

PERUSAL SCRIPT

TIME MIRRORS

by Drew Chappell



Newport, Maine

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TIME MIRRORS

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Order # 3285

ORIGINAL CAST

ALICE.....	Cairo Evans
ABIGAIL.....	Leata Bobo
ANITA.....	Taylor Bobo
AUDREY.....	Eden Jensen
H.G. WELLS.....	Tal Hughes
BRIANA.....	Clara Faulconer
BETTY.....	Juniper Gray
BETHANY.....	Allison Losee
BROOKE.....	Macie Sanders
CAZAMA.....	Maddie Miller
COHR.....	Cecilia Saenz
CYRAN.....	Sarah Blodgett
CLENDOS.....	Natalie Bingham
CRINDLE.....	Marie Wood

ORIGINAL PRODUCTION TEAM

Director.....	Dr. J. D. Newman
Assistant Directors, Group A.....	Rhani Alam
Assistant Director, Group B.....	Josh Needles
Assistant Director, Group C.....	Zahra Alnasser
Production Stage Manager.....	Kelsey Hatch
Costume and Prop Coordinator.....	Kelsey Hatch
Lighting Designer.....	Zach Lamb
Technical Director.....	Lighting Designer
Program Manager.....	Kynsie Kiggins

CAST OF CHARACTERS (13f 1m)

Time A: 100 years in the past (the 1918 KIDS)

Alice
Abigail (Brianna's great-grandmother as a young woman)
Anita (Abigail's sister)
Audrey
HG Wells (visiting from Britain)

Time B: the present (the 2018 KIDS)

Brianna
Betty
Bethany
Brooke (Betty's younger sister)

Time C: 100 years in the future (the 2118 KIDS)

Cazama
Cyran
Clendos
Cohr
Crindle (Cohr's younger sister)

Setting: A small town, Shoreville, located near a dam.

NOTE: Time mirrors in the play operate 100 years into the future/past. Thus, the characters from 2018 are the only ones who can see both backward and forward through their mirror.

TIME MIRRORS by Drew Chappell. About 60 minutes. 13f, 1m. Three time periods: present, past and future, require three simultaneous settings and three eras of costuming. The town of Shoreville is situated close to a dam that was built in the past, 1918, when a war had just ended. In the present, the participants have ties to the past and through the time Mirror found at the City Hall, they can see their descendants in the future. At first glance, these descendants appear to be living in a water environment. Slowly the truth is revealed — that some accident in the near present causes a catastrophe. Problem: the Time Mirrors only operate one-way from present to past, or from present to future. They allow no interaction between time periods, just observation of those times that are not the present. So, how can the future be saved? Premiered by the Noorda Theatre for Children and Youth in 2016. **Order #3285.**

Drew Chappell is Assistant Professor of Theatre at Chapman University in Orange, California. His interests include popular culture, science fiction and fantasy on the stage, new play development, and the place of non-western theatre in theatre history. As a playwright, his work has been performed across the United States, including at the John F Kennedy Center for the Arts in Washington D.C.

TIME MIRRORS

Scene One:

2018 / 1918 / 2118

AT RISE—*BRIANNA, BETTY, BROOKE, and BETHANY gather at the entrance to the Shoreville dam. It's early evening and BRIANNA has something she's thrilled to show the others.*)

BRIANNA: Great! We're here. Now we can get started.

BETTY: What's going on, Bree?

BRIANNA: Just the most amazing discovery in the history of the town. Maybe the country. Maybe even the world.

(Pause.)

Remember when we read HG Wells' *The Time Machine*?

BETHANY: That was a month ago.

BETTY: We're not that distractible.

BRIANNA: And you remember the time traveler from that story? How he could move forward or backward through time?

BETHANY: Sure.

BETTY: As long as he held on to the levers he needed to control the machine.

BROOKE: Watch the spoilers please, I'll be reading it in two years.

BRIANNA: Sorry, Brooke. But what if I told you that I've discovered a window to different time periods?

(Pause.)

BETHANY: I would say, that's the most amazing thing I've ever heard.

BETTY: A window?

BRIANNA: Or a mirror. I can see people and they look like they're from the past and the future.

BROOKE: Where is it?

BRIANNA: Well, you know my grandfather built the town hall.

