

Macintosh Macintosh
and
The Dinosaur Salesman

A 30-minute play for children

by John Schoneboom

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH, a young boy (played by an adult male)

MOTHER, his mother

SALESLADY, a female dinosaur salesman

SETTING

There is only one scene. It takes place in a child's bedroom.

PRODUCTION NOTES

The play is designed to accommodate the simplest possible production, requiring only something as minimal as a couple of rehearsal cubes for the bed. There is a door, which can be implied as stage right or left. Similarly, there is a window, which can either be suggested artistically or simply implied at the side of the stage opposite the "door". Nothing of course prevents a production from employing greater ambition or greater resources. The Mother needs a book (ideally a copy of *Harold and the Purple Crayon* but any nondescript or children's book will do). The Saleslady needs a briefcase, a pad of paper, and a pencil. Sound effects are provided by the audience.

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SCENE 1: CHILD'S BEDROOM

The child's bedroom can be composed with simple stage elements. The bed, for example, could be two blocks pushed together. The door can simply be stage right. The window can be pantomimed or hinted at artistically at stage left.

*MOTHER sits reading to MACINTOSH
MACINTOSH, who is lying in bed.*

MOTHER

(reading)

"The purple crayon dropped on the floor. And Harold dropped off to sleep."

(Mother closes the book and sets it aside.)

MOTHER (CONT'D)

OK kid, sleepy time, all right?

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

All right.

(Mother gives Macintosh Macintosh a goodnight kiss on the forehead and moves to exit stage right -- but pauses before leaving.)

MOTHER

(sternly)

And none of your nonsense.

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

OK.

MOTHER

I mean it.

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

OK! Jeez!

MOTHER

Good. Because I'm not having your nonsense every night, Macintosh Macintosh. I'm not having it!

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

OK! OK! OK!

MOTHER

(softening)

All right then. Goodnight, handsome.

(Mother turns the light off and exits, stage right.)

(There is a KNOCK at the window, stage left.)

(Macintosh Macintosh gets up and turns the light on.
He looks around.)

(Another KNOCK at the window.)

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Hello?

(Another KNOCK. Macintosh Macintosh
approaches the window and opens -- or pantomimes
opening -- it, to reveal the SALESLADY.)

SALESLADY

Well hi there.

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Who are you?

SALESLADY

Salesman! I know I'm a lady but saleslady is a terrible word. I've never liked it. Why can't a woman be a salesman? It's the twenty-first century for crying out loud. Am I getting you at a bad time?

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Kind of. I'm not supposed to do any nonsense.

SALESLADY

Your mom tell you that?

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Yeah.

SALESLADY

Sounds just like my mom! We could be brother and sister! You think? Hey, can I come in?

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

I don't let strangers come in my room. Especially not through the window.

SALESLADY

Hey, me neither! My brother! Listen, I don't want to waste your time, and I sure don't want to waste mine. I'm in sales. I told you that already. You want to know rule number one of the sales game?

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

OK.

SALESLADY

Numbers! If you're not buying, I've got to move on. I don't bother you, you don't bother me, we're both happy, but I have to keep moving if you're not interested in dinosaurs. It's entirely up to you. Am I leaving right now, or...

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

You're selling dinosaurs?

SALESLADY

You're darn tootin'.

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Come on in.

(The saleslady enters through the window, carrying a briefcase.)

SALESLADY

I thought you looked like a dinosaur man.

MOTHER

(off stage)

Macintosh Macintosh! What are you up to in there?

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Sleeping!

MOTHER

You better be!

I am! Jeez!

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Don't make me come in there!

MOTHER

We won't!

SALESLADY

Shhhh!

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

(Saleslady shrugs.)

OK. No more nonsense!

MOTHER

OK, OK! I'm sleeping here! Jeez!

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

(Macintosh Macintosh holds up his finger to his lips.
He and Saleslady look at each other silently to make
sure Mother isn't going to come in. She doesn't.)

Kid, don't worry, this isn't my first rodeo. If she comes in here, I'll just freeze. She won't even see me.

