

MARTIANS IN THE CLASSROOM

By Kamron Klitgaard

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MARTIANS IN THE CLASSROOM

A One-Act Comedy

By Kamron Klitgaard

SYNOPSIS: Area 51 Investigators have tracked an alien to a local school, where there is a whole classroom of suspicious characters. After investigating the students, strange and unexplainable events occur, causing everyone to doubt the humanity of their fellow classmates. The investigators must figure out which one of them is an alien before the bell rings.

DURATION: 25 minutes.

TIME: The present.

SETTING: A high school classroom.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 female, 1 male, 13 either)

AGENT GORMAN (m/f)..... Area 51 Investigator in charge.
(33 lines)

AGENT HUDSON (m/f) Area 51 Investigator, new,
cocky, & overzealous. (30 lines)

CRABAPPLE (m/f)..... Teacher. (33 lines)

JOHNNY (m)..... Subservient to his girlfriend. (24
lines)

ALLY (f)..... Boss of her boyfriend. (20 lines)

SCHICK (m/f)..... Star Trekker. (25 lines)

CHEWY (m/f)..... Star Wars fan. (17 lines)

PRINCIPAL WATT (m/f) School principal, wears a hat.
(22 lines)

CREATURE (m/f) Horror movie buff. (16 lines)

GOOBER (m/f) Adrenaline junkie. (27 lines)

ED (m/f)..... Bus driver. (16 lines)

GATOS (m/f)..... Student of the holistic arts. (19
lines)

DOOF (m/f) Hardcore punk rocker, looks
mean, but super nice. (24 lines)

DIMMY (m/f)..... Narrator wannabe. (27 lines)

AUTOPSY (m/f) Student in denial. (18 lines)

FLEXIBLE CASTING: All roles except Johnny and Ally can be either gender with simple pronoun switches in the script.

SET: A typical high school classroom with chairs for each student and a teacher's table or desk and chair.

COSTUMES

AGENT GORMAN & AGENT HUDSON – White shirts and black ties and extra belly buttons for the climax.

CRABAPPLE – Teacher attire.

JOHNNY & ALLY – Normal school clothes and extra ears for the climax.

DIMMY & AUTOPSY – Normal school clothes.

SCHICK – Star Trek uniform.

CHEWY – Any Star Wars costume.

PRINCIPAL WATT – Principal dress clothes with a hat that comes down over forehead but doesn't cast a shadow over the eyes. A third eye for the climax. It will be hidden under his hat.

CREATURE – School clothes with some kind of horror movie logos.

GOOBER – Surfer or skater clothes.

ED – Bus driver outfit and a sixth finger for the climax.

GATOS – Hippie clothes, and an extra nose for the climax.

DOOF – Punk rock clothes, also antennae for the climax.

PRODUCTION NOTE: The extra body parts can be made from clay or any simple papier mâché or purchased from a Halloween store or online. They should be attached to the actors after they exit the classroom when the bell rings so that they will be ready to go back onstage to reveal them. They can be attached with spirit gum, or by applying rubber cement or liquid latex to the appendage and the body part of the actor, letting it dry and then sticking it on.

DIRECTOR'S NOTE: The students should be doing extra things that would take the focus off whoever is speaking. Classroom settings can get distracting (Just like a real classroom!), but the audience needs to be able to tell who is speaking.

PROPS ONSTAGE

- 1 teacher desk or table
- 1 teacher chair
- 1 teacher desk décor
- 10 student desks or tables
- 10 student chairs

PROPS BROUGHT ON

- student school supplies
- radio boombox
- neural pathway dineutron/tetraneutron pathway tracker (A remote or garage door opener)
- a Star Trek scanner
- toy plastic ray gun
- toy lightsaber
- spray perfume bottle
- book
- detention slip
- eye piece (small tube to look through)
- alien testing device
- 15 mobile phones

SOUND FX

- spaceship flying over head
- school bell
- radio music

SETTING: *A High school classroom with chairs for each student and a teacher's table or desk and chair.*

AT START: *SOUND FX of a spaceship flying over. School Bell rings. JOHNNY, ALLY, SCHICK, CHEWY, CREATURE, GOOBER, GATOS, DOOF, DIMMY, and AUTOPSY enter, socialize and take their seats. ALLY and JOHNNY sit next to each other. DIMMY goes to the front of the class.*

DIMMY: Good morning, ladies and gentlemen. Yes, that was the sound of something flying overhead. And welcome to another day of school, mystery and intrigue. What you're about to watch in this room is a strange mortal combat between a group of typical students and—

CRABAPPLE enters and heads for her desk.