BETHANY: Sure. Wasn't he one of the original town inhabitants?

BRIANNA: His mother was. My great-grandmother Abigail. She moved here with her family when she was about our age. Right after this dam was built and the town could safely be settled.

BETTY: What does this have to do with the time mirror?

BRIANNA: Let me show you.

(BRIANNA crosses to one of the time mirrors, which is at the entrance to the top of the

dam, on a wall known as the Founders' Wall.)

BRIANNA: (*Gestures to the wall.*) Ta da!

BROOKE: The Founders' Wall?

BRIANNA: Great-Grandma Abigail and Grandpa Klaus, right there.

BETHANY: Good joke, Bree.

BETTY: I've got homework due tomorrow.

BRIANNA: Hold on. There's more here than you think.

BETTY: We've walked past this wall a million times.

BROOKE: A million and one.

BETHANY: Field trips through the dam every year.

BRIANNA: I know. But have you ever really looked at it? The wall?

BETHANY: Yeah. It's got the town motto. "Community Through Time." And plaques with all the founders' names. I even got bored once and read some of them.

BETTY: It's just a wall. A bunch of bricks.

BRIANNA: Normally, yes. But I was walking by last night. Trying to get above the city lights with my telescope to do some astronomy.

(Light effect. The moon hits the wall. The bricks change into a portal, a time mirror.)

BRIANNA: Voila!

BETTY: What... is that?

BRIANNA: That's it. The portal.

BROOKE: I see what you mean. It looks... like a pathway.

BRIANNA: But it's solid. I tried passing through.

(Rubs her head.)

9 ¾ it is not.

BETHANY: Why hasn't anyone noticed this before?

BRIANNA: I don't know. Maybe they have, but they thought it was a mirage.

BETTY: Or maybe no one comes around here at night. It's kinda eerie. Like history hanging over me. A lot of weight.

BETHANY: Then why did you come?

BETTY: Excellent question.

BETHANY: And why did you bring Brooke?

BROOKE: Hello. I'm standing right here.

BETTY: Strength in numbers, I guess. Plus, it's hard to exclude Brooke from anything.

BROOKE: You found this without me, now I'm stuck to you like candy. *Very* sticky candy. Like... caramel. Or... taffy.

BRIANNA: The moon is full right now, and it will be for about three more days. I think that's key to making the mirror work.

BROOKE: OK, but what exactly does this thing show?

BETHANY: The past and the future?

BRIANNA: Right. Sometimes the past. A particular group of kids.

(The mirror shows the 1918 KIDS: ALICE, ABIGAIL, ANITA, and AUDREY, as they pass by. The 1918 KIDS do not see the mirror.)

BRIANNA: There they are!

BROOKE: No way!

BETTY: Who are they?

BRIANNA: I'm not sure. And I'm not even positive that they're from the past. I mean, they might be part of a re-enactment group or something.

BETHANY: Unlikely. Those outfits look hand-sewn. I would say from the early 1900's.

BETTY: Wow. That History of Costume unit in drama class came in really handy.

BETHANY: You never know when you'll need to verify authenticity.

BRIANNA: I can see the kids, but I can't talk to them. And I don't know if they can see through to this side. All I know is they look... concerned. All the time.

BETTY: Strange, if they're from the early 1900s. Shoreville was a pretty peaceful place in those days.

BRIANNA: True.

BETHANY: Peaceful? World War I was still going on! It ended in November of 1918. Armistice Day. The Great War affected everyone. It pulled soldiers away, created a need for food rationing, brought news reports from the battlefield every day.

BETTY: But think of town life, here on the home front. There must have been bands, parades, new buildings going up all around. Very *Music Man*.

BETHANY: Yes, *if* you had enough money to live here, and the transportation to make the journey west.

BROOKE: Not to mention the dam stole water from the Native Americans who lived in this area first.

(Pause. The others look at BROOKE.)

BROOKE: What? I can't know things?

BRIANNA: You're absolutely right. The dam was a controversial project when it was built. But it was seen as the greater good.

BETHANY: The greater good for the settlers who claimed the water and the land.

(The light shifts, revealing the 2118 KIDS. They are dressed in what seems like wetsuits or other water gear.)