SALESLADY

That's really stupid.

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Oh, it works.

SALESLADY

That is not going to work.

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

(Saleslady shrugs.)

OK then. Who wants to go dinosaur shopping!

SALESLADY

Me!

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

SALESLADY

You bet you do. Now, what kind of a dinosaur are you looking to get into?

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Well I...

SALESLADY

Now before you go and rush into Tyrannosaurus Rex, let me make a suggestion. Consider an herbivore.

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

What?!

SALESLADY

You heard me.

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

A plant-eater? No way!

SALESLADY

Oh believe me, I get it. Carnivores are cool, right, sure, grrrrrr, big teeth, scary, just like in the movies right? Sure, I get it. And trust me, I sell plenty. Well just hold that thought for one second. Hang on.

(Saleslady makes a magical hand motion over Macintosh Macintosh and he freezes. Saleslady proceeds to break the fourth wall and address the audience.)

SALESLADY (CONT'D)

(to the audience)

Hey you guys. Hi! How's everybody? Don't worry about Macintosh Macintosh -- he's under a little spell, he can't hear us right now. I'll get back to him in a minute. So. Anybody out there like dinosaurs? Good! That's my business you know, dinosaur sales. I'm always looking for advice. A good salesman is always learning. Thing is, I need to impress Macintosh Macintosh here with my knowledge of carnivores. Anybody know any meat-eating dinosaurs? Let's hear them, come on! OK, good one! Great stuff, I can use that, keep them coming! Great, great, thanks! OK, I gotta get back to work here, thanks a lot. You have to be quiet again now, the spell is wearing off -- we don't want his mother coming in here! Thanks again -- and remember, shhhhhhhhh!

(The Saleslady returns to her position on the stage and makes a magical hand motion. Macintosh Macintosh unfreezes.)

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Whoa. Did I just miss something?

SALESLADY

Not at all. Carnivores my brother. I get it. They're awesome. I sell thousands of them a week.

(The following bit of dialogue should be considered as a sort of suggestion, a model for the sorts of dinosaurs the children are likely to shout out and ways they could be incorporated into the sales pitch. The actor should be able to improvise and work in the audience suggestions, in addition to incorporating any of the suggested dialogue below that still works.)

SALESLADY (CONT'D)

Allosaurus, T-Rex, I do a huge trade in all types of Raptors obviously, including a very popular Bambiraptor, cute little guy, size of a chicken but he'll take your whole hand off in a heartbeat, you have to watch him. And Coelophysis, believe it or not, go figure. Albertosaurus, sounds like a dinosaur nerd but he's a real killer. Fast. Powerful.

(Saleslady winks and gives a thumbs-up to the audience. Macintosh Macintosh looks around but he can't see them so he just shrugs.)

SALESLADY (CONT'D)

In other words, sure, I get it. They're cool. But you want a great pet? Think sauropod. That's my advice. They're not only huge -- I mean they'll dwarf the biggest meat-eater you can find -- which is important to protect your house from asteroids, but they're also very affectionate and completely loyal. That's what you want in a pet. Just something to consider.

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Asteroids?

SALESLADY

Sure. Oh, most definitely. When the asteroid comes and smashes into the earth, you're going to want the biggest possible dinosaur to absorb the energy from that. Protect your house. Protect your family.

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

How likely is that?

SALESLADY

Hey. You'd be surprised. It did happen. Nearly wiped out all the dinosaurs last time. They very nearly went extinct.

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

They did go extinct.

SALESLADY

Kid, with all due respect. This is my livelihood. I've been doing all right in the dinosaur business for fifteen years. Believe me, if they were extinct, I'd know about it.

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

But...

SALESLADY

Hey. You know skateboards and picking your nose, OK? I know dinosaurs. All right? I'm not trying to be obnoxious about it but it's a fact, OK?

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

So, these are live dinosaurs?

SALESLADY

I can't sell you a dead one. There are laws.

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Real dinosaurs? Live?