CRABAPPLE: Stop talking and take your seat, Dimmy.

DIMMY: Ah, come on, Mrs. Crabapple! You know my lifelong ambition is to be a narrator. I need to practice.

AUTOPSY: A narrator for what?

DIMMY: *(Takes seat.)* You know, nature documentaries, industrial films, the Twilight Zone...

GOOBER: Dude! That's that TV show from hundreds of years ago. It's weird that the world didn't have colors back then.

CRABAPPLE: *(Comes from behind desk and stands at the front.)* Settle down, class. Now...

ED enters, walks to the front of the class. She steps off to the side and stands still.

ED: That was quite a trip, huh kids?

CRABAPPLE: Ed, you know the rules. If you're going to stand there, no talking.

ED: Yes, ma'am.

ED stands and stares off into space.

JOHNNY: Mrs. Crabapple, I have a question about our assignment that you—

ALLY: (*Double hand slaps at JOHNNY as he tries to block.*) Johnny! Shut your mouth! Don't disturb Mrs. Crabapple! It's none of your business anyway! Sheesh.

JOHNNY: Yes, dear.

SCHICK: Mrs. Crabapple, that sound that we heard reminds me of a process of matter conversion in which molecule particles are disassembled and conveyed to an alternative space and reinitialized as a whole.

GOOBER: Hey, Star Track dude, are you talking about Star Track again?

SCHICK: Trek! Not Track! It's Star Trek! Trek! Trek! Trek! Not track! And yes, I'm talking about a transporter on the USS Enterprise!

CHEWY: Star Track sucks. Star Wars is way better.

SCHICK: Nu-uh! Star TREK has shields. Star Wars doesn't.

CHEWY: Yuh-huh! Ever heard of a front deflector shield, idiot? Star TRACKER!

SCHICK: It's TREKKER! You Jar-Jar lover!

CRABAPPLE: Okay, that's enough.

CREATURE: Yeah, we could sit here and argue over which is best, Star Trek or Star Wars, all day long and where would it get us? Nowhere and fast. You know what Creature always says at a time like this?

DIMMY: Who?

CREATURE: Creature. Me! If it's not a horror movie, then it just isn't scary enough to watch.

GOOBER: That's deep, man.

CRABAPPLE: Creature, Goober, please stop talking. Now, today we are going to—

*PRINCIPAL WATT, AGENT GORMAN, and AGENT HUDSON enter.
AGENT GORMAN and AGENT HUDSON study the classroom.*

PRINCIPAL WATT: Mrs. Crudopple, I'm sorry to interrupt, but—

CRABAPPLE: It's Crabapple. We've gone over this many times, Principal Watt. My name is Ms. Crabapple

PRINCIPAL WATT: Are you sure? I thought it was Crudopple. Are you sure it's not Crudopple?

ED: I like Crudopple.

PRINCIPAL WATT: I know, huh? Crudopple it is. By the way, do you like my hat?

CRABAPPLE: I've never seen you not wearing it, so... I guess. And my name is Crabapple.

AGENT HUDSON: Well, what do you think?

AGENT GORMAN: I don't know. Just keep calm and don't jump to any conclusions.

CRABAPPLE: What can we do for you, Principal Watt?

PRINCIPAL WATT: Thank you, Mrs. Pineapple. Can I please have everyone's attention?! These people are official investigators from Area 51.

ALLY: Area 51?

GOOBER: Rad! Area 51, way down in Canada!

AGENT GORMAN: Actually, we're located in Nevada. I'm Agent Gorman and this is Agent Hudson.

DOOF: Are you in this class, too?

AGENT GORMAN: No. Mrs. Crabapple, did you witness all your students enter the classroom?

