

ALIEN INFILTRATION
Or
BLE BLARP BLE BLEEP BLARP

By Joyce Pendleton

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by

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...in loving memory of Sarah Marie Norgaa

Author's Note:

Over the course of this nation's history, more than twenty pieces of anti-alien legislation have passed through Congress. Unfortunately, whoever is running this country is focusing way too much on residential aliens down south in Central America, when the real threat comes from above...Canada. In reality, aliens, at least those with tentacles, subtly affect all aspects of today's society, at our high schools, the local gym, and maybe even your own house. So you better believe that they are getting hungry for human flesh and dignity.

Cast of Characters

(in order of appearance)

Mark: the veritable protagonist; he is a high school junior, and ripe with excitement for the new season of *Alien Infiltration*, as well as the upcoming high school prom; he is probably the coolest teenage dirtbag known to literature.

Voiceover: a neutral role designed to inspire fear and vigor within the faithful followers of *Alien Infiltration*; originally written for Kiefer Sutherland, this role should remind one of Fox's 24.

Mother Alien: Zuflu's mother; she is obnoxious, useless, and has a strange affinity for Usher's hit single "Yeah".

Father Alien (a.k.a. Lothar): Zuflu's father; he is wizened and grim; he has the best of intentions; his primary objective is to enlighten his son.

Zuflu: cute, five-year-old alien; curious like the children inside all of us; he has a very high-pitched voice; he is Mark's best friend.

Dad: Mark's biological father; his single fatherhood is embodied in his caustic and frat-like behavior; he has some sentimentality to him, but he hides this facet reasonably well.

Mr. Jones: Mark's fifth period math teacher; he is arrogant, irritable, sarcastic, and crazy.

Marie: Mark's crush and hopeful prom date; she is unbecoming to say the least, an obvious reflection of her deepest insecurities.

Olivia: one of Mark's peers; much to her dismay, Olivia is completely unable to speak, a bona fide "stuttering Stanley."

Sarah: Marie's best friend; she is painstakingly stupid.

Bad Alien (a.k.a. Blank and Grey Shape): Marie's alter ego; this antagonist is a representation of the disgusting reality that comes with a life without love.

Random Guy: a random gay.

ALIEN INFILTRATION

or

(Ble Blarp Ble Bleep Blarp)

Episode 1.

(Disclaimer: the action in 'Episode 1' transitions between the **Mark/Dad** interaction and the television show *Alien Infiltration*. Though the two worlds are initially disparate, the conversations in this first glimpse of Mark's life should foreshadow the ultimate overlap of alien-human relations.)

(*Mark enters living room, hearing the "tick, tick, tick" of his own watch and looking down at it.*)

Mark. Woo! It's five thirty. (*He grabs the remote from the couch and turns on the television as he sits.*)

Voicecover. Welcome to Season three of *Alien Infiltration*. The following takes place between 5:00 and 5:07.

(*Phone ring to the tune of Usher's "Yeah." Mother Alien hears this and progressively becomes more and more interested until she is dancing crazily. She picks up the phone.*)

Mother A. Yeah?

(*Father Alien enters with Zufu, failing to acknowledge his wife*)

Father A. Zufu! It is time my child.

Zufu. Time for what, papa?

Father A. Time for you to understand.

Zufu. (*With utter excitement*) TIME FOR ME TO UNDERSTAND!

Mother A. (*bored, to Father Alien*) Honey! The phone's for you. (*Throws the phone at him.*)

Father A. (*Catching it.*) Thank you, dear.

Zufu. No, papa! Don't leave! I want to understand.

(*Action returns to the human world.*)

Dad. (*offstage*) Mark, turn it off. It's time for dinner. (*He enters living room by kicking open the door. He is holding a pizza box.*) I got... PIZZA!

Mark. Dad! Come on, it's my favorite show.

Dad. (*Looking at the TV*) What is this crap?

Mark. *Alien Infiltration!*

Dad. Mark...

Mark. Dad...

Dad. What?

Mark. Don't!

Dad. What?

Mark. Stop!

Dad. What?

Mark. You know.

Dad. I don't know.

Mark. *(desperately)* What if aliens were real?

Dad. Are you joking?

(Action goes to the TV.)

Father A. And that, my child, is how baby aliens are made.

Zuflu. Are you serious?

Father A. Yes.

(Action returns to the human world.)

Mark. No, dad! I mean...What if...I think they're real!