SALESLADY

Kid, ain't you been listening to me the last five minutes? Were you zoning out on me there? Knock knock! Hello? Am I interrupting you here? Do you have something better to do? What am I missing here?

(Macintosh Macintosh can't believe how great this is. He starts dancing around the room whooping it up.)

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Real live dinosaurs! Woo hoo! Yes!

(The door flies open and Mother walks in while Macintosh Macintosh is in mid-dance. Saleslady freezes.)

Macintosh Macintosh finally notices his mother, and looks at the Saleslady in alarm. Saleslady stays frozen, except she winks at him.)

MOTHER

Macintosh Macintosh, you are in tuh-rubble!

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Um, I, uhh...

MOTHER

Honestly! Do you have any idea how late it is? It's a school night! You know better than this. I am so disappointed in you. I'm sorry, I really am. Every night you promise me no nonsense, and every night what do I get? Huh? What do I get?

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Nonsense?

MOTHER

That's right. Pure nonsense. I mean, what are you doing in here? Dancing around in the middle of the night like it's birthday party time on the moon? What is that all about? I'd really like to know. What is up with that?

(Macintosh Macintosh sighs. He is struggling between his desire to be secretive and his desire to blame somebody else. He looks at the Saleslady, still frozen right next to him and his mother. She doesn't move. He looks at his mother, who really hasn't noticed the Saleslady at all.)

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

(reluctantly)

A salesman came in here and tried to sell me a dinosaur.

(Mother just nods her head at this for a few seconds before speaking.)

MOTHER

Uh huh. A salesman.

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Yeah. A lady salesman.

MOTHER

A lady salesman came in, tried to sell you some dinosaurs.

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Yeah, so, obviously I wanted to check it out, see what she had. I'm only human.

MOTHER

Macintosh Macintosh Macintosh Macintosh....

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

It's true!

(Mother sits down on the bed and beckons for Macintosh Macintosh to sit down as well.)

MOTHER

My son. Sit. Sit with me. Let's talk.

(Macintosh Macintosh sits next to his mother.)

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Good. Good. Now. What's bothering you?

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Nothing.

MOTHER

No, really. I want you to feel like you can talk to me. I want you to know that, whatever it is you're feeling, whatever it is that's bothering you, that you can be honest about it with me. I'm here for you, Macintosh Macintosh. I want to help you. All I want is for you to be healthy and happy. I can't have you staying up half the night, I can't have you making up these little stories. If there's something wrong, if there's something bothering you...

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Nothing's bothering me!

MOTHER

OK. OK. Give me a hug. Come on.

(Macintosh Macintosh rolls his eyes as his mother hugs him.)

MOTHER (CONT'D)

That's my handsome boy. I just want you to know I'm on your side. You don't ever need to lie to me.

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

I'm not lying! What's so wrong about wanting to buy a dinosaur?

MOTHER

Well you don't have any money for one thing.

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

I have the fiver from Grandma. And you owe me like seven weeks of allowance.

MOTHER

That -- is probably true. But don't you already have plenty of dinosaurs?

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

No. You threw them away and you wouldn't let me get any more because they're all made in Chinese sweatshops by exploited workers in unsafe conditions in factories that pollute the environment.

MOTHER

Um, yes, well, those things are important. Tomorrow, after school, we can look online and I'm sure we can find some responsibly produced, eco-friendly dinosaur toys...

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Yeah OK fine but this saleslady has real dinosaurs. Real ones. Live dinosaurs. Will you get me a real dinosaur?

MOTHER

There are no real dinosaurs, they're extinct.

(Macintosh Macintosh looks at the Saleslady, still frozen in place there. The Saleslady shakes her head and rolls her eyes to indicate that Mother is sadly misinformed. Macintosh Macintosh looks back at his mother.)

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

If I found a real one would you buy it for me?

MOTHER

If you find a real, live, actual dinosaur, I will definitely buy it for you.

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

That's a promise, right?

MOTHER

That's a promise. Now I need you to go to sleep. For real. OK?

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

OK.

MOTHER

Promise?

