

**IS THERE A MARTIAN  
IN THE HOUSE?**



**Kamron Klitgaard**

BIG DOG PUBLISHING

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**BIG DOG PUBLISHING**

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**IS THERE A MARTIAN IN THE HOUSE?**  
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**IS THERE A MARTIAN IN THE HOUSE?** was first performed at Roy High School, Roy, UT, on Oct. 27, 2004.

**AGENT MOLD:** Alex Bond  
**AGENT SKULL:** Erin Olsen  
**MR. WATTS:** Chris Carlton  
**MRS. WATTS:** Shaunte Serrano  
**PETE SCHICK:** Nick Porter  
**GLORIA HIYER:** Melissa Gibson  
**OWNER:** Ryan Holt  
**WAITRESS:** Bonnie Miller  
**GOOBER:** A.J. Perkins  
**OPERATOR:** Jennifer Tonioli  
**MADAME SAN DIMAS:** Dawn Peterson  
**CAROL:** Hillary Griffin  
**HOST:** Ashley Raymond

## IS THERE A MARTIAN IN THE HOUSE?

**INTERACTIVE FARCE/MYSTERY.** Two FBI agents, Mold and Skull, have tracked a Martian, who has crash-landed in the mountains, to a café where seven wacky customers are stranded due to a recent avalanche. Thinking the Martian has taken on a human appearance to disguise itself, the FBI agents begin to question the suspicious café customers who include two Star Trek nerds, a dimwitted adrenaline junkie, a holistic healer, an anxious businesswoman, and a domineering wife and her henpecked husband. To help the FBI agents discover who the real Martian is, the audience participates in a Clue Quest, where they hunt for clues to solve the mystery. After the Clue Quest, the audience returns to the theater to watch the conclusion of the play when the answers to the mystery are revealed and the winning sleuths receive prizes. A full Clue Quest is included, or you can design your own Clue Quest with the instructions provided in the script. Your audience will love this hilarious, fun-filled show!

**Performance Time:** Approximately 90-100 minutes.

## CHARACTERS

(4 M, 6 F, 3 flexible, opt. extras)

**AGENT MOLD:** FBI agent and alien from Neptune; male.

**AGENT SKULL:** FBI agent and alien from Neptune; female.

**GOOBER:** Dimwitted adrenaline junkie from Los Angeles; male.

**PETE SCHICK:** Star Trekker and alien from Mercury; has two belly buttons; wears a coat and a Star Trek uniform or some other space costume under his clothes.

**GLORIA HIER:** Brainy Star Trekker and alien from Mercury; has two belly buttons; wears a coat and a Star Trek uniform or some other space costume under her clothes.

**MADAME SAN DIMAS:** Holistic healer and alien from Pluto; as six fingers.

**CAROL:** Businesswoman and alien from Jupiter; has three arms and wears an overcoat with a hole cut in it just below the armpit (see note under Special Effects).

**MR. HEROLD WATTS:** Subservient, henpecked husband and alien from Saturn; has an ear on his leg.

**MRS. ELENOR WATTS:** Herold's domineering wife and alien from Saturn; has an ear on her leg.

**OWNER:** Friendly café owner and alien from Venus; wears an apron and a hat that covers his third eye; flexible.

**WAITRESS:** Street smart café waitress and alien from Mars; has three buttocks.

**OPERATOR:** Tramway operator and alien from Uranus; has a nose on his shoulder and wears a shirt with a removable sleeve; flexible.

**HOST:** Host of the play; flexible.

**EXTRAS (Optional):** As Clue Characters (See "Clue Characters," page 36.)

**NOTE:** For the Aliens' extra body parts, see Special Effects.

## **SETTING**

Café and cable car station.

## **SET**

Café and cable car station. There are three tables with chairs downstage. At USR, there is a counter with stools and a chair at the end of the counter. A radio and phone sit on the counter. There is an entrance USL.

## **SYNOPSIS OF SCENES**

**ACT I:** Café and cable car station.

**ACT II:** Clue quest.

**ACT III:** Café and cable car station, closing time.

## PROPS

Stereo, radio, or boom box	Dishrag
Desk phone	Glass of cola
ID card	Candy bar
Toothpick	Napkin
Small electronic device	2 Plastic ears
Toy phaser	1 Plastic nose
Dishes	Plastic finger or a hand with
2 Guns	6 fingers
Eyepiece	Prizes for winning team
2 Empty water glasses	(Bags of candy, etc.)
2 Glasses $\frac{3}{4}$ full of water	2 Plastic ears
2 Lemon halves	Plastic finger or rubber
4 Tablespoons of sugar	hand with six fingers
2 Spoons	Plastic nose
Packet of smelling salts	

## SPECIAL EFFECTS

Sound of a spaceship flying overhead	Phone ringing
Crash	Carol's third arm (See note below)
Sound of an avalanche	Extra body parts for Aliens
Buzzing sound	(See note below)

**Carol's Third Arm.** Carol wears an overcoat with a hole cut in it just below the armpit. There must also be a hole cut into the side of the counter, which is covered with a towel or rag. The waitress carries the same type of towel with her. When Carol turns her back to the counter, an extra hiding behind the counter sticks her arm through the counter hole and through the overcoat hole to create the third arm.

**Extra body parts for Aliens (ears, nose, finger, eye, and belly buttons).** Plastic or rubber body parts can be purchased inexpensively at party/novelty stores or costume shops and applied with liquid latex. If liquid latex is unavailable, rubber cement works well. Apply rubber cement to the plastic body part and to the spot on the skin where it will be applied. Let both areas dry completely and then press the appendage onto the skin. An extra belly button can be made with liquid latex and tissue or putty.

