughs nervously.*

Radio: It marks the sixth person to go missing from their automobile on that road in the last four months—

Seymour: (*Coolly*) PERHAPS SOME MUSIC!

*He changes the radio station. "Mama Mia" by ABBA plays.*

Seymour: Ooh! (*Sings*) *Mama Mia*—

Ramona: We're not doing that.

*She reaches for the radio, when it sparks suddenly before going silent.*

Seymour: Ramona! What did you do?

Ramona: Nothing!

Seymour: We could've just turned it off. You didn't have to... melt it?

*The engine groans.*

Ramona: Blimey, I think the battery's gone kaput!

Seymour: This is what we get for singing... But I thought you just got a tune-up.

Ramona: I did! I don't understand— Hang on.

*She pulls over. The car makes sad, strange sounds.*

Seymour & Ramona: Well shit!

Ramona: I better check—

Seymour: Ramona, no!

Ramona: It's a simple battery, Seymour. I think I can handle it. Remember that time I completely disassembled and reassembled a car engine... whilst driving?

Seymour: *(Bleakly)* How could I forget...

*She nods and disappears into the night. Seymour sits in a nervous silence. Suddenly the radio sparks to life. "Shout" by Tears For Fears starts to play.*

Radio: *Shout—*

*Seymour screams and turns off the radio. Ramona climbs back into the car.*

Ramona: Well shit!

Seymour: What happened?

Ramona: It's like the engine... dissolved?

Seymour: Now what do we do? Wait, your mobile!

*Ramona takes out her huge 80s cell phone.*

Ramona: I'm not getting a signal.

Seymour: Oh god it's so late—

Ramona: Relax—

Seymour: And I don't like the look of that forest. It's like a Grimm Fairy Tale out there!

Ramona: Makes sense. That's where the creature lives, after all.

Seymour: What creature?

Ramona: The one that's stealing people from their cars on this country road!

Seymour: NOT FUNNY, RAMONA. YOU KNOW THAT I AM SCARED OF CREATURES.

Ramona: You're no fun when you're afraid for your life. *(Noticing)* Hey, look, up on that hill— Is that a house?

Seymour: Where? *(Lightning)* Oh, I see it!

Ramona: Let's ask them for help.

Seymour: I don't know. This whole thing is all a little too *Rocky Horror* for my liking.

Ramona: Well sitting in a defunct automobile in an area known for its missing persons isn't really to my liking.

Seymour: Fine. But we're just going to use their telephone and then we're coming straight back to the car. I'm not spending the night in the Bates Motel.

Ramona: Now you're just mixing references. Be consistent, Seymour!

*She gets out. Seymour takes a deep breath and follows. Lightning.*