

MY CLASSMATE'S AN ALIEN!

by Daniel Guyton

Copyright © 2019 by Daniel Guyton, All rights reserved.

ISBN: 978-1-64479-063-2

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers LLC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers LLC.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this Work must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this Work. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the Work. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this Work is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice: ***Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers LLC.***

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Brooklyn Publishers LLC.

BROOKLYN PUBLISHERS LLC
P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406
TOLL FREE (888) 473-8521 • FAX (319) 368-8011

MY CLASSMATE'S AN ALIEN!

A One Act Comedy

by Daniel Guyton

SYNOPSIS: After a mysterious asteroid lands in their town, a group of students suspect that one of their classmates might be an alien from outer space. Combining themes on immigration with humor, *My Classmate's An Alien!* is a piece that children and adults alike will enjoy!

CAST OF CHARACTERS

*(5 females, 3 males, 4-7 eithers, 0-10 extras: gender flexible,
doubling possible)*

CHRIS (m/f).....	Student. (30 lines)
MADISON (f).....	Student. (38 lines)
BENNY (m).....	Student. (39 lines)
JERRY (m/f).....	Student. (24 lines)
JACQUELINE (f).....	Student. (37 lines)
NATHANIEL / NATALIE (m/f).....	Student. (42 lines)
ZELLA (f).....	New Student, very odd, possibly an alien. (57 lines)
MR. HEMMINGS (m).....	Teacher. (39 lines)
PRINCIPAL CHANEY (m/f).....	Principal. (15 lines)
AGENT WELLES (m/f).....	Agent with the N.S.A. (21 lines)
AGENT VERNE (m/f).....	Agent with the N.S.A. (19 lines)
AGENT ASIMOV (m/f).....	Agent with the N.S.A. (16 lines)
MRS. HAWTHORNE (f).....	Nathaniel's mother. (31 lines)
ZULLA (f).....	Zella's mother. (11 lines)
ZOOLA (m).....	Zella's father. (17 lines)
EXTRAS (m/f).....	Optional. Agents, Students, Zulla's family. (Non-Speaking)

DURATION: 30 minutes.

TIME: Present day.

CAST NOTE: Agent Asimov can be removed if needed, and his lines should be given to Agent Welles and Agent Verne. Jerry can be removed if needed, and his lines given to Benny. Principal Chaney can double as Zulla if needed.

SET

CLASSROOM: There are at least 9 chairs and desks for the students (or substitute a large table for all to fit around.) Ideally, Mr. Hemmings will have a teacher's desk.

SPACESHIP: Scenes occur both inside and outside the spaceship. The stage can look as much like a spaceship as budget allows. Glowing lights, metal panels, etc. Can also be a bare stage.

COUNTRY HOUSE: A rocking chair. The stage can look as much like a country house as budget allows.

FREE PERIOD: A bare stage for this location.

COSTUMES

MRS. HAWTHORNE – Scene 1, is dressed in a nightgown and/or bathrobe. In scene 7 she is wearing day clothes.

NATHANIEL – Scene 1, enters in pajamas.

STUDENTS and MR. HEMMING – dressed for school.

PRINCIPAL CHANEY – dressed like a proper school principal - very business oriented.

ZELLA – has a wild costume on, something to indicate that she is either an alien, or perhaps just into strange fashion. Has a device on her wrist, perhaps a watch or a colorful band, but she treats it like it is powerful technology.

ZULLA and ZOOLA – definitely look like aliens. Probably gray with antennae on their heads. They should look sort of like Zella, but even more alien-like.

AGENT WELLES, AGENT VERNE, AGENT ASIMOV – dressed in black suits with sunglasses.