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**"I'VE NEVER NOTICED  
THAT YOUR EARLOBES  
HANG SO LOW..."**

**-MRS. WATTS**

## ACT I THE STORY

*(Darkness. The sound of a spaceship flying overhead is heard. Pause. A crash is heard and then the sound of an avalanche. Lights up. Host is standing in front of the closed curtain.)*

HOST: *(To audience.)* Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. Yes, that was the sound of something flying overhead. And welcome to our mystery into the world of uncertainty, where we take you to the land of twilight, the land between the waking world and the dream. I ask you to pay close attention to what you are about to witness, for the information you are about to see will help you in solving our mystery. But, first, a warning: Tonight's tale into the macabre is not for the faint of heart. If any of you are offended by the sight of blood, graphic violence, and dismembered body parts, you may want to leave now—and go somewhere else to be offended—because you won't find any of that here. However, if you came to be offended by crude language and obscene gestures you will be delighted to know that you are free to go to a less reputable theatre to be offended, for tonight there will be no naughty words spoken here, except for the word "poop." Now if you are offended by the word "poop," you will be glad to know that it only occurs twice, and both times are here in my opening introduction, so there shouldn't be any more occurrences of that word. And now we invite you to relax, sit back, and lower your expectations as *[Insert the name of your theatre group]* present... "Is There a Martian in the House?"

*(Host exits. Curtain rises. Café and cable car station. Mr. and Mrs. Watts are at one table, Pete and Gloria are at another, and Carol sits alone at the center table. Goober and the Tramway Operator sit at the counter. Madame San Dimas sits in a chair at the end of the counter. The Waitress is moving about. Goober gets up and goes DSC as if to look out a window.)*

GOOBER: It's totally full-on comin' down. And it looks like there was another avalanche. *(Waitress gives him a look but the rest ignore him.)* Dude!

OPERATOR: Well, folks, it looks like our little trip isn't gonna happen.

CAROL: What do you mean?

OPERATOR: They weren't sure about the tramway an hour ago, and it's still snowing out there, so they certainly aren't gonna be sure about it now.

MR. WATTS: If we can't go, we can't go.

MRS. WATTS: It's none of your business, Harold.

MR. WATTS: Yes, dear.

CAROL: *(To Operator.)* I've got a very important meeting in [insert the name of a nearby city] and I need to be there.

OPERATOR: Lady, if that cable car ain't safe, it ain't safe.

CAROL: There's nothing wrong with the cable car.

PETE: Hey, we wanna get there too, but not if it means risking our lives. Too bad we can't just beam ourselves there.

WAITRESS: Beam there?

GLORIA: A process of matter conversion in which molecule particles are disassembled and conveyed to an alternative space and reinitialized as a whole.

*(Waitress is confused.)*

GOOBER: *(To Owner.)* Hey, diner dude. Since we're stuck here, play some tunes on that radio.

OWNER: It's broken.

GOOBER: Full-on bummer.

OWNER: Folks, I know that aerial tramway is new and all, but back in '96, the old tram was taken out by an avalanche. It was a good thing the authorities shut it down as a precaution because if anyone had been in it at the time, they would've plummeted to their deaths. Now I doubt it's gonna break again, but better safe than sorry.

OPERATOR: (*Looking out the "window."*) Look, the rangers have evacuated everyone living in the canyon, and they've closed the back road. So even if we wanted to risk it, they wouldn't let us on the tram until they're completely sure it's safe.

(*Burps.*)

MRS. WATTS: It's an hour ride down the mountain. If there was an avalanche—

DIMAS: We'd be hit by a 200-foot wall of snow.

GOOBER: That'd be totally full-on narley.

GLORIA: The stress of that much frozen liquid tonnage impacting your corporal matter would consternate your organs and dismantle each appendage.

GOOBER: Whoa! What?

GLORIA: You'd be totally full-on dead.

GOOBER: Bogus!

PETE: It would be safer to beam or take a shuttlecraft.

CAROL: Nothing's going to happen. That cable car is going to be fine.

GOOBER: Isn't a cable car like those things in San Francisco?

PETE: You're talking about a street cable car. This is an aerial cable car.

GOOBER: What's the difference?

GLORIA: The street cable car is a car pulled along on underground cable. Our cable is suspended in the air, pulling the tram high above the valley below. It is sometimes called an aerial tramway, aerial lift, or aerial cable car.

GOOBER: Whoa! You're smart. I always thought it was called a gondola.

GLORIA: A gondola has many cars. A tramway only has one.

GOOBER: You're hot!

WAITRESS: (*To Carol.*) More ice water?

CAROL: Please.

(*Agent Mold and Agent Skull enter. They shake off the wetness and then look at everyone. Everyone looks back at them.*)

