

# MY VERY OWN POLAR BEAR

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A one-act dramedy for young audiences by  
Bill D'Agostino

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## CAST OF CHARACTERS

EMMA

RALPH, a stuffed polar bear.

MOM, Emma's mom.

## SETTING

Emma's bedroom.

## SCRIPT NOTE

Line breaks in the middle of a character's speech represent a change in rhythm.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENT

*My Very Own Polar* premiered at Act II Playhouse (Artistic Director Tony Braithwaite) in Ambler, PA in 2017. It was directed by Amanda Coffin; scenic design by Dirk Durossette; costume design by Courtney Boches; lighting design by James Leitner; sound design by Lucas Fendlay; dramaturg was Carrie Nielsen; and stage manager was Michal Kortsarts. The cast was as follows:

Emma.....Katie Stahl  
Ralph.....Patrick Romano  
Mom.....Heather Plank

## DEDICATION

For Carrie, Celia, and Anya.

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**SCENE 1**

*(Emma's bedroom, cluttered with moving boxes. EMMA is standing in her room next to the largest of the boxes. She holds a marker and stares at the box. After a moment: A Light Bulb!)*

**EMMA:** Ah hah!

*(On the box, she writes "TIME MACHINE." She begins working on the machine, decorating it with markers and other craft supplies. MOM enters, holding a wrapped present in a bag.)*

**MOM:** Emma, please don't make such a mess.

**EMMA:** A cluttered room equals a creative brain. That's science!

**MOM:** Alright, fine. But can I at least throw out some of these old moving boxes?

**EMMA:** I'm using them for my Time Machine.

**MOM:** OK, but on recycling day, I'm getting rid of them.

**EMMA** *(Changing the subject:)* What's in the bag?

**MOM:** A present! An "I'm happy about our new home" present!

**EMMA:** Oh.

**MOM:** Get excited, Emma! *(Rapping:)* Dance in your pants like you have a chance.

**EMMA:** Please don't rap.

**MOM:** Shake your body like you're at a party.

**EMMA:** That doesn't even rhyme.

**MOM:** Move your fingers and your toes.  
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, that's how it goes!

**EMMA:** Can I open my present, please?

**MOM:** Hold on. Wait. I just wanted to say –

**EMMA:** What?

**MOM:** We've been through a lot lately, Emma.

**EMMA:** Yeah. Tell me about it.

**MOM:** I hope this helps you love our new home as much as I do.

*(Mom hands her the bag. Emma squeals with excitement as she opens it. It's a stuffed polar bear.)*

**EMMA:** Oh.

**MOM:** It's a polar bear!

**EMMA:** Yeah...?

**MOM:** Look: it's so soft and so fluffy.

**EMMA:** He's OK. I guess. He's kind of soft. A little bit fluffy.

**MOM:** Hey...don't you think he's kind of like Hootie?

**EMMA:** No.

**MOM:** Doesn't he kind of remind you of her? That same smile?

**EMMA:** No! No, he doesn't. He's nothing like Hootie.

Put him in the Tag Sale Pile.

**MOM:** The what?

**EMMA:** The Tag Sale Pile. For when we have another tag sale and sell our stuff again before we move back home.

**MOM:** Emma, we're not having another tag sale. This is our home now.

**EMMA:** No. This is just where we're going to live for a little while. Before we move back home.

**MOM:** Emma, we're not —  
We're staying here.

**EMMA:** But I miss my friends. I miss my school. I miss my room. I miss seeing Dad every day.

**MOM:** This room is so nice. Look –

**EMMA:** It's not *my* room. The colors are all wrong. It doesn't have my flowered wallpaper. It kind of smells funny.

**MOM:** But it has new things.

**EMMA:** We don't even have a backyard anymore.

**MOM:** The whole city is our backyard. We can explore it. You, me, and Mr. Bear.

Wait, what's his name? You should at least give him a name.

**EMMA:** Fine. *(To the bear:)* OK, Mr. Bear. I will call you...Ralph!

**MOM:** Nice.

**EMMA:** Because you make me want to "Ralph."

**MOM:** Emma.

**EMMA:** Sorry.

**MOM:** Why don't you play with Ralph for a few minutes before it's time for bed?

Maybe he could sleep in your bed?