CRABAPPLE: Actually, I was delayed in the faculty room. They have some donuts with sprinkles on one side. I love that.

AGENT HUDSON: Have any of you seen anything out of the ordinary this morning?

CREATURE: Well, there's Goober.

GOOBER: True that.

AGENT GORMAN: Was anyone late?

ED: I was. I forgot to put the parking brake on the bus.

AGENT HUDSON: You're under arrest, pal!

AGENT GORMAN: Whoa! Whoa! Pull it back. I like your enthusiasm, but remember, don't jump to conclusions.

PRINCIPAL WATT: Ed! What are you doing here?

ED: I, uh, you know, I um, like, I was just, you know, like yeah.

AGENT GORMAN: Who are you?

ED: I'm the bus driver. I'm thinking about going for my G.E.D., so after I drop the kids off, I like to hang out and get a feel for things. This is my last class. When the bell rings, we all get back on the bus.

CRABAPPLE: Please, Principal Watt, we've got a lot to do today.
What is this about?

AGENT GORMAN: Did any of you hear anything fly over a few minutes ago?

GATOS: Sort of a high-pitched whizzing noise?

AGENT HUDSON: Yes, exactly!

GATOS: No, I didn't hear it.

AUTOPSY: Yeah, I heard a whizzing noise... when I walked past the men's room. Heh-heh.

AGENT GORMAN: What's your name, son?

GOOBER: Goober.

AGENT HUDSON: Goober? You're under arrest, pal! Sorry, sorry, I got carried away again. Goober. Is that a nickname?

GOOBER: No. My parents are peanut farmers.

GATOS: It sounds like a disease.

GOOBER: Yeah, totally.

CREATURE: Was there a plane crash or something?

AGENT HUDSON: Well... something.

AGENT GORMAN: We are tracking a... person who, uh, may have been in that something that flew overhead. It actually crash-landed on the football field.

JOHNNY: Our football field? What yard line?

ALLY: *(Grabs JOHNNY'S ear and twists.)* Johnny! Mind your own business!

JOHNNY: Ouch! Ouch! Ouch! Sorry! Sorry! Sorry!

ALLY: *(Releases JOHNNY'S ear, then sweetly to AGENT HUDSON.)* What yard line?

AGENT HUDSON: The forty-five.

SCHICK: And what was it? What crash landed on our forty-five-yard line?

AGENT HUDSON: I'd tell you, but then I'd have to arrest you. It's classified.

CREATURE: It was a flying saucer!

CHEWY: How do you know?

CREATURE: *(Points out toward the audience.)* I can see it out the window!

CRABAPPLE, JOHNNY, ALLY, SCHICK, CHEWY, PRINCIPAL WATT, CREATURE, GOOBER, ED, GATOS, DOOF, DIMMY, and AUTOPSY rush Downstage and peer out at the audience as if looking out the windows of the classroom.

DOOF: Whoa! It is a flying saucer! That's so punk!

DIMMY: *(Narrating.)* The students rushed to the window to witness the awesome spectacle of an actual spacecraft on their forty-five-yard line. Then one of them said...

AUTOPSY: This can't be happening! It's not really there! It's not really there! And Dimmy, will you please stop narrating?!

PRINCIPAL WATT: Coach Edwards isn't gonna be happy about this.

ED: I would've parked in the endzone.

AGENT HUDSON: Alright, alright! It's a flying saucer. But don't tell anyone. It's classified.

AUTOPSY: It's not really there. But if it was, it's on the forty-five-yard line, dude. How you gonna cover that up?

SCHICK: Is there an alien inside?

AGENT GORMAN: Actually, that's why we're here.

JOHNNY, ALLY, SCHICK, CHEWY, CREATURE, GOOBER, GATOS, DOOF, DIMMY, AUTOPSY, ED, PRINCIPAL WATT and CRABAPPLE turn to look at AGENT GORMAN and AGENT HUDSON.

CRABAPPLE: Uh, students, I think you better take your seats.

JOHNNY, ALLY, SCHICK, CHEWY, CREATURE, GOOBER, GATOS, DOOF, DIMMY and AUTOPSY go back to their seats, ED returns to the front, CRABAPPLE sits in her chair, and PRINCIPAL WATT stands by the teacher's desk.