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SKULL: *(To Mold.)* Well, what do you think?  
MOLD: *(To Agents.)* I don't know.  
OWNER: Can I help you with something?  
MOLD: Yes, we're with the F.B.I. *(Shows ID)*  
MRS. WATTS: F.B.I.?  
GOOBER: R.A.D.!  
MOLD: I'm agent Mold and this is agent Skull.  
WAITRESS: You're kidding.  
SKULL: We don't kid at the F.B.I.  
PETE: You must be joking.  
MOLD: No, Agent Joe King works in another division.  
GOOBER: Boooo.  
OWNER: *(To Agents.)* Can I get you a sandwich or something?  
MOLD: No, thank you. Are you the owner of this place?  
OWNER: Yes, sir.  
SKULL: You've been here all day?  
OWNER: Since 9 a.m. What's going on?  
MOLD: Have you seen or heard anything out of the ordinary?  
OWNER: Well, just before you came in, this young feller here...  
*(Indicates to Goober.)* ...pulled an enormous gob of wax out of  
his ear the likes of which—  
SKULL: Not that kind of out of the ordinary.  
MOLD: *(To Owner.)* How long have these people been here?  
OWNER: Only a few minutes. Why?  
SKULL: All of them?  
WAITRESS: Except for me. I've been here since nine o'clock,  
too.  
OWNER: That's right. They all came in with him. *(Indicates  
Tramway Operator.)* They're our only customers since this  
morning. What's all this about?  
MOLD: Did any of you hear anything fly over a few minutes  
ago?  
DIMAS: Sort of a high-pitched whizzing noise?  
SKULL: Yes.  
DIMAS: No, I didn't hear it.

GOOBER: Dude, I heard a whizzing noise... (*Indicates Mr. Watts.*) ...when that dude went into the restroom. (*Laughs.*)  
MOLD: What's your name, son?  
GOOBER: Goober.  
SKULL: Goober? Is that a nickname?  
GOOBER: No. My parents are peanut farmers.  
DIMAS: It sounds like a disease.  
GOOBER: Yeah, totally.  
WAITRESS: (*To Agents.*) Was there a plane crash or something?

(*Skull and Mold look at each other.*)

SKULL: Well, something.  
MOLD: The back road around the mountain has been closed because of the risk of avalanches, so we were headed back this way to maybe find an alternate route.  
OPERATOR: There ain't one. The only way off this mountain is that back road or this tram. If they're both closed, then I'm afraid you're stuck up here like the rest of us. (*He picks his teeth with a toothpick.*)  
MOLD: Thanks. Anyway, we heard this high-pitched whiz...buzzing noise.  
SKULL: Then we saw this...thing fly over our car.  
MOLD: It landed on the side of the mountain not far from here.  
MR. WATTS: (*To Agents.*) What was it?  
MRS. WATTS: Harold! Mind your own business.  
MR. WATTS: Sorry, dear.  
MRS. WATTS: What was it?  
MOLD: We don't know, ma'am. It was moving pretty good, and with all the snow...we didn't get a real good look at it.  
SKULL: All we could see was that it was round...saucer-shaped.  
DIMAS: What? Are we talking UFOs here?  
GOOBER: Full-on!  
SKULL: Like we said, we don't know what it was.  
MOLD: But one thing's for sure...it crashed or landed on the side of the mountain right over here. We could see that. We

drove over to investigate, but the crash caused an avalanche and buried whatever it was. The only thing we found were footprints coming right out of the crash site.

PETE: Did you say they were coming out of the crash site?

SKULL: That's right. It was as if whoever was in that thing that crashed into the side of the mountain just walked away.

CAROL: You must be jok—. Never mind.

OWNER: *(To Agents.)* Are you sure? I mean it's a pretty bad storm out there. Maybe you were mistaken.

SKULL: Actually, it's because of the snow we were able to find the prints. Unfortunately, the new snow hides the details of the prints and they're probably completely gone by now.

GLORIA: The next logical step would be to follow the footprints.

MOLD: We did.

OWNER: Where did they lead?

SKULL: Right here.

*(Pause. Silence.)*

GOOBER: Dude!

DIMAS: *(To Agents.)* What does that mean?

SKULL: Quite frankly, we don't know.

MOLD: *(To Owner.)* You say they all came in at the same time?

OPERATOR: We all came in together. We were on that shuttle bus out there.

SKULL: You sure?

OPERATOR: Well...yeah...I guess.

MOLD: Do you have a list of passengers...a passenger manifest?

OPERATOR: No, I just collect money and count heads.

SKULL: How many did you count?

OPERATOR: Six. I picked up six passengers.

MOLD: There's seven now.

OPERATOR: What?

*(Operator turns and counts. Everyone counts.)*

MR. WATTS: Whadaya know.

OPERATOR: That's weird. When we started out, there were six.

MOLD: Which one wasn't on the bus?

OPERATOR: I don't know. I wasn't paying attention. But I know there were six.

SKULL: Could someone have gotten on the bus without you knowing?

OPERATOR: I have to collect the money when we get there, so I have to know how many I'm transporting. Six heads.

WAITRESS: Looks like we have a mystery on our hands.

GLORIA: Logic would suggest that one of us was in whatever crashed into the lake and then joined our group as we came into the café.

MRS. WATTS: So what if that happened?

GLORIA: One of us isn't what he or she pretends to be...

*(Pete stands up and pulls out a small electronic device and starts scanning people. When he gets to Carol, she slaps him.)*

CAROL: *(To Pete.)* Knock it off! *(To Agents.)* You really expect us to believe that one of us is...an alien?

DIMAS: My money's on Goober.

GOOBER: Yar, dudette.

*(Goober gives Dimas the hang loose sign.)*

SKULL: We're not saying that. It's just that we have somewhat of a mystery here. And the facts just aren't falling into place.

It's not gelling. And if it doesn't gel, it isn't aspic.

OPERATOR: Well, there *were* only six on the bus.

MOLD: *(To Customers.)* Which one of you wasn't on the bus?

*(Silence.)*

SKULL: *(To Owner.)* Is there another exit to this place?

OWNER: Just in the back.

SKULL: Anyone been back there?

OWNER: No.

SKULL: Go lock it.

*(Owner motions to Waitress, and she exits to the back.)*

CAROL: *(To Agents.)* What is this?! Are you holding us here?

