

Alien

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Age 11

University Elementary School

Grade 6

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Alton

Alton, N. York

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Characters: Greg (male), 28 years old
Zumbini (male), green blob alien with a German accent
Zilly (female), green blob alien
Zum-Zum (male), green blob alien
Policeman #1, (male)
Policeman #2, (male)

ACT I

Scene 1

SETTING: It opens in Greg's apartment (dim lighting); there is a Television on the wall, and parallel from the TV, there is a couch. Between the couch and the TV, there is a low, polished wooden table; on top of it, chips, soda, and a half-eaten sandwich. The bathroom is in the corner, by a small kitchen with a stool under the counter.

AT RISE: Greg is on the couch with a blanket watching TV and eating potato chips. Greg's roommate, Zed (never seen), is in the bathroom.

GREG: Hey Zed! I made eggs for us even though it's your day to make breakfast. You are the worst roommate ever. Where are you? Are you still in the bathroom? You've been in the bathroom for half an hour. What are you doing in there?

(Waits for response but gets none. Greg walks over to the bathroom and knocks on the door. No response again.)

GREG: Okay, I'm coming in. (Opens door) Zed?

ZUMBINI (From inside the bathroom): Oh, hello. My name is Zumbini.

GREG: AAAAHHHHHHH!

(Greg runs out of the bathroom but trips on the leg of the table, hits his head on the table, and passes out. Out of the bathroom comes a green blob.)

ZUMBINI: Well, what are we going to do with you? I can't have you running around exposing us aliens. I guess I'll just have to take you to the others.

(Zumbini takes a trash bag from the kitchen and puts Greg in. He starts walking off stage.)

ZUMBINI: Oh! I almost forgot my human skin. I can't go around walking like this. Silly me!
(Greg walks back into the bathroom.)

Scene 2

SETTING: Underground alien bunker. There are plain metal walls. There are red curtains on either side of a wooden table with a wooden chair behind it. On the left side of the stage there is a wooden chair.

AT RISE: Greg is tied in the chair on the left stage and is still unconscious. Zumbini is talking to Zum- Zum.

ZILLY: What are we going to do about this human knowing about us? We can't afford him bringing people down here.

(Greg wakes up drowsily. The aliens do not notice.)

ZUM-ZUM (Zum-Zum walks on to the stage): I say we kill him. He can bring nothing but trouble.

(Zum-Zum and Zumbini turn to face Greg. He quickly plays dead.)

ZUMBINI: No! We can't kill him! Where would we put the body? We don't want that stench in here! Let's talk to him when he wakes up. And do you really believe that killing is the best option?

ZILLY: Let's get a bucket of water to wake him up. I've seen this in those human films. They wake up the hostage by splashing them with water.

(The aliens walk off stage to get a bucket of water. Greg opens his eyes and starts trying to wiggle himself out of the rope. He gets his hand free and then unties the ropes around his

legs. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a gray flip phone. He dials 911 and the police pick up)

GREG: Hello? I've been kidnapped by these weird green people. I think they were wearing some sort of costume or something. Look, I know it sounds crazy but please, you gotta believe me! They brought me to this place in a trash bag. I don't know where I am, but I dimly remember seeing a sign for Zach's Deli-Grocery and walking into a store out of a hole in the trash bag. We went into the back and there was an elevator hidden behind a bunch of boxes of tomatoes. We went in the elevator and the last thing I remember before passing out again was seeing a green hand pressing the sublevel button. Please, you need to help me! (indistinct chatter on phone) Five minutes? I don't know if I can hide from them. Just please come as fast as you can! (Greg hangs up and runs out of the room)

ZILLY (Zumbini, Zum-Zum, and Zilly walk back on stage. Zum-Zum is holding a bucket of water): Okay, now let's wake up this hu-(the aliens look at the empty chair) How did he get away! Where is he?

ZUMBINI: Zilly, Zum-Zum. We need to get our crew into a safe hiding spot. He has probably called the police to come down here.

ZILLY: Where will we take all of them?

