

Cosmic Nightingale

Book by Mariner Pezza

Music & Lyrics by Cheryl Kemeny

“Cosmic Nightingale”

Written by Mariner Pezza

Adapted by Cheryl Kemeny

Music & Lyrics by Cheryl Kemeny

ACT I

Overture

Scene 1 “1930’s Radio Studio”

Song “*Klaxo Powered Milk*” (*The Mellow Milktones*)

Song “*My Lucky Star*” (*Diane Parks*)

Scene 2 “Aboard the Spaceship”

Scene 3 “Hunts Peak Observatory”

Scene 4 “It Turned”

Song “*It Turned*” (*Leaders of U.S., China & Russia*)

Scene 5 “The Street Singer & the Prophetess of Doom”

Song “*Repent Sinner*” (*Prophetess of Doom, Doomsayers & Cast*)

Song “*Take Me to the Stars*” (*Jennifer Parks, Samantha & Amanda*)

Song “*Without Me You’re Nothing*” (*Johnny Dollar & Jennifer Parks*)

Scene 6 “Shipboard”

Scene 7 “World Reaction”

Song “*Send Them a Message*” (*Africans, Indians, British*)

Scene 8 “At the U.N.”

Song “*What Else Could You Have That We Could Possibly Want?*”
(*U. S. president, Indian Advisor, British P.M., Aliens & Cast*)

INTERMISSION

ACT II

Scene 1 “Take Me To Your Leader!”

Song “*Take Me to You’re Leader*” (*Jane Castleman*)

Scene 2 “The Conspirators”

Song “*This Conversation Never Took Place*” (*Italy, Russia, U.S.*)

Scene 3 “Control Room”

Scene 4 “Tryouts At the U.N.”

Song “*It’s All Who You Know*” (*Girls 1, 2, 3, Amanda, Samantha & Jenn Parks*)

Song “*Sing!*” (*Jennifer Parks, Amanda & Samantha*)

Scene 5 “The Prophetess Plots”

Scene 6 “The Auditions”

Songs *Insert public domain Italian & Irish songs, then*
“*Raw Passion*” (*Patty Beecker*)

Scene 7 “Central Park”

Song “*If I Could Be The One*” (*Jennifer Parks, Amanda & Samantha*)

Song “*Finale - Take Me To The Stars!*” (*Cast*)

Cast of Characters (*in order of appearance*)
(*possible doublings listed after*)

Johnny Johnson (*1930’s radio announcer, glib, suave, non-singing role*)
(Radio Studio Floor Manager, Stagehands, Tap-dancers, Audience Members)

The “Mellow Milktones” (*3 singers*)

Diane Parks/ Jenn Parks (*grandmother of Jenn Parks. The singer whom the aliens hear. Her song attracts the aliens. Played by the same person*))

[The aliens come from a great galactic confederation of numerous species which is generally centered around the galactic hub where the stars are most dense. Their civilization is very old, staid and technologically advanced. Aliens #1 and 2 are photosynthesis -based humanoids, rather smallish and green. They come from a very old and cautious culture that has lost most of its zeal and zest for life. They exude equanimity to the extreme, and speak in clipped monotones with a dispassionate, succinct and semi-scientific manner. The third alien developed from an herbivore based evolution and comes from a comparatively young culture. His curiosity and exuberance appalls the other two, but is tolerated because of his ability to take risks. He is animal-ish and humanoid.]

Alien 1 / **Primary** (*plant-derived, unemotional-creatures of reason & pure logic*)

Alien 2 / **Secondary** (*plant-derived, unemotional*)

Alien 3 / **the “accomplisher”** (*animal-evolved, capable of emotion & feelings*)

**The conflict between the aliens arises from this difference*

Professor Gruber (*pompous scientist, desperate to make a discovery, speaking role*)

Paula Avery (*Gruber’s assistant, speaking role*)

James Kent

Amanda DeLuca (*friend of Jenn Parks, sings*)

Samantha Turner (*friend of Jenn Parks, “discovers” the space-ship. She’s into Philosophy, Astrology, Astronomy. Singing part.*)

Jane Castleman (*TV news anchor; has “belt” solo*)

U.S. President Louise Sherman (*speaking & alto singing*)

U.S. General

U.S. Advisor 1

U.S. Advisor 2

U.S. Science Advisor

Chinese leader (*speaking & alto solo*)

Chinese General

Chinese Advisor 1

Chinese Advisor 2

Chinese Advisor 3

Russian leader (*speaking & belt solo*)

Russian General

Russian Advisor 1

Russian Advisor 2

The Prophetess of Doom (*high belt solo, wild “cult”-leader, male or female*)
“Doomsayers” (*back-up singers and followers*)
Policeman 1 (*speaking parts*)
Policeman 2

Jennifer Parks/Diane Parks (*the Cosmic Nightingale, soprano/belt*)