SCHICK: So, did you track the alien to our classroom?!

CHEWY: Do you see any aliens in here? Idiot.

SCHICK: It's possible that the alien is a shapeshifter and can change to look like one of us.

CHEWY: Not even an alien would want to look like you. Idiot.

AGENT HUDSON: Actually, the alien could look like any of you.

CHEWY: What? I was just joking around.

SCHICK: You mean, the alien is actually a shapeshifter?

AGENT GORMAN: Yes, that's exactly what we mean. One of you is an alien.

DIMMY: The students looked around at each other suspiciously. Which one of them could it be?

AUTOPSY: Nope, nope! It's not true. If there were an alien, which there isn't, smart enough to travel to other galaxies, there's no way it would come into this class.

GOOBER: Advanced Calculus.

CRABAPPLE: Remedial math. This is a remedial math class.

AGENT HUDSON: The alien came in here to hide... from us.

AGENT GORMAN: You see, we caused its crash.

JOHNNY: Why would you do that to a poor little alien?

ALLY: (*Grabs JOHNNY'S hair with two hands and shakes his head back and forth.*) Stop butting into things that are none of your business!

JOHNNY: Ouch! Ouch! Ouch! Yeeeeeeowww! (*ALLY releases JOHNNY, who falls back into his seat.*) Sorry, dear.

ALLY: (*Sits.*) Now, why would you do that to a poor little alien?

AGENT HUDSON: Poor little alien? Miss, this alien attacked our base and shot down three of our stealth fighters until we took it down. We repaired its ship and held the alien in a containment cell. We tried to communicate with it for over a year, but it was just bent on our destruction. Then, last night, it escaped and took its ship. But that's classified, so don't tell anyone, or I'll have to arrest you.

SCHICK: Let's say there is an alien shapeshifter that infiltrated our class.

AUTOPSY: Well, if you want to.

DIMMY, DOOF, and AUTOPSY: (*Stand together.*) There is an alien shapeshifter that infiltrated our class.

SCHICK: (*Looks at DIMMY, DOOF, and AUTOPSY... annoyed.*) Now let's say that shapeshifter changed itself to look like one of us.

DOOF: Alright, let's say that.

DIMMY, DOOF, and AUTOPSY: That shapeshifter changed itself to look like one of us.

SCHICK: Would you guys cut it out?! The point is, if it is a replica of one of us, wouldn't there be two of the exact same student?

AGENT GORMAN: Well, that's the thing, the person being copied is typically... terminated.

PRINCIPAL WATT: It's like that one movie, *Cinderella*.

CREATURE: It's not like that at all! He said the person being copied is typically terminated! Not the person being copied is typically invited to the princes' ball. Sheesh! It's like *The Terminator*. I would even accept *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*. But you go with *Cinderella*? I can't believe you're our principal.

PRINCIPAL WATT hangs head in shame.

AUTOPSY: Donkey pucks! There's no such thing as aliens. I don't believe it! So, one of us has been terminated and replaced with an exact replica?

GOOBER: Gnarly!

GATOS: Then where's the terminated one of us?

AGENT HUDSON: Disintegrated.

GOOBER: Bogus.

SCHICK: If you didn't see the alien shapeshift into one of us, then how did you track it to our classroom?

AGENT GORMAN: When the alien shapeshifts, it emits a specific network of dineutrons and tetra neutrons in a neural pathway pattern that is only found in shapeshifting lifeforms. (*Holds up a device.*) As everyone knows, dineutrons and tetra neutrons dissipate quickly, but not before we were able to track the network with our Neural Pathway Dineutron slash Tetra neutron Pathway tracker. Trademark pending.

DOOF: So, it looks like one of us isn't what he or she pretends to be.

SCHICK stands up and pulls out a device of her own and scans people.

CHEWY: Knock it off! Your Happy Meal Star Track scanner ain't detectin' nuthin'.

CREATURE: Do you really expect us to believe that one of us is... an alien?

GATOS: My money's on Goober.

GOOBER: (*Gives a hang loose sign.*) Surf's up, dudette.

