

REPLICATED AND REPTILIAN

By Kelly Meadows

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A Ten Minute Dramatic Monologue

By Kelly Meadows

SYNOPSIS: You never know where you'll wind up during a Space War – Cayton's family fled Earth for Pakaynia, and now the continued fighting is forcing them back onto a space ship. Cayton takes a job as a fast food replicator to help pay for their departure, and it exposes him to anti-Earth bigotry from customers, boss, and a very beautiful co-worker. How can they be so petty when they're all about to be attacked? An entertaining space opera about people seeing differences that aren't really there.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 male)

CAYTON (m) An "earth person," who can be played teens to young adult, living on the planet Pakaynia, where he's treated as a second-class citizen.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

This science fiction monologue takes place during "Space War Four." It's important that the "back story" is clearly explained, but that Cayton isn't just "telling what happened" so much as letting us know how it affected him and his family. Despite the difficult circumstance, he tries his best to maintain his sense of humor and his self-worth. Cayton tries, at least to start, to deliver this monologue with less emotion and pain than he's actually feeling; try being subtle yet still overwhelmed at the same time.

Also remember when explaining a new concept with unusual names to give the audience time to digest it. Pronounce the planets PaKAYnia, AnastoPOpia, and CASoran. Female character's name: CeLEStia.

CAYTON: So I'm riding in this spaceship with my family because the Anastopopians were coming to attack our planet Pakaynia and we had to get out. Bear with me; you'll get used to these names. Oh, it wasn't the first time; we'd already left Earth to come here. There was the usual last minute packing, since when you're in a space war you pretty much know the drill.

(As Mom.) "Cayton!" That's me, Cayton. "Cayton, don't forget the toilet paper!" *(Pointing somewhere else.)* That's her, Mom.

(As if he's shouting into another room to his Mom.) They don't have toilets where we're going!

(As Mom.) What do they do?

(Shouting back.) I don't know, Mom, it's just what I heard.

It was the joke all over the galaxy. They don't have toilets on whatever planet you're going to next. It's like selling locker insurance to a freshman. Boy, was I rich! Then that kid's locker got broken into and I had to buy him all new books.

(Shouting to his Mom.) Mom, if they have toilets they have the paper to go with it!

(As Mom.) You don't remember that trip to China!

So I put a few rolls in the bag. Double rolls, to save space. *(Explaining to the audience.)* We got caught up in a space war, which, as you can imagine, is a lot more onerous than a land war because you can't just go across some made up border and spend a few weeks in a disease infested refugee camp. You have to go into space and land somewhere you've barely heard of and hope that the lifestyle there isn't either too primitive – where they don't have any toilet paper and they're just too stupid for you to talk to – or too advanced, where they communicate by telepathy and your mind is tapped like a maple tree.

We booked what turned out to be the last ship to Castoran, a planet where everyone went when they had nowhere else to go. Hopefully we'd get out before the Anastopopians came and blew us to smithereens. They were colonizing. They were advanced, they were evil. They had great music, and if you got an Anastopopian smart phone, you were in business. But the creatures themselves... they'd wipe us out like germs on a kitchen counter. Some people didn't believe it would happen, but if you've already been through this, you don't care what some people don't believe.

We needed extra money for the trip, so I had to get a job. Jobs for Earth people could be hard to come by. We caught the blame for starting the Space Wars and everyone has hated us ever since. I found work at a fast food replicator place, that's when you don't make your food, it just gets created by a machine. I had a Pakaynian boss who would barely look at me. He hired me because I said I'd be leaving and wouldn't they feel better without me on the planet. Customers knew I was "earth people" because I had to wear an E on my uniform.

(As Customer, approaching the counter, looking at a menu, very haughty and sniffy.) I'd like something reptilian.

Sorry, we can't do reptiles. We don't have any reptiles here to replicate.

(As Customer.) I'd like something replicated and reptilian. Like an iguana. Not that I'd actually eat a real iguana, because we don't have any here as you so graciously informed me. So can you do that for me?

(Trying to be patient.) We're fast food. We can only replicate from a select menu. If you'd like...

(As Customer, interrupting, instantly going ballistic – try to shock your audience!) I wouldn't "like," you tail pulling lizard! No wonder they're coming after us. It's all your fault, what's your name tag say, (Look closely at name tag and says his name like its filth.) Cayton Bogard with the big E on your shirt! You did it. You and the media. And that vile Anastopopian music you play. Either you replicate the iguana or I'll get you fired.

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