Girl 1 & girl 2 & Girl 3 (*speaking parts*)

Johnny “Dollar” (*a sleazy music manager, rock tenor or male alto*)

African President , Agushi Mbutto (*belt solo*)
African Advisor 1
African Advisor 2
Africans

Indian Prime Minister (*belt solo/speaking part*)
Indian Advisor 1
Indian Advisor 2
Indians

British Prime Minister (*solo/speaking*)
British Advisor 1
British Advisor 2
British

U.N. Secretary General, Anan Corian (*speaking*)
French Pres. Jacques LeBeau (*speaking*)
Italian Prime Minister (*speaking*)
Italian Advisor 1
Italian Advisor 2
Thug 1 & Thug 2 (*speaking parts*)
Natasha Primakove (*Russian singer*)
Sophia Cabarella (*Italian singer*)
Irish singer/Rosey O’Leary
Patty Beecker (*U.S. singer*)

POSSIBLE CAST DOUBLINGS

- 1) DIANE PARKS/ JENN PARKS
- 2) JOHNNY JOHNSON/ PROFESSOR GRUBER/ JOHNNY DOLLAR
- 3) ALIEN 1

- 4) ALIEN 2
- 5) ALIEN 3, the accomplice
- 6) PAULA AVERY/ BRITISH PRIME MINISTER
- 7, 8, 9) 3 MILK-TONES (ADVISORS/GIRLS 1,2,3/NATASHA
PRIMAKOVE/SOPHIA CABARELLA, PATTY BEECKER)
- 10) FLOOR MANAGER/ PROPHET or PROPHETESS OF DOOM
- 11) JAMES KENT/ US GENERAL/ AFRICAN PRIME MINISTER
- 12) AMANDA DELUCA /INDIAN PRIME MINISTER
- 13) SAMANTHA TURNER/ BRITISH ADVISER
- 14) JANE CASTLEMAN/ ADVISOR
- 15) US PRESIDENT
- 16) CHINESE CHAIRMAN/ ANAN CORIAN
- 17) ITALIAN PRIME MINISTER/INDIAN ADVISER
- 18) US ADVISOR/AFRICAN ADVISER/FRENCH PRESIDENT/THUG1
- 19) RUSSIAN PRIME MINISTER/AFRICAN ADVISER
- 20) RUSSIAN GENERAL /POLICE MAN 1/ THUG 2
- 21) CHINESE GENERAL / POLICEMAN 2 / ITALIAN ADVISER

****The ADVISERS can be condensed into 1 for each country. Everyone is in the 1930's opening, the U.N. scene and the Finale.*

ACT I

Scene 1 “1930's Radio Station, WKLA”

*(The setting is a 1930's radio studio. The announcer, **Johnny Johnson**, is standing behind a music stand with a large microphone. A studio worker stands behind a table with group of three tuning forks, various sound effects and papers. To one side is seated the studio audience who are prompted by the **STUDIO FLOOR MANAGER** with signs indicating “**APPLAUSE**” and*

“LAUGHTER”. *The STUDIO FLOOR MANAGER has been warming up the audience with jokes, in pantomime. STAGEHANDS are running around with headphones, music stands and microphones, busily setting up and moving wires. THEY also bring on wooden tap-dance floor for “dancers”. To the other side, standing behind a large microphone, are the female singing trio - “The Mellow Milktones”. In the background waits the famous singer, Diane Parks.*

Johnny: *(STAGE HAND strikes the tuning forks)* Welcome all you wonderful people out there in radio land to WKLA, the radio station of Klaxo Milk Powder, and the Klaxo Milk Powder’s marvelous musical radio hour. *(wild applause, some hollering, by studio audience as directed by Studio Manager)* I’m Johnny Johnson, your likable - and even lovable –radio host! *(some girls swoon “Oh, Johnny!”)* *(aside)* Get those girls a glass of milk, Jack! *(back on track)* Yes, ladies and gentlemen, I’m proud to bring you tonight’s fabulous show featuring Cincinnati’s own best-kept secret, the splendiferous -- the mellifluous -- those musical wonders, “The Mellow Milktones”. *(more applause)* Hi girls, welcome back!

Milk-tones: Hi Johnny!

Johnny: Girls, have you been drinking your Klaxo Milk Powder, the world’s freshest, most natural form of good old wholesome, reconstituted milk?

Milk-tones: Yes Johnny.

(Applause, [directed with his hands like a conductor] by the floor manager)

Milk-tone #1: We love to drink Klaxo Powdered Milk.

Milk-tone #2: We drink it everyday. *(Applause and nods of approval)*

Johnny: That’s right, folks, Klaxo’s Powdered Milk is the freshest, most natural way to good nutrition and vitality. I drink it and feel good all day, everyday! Do you have anything else you want to say to all those good people out there in radio land?