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

I might need just to think about which kind of dinosaur first, or I'll never be able to get to sleep.

MOTHER

Macintosh Macintosh.

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Just thinking! Five minutes! Then I'll go right to sleep!

MOTHER

Five minutes. And I don't want to hear a peep out of this room. Deal?

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Deal.

MOTHER

OK. Good night. Love you.

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Good night.

(Mother exits, stage right. Saleslady does a twirl just to enjoy freedom of movement again.)

SALESLADY

Whew! Free at last, free at last, thank the omni-connecting tendrils of the all-feeling universe I am free at last! Tell you what, I was getting a real cramp there for a minute. Hoo boy it is good to move!

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

She couldn't see you.

SALESLADY

Told you! I've got skills! And by the way, you handled that like a pro, my brother. Like a boss! I do believe I heard the magic sound of parental permission to proceed.

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Am I just imagining you?

SALESLADY

Imagining me? Son, this is not a dream sequence. And when I get home from work I don't want to see any imaginary dinner on my table either. I'm in sales, and I know dreaming comes with the territory but we like our meals to be just as real as the roofs we like over our heads thank you very much. Now I've been selling dinosaurs for fifteen years now. You couldn't sell dinosaurs for fifteen minutes in this town if they weren't real. People here would kick you out so fast your head would spin around like a helicopter, fly up and bounce off the ceiling. You call that making a living? You get me, son? Listen. Just listen to this. OK? Just hang on and listen.

(Saleslady makes a magical hand motion to freeze Macintosh Macintosh, and appeals to the audience directly.)

SALESLADY (CONT'D)

(to the audience)

You guys can see me, right? Here I am breathing, making noise, walking around, and to tell you the truth I even kinda need to go to the bathroom. I'm OK though. I'll make it. Don't worry. I'm going to ask you a question, OK, and would you all mind doing me a favor and screaming the answer out as loud as you can for me? Could you do that for me? Are you ready? Here's the question: Am I standing in front of you right here right now?

(Presumably the audience screams mostly yes. A wise guy or two might scream no.)

SALESLADY (CONT'D)

(still to the audience)

Thank you for that. I thought I heard some of you screaming 'no' so I have to wonder in that case: who are you screaming at? Anyway I'm glad to know I'm really here because sometimes I wonder myself.

(Saleslady goes back to address Macintosh Macintosh. She unfreezes him with a magical hand motion.)

SALESLADY (CONT'D)

OK, were you listening? Did you hear that?

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

(uncertain)

Uhhhh....

SALESLADY

Oh come on.

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

I heard something I guess. Might've been the wind.

SALESLADY

(to the audience again)

OK, sorry, just one more time, a little bit louder? Am I really here?

(Saleslady holds her hand up to her ear for the audience response.)

MOTHER

(off stage)

What on earth was that?

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Nothing mom!

MOTHER

If I have to come back in there...

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

I'm sleeping here mom!

SALESLADY

Now I know you heard that.

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

I heard something. I'm not sure what it was or what it proves.

SALESLADY

Well it proves we're on the same page now, my brother. We are on the same page. So where were we? Don't tell me. I was talking sauropods, remember? A nice vegetarian dinosaur. Affectionate, loyal, and completely enormous.

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

They're pretty cool, but...

SALESLADY

Hear me out, hear me out! Obviously it's your choice, I'm just trying to make sure you consider the full range. Now, obviously you've got your Diplodocus, your Brontosaurus, which by the way is not just the ignorant term for Apatosaurus, it's its own species, you've got Argentinosaurus and Gigantosaurus, not to be confused with Gigan-o-tosaurus, which is a carnivore of course, completely different animal, and apart from the titanosaurs, and by the way have you noticed the names of these things seem to be getting stupider? Gigantosaurus? Titanosaurus? Seriously?

(MORE)

SALESLADY (CONT'D)

They're going to run out of words that mean big. What's next, Huge-osaurus? But anyway, there are also the flying reptiles to consider --

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Got a Spinosaurus?