Dad. And I think that you need a girlfriend, Mark. Listen, it's time...

Mark. ...for me to understand?

Dad. No...What?

Mark. *(screaming with Zuflu's excitement)* TIME FOR ME TO UNDERSTAND!

Dad. *(pause; calmly)* It's time for dinner. Turn it off, please.

(Action goes to the TV.)

Father A. Now, Zuflu, I must take this phone...

(Mark turns off TV.)

Mark. *(bitterly)* Fine.

Episode 2.

(Several students are seated in an average-looking classroom. They are all bored. Mr. Jones stands at the front attempting to teach math.)

Mr. Jones. (*referencing a poorly drawn graph on the chalkboard*) And therefore, since line 'A' is perpendicular to the x-axis, we can conclude that the slope does not exist.

Mark. (*whispering*) Psst, Marie.

Marie. What is it, Mark?

Mark. Will you go to prom with me?

Marie. Um...No.

Mark. Why not?

Marie. You're supposed to ask me in a special way.

Mark. (*thinks; sings*) Will you go to prom with me?

Marie. No.

Mark. Please.

Marie. I have a boyfriend, sicko!

Mark. No you don't!

Marie. Shut up you hypocrite!

Mark. What?

Mr. Jones. (*imperiously*) Mark and Marie! Last time I checked this is math class, not "I'm going to chat with my friends even if it means compromising the education of my peers and the well being of the classroom facilitator, not to mention infringing upon school handbook regulations" class.

Mark. (*confessing*) My bad.

Mr. Jones. What were you two discussing, anyway?

Mark. Prom.

Mr. Jones. Prom?

Mark. Yes.

Marie. No.

Mr. Jones. (*yelling*) HEY! HEY! Marie! This is between Mark and I.

Olivia. Uh... Mr. Jones... I think... I think... uh... I think... I think... I think you mean, "me and Mark".

Mr. Jones. Olivia, what does this have to do with you?

Olivia. Uh...

Marie. She was correcting you.

Mr. Jones. *(yelling)* HEY! HEY! Marie! I need you to keep it down here.

Mark. Mr. Jones, I asked Marie to prom.

Mr. Jones. You did? What'd she say?

Mark. *(dejectedly)* No.

Mr. Jones. Oh. *(Thinks for a second)* Marie, will you go to prom with me?

Marie. No, you sicko!

Mr. Jones. See, you're not alone, Mark.

Marie. That was gross! He's like an adult.

Olivia. Uh... Mr. Jones... she... I think... I think... uh... I think she has a point: You are an adult.

Mr. Jones. *(focusing on Mark)* Mark, do you have any friends?

Mark. No, not really.

Mr. Jones. That's probably why she said no. After all, Marie is pretty popular.

Mark. Wait, yes I do. One friend.

Marie. Who would be friends with you?

Olivia. Uh... Mark... she... she... she has a point... who?

Mark. What? Shut up, you guys! His name's Zuflu. He's even been on television.

Marie. Yeah, so? My uncle's daughter's grandma's sister's niece's brother's father's daughter's son's sister's aunt's husband's niece was once on channel 28 for a news broadcast.

Olivia. Uh... Marie... I think... I think... uh... I think you could have just said yourself.

Mr. Jones. What does this have to do with you, Olivia?

Olivia. Uh...

Mr. Jones. That's what I thought. Mark, we've established that you have no friends...

Mark. What about Zuflu?

Mr. Jones. Correction: one friend, and no prom date. *(Waits several seconds)* Good luck in life. *(Looks around for laughs.)* Class dismissed.

(Marie, Olivia, Mr. Jones, and others exit classroom.)

Mark. *(Standing)* One friend and no prom date. This is the worst day of my life.

Episode 3.

(Marie and Sarah walk down the halls of their high school, stopping at some lockers.)

Marie. And then he, like, asked me to prom.

Sarah. Are you serious?

Marie. I'm serious.

Sarah. That is so not deck.

Marie. *(Stops)* Sarah. Stop trying to make deck happen.

Sarah. Sorry.

(Mark enters the hallway and inches towards the two girls, listening to their conversation.)

Marie. *(continues.)* Oh, and he also wouldn't shut up about his imaginary friend named something like Zufflux.

Sarah. That is so not de—*(catches herself)* What a hypocrite!

Marie. I know, right? The next thing you know he'll be saying things like "ble blarp ble bleep blarp."

Sarah. Yeah.