Milk-tones: Yes we do Johnny. *(The Mellifluous Milk-tones go into the Klaxo Milk Powder jingle)*

SONG: **“KLAXO POWDERED MILK”** *(Milk-tones)*

Klaxo Powdered Milk!
So good for you!
Drink it ev’ry day! So good for you!
Vitality! Mentality!
It can even change your personality!

Just add water, it's smooth as silk!
The world's most natural powdered milk!

(double-time) Klaxo Powdered Milk!
So-o-o good for you!
Just add water, smooth as silk!
The world's most natural powdered milk!
(TAP DANCE on board brought out by STAGE HANDS)

Johnny: *(interjecting)* Listen to those dancing feet! Klaxo gives you so much energy
you can't sit still!

Milktones: *(singing)*
Klaxo Powdered Milk!
So-o-o good for you!
Just add water, smooth as silk!
The world's most popular natural milk!
Klaxo!

(audience applause, some shouts of approval)

Johnny: Thanks girls, that was **just** marvelous, just marvelous and so **very** important
a message to all you radio folks out there in radio land - drink Klaxo Milk
Powder for health and vitality! Yes indeed.

(STAGEHAND hits the tuning forks)

Johnny: And now ladies and gents, we have a special treat for you in our modern and
wondrous studios here at WKLA, the radio station of Klaxo Milk Powder -
the fabulous, the marvelous, the lady you've been hearing all **over** your radio
these past several weeks - Miss **Diane Parks!**

(audience applauds, floor manager gestures strongly)

Johnny: Welcome Miss Parks. May I call you Diane?

Diane Parks: Sure thing, Johnny! And I'm so pleased to be here.

Johnny: We're the ones pleased to have you! Diane, let me ask you a question -
What's it like to have a hit song that the marvel of radio waves is taking to all
those thousands of people out there in radio land?

Diane: It's great Johnny. Because of this new invention of radio, I'm an instant
celebrity! Everywhere I go, people recognize my voice! I know radio is
going to be really big!

Johnny: And all of us here at the Voice of Klaxo couldn't agree with you more. Can you do a little number for us, Diane?

Diane: Sure could, Johnny. I'd like to sing my current hit - “ My Lucky Star”.

Johnny: (*cutting her off*) But before you do, ... and we can't wait... let me ask you just one question - Have **you** been drinking your Klaxo Powdered Milk?

Diane: (*stalling because she doesn't want to lie*) Well, ... You know, Johnny, .. I **have** been doing a lot of traveling these days and

(*STAGE FLOOR MANAGER frantically makes cut sign to Johnny*)

Johnny: (*interrupting*) That's just marvelous Diane! And **now** folks, for your musical pleasure, let me give you Diane Parks, the nation's number **one** singing sensation!

(*Applause. DIANE sings the song.*)

SONG “**MY LUCKY STAR**” (*Diane Parks/Jenn Parks*)

When I was a little girl, my father said to me,
“Ev'rybody has a star that shows what's meant to be.
And all you have to do to make your dreams come true,
Is wish upon that lucky star, and love will come to you.”
So I'll thank my Lucky Star,
That you are who you are - what you are.
Love! You're love to me.
And I will always think of you this way.
For in this world of darkness, I look up to you each night.
You save me from its starkness, you make everything alright!
My star! My Lucky Star!
Even when it's cloudy, in my heart you shine.
For the thing that makes you special is, you're mine.

(*Towards the song's end the sound and lights slowly fade out to complete darkness and silence. It finishes with a tight special on Diane Parks.*) **Song over**

Scene 2 “Aboard the Spaceship”

Cosmic background music is played, minimalist, ethereal, conveying the vastness of space. Occasionally there is interspersed snippets of “The Klaxo Radio Hour” along with Diane Parks hit song. These were the some of the first man made signals to leave earth and are currently our furthest extension.

Gradually bring up eerie blue and green light to reveal the interior control room of a small interstellar spacecraft and the backs of three seats placed behind elaborate control panels

and a view-screen of deep space. The audience hears dialog and sees the high backed chairs swivel and move, but does not see the speakers, at first.

[The aliens come from a great galactic confederation of numerous species which is generally centered around the galactic hub where the stars are most dense. Their civilization is very old, staid and technologically advanced. Aliens #1 and 2 are photosynthesis-based humanoids, rather smallish and green. They come from a very old and cautious culture that has lost most of its zeal and zest for life. They exude equanimity to the extreme, and speak in clipped monotones with a dispassionate, succinct and semi-scientific manner. The third alien developed from an herbivore based evolution and comes from a comparatively young culture. His curiosity and exuberance appalls the other two but is tolerated because of his ability to take risks. He is animal-ish and humanoid.

Alien #2: Detecting weak electro-magnetic radiation, ... amplitude modulated.... appears to be Non-random.