PROPS

- ☐ Mug of tea (Mrs. Hawthorne)
- ☐ Cup of warm milk (Mrs. Hawthorne)
- ☐ Shirt, backpack or other item to suggest a love of unicorns (Jacqueline)
- ☐ Notebooks (All Students)
- ☐ Pens (All Students)
- ☐ Astronomy book (Mr. Hemmings)
- ☐ Skateboard (Benny)
- ☐ ID's (Agent Welles, Agent Verne, Agent Asimov)
- ☐ Rope (Agent Verne)
- ☐ Cleaning equipment - perhaps a feather duster, or a broom or mop (Mrs. Hawthorne)
- ☐ Headphones and Music device (Mrs. Hawthorne)

PREMIERE PRODUCTION

MY CLASSMATE'S AN ALIEN! premiered at the Alliance Theatre (Christopher Moses, Director of Education) in Atlanta, GA, in October 2017, as part of their Junior Player's Program. At that time, it was titled "An Alien in Elementary School." With the cast as follows:

CHRIS	Sanaa Sipio
MADISON	Nyla Stewart
BENNY	Gianmarco Di Pelini
JACQUELINE.....	Lizzie Drinan
NATHANIEL	Caroline Kent
ZELLA	Julie Gherman
MR. HEMMINGS	Isaiah Phipps
PRINCIPAL CHANEY	Norah Makuna
AGENT WELLES.....	Alexandra Dicker
AGENT VERNE	Ellie Jarrell
MRS. HAWTHORNE.....	Miniya Kote
ZULLA.....	Fiona Cutchins
MR. HEMMINGS	Gracie Crofton
PRINCIPAL CHANEY	Maddie Crofton
AGENT WELLES.....	Myles Evans
AGENT VERNE	Donovan Parnes
AGENT ASIMOV.....	Grace Scully
MRS. HAWTHORNE.....	Lela Stair
ZULLA.....	Jill Baden
ZOOLA.....	Zion Parnes

Stage Manager..... Anna Lee

DirectorRachel Wansker

DEDICATION

This play is dedicated to my niece Emma Grace Smith.

SCENE 1

AT START: *A quiet evening in a country house. MRS. HAWTHORNE is on stage, drinking hot tea and staring out the window. SFX: there is a loud rumble, and a bright light flashes in front of her.*

MRS. HAWTHORNE: Well, I'll be a monkey's uncle. Did you see that, Rooster? *(Looks at the rocking chair. It doesn't reply.)* Yeah, I know it! That was a meteorite. Smashed right into the face of the earth! Hot dang! I haven't seen one a' them since high school.

NATHANIEL enters, yawning.

NATHANIEL: Mom? What are you doing up?

MRS. HAWTHORNE: Oh! Hello Nathaniel! Well, I'm just drinking hot tea, and staring out at the marvels of the universe. You couldn't sleep neither, huh?

NATHANIEL: *(Shaking his head.)* No.

MRS. HAWTHORNE: Well come on, I'll make you some warm milk. *(Crosses offstage.)*

NATHANIEL: Did you hear a loud noise a little while ago?

MRS. HAWTHORNE: *(Offstage.)* Oh yes. That was just an asteroid smashing into Old Man McCreedy's farm.

NATHANIEL: What? *(Looks out the window.)* Oh my gosh, mom! McCreedy's farm is on fire!

MRS. HAWTHORNE: *(Entering.)* Yeah, well, maybe that'll teach him to stop using pesticides all over everything. Dang stuff's as flammable as dynamite. *(To the rocking chair.)* Ain't that right, Rooster?

NATHANIEL: *(Looks at the chair and shakes his head.)* Aw mom, you know that's not a person, right? It's a rocking chair.

MRS. HAWTHORNE: Oh, person. Rocking chair. What's the difference? Why you always gotta fight?

NATHANIEL: I just... I dunno. Do you think we should call the fire department?

MRS. HAWTHORNE: Oh no, dear. They're already on their way. Do you see?

NATHANIEL: Oh yeah, there's the flashing lights.

MRS. HAWTHORNE: Now come on. Finish your milk and head off to bed. And if you're good, maybe Rooster'll read you a bedtime story.

