

CAN YOU ANSWER MY PHONE? THE ALIEN IS CALLING AGAIN

By Krystle Henninger

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A Ten Minute Comedy Duet

By Krystle Henninger

SYNOPSIS: If an alien called you, would you answer? When Jim gets a call from an "unknown number" he doesn't quite expect an alien to be on the other line. He also doesn't expect the alien to continue calling him. Jim seeks advice from his friend Ben, who is all for the intergalactic communication and despite bad cell reception, the two teenagers might just be the first people to have a conversation with an extra-terrestrial.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(2 males)

BEN (m)..... A teenager and best friends
with JIM. (71 lines)
JIM (m) A teenager and best friends
with BEN. (69 lines)

DIRECTOR'S NOTES

If performed for forensics, JIM can be the alien voice and should be the
PHONE VOICEOVER.

SETTING

Ben's house.

PROPERTIES

- ☐ Cell phone that can easily fall apart
- ☐ Wallet with Twenty dollars for Jim

AT RISE: *Ben stands alone as Jim enters. Jim holds pieces of his cell phone.*

BEN: You know your phone works better with the battery in it, right?

JIM: Yeah, I know...but it's possessed.

BEN: Possessed?

JIM: Yeah. Every time I put the battery in it and turn it on, it rings.

BEN: You could answer it and tell them to stop calling.

JIM: No way! It keeps coming up "unknown."

BEN: Maybe it's a wrong number?

JIM: I don't think so.

BEN: How do you know if you don't answer?

JIM: Because I...I did answer it...once...a few hours ago.

BEN: So what happened?

JIM: I answered it and there was a really weird shrieking noise, which scared me, so I hung up.

BEN: It's probably just one of your friends playing a trick on you.

JIM: Well that *could* be viable if I had friends.

BEN: I'm your friend.

JIM: And you're here. End of that theory.

BEN: I want to hear the noise.

JIM: No.

BEN: Why not?

JIM: It freaks me out! I won't do it.

BEN: Then let me!

JIM: No.

BEN: Please?

JIM: No! I'll just throw the phone away and get a new one.

BEN: That's ridiculous. Hey, is that the TARDIS?

JIM: What? Where? (*BEN takes JIM'S phone.*) I don't see the Doctor...HEY! (*BEN reassembles JIM'S phone.*) Don't do it!

BEN: Too late. (*The phone starts ringing.*)

JIM: Don't answer that!

BEN: You know I'm not going to listen to you now. (*Answers phone.*) Hello? (*Loud shrieking noise is heard. JIM knocks the phone from BEN'S hand and the battery falls out. They look at each other for a moment. BEN looks back at the phone.*) That...was...SO COOL!

JIM: No it wasn't! That was awful! *(Pause.)* What do you think it was?

BEN: It sounded like an alien.

JIM: An alien?

BEN: Well, either an alien or some angry escaped zoo animal with opposable thumbs capable of making a phone call to the same number multiple times.

JIM: Har-har.

BEN: It sounds extraterrestrial and paired with the odd timings...It definitely leads me to believe that it's alien.

JIM: But how would an alien get my number?

BEN: Beats me. Did you meet any aliens recently?

JIM: No. Not that I remember, anyway...

BEN: Maybe it got your number from the phone book.

JIM: Cell phone. Unlisted.

BEN: Friend of a friend?

JIM: Who have you been giving my number to?

BEN: We'll talk about that later. *(Puts the battery back in the phone. The phone rings again.)*

JIM: It was you, wasn't it?

BEN: If I knew an alien, why would I spend time giving it your number? I mean, come on! There are many other things I would've done. *(Answers phone. Loud shrieking is heard.)*

JIM: Stop!

BEN: Why? Maybe it's trying to tell us something. Hello? *(Shrieking continues throughout)* We're from Earth. How are you? Where are you from? *(Silence. A shriek. Silence. Another shriek or two.)* See! It's trying to communicate! Hi, Alien! *(A shriek.)*

JIM: This is too much. I don't like it.

BEN: Where's your sense of adventure?

JIM: It left. *(Noise from phone.)* Will you please hang up on it?

BEN: And miss the opportunity to communicate with an alien? You've got to be kidding me. Where are you, Mr. Alien...or Ms. Alien? *(Shriek.)* Interesting. Is that near Earth? *(Shriek.)* Cool! Will we meet you? *(Shriek. Silence.)*

JIM: How did you get this number? *(Silence.)*

BEN: He doesn't like you.

JIM: Obviously.

BEN: What's it like being an alien? (*Silence.*) Hello? Hello? I think he hung up on us.

JIM: Good.