Alien #1: *(slightly concerned)* Non-random? Verify and explain non-random. Identify patterning.

#2: *(looking at instruments)* Non-randomness verified, multiple patterning confirmed. Identification language or some form thereof. Probability, point eight two.

#1: Very unusual. Locate source and distance.

Alien #3: *(standing up, with gusto)* Ah ha! My hypothesis is confirmed. Auto-ontogenesis in the outer spiral arms. Life forms! I told you they could develop out here.

#1: Hypothesis confirmation is premature. *(looking at #3 with disgust)* Animal impetuosity again. *(to #2)* Process the data and put it on audio.

(Diane Parks hit song is heard in background)

#3: Animal impetuosity, ha! It's because of my 'animal impetuosity' that I'm here to begin with! You photo-gentiles are incapable of original thought. It's my animal impetuosity that will someday make you wealthy!

#2: Distance seven two light years, ... outer spiral arm ... star type- medium yellow, planet, - third. Type- water liquid.

#1: *(to #3)* Original thought is unnecessary. All which is necessary is known. More wealth is pleasurable, hence your presence is tolerated. Engage auto-translator.

- #2: Translation incomplete. Identified as some form of speech. (*play short clip of Johnny Johnson’s dialog*) Ritualized slurring and linking of concepts. . . (*play short clip of Diane Parks song in background*) . . . conveying information and audio-endocrenal stimulation -- emotion.
- #1: Emotion? How primitive. Probably animals.
- #3: Of course animals! Only animals could exist out here -- tolerate the isolation, build their own civilization -- **as** I predicted.
- #2: Ritualized vocal inflections, . . . melodious modulations with reference to mating rituals . . . something about Klaxo powdered milk?
- #3: Listen, I can’t understand it, but I can **feel** it. There’s something very intense there. Something very -- unique. We have to investigate. Change course and head for that planet!
- #1 & #2: (*in unison, waving fingers*) Extreme distress, . . . aaaahhhhhh extreme distress!
- #1: It violates the prime directive. No first contact. We can not. We must not!
- #3: I know it’s illegal, but that’s why we’re here - to look for something new and different, remember? And that’s why your government hired **me** - to give **you** the strength and courage to do it. Besides, no one ever comes out this far. Nothing’s supposed to be here.
- #1: Extreme distress is affirmed, (*considering*)... yet, asset acquisition **is** of high probability, . . . potential wealth discovery is high. (*deciding*) We will go there. (*to #2*) Alter vector co-ordinates to that source. (*to #3*) Your hypothesis has a high probability of correctness. Your animal impetuosity enables you to proceed with no fear. But – as always - with the inevitable result our - extreme distress.
- #3: (*with disgust and throwing up his hands*)
Ugh! What about **my** extreme distress!?

(*lights fade out*)

Scene 3: Astronomers Observatory

(*The scene opens in the interior of an astronomical observatory with a big telescope and banks of computers and electronic equipment. The head astronomer-PROFESSOR GRUBER and*

his graduate assistant MISS AVERY are introducing a group of students for the first time to the observatory.)

Professor: Good evening class, my name is Professor Gruber and this is my assistant Ms. Avery. Welcome to Hunts Peak Observatory. As you can see, we have one of the finest telescopes ever made - a 36 inch electro-dynamic reflector with a silver parallax correcting mirror. This telescope is so powerful that if you were on the moon and lit a match, we would see it here on earth with this telescope here! And it's **no** toy. Don't touch **anything** unless Ms. Avery or I give you express permission. Basically, you don't have to do anything because the computer, which you can see all around you, will do everything for you. So, I repeat, **don't** - touch - anything. (*nodding to Ms. Avery*) Ms. Avery, if you please.

Mr. Avery: Thank you Professor. Yes class, **this** is some of the finest equipment made and it cost many millions of the tax payers hard earned dollars to build, so be careful, and don't touch anything! Mmmmm...(*thinking*) How does it work you must be thinking.... well it's quite simple...One simply punches in the coordinates, or the area of the sky one wants to look at, and viola - the telescope automatically points there!

(JAMES KENT raises hand to ask a question)

Professor: Ahhem... Yes, you have a question...and please tell us your name.

James Kent: James Kent, sir....did you or anyone here ever discover something new in the sky, like a comet or asteroid or something?

Professor: Ah-hemm. Well, .. ahh not yet....but that's a good question ...ah... James, because that's one of the primary goals of astronomy. We're...ah.... still trying ... but it's not easy you know. It takes a lot of patience, perseverance, and sometimes **years** of observing - not to mention not a little bit of luck. But ah.... let's get back to the introductory lecture.... ah ...Ms. Avery...

Ms. Avery: As we were saying. The computer basically does everything for us. We just tell it where to look and like magic, the computer points itself and we see what's there. Space is full of almost an infinite number of things to look at. (*AMANDA DELUCA raises her hand with a question.*) Yes Miss. State your name please.