**EMMA:** No. Not in my bed. Maybe...

*(Emma closes her eyes and tosses the stuffed bear behind her bed.)*

**MOM:** Not nice, Emma. I have more cleaning to do. Be back in a few minutes.

*(Mom exits, carrying some of the trash out of the room. Emma walks over to the cardboard box on stage and begins transforming again it into a time machine, adding knobs and buttons. It's difficult work, and she labors over it. After a few moments, RALPH – the polar bear, but played by an actor – pops his head out from behind the bed and watches Emma. Emma thinks she*

*hears something and turns her head. Ralph ducks just in time. Emma shrugs. Emma returns to her project. Ralph pops up again, this time a little higher. Emma looks up, again turns, again just misses spotting Ralph.)*

**EMMA:** Weird.

*(Emma returns to her project, becoming more engrossed. Ralph pops up and slowly walks over to her.)*

**RALPH:** What are you doing?

*(Emma turns, sees Ralph, and screams. Ralph screams in return, and, as the two scream together, he backs away into the closet. Mom comes running in.)*

**MOM:** Emma, what is going on? Why did I hear screaming?

**EMMA:** Ralph! Ralph...

**MOM:** What about Ralph?

**EMMA:** He...he's in the closet.

**MOM:** The closet?

**EMMA:** Look.

*(Mom opens the closet. We see the stuffed bear again. Mom picks it up, confused, and hands it to Emma.)*

**MOM:** Emma, don't be so dramatic.

**EMMA:** Um. OK.

*(Mom exits. Emma takes Ralph, places him in the hallway, and closes the door. She gets curious, opens the door, and Ralph is standing there.)*

**RALPH:** Please don't shout at me again.

**EMMA:** Uh...you...why are you? How are—?

**RALPH:** And PLEASE don't toss me on my head again. That hurt.



**EMMA:** What?

**RALPH:** You tossed me behind the bed. I landed on my head. It hurt.

**EMMA:** Sorry?

**RALPH:** Hey: Head and bed rhyme. I'm a poet and I...didn't even realize it.

**EMMA:** OK?

**RALPH:** What are you working on?

**EMMA:** My time machine.  
How are you talking? You're a stuffed animal.

**RALPH:** That's incredibly rude.

**EMMA:** But you are.

**RALPH:** And you're skin and bones. So what? It's what's on the inside that counts.

*(He reaches inside his shirt and pulls out some stuffing, which he hands to Emma. She is confused.)*

**EMMA:** *(Handing the stuffing back to him:)* Uh...

**RALPH:** How does it work? Your time machine?

**EMMA:** It doesn't. Not yet. I've just started building it. We just got here. We just moved to this new place.

**RALPH:** Can I help? Make your time machine?

**EMMA:** No.

**RALPH:** Please can I help you please, please, please, please, please, please?

**EMMA:** No. You're a stuffed animal. No!

**RALPH:** Um...can I watch?

**EMMA:** (*Sighing:*) Well, I do do my best work when I have an audience.

*(Ralph laughs.)*

Why are you laughing?

**RALPH:** You said "doo doo."

*(Emma scowls. Ralph stops laughing.)*

Sorry.

**EMMA:** Well, I do...

**RALPH:** Do! You doo doo! Everyone doo doos!  
I bet your mom is doo dooing right now!

**EMMA:** (*Trying to stifle a laugh:*) That is not appropriate.

**RALPH:** No, but it's funny!

Doo doo da doo doo! I can do the doo doo dance!

*(Ralph does the doo doo dance. Emma cannot help it. It's hilarious.)*

Doo doo da doo doo, doo doo da doo doo, doo doo da doo doo doo. DAH!

**EMMA:** (*Overlapping:*) Stop it, Stop it! You're making me laugh.

I'm laughing so hard I'm going to doo doo!

*(They both collapse in laughter. Emma runs into Ralph, but, after she realizes she's touching him, backs away and regains her composure.)*

That is not appropriate.

If you want to watch me build my time machine, you can sit over there.

*(He sits. She works on the time machine.)*

**RALPH:** Why did you move here? Is your habitat melting too?

**EMMA:** What? No. My what? What's a habitat?

**RALPH:** A habitat is where an animal lives. Is your habitat melting? That's what's happening to polar bears. The real ones. In the Arctic. Their habitats are melting. Because of climate change. So they have to move all the time. Like, all the time.

**EMMA:** No. That's not why.

**RALPH:** OK. Then why? Why'd you move?

**EMMA:** Is that really true? What you said about polar bears?

**RALPH:** 100%.

**EMMA:** That's really sad.

**RALPH:** Lots of polar bears are having a hard time finding food.

You're not answering my question.