MR. WATTS: *(To Agents.)* Are we prisoners?

MRS. WATTS: Don't be an idiot, Harold. *(To Agents.)* Are we prisoners?

MOLD: No, ma'am. We just want to get to the bottom of this.

*(Mold takes a step toward them and suddenly swats the air furiously.)* Crap! There's a wasp in here!

*(Buzzing sound is heard to represent wasp. Screaming and yelling, everyone swats the air. Pete pulls out a phaser and aims at the wasp. The wasp flies around the room making everyone continue their hysteria. Finally, Skull opens the door and the wasp flies out. everyone calms down and sits back in their seats. Waitress runs in.)*

WAITRESS: What happened?! I heard screaming.

PETE: It was an aerial attack!

GLORIA: *(To Waitress.)* Calm yourself. It was merely a nettling winged hymenoptera of the ebony and saffron social order.

WAITRESS: What?

CAROL: A wasp.

WAITRESS: Oh.

*(Pause.)*

OWNER: *(To Agents.)* Well, what now?

MOLD: I guess we need to find out which one of them wasn't on the bus.

DIMAS: You really think one of us is a...you know.

MOLD: One thing's for sure, you weren't all on that bus. *(To Mr. Watts.)* You there...

MR. WATTS: Me?

MOLD: Yeah. What's your name?

MRS. WATTS: This is my husband, Harold. Harold Watts. And I'm Elenore.

SKULL: Were you on the bus, sir?

MRS. WATTS: We were both on the bus. This is our first time to ride it 'cause our car broke down, and we needed to pick up my medication in the city.

SKULL: Thank you, *sir*.

MR. WATTS: Excuse me, Agent, but it seems to me that—

MRS. WATTS: Oh, be quiet, Harold! Now, Agent, it seems to me that... *(She doesn't know what to say.)*

SKULL: *Mr.* Watts, what were you going to say?

MR. WATTS: Well, miss, it seems to me that if you followed one set of footprints and there is only one extra person here, then the wife and I could be crossed off your list of suspects because we're together.

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

MOLD: No, he's right, ma'am. There's two of you. We are just looking for one.

GLORIA: That would exonerate us as well. *(Indicating Pete.)*

PETE: *(To Agents.)* Yeah, we're together.

GOOBER: Wait a minute. How do we know you aren't one of those dudes that can, like, you know, look like other dudes. You know, change. What's the word...?

PETE: Morph.

GOOBER: Yeah, they could be morphs.

PETE: They're not called morphs. Morphing is what they do.

GOOBER: Yeah, I could use some morphine myself.

GLORIA: You are again mistaken. Morphing is a process of mutating molecular structures to alter appearances.

OPERATOR: *(To Goober.)* Like "Invasion of the Body Snatchers."

GLORIA: More or less.

DIMAS: Is that possible?

GLORIA: Not for humans.

*(Pause. Silence.)*

PETE: He is right, though. If we're talking about an extra-terrestrial, anything is possible.

MRS. WATTS: *(To Mr. Watts, suspicious.)* I've never noticed that your earlobes hang so low...

MR. WATTS: What?

GOOBER: It's like we're on the Sci Fi Channel. *(To Gloria.)* No one's safe. No one is exaggerated yet!

GLORIA: Exonerated.

GOOBER: Gesundheit.

MOLD: Were you on the bus, Goober?

GOOBER: Oh, yeah. I...uh...oh, man, I woke up in the woods with my underwear on the outside of my pants! It was a totally full-on radical party! *(He looks at the Agents.)* Oh, uh, full-on video party, dude. We had wassail. Yeah, so all of my friends were passed out...I mean, totally too tired to take me back into the city, so I full-on had to ride the shuttle.

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

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

DIMAS: It's an herb.

GOOBER: Heeeerb.

MOLD: *(To Dimas.)* What's your name, ma'am?

DIMAS: San Dimas. But don't call me San Dimas, just call me Dimas. Nobody calls me San Dimas. It's just Dimas. Not San Dimas.

MOLD: Where're you from?

DIMAS: San Dimas. You can call that San Dimas, but not me. Just call me Dimas.

GOOBER: *(Stretching it out.)* Diiimas.

MOLD: Got it. *(To Dimas.)* Were you on the bus?

DIMAS: Yes, I'm going into the city to pick up some crystals.

SKULL: Crystals?

DIMAS: I'm a holistic healer.

WAITRESS: What's that?

DIMAS: When you go to the doctor, he treats your symptoms and not your problem. I treat your problem. *(To Mrs. Watts.)* And by the way, you don't need medication. You just need to be on a fiber diet and take a mayonnaise bath twice a week.

*(Mrs. Watts makes a bitter face.)*

MOLD: *(To Operator.)* Was she on the bus?

OPERATOR: I think so, but I can't be sure.

MRS. WATTS: *(To Dimas.)* Fiber diet? Are you crazy?

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

CAROL: Why not?

GOOBER: How would an alien know what we do with mayonnaise?

MOLD: *(To Dimas.)* You have any ID?

DIMAS: It's in my bag on the bus.

SKULL: *(To Carol.)* What about you, ma'am? What's your story?

CAROL: I'm simply on my way to a meeting in the city. I rode the bus here and got off with everybody else. All this talk about aliens and morphing...I tell you, it's ridiculous.

SKULL: How do you explain the extra person?

CAROL: There's a perfectly logical explanation. The tramway operator must've miscounted. It's that simple.

OPERATOR: No way.

