

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

# FEVER DREAM

Written by

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2016

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

MAN 1: A V/O character from the film, *The Lake of Sinners*.

MAN 2: A V/O character from the film, *The Lake of Sinners*.

BETHANY: College age, not an English Major.

ERIKA: College age, an English Major.

TOBA: A younger man of Nigerian descent.

DR. WILLIAMS: A doctor with a debatably poor bedside manner.

NEWSCASTER: A V/O reporter on the news, later an interviewer.

THE MAN IN BLACK: He doesn't have a sense of humor.

RONALD FRUMPKIN: A strange man.

HOLLY: College age, a nursing student.

SETTING:

A modest, contemporary apartment space.

TIME:

The present.

CONTENT WARNING:

Sexual content, violence.

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PRODUCTION NOTES:

- 1.) The play should be performed without an intermission.
- 2.) It doesn't matter how, but the titles of each scene should be projected in a way the audience can see them.
- 3.) As the days progress, it might become easier to not try and clean up every prop used between each section. In fact, if you don't do that, and instead decide to let everything stagnate and fester, that's probably fine.
- 4.) DR. WILLIAMS, THE MAN IN BLACK, and RONALD FRUMPKIN should all be played by the same actor.
- 5.) In a perfect world, the INTERLUDE scene is recorded beforehand on video, simply projected in a fashion similar to the scene titles when the time comes.
- 6.) BETHANY and HOLLY should NOT be played by the same actress.

PLAYWRIGHT'S NOTE:

The draft of this play was written in 2016, about four years before the Coronavirus pandemic reached the US. Quite literally, it has become a pre-Quarantine quarantine play. It has become a piece of a different time, when I was a different playwright and different person.

I've thought often about this script over the past years, and must honestly say I don't exactly know what this play is anymore, or where its existence stands in a world forever altered by COVID. I offer it here to share with any who may be interested in checking it out, in its current form or whatever it may become. If you have any thoughts, I would love to hear them.

Please enjoy.

PROLOGUE - JANUARY

*ERIKA and BETHANY sit on a couch in a modest, contemporary apartment space.*

*There are two doors, one USL (which leads to the outside) and one DSR (which leads to the other rooms). At the moment, it's homey. Perfect for the month of October, although it's January. ERIKA wears glasses and keeps her hair in a ponytail, because that's what she's always done. BETHANY wears leather jackets and socks that don't match, because that's what she's doing this month. In January.*

*The following dialogue begins in the darkness, and will continue as the lights rise on the women. They look at a laptop screen (from which we can assume the following dialogue is coming) and eat popcorn from a bowl.*

*BETHANY coughs from time to time once the lights have risen.*

MAN 1

You know what's weird? I'm right handed...but I jerk off with my left.

MAN 2

You know what's weird? You talking to me about your masturbation habits.

MAN 1

No, seriously. I can't figure out why. It's just the way I've always done it.

MAN 2

I assume you're leading somewhere with this?

MAN 1

I don't know. It's just something I think about.

(CONTINUED)

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Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 2.  
CONTINUED:

MAN 2

Jerking off?

MAN 1

Yeah. I mean, I don't, like, think about jerking off all the time, I just--you know...every once in a while, after I shoot one, I think about how I did it with my other hand.

MAN 2

That's really fascinating, man.

*Beat.*

MAN 1

So which hand do you do it with?

MAN 2

What?

MAN 1

Which hand do you jerk off with?

MAN 2

I don't.

MAN 1

Oh, come on, you can't tell me you've never played with yourself before.

MAN 2

In case you haven't noticed already, I'm not terribly comfortable discussing this subject with you.

MAN 1

Have you never really masturbated before?

MAN 2

I'm not talking about this.

MAN 1

Holy shit, you haven't!

MAN 2

Man, shut up!

MAN 1

Why not?

MAN 2

I don't want to talk about this.

(CONTINUED)

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Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 3.  
CONTINUED:

MAN 1  
This needs to be talked  
about, man!

BETHANY  
What's this called again?

MAN 2  
No. No, it doesn't! Stop!  
Stop talking!

ERIKA  
Um, The Lake of Sinners.

BETHANY  
Huh.

MAN 1  
Dude. Why are you so...flustered?

MAN 2  
You won't stop talking about masturbating!

BETHANY  
This is crap.

ERIKA  
Yeah.

BETHANY  
When was this made?

*ERIKA hits a button on the  
keyboard, stopping the  
dialogue.*

*She taps another button or  
two.*

ERIKA  
Last year.

BETHANY  
Are you kidding?

ERIKA  
Nope.

BETHANY  
Wow, that's terrible. That's just fucking terrible.

ERIKA  
Language, Beth.

BETHANY  
No. No, I'm sorry, that deserved it.

ERIKA  
Fine. So, I guess Netflix is out.

(CONTINUED)

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Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 4.  
CONTINUED:

BETHANY

Try Amazon?

ERIKA

Yep.

*She lifts the computer onto her lap and starts typing.*

BETHANY

You'd think with all these movies we'd eventually find something worth watching.

ERIKA

Yea, you'd think.

BETHANY

We're gonna need more popcorn.

*BETHANY coughs, and gets up to make more popcorn in the kitchen behind them.*

*There is an island separating the living room and the kitchen, over which the conversation continues...and the coughing, every once in a while.*

*She grabs a bag of popcorn from a cabinet, places it in a microwave, and starts it. After the appropriate length, we hear the popping of the kernels.*

*BETHANY will continue to roam about the kitchen/apartment throughout the following:*

BETHANY

Anything?

ERIKA

Nothing that we'd both watch.

BETHANY

Man, I get one day off a week. And I spend the entire day fucking looking for something to watch instead of actually watching something.

(CONTINUED)

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Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 5.  
CONTINUED:

ERIKA

Language, Beth.

BETHANY

I'm sorry, Riki, I'm just--it's annoying, is all.

ERIKA

I know. There's just no reason to curse about it.

BETHANY

My family begs to differ.

ERIKA

Well, I beg to differ with your family. Cursing should be saved for a situation that actually calls for it.

BETHANY

Says the English major.

ERIKA

It's just not always necessary, that's all I'm saying. Cursing is jarring and unpleasant. Those words have a certain...emotional weight to them that you don't find anywhere else. They signify gravity and passion in a given situation. When you use them every other minute it just strips them of their meaning. They lose their essence.

*BETHANY now staring at ERIKA.*

BETHANY

You are such a fucking English major.

ERIKA

To no avail, it would seem. How am I supposed to rule the world if I can't even brainwash my roomie?

BETHANY

Well, I have to have a brain for you to start, so...I wouldn't count yourself out yet. Anything?

ERIKA

Not yet.

BETHANY

Ugh.

*BETHANY opens the dishwasher in the kitchen.*

BETHANY

Are these clean?

(CONTINUED)



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Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 6.  
CONTINUED:

ERIKA

I think so.

*BETHANY starts putting away  
dishes.*

BETHANY

Might well as have some fun.

ERIKA

There's gotta be something.

BETHANY

We check Hulu?

ERIKA

Yeah.

BETHANY

Crunchyroll?

ERIKA

All caught up.

BETHANY

YouTube?

ERIKA

Are we that desperate?

BETHANY

I don't know. Haven't seen a good cat video in a while.

ERIKA

There's gotta be something.

*Silence.*

*The microwave dings.*

*ERIKA reaches over her head  
and places the popcorn bowl on  
the island.*

*BETHANY stops her dish  
business briefly to pour the  
fresh popcorn in. She will  
return to dishes once she  
finishes.*

*As she does so:*

(CONTINUED)

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Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 7.  
CONTINUED:

BETHANY  
I use my left hand, too.

ERIKA  
...What?

BETHANY  
(Smiling)  
You know.

ERIKA  
No. What?

*BETHANY makes an imaginative  
hand motion.*

ERIKA  
Are we seriously going there?

BETHANY  
Well, why not? It's not like we're watching anything  
entertaining.

ERIKA  
Yeah, but--come on.

BETHANY  
Oh, you come on. Humor me. Which hand do you use?

*ERIKA makes a half scoff/half  
laugh. The kind of noise you  
make when trying to cover up  
the fact that you've never  
really played with yourself  
much.*

*BETHANY, of course, recognizes  
this sound. She's seen it  
before.*

BETHANY  
No.

ERIKA  
(Knowing she's  
caught)  
No what?

BETHANY  
No way.

ERIKA  
No way what?

(CONTINUED)

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Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 8.  
CONTINUED:

Really? BETHANY

What? ERIKA

BETHANY  
You can't tell me you've never played with yourself before.

*ERIKA says nothing.*

BETHANY  
You're an English major!

So? ERIKA

BETHANY  
So?! English majors love...poetry and shit.

Language. ERIKA

BETHANY  
No, uh uh, fuck that, this situation calls for it. You've never finger fucked yourself?

BETHANY  
Bethany!

BETHANY  
Erika. This is a matter of life and death. Have you ever finger fucked yourself?

ERIKA  
I mean--I--tried a couple of--

BETHANY  
Yes or no?

*Beat.*

ERIKA  
No. No, I have never finger...fingered myself.

BETHANY  
Holy shit.

*Beat.*

BETHANY  
You really should.

(CONTINUED)

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Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 9.  
CONTINUED:

ERIKA

Bethany--

BETHANY

No, I'm serious! You should. You're always going on about beauty and whatever...it's one of the most beautiful things in the world!

ERIKA

I cannot believe we're having this conversation.

BETHANY

Believe it, Riki. No jokes, I'm telling you. I mean, you know your own body better than anyone else possibly could, right? You know exactly which buttons to push to really feel yourself alive. Your heart racing, adrenaline flying through your veins faster than any drug. You bring yourself to the edge, and you just...soar off into the starry night. Let those lights wrap over you and rock you to nirvana.

ERIKA

Awfully poetic for someone who's not an English major.

BETHANY

That's my point! It's universal! Fuck, I'm getting horny just thinking about it.

ERIKA

Well, don't oblige yourself in front of me, if you don't mind.

BETHANY

Just promise me you'll try it.

ERIKA

You feel really strongly about this, don't you?

BETHANY

Eh. Your tick is cursing, mine is fucking.

ERIKA

Language.

BETHANY

Finger.

*They make eye contact and stare at each other for a moment. Then they laugh.*

*BETHANY'S laugh soon gives way to a cough.*

(CONTINUED)

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Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 10.  
CONTINUED:

ERIKA  
You've been coughing a lot tonight.

BETHANY  
Yeah, it's just allergies. I'm fine.

ERIKA  
You sure?

*A very rough cough.*

BETHANY  
Yeah. I'm fine.

ERIKA  
Okay.

*BETHANY coughs again.*

ERIKA  
You want me to get you a glass of water?

BETHANY  
No, no, sit down. I'm fine.