Marie. And we'll be like, "Hey doofus face, pass the whipped cream," and he'll be like, "bleby bleby blarp blarp blarp."

Sarah. *(laughing)* Maybe he'll even say: blib, blib. Blib.

Marie. Sarah, I don't want to be the one to say this, but you're not that funny.

Mark. *(making himself known)* Hey, Marie. I know you don't like people dropping eaves on your conversations, but my friend's name is not Zufflux. It's Zufflu.

Marie. *(disgusted)* Yeah, so?

Mark. And... the Greek letter beta isn't even a part of their alphabet.

Marie. *(Pause)* Meaning?

Mark. Meaning the word "blarp" does not exist in alien-tongue.

Marie. Yeah, so?

Mark. And... I don't think either of you know what the word "hypocrite" means.

Sarah. *(offended)* Ahh! *(Goes through her purse, finds some breath spray, and sprays it in Mark's eyes.)*

Mark. *(coughing)* AAAAHHHHH!

Marie. *(cautioning)* Sarah, stop!

Sarah. Sorry.

Marie. Mark, you're a dirtbag, and I think that, out of all the human beings I know, you should probably die first.

Sarah. Good call, Marie.

Marie. Shut up, Sarah. What's the point, Mark?

Mark. The point? The point is that neither of you would make good aliens.

Marie. *(taken aback)* What did you say?

Mark. Nothing.

Marie. No, Mark, what did you say?

Mark. I said you wouldn't make a good alien.

Marie. What do you know, you hypocrite?

Mark. See that sort of made sense, but...

Marie. *(starting to walk away)* Go die, Mark. Come on Sarah, let's go.

Sarah. Good call, Marie.

Marie. Shut up, Sarah!

Episode 4.

(Mark enters living room, hearing the "tick, tick, tick" of his own watch and looking down at it.)

Mark. Woo! It's five thirty. *(He grabs the remote from the couch and turns on the television as he sits.)*

Voicover. Previously on *Alex Infiltration*.

Father A. Zuflu! It is time my child.

Zuflu. Are you serious?

Father A. Now, Zuflu, I must take this phone call.

Mother A. Honey! There's someone at the door.

Father A. *(gravelly)* Don't let anyone in.

Bad Alien. *(Entering by kicking open the front door)* Too late for that. *(Pulls out gun and shoots Father Alien)*

Father A. *(wounded)* OUCH!

Mother A. HONEY!

Father A. *(Breathing heavily, about to die)* Just...protect the child.

Bad A. And now for the youngen. (*Sees Zuffu and shoots.*)

Zuffu. Ouch!

Mother A. Zuffu (*sees he is dead*) NOOOO!!!

(Action returns to the human world.)

Mark. (*staring at the TV*) What? No. Zuffu, I thought you had my back. (*Turns off TV.*)

(Mark's phone rings to the tune of Usher's "Yeah." Despite the shock from Zuffu's death, he enjoys the catchy song. He picks up the phone.)

Mark. Yeah?

Marie. Hey, Mark.

Mark. Who is this?

Marie. It's me, Marie...

Mark. Hello me, what do you want?

Marie. No, I mean it's Marie, from school. I want to get together.

Mark. Okay. Wait! Why?

Marie. We need to talk. Meet me at the park at nine thirty tonight.

Mark. Sounds good. We'll call it a date.

Marie. No.

Mark. Okay. We'll call it a "let's get together at nine thirty at the park" dealio.

Marie. (*hanging up*) Goodbye, Mark.

Mark. Bye.

(Unbeknownst to Mark, Dad enters with a smirk.)

Dad. Who was that?

Mark. (*surprised by his presence*) Oh! My girlfriend.

Dad. (*surprised by his response*) Oh. Look at the chick magnet. He's so cute. Everybody wants to kiss him.

Mark. We're going to be at the park at nine thirty tonight, dad.

Dad. So the chick magnet will be out tonight. He's so cute. Everybody wants to kiss him.

Mark. (*embarrassed*) Dad.

Dad. Mark. (*looks around, sees old pizza box on the TV and grabs it*) PIZZA!

Episode 5.

(Mark enters a bleak park, looking for Marie. He looks down at his watch.)

Mark. It's nine thirty. *(Turning around)* Hello?

Marie. *(entering)* Mark, you nearly blew my cover. You talked about Zuflu in math class. Then you said I wouldn't make a good alien.

Mark. Zuflu's dead, Marie. I watched him die less than five hours ago. I guess that makes me a... a hypocrite?