SALESLADY

Now, how did I know you were going to say that? World's largest-ever carnivorous dinosaur. Bigger than the T-Rex, bigger than Giganoto, bigger than all of them. You'd find them walking all over North Africa a hundred million years ago give or take a few mill, but if you want one now you've got to come to me. Yeah, I've got them.

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Really? You've really got a Spinosaurus?

SALESLADY

You bet I do. In three colors! Just kidding. They're all green.

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Let's do this.

SALESLADY

Well, all right, that's fine. I can see your mind is made up, and I like to see a customer who knows what he wants. I really do. And there you are, not that I was eavesdropping but I couldn't help overhearing, if I may speak frankly, that as for financial assets you currently have your grandma's fiver and an IOU for seven weeks' allowance, is that right?

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Yep!

SALESLADY

And, uh, how much do you get for your allowance? If you don't mind my asking.

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Dollar a week.

SALESLADY

Dollar a week.

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Yep. Dollar a week.

SALESLADY

Dolllllllllar a week. Dollar a week. OK, that's five in hand and seven in the hole. So how much does that make?

(Saleslady addresses the audience again.)

SALESLADY (CONT'D)

(to audience)

Anybody? Five plus seven?

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Twelve.

SALESLADY

Yeah, I think that's right, hang on, two, carry the one, yep, that's it by golly, that's twelve dollars. Great job. Very good. Excellent work. Twelve dollars. I did mention this was a live, actual Spinosaurus, right?

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Yeah!

SALESLADY

Well, I don't want to crush your little dreams young squibber, but I very much doubt you could get your hands on a responsibly produced eco-friendly plush toy dinosaur for twelve lousy dollars, never mind a sixty-foot long, twenty-ton mass of toothy Cretaceous party animal.

(Macintosh Macintosh looks crestfallen.)

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Oh.

(Macintosh Macintosh puts his face in his hands and starts to cry.)

SALESLADY

Oh, hey, there there now, there there now kid! I didn't mean to call your twelve dollars lousy! Your twelve dollars aren't lousy! They're beautiful! Honest. That's a perfectly good start towards a perfectly minimal down payment. We're going to get you into that Spinosaurus my brother, don't you worry about that. I was just kidding around with you. That was just a little salesman banter there. I wasn't trying to take the wind out of your sails there kid! Now knock it off, you're making me feel bad. I'll tell you what I'm going to do for you. Nah, I shouldn't.

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH
(no longer crying)

What?

SALESLADY

Well, I was going to...but I...well all right. I'm going to let you have that Spinosaurus for half price. What the heck. I'm near my quota for the month already, it's late, you seem like a nice kid, your mother seems like the sort who's going to be good for those seven weeks of cash. She's forgetful, but she's not evil. So sure, why not. Half price. Tonight only. Are you game?

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Well, how much is it going to be?

SALESLADY

Let me tell you a little salesman's secret kid. Never mention a price. We never speak it out loud. Instead, here's what I'm going to do. I'm going to write it down, secretly, and then slide it over to you face down. Then you can look at it. Got the idea?

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

I think so.

(Saleslady takes a pad of paper and a pencil out of her briefcase and writes down a number.)

SALESLADY

Good. Let's do it. I'm going to give you a fantastic price on this bad boy. There. Here you go. Have a look at that.

(Saleslady hands the pad over to Macintosh Macintosh face down. He holds it briefly, then dares to look. Macintosh Macintosh gives a low whistle.)

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

That's -- that's a price all right. That's, well, it's not nothing, is it? It's a fair bit of cash, that.

SALESLADY

You're not going to start crying again though right?

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

No no. It's not a bad number. It's a big number, but it's not a bad number. I'll tell you what though. I think I can think of a better number. Borrow your pencil?

SALESLADY

I like your style.

(Saleslady hands Macintosh Macintosh the pencil. Macintosh Macintosh scratches out the original number and writes down a new number. He hands the pad face-down back to Saleslady.)

