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Dramatic Publishing

THE IMAGINATORS

A Play

by

DWAYNE HARTFORD



Dramatic Publishing

Woodstock, Illinois • England • Australia • New Zealand

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(THE IMAGINATORS)

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THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY of Woodstock, Illinois

THE IMAGINATORS was developed in the Whiteman New Plays Program at Childsplay, in Tempe, Arizona, David Saar, artistic director. The dramaturg throughout the development of the play was Graham Whitehead. Childsplay produced the original production that opened for student performances on November 17, 2003. The production was directed by Jon Gentry. The scenic designer was Kimb Williamson. The costume designer was Kish Finnegan. The sound designer was Scott Kirkorsky. The stage manager was Samantha Ries. The cast was as follows:

Tim Clark Webb
Anne Andréa Morales
Nina Quetta Carpenter
William Kane Anderson

The same production opened for public performances on February 21, 2004. The lighting designer was Michael Eddy. The cast was as follows:

Tim Clark Webb
Anne Andréa Morales
Nina Quetta Carpenter
William Joe Flowers

THE IMAGINATORS

A Play in One Act
For 2m., 2w.

CHARACTERS

TIM 8 years old

ANNE his 10-year-old sister

NINA a neighbor girl, 10 years old

WILLIAM. her 15-year-old brother

The Imaginators

(A garage. The audience looks into the garage through the open garage door downstage. There is a door into the house on the upstage wall. The garage is full of moving boxes, most of them empty. Scattered throughout are other household items that have yet to find their place in a new home. From inside one of the boxes we hear the voice of TIM, an eight-year-old boy.)

TIM. Ha-ha! My global freezing machine has turned the whole world into a giant snowball. My time has come at last! *(TIM pops out of the box. He is dressed in a snowmobile suit, goggles, and many hats, scarves and gloves—all many sizes too big for him. As he talks, he climbs out of the box.)* I am Dr. Icicle. I am now the ruler of the entire earth. My team of killer polar bears will make sure that no one dare challenge my authority. The world is mine, all mine! *(As Dr. Icicle laughs maniacally, one of his oversized-gloves falls off.)* Uh-oh. Oh no! Something has gone wrong with my global freezing machine. It's getting warmer! I'm melting! *(TIM takes off the winter clothing as if the pieces are melting off of him.)* My evil plans for worldwide winter have failed. Ah! Goodbye, cruel world! I shall be back. You haven't seen the last of me! Dr. Icicle will return!

(By now TIM has melted on top of the pile of discarded winter clothes.) Cool. (TIM stands, bends over to gather up the clothing. He becomes a bucket loader, scooping up the clothes and taking them over to a box on the side where he dumps them. He finds a tennis racquet. To him it is a guitar. A la Elvis.) Thank you. Thank you very much. (TIM gets an idea and jumps back into the first box, closing the top flaps.) Okay. And now—singing here for the first time—the new kid in town—Rat Boy! (TIM pops out of the box and sings, accompanied by his tennis racquet guitar.)

I'm singin' in a box, box, box.

I'm wearin' shoes and socks, socks, socks.

I like bagels but not lox, lox, lox

But cream cheese really rocks, rocks, rocks.

Oh yeah, rocks in a box.

Oh yeah, rocks in a box.

(ANNE, TIM's ten-year-old sister, enters.)

ANNE. What are you doing out here? *(TIM drops the tennis racquet and quickly gets out of the box.)*

TIM. Nothing.

ANNE. You were singing some stupid made-up song at the top of your lungs. Don't you realize the garage door is open? Everyone in the neighborhood can hear you—you weirdo.

TIM. I was just playing, Anne.

ANNE. Well, why don't you play with toys like a normal kid? Why do you have to be so—so—weird? Everyone is going to think a family of freaks moved in.

TIM (*à la* “freak”). Hello, seeester. Please don’t put me back in my box. I’m scared of the dark.

ANNE. Stop it!

TIM. Yes, seeester. I’ll be gooooood.

ANNE. I mean it, Tim. I’ll tell Mom.

TIM. I didn’t do anything!

ANNE. Yeah, but you’re going to. You’re going to tell everyone that you have to live in a box in the garage. You’ll make up a whole story.

TIM. No, I won’t.

ANNE. Yes, you will. You’ll tell everyone at our new school, just to embarrass me. Like you always do.

TIM. I won’t.

ANNE. Mom told you not to anymore.

TIM. I said I won’t!

ANNE. Freak.

TIM. Geek.

ANNE. Why did you say that?

TIM. What?

ANNE. Why did you call me a geek?