GOOBER: *(To others.)* You know, I totally don't remember seeing her... *(Indicating Carol.)* ...on the bus.

CAROL: I don't remember seeing you, either. Now, why don't we just all show our IDs and settle this once and for all.

GOOBER: What ID?

PETE: I've got my Intergalactic Galxian Holo Identification card.

SKULL: *(To Pete and Gloria.)* Where are you two going?

PETE: We are on our way to a convention.

OWNER: Star Track?

PETE: That's *Star Trek*. Not Track. *(Spells.)* T-R-E-K.

GLORIA: Trek...as in a voyage or journey.

PETE: There's no such thing as a Star *Track*.

OWNER: So, you're Trackkies.

GLORIA: Trekkies.

PETE: But we prefer the term, "Trekkers."

OWNER: Trackers?

PETE: Trekkers. Trekkers! (*Spells.*) T-R-E-K!

OWNER: Right, Trackers. I'll remember that.

MOLD: (*To Gloria.*) What's your name?

GLORIA: I'm Lieutenant Commander Hier and this is...

(*Indicating Pete.*) ...Ensign Schick.

DIMAS: You're taking too many kookie-lookie pills.

CAROL: (*To Pete and Gloria.*) Yeah, do we salute you?

GLORIA: Relax. Our ranks are only relative to other members of our order.

(*Waitress carries some dishes into the back room.*)

PETE: (*To Agents.*) Anyway, we're on our way to a science fiction convention in the city. Lieutenant Ohura, Counselor Troi, and one of the guys who died on an away mission are gonna be there.

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

SKULL: (*To Pete and Gloria.*) What are your first names?

PETE: I'm Pete, and this is Gloria.

SKULL: Gloria Higher?

DIMAS: Hey, it stopped snowing.

(*Suddenly the radio blasts on real loud.*)

CAROL: (*To Owner.*) I thought you said that thing was broken!

OWNER: Yeah, it is!

(*Owner presses buttons on the radio but can't get the music to stop. Mold helps without success. Waitress enters.*)

WAITRESS: Pull the plug!

MOLD: What?!

WAITRESS: Pull the plug!

*(Owner reaches down and pulls the plug on the radio. The music stops. He puts the cord and plug up on the counter.)*

MR. WATTS: What do you suppose made it do that?

OWNER: I don't know.

MRS. WATTS: Yes, how are they supposed to know that, Harold? For Pete's sake.

PETE: What?

CAROL: Agent Mold, are you going to keep us here, or can we load the cable car?

OPERATOR: Hey, lady, if that tram ain't safe, I ain't risking it just because you've got a meeting. I think we oughta cancel this trip no matter what the tram inspectors say.

CAROL: Oh, no you don't. When those inspectors approve the tram, you'll load us in and take us down the canyon. That's what we're paying you to do. Well, agents? Are we prisoners, or what?

*(Waitress bends down behind the counter to get something.)*

MOLD: We can't very well hold everyone on suspicion of being an extraterrestrial.

SKULL: Sounds kinda silly.

*(Lights go off. Then lights go on bright, then soft, then off, then back to normal.)*

OPERATOR: Holy jumpin' Caesar's catfish!

OWNER: Must be the snowstorm.

*(Waitress stands up.)*

PETE: The snow stopped.

GOOBER: Weird.

CAROL: Look, there's got to be a logical explanation for all of this.

*(Waitress bends down behind the counter and puts away some of the plates.)*

MOLD: If you have that logical explanation, I'd like to hear it.

*(Suddenly, the radio turns on again. They all stare at the radio in amazement. Waitress slowly emerges from directly behind the stereo. Her eyes are wide open in wonderment. She picks up the stereo cord and holds the plug in front of her face in terror.)*

SKULL: What the...?

*(The music fades out. Silence.)*

GLORIA: Perhaps the logical explanation is that there is actually an extraterrestrial among us.

*(They all look at each other wondering who it is. Panicked, Pete stands up, and for the first time, takes off his coat. He is wearing a Star Trek uniform underneath [or some other weird space costume]. He pulls out a toy phaser and whirls it around at everyone. Mold and Skull pull their guns and target Pete.)*

PETE: Computer...end program. Computer, end program!

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

CAROL: What are you gonna do...shoot us with your laser beam?

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

GLORIA: Peter, look again. It's set on evaporate.

*(Pete looks down at the phaser, and Gloria grabs it out of his hand. Skull and Mold immediately tackle Pete, hold him down on the ground, and smash his face into the stage floor.)*

PETE: What are you doing?! One of them is an... *(Spells.)* ...H-O-F-A-P?

WAITRESS: What's an... *(Spells.)* ...H-O-F-A-P?

GLORIA: Hostile Organism From Another Planet. *(To Skull and Mold, indicating phaser.)* Don't worry, it's just a replica.

*(Showing the phaser to them, Mold and Skull put away their guns, let Pete up, and set him back in his chair.)*

CAROL: I'm sorry, I just don't believe in all this extraterrestrial nonsense.

OPERATOR: Yeah, it does sound a bit crazy.

PETE: How do you explain the radio?

MRS. WATTS: Oh my, I don't feel so good.

*(Mrs. Watts slumps down in her chair and faints. Mr. Watts catches her from falling. Mold rushes to help.)*

MOLD: Lay her down.

*(They lay Mrs. Watts on the floor. Everyone gathers around.)*

MR. WATTS: What's wrong with her?

MOLD: It's all right. She's still breathing.

GOOBER: Is there a holistic healer in the house?

DIMAS: *(Pushing Goober out of the way.)* Move it.