ZUMBINI: I don't know. Somewhere safe where no one will find them.

ZUM-ZUM: Couldn't we hide in the storage room? It's giant. It could fit all of us. It's really hard to locate if you don't know the layout of this place.

ZUMBINI: Great! Hide everyone in there. Zilly, you stay with me. The human is a mechanic; he could help us get out of this world and back to our home planet. We are going to wait for the petty human to come back; then we are going to force him to do what we want.

(They hide behind the curtains. Two policemen come on the stage. They look at the empty chair with ropes lying next to it. Greg comes running onto the stage.)

GREG: Oh, thank goodness! You came. I thought you wouldn't believe me. Where are they? The green people, of course. (The policemen look at each other annoyed) Where'd they all go? They were all here! I swear!

POLICEMAN #1: This was a total waste of our time. (Aimed at Greg) Do you think this was funny? Dragging us down here for nothing.

GREG: No! I swear! They brought me down here and tied me to a chair! You have to believe me!

POLICEMAN #2: Come on, let's go. This was all for nothing. Just for getting a laugh. (The policemen begin walking away)

GREG: Wait! No! You can't just leave! They kidnapped me! (The policemen leave) where could all of them have gone? (Greg asks himself)

ZILLY AND ZUMBINI (Zilly and Zumbini jump out from behind the curtain): RIGHT HERE!

(Zilly and Zumbini grab Greg and sit him back down into his chair)

GREG: Get off of me! Let me go, you green creeps! Why do you even wear those costumes? And what did you do with my roommate, Zed? His skin was on the floor! What kind of people do that! You guys are murderers! Get away from me! (Zumbini and Zilly chuckle)

ZUMBINI: I'm Zed. We aren't normal people. We are what you call aliens. To us you are the alien. Your friend was never real; it was really me, acting as a human.

GREG: No, that can't be true; aliens aren't real.

ZILLY: Oh, we are very real. As real as the hair on your head. And we hear you are a mechanic in this world, so you are going to help us get our ship working so we can get back home.

GREG: Wait, you guys have a ship? Like a spaceship ship? (he says in awe)

ZUMBINI: Yes, and you will (emphasizes on "will") help us get home because you ruined everything we have built on this planet.

GREG: Why did you guys even leave your home planet in the first place?

ZILLY: We were on an expedition to find a legendary weapon heard of only in tall tales that was said to be kept on the planet Zarthia. The legends called it the Orb.

GREG: And why would you need such a weapon.

ZUMBINI: It was said to hold the power to level the largest mountains and obliterate millions with one blast. Our people were fighting a war with the barbaric Canthorians from the planet Sharnac. They have an impenetrable shield surrounding their colony. We were hoping to find the Orb and use it to bring down the Canthorians's shield. We were able to retrieve the orb, and we began our voyage back home to end the war.

GREG: Well, why are you here then? Why haven't you gone back to your home planet?

ZILLY: We were attacked by a Canthorian starship. It damaged our power supply and our ship started going down. Eventually we shot it down, but it was too late. Your solar system was the closest, so we scanned your solar system for signs of life and we landed on your planet. We had some bad encounters with your people at first, but then we learned how to fit in.

GREG: You mean making human skins to wear? That's sick. (he says disgusted) Wait, why do you guys need me? Don't you have a mechanic or engineer that can fix the ship?

ZILLY: Um, no. We sacrificed him to the god of voyage during the battle with the Canthorian starship. For good luck, of course.

GREG: And you don't have anyone else that has any knowledge on how to fix it? Well, I'm sorry but alien technology isn't in my area of expertise.

ZUMBINI (aggressively): You *will* fix our ship and get us back home because our people need us. (lightly) If you prove you are of no use to us, we will dispose of you.

GREG: Okay! Okay! Jeez! Chill bro. I'll see what I can do. Can I see the spaceship? (Zum-Zum comes walking back on the stage looking around vigilantly.)

