

Blinking Lights in the Middle of the Night

John Weagly





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by

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FreeView

CAST

SALLY: In her late-sixties.

CARL: In his late-sixties.

THE SPACEMAN: Any age. Can be played by a man or a woman.

Place

The back porch of Carl and Sally's home in a small mid-western town.

Time

The present. Late at night on a summer evening.

Setting: A back porch in a small mid-western town. There are two rocking chairs and a door into the house.

At Rise: It is late at night. Carl sits in one of the rocking chairs in his boxer shorts. He contemplates life. After a moment, Sally comes to the doorway to the house. She wears a housecoat.

SALLY: Carl! What are you doing! Get in here! The neighbors will see!

CARL: See what? What's wrong?

SALLY: You're naked! You're in your underpants!

CARL: I can't be both, Sally. Which is it?

SALLY: You're indecent!

CARL: It's my house. My porch. My yard. I can do as I please.

SALLY: But the neighbors!

CARL: The neighbors are all in bed. And if they're not, they should mind their own beeswax! Come sit with me for a minute.

Sally comes out onto the porch and sits in her rocker.

SALLY: This is ridiculous. Now I'm indecent.

CARL: You're fine. Anybody that happens to catch a glimpse of you in your housecoat would consider their night a lucky one.

SALLY: What are you doing out here in the middle of the night?

CARL: Just watching the stars. Thinking.

SALLY: Thinking about what? Man's role in the Universe? The cosmos? Where we fit in with everything we see?

CARL: Why do we have a back porch and no front porch?

SALLY: That's what's on your mind at this hour?

CARL: It is.

SALLY: You'd have to ask the man that built the house, I suppose. Probably something to do with the design, or the foundation, or some such. I'd say it's a good thing right now. I'd be even more mortified if you were on the front porch in your underpants.

CARL: I can't yell at people.

SALLY: You can't?

CARL: No. I can't.

SALLY: What do you mean, dear?

CARL: I always thought that when I got older I'd be able to sit on the front porch and yell at people when they walked by. I can't do that. If I want to sit on the porch, I have to do it lookin' at the back yard.

SALLY: You can yell at those bushes.

CARL: Hey! Watch where you're steppin'! Mind your own beeswax! Get off of my lawn!

SALLY: How was that?

CARL: It's not the same. Don't you make me leave this porch! Nope, not the same.

SALLY: I suppose not. Do you really mind? I mean, you yell at the paperboy and at people that talk in movie theaters and at other drivers and at rude waiters and at people that talk too loud on their cell phones. You yell at practically everyone as it is.

CARL: I don't yell at you, dear.

SALLY: No. That's true. You never yell at me.

Sally gives Carl a little kiss.

SALLY: Aren't you cold?

CARL: No.

SALLY: You're going to catch scarlet fever.

CARL: I had scarlet fever once thirty years ago, and you've been convinced ever since that it's going to come back. I'm fine. I'm not cold. No scarlet fever.

SALLY: Well, I'm getting cold.

CARL: You can go back to bed. I'll be in in a little while.

SALLY: I will. Don't stay out here too long.

Sally stands to go inside. Before she can go back in the house, the stage fills with blinking, colorful lights and a loud whooshing noise. Sally and Carl both become alarmed.

SALLY: What on Earth was that?!

CARL: Did you see it?

SALLY: What on Earth--

CARL: A big silver thing! Came right out of the sky and hit the Thompson's yard! Right out of the sky!

SALLY: We should call the police! Or the FBI! Or Homeland Security!

CARL: Or NASA.

SALLY: NASA? You don't think--

CARL: That's exactly what I think.

SALLY: Oh, Carl--

CARL: Crashing out of the sky like that, the noise, the blinking lights. What else could it be?

SALLY: An alien invasion! And you in your underpants!

CARL: We've got to do something!

SALLY: They're going to make us their slaves! They're going to control our brains! They're going to cook us!

CARL: Not if we stop them!

END OF FREEVIEW

You'll want to read and perform this show!