**EMMA:** No, I'm not.

**RALPH:** Then I'm going to have to ask you 100 times.

**EMMA:** What?

**RALPH:** Until you answer. 100 times. Here we go:

Why did you move? Why did you move? Why did you move?  
Why did you move? Why did you move? Why did you move?  
Why did you move? Why did you move? Why did you move?  
Why did you move? Why did you move? Why did you move?  
Why did you move? Why did you move?

**EMMA:** Ralph, stoppit.

**RALPH:** Not until you tell me.

89 more to go.

Why did you move? Why did you move? Why did you move?  
Why did you move? Why did you move? Why did you move?  
Why did you move? Why did you move? Why did you move?

**EMMA** (*Overlapping:*) Stop. Stop! Stop! STOP! STOP!!!!!!

**RALPH:** WHY DID YOU MOVE!?

**EMMA:** My parents got divorced!

**RALPH:** What?

**EMMA:** I said my parents got divorced.

**RALPH:** Oh.

**EMMA:** Yeah.

**RALPH:** I'm sorry?

**EMMA:** Thanks.

**RALPH:** What does "divorced" mean?

**EMMA:** You don't know what divorced means?

**RALPH:** I'm a polar bear.

**EMMA:** It means they're not married anymore. And I only live with my mom now.

**RALPH:** When will they stop being divorced?

**EMMA:** I don't know, Ralph. But I think it's not going to stop.

**RALPH:** So I was right – sad. Like, habitat melting sad.

**EMMA:** It does feel like my climate keeps changing.

**MOM:** *(Off:)* Emma!

*(Mom enters. Ralph ducks into the Time Machine box.)*

Emma, time for bed!

**EMMA:** Oh, man.

**MOM:** Time to brush your teeth.

*(She reaches into the box. Pulls out the stuffed polar bear.)*

Do you want to bring Ralph to the bathroom?

**EMMA:** What? No.

**MOM:** You always liked bringing Hootie to the bathroom.

**EMMA:** It's not the same.

**MOM:** (*Putting the bear back into the box.*) OK. Fine. Let's go.

*(Mom and Emma exit to the bathroom. Ralph reappears from the box. He looks around Emma's room and begins exploring. In her drawer, he finds a sparkly scarf and tries it on. Hey, it fits pretty good. He walks around the room like a fashion model on a runway. Imaginary cameras flash.)*

**RALPH:** Oh, hi. Hello. Thank you. Yes, I do look marvelous. I know.

Roar? You want me to roar? Well, alright.

*(Ralph tries to roar, but all that comes out are other animal noises, such as moos and clucks.)*

Yeah, I'll work on that.

*(Emma reenters and sees Ralph with the scarf. She freaks out a little, but then pulls herself together to calmly get it back.)*

**EMMA:** That's not your scarf.

**RALPH:** Yeah, but I was just—

**EMMA:** Please can I have it back, please?

**RALPH:** OK, OK. Yeah.

**EMMA:** Thank you very much.

*(She takes the scarf, carefully folds it, and places it back in the drawer.)*

**MOM:** (*Off.*) Time for bed, sweetie.

*(Mom enters. Ralph retreats behind the bed.)*

Do you want Ralph in your bed with you?

**EMMA:** No. Definitely no. Stop trying to make me like him.

*(Mom tucks Emma in.)*

**MOM:** OK. Good night. Sleep tight. I love you.  
Thank you for being my brave explorer.

*(Mom kisses Emma, turns out light, and leaves.)*

## SCENE 2

*(Emma tries to sleep. Time passes. Ralph crawls, and falls asleep on the floor near the bed. Emma is still awake. More time passes. Ralph is snoring.)*

**EMMA:** Ralph?

*(No answer.)*

Ralph?

*(No answer.)*

Ralph, are you awake?

**RALPH:** *(Half-asleep:)* No.

**EMMA:** Yes, you are.

**RALPH:** No, I'm not.

**EMMA:** I can't fall asleep.

**RALPH:** I told you: I'm sleeping.

**EMMA:** How can you be sleeping if you're talking?

**RALPH:** I'm sleep-talking. In fact, I'm dreaming. Very weird dreams: I see a river made of bananas. There's a whole marching band of hippopotamuses. A giant marshmallow is wearing a necktie and doing his taxes. See? Sleeping. Dreaming.

**EMMA:** Fine. If you don't want to be my friend and help me fall asleep, then you can just lie there with the knowledge that you are a terrible friend and I can't rely on you in my time of need.