*Another rough cough.*

ERIKA  
Bethany--

BETHANY  
I'm fine!  
(Grabbing the  
popcorn bowl)  
Here, let's have some more pop--

*BETHANY doubles over coughing  
in the kitchen, dropping the  
bowl and spilling the popcorn  
everywhere.*

ERIKA  
Bethany!

*BETHANY continues to cough as  
ERIKA runs over to try and  
help.*

ERIKA  
Are you okay?! Bethany! Bethany! Are you--

(CONTINUED)

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Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 11.  
CONTINUED:

BETHANY  
(Very painfully and  
hoarse)

Water.

ERIKA

What?

BETHANY

Wa--

*More coughing.*

*ERIKA rips out a glass from a cabinet and clumsily tries to fill it in the sink in haste. Once it is full, she turns around to try and help the coughing BETHANY drink from it.*

*Her coughs are so severe, however, that BETHANY knocks the glass out of ERIKA'S hand. It falls to the floor and breaks behind the island.*

ERIKA

BETHANY!

*More coughing.*

ERIKA

BETHANY!!

*BETHANY vomits blood and bile all over ERIKA.*

*And the kitchen.*

*And the rest of the immediate area.*

*Then she falls to the floor with a thunk, leaving ERIKA standing there, shocked.*

*Beat.*

ERIKA

Bethany?

*Nothing.*

(CONTINUED)

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Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 12.  
CONTINUED:

ERIKA

Bethany?!

*Long nothing.*

ERIKA

Oh, fuck. Oh, fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck. Shit fuck  
fuck shit fuck fuck fuck. Fuck! FUCK!

*ERIKA scrambles over to a  
telephone on an endtable near  
the couch, continuing to ad-  
lib curses.*

*She hurriedly dials 911. She  
waits for it to ring. After an  
eternity, someone picks up.*

*After a short moment into the  
following, the lights fade  
slowly to black.*

ERIKA

Hello? Hi um, yes! My--my roommate just collapsed, she's--  
no, no, she just--she--I don't know, she--she was just  
coughing, and--she--what? No, she--she--she threw up blood  
and then--then--then she--then--is she okay? Is she--what?  
No, I--I--I--I don't know--I don't know. You've gotta come  
quickly--now--I don't think she's--what? What? Oh! Um--we  
live in Humphries. Humphries! Apartment 4! Quick! Please!  
Please! Please. Please help. Help.

#### HOSPITAL 1

*The office of DR. WILLIAMS. It  
has the facade of being  
welcoming and warm, like many  
things that aren't.*

*DR. WILLIAMS sits at his desk,  
writing notes. He is wearing  
gloves and a surgical mask. He  
will not remove them.*

*TOBA, a younger man of  
Nigerian descent, sits in one  
of the chairs to the side. He  
does not wear gloves or a  
surgical mask.*

*Beat.*

(CONTINUED)

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Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 13.  
CONTINUED:

*A knock at the door.*

ERIKA  
(Offstage)

Hello?

*DR. WILLIAMS doesn't respond.*

*Another knock.*

ERIKA  
(Offstage)

Hello? This is Erika Phillips.

*DR. WILLIAMS still doesn't respond.*

*TOBA stands and opens the door.*

TOBA

Hello. Please come in.

*TOBA directs ERIKA to another chair. They both sit.*

*Beat.*

ERIKA

How is she?

*DR. WILLIAMS continues writing.*

ERIKA

Doctor.

*DR. WILLIAMS looks up and makes eye contact with ERIKA.*

ERIKA

Is she all right?

*Beat.*

*DR. WILLIAMS puts down his pen and folds his hands.*

DR. WILLIAMS

I'm afraid what I have to tell you is not going to be pleasant.

*ERIKA says nothing.*

(CONTINUED)



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Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 14.  
CONTINUED:

DR. WILLIAMS

Despite our best efforts to...assist Miss Samuels, she unfortunately passed in the ER during surgery. Our attempts to resuscitate her were unsuccessful.

*Beat.*

ERIKA

She's dead?

DR. WILLIAMS

I regret to say, yes, she is.

*Silence.*

*You can hear ERIKA trying to comprehend what's happening, though.*

ERIKA

She was just...fine. We were laughing. How--? How could this have happened?

DR. WILLIAMS

We don't know, exactly. Her lungs were--

ERIKA

What do you mean, you don't know? She was fine--she was--.

*Beat.*

ERIKA

What can do that? What disease, what--what anything can do that to someone so quickly?

DR. WILLIAMS

We don't know. To be perfectly honest, Miss Phillips, none of us have ever seen anything like this before. What happened to Miss Samuels is, um, unprecedented in the field of modern medicine.

ERIKA

What happened to her?

DR. WILLIAMS

...Miss Phillips--

ERIKA

What happened to her?

*(Small Pause)*

People just don't throw up blood and then die. How did she die? What happened to her?

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 15.  
CONTINUED:

DR. WILLIAMS

I understand that this must be difficult for you.

ERIKA

How did she die?!

*Beat.*

DR. WILLIAMS

We believe it to be a highly aggressive virus of some sort, but, again, it is not similar to anything we have encountered before. I'm sorry, Miss Phillips, but we simply do not yet know what caused Miss Samuels' death.

*Beat.*

DR. WILLIAMS

Now, I assure you, everything is being done to determine the cause. Her family has already been notified and we are--

ERIKA

You're lying.

DR. WILLIAMS

Excuse me?

ERIKA

There's something you're not telling me. You're lying.

*Beat.*

DR. WILLIAMS

Miss Phillips. Losing someone in such a way is a traumatic experience. Especially when there's no clear explanation for why it happened. I realize your need to blame something or...someone must be very strong at the present moment. I don't want to seem like the bad guy, but the truth of the matter is that we do not know what happened. We ask for your cooperation while we try to determine what did.

*ERIKA says nothing.*

DR. WILLIAMS

Miss Phillips?

*ERIKA says nothing.*

DR. WILLIAMS

Miss Phillips?

ERIKA

Yes. Yes, of course. I understand.

(CONTINUED)

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Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 16.  
CONTINUED:

DR. WILLIAMS

Very well.

(Pause)

Now, you have been made aware of the hospital's request to keep you in isolation for the interim? Due to your close proximity to Miss Samuels and the nature of the...incident, the hospital wishes to monitor you to see when or if any symptoms should develop.

ERIKA

You mean the order to quarantine me?

DR. WILLIAMS

To ensure your safety.

ERIKA

But moreso everyone else's, right?

*Beat.*

ERIKA

Yes, I'm aware. I won't fight it.

*DR. WILLIAMS stands and references TOBA.*

DR. WILLIAMS

This is Toba.

TOBA

Hello.

ERIKA

Hello.

DR. WILLIAMS

He shall assist you from here.

*DR. WILLIAMS goes to exit. He reaches the door and opens it, but stops in the doorway to look back at ERIKA.*

DR. WILLIAMS

I can't possibly imagine what this must be like for you, but...I am sorry. We're going to do everything we can. Please try not to worry.

*DR. WILLIAMS exits.*

*Silence.*

(CONTINUED)

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Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 17.  
CONTINUED:

ERIKA

Well, if I get it, it's not like I'll have long to worry,  
will I?

*Silence.*

*Lights fade.*

DAY 1

*TOBA'S voice is heard in the darkness. As he talks, the lights rise back on the empty apartment. All cleaned up. Any excess of Bethany's innards that might have once been there are gone. There are a couple of security cameras, though, one above each door. Those are new, but TOBA will tell us about those.*

*We can assume that TOBA and ERIKA are speaking to each other right outside the door.*

TOBA

(Offstage)

I will supply you with food, water, and other essentials should your needs arise. I will be in direct contact with you by phone or text at all hours. Please do not hesitate to ask me anything, and contact me immediately should an emergency or a suspected symptom of any nature arise. We have installed cameras in a few locations in the apartment. They should be out of your way. The university has graciously allowed me to use a spare apartment for the duration. I shall be right at the end of the hall should you need me.

ERIKA

(Offstage)

Thank you, Dr...?

TOBA

(Offstage)

Oh, please, just call me Toba.

ERIKA

(Offstage)

Thank you, Toba.

(CONTINUED)

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Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 18.  
CONTINUED:

*The door to the apartment  
opens.*

*ERIKA and TOBA stand in the  
doorway.*

TOBA

I am sorry that this is happening. But the doctors are doing everything they can. Everything's going to be okay.

(Pause)

I shall be right down the hall if you need anything.

*TOBA exits.*

*ERIKA enters the apartment and  
closes the door. She sets down  
her bag by her feet.*

*ERIKA surveys the room just  
inside the door, listening to  
the loud silence of the  
apartment that once held  
significantly more life.*

*Out of nowhere, she suddenly  
starts to cry. She tries to  
keep herself from doing so,  
however. She snuffles, wipes  
her eyes, etc. and moves into  
the apartment to try and find  
something to keep her busy.*

*Maybe she picks up one or two  
objects and puts them back  
down before she realizes that  
she doesn't know what she's  
trying to accomplish. But  
she'll eventually (or quickly)  
make her way back to her bag.*

*She grabs the bag and makes a  
beeline to the couch, digging  
in her bag as she goes.*

*She sits down. She stops  
digging in the bag and places  
it beside her.*

*After a moment, she picks it  
back up and continues to dig.  
She pulls out a cell phone.  
Then puts it down on the  
table.*

(CONTINUED)

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Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 19.  
CONTINUED:

*Then picks it back up and  
starts to dial a number.*

*She stops, puts down the  
phone, and stands up to walk  
somewhere.*

*She gets a ways away from it.  
Then perhaps she stops, or  
perhaps makes a beeline back  
to the phone.*

*She grabs it, dials a number,  
and waits for someone to pick  
up.*

ERIKA

Hey. Hey, mom...No, no, um--yeah, I'm--I'm home. I just got  
home. I know, I know, it's um,--I just--...

(Finally letting it  
go)

I'm really scared, Mommy.

*She cries.*

*Lights fade.*

DAY 2

*Again, the following dialogue  
begins in darkness, and the  
lights will rise during it to  
reveal ERIKA on her couch  
wearing different clothes than  
Day 1. She is watching a news  
report on her laptop.*

NEWSCASTER

--according to the reports of the hospital, has passed away  
due to a yet-to-be-determined illness. Doctors have isolated  
those that the victim has had close contact with in order to  
monitor their well being, and wish to stress to the general  
public that there is no cause for worry. They recommend  
again to wash your hands often, and keep your fingers and  
hands away from your face. In addition, those--

*ERIKA hits a button on the  
laptop and turns off the news.*

*She holds her head in her  
hands for a moment.*

(CONTINUED)

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Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 20.  
CONTINUED:

*The whirring/focusing sound of  
the SR camera.*

*ERIKA raises her head and  
looks at it.*

*She stares at it for a moment,  
watching it watch her.*

*She stands and walks over to  
it.*

*She waves her hand in front of  
it.*

*A knock at the door is heard.*

*ERIKA turns around, somewhat  
startled.*

TOBA  
(From behind the  
door)

It is Toba, Miss Phillips.