Amanda DeLuca: Amanda DeLuca. Professor, is it possible to look at an area of space and not see anything?

Professor: The better the telescope, the deeper into space it can see, and the less likely it is to find empty space. With this telescope that can be a problem. As a

matter of fact, we have to filter out the background radiation so that we can see some of the closer stars. And **that** may be a good exercise to start today’s lesson. Ms. Avery, focus the telescope on some empty area of space – anywhere - and we’ll show the class how to filter out the background radiation

Ms. Avery: *(walking over to an instrument panel)* Will do, Professor.

Professor: All right class, we’ll take a look at the vast nothingness of space, starting with you Miss? *(nodding towards a student)*

Samantha Turner: Samantha Turner sir, and thank you sir. *(SHE gets up and walks over to the eyepiece of the telescope)* Um.....Professor? Is that little blue dot supposed to be the background radiation?

Ms. Avery: *(becoming concerned walks over and gently displaces Miss Turner at the eyepiece)* Blue dot? There shouldn’t be a blue dot. Let me see that?

Professor: You’d better check the coordinates again Ms. Avery. There must be some kind of inadvertent.....

Ms. Avery: *(interrupting)* By George, there **is** something there! But...*(checking instruments)* everything **seems** to be functioning properly. *(getting excited)* **Nothing** should be there, but sure as the sky is blue, there **is** something there!

Professor: What? Let me see for myself! *(HE pushes Ms. Avery aside, looking in eyepiece)* Yes, there is definitely.... **Holy Cow!** I do believe there is something! *(looking again)* And it’s **moving**, too....*(looking up)* I may have discovered something new!

Ms. Avery: *(getting angry)* What do you mean **you** may have discovered something new? **I’m** the one who punched in the coordinates!

Professor: Now Ms. Avery, if **I** didn’t instruct you to.....

Ms. Avery: *(interrupting)* We’ll call it Avery’s comet! I’ll be **famous!**

Professor: Ms. Avery, calm yourself. We don’t even know if it **is** a comet, **but** since I **am** the senior authority around here, if we name it **anything**, it’s going to be the **Gruber** comet. I’ve been passed over and ignored around here for 30 years. Do you have any idea what that’s like?

Ms. Avery: Very well, then! We’ll call it the Avery-Gruber comet!

Professor: (*getting flustered*) That’s preposterous and outrageous! It’ll be the **Gruber-Avery** comet and I’m being generous!

(*SAMANTHA TURNER sidles over to the telescope during the argument and looks in the viewfinder*)

Miss Turner: (*getting into the swing of things*) Shouldn’t we call it the Turner Comet, since I saw it first?

Professor and Mr. Avery: (*simultaneously*) Shut up!

Miss Turner: (*looking in eyepiece*) It seems to have turned, sir.

Professor and Mr. Avery: (*almost together, but staggered*) That’s impossible!

Professor: (*looking at Ms. Avery*) Calculate the change in vectors!

Ms. Avery: (*looking at instruments*) Well, sir, it does look as if..... it changed vectors.... from 72, 92, 391, to.... 23, 291, 86.

Professor: (*fuming*) That’s impossible. Check the instruments, check the computers, check everything! It must be a satellite, an airplane, ... anything but.....

Avery: Sir, I’ve checked everything, and ... it **did** change course!

James Kent: Hey...that’s no comet!

Amanda DeLuca: Maybe it’s a UFO!

Ms. Avery: This is unbelievable! Sir, everything checks out. Whatever it is, it changed course and now (*looking up*) it’s headed for earth!

Professor: (*throwing his hands up in the air*) Call Washington! Call London! Call everybody!

(*BLACK OUT*)

Scene 4 “It Turned”

(*LIGHTS UP ON TV SCREEN.*) (*The typical beeping tone which precedes a special news flash is heard and the following news report is read.*)

Jane Castleman: *(speaking in a news reporting manner)* We interrupt your regular programming to bring you this special news report. I’m Jane Castleman. Scientists from the Hunt’s Peak Astronomical Observatory report the discovery of a new heavenly body previously thought to be an asteroid or comet. While this news would ordinarily be of mild interest only to the scientific community, there’s an amusing twist on this story. The astronomers who first discovered and tracked it, a Professor Gruber and grad-student Paula Avery, claim that it has turned and is now headed toward earth. Question: is this a hoax, folks? I really don’t know, but remember, April first is coming up soon. Maybe the little green men are coming for some of that cheese on the moon, ha ha. This is Jane Castleman for WKLA signing off. Take me to your leader! Ha, ha, ha, ha. . . .

