

Dreamsinger – Act 1, Scene 5

(At Magicvision Inc. We're in the office of VANESSA who, as well as being RATHAN's daughter, is one of the A&R (Artist and Repertoire) reps for Magicvision Inc.)

Vanessa: Maura, would you come in here, please?

(Enter MAURA.)

Maura: Yes?

Vanessa: I'm getting low on letterhead. Could you please reorder some, on recycled stock?

Maura: Do you think Ms. Chan will approve? You know how she likes the paper to be white as white can be.

Vanessa: Quite frankly, I don't give a damn what Ms. Chan thinks. She's not the source of my inspiration.

Maura: You're not exactly a great source of inspiration yourself.

Vanessa: Why do I let you get away with that kind of talk?

Maura: 'Cause you know I'm right.

Vanessa: Yeah, really. And you were right that I need a new trash can. If I have to watch another bimbo singing in her underwear, I'm going to hurl. And as for some of the crap that passes for pop music: who taught these guys to sing? Thank God for Autotune!

Maura: Some of them are pretty cute, though. Like Ali Hussein, for instance. If I was his assistant, he could chase me around his studio as often as he liked.

Vanessa: Maura, how can you even joke about something like that? You could set the women's movement back 20 years all by yourself.

Maura: Oh, you're no fun. So how'd you like Vancouver? Meet any nice guys?

Vanessa: It was a total bore. You know how I hate those booze-and-schmooze affairs. Those record execs are all so sleazy. And I swear I'll never go out with another musician. I can't believe how immature they all are, even the ones over thirty. I guess that's part of their charm, but it's also what makes them impossible to be around for any length of time...

Maura: Hey, you're still so young. There's no rush...Well, if you can't get what you want, sometimes a little fantasizing isn't bad...

Vanessa: Look – I need a man like I need a fungus infection.

Maura: Ah, come on...Just play along...

Vanessa: You're not going to let me off the hook, are you?

Maura: Nope. Here then. Close your eyes...Trust me.

(Vanessa closes her eyes.)

You just use every power in your body and you imagine this man of your dreams...Can you see him? His blue eyes - *(Vanessa makes a dissenting noise)*...his dark eyes looking at you...that sweet little smile he has on because he's been watching you...Now his heavy hands are travelling all over you, lazy and warm....He's pressing his body against you. You can feel his need. His strong, pleading lips...

Vanessa: Oh, please!

Maura: O.K., O.K. He's crazy for your brains. He's interested in what you're thinking, how you're feeling. Look, he's trying to say something to you. His soft lips are forming the words...

(Enter Ali.)

Ali: Excuse me...

(They both scream.)

Vanessa: Oh, it's just you.

Ali: What's that supposed to mean?

Maura: No offense intended, Ali. She was just doing some fantasizing.

Ali: Hey, Baby, you can fantasize about me whenever you want.

Vanessa: The only thing I'll fantasize about you is getting your swollen head stuck in a bucket.

Ali: Look, anyway, there's a bunch of us going down to the Pleasure Dome Friday night. Wanna come?

Vanessa: You know it's not my favourite spot, to say the least.

Ali: But the company will be great.

Vanessa: No, seriously. I'm going down to the Green Potato.

Ali: What are you going to be doing in a dive like that?

Vanessa: Did you forget? I am in A&R. I'm just going to check out some local talent. It'll tie it in with my work for the Foundation.

Ali: Foundation?

Vanessa: My father's latest pet project. It's set up to assist new up-and-coming talent. Now that the government has pulled out of the arts, somebody's got to pick up the slack. Plus it's great for our corporate image.

Ali: Must admit your dad's always treated me alright. *(Looking at Maura.)* What about you?

Ali: Sure! *(She winks at Vanessa.)*

Vanessa: So get out, both of you. I've got to get something done around here.

(Exeunt ALI and MAURA. VANESSA sighs. She starts picking DVDs up from a pile on her desk, and throwing them, one by one into a waste basket on the far side of the room. Fade to black.)