TIM. I don’t know.

ANNE. You heard Susan Anderson and Laurie Rogers at the park, didn’t you?

TIM. It doesn’t mean anything.

ANNE. No, it doesn’t! They are jealous because I get to move here and they have to stay in stupid Waterville!

TIM. Okay!

ANNE. I don’t care what they think. I’m going to a new school. I’m going to have lots of friends.

TIM. I liked our old school.

ANNE. No, you did n’t. All the other kids picked on you all the time.

TIM. I had some friends.

ANNE. Made-up ones don't count, Tim.

TIM. I don't want to go to a new school.

ANNE. Well, we're going whether you want to or not. Just try to act normal. I'm going to be one of the cool kids. I'm going to be mature and cool. I'm no geek. I'll show them.

TIM. I don't really think you're a geek.

ANNE. I don't care what you think. You're the geek.

TIM. You're the geek.

ANNE. No, you are.

TIM. No, you are.

ANNE. You're the geek.

TIM. You're the geek.

ANNE. Ugh!

TIM. You want to play something? We've got all these great boxes.

ANNE. You think I'm going to play with you? Out here? Yeah, right.

TIM. We can pull down the door and turn off the lights, and play haunted house, like we used to at home.

ANNE. This is our home now. And I've got more important things to do.

TIM. Playing on your computer.

ANNE. I'm working on my computer. I have to be ready when school starts next week.

TIM. You're the smartest kid in your class.

ANNE. That was at our old school. These big-city kids are probably a lot smarter.

TIM. Can I come watch what you're doing?

ANNE. No. You're too little. Besides, you have to stay out here until you see the girl next door, stupid. You're sup-

posed to be watching for her. I have to meet her before school starts.

TIM. Why?

ANNE. I told you. She and I are going to be friends, and then she can introduce me to the other girls.

TIM. But what if you don't like her? What if she doesn't like you?

ANNE. She's going to like me! Just as long as you don't mess it up. She's probably working on her computer right now, or talking on the phone.

TIM. Why don't you go knock on her door?

ANNE. You are so dumb. I'm the new girl. I can't just go knock on her door.

TIM. Oh.

ANNE. Maybe she's watching out the window, trying to decide if she should come over here—if she wants to meet me.

TIM. Maybe you should walk out in the driveway. Then she could open her door and..

ANNE. Tim, you just don't get it. I'm not about to go stand in the driveway, begging her to come talk to me. Just come tell me if you see her.

TIM. Okay.

ANNE. And stop making all the noise.

TIM. Okay.

ANNE. And whatever you do, don't talk to her. If she sees you, you can say "hello," and that's it. Come and get me. Do you understand?

TIM. Hello and that's it.

ANNE. I mean it, Tim. I don't want you talking to her.

TIM. All right!

ANNE. Don't tell her any of your stupid stories.

TIM. I won't.

ANNE. You better not.

TIM. I won't. Hello, and that's it.

ANNE. Then come and get me. But don't tell her you're coming to get me. I'll walk out like I'm in the middle of doing something, and I'll run into her by accident.

TIM. And you think I'm weird.

ANNE. Tim...

TIM. I get it. I get it. Hello and that's it.

ANNE. Then come and get me. Why couldn't I have had a little sister? *(ANNE starts back toward the house. She stops, turns around and walks outside the garage in a slow circle, acting as if she's looking for something. She then walks back into the garage and speaks to TIM as she exits into the house.)* Shut up.

(TIM smiles in triumph, then looks around the garage. He tiptoes to the garage door and peers around the corner toward the neighbors' house. He knocks over a rake, then hides in fear of being discovered. He picks up a garden hose nozzle. He becomes a spaceman.)

TIM. Houston. We have a problem. The Plutonians have taken over the spaceship. I'm running out of oxygen. My laser gun is low on power. I'm going to make one last try at taking control of the ship. *(As Mission Control.)* Roger, Captain. Good luck. The future of all mankind is in your hands.

(A fierce space battle ensues. A ten-year-old girl, NINA, enters. She is un seen by TIM un til she speaks.)

TIM. Plutonians! This is Captain Steve Fisher of the USS Explorer. I've engaged the ship's self-destruct mechanism. You have two minutes to get out of there before the whole thing blows up.

NINA. Ha! Nice bluff, Captain Fisher. But, you wouldn't blow up the ship. If you did, there would be no way for you to get home.

TIM (*ashimself*). Who are you?

NINA. I am Zeldetha, Queen of the Universe.

TIM. Oh.

NINA. So—you think you're clever, don't you?

TIM. No. I was just playing. I didn't know you were there.
Sorry.