*(Dimas kneels down next to Mrs. Watts. She raises Mrs. Watts' arm and lets it flop back down.)*

OWNER: What's wrong with her?

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

DIMAS: Hold on, let me check her nose.

MR. WATTS: Her nose? What is it?

DIMAS: 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. *(She pulls out an eyepiece, opens Mrs. Watts' eyelid, and looks into it.)* Hmmm. Oh, boy.

MR. WATTS: Her eyes?

DIMAS: Does she eat a lot of lard in her diet?

MR. WATTS: *(Talking fast.)* Oh, yeah. She cooks everything with Crisco shortening. All I want is a fried egg cooked with a little bit of butter, or that nonstick spray that keeps the food from sticking to the pan, or margarine, or 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 I mean, do you really need to add lard when you're cooking bacon? Can someone please tell me that?

SKULL: Mr. Watts, why are you talking so fast?

MR. WATTS: She might wake up any minute.

GLORIA: *(To Dimas.)* You could tell she eats lard by looking at her eyes?

DIMAS: Yes, the eyes reveal everything.

OPERATOR: *(To Waitress.)* Can I get an order of bacon?

CAROL: *(To Dimas.)* So are you saying that lard made her faint?

DIMAS: No. Remember, I treat the problem, not the symptoms. The problem is that there is a lot of lard in her blood, and she has a toxic appendix.

WAITRESS: Will that cause the appendix to explode?

DIMAS: No, it's just toxic.

OWNER: So those problems cause the symptom of fainting?

DIMAS: No, I would say that she got scared and fainted.

GOOBER: Brilliant.

MOLD: *(To Dimas.)* Can you revive her or not?

DIMAS: Yes, I will need one empty glass, one glass three-fourths full of cold water, a half of a lemon, two tablespoons of sugar, and one spoon.

*(Owner runs behind the bar and retrieves the items.)*

MR. WATTS: Are you sure this will work?

DIMAS: Absolutely. *(Owner returns with the items. Dimas does everything deliberately and precisely. First, she takes the two glasses and pours exactly half the water into the empty glass. Then she has someone hold that glass. She takes the lemon half and squeezes it into the other glass and hands someone the lemon peel. Then she takes the sugar and adds two tablespoons to the same glass. She takes the spoon and stirs it. She tastes it with the spoon.)* Perfect. *(She drinks it.)* Ahhh.

*(Before anyone can say anything, she takes the other glass of plain water back from the person holding it and throws the water in Mrs. Watts face. Mrs. Watts comes to.)*

MRS. WATTS: Oh, my! What happened?

DIMAS: You're all right, Mrs. Watts. You fainted.

MR. WATTS: It's all that lard, dear, that you eat.

MRS. WATTS: Don't be ridiculous, Harold. I've never eaten deer lard.

DIMAS: She'll be all right, Mr. Watts. And you'll also be happy to know that her eyes work just like a human's.

GOOBER: *(To Mrs. Watts.)* Dude, look into *my* eyes. *(He sits in a chair waiting.)*

SKULL: *(To Dimas.)* You could tell by looking at her eyes that she was human?

DIMAS: I guess so. I mean, if I'm just looking at eyes I can tell an animal from a human. You see, the eyes are the window to our soul...and also to our bodies.

SKULL: Could you tell by looking into everyone's eyes if they were human?

DIMAS: Well, animal eyes have certain distinctions from humans. It would stand to reason that if there were an extra...non-human among us, I'd be able to tell.

GOOBER: We're gonna full-on find out who the monster is!

CAROL: What?!

MRS. WATTS: Yes?

CAROL: Not you. *(To Agents.)* I suppose you'll be wanting a blood sample if this doesn't work. What are you...the Gestapo?

SKULL: *(To Customers.)* She's right. We can't force anyone to take the test. Would you all be willing to have Madame Dimas look at your eyes? This is completely voluntary.

*(Silence.)*

CAROL: Oh, all right. I'll go first if it will settle this once and for all.

GOOBER: *(To Operator.)* Dude, she forgot your bacon.

MOLD: *(To others.)* What about the rest of you?

*(They agree.)*

DIMAS: All right.

*(Dimas pulls out her eyepiece again and approaches Carol. The phone rings. They all look at the phone and watch as the Owner answers it.)*

OWNER: *(Into phone.)* Yello? *(Listens. To himself.)* Hmmm. No one there. *(Hangs up. Dimas approaches Carol again. Phone rings. Into phone.)* Yello? *(Listens. To himself.)* Nothing. *(Hangs up.)*

MOLD: Forget the phone and do the eye test.

*(Dimas approaches Carol again and suddenly the lights flash on and off, the radio turns on, and the phone rings.)*

SKULL: It seems that someone doesn't want this eye test done!  
*(Eyes Carol.)*

CAROL: *(Shouts over the noise.)* Hey, I was the first... *(Radio, lights, and phone stop. Silence.)* ...the first one to volunteer. *(Dimas approaches Carol again.)* There's just one thing I want to know: After you look into our eyes, who's gonna look into yours? None of us knows what to do with that thing. *(Indicating eyeglass.)*

GLORIA: *(To Agents and Dimas.)* If she is the alien, she could say anything she wants about us.

DIMAS: Hey, I don't have to do this. I didn't even suggest it.

MOLD: *(To Gloria.)* If she isn't the alien, she may be able to shed some light on who it is. *(To Dimas.)* Proceed with the test.

*(Dimas leans down and is about to look into Carol's eyes when she faints. Mold catches her.)*

GOOBER: Whoa!

MRS. WATTS: What's wrong with her?