NATHANIEL: *(Looks at the rocking chair, barely pretending to be cheerful.)* Yay.

MRS. HAWTHORNE: What story do you want him to read?

NATHANIEL: How 'bout "The Invisible Man"?

MRS. HAWTHORNE: Ooh, that's one of his favorites!

NATHANIEL rolls his eyes, and exits, followed by MRS. HAWTHORNE.

SCENE 2

AT START: *A classroom. CHRIS, MADISON, BENNY, JACQUELINE, JERRY, and NATHANIEL are talking before class.*

NATHANIEL: Hey, did you guys see that asteroid last night?

CHRIS: *(Yawning.)* Was that what that was? Yeah, I saw this bright light outside my window, but I just thought it was like, lightning or something, so I went back to sleep. *(Lays his head down to take a nap.)*

MADISON: Chris, it wasn't raining. Why would you think it was lightning, if it wasn't raining?

CHRIS: *(Yawning.)* I don't know. Maybe heat lighting?

JACQUELINE: Um, hello? It wasn't an asteroid, you guys. It was a shooting star. *(Dreamily.)* My dad said it floated gracefully above the skyline. I made a wish upon it.

BENNY: *(Excited.)* Are you kidding me!? It was like, this huge ball of fire that just exploded into the face of the earth! It was so cool!!

JERRY: Did you see it?

BENNY: Yeah, it was on the news this morning. There was flames everywhere! The news said like 500 acres of farmland were destroyed!

NATHANIEL: Yeah, I saw that. They said it might have even hit some cows.

MADISON: Oh no! Those poor cows.

JACQUELINE: (*Dreamily.*) Well, I don't know what news you're watching, Benny, but my dad said it was a shooting star, floating on the back of a unicorn.

BENNY: Yeah, well, your dad needs new glasses or something, because that was definitely—

MR. HEMMINGS enters, before BENNY can finish.

MR. HEMMINGS: Ahem! Good morning, class.

BENNY: Oh!

BENNY straightens up immediately. The rest of the class also straighten up except CHRIS, who remains sleeping.

ALL STUDENTS: Good morning, Mr. Hemmings!

MR. HEMMINGS: Thank you. Now today, class, we're going to talk about the solar system. Who here can tell me how many planets there are in our solar system?

JERRY shoots his hand up.

JERRY: Ooh, ooh! I know! I know!

MR. HEMMINGS: Yes, Jerry?

JERRY: There are 8 planets in our Solar System, Mr. Hemmings.

MR. HEMMINGS: Eight? Are you sure about that, Jerry?

JERRY: (*Counting on hand.*) Um... Yes sir. There is Jupiter... Saturn...

JACQUELINE raises her hand.

JACQUELINE: No, no, no. Everyone knows that there are 9 planets in our solar system, Jerry.

MR. HEMMINGS: That's right, Jacqueline. Nine planets. Can you name them?

JACQUELINE: Yes sir. Neptune, Jupiter, Saturn...

MADISON raises her hand.

MADISON: Ahem!

JACQUELINE: Mars, Venus, Pluto...

MADISON: (*Urgently.*) Ahem! Mr. Hemmings? Mr. Hemmings?!?

MR. HEMMINGS: What, Madison?

MADISON: My dad said there's only 8 planets in our Solar System.

He said that Pluto doesn't count.

NATHANIEL: Yeah, my dad said the same.

BENNY: Yeah, mine too. And my dad works for NASA!

JACQUELINE: No he doesn't! Your dad works in the mall.

BENNY: Yes, for the NASA store. He puts up displays.

MR. HEMMINGS: Ok children, stop, stop. The textbook says there are 9 planets, so there are 9 planets. Ok?

MADISON: But the textbook's wrong, Mr. Hemmings.

MR. HEMMINGS: What did you say?

