

(Name of Project)

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in Order of Work Performed)

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IMAGINE THAT!
By Byron Lanning

NARRATOR

While Veto Bickersay promenaded down the avenue, he came upon a man playing an air guitar.

BICKERSAY

Ha, ha, an air guitar how stupid.

NARRATOR

The air guitar player, who called himself Brainstorm, explained he was not playing an air guitar but a real guitar, an invisible real guitar. Bickersay, a born again skeptic, could not believe what he heard. He thought Brainstorm had nothing in his hands so how could he play a real guitar. But Brainstorm said he was playing an imaginary guitar, and he was playing *Suite Espanola No. 1 Granada*, which caused Bickersay to scream ...

BICKERSAY

How can that be? I don't hear don't hear any music!

BRAINSTORM

Of course you can't hear it. I'm playing the soundless version.

NARRATOR

Bickersay guffawed a hee-haw. He accused Brainstorm of pranking him and just as he wanted to call his guitar playing a fakey-fakey sham Brainstorm held up his hand and said:

BRAINSTORM

Quiet, I'm coming to my favorite part.

NARRATOR

As Brainstorm played his air guitar with a look of rapture, Bickersay demanded he stop or he would call the police and have him arrested for deceiving innocent passers-by. Brainstorm stopped his playing to warn Bickersay he didn't understand the power of his imagination.

BRAINSTORM

When I imagine something, it becomes real.

NARRATOR

Bickersay guffawed another hee haw, louder than his first guffawed hee haw.

BRAINSTORM

I'll prove to you the power of my imagination.

NARRATOR

Brainstorm then declared he had imagined a mime offering Bickersay a chair. Suddenly a mime appeared.

(Enter a MIME, wearing a hooded sweatshirt, a tutu on his head, and a mask painted white. HE pushes a chair, puts it behind BICKERSAY.)

One may wonder why he imagined a mime. Well, why not a mime?

BICKERSAY

Who's this person?

BRAINSTORM.

He's the mime I imagined.

BICKERSAY

Hey, that's pretty good.

(MIME offers the chair to BICKERSAY who shakes his head.)

NARRATOR

Bickersay declined the chair. He preferred to stand. So Brainstorm imagined the mime offering Brainstorm a gentle suggestion.

MIME

(screaming)

Sit down!

(BICKERSAY sits down. MIME stands behind BICKERSAY.)

NARRATOR

Next, Brainstorm imagined two small two small dancing ballerinas.

(Enter two dancing BALLERINAS)

Mmmmmmm. Make that three ballerinas.

(MIME looks around, takes off the tutu off his head and dances with the ballerinas.)

NARRATOR

As the ballerinas danced, Brainstorm's imagination went to work again. It imagined a beautiful princess who approached Bickersay and professed her undying love to him. The mime and the ballerinas looked in the distance in anticipation of a beautiful princess. But none appeared.

(When no princess enters, MIME takes off his sweatshirt revealing a blouse. He takes off his mask. His face is covered in make-up, and he steps forward to become the princess. MIME stands next to BICKERSAY.)

BICKERSAY

He's not beautiful princess. He's an ugly princess.

BRAINSTORM

He's not ugly. He's just homely.

NARRATOR

Then for some reason, Brainstorm's suffered a glitch. It became stuck, and it couldn't think what to create next.

BRAINSTORM

Now, what should Bickersay tell him? Hmm.

BICKERSAY

I tell him go away you homely princess. Go get some plastic surgery. Become beautiful then come back and marry me.

NARRATOR

Brainstorm's imagination hated receiving advice, and Bickersay's comment jolted it from its glitch. His imagination then imagined the Mime coming behind Bickersay, reaching down into his pants, and yanking out his underwear.
(MIME walks behind BICKERSAY, reaches behind him, and tugs.)

BICKERSAY

Hey, what are you doing back there? Hey let go of my underwear!

(MIME pulls out underwear, waves it in the air, and throws it into the audience)

NARRATOR

Bickersay couldn't believe what happened. He admonished Brainstorm for his crude Captain Underpants action, but Brainstorm offered no apology, explaining that his imagination was so powerful it had a mind of its own.

BRAINSTORM

My imagination sometimes just does what it pleases.

NARRATOR

Brainstorm began playing his air guitar. The Mime and the Ballerinas began dancing. Bickersay shrugged his shoulders and joined them in the dancing.

NARRATOR (cont'd)

Brainstorm, while playing his guitar, left the scene. The mime, the ballerinas, and Bickersay followed him dancing in his wake.

THE END