

PERUSAL SCRIPT

Was It A Dream?

(One of Four Short Plays from "The Witching Hour")

by Cory Larsen
and
Kīra Shaffer



Newport, Maine

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WAS IT A DREAM?

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CAST:

Was It a Dream? 1f, 2m

MAN: devastated by the death of his lover, 20s to 50s

WOMAN: the Man's dead lover, 20s or 30s

JACQUES OLIVANT: skeleton of a dead man

Settings should remain simple so they can easily be changed.

Props should be minimal.

Costumes should help delineate the period as well as the character

WAS IT A DREAM? One of Four Short Plays for Halloween (or any time) by *Cory Larsen and Kīra Shaffer* 1f, 2m About 21 minutes. Period costumes. Simple Setting and props. A man mourning his mistress stays overnight in the cemetery where she's buried. The festival of Samhain, or as we more commonly know it, Hallowe'en, is a favorite time of year for many people. This play from *The Witching Hour*, a collection of short plays of the haunting and the macabre is a perfect fit for the celebration of that season, or for any time of the year. Content Advisory: Thematic elements. Suitable for most teens and adults. **ORDER # 3337**

Kīra Shaffer graduated from Brigham Young University–Idaho in 2014 with a BA in English, creative writing emphasis. Her love for Halloween and supernatural stories inspired these plays. She met her collaborator and co-writer Cory Larsen in 2015. They developed a friendship after she joined the volunteer choir he directed in 2017. She sang under him for five seasons before the choir disbanded with the COVID-19 shutdown of 2020. Kīra lives in Utah with her husband and children.

Cory Larsen has performed on Broadway and toured in Broadway productions. He has directed plays, musicals, and choirs. He shares Kīra's love of Halloween. Cory lives in Utah.

The World Premiere production of *Was It A Dream?* was produced at The Hive Collaborative in Provo, Utah, in 2021 as a part of the collections of plays entitled *The Witching Hour*. Directed by Cory Larsen. The cast was as follows:

Was It a Dream?

MAN: **Matthew DelaFuente**

WOMAN: **Alyssa Garn**

JACQUES OLIVANT: **Joshua Yuen**

Was It a Dream?

A short play

Adapted for the stage by Cory Larsen and Kīra Shaffer

(Based upon the short story by Guy de Maupassant)

Cast of Characters 1F, 2M

MAN — devastated by the death of his lover, 20s to 50s

WOMAN — the Man's dead lover, 20s or 30s

JAQUES OLIVANT — skeleton of a dead man

PLACE: France

TIME: Late 1800s

Scene

Lights up on the MAN and WOMAN. They are onstage together the entire play. Blocking is largely left to the director, but should be based on the narration provided by the Man and Woman.

MAN: I had loved her madly! Why does one love? How queer it is to see only one being in the world, to have only one thought in one's mind.

WOMAN: Only one desire in the heart.

MAN & WOMAN: And only one name upon the lips.

MAN: A name which comes up continually, rising, like the water to a spring, from the depths of the soul to the lips.

WOMAN: A name which repeats over and over again, which one whispers ceaselessly, everywhere, like a prayer.

MAN: I am going to tell you our story, for love only has one, which is always the same. I met her and loved her; that is all. And for a whole year I have lived on her tenderness, on her caresses, in her arms, in her

dresses, on her words, so completely wrapped up, bound, and absorbed in everything which came from her, that I no longer cared whether it was day or night, or whether I was dead or alive, on this old earth of ours.

MAN:

And then she died.

WOMAN:

And then I died.

MAN: How? I do not know. I no longer know anything.

MAN:

But one evening she came home wet,
for it was raining heavily.

WOMAN:

But one evening I came home wet,
for it was raining heavily.

WOMAN: And the next day I coughed, and I coughed for about a week, and took to my bed.

MAN: What happened I do not remember now, but doctors came, wrote, and went away.

WOMAN: Medicines were brought, and some women made me drink them. My hands were hot, my forehead burning.

MAN: And her eyes were bright and sad. When I spoke to her, she answered me but I do not remember what we said. I have forgotten everything, everything, everything!

WOMAN: I died.

MAN: And I very well remember her slight, feeble sigh. The nurse said: "Ah!" and I understood, I understood! I knew nothing more, nothing. I saw a priest, who said: "Your mistress?" and it seemed to me as if he were insulting her. As she was dead, nobody had the right to say that any longer, and I turned him out. Another came who was very kind and tender, and I shed tears when he spoke to me about her. They consulted me about the funeral, but I do not remember anything that they said, though I recollected the coffin, and the sound of the hammer when they nailed her down in it. Oh! She was buried! Buried!

She! In that hole!

WOMAN: Some people came—female friends. He made his escape and ran away. He ran, and then walked through the streets, went home and the next day started on a journey.

MAN: Yesterday I returned to Paris, and when I saw my room again—

WOMAN:

Our room, our bed, our furniture,
everything that remains of a
life of a human being after—

MAN:

Our room, our bed, our furniture,
everything that remains of a
life of a human being after death.

I was seized by such a violent attack of fresh grief,
that I felt like opening the window and throwing
myself into the street. I could not remain any longer
among these things, between these walls which had
enclosed and sheltered her, which retained a thousand
atoms of her, of her skin and of her breath, in their
imperceptible crevices. I took up my hat to make my
escape, and just as I reached the door—

WOMAN:

He passed the large glass in the hall,
which I had put there so that I might
look at myself every day from head to foot
as I went out, to see if my toilette looked well,
and was correct and pretty,
from my little boots to my bonnet.

MAN:

I passed the large glass in the hall.

MAN: I stopped short in front of that looking glass in which she had so often been reflected—so often, so often, that it must have retained her reflection. I was standing there, trembling, with my eyes fixed on

the glass—on that flat, profound, empty glass—which had contained her entirely, and had possessed her as much as I, as my passionate looks had. I felt as if I loved that glass. I touched it; it was cold. Oh! The recollection! Sorrowful mirror, burning mirror, horrible mirror, to make men suffer such torments!

WOMAN: Happy is the man whose heart forgets everything that it has contained, everything that has passed before it, everything that has looked at itself in it, or has been reflected in its affection, its love!

MAN: How I suffer! I went out without knowing it, without wishing it, and toward the cemetery. I found her simple grave.

MAN & WOMAN: A white marble cross, with these few words: "*She loved, was loved, and died.*"

MAN: She is there, below, decayed! How horrible!

WOMAN: He sobbed with his forehead on the ground, and he stopped there for a long time, a long time. Then he saw that it was getting dark, and a strange, mad wish, the wish of a despairing lover, seized him. He wished to pass the night, the last night, in weeping on my grave.

MAN: But I should be seen and driven out. How was I to manage? I was cunning, and got up and began to roam about in that city of the dead. I walked and walked. How small this city is, in comparison with the other, the city in which we live.

WOMAN: And yet, how much more numerous the dead are than the living.

MAN: We want high houses, wide streets, and much room for the four generations who see the daylight at the same time, drink water from the same spring, and wine from the vines, and eat bread from the plains.

WOMAN: And for all the generations of the dead, for all that ladder of humanity that has descended down to us, there is scarcely anything, scarcely anything! The earth takes us back, and oblivion effaces us.

THREE MORE PAGES TO THE END