BRIANNA: And there's the other group!

BROOKE: Wow! Who are they?

BETHANY: And *when* are they?

BRIANNA: My best guess is, the future.

BETTY: Oh, yeah! Look at those glowing devices on their wrists. It's so *Star Trek*!

BROOKE: OK. But they can't be from Shoreville.

BETTY: Why?

BROOKE: Look how they're dressed. Like there's water everywhere.

BETHANY: Maybe Shoreville builds a huge aquarium in the future?

BROOKE: That would be great!

BRIANNA: Somehow, I think there's something bigger going on.

(The 2118 KIDS swim away.)

BRIANNA: I think Shoreville has a problem, and I think this mirror might be the key to figuring out what it is.

(Lights out on 2018 KIDS.)

Scene Two:

1918

AT RISE—The next evening, one hundred years earlier. ABIGAIL, AUDREY, ANITA, and ALICE gather at the Founder's Wall. They do not notice the time mirror.

ABIGAIL: Now what?

ALICE: We should go to the dam ourselves.

AUDREY: We can't.

ANITA: Or to the mayor.

ABIGAIL: He won't hear anything about it. He's convinced there's nothing wrong.

AUDREY: But if we can see it, why can't he?

ALICE: It was his company that built the dam. All he had to do was order them to cover it up. One day the piping is open to view, the next day it's covered by a wall and a statue.

ANITA: Then what are we to do?

ALICE: Enter the dam!

AUDREY: Alice, it's too dangerous! We don't know the layout, and it's guarded at night.

ALICE: Lands sakes! How many times have we snuck up here to watch it being built?

AUDREY: Too many times for my comfort.

ANITA: What are you saying, Audrey?

AUDREY: I'm saying that I'm tired of doing things that don't make sense to me just because you three think it's a good idea. It's not safe out here.

ANITA: We have to be tough these days. There's a war on. Our soldiers are at the front.

AUDREY: Including my uncle.

ALICE: What would he say if he knew we could be scared away from helping Shoreville by an arrogant mayor and a few dark corridors?

AUDREY: The dam was a humbug from the beginning. The founders made a deal with the Indians that they never intended to keep.

ABIGAIL: How do you know that?

AUDREY: I heard my parents speak of it.

ANITA: It most certainly was rushed through. You know father said so, Abigail.

ABIGAIL: Father has some... strong opinions.

ANITA: Which I happen to share.

AUDREY: It was likely rushed so that the contract couldn't be nulled. Once the dam was built, the land was ours for the keeping.

ALICE: And that is why we must take a look inside. I know there's a flaw. I can feel the strain on the metal and the stone.

ANITA: But where are we to look?

(Pause. No one knows what to suggest next.)

AUDREY: We will just have to find someone to help us.

ALICE: Who, Audrey? Who would believe us? I can't explain my feeling, I simply know the strain is there.

AUDREY: Perhaps our parents?

ALICE: They work for the mayor. Everyone, somehow, is connected to the mayor. Our parents may care about us, but they're not going to take our word over his.

ABIGAIL: How could this happen? How could they ignore a design flaw? They must know it will have serious consequences.

ANITA: People see what they want to see, Abigail, and right now they're seeing acres of land. And dollar signs.

(They stop and look around at the town from their vantage point.)

ABIGAIL: It was a wondrous idea for a town. A new train line, new opportunities.

AUDREY: Nobody displaced. Nobody swindled. But that was gone from the moment we arrived.

ALICE: *(about the wall.)* Look at all these names. Done up in brass, like they're the salt of the earth. But so many of them turned their backs.

AUDREY: There's a chance we can make up for what the founders did to the Indians. A new year, a new mayor.

ANITA: But not if the water breaks loose.

ABIGAIL: The construction is weak. The builders can cover it up, they can pretend it's not significant, but the systems *will* fail. Even if it takes a hundred years.

(The moon hits the wall, revealing the time mirror.)

AUDREY: Sakes alive! What is that?

(ALL FOUR children approach the mirror.)

ALICE: I've never seen such a thing.

ABIGAIL: Where can it lead?

(ABIGAIL puts her hand on the mirror. She cannot pass her hand through it.)

ABIGAIL: It's like glass. Can't pass through.