SALESLADY (CONT'D)

This here? This is a definite number. I will say that. It's not a letter. It's not a drawing or some scribble. Nope. This is a number, and you know what? I can work with numbers. I'm in sales, you know. Numbers are part of my game. And this number here? I'll say one thing for it. It is larger than twelve. I feel like we're getting closer. I can feel this deal happening. I can see you now, standing there with your very own Spinosaurus. I really can. Did you know they eat mostly fish? True story. Tell you what. I love your number and I love you for writing it down. It's just that I -- can I just try something? I feel like I might have a number that's just, maybe an even better number. I've written one, you've written one, we are so close now to that perfect number. You know how to tell you've got the perfect number?

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

When everybody's happy with it?

SALESLADY

Wrong! Good guess though. No, it's when everybody's unhappy with it. That's perfection. The seller is happy if the price is high. The buyer is happy if the price is low. You can't both be happy. If somebody's happy that means the other person is unhappy. That's no good. You have to get it so the person who is happy starts to get a little bit unhappy, and the person who is unhappy starts to get a little less unhappy, but not so unhappy that he starts to get happy, because if he's happy then the other person will be unhappy and that's no good too. So when the both of you are equally unhappy, that's when you're happy. You follow me?

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Actually I think I do.

SALESLADY

You're a sharp kid. That's why I like doing business with you. I can't sell dinosaurs to stupid kids. I won't do it. Now let me write down one more number here and you give me your honest opinion.

(Saleslady scratches out the last number and writes down a new one.)

She hands the pad across to Macintosh Macintosh face down. He picks it up and looks. It's hard to tell what he thinks.)

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Well, I'll tell you. I'll tell you what I like about this number. This number reaches for the stars. It's not afraid to say fly me to the moon. We need more numbers like this in the world. We really do. Are you happy with this number?

SALESLADY

Me? Yes, I'm very happy with it.

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

So it's no good then. But I have an idea. Call me crazy. I've got a number that's just, I think it might be magic.

(Macintosh Macintosh scribbles out the last number and writes down one more. Hands the pad back face down. Saleslady picks up the pad and looks at it, and starts nodding. She taps the pad with the back of her fingers in admiration.)

SALESLADY

Well, now, this. This number is impressive. This is a beautiful number. I'm not very happy with it.

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Me neither.

SALESLADY

Let's do it.

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Done.

(They shake hands.)

SALESLADY

You are going to love this dinosaur and I am so glad to be the one to make it happen for you.

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

(excited but whispered scream)

I can't wait!

SALESLADY

And again, it's not a sauropod, but he's big. He's a nice big dinosaur and when the asteroid comes, you'll be very glad to have him. He'll be able to absorb a real lot of energy. Protection, obviously. Affectionate, I don't know. Loyal? My advice is make sure to keep the fish coming. Big fish eater, the Spinosaurus.

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Stop it. There's no asteroid coming.

SALESLADY

You don't think so? Well, we can always hope it misses. Now, I almost hate to bring this up, but how did you plan to pay for this?

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Mom's credit card.

SALESLADY

I like it. I like it a lot. Surely she doesn't actually keep her credit card here in her child's room.

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

I memorized the number.

SALESLADY

Really?

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Really.

SALESLADY

And the expiration date?

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

One year from January.

SALESLADY

Three-digit security code?

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Two nine seven.

SALESLADY

Well everything would appear to be in order. It's just, I don't know, I feel like we're missing something. Something else we ought to do. I can't quite put my finger on it.

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

See the dinosaur?

SALESLADY

Yes, certainly, see the dinosaur, but no, that's not it.

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

What else?

SALESLADY

Ah! Got it. Ask your mom's permission?

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

But she already promised to buy it for me. She promised. Didn't you hear her?

SALESLADY

I did, and yet, I don't know. It feels a little irresponsible somehow. Maybe we should double check with her.

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Wake her up now? Are you crazy? I make the tiniest noise in here and she loses her mind. You want me to go poke her in the arm?

SALESLADY

You make a strong point.