MADISON: I'm sorry, but it's wrong. In the year 2006, the International Astronomical Society decided that Pluto was no longer eligible to be a planet, because of its size, and the fact that it is not much larger than many of the other objects in its orbit. Instead, they've now classified Pluto as a dwarf planet, along with four other planets, known as Ceres, Eris, MakeMake, and Haumea. According to the IAS, as of 2006, there are only 8 official planets in our solar system, and Pluto simply isn't one of them.

MR. HEMMINGS: But... but that's not what the textbook says.

MADISON: The textbook was printed in 2005.

Concerned, MR. HEMMINGS opens the textbook to the printing date.

MR. HEMMINGS: You're right. 2005. Well, I'll have to look into this. Chris, you've been awfully quiet today. What do you think?

CHRIS wakes up from his nap.

CHRIS: Hunh? What?! Oh. I um... always thought that Pluto was Mickey Mouse's dog.

STUDENTS laugh. MR. HEMMINGS shakes his head.

MR. HEMMINGS: Ugh.

PRINCIPAL CHANEY enters with ZELLA.

PRINCIPAL CHANEY: Mr. Hemmings?

MR. HEMMINGS: What? Oh yes. Principal Chaney. What can I do for you?

PRINCIPAL CHANEY: Well, it appears we have a new student today. If you don't mind, I'd like to introduce her.

MR. HEMMINGS: Oh. Yes, of course.

PRINCIPAL CHANEY: *(To the class.)* Students. Everyone. Please say hi to Zella for me.

ALL STUDENTS: Hi Zella!

ZELLA: *(Waves happily.)* Meep zork! *(Gasps, embarrassed.)* Oh! Hee hee! I mean... hello... fellow student people. I am very happily to greet you.

STUDENTS look at each other, confused. BENNY whispers to NATHANIEL.

BENNY: *(Whispering.)* Wow, she's beautiful.

PRINCIPAL CHANEY: Yes. Well. Zella is from Australia, so... English is her second language.

MADISON: *(Raises hand.)* Principal Chaney?

PRINCIPAL CHANEY: Yes Madison?

MADISON: I thought that Australia was an English-speaking country?

PRINCIPAL CHANEY: What, dear? Oh no, you must be thinking of New Zealand.

JERRY: *(Raises hand.)* Principal Chaney, my cousin is from Australia and he said the people there speak English. But kinda funny English, you know, like "G'day, Mate!" and "Crikey! Look at the teeth on this one!" and "Throw another shrimp on the barbie!" and that kind of stuff. But otherwise it's normal English, like we speak. Isn't that right, Zella?

ZELLA: Yes, Australia. Very happily to greet you.

PRINCIPAL CHANEY: Hmm, yes well. I'll have to look that up, I suppose. In the meantime, please do your best to make Zella feel at home. *(Begins to exit.)*

MR. HEMMINGS: Oh, Principal Chaney!

PRINCIPAL CHANEY: Yes, Mr. Hemmings?

MR. HEMMINGS: How many... planets are in our social system?

PRINCIPAL CHANEY: Why, eight of course. Haven't you heard?
Pluto's been voted out. *(Exits.)*

MADISON: Hi Zella, come sit by me!

BENNY: No, no, she should sit by me!

JACQUELINE: No no. She should sit next to me. I'm the smart one.

ZELLA: Oh my. Hee hee. You are all very pleasant. I should however
much like to sit next to this human person, if I please? *(Points to*
CHRIS, who is napping again.)

JACQUELINE: To Chris? But why Chris?

ZELLA: Because I believe him very fascinating, for me to study.

JACQUELINE: No no no. If you're looking for a study partner, Zella,
Chris is *not* the guy. He didn't even do his homework last night.

MR. HEMMINGS: *(Annoyed.)* What? Chris! Is this true?

CHRIS: *(Wakes up from his nap.)* Huh? What?

ZELLA sits next to CHRIS and takes his hand.