ANITA: What is it showing?

ALICE: Looks like the street down into town, but I don't recognize a thing.

AUDREY: It's dark. There are more buildings than should be there, I can see that at least.

ABIGAIL: Could it be?

ALICE, ANITA, and AUDREY: What?

ABIGAIL: I believe we have stumbled upon something remarkable. Something that may solve all of our problems.

AUDREY: What is it?

ABIGAIL: I believe this mirror is showing us our own little town, but many years into the future. Observe. The layout is the same. I can see Main Street, the railroad tracks, even the mountains. But it's different, much different. There wasn't any town until ten years ago, so it just stands to reason that what we're looking at here is Shoreville, many years hence.

ALICE: I believe you're right, Abigail.

ANITA: Which means...

AUDREY: Which means the dam held.

ALICE: But may still be weak, and Shoreville may still be in danger.

ABIGAIL: If it is weak, if we are seeing into the future, think of what we can do with this mirror.

ANITA: Look at things that are to come and invent them first?

ABIGAIL: No, Anita. It's a great leap from seeing to building.

ANITA: For you, maybe. Father says I have a brain for invention.

AUDREY: What, then, Abigail?

ABIGAIL: We can pass messages. To the future. And warn whoever's on the other side about the dam.

ALICE: How would we do that?

ABIGAIL: The first thing we'll need to do is figure out whether someone can hear us from our side. Sooner or later, someone must come along.

AUDREY: But how did this happen? What's the secret to this... passage opening?

(Pause.)

ABIGAIL: When did we first see it?

ALICE: When the moon came out.

ABIGAIL: You're right, Alice!

ANITA: So then, assuming the secret to the mirror lies in the moon shining just right...

ALICE: We'll have to come here each night, as long as the moon is full.

ABIGAIL: Two more days, if I reckon right.

AUDREY: I'm game if you are.

ALICE: Count me in.

ANITA: You won't leave me behind.

ALICE: This spot, every night, until we see someone.

ANITA: Someone who'll listen.

ABIGAIL: Someone who'll believe us.

Scene Three:

**2018, That same evening,
down the hill from the dam, outside the town hall.**

***AT RISE**—The town [in the present] is celebrating the 100th anniversary of the dam. BRIANNA, BETTY, BROOKE, and BETHANY walk to the celebration. BETTY is dressed in full steampunk attire. It's impressive.*

BETTY: We're going to be late!

BETHANY: We'll be fine.

BETTY: This is a big deal. If only Brianna hadn't been double checking moon phases.

BRIANNA: No one else was going to do it!

BETTY: Well, did you confirm what you already knew?

BRIANNA: Yes, I did. Two more days of the full moon.

BETTY: Well good, now let's see what the lines are like for the food.

BROOKE: We're fine. Look, they're still setting up.

BETTY: I want a good seat.

BETHANY: Betty, I appreciate your civic enthusiasm, but I don't think there's going to be a rush for seats to the 100th celebration of the Shoreville Dam.

BETTY: Food trucks, live music, steampunk costumes! Why wouldn't the whole town turn up?

BRIANNA: What is it with steampunk, anyway?

BETTY: What do you mean?

BRIANNA: Why steampunk now? It's all about Victorian style, right? Fancy clothes, pre-electric machines? Why is it big in 2018?

BETTY: Steampunk's more than a style, you know. It's a philosophy.

BROOKE: You opened the door, Bree.

(BETTY takes "center stage," prepares her speech.)

BETTY: "The Mindset of Steampunk," by me, Betty.

BROOKE: This was her winning speech.

BETTY: To those who study history in its strictest form, steampunk may seem inauthentic, or even silly. After all, mass fleets of zeppelins and steam-powered flying machines were never present in actuality in the manner they are depicted in steampunk stories.

BETHANY: That's for sure.

BETTY: But, to the history enthusiast, the dreamer, who asks what *might have been* rather than what *was*, steampunk fires the imagination. To be steampunk is to tinker, to plan, to strive. To take up the tools from the time of HG Wells and Jules Verne and recast the past. To wear goggles, turn gears, and fly into the future. The mindset of steampunk, therefore, is a marriage of science and fantasy. An invitation to the possible, filtered through an idealized past.