AGENT GORMAN: There's no getting around it; one of you is an alien.
Principal Watt, lock the door, please.

DOOF: (*Super sweet.*) Are you holding us here? Because I have a mosh pit to go to and if I miss it, you die.

JOHNNY: Are we prisoners?

ALLY: Don't be an idiot, Johnny! (*Grabs JOHNNY around the neck and rubs her knuckles on the top of his head.*) You want a nuggie?!

JOHNNY: Please, no! I'm sorry! Ahhhhh!

ALLY: (*Releases.*) Then keep your mouth shut.

JOHNNY: Yes, dear.

ALLY: (*Sweetly to AGENT HUDSON and AGENT GORMAN.*) Are we prisoners?

AGENT HUDSON: No, Miss. Just under arrest. I mean, we just need to figure out which one of you—Crap, there's a wasp in here!

AGENT HUDSON swats the air furiously. SOUND FX: BUZZ. Pandemonium! CRABAPPLE, JOHNNY, ALLY, PRINCIPAL WATT, CREATURE, GOOBER, ED, DOOF, DIMMY, and AUTOPSY swat the air and run around screaming. SCHICK pulls out a plastic ray gun and aims at the wasp. CHEWY pulls out a light saber and swings at the air. GATOS sprays perfume at it. AGENT GORMAN grabs a book from the teacher's desk and holds it open, watches the wasp flying and follows it with his eyes until it lands on the open book. He slams the book shut on it.

AGENT GORMAN: Everyone, calm down! I got it.

DIMMY: As everyone settles down, Schick exclaimed...

SCHICK: It was an aerial attack by a nettling winged hymenoptera of the ebony and saffron social order!

PRINCIPAL WATT: Relax, children. Agent Gorman, I was gonna tell you something but I totally forgot what.

AGENT GORMAN: Alright, we're gonna ask you all a few questions.
You there...

JOHNNY: Me?

AGENT GORMAN: Yeah, What's your name?

ALLY: This is my boyfriend, Johnny. Johnny Kikmabum. And I'm Ally.

AGENT GORMAN: Where were you right before you came to class, Johnny?

ALLY: We were both at our lockers. They're right next to each other.
I arranged it that way.

AGENT GORMAN: Thank you, Johnny.

JOHNNY: Excuse me, Agent Gorman, it seems to me that...

ALLY: (*Slams JOHNNY'S head down onto the desk.*) Oh, be quiet,
Johnny! Now, Agent Gorman, it seems to me that... uh...

AGENT HUDSON: Johnny, what were you going to say?

JOHNNY: Well, Agent Hudson, it seems to me that if you followed one
set of tetra-neutrons and there is only one replicated person here,
then my girlfriend and I could be crossed off your list of suspects
because we're together.

ALLY: Johnny, that is the stupidest thing I've ever heard. We are just
as much suspects as anyone else.

ALLY punches JOHNNY in the arm.

JOHNNY: Oooooooooiii!

AGENT GORMAN: No, he's right. There're two of you. We are just
looking for one.

CHEWY: That would exonerate us as well.

SCHICK: Why? We're not... together!

CHEWY: Well, I'm Star Wars and you're Star Track.

SCHICK: Trek.

CHEWY: We're both Star somethings so that is like two of us?

AUTOPSY: That's ridiculous! How do we know you didn't morph to
look like a Star something? You could still be a Morph.

SCHICK: They're not called Morphs. They're called shapeshifters.
What they do is called Morphing.

GOOBER: Yeah. I could use some morphine myself.

CREATURE: Goober, go pick yourself.

ALLY: Wait! That means Johnny could be one too and I would never
know it.

JOHNNY: What? I'm not a shapeshifter! I promise!

DOOF: That's exactly what a shapeshifter would say.

ALLY: (*Reaches out to JOHNNY'S earlobe.*) I've never noticed that
your earlobes hang so low.

JOHNNY: They hang low because you're always—

ALLY grabs both of JOHNNY'S earlobes and yanks him around. She finally releases him and he falls back into his chair.

GOOBER: No one's been exaggerated yet!

CHEWY: Exonerated.

GOOBER: Gesundheit.

AGENT HUDSON: Goober, where were you before class?