MOLD: I don't know. *(He shakes her.)* Looks like there won't be an eye test.

CAROL: Are you saying the alien caused her to faint? Don't be ridiculous.

OPERATOR: Like the kid said, "If we're talking about an extraterrestrial, anything is possible."

WAITRESS: Why don't we do to her what she did to Mrs. Watts?

GOOBER: Yeah, I'll get the stuff. *(He goes behind the counter.)*

OWNER: I may have some smelling salts. *(He goes behind the counter.)*

PETE: If it was the alien who did this, it must be very powerful.

*(Goober returns with two glasses, a lemon, sugar and water. He starts mixing, and everyone looks at him like he's an idiot. Finally, Skull yanks the water out of his hand.)*

SKULL: *(To Goober.)* If you're the alien, we've got nothing to worry about. You're too stupid to be a threat.

GOOBER: Maybe...I'm faking it.

*(Skull splashes Dimas in the face with the water. Nothing happens.)*

MOLD: Nothing.

*(Owner hands Mold a package of smelling salts.)*

OWNER: Try this.

*(Mold breaks open the package of smelling salts and waves it under her nose. Nothing happens.)*

MOLD: Nothing.

*(Mold puts the smelling salts on the table. Goober picks it up and smells it and then yanks his head back in a convulsion.)*

GOOBER: Mama! *(He takes a huge whiff and convulses even more.)*  
Yikes to the third power! Hiiiiachi!

MOLD: Somebody take that away from him.

*(Operator goes to take the smelling salts, but Goober puts it in his pocket.)*

GOOBER: I'm good. I'm good.

MOLD: She's still out.

WAITRESS: I've got an idea. *(Waitress picks up the eyepiece and shows it to everyone.)* I want everyone to watch this.

*(Waitress takes the eyepiece, puts it on the floor, and then jumps on it, smashing it to pieces. Suddenly Dimas wakes up.)*

DIMAS: What happened? Why am I all wet?

*(Silence. They all stare in amazement.)*

WAITRESS: I figured if the threat of the eye test was gone, then the alien would release her.

MOLD: And you were right. Then that means the test would have worked.

GLORIA: Provided that Madame Dimas, here, is not the alien.

MR. WATTS: But she's the one who fainted.

GLORIA: Perhaps she did that to make us believe she was not the alien.

DIMAS: Hey, honey, how'd you like a crystal up your—

MOLD: Ladies, ladies. Please. Come on, now.

*(Mold helps Dimas up.)*

SKULL: What do you want to do?

MOLD: I don't know. *(Silence. They stare at each other, wondering who it is.)* Anyone have any suggestions?

GOOBER: Yeah, don't let him charge you for that bacon.

*(Phone rings.)*

OWNER: *(Answering slowly.)* Yeah?...Yeah, they're still here...They're here, too. Okay. *(To Mold.)* It's for you.

*(Mold takes the phone from Owner.)*

MOLD: *(Into phone.)* Hello...Uh-huh...Okay...Yeah...You're sure?...All right. Thank you. *(Hangs up.)* The tramway has been cleared. The engineers say it's safe.

CAROL: Finally, we can get outta here.

PETE: *(To Agents.)* Are you gonna let us go?

GOOBER: Yeah, one of us is a monster.

SKULL: Well, we can't hold you on suspicion of being a monster.

CAROL: That's the most sensible thing I've heard all night.

OPERATOR: Well, if they're sure it's safe...

CAROL: It's safe.

MOLD: That's what they said.

OPERATOR: *(To Customers.)* Okay, folks, if you're still up to it, we'll be headin'.

MOLD: I think we'll ride the tram down with you.

*(They all get up and gather their things.)*

OWNER: You can settle up right here, folks.

*(Waitress becomes the cashier and they all pay at the counter. They are still unsure of each other and have their backs to the audience. Host enters.)*

HOST: *(To audience.)* Hey, I'm in the show again. A 2-hour cable car ride down the canyon with a 200-foot wall of snow and the risk of an avalanche. A group of travelers in a café. One of them...an alien. But which one? That's the question which brings us to you, the audience. It's now your job to figure out which one of these travelers is the Martian!

## ACT II THE CLUE QUEST

After the initial mystery has been established by your actors in the play, the audience is sent out of the theatre to look for clues to help them solve the mystery. The Clue Quest should take about 45-60 minutes to complete.

1. The Host, with help from Assistants, introduces the Clue Quest, explains the rules, makes sure teams are set, hands out the packets, and starts the Quest.
2. The teams find the number they are to start with, which is indicated in their packets. In the packet, they locate the number on the map and hurry off to that location to find the Clue Character assigned to that location.
3. When they find the Clue Character, they will be required to perform a specific task.
4. When their task is complete, the Clue Character will give them the clue.
5. The teams write down the clues in the spaces provided in their packet.
6. When all seven clues are found, the team must put them together to form one Super Clue and use the information they saw in Act I to answer the mystery and the tiebreaker questions.
7. After approximately 50 minutes, Assistants tell the teams to return to the theatre, where they will give the Host their packets and return to their seats to watch Act III.

## PLANNING YOUR CLUE QUEST

Design a Clue Quest to fit with your production parameters, such as the layout of your school or performance area and the number of actors you have. Remember, you can alter the Clue Quest to fit your specific production. You may confine the quest to one room or you can hide the clues around your school. Depending upon your casting needs, you may use many Clue Characters, just a few, or none. You may also want to add desert or even dinner to your Quest. (Note: A full Clue Quest has been provided. See page 45-47.)