(BETHANY, BROOKE, and BRIANNA applaud.)

BETTY: Thank you, you're too kind.

BETHANY: You're brave enough to cosplay, we've got to support you.

BETTY: And what better time to celebrate the steampunk era than the dam's centennial? Nobody puts the kind of effort into getting dressed nowadays that they did back then.

BETHANY: Speak for yourself. I'm fine without wearing a corset every day, thanks.

BRIANNA: *(Off in her own world.)* Hmm.

(Pause.)

BROOKE: Was that a good "hmm" or a bad "hmm?"

BRIANNA: I was just thinking: do any of you ever wonder what would happen if the dam failed?

BETHANY: Sometimes.

BROOKE: Fail? It can't fail! It's been around forever!

BETTY: Wouldn't the engineers have found any weaknesses by now?

BROOKE: Of course.

BRIANNA: But think, just think. What if. Does Shoreville have an alarm system? Do we have any way of fleeing?

BETTY: You're kinda taking the fun out of the evening here, Bree.

BRIANNA: Aren't you curious, Betty? That's part of steampunk too, isn't it? Curiosity? Thinking beyond the accepted and into the possible?

BETTY: Brianna. Are you using my love of steampunk to shift focus to your anxiety?

BROOKE: I think she is, Betty.

BETHANY: Yep.

BETTY: I think she is, too.

BROOKE: Why now, Bree? What's got you thinking about the dam?

BRIANNA: 100 years is a long time for infrastructure. And look at all the floods that happened last year.

BROOKE: You make a good point.

BRIANNA: All I'm saying is, let's ask. Let's check. It takes someone being curious to make discoveries.

BROOKE: The plans must be in the library.

BETTY: We could also check the town's website for anything on emergency preparedness. And ride around and track the drainage systems. It's always the folks in the lower

BETHANY: income districts who stand in the way of disaster. If anything did happen to the dam, my neighborhood would go first.

(Pause. BETTY and BROOKE nod at BETHANY.)

BETHANY: Fine. We'll do some homework. I mean, on top of our *regular* homework. And chores.

BRIANNA: We could also go up to the Founder's Wall tonight and see if we can communicate with those kids from the past.

BETTY: Ooh! I'll wear my costume! That'll make them flip!

BETHANY: My brother's working at the library tomorrow. He can help us find the plans.

BRIANNA: Great!

BETTY: And Brooke and I can check out disaster preparedness.

BETHANY: Seems like something we should have done in school, doesn't it? Along with fire drills.

BETTY: Guess they didn't think we needed to.

BRIANNA: Hubris. The Greeks warned against it. It gets people all the time.

BETHANY: But now, let's have ourselves a rollicking time with the local dignitaries, pretending they have the interests of all Shoreville residents at heart.

BETTY: Not another series of speeches!

BROOKE: Any excuse. Election's this fall.

BETTY: I sure wish they'd let me run. I can out-speak all of 'em!

BRIANNA: I spy my favorite taco truck.

BETTY: And I want a photo with that guy! Look at his top hat and tailcoat! That's bespoke stuff, right there!

(Pause. The others look at her.)

BETTY: What?

BROOKE: *Bespoke?*

BETHANY: *(a la Inigo Montoya in Princess Bride)* You use this word like we know what it means. We do not know what this word means.

BETTY: Adjective. Meaning commissioned by and tailored to a particular person. One of a kind. You're not ordering that outfit on Amazon. Let's go!

(BETTY and BETHANY run off to the celebration.)

BRIANNA: We're going to be playing follow the leader for the rest of our lives, aren't we, Brooke? We're Ron and Neville in Betty and the Speech of Fire.

BROOKE: Hey, I'm *required* to be her shadow. You all do it by choice. But right now, let's go play combo plate showdown!

(They run off to join the other two.)

Scene Four:

2118, in the future, the same evening.

AT RISE—*The town has flooded. CAZAMA, CYRAN, COHR, CRINDLE, and CLENDOS swim up to the ruins of the dam, the highest remaining point in the town, and sit by the Founders' Wall.*

CAZAMA: What a day!

CLENDOS: Agreed. Never have I seen so much homework!

CYRAN: I'm glad we had time to come out this evening.

COHR: Me as well.

