



Proudly Presents

THE JUDY DREAM

WRITTEN BY GREGORY T. BURNS

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Characters:

Doctor

Judy

Teacher

Munchkin

Glenda

Lion

Father

Time: Present

Doctor: Hello, Judy. How have you been since our last session? Still having those dreams?

Judy: Yes, Doctor, I don't know if I'll ever stop having them, but they seem to be getting clearer. It's almost as if they're trying to *tell* me something. The problem is...I just don't know *what*.

Doctor: How are things at school?

Judy: Funny you should ask. Six nights ago, I had a dream that involved one of my teachers.

Doctor: A teacher? Tell me more.

Judy: All right. Well, I was tardy to class.

Doctor: Judy, why were you tardy?

Judy: It had been raining. Our school was under a tornado watch, and I had to walk from one part of the campus to the other. The grounds crew had been doing some landscaping in the commons area. It was raining so hard that some of the soil had washed onto the sidewalks. My shoes were muddy, so I stopped by the lavatory to wipe them off. Then, I went to class...

Whoosh! (Both actors do a tornado sound effect and spin into new positions.)

Teacher: Well, well, well, look who just walked down the yellow, brick...*hallway*.

Judy: Good morning, Miss... *West*. Sorry I'm late. My shoes got muddy and...

Teacher: You're wet! Stay away from me when you're dripping

like that. And you got mud on your ruby red slippers? Take them off! Or I'll turn you into...

Judy: What? A toad? A tree? A hideous monkey?

Teacher: No... I'll turn you into the office. The custodians just cleaned my carpets, and I don't want to stain them.

Judy: You just want me to take off my shoes, so you can steal them! You...you...*witch!*

Teacher: That just bought you a ride...

Judy: What? On your *broom*?

Teacher: No. That just bought you a *ticket* to the far off land known simply... as the Principal's office!

Whoosh! (Both actors do a tornado sound effect and spin into new positions.)

Doctor: Well, Judy, you can certainly see your teacher's concern. What did the principal do when you went to his office?

Judy: He made me click my heels three times and say, "There's no place like *homerom*." He then called my parents who told him that I've been having trouble being responsible at work, too.

Doctor: Are you still working at *Toys-R-Us*?

Judy: Yes. Which, oddly enough, is *another* dream I had *three* nights ago. I remember it distinctly. I was walking down a long, dimly lit aisle. Past *Barbie's*, and *Skippers* and *Kens*...

Doctor: Oh, my!

Judy: Past *Bratz* dolls, and *Polly Pockets*, and *Raggedy Ann's*...

Doctor: Oh my!

Judy: Then I saw them. They were everywhere. Stuffed... monkeys. Flying across the store! These little...kids...were throwing the monkeys over the aisles, screaming, "I'll get you!" "No, I'll get you!" When I rounded the corner, there were dozens of them. Little kids...licking lollipops. What's weird is that I knew them.

Doctor: The kids?

Judy: No, the monkeys. I knew them all. There was *Curious George*, *Cheetah the Chimp* from the old *Tarzan* movies, *Rafiki* from *The Lion King*, and the fiercest monkey of all, *King Kong*.