*ERIKA looks back at the camera  
and then crosses to the door.*

ERIKA  
(While crossing)

Coming.

*ERIKA opens the door.*

*TOBA stands with a few folders  
under his arm.*

TOBA  
May I please come in?

ERIKA  
I don't know. Depends on how contagious you think I am.

TOBA  
There is no certainty that you are. I feel that there is no  
need to worry about something until there is a good reason  
to do so.

ERIKA  
Is that why you're not wearing a mask or anything? You're  
not worried?

(CONTINUED)

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Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 21.  
CONTINUED:

TOBA

Not at the moment. Do you feel sick?

ERIKA

Nope. Feel fine.

(Brief Pause)

Physically, I mean. Emotionally and mentally, you know, I'm pretty much a wreck, what with the being quarantined and dealing with the inexplicable death of my best friend and all.

(Brief Pause)

However, having said that, I'm actually probably handling this pretty well, right? Still articulate and whatever, haven't shut down at all. I'm as chipper as a bird.

*ERIKA clears her throat.*

TOBA

May I please come in?

*Beat.*

*ERIKA turns around and crosses into the apartment, meaning "yes."*

ERIKA

You want anything to drink?

TOBA

Water, please, would be lovely.

*ERIKA crosses to the kitchen and takes water from the fridge.*

*She pours two glasses of water.*

ERIKA

You can sit down, if you want.

TOBA

Thank you.

*TOBA sits on the couch. He lays the folders on the table.*

TOBA

I have brought you your coursework for the week.

(CONTINUED)



**(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)**

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 22.  
CONTINUED:

ERIKA

(Scoffing)

Lord knows we don't want me to fall behind on my studies  
while we wait to see if I die, right?

(Handing TOBA a  
glass a water)

Here.

TOBA

Thank you.

*ERIKA sits on the couch.*

*TOBA drinks.*

*Long Beat.*

TOBA

I see that you are an English major.

*Beat.*

ERIKA

Yes.

TOBA

Do you have a favorite book?

ERIKA

Um...I don't know. I have a lot.

TOBA

What is one of them, then?

*ERIKA says nothing.*

TOBA

My family did not have many books when I was a child. But I  
would devour whatever we had. My favorite was "Watership  
Down." Do you know this book?

*ERIKA says nothing.*

TOBA

It is about rabbits.

ERIKA

Yeah, I know.

TOBA

My favorite part of the book were the tales and stories that  
the rabbits told each other. The author gave them such

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 23.

CONTINUED:

TOBA (cont'd)

detail, they celebrated the lives of the rabbits, made their existence such a joyous thing. I like to think--

ERIKA

Listen, um--Toba.

TOBA

Yes?

ERIKA

...I appreciate what you're trying to do. I do. But...I've just been through a lot. I'm going through a lot. Could you just not...this? Could you not try and make me feel better?

*Beat.*

TOBA

Of course, Miss Phillips.

*THEY continue to sit.*

*TOBA finishes his water and stands.*

TOBA

Thank you very much for the water.

*TOBA crosses to the door and opens it to leave.*

*He stops and turns back, however.*

TOBA

If I may say, however, I get the impression that I if do not try, nobody will.

*ERIKA says nothing.*

TOBA

I shall be down the hall should you need me.

*TOBA exits and closes the door.*

*ERIKA stares after him. Then looks forward. The same camera from before whirs again.*

*ERIKA looks at it for a moment.*

*Looks forward again.*

(CONTINUED)

**(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)**

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 24.  
CONTINUED:

*Sighs.*

*Lights fade.*

DAY 4

*The following dialogue (as customary) begins in the darkness. The lights will rise on ERIKA wearing different clothes from the previous day, watching a movie on her laptop.*

*This particular dialogue begins with a thumping sound, followed by the rattling of chains.*

MAN 2  
What the hell are you doing?!

MAN 1  
I've chained you to the radiator.

MAN 2  
Why?

MAN 1  
It's for your own good.

MAN 2  
Why are you dressed like that?!

MAN 1  
All gods wear such garments.

MAN 2  
What the fuck, man?!

MAN 1  
You must accept your destiny!

MAN 2  
Help!

MAN 1  
Become a sacrifice!

MAN 2  
Help!!

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 25.  
CONTINUED:

MAN 1  
Cast your lifeforce into the Lake of Sinners!

MAN 2  
SOMEBODY HELP ME!!!

MAN 1  
I am! I will! Forever and ever. Amen.

MAN 2  
ARRHHHHHHHHHHH!

*The laptop gives off crazy and disturbing sound effects of the not visible suspected human sacrifice.*

*ERIKA stares at the screen in bewilderment. A befittingly surreal musical score begins that leads us to assume the credits of the film are rolling.*

ERIKA  
(Shaking her head)  
Oh my gosh, that was terrible.

*ERIKA stands and goes into the kitchen to make some toast.*

*She opens a breadbox, takes out some bread, and places in a toaster.*

*She then leaves the kitchen and crosses off-stage through the SR door.*

*At this point, the music coming from the laptop bursts into more life, becoming louder and enveloping the room, seeping out of the walls instead of the simple laptop speakers.*

*It continues to play in the background of this little "montage."*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 26.  
CONTINUED:

*Wherever the titles of the scenes are projected, it now changes to:*

DAY 5

*After a brief moment, ERIKA re-enters wearing another change of clothing, holding a copy of Gabriel García Márquez's "One Hundred Years of Solitude." If the audience is close enough to see it, that is. If they can't, use the whatever the hell you want. Or don't. Use "One Hundred Years of Solitude."*

*She sits on the couch and reads for a moment.*

*The toaster pops, releasing the toast.*

*She stands and crosses to the toaster. She removes a piece of toast and takes a bite.*

*She returns to the couch and opens the folders from the previous scene. Sifts through them a little.*

*Returns to her book.*

*She looks up at one of the cameras. Shakes her head.*

*Returns to her book.*

*After a moment, she gets up, sets the book down and exits back out the SR door.*

*While she is gone, the scene titles again change to:*

DAY 7

*After a moment, ERIKA enters in her pj's, closes the SR*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 27.  
CONTINUED:

*door, and crosses to the  
couch.*

*She plops down on it and tries  
to sleep.*

*She shifts around.*

*She shifts around.*

*She stands up and crosses back  
to the toaster.*

*She takes another bite of  
toast as the scene titles  
change to:*

#### DAY 9

*She walks over to the camera  
near the SL door and stares at  
it.*

*She waves in front of it.*

*She sizes it up.*

*Maybe makes an obscene hand  
gesture or five.*

*She crosses back to the couch  
and grabs the folder papers.  
She lays on her back and sifts  
through them some more.*

*The scene titles change to:*

#### DAY 11

*She tosses the papers on the  
floor and tries to sleep  
again.*

*The scene titles change to:*

#### DAY 12

*She shifts around.*

*The scene titles change to:*

DAY 13

*She shifts around.*

*The scene titles change to:*

DAY 14

*She sits up and holds her head in her hands. Perhaps rocks back and forth a little bit.*

*Abruptly, the music stops.*

*Silence fills the room.*

*ERIKA looks up at her laptop on the table. She hits a few buttons.*

*Suddenly, with a loud creak, the SR door opens slowly by itself.*

*ERIKA looks and watches it.*

*Beat.*

*A moderate thunk from off SR.*

ERIKA

Hello?

*Nothing.*

*ERIKA stands up and exits off SR.*

*Beat.*

*ERIKA re-enters, closing the door behind her.*

*She crosses back into the room, looking back at the door once.*

*She shakes her head.*

*The whir of the cameras go. She hears them, but she doesn't look at them.*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 29.  
CONTINUED:

*She just sits back on the  
couch.*

*Beat.*

*Lights fade.*

DAY 17

*Lights rise on ERIKA and TOBA.*

*TOBA sits on the couch, ERIKA  
paces, still wearing her pj's.  
She will stay dressed in these  
for the remainder of the play.  
Well...mostly. More on that  
later.*

TOBA

While somewhat alarming, I would think these "events" you describe to be a side effect of the isolation you are experiencing.

ERIKA

So I am going crazy?

TOBA

I did not say that.

ERIKA

Well, it's either that or whoever's messing with me is just really good at hiding. And you know, I'm sorry, but I'm inclined to think it isn't the latter. You've gotta get me out of here. I'm not sick. I'm not getting sick. How long is this actually going to last?

TOBA

Well...the length of the quarantine usually differs depending on each individual case.

ERIKA

Yeah, I know. I've looked that up. I've looked it all up. And because I'm part of an "unprecedented" case, nobody really has any idea when I'm getting out of this. Least of all me. But they have to have told you something. They have to be making some kind of progress. How do they still have no idea what happened?

TOBA

I understand your concerns, Miss Phillips.

(CONTINUED)



(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 30.  
CONTINUED:

ERIKA

Oh, for--just--call me Erika, please.

TOBA

Erika. I am sorry. But they have told me they have made no significant discoveries. There is nothing I can do to change your current situation.

ERIKA

How? How is that possible?

TOBA

They are doing all that they can.

ERIKA

Uh huh. Sure.

*Beat.*

*ERIKA scoffs.*

*She plops down on the couch in defeat.*

ERIKA

I'm gonna be the next frickin' Typhoid Mary.

TOBA

Who?

ERIKA

Typhoid Mary.

*TOBA indicates he doesn't understand.*

ERIKA

You've never heard of Typhoid Mary?

TOBA

No.

ERIKA

Aren't you a doctor?

TOBA

Well, I am still in my residency.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 31.  
CONTINUED:

ERIKA

(Beginning to laugh  
or cry. Probably  
both)

Oh, you're still in your residency. That's great! Of course  
you are. That's--

(Pause)

Hey, let me ask you a question, Toba. What made you want to  
be a doctor? Or, I'm sorry, enter the process of becoming a  
doctor? Was it because you wanted to help people? Because  
you sure as shit aren't helping me!

*Beat.*

ERIKA

I'm sorry--I...that was uncalled for. I shouldn't have said  
that.

*Beat.*

TOBA

I cannot claim to understand exactly what you are going  
through. But I do understand the loss of people close to  
you. When the reasons for that loss are unobtainable...

(Pause)

It is not a thing I would wish on anyone.

ERIKA

Who did you lose?

*TOBA stirs.*

TOBA

If I tell you, will you try to calm yourself?

*Beat.*

TOBA

My brother passed away to disease as an infant. I was eight.  
I could not understand why God would allow such a thing to  
happen. I wanted to know why. I resolved to find the answer.  
I would come to America. I would find an education. I do not  
just want to help people, Erika. It is my desire to save  
them.