- 1. Cast the Clue Quest.** Determine how many actors you have participating in the Quest. To perform the complete Quest with Clue Characters, you will need at least seven actors. However, you may use more actors if you wish. For example, you could have three characters in the Alien Autopsy, two Alien Monsters, four Alien Hunters, two Alien Abductees, etc. If you have fewer than seven actors, you will need to determine which of the Clue Characters will be substituted for a hidden clue. Instead of the teams searching for a character in a specific location, they will search for the clue that you have hidden in that location. You should write the clue on paper and post it so that they will have to search for it. If you have no actors to play the Clue Characters, then you will have to alter the Clue Quest packet to all hidden clues. (See "Clue Quest Without Clue Characters" on page 37.)
- 2. Assign each Clue Character a location in your school or theatre and a clue that they will give to the teams.** The clue can be written on a slip of paper or the Character can just tell the team the clue.
- 3. Determine how many teams you will need.** Approximate the number of people who will attend the production. Divide the audience members into teams of no more than ten people. Give each team one copy of the Clue Quest. Write a different number (1-7) on the front page of the packet to indicate which

number the team should start with so that all the teams do not go to the same place at one time.

6. **Determine clue tasks.** Decide what the Clue Characters will make the teams do in order to receive a clue. (Note: There are examples in the sample Clue Quest, but feel free to use your own ideas, too.)
7. **Make the Clue Quest packet.** The Host gives a packet to each team. The Clue Quest Packet must include a map of your school or performance area with the numbers (1-7) on it. (Note: Clue Quest packet is on page 45-47. However, you will need to provide the map.)
7. **Rehearse the Clue Quest.** Go through the Quest with your Clue Characters and make sure they know where they will be stationed. Have the main characters in the play go on the Clue Quest so that you can iron out any glitches.
8. **Divide the audience into teams of 5-10 before the play starts.**  
When you advertise the play, encourage the patrons to come in teams. Not everyone will come in teams, so you will have to put them in teams as they arrive. Use sign-up sheets to do this. Make sure that your audience is divided into teams of 5-10 before you start the play.

## WHAT IS A CLUE CHARACTER?

Clue Characters are characters who are sought out by the audience and are located at specific locations throughout your school or theatre. Clue Characters interact with audience members through improvisation. When a team finds a Clue Character, the Clue Character tells the team to perform a specific task. When the task is completed to the Clue Character's satisfaction, the Clue Character will give the team a clue. Clue Characters must stay in character at all times and perform for each team. Remember, the fun part is getting the team members involved in doing something silly before you give them the clue. The following are ideas for the Clue Quest Characters and the Clues they will give. Remember, you can make up your own Clue Characters, too.

**ALIEN AUTOPSY ON A HUMAN:** An Alien is performing an autopsy on a Human. The Human is lying on a table and the Alien has opened his stomach. This can be done with a refrigerator box laid on its side. The Human stays inside the box and sticks his head out of a hole in the box. A stuffed body is laid on the box. In the stomach of the stuffed body is a large bowl of spaghetti, where the clue is hidden. The Alien instructs the team that one of them must help with the autopsy in order to find the clue. The Human can scream out in pain when the team member sticks his hand into the bowl of spaghetti to retrieve the clue.

**PRINCESS LEAH AND DARTH VADER:** Princess Leah is being held hostage by Darth Vader. If the team rescues the Princess, she will give them the clue. Darth Vader challenges a team member to a light saber battle. If the team member wins, he can rescue Princess Leah and receive the clue. (Note: The Darth Vader costume can be a simple Halloween costume or one that looks homemade. The cornier the costume looks, the funnier it will be.)

**ALIEN DANCE GROOVES:** One or more Aliens teach the team a weird alien dance. If the entire team does the dance correctly, then the clue will be revealed.

**ALIEN ABDUCTEES:** One or more Humans have been abducted by Aliens and have returned to earth. The Humans have lost their minds and see aliens everywhere. Team members must destroy the “invisible” aliens in order to receive the clue from the Humans.

**ALIEN HUNTER AND ALIEN:** One or more Hunters, who were abducted by Aliens years ago, are out to seek vengeance on Aliens. The team must listen to the Hunter/s story, take alien hunting lessons, and then track and capture an Alien. If the team captures the Alien, they will receive a clue.

**SPACEMAN WALK:** An Astronaut guides the team through a low gravity area by walking and doing everything in slow motion. In order to receive a clue, the Astronaut orders the team to perform several chores like moving rocks or going through an obstacle course.

### **CLUE QUEST WITHOUT CLUE CHARACTERS**

This option can be used if you do not wish to use Clue Quest characters. Give audience members the Clue Quest packets, which contain a map of the school or theatre with numbers 1-7 written on the map. Each number indicates where a clue has been hidden. In this option, the audience is searching for a posted clue and not a Clue Character. If using this option, the entire production will be shorter and take approximately 75 minutes.

## ACT III THE CONCLUSION

*(AT RISE: After everyone is seated and the Clue Quest packets have been turned in to the Host, the Host gives the packets to the Assistants, who take them backstage to tally them up and determine the winning team. Host enters.)*

HOST: *(To audience.)* Now that you've had a chance to collect the clues and piece the puzzle together in your own mind, let's watch the conclusion and find out if you are right. We now turn our attention back to the diner where we ask the question, "Is there a Martian in the house?"

*(The lights come up, but they are lower than before. Café and cable car station, closing time. All is quiet in the café. Owner stands behind the counter, wiping it with a rag. He takes off his apron. Waitress enters from the backroom.)*

**[END OF FREEVIEW]**