**RALPH:** Works for me. G'night.

**EMMA:** RALPH!

**RALPH:** Fine. What?

**EMMA:** I can't sleep.

**RALPH:** Why not?

**EMMA:** I'm scared. I keep having terrible thoughts.

**RALPH:** Well, think about something else.

**EMMA:** Like what?

**RALPH:** Think about your time machine.

**EMMA:** OK.

*(Ralph goes back to sleep. Emma tries, flails, fails.)*

That didn't work. Now I'm having terrible thoughts, but they take place in the future.

**RALPH:** The future? Are there flying cars?

**EMMA:** Yes?

**RALPH:** What color are they?

**EMMA:** Only red. All cars in the future are red.

**RALPH:** No. I have a blue flying car.

*(He takes out a blue toy car and begins flying it around the room.)*

Vvvvrooom vvrooom vroom. Beep-beep. Blue car coming through! Beep-beep!

**EMMA:** What? No! All blue cars have been outlawed!

*(She takes out a sheriff doll and begins talking in a bad western accent.)*

Lookee here, partner: you are ridin' an unauthorized vehicle.

**RALPH:** *(As the driver:)* I love the color blue!

**EMMA:** Pull off to the side of the sky or you will face the legal consequences.

**RALPH:** (*Flying around:*) Blue is my life!

**EMMA:** I am the sheriff and I am the law!

**RALPH:** You can't catch me!

**EMMA:** Oh yeah? Well...I have a jetpack!

*(The sheriff flies around the room chasing the car.)*

YAHOO!

**RALPH:** Fly, fly, as fast as you can. You can't catch me. I'm the blue car man!

**EMMA:** Come back here this instant you double-crossin', no-good, trouble-makin' hooligan!

**RALPH:** I see freedom just across the state line!

**EMMA:** I'm gonna use my golden lasso!

**RALPH:** There it is! I'm going to make it. I'm going to make it! I'm going to —

*(The sheriff crashes into the car.)*

**EMMA:** Smash!

**RALPH:** Crash!

**EMMA & RALPH:** Ka-BOOM!!!!!

*(They mime a huge explosion. Ralph surveys the wreckage. Emma sits.)*

**RALPH:** Wow. The future is going to be awesome. You *have* to finish your time machine.

**EMMA:** (*Yawning:*) Oh, man. I'm so tired.

**RALPH:** Why don't you go to bed?

**EMMA:** Um yeah, good idea.

*(She settles back into bed.)*



Good night, Ralph.

**RALPH:** Good night, Emma.

*(She settles down.)*

**EMMA:** You know what?

**RALPH:** What?

**EMMA:** *(As she falls asleep:)* You're nice.

*(Emma conks out, snoring.)*

**RALPH:** *(Eyes wide open:)* So are you.

### SCENE 3

*(Morning. Ralph is now behind the bed. Mom enters.)*

**MOM:** Good morning, sweetie.

**EMMA:** Morning.

**MOM:** I made you some breakfast. Your favorite. Chocolate chip pancakes. *(Rapping again:)* I've got a hot newsbreak. We're gonna eat pancakes.

**EMMA:** Not again.

**MOM:** *(Rapping:)* Get a grip! We're having ch-ch-ch-chocolate chip.

I made it with batter. *(Small pause. What rhymes with batter?)*  
Uh...to make us fatter!

**EMMA:** Not your best, mom.

**MOM:** I put it on a plate; I promise it's great.

You will savor it, 'cuz it's your favorite!

Wiggle wiggle wiggle wiggle wiggle WIGGLE!

**EMMA:** Why do all your raps end with wiggling?

**MOM:** I like to wiggle.

**EMMA:** Let's eat.

*(Mom and Emma exit. Ralph pops up from behind the bed. He sees that Emma's gone, so he goes to the dresser. He takes out the scarf and tries it on again in the mirror. It looks so good!)*

**RALPH:** Oh, my picture? Well OK.

*(Imaginary cameras flash.)*

I know. It does complete my *(French accent:)* ensemble.

Oh, you want me to roar for the camera? I am a bear, after all. OK. I'll try.

*(He tries to roar – isn't any better than before.)*

Uh...rur. Mwow. Ugh.