GOOBER: Oh, yeah. I... uh... Oh man, I woke up in the woods with my underwear on the outside of my pants! It was totally radical. My friends and I had a video party. We binged watched *The Wizard of Oz*, the original. We had chips and dip and wassail. And then I came here out of spite.

GATOS: Your skin is too yellow. You need to take wormwood.

GOOBER: Yeah, wormwood. Totally. What's wormwood?

GATOS: It's an herb. Go ahead, officers. Ask me whatever you want, I have nothing to hide. Just don't ask me about wormwood because no one needs to know unless they are suffering from symptoms caused by or treated by wormwood. You weren't going to ask me, were you? Okay, ask me. No don't. Okay, what?

AGENT GORMAN: What's your name?

GATOS: Madame [or Master] Los Gatos. But don't call me Madame Los Gatos, just call me Madame Gatos. Nobody calls me Madame Los Gatos. It's just Madame Gatos. Not Los Gatos.

AGENT GORMAN: Where are you from?

GATOS: Los Gatos. You can call that Los Gatos, but not me. Just call me Madame Gatos.

AGENT GORMAN: Where were you this morning?

GATOS: I stopped off at the crystal store before coming to school to get some crystals, but don't ask me why. Fine, I'm a holistic healer, but don't ask me what that is. Fine, it's someone who treats the problem instead of the symptom like doctors do. But don't ask if the trip to the crystal store was a success. No, it was closed because school starts so early. (*To DIMMY.*) You need to be on an all-fiber diet and take a mayonnaise bath twice a week.

AGENT HUDSON: Was she with anyone before class?

ED: I don't think so, but I was late, so I didn't see, but I bet she wasn't.

DIMMY: Can it be Miracle Whip?

GOOBER: She may be full-on crazy, but she ain't no alien, that's for sure.

DOOF: Why not?

GOOBER: How would an Alien know what we do with Mayonnaise?

AGENT HUDSON: *(To DOOF.)* What about you? What's your Story?

PRINCIPAL WATT: She dresses like an alien. Maybe it's her.

DOOF: *(Super sweet.)* I like punk rock music; it brings out my mean and vicious side. And by the way, this talk about aliens is ridiculous.

AGENT HUDSON: Then how do you explain that flying saucer on the forty-five-yard line?

DOOF: That thing is probably just some secret government plane that went wrong. It's that simple.

ED: Maybe she's right. I thought my bus was an alien ship for a long time. Turns out, it's just a government vehicle. And sometimes I pretend it's secret.

DIMMY: You know what? I don't remember seeing her in our class before. She's the alien!

PRINCIPAL WATT: Get her, boys!

DOOF: *(To PRINCIPAL WATT.)* I don't remember seeing you either.

PRINCIPAL WATT: I'm the principal. I'm not an alien.

AUTOPSY: Oh yeah? If the agents tracked the alien straight to our classroom, why were you with them?

PRINCIPAL WATT: I... I came here to deliver Mrs. Cranberry a note. *(Pulls a note from pocket and hands it to CRABAPPLE.)* Here you go. Goober has detention. I was already outside the door when I met the agents.

CRABAPPLE takes the note and hands it to GOOBER.

CREATURE: Right where the neural pathway trail ended! Ohhhhhh! I knew Principal Watt was an alien!

GOOBER: I'm telling my mom.

AUTOPSY: Actually, it doesn't prove he's an alien, but it doesn't prove he's a human either. Besides, none of this is real.

DIMMY: Why don't we just all show our school I.D.'s and settle this once and for all? In fact, *(Narrating.)* The students pulled out their wallets and showed their school identification cards.

SCHICK: I've got my Intergalactic Galaxian Holo Identification card! I'm going to a club meeting after school and we have to show our cards to get in.

CHEWY: A Star Track club?

SCHICK: TREEEEEK! Star Trek! T-R-E-K. If you say "track" just one more time, I'm gonna correct you even harder!

AGENT GORMAN: What's your name?

SCHICK: Lieutenant Commander Schick.

GATOS: You're taking too many kookie lookie pills.

CHEWY: Yeah, do we salute you?

GOOBER: Where can I get some of those kookie lookie pills?