CRINDLE: And me.

(Pause. They look around.)

CYRAN: The order will be given soon.

CAZAMA: New homes outside the flood zone.

CLENDOS: Left only with memories.

COHR: Still, how long could we hope to sustain lives in the shadow of the dam?

CYRAN: Awash.

CAZAMA: Adrift.

CLENDOS: Our whole town handed over to tourists.

CRINDLE: Tourists bring money. Money we need.

CYRAN: Only the Founders' Wall will remain untouched. Unused. A monument to what this place was, and could have been.

COHR: Writing from so long ago.

CLENDOS: If they only knew.

(Pause.)

COHR: I feel I must apologize. It is our father at the heart of this.

CYRAN: No apologies, Cohr.

CLENDOS: We are none of us our parents.

CRINDLE: It is not Father's fault, Cohr!

COHR: I tried to speak with him, make him see reason. Yet, he truly believes he is doing what is best for the town.

CAZAMA: You weren't the only one to try. Not many in Shoreville want their lives completely uprooted.

CYRAN: At the service of others.

CLENDOS: No matter how wealthy it might make us.

COHR: To quote the great guitarist Jimi Hendrix, there must be some kind of way out of here.

CAZAMA: I believe that quote is from the great songwriter Bob Dylan, Cohr.

COHR: But without Hendrix, the song would not be enshrined in the Rock and Roll Holomuseum,

Caz.

CLENDOS: Is that what our town will become? A museum? After all these years?

(touches the Founders' Wall.)

Is that what they would have wanted?

CRINDLE: Such cynicism! You all speak as if the town will disappear.

COHR: And you put too much faith in father's ideas, Crindle!

(The moon hits the Founders' Wall, revealing the mirror. CLENDOS jumps back. This time, the 2118 KIDS see the present-day kids. BETTY still has her steampunk costume on.)

CAZAMA: Who are those children?

CYRAN: Not children, I think. Young, yes, but not children.

COHR: That girl wears strange clothing.

CLENDOS: All their clothing is strange.

COHR: Hers is strangest of all.

CYRAN: Yet, they all seem from a different time.

(The 2018 KIDS notice the 2118 KIDS. They all stare at each other.)

CAZAMA, CYRAN, CLENDOS, CRINDLE, and COHR: A different time?

CAZAMA: Do we stare into the past?

CYRAN: Could it be?

CLENDOS: Or is it a trick? A holo show?

COHR: No holo show, this.

CYRAN: Real, then. A window to the past.

CLENDOS: A mirror in which we glimpse our former selves.

CRINDLE: But built by whom?

CAZAMA: And for what purpose?

(The 2018 KIDS gesture, try to make themselves understood. They are "asking" about why the town is underwater.)

COHR: They gesture strangely.

CAZAMA: *(to the present-day kids.)* We cannot understand!

CRINDLE: Try some other method!

(The 2018 KIDS write a note, try to hold it up to the mirror. The words swim in the mirror — something keeps the 2118 KIDS from reading the note.)

CLENDOS: Writing on paper. Archaic.

CAZAMA: Effective, perhaps, if not viewed through too many years.

COHR: *(to the 2018 KIDS.)* Too much time separates us. The writing cannot hold.

CYRAN: Besides, it is backwards.

(Pause. All the 2118 kids acknowledge this with an "Ahhhhh...")

CLENDOS: What, then, are they trying to say? What would we hope to gain if we were in their...

are those shoes?

CYRAN: Knowledge.

COHR: Of the future! Of us!

CLENDOS: Of course! They want to know what will happen.

CRINDLE: And how to benefit from it, I'll guess.

CAZAMA: (*Calls out to the mirror.*) This! This is your future! Or if not yours, your children's!

COHR: Caz, you'll scare them!

CAZAMA: But they need to know!

CRINDLE: For what reason?

CAZAMA: So they can do something! Warn someone! What might have happened had my parents been traveling on land rather than water all those years ago?

CYRAN: Ask not for whom the bell tolls.

CLENDOS: John Donne?

CYRAN: John Donne.

CRINDLE: A depressing poet.

CYRAN: Depressing? Or enlightening? The bell tolls for all of us.

CLENDOS: We are all at risk.