NINA. You'll be sorry, Captain Fisher, when the Plutonians and I are through with you.

TIM. I've got to go inside now. (*TIM walks toward the door to the house.*)

NINA. Where are you going?

TIM. Inside.

NINA. But I just got here. Don't you like playing with someone else?

TIM. Yeah.

NINA. Well, I, Zeldetha, Queen of the Universe, would like to play with you, Captain Steve Fisher.

TIM. Are you making fun of me?

NINA. The Queen of the Universe never makes fun.

TIM. But it's stupid.

NINA. Perhaps you are not getting enough oxygen, Captain Fisher. You obviously are not thinking clearly. How could a battle to determine the future of the galaxy be called stupid? Or maybe you just realize the hopeless-

ness of your situation. The Plutonians and I are sure to defeat you.

TIM. Why is the Queen of the Universe on the side of the evil Plutonians?

NINA. The Plutonians are not evil. They are just misunderstood. Now, will you surrender, Captain Fisher, or do we have to do to you what we did to the Neptunians?

TIM. I surrender.

NINA. No. You decide to fight. Or better yet—you really do set the self-destruct mechanism and just as the Plutonians and I claim the spaceship as our own, we all explode. (*NINA “explodes.”*) I said we all explode. That means you too, Captain Fisher.

TIM. Oh. Sorry. (*TIM quietly “explodes.”*)

NINA. Hmmm. We’ll have to work on your exploding.

TIM. Sorry. Uh-oh—you’re the girl from next door, aren’t you?

NINA. Yes, my name is...

TIM (*as he heads for the door*). Hello, and that’s it.

NINA. Not again. Where are you going now?

TIM. I have to get... Hello, and that’s it.

NINA. Wait! You don’t have to leave. It is your garage, after all. I just wanted to say hello. (*NINA starts to leave. TIM stops her.*)

TIM. No! You can’t leave! She’ll kill me!

NINA. Who?

TIM. My... Hello, and that’s it.

NINA. Why do you keep saying that? (*TIM mimes what will happen to him, humming the words.*) Oh. I see. You can’t tell me. I understand. Your life is in danger. Say no more. I’ll stay to protect you.

TIM. Thanks.

NINA. Think nothing of it. Welcome to the neighborhood.

My name is Nina Frances Elizabeth Vanderhelden.

TIM. I'm Tim.

NINA. Hello, Timothy.

TIM. Hi.

NINA. I am ten years, three months, and four days old.
And you?

TIM. I'm nine. I don't know how many months and days.

NINA. Perhaps you should. You have a sister, don't you?

TIM. Yeah. She's ten like you.

NINA. Is she? I had hoped as much. Oh dear. Is she the assassin out to get you?

TIM. The assassin? Anne?

NINA. I should have known. Why isn't this Anne out here playing with you?

TIM. She doesn't like to anymore. My games are stupid.

NINA. Then why do you play them?

TIM. I don't know. Some thing to do.

NINA. Do you enjoy them?

TIM. Kind of.

NINA. Then they are not stupid, are they? The point of a game is to have fun, is it not?

TIM. Yeah.

NINA. If you'd like, we can play together.

TIM. Really?

NINA. And perhaps we can get Anne to join us.

TIM. Probably not. She has to be serious now. She's on her computer, getting ready for school.

NINA. I love my computer, but I choose not to be too serious, especially during the summer.

TIM. Me neither.

NINA. So tell me, Timothy, do you—or your sister—know anyone else here? Have you met anyone yet?

TIM. No. You're the first.

NINA. Are you sure?

TIM. Yeah. We don't know anyone here.

NINA. Good. Her mind has n't been poi soned yet.

TIM. Poisoned?

NINA. You said she doesn't like to play anymore. But she used to?

TIM. All the time. We'd play haunted house, or ghosts—or monsters!

NINA. Oh, I adore a good monster story. Timothy, you and I have our work cut out for us. I just hope it's not too late.

TIM. Too late?

NINA. To save your sister.

TIM. Save her from what?

NINA. From what else? Monsters.

TIM. Monsters? Where?

NINA. Everywhere, it seems. At school, next door, perhaps even here.

TIM. What do we do?

NINA. She and I will have to meet first, of course, to evaluate the situation, and get to know each other. I have no doubt but that we will hit it off grandly.

TIM. You talk kind of funny.

NINA. Do I? I believe I just talk like me. Perhaps you find it funny, because you've never heard me speak before.

TIM. I guess.

NINA. We are all individuals, and we all think differently. Therefore, it stands to reason that we would all speak differently, too.