SOUND FX: the radio on the teacher's desk blasts music loud. DOOF stands up and plays air guitar.

AUTOPSY: Turn it off! It's too loud!

CRABAPPLE: *(Presses button on the radio, but can't get the music to stop.)* I'm trying!

AGENT GORMAN helps, with no success.

AUTOPSY: Unplug it!

CRABAPPLE holds up the plug, showing it is already unplugged. AGENT GORMAN, AGENT HUDSON, CRABAPPLE, JOHNNY, ALLY, SCHICK, CHEWY, PRINCIPAL WATT, CREATURE, GOOBER, ED, GATOS, DOOF, DIMMY, and AUTOPSY scream. The music stops.

AUTOPSY: Don't worry, everyone! That did not happen!

PRINCIPAL WATT: This alien must have powers!

CREATURE: We're living a real-life horror movie! This is just like in the movie, *I Was a Teenage Extra-Terrestrial Alien Monster 2: This Time It's Personal*. All we have to do is figure out which one of us made the radio turn on and we'll know which one of us is the extra-terrestrial alien monster.

DOOF: Alright, which one of you likes [name of song that was playing]?

AGENT HUDSON: Whoever it is, he's under arrest. That song sucks.

Suddenly the lights go off. They go on bright, then soft, then off, then normal.

ED: Great Ceasar's Salad!

CREATURE: It's the alien!

SCHICK: *(Jumps up and pulls out a plastic ray gun.)* Computer... end program. Computer end program!

CHEWY: Commander, give me the phaser. Come on. You don't want to hurt anyone.

DOOF: *(Super sweet.)* If you shoot us with your laser beam, I'm gonna mess you up.

SCHICK: It's a phaser not a laser! So, everyone just stay back! I have it set on "disintegrate!"

CHEWY: Look again. It's set on evaporate. *(SCHICK looks down at the ray gun and CHEWY grabs it out of her hand.)* Yoink!

AGENT HUDSON and AGENT GORMAN immediately tackle SCHICK. They hold her down on the ground and smash her face into the stage floor.

SCHICK: Get off me! One of them is an H - O - F - A - P?

CRABAPPLE: What's an H - O - F - A - P?

AGENT GORMAN: Hostile Organism From Another Planet. Agent Hudson, this would be a perfect time for you to say that line. You know, that thing you have been just dying to say.

AGENT HUDSON: What? What line?

AGENT GORMAN: You know. You're... You're under...

AGENT HUDSON: The bed?

CHEWY: Don't worry, it's just a replica.

CHEWY shows the ray gun and AGENT GORMAN and AGENT HUDSON help SCHICK up and set her back in her chair.

PRINCIPAL WATT: Oh, I remember! Agent Gorman! I can't lock the door. It only locks from the outside. It's for the children's safety.

ALLY: Oh my. I don't feel so good.

ALLY faints and JOHNNY catches her. AGENT GORMAN rushes to help. JOHNNY and AGENT GORMAN lay ALLY on the floor.

AGENT GORMAN: It's alright, she's still breathing.

GOOBER: Is there a holistic healer in the house?

SCHICK: Maybe she just couldn't stand our atmosphere anymore.

GATOS: Let me check her nose.

JOHNNY: Her Nose? What is it?

GATOS: It's that thing that protrudes out above her mouth. But that's not important right now. It looks fine. Now I need to check her eyes. *(Pulls out an eyepiece, opens ALLY'S eyelid and looks into it.)* Hmm. Oh Boy. Does she eat a lot of lard in her diet?

JOHNNY: *(Super-fast.)* Oh yeah. She cooks everything with Crisco Shortening. All I want is a fried egg cooked with a little bit of I Can't Believe It's Not Butter. But she has to take a big glob of shortening and plop it into the pan before she'll cook anything. I mean a huge glob. At least four tablespoons. Do you know how much fat is in four tablespoons? I don't even know why it's called shortening. It's lard—that's what it is! One time she ran out of Crisco, so she used something called Manteca and it actually says "Lard" right on the package. Late one night, I saw her scoop out a spoonful and eat it plain. And do you really need to add lard when cooking bacon? Can someone please tell me that?

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