CYRAN: What good, this warning? Can they find a way to turn the tide?

CLENDOS: To silence the bell?

CRINDLE: Would we want them to?

COHR: Are they the princes all along the watchtower?

CAZAMA: Or are we?

COHR: With our help, they can take action.

CLENDOS: Yes! We must make them understand!

CYRAN: We must set them on the path!

CRINDLE: But why? Why meddle with fate?

COHR: Crindle, you are too young to understand.

CRINDLE: I don't believe so.

COHR: When the world hands you an opportunity to fix past mistakes, you take advantage of it!

CLENDOS: What must they know?

COHR: There will be a flood. A great one.

CAZAMA: Buildings gone. Redevelopment. The creation of an underwater oasis for tourists.

(They look at the time mirror.)

CLENDOS: But will the portal stay? What powers it?

CYRAN: Many portals depend on the phases of the moon. The lunar gate, the trans-Atlantic jump...

COHR: The full moon! Two days, then.

CAZAMA: Can we be sure they'll return?

CYRAN: They seem intent.

COHR: How can we help, if not through writing or speech?

CLENDOS: We can show them. Show them what's to be.

CYRAN: We need materials!

CAZAMA: The museum.

CLENDOS: Yes! Pictures from the past.

COHR: Our past. Their future.

CYRAN: But we must take care.

CLENDOS: We cannot reveal too much.

COHR: The stream of time- it is theirs to divert, not ours.

(They turn to the mirror, except CRINDLE.)

CRINDLE: Is it? I only hope you understand the seriousness of what you're doing.

ALL EXCEPT CRINDLE: We will return!

(The 2118 KIDS swim away. The 2018 KIDS, seeing them leave, exit themselves.)

Scene Five:

1918, the following day

AT RISE—*The 1918 KIDS return to the Founders' Wall.*

AUDREY: So. We know that the corridor of statues is the location of the flaw. If we can contact people through the portal and make them understand that, they'll be halfway to a solution.

ALICE: But do you remember what the statues look like?

ABIGAIL: Roughly. Enough to describe them.

ANITA: But will they come back?

(The 2018 KIDS appear in the mirror. BETTY wears a variation on her steampunk outfit. It helps her think.)

ABIGAIL: There! There's someone!

(The 1918 KIDS wave, frantic to communicate. The 2018 KIDS see them, and approach the mirror. The 2018 KIDS can be seen, but not heard.)

AUDREY: Well, we have their attention.

ABIGAIL: Now what do we do?

ANITA: *(points to her ears.)* Can you hear us?

(The 2018 KIDS look at each other, shake their heads.)

AUDREY: So no speaking, then.

ABIGAIL: Writing?

(ABIGAIL tries writing a note using her sketch pad. It doesn't work [it's backwards, of

course.])

ALICE: Think, everyone. How can we make them understand to look for the dam's statue corridor?

ABIGAIL: Perhaps some tableau vivant. Just like we made during last year's picnic.

(The 1918 KIDS try a couple of tableau's [ad-libbing instructions to each other], and the 2018 KIDS watch. The 2018 KIDS can't figure the message out. It's not going well. Amidst the chaos and frustration, HG WELLS enters, in formal turn of the century attire.)

WELLS: Excuse me, I seem to be a bit lost.

(The 1918 KIDS are startled out of their attempts.)

AUDREY: Hello, sir.

ANITA: May we be of assistance?

WELLS: I certainly hope so. I'm supposed to attend a book reading at the Shoreville Music Hall, and I can't seem to find it.

ALICE: A book reading?

WELLS: Yes, indeed. I was hoping I could spot the building from up here.

ABIGAIL: Today's reading. That means that you are...

ALL KIDS: HG Wells!

WELLS: You're quite correct.

(BETTY [in 2018] appreciates Wells' outfit and jumps around and points excitedly.)

ABIGAIL: Mr. Wells, you're just the person we need.

WELLS: Really?

ANITA: Absolutely. We have a dilemma.

ALICE: You see those children on the other side of this passage?

WELLS: I do indeed. They seem quite taken with you.

AUDREY: I don't know if I'd go that far.

WELLS: That girl. What an outfit!

ABIGAIL: I was wondering about her. What does she mean by the goggles? Is she trying too hard?