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

She promised. A promise is a promise. If we were to go ask her now if she meant it, it would sound like we didn't believe that she would keep her own promise. Like we thought she was a cheap little liar.

SALESLADY

My god, you're right. It would be an insult. She might even start crying.

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Who wouldn't?

SALESLADY

I'm ashamed of myself for even thinking it now. Please forgive me.

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

It's all right. Sometimes you just have to think things through, that's all.

SALESLADY

You're a good man, Macintosh Macintosh. Let's have that credit card number.

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Let's see that dinosaur.

SALESLADY

I like your style. OK. Let's see that dinosaur. I'd want to see it too if I were you. You don't want to buy a pig in a poke. Let's go have a look at him. Well I bet you can see him right outside your window there.

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Really?!

SALESLADY

Sure, let's go have a good look at him.

(Macintosh Macintosh rushes over to the window, stage left, and peers out.)

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

It's kind of dark.

SALESLADY

True! I do most of my sales at night. Can you imagine what would happen if I showed up in your average middle-class neighborhood in the middle of the day with a bunch of giant live dinosaurs? I mean can you imagine it? The traffic jams? The screaming? The media? Nightmare! No, I like to sneak 'em in under cover of darkness. But have a good look.

(Saleslady joins Macintosh Macintosh at the window and points upwards.)

SALESLADY (CONT'D)

See him? That'll be him right there. Big shadowy shape in the darkness?

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

(pointing)

That thing?

SALESLADY

Which one?

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Over there behind that tree?

SALESLADY

No no, that's Diplodocus. Come on kid, they look nothing alike.

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

I know! It's dark!

SALESLADY

All right, all right. No, your Spinosaurus is over there next to the fire hydrant right by that -
- ooooh -- right *on* that BMW. That'll buff right out. I think.

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

I see him! I see him! Holy moly, he's huge! Oh man, I bet he's loud. Does he roar?

SALESLADY

Does he roar? Does he ever! You want to hear him?

(Macintosh Macintosh gives a worried look in the direction of the door his Mother might come through. But he decides it's worth it.)

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Yeah. Go on then.

(Saleslady makes a magical hand motion and Macintosh Macintosh freezes. Saleslady once again addresses the audience.)

SALESLADY

(to audience)

How are you guys at roaring? I'll be honest with you. I've got a real Spinosaurus. I'm not trying to cheat Macintosh Macintosh -- he'll get his dinosaur. I promise you that. But they wouldn't let dinosaurs in the theater. I don't blame them. It would be pretty dangerous. So I could really use a little help with the roaring. Would you guys be up for that? Fantastic! OK: When I put my hand up to my ear like this [*puts her hand up to her ear*] -- you guys roar like crazy, OK?

(Saleslady rejoins Macintosh Macintosh at the window and unfreezes him with a magical hand motion.)

SALESLADY (CONT'D)

OK Macintosh Macintosh, are you ready for this?

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Yes!

SALESLADY
(shouting out of the window)

Hey! Spiny!

(Saleslady puts her hand up to her ear and with any luck the audience roars.)

Wow!
MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Right? One more time?
SALESLADY

Sure!
MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

SALESLADY
(gives a thumbs-up to audience)
Hey Spiny! Can you do that any louder?

(She puts her hand up to her ear again for another audience roar. As they roar, Mother bursts into the room extremely upset. Saleslady freezes.)

MOTHER
Oh my god, was that it? Was that it?

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH
Mom, I can explain! It's not my fault!

(Mother rushes over to Macintosh Macintosh and gives him a big hug.)

MOTHER
Are you all right?

(She steps back to hold him by the shoulders and just look at him.)

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Thank goodness. It's all over the news. I thought that was it.

(Mother runs over to the window and looks outward and upward.)

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

It's on the news already? I can totally explain. You promised, remember? You promised!

MOTHER

Promised what?

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

You'd buy me the dinosaur if I found a real one. You promised!

MOTHER

This is no time for your dinosaur nonsense Macintosh Macintosh! There's an asteroid headed for our town! It's all over the news!

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

A real asteroid! That's...awesome!