*Beat.*

ERIKA

I'm sorry. I--I don't know what to say.

TOBA

Say nothing. Nothing more needs to be said.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 32.  
CONTINUED:

*Beat.*

*TOBA stands and makes to exit.*

TOBA  
I should go. I will inform you of any updates as soon as I receive them.

ERIKA  
Thank you.

*TOBA stops and turns back to ERIKA.*

ERIKA  
Thank you for telling me that.

(Pause)

Typhoid Mary was an Irish cook in the first half of the 1900s. She had a bunch a different jobs for a bunch of different households. And everywhere she went, after enough time, people got sick. No matter where she went, somebody... everybody always got sick. They found out that she was an asymptomatic carrier of typhoid fever. Didn't have it herself. But she spread it to everyone. Because she cooked their food for them. Pathogenic transfer on a plate. They quarantined her twice, and she spent the last 23 years of her life locked up. 23 years. And apparently, I'm already hallucinating after 17 days.

(Pause)

You want to save me? Get me out of here.

*TOBA nods.*

*He then turns and leaves through the door.*

*ERIKA sighs.*

*Beat.*

*Then the SR door opens by itself again, with the same loud, slow creak.*

*ERIKA looks.*

*Lights fade.*

DAY 30

*Lights up on ERIKA, sprawled out on the floor, underneath a blanket.*

*After a moment of silence, some toast pops out of the toaster, and ERIKA sits up at the sound, startled.*

Are you kidding me?

ERIKA

*She stands up and crosses over to the toaster.*

*She grabs the cord of the toaster, revealing that it is, in fact, unplugged.*

Are you kidding me?!

ERIKA

*She throws the cord back on the counter and crosses to a cabinet.*

*She pulls out a bottle of pills and takes out a couple.*

*She places them in her mouth and makes a glass of water.*

*She downs them.*

ERIKA

(Crossing back to the couch)

You're gonna be okay. You're gonna be okay. It's just your imagination.

*The SR door closes with a slam.*

*ERIKA screams.*

*Reacts.*

*Breaks down.*

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 34.  
CONTINUED:

ERIKA

Fuck. I can't do this. I can't do this anymore. Something's wrong with me. Something is wrong. I gotta--

*The cameras whir.*

*She stops and slowly looks at the SR camera.*

*Beat.*

*ERIKA releases an anguished yell.*

*She grabs the nearest object and tries to throw it at the camera (although she misses).*

*She proceeds to tirade and break down at the same time.*

ERIKA

FUCK YOU! FUCK YOU, FUCK YOU, FUCK YOU!! YOU'RE DOING THIS TO ME! YOU MOTHERFUCKING----I'm not sick! I'm not sick. I'm not getting sick.

(Brief Pause)

At least not the kind you're watching for. I'm fine. I'm fine! Look at me! I'm fine! I'm...

*She continues to cry, crumbling into a heap on the floor.*

*She grabs her blanket and holds it, crying into it.*

*So she doesn't notice or really hear the SR door open again with a slow, loud creak.*

*THE MAN IN BLACK enters in the doorway, staring at ERIKA. He wears an archaic and violent ensemble of black with yellow accents, with claws and spikes throughout, and essentially looks like a nightmarish, decaying bird infused with time itself. He's been around a while. And now he's here.*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 35.  
CONTINUED:

*ERIKA, however, doesn't see him. And he continues to stare at her for a moment.*

*Now she sees him.*

*Beat.*

THE MAN IN BLACK  
Hello, little bird.

ERIKA  
You.  
(Pause)  
You're the one doing this.

THE MAN IN BLACK  
In a way.

ERIKA  
Who are you?

THE MAN IN BLACK  
I've been called many things. However, none of them are pertinent to this conversation. The only thing that matters at present...is you. How do you feel?

*ERIKA laughs.*

ERIKA  
I feel fine. I'm fine.

THE MAN IN BLACK  
You're suffering from extreme paranoia due to perceived hallucinations brought on by myself. You're on the road to delusion, not far from embracing dementia. And you just spent an entire day crying on the floor with a blanket.

ERIKA  
I've been down here barely two minutes.

THE MAN IN BLACK  
Have you?

*The scene titles change to:*

DAY 31

ERIKA  
Yes. I have.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 36.  
CONTINUED:

THE MAN IN BLACK

All right. Have it your way.

*The scene titles change to:*

DAY 35

THE MAN IN BLACK

The only point I'm trying to make is that I don't think I agree with you. I don't think you are fine.

*The scene titles change to:*

DAY 40

ERIKA

You don't?

THE MAN IN BLACK

No.

*The scene titles change to:*

DAY 47

THE MAN IN BLACK

I think you're just on the verge of tipping over the edge. And that's precisely the way we want it.

ERIKA

"We?"

THE MAN IN BLACK

Yes. You see, Erika, I've come to you because I desire your help. I need you.

ERIKA

You need me for what?

THE MAN IN BLACK

To destroy your species.

*Beat.*

*ERIKA laughs again.*

*A lot.*

THE MAN IN BLACK

I don't understand what part of that was so humorous.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 37.  
CONTINUED:

ERIKA

You're right. I am crazy.

THE MAN IN BLACK

Then it shouldn't pose too much of a problem, then?

ERIKA

You want to me destroy humanity?

THE MAN IN BLACK

Yes.

ERIKA

Mmhmm. Uh--how? Why?

THE MAN IN BLACK

Why? Isn't it obvious?

ERIKA

Not exactly.

THE MAN IN BLACK

The time of Judgment has come upon you. Your race must be cleansed and cast into the lake of sinners. I chose you to deliver my message, little bird.

ERIKA

Don't call me that.

THE MAN IN BLACK

If you won't infect your population, little bird, who will?

ERIKA

Don't call me that.

THE MAN IN BLACK

This is your mission! It is yours alone. I chose you because I knew that you could do it, little bird. I want you to infect the world for me.

*Beat.*

ERIKA

Did you kill my friend?

THE MAN IN BLACK

No.

(Brief Pause)

I saved her. Yes, she suffered for a time...while her lungs filled with blood, and I clawed apart her vocal chords... but, now she's free. Free from sin. From the pain of her own existence. I saved her from the real tragedy...just as you're going to save the world from theirs.

(CONTINUED)



(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 38.  
CONTINUED:

*Beat.*

ERIKA  
If I'm crazy...you're in my head, right?

THE MAN IN BLACK  
In a way.

*ERIKA nods.*

ERIKA  
Get out. I don't want you here. I won't...have you here.

THE MAN IN BLACK  
Well, that's not really your call to make, now, is it?

*Beat.*

THE MAN IN BLACK  
But, all right. I'll leave. You will think on what I said?  
Won't you, little bird?

*THE MAN IN BLACK turns to  
leave.*

ERIKA  
Go to hell.

*THE MAN IN BLACK stops and  
turns back.*

THE MAN IN BLACK  
Amusing choice of words. Now that's humorous.

*THE MAN IN BLACK exits through  
the SR door, closing it behind  
him with a creak.*

*ERIKA watches him leave.*

*Beat.*

*A knock on the SL door.*

TOBA  
(Off)  
Erika? It is Toba. I have your coursework for the week.

*ERIKA says nothing. In fact,  
she doesn't really even move.*

*TOBA knocks again.*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 39.  
CONTINUED:

TOBA  
(Off)  
Erika?

ERIKA  
(Groggily)  
Coming. I'm coming.

*ERIKA gets up and opens the door for TOBA.*

*She crosses back to the couch, looking at the SR door, as he enters.*

TOBA  
This week it seems you are finally finishing the--

*He notices ERIKA'S...*

*There's not a good word for what this is.*

TOBA  
Erika? Are you all right?

*Beat.*

ERIKA  
(Not to TOBA)  
Yeah. Yeah, I'm fine.  
(Turning to TOBA)  
What do we have for today?

*Lights fade.*

DAY 60

*In the darkness, the boys from our favorite movie strike up another conversation.*

*As they begin, a nightmarish, droning "musical?" theme fades in. Perhaps it's melodic. Perhaps it isn't. Probably it's a little of both. It plays throughout the following sequence.*

*The lights fade up over the course of their dialogue.*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 40.  
CONTINUED:

*When they have risen, they reveal ERIKA on the couch, sitting upright, her entire body save her head covered by the blanket. She seems to be asleep. The light of her laptop screen reflects off her body.*

MAN 1  
Which hand do you jerk off with?

MAN 2  
I don't.

MAN 1  
Oh, come on, you can't tell me you've never played with yourself before.

MAN 2  
In case you haven't noticed already, I'm not terribly comfortable discussing this subject with you.

MAN 1  
Well...that's okay. I feel like using you as a human sacrifice to destroy mankind, so it doesn't matter if you're comfortable.

MAN 2  
What?

MAN 1  
Here, come over by the radiator.

MAN 2  
I foresee no way I could avoid this. Obviously, I will obey every word you say.

MAN 1  
Good. I'm glad you see it my way.

*Grisly sound effects of MAN 2 being tortured come over the laptop. Or the sound system.*

*ERIKA wakes up at the sounds and reacts.*

*She stands, and the blanket falls off to reveal that she is somehow in a straitjacket.*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 41.  
CONTINUED:

*She reacts to that new  
information.*

ERIKA  
What? What the fuck? Oh--Help! Help!

MAN 2  
(Overtop the torture)  
Help! Help! You're killing me! Ow! Oh! Oh, this feels great!

ERIKA  
What is happening to me...?

MAN 1  
(To ERIKA)  
Isn't it obvious?

ERIKA  
(Looking at computer)  
What?

MAN 1  
What's happening is obvious. You're trying to hold on to  
reality. And failing.

MAN 2  
And that's good! Reality is silly.

MAN 1  
(To MAN 2)  
Hey, shut up. You're dead.

MAN 2  
Awww.

ERIKA  
Oh my God.

MAN 1  
I'm sorry. He's not here at the moment. But if you leave a  
message, I'm sure He'll get back to you as soon as He feels  
like it.

MAN 2  
In the meantime, we've restrained you to keep you safe. You  
don't want to hurt yourself, do you?

MAN 1  
You motherfucker! Stay dead!

*The torture sounds resume.*

*MAN 2 screams.*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 42.  
CONTINUED:

*ERIKA hyperventilates and  
tries to get out of the  
straitjacket.*

MAN 1  
I wouldn't bother trying to get out. It's just going to make  
life more difficult.

ERIKA  
Fuck you!

MAN 1  
Oh, that's real mature. Don't make me come out of this  
computer and sacrifice you.

ERIKA  
AH!

*ERIKA somehow reaches out and  
closes the laptop with a  
smash. Or maybe she kicks the  
table over, sending everything  
flying. Either or.*

MAN 1  
Even better. I can see we're not going to get very far  
tonight.