ALICE: I like them. As a matter of fact, I may try to make a pair myself.

AUDREY: Right now, Mr. Wells, we need to send them a message.

ANITA: To point them to something here in Shoreville.

AUDREY: A corridor, to be specific. Inside this dam.

WELLS: I see. What materials do you have between you?

(The 1918 KIDS gather their materials. They have books, Abigail's sketch pad, pencils, and food.)

WELLS: I assume you have tried writing a note.

ANITA: They weren't able to read it.

WELLS: Do you mind if I poach that apple? A snack might help me think.

AUDREY: Of course, Mr. Wells.

WELLS: (*Takes and munches apple.*) Now, then: no speech, no writing, and I saw the results of your tableaux. What's left?

ANITA: Pictures!

ALICE: Abigail, you're the best sketch artist in school.

ANITA: Mother does say so.

ABIGAIL: Mother flatters me.

ALICE: You should draw the dam and the statue corridor!

ABIGAIL: (*picking up pad and pencil.*) I'll try.

(*ABIGAIL starts sketching.*)

WELLS: A well conceived plan.

ANITA: Mr. Wells, we'll be happy to take you to the music hall.

WELLS: Oh, no. This is much more interesting. I have all afternoon to find the venue. Always leave time to take a pleasant detour, that's my motto. Actually, the Wells family motto is "Semper Paratus," which means "Always Prepared." But I've never fancied it. The very best experiences are those we are ill prepared for, after all.

(*As ABIGAIL sketches and HG WELLS chatters, the other kids ad lib recommendations to ABIGAIL. In a moment, she gets frustrated.*)

ABIGAIL: Do you mind?

ALICE, ANITA, and AUDREY: Sorry.

WELLS: My deepest apologies.

ABIGAIL: There. It's done.

ANITA: Good work.

AUDREY: That's sure to lead them to the right place.

ALICE: Show them!

(*ABIGAIL holds up the sketch to the time mirror. The 2018 KIDS, sensing it's important, take a photo of it with Brianna's phone, then exit.*)

ANITA: What was that device?

ALICE: I have no idea.

WELLS: Intriguing. Where are these young people from, exactly? And how can you see them, but not speak with them?

ABIGAIL: It's this portal we found. It seems to give us a glimpse into the future. Something like your book, I think.

WELLS: You refer to *The Time Machine*?

AUDREY: Yes, sir.

WELLS: Yes. Yes, indeed. And this mirror does bear a certain resemblance to...

(*Pause.*)

Where did you say this came from?

ABIGAIL: It appeared. Almost from the mists.

WELLS: A reflective surface that becomes transparent...

(discovering a knob on top of the mirror.)

Some kind of control knob... I wonder...

ALICE: Wonder what, sir?

WELLS: It seems to me that I've seen something like this before. Mr. Nikola Tesla invited me to his laboratory in New York City. He had a device very much like this one, and tried to demonstrate the principles behind it. Time, he said, could be mastered, if only viewed as another dimension through which to travel. That's what the Time Traveler asserts in my novel. But first, said Tesla, you would need a map. You would need to see your way...

(Pause.)

I've heard he traveled out west, to Colorado Springs.

ANITA: Yes, a number of years ago. Wasn't it in the papers, Abigail?

ABIGAIL: It was. And if he reached Colorado Springs, he could easily have traveled just a bit farther...

WELLS: Tesla, you mad genius! You made it work... and in a small town in the west, where you could keep the press away... hidden cleverly by the moon's light...

ABIGAIL: Are you saying...

WELLS: I believe so. Mr. Tesla has managed to make the improbable possible. And we are left to tinker with his invention.

AUDREY: Where do we start?

WELLS: With our wits, young lady. A resourceful group of young people, and a stuffy old gent who makes his livelihood bringing the future just a bit closer. We're set up for a triumph, don't you think?

ANITA, ALICE, ABIGAIL, and AUDREY: Yes, sir.

WELLS: Bully. I never pass up the chance to study something intriguing. Now, let's have a closer look at Mr. Tesla's handiwork before I have to march downtown and give these stuffed shirts the reading they paid me too much money for.

(They start to tinker with the mirror. Lights out on them.)

13 more pages to the end of the script