BEN: This is all your fault. I told you he doesn't like you. I'm going to call him back.

JIM: You can't. Unknown number. (*BEN contemplates, takes the battery out, puts it back in. Waits. Phone rings.*)

BEN: Hello? (*Shriek.*) Well hello, Mr. Alien...or Ms. Alien...did you hang up on my friend? (*Shriek.*) Oh okay. We just got disconnected. Intergalactic space travel isn't good for cell phone service, apparently.

JIM: Oh is that what it was...

BEN: Oh Mr. Alien, that's hilarious!

JIM: What is?

BEN: I don't know. It's not like I can understand him. I'm just making this up as I go along. So when are you coming to visit? Really? Interesting.

JIM: What?

BEN: I clearly heard, "On way."

JIM: "On way?" As in, we're going to be visited by it?

BEN: Sure seems like it. (*To phone.*) So do you know exactly when you'll get here? We'd love to prepare for your arrival. (*Silence.*) Oh don't be shy. We don't want to hurt you. (*Silence.*)

JIM: The government might... (*Dial tone.*)

BEN: What'd you mention the government for? No good ever comes from that!

JIM: Well it's true. If anyone finds out we've had contact with an alien and that it's planning on making some sort of appearance on Earth in the future...possibly near future...we're going to be snatched up by the FBI before you can preheat the oven to bake the "Welcome to Earth!" cake.

BEN: Oh that's ridiculous...do you think we have time to bake a cake?

JIM: No!

BEN: So what do we do?

JIM: Forget about it.

BEN: I can't! We talked to an alien! This is history in the making.

JIM: No, this is a nightmare in progress.

BEN: Oh quit being so negative. *(Phone rings. BEN looks at it, looks at JIM, looks back at the phone.)*

JIM: Oh just answer it.

BEN: Hello?

PHONE VOICEOVER: Hi, I'm looking for Mr. Sampson?

BEN: I'm sorry, we're waiting on the alien to call back. Can I take a message?

JIM: Ben, give me my phone. It might be important.

BEN: I doubt it. *(To phone.)* So that message?

PHONE VOICEOVER: I'm sorry, did you say that you're waiting on an alien to call back?

BEN: Yeah. *(Laughing is heard from the phone and then a dial tone.)*

JIM: See what you've done?

BEN: What?

JIM: They're going to call the government...or maybe they were the government...maybe they've been screening the calls the entire time...

BEN: We'll be fine.

JIM: I don't think so. We've got to get rid of it.

BEN: We can't get rid of the alien, it's not even here yet!

JIM: The phone, you idiot.

BEN: But what if he calls back? What if he needs directions?

JIM: I'm sure that if an alien has the technology to call an Earth bound cell phone, he probably has some sort of basic GPS. Besides, he's looking for Earth. Pretty easy to recognize. Third planet from the sun. Can't miss it. *(Phone rings again. BEN answers.)*

BEN: Hello? Oh hi, Mrs. Sampson. Yeah, he's here. *(To JIM.)* It's your mom. *(JIM takes the phone.)*

JIM: Hi mom. Yeah, I'll pick up dinner.

BEN: You don't have time. We have to prepare for the alien!

JIM: Yeah, I'll get dinner. What do you want? I don't know. *(BEN grows impatient.)* We had tacos on Thursday. Eh. Don't really feel like pizza. That would be good. Okay. Yeah let's do that. What do you want? Oh, hang on, someone's calling on the other line...

BEN: (*Grabs phone.*) He'll call you back. Bye, Mrs. Sampson.
Hello? (*To JIM.*) It's the alien!

JIM: You hung up on my mother!

BEN: Eh. She'll get over it.

JIM: You are out of control.

BEN: I don't think you're seeing the big picture.

JIM: Sure I do. I see Area 51, FBI agents, tracking devices, and jail time. Prison orange is not my color, Ben!

BEN: They won't throw us in jail. We haven't done anything wrong.
(*Noise from phone.*) Oh! Sorry. Forgot you were on the line.

JIM: And that's the other thing!

BEN: What other thing?

JIM: My phone bill is going to be through the roof. Pretty sure extraterrestrial calls are not covered in my monthly plan. I mean international calls alone cost an arm and a leg. I don't even want to think about intergalactic calls.

BEN: (*Digs a bill out of his wallet.*) Here's a 20. Let me know if you need more, now will you please just let me have a conversation with the alien? (*Dial tone.*) Great. Lost him again.

JIM: Good!

BEN: I don't understand why you're so negative about this whole situation. Don't you find it the least bit interesting and cool that out of everyone in the world, you were chosen to receive that phone call?

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