ERIKA  
SHUT UP!!!

MAN 2  
A little kindness goes a long way!

MAN 1  
WHAT THE FUCK DID I TELL YOU?

*The SR door flies open and a  
crash sound occurs off.*

*ERIKA screams.*

MAN 1  
I WILL DESTROY EVERY IOTA OF YOU!!!

MAN 2  
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!

*ERIKA screams and runs to the  
USL door.*

*She throws herself against it,  
trying to get out.*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 43.  
CONTINUED:

ERIKA

LET ME OUT!! LET ME OUT!! PLEASE!! PLEASE!! LET ME OUT!!!

*She falls to the ground in a slump, in hysterics.*

ERIKA

I'm not sick. I'm not sick. I'm losing--I'm not sick. I can't do this, I can't do this, I can't. I won't. I'm not sick.

*Another crash from off-stage.*

*ERIKA reacts, crying.*

*An unearthly yellow glow shines through the open doorway. Soft at first, but gradually becoming very intense.*

*As the light grows, so does a plethora of bird shrieks.*

ERIKA

(Speaking to the door)

Leave me alone.

*It grows.*

ERIKA

Leave me alone!

*It grows.*

ERIKA

LEAVE ME ALOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOONE!

*It peaks.*

*And then it all stops.*

*The light, the shrieks, the torture.*

*Everything.*

*It's dead quiet.*

*Beat.*

*Toast pops out of the toaster.*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 44.  
CONTINUED:

*ERIKA doesn't react.*

*Beat.*

*ERIKA slowly gets to her feet and crosses back to the couch, as if in a trance, completely absent of her surroundings.*

*She lies down on her back on the couch, her head resting on the armrest closest to the SR door.*

*Beat.*

*THE MAN IN BLACK enters DSR and crosses to her.*

*He kneels and looks over her face.*

*Right over her face.*

*He couldn't be closer.*

*He reaches out and strokes her.*

THE MAN IN BLACK

There, there, little bird. It's okay. You're just having a bad dream.

*ERIKA nods.*

THE MAN IN BLACK

You've thought about what I've said, haven't you?

*ERIKA nods.*

THE MAN IN BLACK

You want to get out, don't you?

*ERIKA nods.*

THE MAN IN BLACK

Well?

*Beat.*

ERIKA

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 45.  
CONTINUED:

THE MAN IN BLACK

Good.

*THE MAN IN BLACK crosses  
around ERIKA, pulls her up,  
and helps her to her feet.*

THE MAN IN BLACK

I'm glad you finally see what needs to be done.

*THE MAN IN BLACK takes off the  
straitjacket.*

THE MAN IN BLACK

Everything's going to be okay. From now on. Everything's  
going to be perfect.

*THE MAN IN BLACK tosses the  
straitjacket away.*

*ERIKA embraces her new-found  
freedom.*

THE MAN IN BLACK

Get a good night's sleep, little bird. We start tomorrow.

*ERIKA looks at THE MAN IN  
BLACK.*

ERIKA

Thank you.

THE MAN IN BLACK

No. Thank you.

*THE MAN IN BLACK exits.*

*ERIKA watches him go.*

*Beat.*

*She gathers her blanket,  
covers herself, and lies down  
to sleep, her head in the same  
position as before.*

*Beat.*

*She opens her eyes.*

*She looks at the SR door.*

(CONTINUED)



**(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)**

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 46.  
CONTINUED:

*She sits up, keeping the  
blanket over most of her.*

*She looks once more at the  
door.*

*She looks at her hand.*

*She slowly reaches underneath  
the blanket, and begins to  
masturbate.*

*It doesn't matter which hand  
she uses.*

*Lights fade.*

INTERLUDE - THE DIRECTOR

*After this scene title, the  
screen changes to the image of  
RONALD FRUMPKIN.*

*He is a strange man.*

*The voice of a NEWSCASTER (the  
same one as before) speaks  
from off-screen.*

NEWSCASTER

And we have here with us this evening, the writer and director of the new movie, "*The Lake of Sinners*," Mr. Ronald Frumpkin. Mr. Frumpkin, good evening. Thank you for joining us.

RONALD FRUMPKIN

Uh, hello. It's a pleasure to be here.

NEWSCASTER

So tell us a little bit about the movie.

RONALD FRUMPKIN

Well, uhm, it's about these two boys, they're college roommates. And um, one of them starts having these dreams and visions of the end of the world. Now these visions-- they...they start messing with his head and he starts to lose his grip on reality. He convinces himself that he's a a god and ultimately tries to bring his visions to life.

NEWSCASTER

Wow. Sounds like a scary one.

(CONTINUED)

**(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)**

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 47.  
CONTINUED:

RONALD FRUMPKIN

Well, uhm, I'm hoping it is, yes.

NEWSCASTER

Where on earth did you get the idea for the film? Why make it? It sounds very different.

RONALD FRUMPKIN

Haha. Well, why does an artist make anything? It is a, uhm, story that I thought needed to be told. Every genre has its place, but I wanted to try to make something that I had not seen before. That the world had not seen before. Now, as for where the idea came from...as much as I despise cliché, to be perfectly honest, it came to me in a dream.

NEWSCASTER

A dream?

RONALD FRUMPKIN

Yes. Not--not the whole thing, mind you. Just a--tiny set piece, the costume at the end, but it inspired me to craft the whole film.

NEWSCASTER

Wow. And this film is your debut, correct? Are you pleased with how it came out?

RONALD FRUMPKIN

Yes, it is. And yes, I am. Very pleased. The studio has been nothing but a blessing throughout the making of the picture. Very kind and supportive of my vision. The actors were wonderful, yes.

NEWSCASTER

Really? That contrasts a little with reports we've heard that you and the studio clashed from time to time.

RONALD FRUMPKIN

Well--...yes, we--haha--yes, um, every production does have its disagreements. But, thus is the art. It is collaborative, not just a one person endeavor. We solve issues as we come upon them.

NEWSCASTER

"Disagreements" seems like a bit of an understatement, though. How many times did the filming get put on hold?

RONALD FRUMPKIN

...Twice, I believe.

NEWSCASTER

Is there any truth to the allegations that you consistently berated the actors to garner specific performances?

(CONTINUED)

**(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)**

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 48.  
CONTINUED:

*Beat.*

RONALD FRUMPKIN

What are you doing?

NEWSCASTER

I'm sorry?

RONALD FRUMPKIN

What are you doing? What are we doing? Are--are we here to promote the movie or are we just going to disparage it?

NEWSCASTER

I'm not disparaging it. I'm just asking about--

RONALD FRUMPKIN

No. No. That's precisely what you're doing. You are disparaging and coloring the public's opinions of the film before they have the chance to view it.

NEWSCASTER

Well--this is an interview. It's my job to ask you questions about the film.

RONALD FRUMPKIN

About the film, yes. Not about the process of making the film.

NEWSCASTER

But--that's part of the film.

RONALD FRUMPKIN

No. It isn't. The film is the film. You're asking me about things that may or may not have happened while we made the film. That's the product we're here--I'm here to sell. Those things don't have relevance in its promotion.

NEWSCASTER

Yes, but--you can understand how...the troubled production process of the film does play a part in its mythos and how the audience might view it?

RONALD FRUMPKIN

What troubled production process?

NEWSCASTER

Uh--the alleged behavior on set--

RONALD FRUMPKIN

Is the film made?

NEWSCASTER

Sorry?

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 49.  
CONTINUED:

RONALD FRUMPKIN

Is the film made? Can you view it?

NEWSCASTER

Uh, yes.

RONALD FRUMPKIN

Then the film was completed. I would not call that a troubled production process.

NEWSCASTER

Yes, but--

RONALD FRUMPKIN

Would you call it a troubled production process?

NEWSCASTER

...The process of making the movie is different than the product.

RONALD FRUMPKIN

Precisely, thank you.

NEWSCASTER

No, but, I mean--what I mean is, they are different, but... one does have an effect on the other. There's a direct correlation.

RONALD FRUMPKIN

No! There is not. Perhaps there is when you people make one. And force one into existence. But naturally, there is no correlation.

NEWSCASTER

By "you people," do you mean--

RONALD FRUMPKIN

I mean all of you. You. You know who you are. The doubters. The unbelievers. You people who shun the story because of how you perceive it was made. You attack the art because you don't agree with the work that it took to delicately construct it from the ether. That doesn't matter. It doesn't matter in the slightest. The film. The film is what matters. The art itself. The story itself. The story that bravely presents itself to a world that did not ask for it and boldly proclaims on the highest parapet "you need me. You need me. And I will save you."

*Beat.*

NEWSCASTER

Okay--uh...this is obviously something you feel very strongly about.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 50.  
CONTINUED:

RONALD FRUMPKIN

If one does not feel strongly about what they do, they have no right doing it.

NEWSCASTER

Uhm, that's...well said.

RONALD FRUMPKIN

Thank you.

NEWSCASTER

Well...I think that's about all we have time for.

RONALD FRUMPKIN

Thank you very much.

NEWSCASTER

We can do one last question, I suppose. Being so adamant about people watching the film, is there anything you hope that the audience takes away from it?

RONALD FRUMPKIN

Well, I--I hope they take a lot of things away from it, but if I had to sum it up...I would hope I enlighten people on how fragile the human psyche actually is in the right circumstances.

*Small Beat.*

*NEWSCASTER laughs off-screen.*

NEWSCASTER

(Through the laughter)

Um, ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Ronald Frumpkin.

RONALD FRUMPKIN

...I don't understand what part of that was so humorous.

*Beat.*

*A knocking at the USL door in the darkness.*

*Lights up on the apartment, completely devoid of the mess and clutter of the first half of the play. It looks as the apartment was meant to.*

*However, there is a mess of a craft "project" on and around the couch, where ERIKA sits hand sewing together an*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 51.  
CONTINUED:

*elaborate black garment of some sort. It's not entirely clear yet what it's supposed to be. What is clear is that she is (was) watching the strange interview.*

*Another knock at the door breaks her concentration on her activity, and she hits the keyboard, pausing the above interview.*

*As she walks to the door, the scene titles change to:*

DAY 64

*ERIKA opens the door to reveal TOBA standing outside, holding several bags from a craft store.*

ERIKA

Toba! Thank you. I can take them.

TOBA

You are welcome, Erika. Hello.

ERIKA

Come on in.

*ERIKA turns and walks back to the couch with the bags.*

*She sets them on the floor and gets back to work.*

*TOBA enters as she does, and watches her.*

*She's very intent on what she's doing. And doesn't look up at TOBA during the following conversation as much as one would find...natural.*

ERIKA

Sorry if I didn't hear you, I was watching this really weird interview.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 52.  
CONTINUED:

TOBA

No, it is quite all right.