Marie. Mark, I am an alien.

Mark. You mean you feel out of place. You don't fit in. Sometimes society alienates you. Because, Marie, I feel the same way sometimes.

Marie. No, Mark. *(She proceeds to rip off her face, revealing that she is the same Bad Alien that once killed Zuflu.)*

Mark. *(in complete shock)* AAAAAHHH! What the fu...

Bad Alien *(pulling out a gun from her purse)* And I've got a gun.

Mark. You killed Zuflu, you monster!

Bad Alien. Zuflu was not contributing to our alien society.

Mark. You're a social Darwinist.

Bad Alien. Shut up, you hypocrite *(shoots Mark, misses)*

Mark. *(happily)* Ha! You missed!

(Mr. Jones enters out of nowhere.)

Mr. Jones. Hold it right there, alien infiltrator.

Mark. Mr. Jones!

Bad Alien. Mr. Jones!

Mr. Jones. Put the gun down, Marie. Or should I say "Marinfiltrator"?

Mark. But what are you doing here, Mr. Jones?

Mr. Jones. Mark, your father called me shortly after you left. I think he had an inkling that Marie over here was poison.

Mark. My father?

Mr. Jones. Let me finish, Mark. Your father and I are undercover agents for the Alien Infiltration Squad, Precinct thirteen. We've been tracking this case for more than

a year now. It turns out that Marie over here is one of the most dangerous aliens on earth. *(Reassuringly)* It's just a good thing we caught her in time.

Bad Alien. In time for what? *(Throwing down her gun)* You don't know my powers. I can make poison squirt out of my mouth. *(She squirts poison out of her mouth.)*

Mark. *(protecting his eyes)* AAAAHHH!

Mr. Jones. Woah! Maybe not. But I know your weaknesses. *(Entering "teacher mode")* You've never been in love before. So when Mark here takes a liking to you in my fifth period math class, you feel threatened, and maybe even a bit scared.

Mark. *(in pain)* Why aren't you helping me?

Mr. Jones. *(yelling)* HEY! HEY! Mark, this is between Marinfiltrator and I. *(Back to his lesson plan)* But don't worry, because all that's going to be changing.

Mark. What do you mean changing? Do you mean Marie is going to learn how to appreciate my affection and go to prom with me?

Mr. Jones. No, I mean she just squirted poison all over your face, meaning you'll painfully turn into an alien in the next forty seconds.

Mark. Not on my watch. *(Looks at his watch)* On my watch it'll be only thirty seconds. *(Pause; realizes)* Oh, and if there's one thing I know about alien poison, it's that it can be countered by one thing!

Mr. Jones. What?!

Bad Alien. What?!

(Random Guy is swinging in the background; he notices their "What's.")

Random G. What?!

Mark. That's right, Mr. Jones. That's right, Marie. *(awkwardly)* That's right, random guy. *(Over the course of his monologue, Mark slowly turns into an alien; his "I love you" transforms him back into a human.)* Marie, I know it's too late now because you're a bad alien, but I cared deeply about you, but you ignored it and you wouldn't even be friends with me, and I think that's why you turned into a bad alien, because you denied me any semblance of love, but if it makes any difference, I forgive you, and more importantly, I love you.

Bad Alien. *(deeply touched)* Oh, Mark. I love you, too. *(Bad Alien transforms into Marie.)*

Mr. Jones. Marie, you're not an alien any more.

Mark. Neither am I, Mr. Jones.

Marie. Are you serious? This is the happiest day of my life!

Episode 6.

(Mark and Marie are sitting on the couch in his living room. Mark is looking down at his watch.)

Mark. It's five thirty. *(He reaches for the remote and puts his arm around Marie; he turns on the TV.)*

Voiceover. Previously on *Aken Infiltration*.

Zuffu. *(Dances; sings to himself exuberantly.)*

Mother A. *(sees Zuffu)* Zuffu, you're alive!

(Action returns to the human world.)

Mark. Oh my goodness. Did you hear that, Marie?

Marie. Sure did.

Mark. *(ignoring her response)* Hey dad, guess what? Zuffu's alive!

(Dad enters with a pizza box and sees the two on the couch.)

Dad. Oh, that's wonderful. Hey, congratulations to the couple. They're so cute. Everybody wants to kiss them.

Mark. *(embarrassed)* Dad.

Dad. Mark. *(Opens pizza box)* PIZZA!

(Lights down immediately.)