**EMMA:** *(Off:)* Yes, Mom, I had enough to eat!

*(Hearing her, Ralph quickly tries to stash the scarf away, under the sheets of the bed. Emma enters. The scarf peeks out a bit, but Ralph tries to divert her attention away from it.)*

**RALPH:** Oh hey. Hey! Mwow?

**EMMA:** What are you doing?

**RALPH:** Acting...coooooool. I'm a cool cucumber. One. Cool—

**EMMA:** Seriously, what were you doing?

**RALPH:** I'm practicing roaring.

**EMMA:** *(Laughing:)* Oh man.

**RALPH:** What?

**EMMA:** *You* can't roar?

**RALPH:** I'm not a real polar bear, you know. But I'm trying, I'm really trying to roar.

**EMMA:** That was not roaring.

**RALPH:** It's postmodern roaring.

**EMMA:** What does that mean?

**RALPH:** I don't know!

**EMMA:** You're not very good at it.

**RALPH:** That's why I'm practicing. Here – watch.

*(He practices a few more roars while trying to distract Emma from finding the scarf.)*

Mwoorrrreeeee. Lllleeeewaaaaa. Reeepooooooo...

**EMMA:** *(Laughing:)* You're hilarious, Ralph.

*(She turns and spots the scarf.)*

Hey, what's that under the –

**RALPH:** Emma, watch:

MRRRROOOARRRRREEEEEEZOOODLE.

*(She picks up the scarf.)*

**EMMA:** Ralph! This is – I told you this was not yours.

**RALPH:** I know, I just thought –

**EMMA:** OK. I need to be clear: this is absolutely, certainly, 100% not something you can play with.

**RALPH:** But –

**EMMA:** But what?

**RALPH:** But it's so sparkly. And I look so good in it!

**EMMA:** I don't care. It's not for wearing.

**RALPH:** That's crazy-pants – it's a scarf.

**EMMA:** It's not for wearing. It's for remembering.

**RALPH:** That doesn't make any sense.

**EMMA:** I don't care. I don't want to see you wearing this again.

**RALPH:** OK, OK.

*(She carefully folds the scarf and puts it back in the drawer.)*

**EMMA:** Why were you practicing roaring, anyways?

**RALPH:** In case somebody threatens you. I want to be able to scare them away.

**EMMA:** Oh. That's sweet.

I'm going to work on my time machine. Want to help?

**RALPH:** Yes!

YESYEYSYEYSYEYSYEYSYEYSYEYSYSYSSSS!!!

**EMMA:** Calm down. Can you get me some empty hangers from the closet?

**RALPH:** You bet I can!

*(Ralph goes to the closet. He comes out with stickers and a modified water pistol.)*

Look what I found!

**EMMA:** Be very careful with that, Ralph.

**RALPH:** What is it?

**EMMA:** It's my first-ever invention. Before I began the time machine, I invented that.

**RALPH:** What is it?

**EMMA:** A freeze ray!

**RALPH:** A freeze ray? Cool.

**EMMA:** It is cool. *(Ralph plays with it.)* Please be careful with it.

**RALPH:** What does it do?

**EMMA:** Well, as you might have guessed, it free—

*(Ralph accidentally shoots Emma with the freeze ray. She freezes.)*

**RALPH:** Emma? Emma, what were you saying? Free? What does it free?

Emma, why are just standing there?

Emma, why are you not moo — Ohhhhhh. I get it. It's a FREEZE RAY.

*(Emma unfreezes, unaware that she was frozen.)*

**EMMA:** — zes people. It's a freeze ray.

Why are you looking at me like that?

**RALPH:** Uh...

**EMMA:** You have to be very careful with my freeze ray so you don't accidentally fire it and freeze me. Freezing only lasts for 13 seconds, but still.

**RALPH:** I have a question.

**EMMA:** Yeah?

**RALPH:** If someone were to, accidentally, totally by accident, get shot with the freeze ray, would they know that they were frozen?

**EMMA:** Oh no. That's one of the really cool things about my freeze ray.

You don't know that you're frozen. So you could, in theory, shoot someone mid-sentence and they would —

*(Ralph intentionally shoots Emma, who freezes again. Ralph goes up to Emma, waves his hand in front of her, pokes her, makes faces in front of her, etc. She does not move. He laughs until she unfreezes.)*

— not even realize it.

**RALPH:** *(Trying to stifle his laugh:)* That is so cool.

**EMMA:** Why are you laughing?

**RALPH:** Oh, oh. Well...I was just imagining using the freeze ray on someone as a prank. Say, freezing someone and then putting something silly on their head.

**EMMA:** Oh, believe me I've—

*(Ralph shoots Emma, then quickly finds her underwear and puts it on her head. She unfreezes.)*

—thought about trying something like that.