ERIKA

It was with this, like, really weird director, like...he blew up at the guy about how he thinks films and the production process were totally unrelated--he, like, started soapboxing about films saving the world and whatnot. It was really weird.

(Pause)

You want any water?

TOBA

I probably should not. I cannot stay too long.

ERIKA

Aw. That's too bad. Residency stuff?

TOBA

Yes. It is a busy schedule, but...the work is important.

ERIKA

You know, I've been meaning to ask, how do you, like, balance taking care of me and all the other hospital stuff? Do they just, like, let you off every other day or something?

TOBA

Something like that. Although my phone is always on should you call.

ERIKA

But, like...what happens if I call and you can't come?

TOBA

That would never be an issue.

ERIKA

No?

TOBA

The hospital has a special arrangement for your case.

ERIKA

Well...it's nice to be special.

*Beat.*

ERIKA

I assume there's *still* no headway?

TOBA

Not yet.

(CONTINUED)

**(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)**

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 53.  
CONTINUED:

ERIKA

(Laughing to herself)

You guys really need to figure out what the hell you're doing.

TOBA

I cannot imagine it will be too much longer.

ERIKA

One would hope. But...you can imagine a lot of things.

*Beat.*

TOBA

How are you doing?

*ERIKA stops working for a moment.*

*She looks at TOBA.*

ERIKA

Better. I think.

(Pause)

I mean, obviously, this situation is still fucked, but...I like...got my brain occupied now. Again. Got my project. Got my wif. I'm freaking out a little less, you know? Guess I've finally accepted the situation.

(Pause)

At least I've made some headway, right?

*Small Beat.*

ERIKA

Thank you so so much, again, for getting these for me. Really. I don't know how I'd be getting through this without you.

TOBA

You are quite welcome, Erika.

ERIKA

Hopefully, it'll be done sooner rather than later.

(Brief Pause)

Although, I guess I do have the time to spare. Haha.

TOBA

Are you finally going to let me in on the secret?

ERIKA

Secret? Oh. I don't know. I still don't really know what it's gonna be.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



**(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)**

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 54.

CONTINUED:

ERIKA (cont'd)

(Brief Pause)

Maybe some weird blanket or bathrobe or something. I just... had a cool dream the other day. Just...inspired me to make something. You know? I'll figure it out as I go along.

TOBA

May I ask what was the dream?

*ERIKA looks at TOBA.*

*Beat.*

ERIKA

Um...I was, uh...on a hill. In the woods. It was night. And it was dark. It was dark all around. Like, you could barely see anything save for the light of the moon coming through the foliage. And I was dying. Like Beth...I was dying. I was...coughing. And then I...I threw up everything that was inside of me. And everything, all the blood, all the... everything, it formed in this little pool on the ground, black underneath the light of the moon. Against the blackness of the woods. Everything that I was. Just lying there in the dark. And it seemed like...this open void. Welcoming me. Calling me. Comforting me. Telling me everything's going to be okay. And I just...fell down into it. I let it wash over me and wrap around me and I just... was. You know? I felt...warm. At peace. Glad.

*Beat.*

ERIKA

Damn, that was fucking gloomy, wasn't it?

(Pause)

No, but--no, I--it just, uh...it just felt important enough to do something about, you know?

TOBA

Yes.

*Beat.*

ERIKA

Thank you. I mean it.

(Brief Pause)

Before...I, uh...I haven't been the nicest to you. At all. And you've been nothing but...the opposite...to me. Thank you. Thanks.

TOBA

It is good to see you doing better, then.

*Beat.*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 55.  
CONTINUED:

TOBA

I should be going. I will see you tomorrow.

*ERIKA gives a half wave half salute.*

*TOBA exits.*

*ERIKA watches.*

*She stares after him.*

*THE MAN IN BLACK enters from the DSR door.*

*He walks towards ERIKA and stares after TOBA as well.*

THE MAN IN BLACK

Don't get attached, little bird.

ERIKA

(Still staring after TOBA)

I'm not.

(Pause, then turning to THE MAN IN BLACK, childlike)

It's just a shame. He really is a really nice person.

THE MAN IN BLACK

No, he isn't. He's lying. Although I will give him credit. He's a better actor than you. That was an interesting "dream," little bird.

ERIKA

Well, look, I'm sorry I can't come up with anything better off the top of my head, but...I'm an English major, not a thespian. I think it was good enough.

THE MAN IN BLACK

Perhaps for now. But he's onto you. He knows something is wrong.

ERIKA

Oh, well, something is definitely wrong.  
(Holding up her black garb)

This is gonna be somewhat asymmetrical.

THE MAN IN BLACK

That's all right. It'll serve its purpose.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 56.  
CONTINUED:

ERIKA

Well, yeah, but...it still needs to look good.

*ERIKA finally grabs one of the nearby bags and pulls out a bag of black feathers.*

ERIKA

And I have no fucking clue how I'm going to get all these to stay on.

(Pause, to THE MAN IN BLACK)

What's your secret?

*Beat.*

THE MAN IN BLACK

I don't have a sense of humor, little bird.

ERIKA

Oh, believe me, I know. Just trying to lighten the mood a little. You're always so depressing.

THE MAN IN BLACK

No, what's depressing is your wavering resolve.

ERIKA

Excuse me? I am working my ass off to make this good for you.

THE MAN IN BLACK

I'm not talking about the dress.

*Beat.*

ERIKA

I told you I'm not attached.

THE MAN IN BLACK

No?

ERIKA

I'm still going to do it. I'm just...legitimately thankful for him, too.

THE MAN IN BLACK

Why? What has he actually done for you?

ERIKA

Does it matter?

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 57.  
CONTINUED:

THE MAN IN BLACK

It does. Because if you get cold feet at the last minute,  
all this is for naught.

ERIKA

I'm not going to get cold feet.

THE MAN IN BLACK

No?

ERIKA

No.

(Pause)

I want out of here. I want out of here just as much as you  
do. I bet even more than you. What the fuck do you want from  
me, huh? You want me to prove it? You want me to prove it?  
You want me to call him in here right now and fucking slit  
his throat over the coffee table? Would that be good for  
you? Would that be better? Or should I maybe actually invest  
time and care and love into fucking doing it the way you  
told me we need to do it? Stop giving a shit about the way I  
prepare to do it and start worrying about the actual damn  
thing itself! What matters is the thing itself! There is no  
correlation be-fucking-tween the two!

(Brief Pause)

You fuck. You fucking shit-stained bile-breathing bird  
motherfucker. Get the fuck out. Get the fuck out of my  
apartment. I don't need your shit today. I don't want it.  
Either you sit your ass down and help me sew, or you go  
fucking be productive somewhere fucking else. You hear me?  
Quit being a part of the fucking problem.

(Now in his face)

All right? All right? Huh? What? What do you want? What the  
fuck do you want? Huh?

*Beat.*

ERIKA

That's what I thought.

*THE MAN IN BLACK suddenly  
grabs ERIKA by the throat.*

*He nonchalantly chokes the  
life out of her, not saying a  
word. He just stares into her  
eyes.*

*And she stares back at him.*

*Then finally, he says this:*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 58.  
CONTINUED:

THE MAN IN BLACK

Good.

*He lets her go, and she falls  
to the ground, coughing and  
gasping for air.*

THE MAN IN BLACK

That's better.

(Pause)

Remember. He doesn't care about you, little bird. He's never cared about anyone. He's just a little lamb running away from his problems like everyone else. Save him. And then you get out. And then you save the world. Do what you have to, but get it done. Sooner rather than later. We don't have time to spare.

*Beat.*

ERIKA

You're the boss. Big bird.

*ERIKA starts chuckling at her  
joke, but it gives way to a  
cough.*

THE MAN IN BLACK

Something in your throat?

*ERIKA looks at THE MAN IN  
BLACK.*

ERIKA

And you say you don't have a sense of humor.

*Beat.*

ERIKA

Gimme the week. Everything will be ready by then.

*THE MAN IN BLACK nods and  
exits.*

*ERIKA watches him go.*

*She crawls back to the table  
and continues to sew intently.*

*The cameras whir.*

*She looks at the SR camera.*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 59.  
CONTINUED:

*And then gives the same half  
wave half salute from before.*

*The lights shift and music  
fades in for the following  
sequence.*

*ERIKA spends a majority of  
this "dance" working intently  
and making a mess in her  
general area, calmly creating  
a frenzy.*

*TOBA and THE MAN IN THE BLACK  
enter and exit alternately,  
bringing respective  
necessaries to the scene and  
interacting sparsely with  
ERIKA, who acknowledges their  
presence, but barely so.*

*TOBA brings more boxes of  
craft supplies and tries to  
converse with ERIKA to little  
avail.*

*THE MAN IN BLACK brings what  
one might call...ritual  
decorations and works at  
turning the area surrounding  
ERIKA into an altar of sorts.  
He doesn't really try to  
converse with ERIKA. He just  
perhaps strokes her from time  
to time as one would a pet.  
Although they could perhaps  
have one more silent argument  
about the reasons for her  
speed.*

*TOBA and THE MAN IN BLACK  
should not really share the  
stage at the same time. Not  
often, at least.*

*As to whether or not they  
acknowledge or react to one  
another when/if they do, one  
can imagine a lot of things.*

*When THE MAN IN BLACK is  
finally finished setting up,*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 60.  
CONTINUED:

*he leaves, and ERIKA is once  
again alone.*

*Working.*

*Sewing.*

*Working.*

*And then the music stops.*

*She stops.*

*Beat.*

*She stands.*

*Looks around.*

*At everything.*

ERIKA

It's ready.

*ERIKA'S phone rings.*

*She moves her head, suddenly  
distracted and confused by a  
remnant of the outside world.*

*She searches for her phone,  
which takes an eternity to  
find in the mess.*

*After the fifth or twelfth  
ring, she finally finds it.*

*She stares at it for a brief  
moment, holding the phone in  
her hand.*

ERIKA

(Answering)

Hello?

(Pause)

Hey, mom. Yeah? Yeah, no, I--I'm sorry, yeah, I've just been  
really busy working on stuff, I just must've forgotten to  
call. No--yea, it has been a while, I guess. I'm sorry, mom.

*As she continues talking,  
ERIKA grabs a chair and goes  
about ripping the security*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 61.  
CONTINUED:

*cameras out of the wall. SL  
first. Then SR.*

ERIKA

I guess I've, like, been somewhat distracted and out of it. As of late. This entire thing has just been...a different experience, you know? Yeah. Yeah. I love you, too. I'm hoping it shouldn't be longer. Well, no. No. I haven't heard anything official. It's more just a feeling. Hope. I really want to be done, you know? After all this time, starting to go a little bit stir crazy, you know? Yeah. Yeah, I know. Getting by. Soon. Hey, listen, do mind if I call you back in a bit? I got something I got to take care of.

