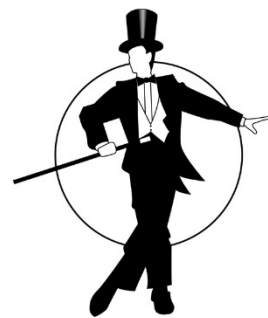


Imagination Never Gets Old

Roger Brookfield



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ArtAge Publications

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IMAGINATION NEVER GETS OLD

By Roger Brookfield

CAST

WANDA: Rudy's wife, older woman who uses a cane.

RUDY: Wanda's husband, older man who uses a walker.

Place

Back porch patio in a Middle America suburb.

Time

The present.

IMAGINATION NEVER GETS OLD

At rise: Night on the porch in dim light. RUDY, gripping his walker, inches onto the porch.

RUDY: Okay, we're here. Now then. Let's see...if we...can...

(RUDY slides the walker ahead just out of arm's length and stands up. He takes a step.)

RUDY: Aw, Jesus! Aw--

(barely catches himself on the arms of the walker before he collapses)

RUDY: God dammit! God dammit! God--Dammit!

WANDA: *(offstage)* Rudy?

RUDY: *(to himself)* No. Don't go tryin' to do that again. At least not right now.

WANDA: *(offstage)* Rudy? Where are you?

RUDY: Out here.

WANDA: Where's out here?

RUDY: Out on the porch.

(WANDA, using her cane, inches out onto the porch.)

WANDA: What hap—Oh my God, what's wrong?

RUDY: Nothin', nothin', I dunno. Rubber on the feet of this God damn thing caught on the carpet or somethin'...

WANDA: Are you all right?

RUDY: I'm okay. I'm on my feet. You don't have to call nobody.

WANDA: It's dark out here. No wonder you almost fell. Can't see where you're going.

RUDY: I'm just clumsy, that's all.

WANDA: Come on inside. *Dancing with the Stars* is on.

RUDY: Nah, not tonight.

WANDA: But they have--

RUDY: I got somethin' better out here.

WANDA: What's better out here?

RUDY: What I told you about.

WANDA: *(pause)* Is he out there now?

RUDY: Not yet.

WANDA: Where is he?

RUDY: I dunno. Inside somewhere probably.

WANDA: Is he gonna come out?

RUDY: That's what I'm out here for.

WANDA: In the cold?

RUDY: I got a sweater on.

WANDA: If you catch a cold--

RUDY: I'm not gonna catch a cold, Wanda.

WANDA: Or the flu.

RUDY: Or the flu.

WANDA: Or pneumonia—

RUDY: Or pneumonia. Or the galloping crud.

WANDA: What if he doesn't come out?

RUDY: He will, he will. It's that time of the month, that time of night...He'll come out. It'll be just like I told you.

WANDA: Maybe they've gone to bed.

RUDY: No they haven't. Their shades are still up.

WANDA: Maybe they don't draw them like we do.

RUDY: They do after they finish, like sayin' the show's over and they bring down the curtain. But until then, their shades stay up and you can see inside.

WANDA: You oughta be ashamed of that! Looking inside someone's window.

RUDY: It's what they do for me, what happens when they—Ooh! Hey, wait a minute, wait a minute...

WANDA: What? Is he coming out?

RUDY: Yeah, he is.

WANDA: Where? I don't see him.

RUDY: There. See him now?

WANDA: No, not really. I need the light on.

RUDY: Jeez, don't do that. Won't be able to see nothin' with the glare. And he'll be able to see us, too. Here, try it right here.

WANDA: Hey, watch it. Almost knocked me down.

RUDY: Can you see now?

WANDA: I don't know. What is there to see?

RUDY: Him. The guy. Here, try it without your glasses on.

WANDA: How am I gonna see without my glasses? It's dark out there.

RUDY: There's plenty of light from over there; they got their outside light on and we have ours off.

WANDA: Where do I put these?

RUDY: Here. In the basket.

WANDA: All right. Now then, let me try it...Aaah!

RUDY: What?

WANDA: It's all a blur. I'm gonna put my glasses back on.

RUDY: Okay, then just stay back from the window.

WANDA: How am I gonna be able to see?

RUDY: Like this—Ooh!

WANDA: You be careful. Keep your hands on your handles.

END OF FREEVIEW

You'll want to read and perform this show!