**RALPH:** But you haven't?

**EMMA:** Oh no. It's much too dangerous.

**RALPH:** Dangerous? How?

**EMMA:** Well—anything that touches someone while they're frozen, that thing comes alive.

**RALPH:** Ex-squeeze me?

**EMMA:** Is there a bug on my head? Why are you looking at me like that?

**RALPH:** Did you just say that anything that touches someone while they're frozen comes alive?

**EMMA:** Yeah. Ralph...what's going on?

**RALPH:** Um...

*(Emma reaches to scratch her head, and the underwear comes alive.)*

**EMMA:** WHAT DID YOU DO?

**RALPH:** I'm sorry, Emma. I froze you and put underwear on your head.

**EMMA:** *(As the underwear crawls around her face:)* NO YOU DIDN'T!

**RALPH:** YES I DID!

**EMMA:** It's alive! It's alive!

**RALPH:** I know, I know! I'm so sorry, Emma!

**EMMA:** Ahhh! It's attacking me! My own underwear...is...attacking me!

**RALPH:** Stand still. I'll shoot it with the freeze ray!

*(Emma begins flailing around the room, the underwear fighting her. She knocks things over and makes a terrible mess as she flails. Ralph tries to shoot the underwear with the freeze ray but keeps missing.)*

**EMMA:** You keep missing!

**RALPH:** You keep moving!

**EMMA:** I have killer underwear attacking my brain! How can I stand still?

**RALPH:** Let's switch.

**EMMA:** OK.

*(Emma throws the underwear at Ralph and Ralph throws the gun at Emma. More tussle, more mess, only now the underwear attacks Ralph while Emma tries to shoot it.)*

I think I can get it.

**RALPH:** Hurry!

*(Emma shoots. She hits! The underwear goes limp.)*

**RALPH:** Nice shot!

**EMMA:** Do something with it!

**RALPH:** I'm gonna put it in a box in the closet.

**EMMA:** Here – take this book to put on top.

**RALPH:** Great idea.

*(Ralph goes into the closet with the underwear and the book. Mom enters.)*

**MOM:** Emma, what are you doing? I heard you all the way –

**EMMA:** Mom! Thank heavens you're here. My underwear came alive and tried to eat my brain!  
Fortunately, I used my freeze ray and—

**MOM:** What have I told you about using water guns in the house?

**EMMA:** It's not a water gun. It's a freeze ray.

**MOM:** Whatever it is, it's an outdoor toy. Mine. Now.

*(Emma gives Mom the freeze ray. Mom exits, sighing. Ralph enters from the closet.)*

**RALPH:** I think we're safe. Phew!  
When did you create your freeze ray?

**EMMA:** Oh. When my parents told me they were getting divorced and that we were all moving. I wanted to stop them. I thought I could freeze them in place.

**RALPH:** Ah.

**EMMA:** Let's get back to work, Ralph.

*(They continue working on the time machine.)*

#### SCENE 4

*(A few days later. Ralph is in the closet.)*

**RALPH:** *(Off:)* It's not in here!

**EMMA:** Keep looking!

*(Mom enters, holding a cloak.)*

**MOM:** Ta da!

**EMMA:** What is that?

**MOM:** A new invention.

**EMMA:** No way. Cool! What does it do?

**MOM:** It's just in beta. It may not work.

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**EMMA:** What does it do?

**MOM:** It's been a while since I invented something. It might not –

**EMMA:** WHAT DOES IT DO, YOU ARE DRIVING ME CRAZZZZZZZZZY!

**MOM:** Close your eyes.

*(Emma closes her eyes. She peeks.)*

No peeking!

*(Emma puts her hands over her eyes. Mom puts on the cloak.)*

*(Whispering:)* OK – open them.

*(Emma opens her eyes. She looks around the room. She does not see Mom.)*

**EMMA:** Mom? Mom, where did you go?

*(She looks for her.)*

Did you leave the room?

*(Emma tries the door.)*

**MOM:** *(In a spooky voice:)* Wooooo...Emma, I'm over here. Wooooooooooo...

**EMMA:** *(Startled:)* What? Where are you?

*(Emma walks over to where she heard Mom's voice. Mom moves to another area and speaks again.)*

**MOM:** Now I'm over here. Wooooo...

**EMMA:** Wait, what? Where –

*(Mom tickles Emma. She laughs.)*

Hey! How – ? NO WAY! Are you – ?

*(Mom takes off the cloak, revealing herself to Emma.)*

NO WAY!

**MOM:** Dum da dum! Invisibility cloak!

The old lady's still got it, huh?