ZUM-ZUM (whispers): Are the police still here? We should ambush them. (He sees Greg) What is that little brat doing here? Why isn't he dead already?

ZILLY: It's ok. He's gonna help us get home. Hey (Zilly says to Greg), can I see your phone.

GREG: Um, sure.

(Greg pulls out his phone and hands it to Zilly. She takes the phone, breaks it in half, and throws it on the ground.)

GREG: Hey! What the frick!

ZILLY: There (she says triumphantly). Now you can't go calling anyone else.

ZUM-ZUM: Nicely done Zilly. Now, let's get him to start fixing our ship.

ZUMBINI: Hey Zum-Zum, could you go get the ship?

ZUM-ZUM: Yeah, sure. (Zum-Zum walks off the stage)

GREG: Wait, what do you mean by "go get the ship"? I don't think you could exactly fit a spaceship in here.

ZILLY: Just wait. You'll see.

GREG: You guys said that your ship's power supply was destroyed during the fight with the Conthro- ugh whatever it is, the starship thing. Can't you use the orb as your power supply? From your description I think it has enough power to get you back home.

ZUMBINI: And from my description, it has the power to level mountains. What do you think would happen if we accidentally triggered it? It could kill us all along with everyone in New York City.

GREG: Well, I think that that is our best chance at getting your spaceship up and working again. I could study it and see what the safest way of channeling it's energy into your spaceship.

ZILLY: It's too risky. If you ask me, I don't wanna die. I say we find another option. And why should we even trust this human?

GREG: You should trust me because I don't wanna die either. I won't just rip you off and kill everyone! (Zum-Zum walks back in with a three foot tall spaceship) Hold up, that's your spaceship? (Greg laughs mockingly) How are you supposed to fit over thirty people- sorry, aliens on board that toy rocket.

ZUM-ZUM: Simple. We shrink.

GREG (In awe): Wait, you're telling me that you guys have shrinking technology? That's so cool. So you guys can be like Antman?

ZUMBINI: What is an Antman? Anyways, that is our spaceship.

GREG: So you guys had like a model rocket space battle with that starship thing. It was like toy rockets just flying around shooting at each other.

ZILLY: No, actually. The Canthorian starship was about the size of your planet's airplanes.
(Greg laughs)

ZUM-ZUM: (towards Greg) This is not a time to be laughing! You need to find a way to get us back home or else we *will* kill you!

GREG: Okay, Okay! Enough with the killing thing! Please! Now can I get a work table and some tools so I can look at your teensy spaceship. Be sure to give me a microscope (Greg chuckles). And may I take a look at the Orb. I believe it's the only way to power your ship.

ZUMBINI (facing the other aliens): What do you say, guys? Should we trust him with the Orb?

ZILLY: I don't know. I think he's trustworthy. He's the only one here who can get us back home.

ZUMBINI (facing Greg): Okay, we'll give you the orb. But be careful. If we see you playing around with it one time, you're dead.

GREG (uncertainly): Okay, thanks I guess.

ZUM-ZUM: Okay, come on guys. Let's set up this work area for him. Zilly, go get the Orb for him to work with.

GREG: Okay! Let's get started!

Scene 3

SETTING: Underground alien bunker. On the wooden table, there are alien tools and gadgets. The spaceship is partly disassembled and there is a metal box with the orb inside of it.

The orb is a glowing ball with a diameter of around three inches. There are bolts and screws strewn on the floor around the table.

AT RISE: Greg is sitting in a chair behind the table, looking closely at the spaceship. Zilly is watching Greg in a cushioned chair. She is half asleep.

ZILLY (drowsily): How much longer are you gonna take?

GREG: You can't rush me. Why are you even here?

ZILLY: I was put on guard duty. (Greg accidentally puts his hand on the orb. The orb starts making a pulsing noise. Zilly gets up.) Hey! Watch it! I don't want to get killed! I have people on my planet depending on me. People that I care about! I can't afford for this orb not to reach my planet!

GREG: Okay, I'm sorry. I'm getting a bit drowsy myself.