ZELLA: Hello, please. It is very meep zork of you to meet me.

CHRIS: I'm sorry?

ZELLA: I mean, hee hee, it is very kind of me to meet you.

CHRIS: Yes, right. I um... *(Looks around to notice everyone watching*
him. He pulls his hand away, embarrassed.) It's very nice to meet
you too.

ZELLA: And what is your condition, if you please?

CHRIS: My... what?

MR. HEMMINGS: *(Interrupting them.)* Ok um... Zella? Zella. It is very
nice to meet you, and I'm glad you're here, but it's time to get back
to the solar system, ok?

ZELLA: Oh no no. No no. The flight back to my solar system doesn't
escalate for another... *(Calculates something on her wrist.)* eight
thousand, two hundred, and ninety-seven septecks. We have plenty
of time.

MR. HEMMINGS: Right. Well. At least save the introductions for after
class, ok?

ZELLA: *(Smiling broadly and giving the "A-OK" symbol with her thumb*
and pointer finger in a ring.) O.k.!

MR. HEMMINGS: Now. We were discussing the nine... I mean... eight planets in our solar system. So who can—?

ZELLA raises her hand.

ZELLA: Oh, Mr. Hemmings? Mr. Hemmings? Mr. Hem—

MR. HEMMINGS: What, Zella?

ZELLA: Your numbers are uncertainly incorrect, sir.

MR. HEMMINGS: What do you mean?

ZELLA: According to my calculations, there are two million, nine hundred and eighty-seven planets in the human solar system.

MR. HEMMINGS: Ugh!! This textbook is the worst!

MR. HEMMINGS throws the textbook to the ground. Lights fade.

SCENE 3

AT START: *Free period. On one side of the stage, CHRIS is asleep. ZELLA stands over him, typing something on her wrist. After a moment, she leans down and touches CHRIS' forehead. She listens for a moment, then nods excitedly and types on her wrist again. She does this several times. MADISON, NATHANIEL, BENNY, JERRY, and JACQUELINE watch this from the other side of the stage.*

NATHANIEL: What is she doing?

JACQUELINE: I don't know. But she's kind of a freak.

MADISON: Wait. Isn't that what you said about Mary Ann Goldfarb?

JACQUELINE: Yeah, well, she's a freak also. Big deal.

BENNY: *(Clearly in love.)* I think she's beautiful.

JERRY: Who? Mary Ann Goldfarb?

BENNY: No. *(Pointing.)* Zella.

JACQUELINE: Ugh. You keep saying that, Benny. Why don't you marry her, if you're so in love with her?

BENNY: I'm not in love with her! I just like... wanna go skateboarding with her or something. You think she skateboards?

JACQUELINE: Probably. Skateboarding is the perfect activity for freaks.

ZELLA types on her wrist again and smiles.

ZELLA: Meep zork! (*Exits, proudly.*)

MADISON: Quick! She's leaving! We have to check on Chris.

They rush over to CHRIS.

BENNY: Chris! Chris man, are you ok?

CHRIS: (*Rolling over, sleepily.*) Hmm? Yes, perfectly ok.

JERRY: What was she saying to you?

CHRIS: (*Still sleepy.*) Oh, nothing much. Just numbers.

MADISON: Just numbers?

BENNY: (*Sad, and a little jealous.*) Oh man. Did she give you her phone number?

CHRIS: (*Yawning, and trying to sleep.*) No, just science numbers.

BENNY: (*Smiling, relieved.*) Oh! Science numbers?

NATHANIEL: What kind of science numbers?

CHRIS: Come on, mom. Just give me 10 more minutes. I'm trying to sleep.

CHRIS rolls over. The other students look at each other.

MADISON: Wow, he must be really tired. I've never seen him like this before.

JACQUELINE: (*Rolling her eyes.*) Well, we all know he wasn't up late doing homework...

NATHANIEL: I think we should follow her.