*Done with that task, she  
carries the cameras with her  
as she exits SR.*

ERIKA

(Offstage)

Yes, I know. They still give me my classwork, though, you know that. Working on a project. It's due tomorrow. Yeah. Yeah, it's going really well. I feel really good about it. I love you, too, mom. Bye.

*ERIKA re-enters, crossing to  
the couch. She dials a new  
number on the phone, then  
cradles it between her  
shoulder and ear as she picks  
up her garb.*

*She exits again SR as the  
phone rings.*

*After a ring or two, TOBA  
picks up.*

ERIKA

(Offstage)

Toba! Help me. Please! I think someone's in my apartment. I need your help. Something's wrong. I need you. I need you, please. Please, Toba! Please.

*She hangs up.*

*Silence.*

*Silence.*

*Footsteps outside the door.*

*Knocking.*

(CONTINUED)



(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 62.  
CONTINUED:

Erika! TOBA  
(Offstage)

*No response.*

*Knocking.*

Erika! TOBA  
(Offstage)

*ERIKA screams offstage.*

Erika! I'm coming in! TOBA  
(Offstage)

*TOBA unlocks the door and runs inside.*

ERIKA  
Quick! He's in here! Help me! Please!

*TOBA runs off SR.*

*And then he grunts, as if someone or something has hit him over the head.*

*The thunk of a body hitting the floor.*

ERIKA  
(Calmly)  
It's someone I want you to meet.

*The lights fade.*

*The scene titles change to:*

DAY 101

*ERIKA speaks in the darkness. This time, the lights will not rise. Not yet. Most of her speech is simply delivered in the blackness.*

ERIKA  
Whatever religion you are. Whether you believe in God or not. I'm sure you've heard of the story of the great flood.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 63.

CONTINUED:

ERIKA (cont'd)

The deluge. When blackness swallowed the land and water covered the earth. And all of humanity was devoured.

(Brief Pause)

Noah. He did exist, you know. The famous religions do get that fact right, but I actually knew him. Firsthand. He took me on his ark and I spent 40 days and 40 nights listening to his babble. He was amusing. But insufferable. Like all the rest. And when the rain stopped falling, he sent me out over the waters to see if the earth had dried. And do you know what I found? Life. I found life. Released from its trials. Free from bondage. I feasted on the corpses of man and woman and child and learned the primeval truth. God didn't send the rains to punish you for your sin. It was to save you. He saved you people from all your pain. He only needed to save a few more. I tried to tell this to the others, but they wouldn't listen. Noah simply sent the dove to do his bidding. And the dove behaved. The dove didn't question. Nobody questioned what was real problem was. You. You were justly devoured.

TOBA

What--what is happening?

ERIKA

I'll tell you, little bird.

*Now the lights start rising.*

*They reveal a nightmarish tableau. ERIKA stands on the coffee table, decked out in black streaks and wearing her ceremonial "garb," trying to look as much like a primordial raven goddess as possible with her own twisted and heartfelt version of THE MAN IN BLACK'S ensemble.*

*TOBA is restrained at her feet in the straitjacket.*

*And she won't stop monologuing.*

ERIKA

I've been around for a very long time now, and I can't help but notice the way you humans continue to treat one another. How you persist against all odds. Your sin pervades the very essence of this world. Can you imagine what it's like to be the only one who knows the truth? Who realizes what needs to be done? I will save you. I will save all of you from your sin. For I am the only one who can.

(CONTINUED)

**(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)**

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 64.  
CONTINUED:

TOBA

Erika?!

ERIKA

No. I am the raven. I am the King of Pestilence. The Eater of Flesh. I will save you, Toba.

TOBA

Erika! What are you doing?

ERIKA

I've restrained you. To keep you safe. You don't want to hurt yourself do you?

TOBA

Why are you dressed like that?!

ERIKA

All gods wear such garments.

TOBA

Erika!

ERIKA

I think it looks magnificent.

TOBA

Stop this! Let me out.

ERIKA

No. No, no, Toba. Toba, don't you understand? Weren't you listening to what I just said? I'm going to save you.

TOBA

You are not yourself!

ERIKA

YOU ARE NOT YOURSELF!

(Pause)

You pathetic, measly human. You were not what was intended. You will never be. I'm fixing the issue at the root. One by one. Toba, you will bring about the salvation of the world! You must be happy!

TOBA

Erika!

ERIKA

Toba. You must be happy!

TOBA

Let me go.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 65.  
CONTINUED:

ERIKA

I will.

TOBA

Listen to me! Snap out of this! You are not a murderer!

*ERIKA pauses.*

ERIKA

No. No, Toba. I'm a savior. This is something that has to be done. It's for my own good.

TOBA

The isolation is confusing you!

ERIKA

Little bird, I think you're the one who's confused.

TOBA

Erika, please!

ERIKA

I will cast you into the deluge.

TOBA

Please!

ERIKA

And you will be freed in the lake of sinners.

TOBA

Erika!

ERIKA

Sshhh.

TOBA

Erika!!

ERIKA

(In his face, staring)

Toba. Everything's going to be okay.

*ERIKA wraps her hands around  
TOBA'S throat.*

*A struggle as she tries to  
kill him.*

*TOBA tries to talk, but cannot  
get anything out.*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 66.  
CONTINUED:

*After a moment, he manages to  
kick ERIKA off of him.*

*He scrambles across the room  
trying to get away from her.*

ERIKA

Toba. This is not what being happy looks like.

*ERIKA starts back towards  
TOBA.*

TOBA

And this is not what saving people looks like!

*ERIKA pauses.*

TOBA

You wanted me to save you. Remember? Is this how I should proceed? Choke the life out of you? Tell me, Erika. How does killing someone save their life?

ERIKA

Toba. Death is freedom. From your sin.

TOBA

My brother was an infant! What sin did his death save him from?

ERIKA

It saved him from a painful life.

TOBA

That is not for you to decide!

ERIKA

AND HOW THE FUCK WOULD YOU KNOW?! Huh?! Do you realize who I am? I am older than time itself. I built the very atoms on which you stand.

TOBA

Your name is Erika Phillips. And you suffered a tragedy. What happened to the girl mourning for the loss of her friend?

ERIKA

I did mourn. Then I saw it was for the better. Her sin had corrupted her, as yours corrupts you.

TOBA

And yours corrupts you! That is what sin does! It is the nature of sin. And only God frees us from it. Not you.

(CONTINUED)

**(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)**

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 67.  
CONTINUED:

ERIKA

Excuse me?

TOBA

It is not the job of Erika Phillips. Erika Phillips's job to survive her friend and honor her memory. Not to fall into sin herself.

*Beat.*

TOBA

You are in there, somewhere, Erika. I know it. Come back to me.

*Beat.*

*THE MAN IN BLACK speaks from offstage, but it sounds like his voice emanates from the apartment itself.*

THE MAN IN BLACK

(Offstage)

What are you waiting for, little bird?

ERIKA

...I'm savoring the moment.

THE MAN IN BLACK

(Offstage)

You're hesitating...this is what cold feet looks like.

ERIKA

(Yelling everywhere)

YOU SHUT THE FUCK UP! YOU HEAR ME?! I'M IN CONTROL HERE!

(To TOBA)

Me! Me! Not you. Not God. Me. I'm the raven.

TOBA

Erika. You are Erika.

ERIKA

Shut up!

THE MAN IN BLACK

(Offstage)

Then shut him up, little bird!

*ERIKA snarls.*

TOBA

Erika.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 68.  
CONTINUED:

ERIKA  
No!

THE MAN IN BLACK  
(Offstage)  
The sinful will say anything to survive. I bet he's even the one who got his brother sick.

ERIKA  
Rah!

TOBA  
Erika!

THE MAN IN BLACK  
(Offstage)  
He needs to be freed.

ERIKA  
Shut up!

THE MAN IN BLACK  
(Offstage)  
He needs to be saved.

ERIKA  
Shut up!!

TOBA  
Erika!!

THE MAN IN BLACK  
(Offstage)  
I thought you wanted to get out?

ERIKA  
EVERYBODY SHUT UP!!!

*Beat.*

*Long Silence.*

ERIKA  
(To TOBA)  
I'm not sick. I need to get out.

*ERIKA walks apathetically to TOBA and attempts without urgency to strangle him. Another struggle/chase ensues.*

*Right as she's about to get her hands around his throat*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 69.  
CONTINUED:

*again, however, BETHANY speaks  
up from behind the island.  
It's not clear how long she's  
been there.*

Riki? BETHANY

*ERIKA looks.*

*Beat.*

Beth? ERIKA

Watcha doin? BETHANY

*Beat.*

ERIKA  
I'm freeing Toba from the pain of his existence.

Why? BETHANY

ERIKA  
To save the world and cleanse it from sin.

BETHANY  
And you are aware of how fucked up that is?

ERIKA  
Language, Beth.

BETHANY  
Haha, I'm sorry, out of everything going on right now,  
you're going call *me* out for *language*? You're dressed like a  
fucking bird. And you've been cursing up quite the storm  
yourself, lady. I would be proud, but--...

ERIKA  
You're not real. I'm imagining you.

BETHANY  
Well, of course, I'm not real. I'm fucking dead.

ERIKA  
Yes.

(CONTINUED)



**(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)**

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 70.  
CONTINUED:

BETHANY

Now I am a little surprised you haven't churned me out sooner. What's the deal? You can't have been having that much fun without me.

ERIKA

What do you want?

BETHANY

Uh, what do you want? You've got the more pressing issue to deal with right now, let's talk about that. I'll ask you again...what the fuck are you doing?

ERIKA

I told you.

BETHANY

No, you said some twisted bullshit about sin, because that makes sense. What are you actually doing?

ERIKA

I'm saving the world.

BETHANY

No! Come on, English major! Quit fucking around with subtext. Why are you trying to kill him?

ERIKA

It's the only thing I can do.

BETHANY

Uh--closer. No cigar. Keep going.

ERIKA

Bethany, stop it.

BETHANY

You stop it, bird-girl. Why?

ERIKA

Bethany.

BETHANY

Tell me why!

ERIKA

Bethany!

BETHANY

We both know, Riki! Just say it!

ERIKA

Stop!!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

**(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)**

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 71.

CONTINUED:

ERIKA (cont'd)

(Brief Pause)

Stop it! Do you--you wanna be first? Huh? I'll do it. I'll kill you again! I'll do it! I will. I will tear you apart. I'll feast on your insides. I'll dissect your fucking existence, Beth! Stop fucking with me!!

*Beat.*

BETHANY

Are you done?

(Pause)

Talk to me.

*Beat.*

ERIKA

(Softly)

...I need--get out.

BETHANY

Now who the fuck are you? Tarzan?

*ERIKA stifles a quick laugh.*

BETHANY

Okay. So how is killing him gonna help you get out?

ERIKA

I get to leave. And save the world.