(LIGHTS DOWN ON T.V. LIGHTS up on Center stage. The stage is divided into thirds, with the center occupied by AMERICAN leaders, Stage Right occupied by RUSSIAN leaders, and Stage Left occupied by CHINESE leaders)

(a group of advisors, both military and civilian are conferring with the President of US)

U.S. President: Do we have a positive confirmation that there **is** something out there and that it turned toward earth?

General: Ms. President, both our ground-based radar and our satellites confirm that a small object about the size of a 747, is on a collision course with the earth, m’am.

President: Did it turn? Do we know that for a fact? Do we **dare** postulate that there is an intelligence behind that turn?

Advisor 1: Hunt’s Peak Observatory claims it did M’am, if you can believe the two lunatics that discovered it. But, the fact is, they have tapes and hard drives to back them up, m’am.

Science Advisor: In space, m’am, objects just can’t turn of their own volition. Newton’s first Law states that an object **will** remain in motion unless acted upon by an opposing force.

President: Then we’ll have to be prepared, just in case they **are** intelligent beings. And the first thing we have to do is prevent a panic!

General: The best way to do that is to shoot em down, m’am, before they can cause any trouble. We can nuke ‘em before they get too close, m’am.

- Science Advisor:** *(giving the General an incredulous look)* That’s the **worst** course we could possibly take! If they **are** aliens and capable of interstellar travel, just think of all we could learn from them! The scientific knowledge **and** *(to the general)* the military advantage we might get.
- General:** Military advantage, eh? *(musing)* Hmm... more powerful weapons? You’ve got a point there.
- President:** But, **how** do we prevent a panic? If spacemen are coming, the people will riot in the streets. There’ll be prophets of doom on every street corner! People will take to the hills!
- Advisor1:** *(interrupting)* But worse than that, m’am, they won’t go to work! And then where would **we** be?
- Advisor 2:** The economy would be in shambles! *(panicking)* We’ll have to keep it from the public as long as possible - plant some kind of cover story.
- General:** We can say it’s just an old space probe, returning home as scheduled. Not to worry, *(he winks)* we’re experienced at these kinds of things.
- President:** Good! That’s good! Feed our people in the press that story. Meanwhile, we’ll make plans - top secret - to declare a national emergency granting **me** emergency powers.....
- General:** *(interrupting)* And the military will need special powers too, m’am.
- Advisors 1 & 2:** And the civilian agencies also, m’am!
- (song)* **“It Turned”** *(U.S. Group, CHINESE group & RUSSIANS)*
- Americans:** It Turned! It’s “gonna” change history!
It Turned! And what was a mystery will fin’ly have a name,
Nothing will remain the same. . .because
It Turned! And it’s headed our way!
It Turned! And much to our dismay
We’ll never forget where we were on day
It Turned!
- U.S. Pres.** We’ve got to take charge or there’ll be panic in the streets!
Adopt special powers, spread some lies and deceits.
Keep it from the people for as long as we can,
While we come up with a plan!

Advisors & Gen.: *(to Pres.)* We’ve got to think fast ‘cause soon they’ll be at our door!
This is one crisis we just can’t ignore!
Soon nothing will be like it was before,
‘Cause we’re not alone anymore! Now that. ..

Americans: It Turned! It’s “gonna” change history!
It Turned! And what was a mystery will fin’ly have a name,
Nothing will remain the same. . .because
It Turned! And it’s headed our way!
It Turned! And much to our dismay
We’ll never forget where we were on the day
It Turned!

(AMERICANS FREEZE)

(LIGHTS UP, STAGE LEFT, in the China section of the stage) (SPOKEN)

Chairman: Comrades, the Americans report that a newly discovered celestial body has turned and is now coming to earth.

C. Advisor 1: It’s just another trick by those capitalist dogs to lull us into complacency, Mr. (Miss) Chairman.

Chairman: But they seem to be backtracking - reversing the story. How do you say, “putting a spin on it”?

C. Advisor 2: That can only mean the first report is really true, Mr. (Miss) Chairman

Chairman: If intelligent beings from...somewhere else out there - really are coming here, then what should we do?

C. Advisor 2: We can use it to divert the people from their, ... uh...dissatisfaction.

Chairman: There is no dissatisfaction in the workers paradise! But still, you may have a point. We must find **some** way to employ this to our advantage.

C. Advisor 1: We can repeat the story, then reveal it to be what it really is - a Western plot to divert their people from their poverty and despair.

C. Advisor 2: But what if celestial beings really **are** coming?

General: Then we should shoot it down, sir (m’am), before it can cause us any trouble, sir (m’am).

Chairman: We'll need emergency powers! I'll enact special decrees. We'll need more power. **I'll** need more powers!

C. Advisors 1& 2: We'll all need more power!

C. Chairman: *(sung)* It's just a capitalist plot!
The West is stirring up the pot.
Propaganda to annoy us, vicious lies meant to destroy us!
This crazy story can't be true!
But, if it is what should we do?