*(Rapping:)* It's no joke, I made a magic cloak!

**EMMA:** Very cool, Mom. What are you going to use it for?

**MOM:** It's for you, my dear.

**EMMA:** Really?

**MOM:** Absolutely.

**EMMA:** Wow.

**MOM:** The magic doesn't last very long, but I think it can be useful.

It's for your new school. If there are any mean girls on the playground, you can just go "poof!"

**EMMA:** I'm not going to a new school.

**MOM:** Emma. We talked about this. We've moved and —

**EMMA:** But we're going to go back.

**MOM:** I wish we could, my dear. It's just not —

**EMMA:** With or without you, I'm going back.

**MOM:** What does that even mean, Emma? We sold the house. This is our new home. You need to accept it. I'm sorry this is hard on you. I truly am.

**EMMA:** I don't want your stupid cloak. I don't even like that color anyway.

**MOM:** Emma —

**EMMA:** I'm a better inventor than you ever were.

**MOM:** That's probably true.

Look, why don't I leave this right here. So if you ever need it —

**EMMA:** Fine.

**MOM:** Fine.

**EMMA:** Fine!

*(Beat.)*

**MOM:** Emma...

**EMMA:** What?

**MOM:** Nothing. Never mind.

*(Mom exits. Ralph enters with a sparkly ribbon.)*

**RALPH:** Emma, will this do?

**EMMA:** *(Looking at the ribbon:)* Yeah, that's great. Let's just keep working.

*(They return to building the time machine.)*

Where in time would you like to travel with the time machine?

**RALPH:** Well, not so far in the past that there are plagues and lots of wars and stuff.

**EMMA:** Good call.

**RALPH:** I want to go to a time where there is as much freedom for everyone as possible.

**EMMA:** My teacher at my old school said there's more freedom for people now than there ever has been in all of human history.

**RALPH:** But I don't want to go to the future.

**EMMA:** Why not?

**RALPH:** Well, the potential for zombies, of course. Or an alien invasion. Or a robot apocalypse. Plus, you know, global warming.

**EMMA:** Right. So you don't want to go to the past because it wasn't as free and safe?

**RALPH:** True.

**EMMA:** And you don't want to go to the future because it's unpredictable and potentially disastrous?

**RALPH:** You've got it.

*(Beat.)*

**EMMA:** Why are you helping me build a time machine?

**RALPH:** Because I love you and want to make you happy.

*(Mom enters. Ralph jumps into the time machine as she walks in.)*

**MOM:** OK, Emma. Five minutes are up. I need to go shopping.

**EMMA:** Have fun.

**MOM:** *(Amused:)* I'm not leaving you here. *We* are going shopping.

**EMMA:** I don't want to go shopping.

**MOM:** You can bring Ralph. He can ride in the cart like Hootie used to.

**EMMA:** I told you: He's not like Hootie. Stop trying to get me to say that he is.

Let's just go. I need some supplies anyway.

**MOM:** Supplies?

**EMMA:** Yes. Let's go.

*(Mom and Emma exit.)*

## SCENE 5

*(Later that day. Ralph is alone in the room while Emma goes grocery shopping. Ralph walks over to the dresser and opens it. He looks at the scarf and closes the dresser. He walks to the door of the room, looks out, hears nothing and walks back to the dresser. He tries the scarf on again.)*

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**RALPH:** (*As an announcer:*) And now approaching the stage: Ralph the Polar Bear – with his fabulous scarf!

(*As himself:*) Oh, thank you, thank you.

It's an honor just to be nominated.

Actually, I'm a little em-bear-essed by all this attention. Get it, em-bear-essed? Because I'm a bear.

Oh, you want to see my roaring? Well, bear with me. Let me get my bearings.

(*Ralph roars a reasonably good roar.*)

I know, I'm getting better all the time. It's just un-bear-able.

(*Emma runs in the room, carrying a grocery bag. Sees him.*)

**EMMA:** AHHHH!!!! TAKE THAT OFF RIGHT NOW!

**RALPH:** Emma! I didn't know you were home again!

**EMMA:** We just got back and I heard roaring. I thought you were in trouble.

**RALPH:** Uh...

**EMMA:** I told you not to play with that!

**RALPH:** Actually, you said, "I never want to see you wearing that again." I was going to put it back before you got home. I thought you wouldn't actually SEE me.

**EMMA:** Ralph!

**RALPH:** Look – I'll put it back. OK?

(*He puts it back.*)

See? There. Gone.