BENNY: (*Excited.*) Yeah, me too!

JERRY: What? You think Zella did something to him?

NATHANIEL: I don't know. But there's only one way to find out.

BENNY: Yeah. Plus, we can ask her if she likes to skateboard!

JACQUELINE: (*To BENNY.*) Ugh. Freak.

MADISON: Come on!

ALL except CHRIS exit, following ZELLA. CHRIS rolls over again.

CHRIS: *(Talking in his sleep.)* Oh look everybody. It's a shooting star on the back of a unicorn. How pretty...

Lights fade.

SCENE 4

AT START: NATHANIEL, MADISON, BENNY, JERRY, and JACQUELINE stop at the top of a hill outside of the spaceship.

NATHANIEL: You guys, look! I see Zella! Going down into that giant crater.

MADISON: What? Why is she going down there?

BENNY: Oh my gosh! You guys! Look at the grass! It's all burned up around the edges! I think that's where the asteroid hit last night! You know, the one with the big fireball, that burned up all those cows?

JERRY: Oh yeah, you're right! That must be Old Man McCreedy's farm.

JACQUELINE: Oh no! That can't be true! My dad said it was a shooting star!

NATHANIEL: Well, whatever it is, Zella shouldn't be going down there. It could be dangerous!

BENNY: I have to save her!

BENNY takes his coat off to run after her, but the others grab him.

NATHANIEL: No no! Stop! Listen. You guys, what if... *(Looks around, and whispers.)* I know this sounds strange, but what if Zella's an alien?

MADISON: What? No! She can't be. You... You don't think...? Really?

BENNY: No, she's not an alien, Nathaniel! Aliens don't come from Australia, ok?! They come from Mars or... Venus! Or...

JERRY: Or where?

BENNY: I don't know! But aliens are ugly and gross-looking! But not Zella. Zella's beauti...

NATHANIEL: Yes, she's beautiful – but listen. Not all space aliens are ugly, Benny. My mom said she saw one back in the 90's and it

looked really beautiful. Of course, my mom saw a lot of strange things back in the 90's, so I don't know if we should take her seriously.

AGENT WELLES: (*Offstage.*) Hey! You kids! What are you doing there?

JACQUELINE: Oh no, you guys! Look! It's the cops! (*Jumps up with her hands up.*) I'm innocent, officers! I didn't do it, I swear!

AGENT WELLES, AGENT VERNE, and AGENT ASIMOV enter.

AGENT VERNE: You shouldn't oughtta be up here, kids. It isn't safe.

BENNY: But...

AGENT ASIMOV: No buts about it. Head on home to your parents now. There's nothing to see here.

NATHANIEL: But our friend...

AGENT WELLES: Yeah, but your friends will be waiting for you back at home. Now scram.

MADISON: (*Getting in AGENT WELLES' face.*) Excuse me, who are you?

AGENT WELLES: I'm sorry?

MADISON: How do we know you're not some strangers trying to kidnap us?

BENNY: Yeah, my mom says "Don't talk to strangers."

JERRY: Stranger danger! Stranger danger!

AGENT WELLES and AGENT VERNE look at each other.

AGENT VERNE: Listen, if we were trying to kidnap you kids, then why would we send you home to your parents?

JERRY: Are you police officers?

ALL AGENTS look at each other.

AGENT ASIMOV: No. We're with the N.S.A. And we have to secure this area A.S.A.P. So make like a tree and L.E.A.V.E.

JACQUELINE: (*Spelling it in her head.*) Leave?

NATHANIEL: Wait. Did you say the N.S.A.?!

BENNY: Oh wow! My dad works for NASA!

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from MY CLASSMATE'S AN ALIEN! by Daniel Guyton. For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact us at:

**Brooklyn Publishers, LLC
P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406
Toll Free: 1-888-473-8521 • Fax (319) 368-8011
www.brookpub.com**

DO NOT COPY