Chinese: Power! Power! We'll need special powers!

Chairman: I'll enact new decrees!

Chinese: Power! Power!
Before this thing sours, and they bring us to our knees!

Chairman: Put the army on alert!

Chinese: This is one crisis that we can't avert!

(LIGHTS UP ON AMERICANS & CHINESE)

Chinese & Americans: It Turned! It's "gonna" change history!
It Turned! And what was a mystery will fin'ly have a name,
Nothing will remain the same. . .because
It Turned! And it's headed our way!
It Turned! And much to our dismay
We'll never forget where we were on the day
It Turned!

(CHINESE & AMERICANS FREEZE)

(LIGHTS UP, STAGE RIGHT, On Russian section of stage)

Russian Pres.: What's this story the West is spewing about an old space probe returning to earth?

R. Advisor 1: Meaningless propaganda designed to humiliate us and demonstrate to the masses their technological superiority. Just Hollywood showmanship.

R. Advisor 2: You may be right, but the West distorts everything. The underlying truth is hard to discern.

President: Perhaps the truth is so fantastic, it has them scared.

- R. General:** We have detected unusual and suspicious troop movements and military alertness. Perhaps the unthinkable **is**?
- President:** Perhaps we're about to be paid a little visit?
- R. Advisor 1:** Wait! It **could** be that despicable Kosikov. He controls the media, the TV and the newspapers. That schemer would stop at nothing to discredit us. He probably planted the story through his Western allies.
- R. Advisor 2:** For what purpose? How would he gain?
- R. Advisor 1:** He'll sell more newspapers, fatten his wallet, what else? This is an ingenious device he can use to advance his chances in the coming election.
- President:** It's true that Kosikov **is** capable of the vilest deeds, but my instincts tell me that this time. . .
- R. General:** We must be prepared for everything, Mr. President. And prepared to shoot it down, if necessary.
- President:** Yes. No matter what it is, we must be prepared. Place the military on alert and prepare some emergency decrees for me. I must have the powers to deal with this.
- General:** The military must have new powers and resources to deal with this.
- R. Advisors:** (*in unison*) **We** all must have new powers to deal with this!
- R. Pres.:** (*singing*) I've got to have more power to deal with this threat!
The West has pulled a new trick we haven't seen yet.
Pass special laws, decrees to empower us!
If we don't act, this thing will devour us!
Peaceful or hostile, how do we know?
How can we mount a strong defense against advanced intelligence?
- Russians:** What will we undergo? Now that
- Russians, Chinese & Americans;** (*LIGHTS UP ON ALL 3 GROUPS*)
It Turned! It's "gonna" change history!
It Turned! And what was a mystery will fin'ly have a name,
Nothing will remain the same. . .because
It Turned! And it's headed our way!
It Turned! And much to our dismay
We'll never forget where we were on the day

Never forget where we were on the day
The day, the day, the day. . .It Turned!

(BLACKOUT)

Scene 5 “The Street Singer & the Prophetess of Doom”

(The scene opens on a street in Washington Square Park in New York. SAMANTHA TURNER & AMANDA DELUCA are sitting on a bench, eating lunch. A wild-eyed prophet of doom stands on a small platform haranguing a small crowd to repent for the end is near. All sorts of people of all ages are around on this sunny, spring day. The big news is the object heading towards earth. JENN PARKS {the granddaughter of Diane Parks, played by the same actress} comes hustling ONSTAGE carrying a guitar-case. SHE appears to be looking for someone. AMANDA & SAMANTHA see her and call to her.)

Samantha: *(a hippie-type, with a backpack; always reading philosophy)*
Jenn! Over here!

Jenn: Hey Sam! Hey Amanda. What’s for lunch?

Amanda: Who can eat? *(wrapping her sandwich & shoving it in her bag)* We may all be dead soon. *(quickly pulling the sandwich out)* This may be the last peanut butter and jelly sandwich I ever eat. I should be savoring every moment.

Samantha: How can you be so negative? This is the most dramatic thing to happen to earth since harmonic convergence! And to think **I** had a part in all of it.

Jenn: What are you talking about?

Amanda: You mean you don’t know? Sam discovered it!

Jenn: What?! I thought it was some guy named Gruber.

Samantha: That’s what he’d **like** everyone to think. But, **I** saw it first and Amanda’s my witness.

Amanda: It’s true. She did. We were on a field trip for astronomy class and Sam was looking through this **huge** telescope, and she found it.

Jenn: Wow! That is so amazing.

Samantha: What’s amazing is that this is even happening! I mean, why are they’re coming here?

Jenn: They are **so** lucky. Wouldn’t it be great to travel the universe? What an adventure!

Amanda: No thanks. I'd only want to go if I could go through one of those Star-gate things. Travelling for years in a modified tin can with no ice cream or potato chips or blueberries...