ZILLY: One more silly mistake like that, and you're dead.

GREG: I'm sorry. It won't happen again.

ZILLY: It better not.

GREG: You said something about people depending on you, and that they need this Orb. Family?

ZILLY: I don't need to talk to you about anything. But yes, they are family. My husband and my five year old son. They were taken hostage by Canthorian thugs. If they are hurt or, worse, dead I don't know what I would do. (Zilly starts sniffing)

GREG: I'm sorry. I'll try do everything I can to make sure you get back to help your family.

ZILLY: Thank you for helping us get home. I am sorry if we were hostile to you at first. Oh, and I'm sorry about your phone.

GREG: It's okay, it was very old anyways. I'm sorry too though. I had just never thought that aliens were real. I was scared when I first realized you were actually from outer space. And well, it didn't help being tied to a chair and being held hostage.

ZILLY: I'm sorry about that too. Well, get back to work now. I've talked to you too much.

GREG (looks over at the Orb, then looks up with a face of awe): I've got it! I've got it! This whole time I've been trying to figure out a way to remodel the ship to hold the Orb inside of it, but I didn't realize that I could just transfer the energy from the Orb into the old, depleted battery of the ship.

ZILLY: Of course! (She stands up) We just have to figure out a way to transfer the energy from the Orb into the old battery. How do you suppose we do that?

GREG: We will need to create a battery charger that uses the orb to charge up the old battery. Now can you tell me where this battery is?

ZILLY: Well, it's inside the ship of course.

GREG: Okay, where inside the ship? Do you remember where the power storage room was?

ZILLY: If I remember correctly, (Zilly walks over to the ship) it's near the bottom where the thrusters are. I remember there was a hatch where we would unload old batteries and load on new ones from the outside.

(Zilly pushes near the bottom of the spaceship between two of the four thrusters. A hatch opens up. Greg stands up and pulls out a black rectangular prism from the hatch.)

GREG: Is this it?

ZILLY: Yeah, that's it. Now we need to build that battery charger.

GREG: You can go to sleep. I'll try to have this charger done by the morning.

ZILLY: Thank you for everything you are doing for us. I just wish that the others would see the good in your heart. (Yawns) Oh well, goodnight.

(Zilly walks away yawning. Greg sits back down at the table and sighs)

GREG: I've got a long night ahead of me.

Scene 4

SETTING: Underground alien bunker. On the wooden table, there are alien tools and gadgets.

The spaceship is assembled once again and the orb is connected to a grey box with a green blinking light. The spaceship battery is connected on the top of the box. There are bolts and screws strewn on the floor around the table.

AT RISE: Greg is asleep in his chair snoring. Zumbini, Zum-Zum, and Zilly are entering the stage looking at the mess Greg has made of the room.

ZUMBINI (angrily): WAKE UP! What are you doing snoozing?

GREG (Startled, Greg shoots up from his chair): AAH! What's happening!? I finished the charger for the battery. You just need to put the battery back into the ship and you will be set.

ZUMBINI: Well done, Greg. I have to admit, you surprised me. I suppose you can go now. But before I say goodbye, I must say thank you. Because of you, I will be able to see my fiance again and I will be able to fight alongside my people against the terrible Canthorians.

ZUM-ZUM: And thanks to you, I will see my mother and father and my infant brother again, and I will be able to protect them from harm's way. Come on, let's go round up the crew so we can all go back to our planet with the Orb.

(Zum-Zum and Zumbini leave to get the rest of the crew. Zilly stays behind. Greg starts leaving)

ZILLY: Wait, Greg! (Greg turns around) Thank you Greg- thank you for everything. I will forever be in debt to you.

GREG: Don't worry about it. I'm just glad I could help you out. But I also need to thank you.

ZILLY: For what?

GREG: For helping me learn to accept new ideas and cultures, and to trust other people. Well, I'm going to get going. I guess this is goodbye. Good luck getting your family back.

ZILLY: I hope our paths cross again someday. (Both walk off stage away from each other.)