Whose scarf was it? It doesn't look like anything you wear.

**EMMA:** No, it's not mine.

**RALPH:** So whose was it?

**EMMA:** I'm not going to tell you.

*(Emma zips her lips.)*

**RALPH:** OK. I'm going to ask 100 times again.  
Whose scarf is this? Whose scarf is this?  
Whose scarf is this? Whose scarf is this?  
Whose scarf is this? Whose scarf is this?

**EMMA:** *(Momentarily unzipping her lips:)* That's not going to work again.

**RALPH:** Whose scarf is this? Whose scarf is this?  
Whose scarf is this? Whose scarf is this?  
Whose scarf is this? Whose scarf is this?

**EMMA** *(Overlapping:)* I'm not telling you. That's not going to work this time!  
Ralph, stop it please.

**RALPH:** OK. I've stopped. I'm sorry.

*(Pause. He sits by her.)*

Was it...was it Hootie's?

**EMMA:** Yeah. How did you know about her?

**RALPH:** Your mom keeps mentioning somebody named Hootie. Who was she?

**EMMA:** An owl. She was my favorite stuffed animal. Before we moved.

**RALPH:** Oh.

**EMMA:** I couldn't sleep without Hootie the Owl. She was so soft and cuddly. She had the best little smile. I would tell her *all* my secrets.

**RALPH:** What happened?

**EMMA:** She got lost in the move. I should've never packed her. I should've taken her in the car. But...but I didn't. I bet she was so scared.

It was terrible. I looked everywhere. North. South. East. West. Up. Down. Left. Right. Earth. Sky. Ocean. Everywhere. I couldn't find her. She was gone. Forever. Really, really gone. All I found was her scarf.

**RALPH:** I won't ever wear her scarf again. Poor Hootie.

**EMMA:** Thank you, Ralph.

**RALPH:** What's in the bag?

**EMMA:** The final thing we need to finish our time machine.

**RALPH:** *Our* time machine?

**EMMA:** Yeah. Ours.

*(She takes out a round plastic plate to use as a steering wheel for the Time Machine.)*

**RALPH:** Whoa. Is it done?

**EMMA:** It's done.

**RALPH:** Are we ready to take a ride, Dr. Emma?

**EMMA:** Yes. Yes, we are, Dr. Ralph. But first: we must do a final inspection.

**RALPH:** A final inspection? Uh, OK.

*(They get in "inspection" positions.)*

**EMMA:** Knobs?

**RALPH:** Uh...check.

**EMMA:** Valves?

**RALPH:** Yes, check.

**EMMA:** Dials?

**RALPH:** Check.

**EMMA:** Double check?

**RALPH:** Double checked!

**EMMA:** Flangelator?

**RALPH:** Depressed.

**EMMA:** Floopilator?

**RALPH:** Repressed.

**EMMA:** Foopaangailtoramizor?

**RALPH:** Imaginary.

*(Beat.)*

**EMMA:** I think we're ready.

**RALPH:** Wow.

**EMMA:** The time machine...is complete at last.

**RALPH:** This is a big deal!

**EMMA:** It is! We should mark this momentous occasion with song.

**RALPH:** I agree. In fact, just this very moment, I have composed a lyrical ode that I could set to music.

**EMMA:** I will accompany with drums. Or at least lots of banging.

*(Emma sets a slow, steady rhythm. Ralph sings a made-up song.)*

One. Two. Three. Four.

**RALPH:** *(Singing, slow and solemn:)* Oh time machine, time machine.

You are nice and clean.

Time machine, oh time machine.

You are like a dream!

Time machine, you are so great. Time machine, you rock.

Time machine, you smell so nice. You are better than a sock!



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*(Emma's beat becomes a beat box.)*

**EMMA:** One! Two! Three!

**RALPH:** *(Rapping, fast:)*

Time machine, sweet as a pie. Time machine, I do not lie.

Time machine, you are so cool. Time machine, I will so drool!

**EMMA:** *(Full punk rock scream:)* Time machine, I am a FOOL!

*(They scream and yell with excitement, breaking crayons and throwing them around the room. Finally, they turn back into calm scientists.)*

Alright, Dr. Ralph, time to begin Test Flight Number 1.

Do you have a camera to record our first attempt at flying through time and space?

**RALPH:** I do, Dr. Emma.

*(Ralph takes out a pretend phone on a selfie stick. They take a photo.)*

Are you ready to begin launch procedures, Dr. Emma?

**EMMA:** I am. Set the coordinates.

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