BETHANY

No. Riki, this is still reality. You get taken to jail when you murder someone. That's how it works.

ERIKA

But--

BETHANY

That's how it works. You know I'm right.

ERIKA

I need to get out.

BETHANY

And what the fuck is stopping you from walking out that door?

*ERIKA looks at the door.*

*BETHANY has a point.*

ERIKA

They won't let me.

(CONTINUED)

**(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)**

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 72.  
CONTINUED:

BETHANY

I don't think many people are going to mess with you looking like that, Riki. Go.

*ERIKA looks at BETHANY.*

BETHANY

What are you waiting for? Go.

*ERIKA goes to the door.*

*She opens it.*

*And she stares outside for a long time.*

*And then she shuts it.*

BETHANY

Oh. Still with us, then, bird-girl? I thought you wanted to get out?

*ERIKA turns around, shaking her head, tears in her eyes.*

ERIKA

I want you. Back.

*(Pause, finally letting it out)*

I miss you, Beth.

BETHANY

*(Crossing to her to comfort her)*

Hey, I know. I know. This sucks.

ERIKA

It really sucks.

*(Crying into BETHANY'S shoulder)*

I can't do this.

BETHANY

Yeah, you can. I believe in you. And you're supposed to be the smarter one.

*ERIKA laughs/cries.*

BETHANY

I know it's hard. Don't let it take you down, girl. It's not your fault.

*ERIKA nods.*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 73.  
CONTINUED:

*BETHANY walks ERIKA to the couch.*

BETHANY  
I'm right here. I'm right here. Hell, at the rate you've been cursing it's like I never left.

*ERIKA smiles.*

BETHANY  
I saw that finger fuck, too.

Beth!

BETHANY  
Wasn't it great?

ERIKA  
No. Yes. I don't know.

*THEY laugh.*

BETHANY  
I miss you, too, Riki.

ERIKA  
Is this ever going to end?

BETHANY  
You learn to live with it. But you have to let him go.

*ERIKA looks at TOBA.*

*Beat.*

*ERIKA slowly crosses to TOBA and lets him out of the straitjacket.*

ERIKA  
I'm sorry.

TOBA  
I forgive you.

*ERIKA tries to say more, but can't.*

*She nods and slumps back to the couch.*

*She curls up on it, exhausted.*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 74.  
CONTINUED:

*BETHANY takes the blanket and  
lays it over her.*

*And then she sits with her for  
a minute, holding her.*

BETHANY  
I gotta go away for a little bit, okay?

ERIKA  
No.

BETHANY  
Just for a minute. I'll be back before you know it.

ERIKA  
No. Don't--I...I can't.

BETHANY  
Ssshh. You can. You can. It's gonna be okay. Everything's  
gonna be okay.

*BETHANY stands, leaving ERIKA  
on the couch.*

*She glances at TOBA, then  
looks from ERIKA back to TOBA.*

*She nods.*

*TOBA nods.*

*BETHANY exits through the SR.*

*TOBA doesn't watch her go.*

*The lights fade.*

*Beat.*

*The phone rings in the  
darkness.*

*After a few rings, ERIKA picks  
it up in the darkness.*

ERIKA  
Hello?

DR. WILLIAMS  
Hello, Ms. Phillips? This is Dr. Williams. It's over. It's  
time to come out.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 75.  
CONTINUED:

*The scene titles change to:*

HOSPITAL 2

*Back at the office of DR.  
WILLIAMS. He no longer wears  
the gloves or the surgical  
mask. He does still sit at his  
desk, writing notes.*

*TOBA is not present.*

*Beat.*

*A knock at the door.*

*DR. WILLIAMS doesn't respond.*

ERIKA  
(Offstage)

Hello?

*Another knock.*

ERIKA  
(Offstage)

Hello? This is Erika Phillips.

*DR. WILLIAMS finally looks up,  
and moves to let ERIKA in.*

*He opens the door and she  
enters.*

*She is no longer dressed like  
a bird.*

DR. WILLIAMS  
I am sorry about that, I get rather zoned in sometimes.

ERIKA  
That's okay.

DR. WILLIAMS  
Please. Sit down.

*ERIKA does so.*

*DR. WILLIAMS sits.*

*Beat.*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 76.  
CONTINUED:

ERIKA

So. How does this work?

DR. WILLIAMS

You've had the exit inspection?

ERIKA

Yep. Not sick.

DR. WILLIAMS

Then, unless we've implemented procedure I'm not aware of,  
all that I need is your signature on this.

*DR. WILLIAMS pulls out a piece  
of paper and a pen.*

ERIKA

What is it?

DR. WILLIAMS

Just another formality. A report on the procedure.

ERIKA

Right.

*Beat. As she reads or doesn't  
read the paper.*

ERIKA

Where's Toba? He hasn't answered my calls.

DR. WILLIAMS

Who?

ERIKA

Toba.

*Small Beat.*

DR. WILLIAMS

Ah. Oh, yes. Of course. Unfortunately, Dr. Ainose had to  
leave us. He expressed a desire to return to his home  
country. He is no longer with us.

ERIKA

Well, do you still have contact with him? I'd like to get a  
message to him.

DR. WILLIAMS

I'm sure one of the nurses outside can help you with that.  
That's not within my jurisdiction.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 77.  
CONTINUED:

ERIKA

Of course.

*She returns to the paper.*

*Beat.*

*Then she goes to address the elephant.*

ERIKA

Listen. About what happened.

DR. WILLIAMS

It was a tragedy. Losing a young woman in such a way.

ERIKA

Yes...I mean about...what I did.

DR. WILLIAMS

What do you mean?

*Beat.*

ERIKA

I mean--the...you do know about what happened?

DR. WILLIAMS

I don't think I do. What exactly are you referring to?

*Beat.*

ERIKA

This was a normal quarantine for you?

DR. WILLIAMS

(Sighing)

Well, I would hesitate to call any quarantine "normal," but...more or less, yes. There were no strange incidents of any kind. At least as far as I'm aware.

*Beat.*

DR. WILLIAMS

Is there something I need to be made aware of?

*ERIKA looks at DR. WILLIAMS.*

*Beat.*

ERIKA

No. No, nothing.

(CONTINUED)



**(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)**

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 78.  
CONTINUED:

DR. WILLIAMS

Okay, then. In that case. You hand me that and you are free to go.

ERIKA

Right.

*ERIKA signs the paper.*

*DR. WILLIAMS picks it up and scans it.*

DR. WILLIAMS

All righty. Thank you, Miss Phillips. My condolences again.

ERIKA

Yeah.

*ERIKA stands to leave.*

DR. WILLIAMS

(Finding something in  
the paper)

Oh, wait.

*ERIKA stops.*

DR. WILLIAMS

The security cameras came off the walls somehow near the end, there. Is that what you were talking about? I wouldn't worry too much about that. I don't think anybody around here will be too angry, especially that close to the end of it. I think we all understand going a little stir-crazy from time to time.

*Beat.*

*ERIKA stares at DR. WILLIAMS.*

DR. WILLIAMS

Is there something wrong, Miss Phillips?

ERIKA

No.

(Pause)

I just realized, I...I never saw your face before.

*DR. WILLIAMS laughs softly.*

DR. WILLIAMS

Well, um...it's a face.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 79.  
CONTINUED:

ERIKA

Yes.

*Beat.*

DR. WILLIAMS

I almost forgot, um...did you want to know what happened to Miss Samuels?

*ERIKA shakes her head.*

ERIKA

No.

(Pause)

No, I know.

*Beat.*

*ERIKA turns and leaves.*

*DR. WILLIAMS watches her go.*

*He reacts to what she said.*

*Then returns to writing notes.*

*The lights fade.*

*The scene titles change to:*

EPILOGUE - OCTOBER

*The scene titles change to:*

DAY 274

*Lights up on the apartment.  
Clean. Homey. Perfect for the  
month of October. Which it  
finally is.*

*ERIKA sits on the couch  
reading "Watership Down." She  
is wearing a leather jacket  
and perhaps a feather  
necklace.*

*She turns a page. Then stops  
reading for a moment and looks  
around, lost in thought.*

(CONTINUED)

**(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)**

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 80.  
CONTINUED:

*Then a keyhole sounds in the door, and HOLLY enters the apartment, dressed in scrubs and carrying a few DVDs.*

HOLLY

Hey.

ERIKA

Hey. You're home a little early.

HOLLY

Yeah! Can you believe it? Hospital actually did something nice.

ERIKA

Blasphemy.

HOLLY

Went and stopped by the store. Thought maybe we could have a movie night or something.

ERIKA

Sure, yeah. I got a paper or two I can neglect to write.

HOLLY

Haha, cool. Let me go change, I'll be right back.

*HOLLY sets the DVDs on the counter and exits SR.*

*ERIKA moves to leaf through them.*

ERIKA

What'd you rent?

HOLLY

(Offstage)

Eh, I don't know. Just a couple things that looked interesting, you know. Bad movies that look fun to laugh at.

ERIKA

Gladiator?

HOLLY

(Offstage)

Well, that's just to look at Russell Crowe.

ERIKA

We're gonna wean you off of that.

(CONTINUED)

**(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)**

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 81.  
CONTINUED:

HOLLY

(Offstage)

Haha, fat chance. He's mine.

*ERIKA reaches another movie,  
and stops.*

*She stares at it.*

*HOLLY re-enters, dressed  
casually.*

*She sees what movie ERIKA is  
holding and comments:*

HOLLY

Oh, yeah, that one. That was the wild-card. Never heard of  
it before, but it looked really bad, so I got it.

ERIKA

Yeah...yeah, I've seen this one actually.

HOLLY

Oh, yeah?

ERIKA

Yeah.

(Brief Pause)

It's fucking terrible.

HOLLY

It is? Awesome.

ERIKA

Yeah. Here, put it in. I'll make some popcorn.

*HOLLY grabs a laptop and opens  
the DVD to put in the movie as  
ERIKA goes to make popcorn.*

*HOLLY starts the movie as  
ERIKA starts the microwave,  
and ERIKA returns to the couch  
as our favorite boys strike up a  
dialogue we've possibly come  
to know by heart.*

MAN 1

You know what's weird? I'm right handed...but I jerk off  
with my left.

(CONTINUED)

**(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)**

Fever Dream, Daniel Prillaman, 82.  
CONTINUED:

MAN 2

You know what's weird? You talking to me about your masturbation habits.

MAN 1

No, seriously. I can't figure out why. It's just the way I've always done it.

*The lights slowly fade.*

MAN 2

I assume you're leading somewhere with this?

MAN 1

I don't know. It's just something I think about.

MAN 2

Jerking off?

MAN 1

Yeah. I mean, I don't, like, think about jerking off all the time, I just--you know...every once in a while, after I shoot one, I think about how I did it with my other hand.

MAN 2

That's really fascinating, man.

END.