MOTHER

No it isn't! We're doomed! There's nothing we can do! There's no time!

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Don't worry mom. My Spinosaurus will take care of it. It's not a problem!

(Mother hugs Macintosh Macintosh again tightly.)

MOTHER

My poor sweet little boy. Maybe you're right. Maybe it's best we just went into your little pretend world of dinosaurs and stayed there until the asteroid comes and smashes us to smithereens.

(Macintosh Macintosh breaks the hug off angrily.)

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Ma! I'm not pretending! Listen to me! I bought a Spinosaurus, a real one. I used your credit card. You just heard him roar. Stop denying it. Stop living in your little fantasy world!

MOTHER

You used my credit card?

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

You promised. I didn't want to insult you.

MOTHER

I'm confused.

(The Saleslady suddenly claps her hands and rubs them together, shaking off her frozen state and moving around.)

SALESLADY

Perhaps I can explain.

MOTHER

(alarmed)

Aaaah! Who are you? How did you get in here?

SALESLADY

Salesman. The window. I'm in dinosaurs. The boy is telling the truth.

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

Told you so.

MOTHER

What?

SALESLADY

The sound you heard was the terrible roar of a sixty-foot-long Spinosaurus, who is now the beloved pet of one proud owner called Macintosh Macintosh.

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

I'm the only one in the whole school with his own dinosaur!

(Suddenly doubtful, he looks at Saleslady.)

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH (CONT'D)

Right?

SALESLADY

Right. So far. It's actually early yet.

MOTHER

But, but...

SALESLADY

All will be made clear. That Spinosaurus should be able to absorb all the energy from an asteroid of this size no problem. We'll all be saved.

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

What about my dinosaur?

SALESLADY

Welllllll we're about to find out. By my calculations, that asteroid should be hitting in approximately ten, nine --

(Saleslady makes a magical hand motion to freeze Mother and Macintosh Macintosh. Then she comes out to address the audience directly.)

SALESLADY (CONT'D)

(to audience)

I'm going to need a big BABOOM here. Can I count on you? BABOOM? I'll give you a three two one, and we'll go on zero, OK? Ready?

(Saleslady rejoins the scene and unfreezes Mother and Macintosh Macintosh with a magical hand motion.)

SALESLADY (CONT'D)

(with a wink to the audience)

Three, two, one: BABOOM!

(Saleslady, Mother, and Macintosh Macintosh are rocked by the impact. They briefly stagger and fall onto the ground. Saleslady gives the audience a quick thumbs-up.)

MOTHER

We're alive!

SALESLADY

Sure we are!

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

My dinosaur!

(Mother and Macintosh Macintosh rush to the window and look out.)

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH (CONT'D)

I hope he's OK!

MOTHER

Me too! I'm sorry I didn't believe in you Mister Dinosaur!

(Saleslady makes a magical hand motion to freeze Mother and Macintosh Macintosh as they continue to look through the window.)

SALESLADY

(to audience)

What happens next is up to you guys. Do you want the dinosaur to be OK? Yeah? You sure? OK I hate to ask you this but I'm going to need one more roar. Do you have one more roar in you? A really loud one? Great. Remember the signal? When my hand goes up to my ear OK? Here we go!

(Saleslady joins Mother and Macintosh Macintosh at the window and unfreezes them with a magical hand motion.)

SALESLADY (CONT'D)

(shouting out of the window)

Hey! Spiny! Are you OK out there?

(Saleslady puts her hand up to her ear and looks expectantly at the audience. The roar, one presumes, happens.)

MACINTOSH MACINTOSH

He's OK!

MOTHER

He's alive!

SALESLADY

Hurrah!

MOTHER

Thanks, Mrs Saleslady man.

SALESLADY

Just doing my job, ma'am. That's quite a boy you've got there. Welp, I've got to keep moving, that's the salesman's life you know. Tough work but it has its rewards. Enjoy that dinosaur, kid, and remember: lots of fish. Lots and lots of fish.

(Lights dim. End of play.)