Samantha: “Man does not live by bread alone”.

Amanda: You're right. I'd also miss orange juice and ginger ale and...

Samantha: *(rolling her eyes and cutting her off)* Hey, Jenn, looks like you've got some competition today. *(indicating the **Prophetess**)*

Jenn: I wrote a new song in honor of first contact. I'm going to try it out today.

Samantha: What's it called?

Prophetess: *(pointing to the girls)* Repent, sinners, for the end is near!

Amanda: Oh brother. She's coming over here.

Jenn: Be polite. She's entitled to her opinion.

Prophetess: The agents of perdition and ruin cometh and so I say unto you, prepare for your judgment, for the end is near!

Samantha: *(to Prophetess)* Have you ever considered that this may be a new beginning?

Prophetess: It has been foretold for millennium, in the book of Revelations. The call to judgment is at hand and only the purest, the innocent, the most sincere and the penitent shall be chosen to enter the Kingdom and know the everlasting perfection of the all knowing One.

Samantha: Well, we're pure, innocent and sincere. Will that do?

Prophetess: There is no room for hubris in the new world order! So I say again, repent sinners, and get **down** on your **knees!**

SONG “**REPENT, SINNER!**” *(Prophetess, Doomsayers & Cast)*

Prophetess: In ancient times it was foretold,
One day this world would grow too old,
And down from the sky would come fire and rain,
To bring us all an ocean of pain!
But, there's still one thing left that you can do
To keep Bealzebub from getting you. . .

Repent Sinner! Get down on your knees!
Doomsayers: Get down on your knees!
P.: Repent Sinner! Stop doin' just what you please!
Doom.: Stop doin' what you please!
P.: 'Cause if you don't I'm willin' to bet you (Hoo!)
(Hoo -oo!) Those little green men are goin' to get you!
Repent (repent) Sinner! Get down on your knees!
Doom.: Get down on your knees!
Repent, Sinner! Get down on your knees!
P.: Get down on your knees!
Doom.: Repent, Sinner! Stop doin' just what you please!
P.: Stop doin' what you please!
Doom.: 'Cause (Hoo!) if you don't we're willin' to bet you
(**Hoo-oo!**) Those little green men are goin' to get you!
Repent (repent!) Sinner! Get down on your knees!
Prophetess: Get down on your knees!
Y2K has finally come.
We've seen the end of the millenium.
We've had storms and plagues and mighty quakes,
But the devil's gone and raised the stakes.
Now death and destruction are headed our way,
Still, you can save yourself, if you do as I say.
Repent, Sinner!
All: Repent!
P.: Get down on your knees!
All: Get down on your knees!
P.: Repent, Sinner!
All: Repent!
P.: Stop doin' just what you please!
All: Stop doin' what you please!
P.: 'Cause (hoo!) if you don't I'm willin' to bet you
(Hoo-oo!) those little green men are goin' to get you
Repent, (Repent) Sinner! Get down on your knees!
All: Get down on your knees!
Repent, Sinner! Get down on your knees!
P.: Get down on your knees!
All: Repent Sinner! Stop doin' just what you please!
P.: Stop doin' what you please!
P. & Doomsayers: **Hoo!**
Chorus: 'Cause is you don't we're willin' to bet you (**Hoo-oo!**)
Those little green men are goin' to get you
Repent (**Repent**) Sinners! Get down on your knees!
P. & Doomsayers: Get down on your knees!
(Doomsayers & Chorus sing “ooo's” under Prophetess solo)

Prophetess: Fire and brimstone comin’ from the sky!
Doom and gloom and here’s the reason why:
You haven’t been good like you know you should
But you can save yourself if you only would
Repent (**repent**) Sinner! Get down on your knees!

Chorus: Get down on your knees!
Get down on your knees! (*8 times, while Prophetess sings*)

Prophetess: That’s right! Oh, yeah! Tonight! Get down!
The end is near! It’ll soon be here!
Get yourself together! We’re headed for stormy weather!
Repent, Sinner! Get down on your knees!

Chorus: Get down on your knees!

P.: Repent Sinner! Stop doin’ just what you please!

Chorus: Stop doin’ what you please!

P.: ‘Cause if you don’t I’m willin’ to bet you,
Those little green men are going to get you!
Repent Sinner! Get down on your knees!

Chorus: Get down on your knees!

P.: **Repent!**

Chorus: Get down on your knees!

All: Get down on your knees!

(The police move in now to break up the crowd and silence the preacher)

Police 1: All right, move along now. The shows over, go about your business!

Prophetess: How dare you deny the word of the All- mighty? I am compelled by divine guidance...

Police 2: We, too, are compelled by divine guidance! Word directly from the mayor himself - if you don’t have a permit, you’ve got to move along!

Prophetess: Blasphemy! Armageddon will not be denied!

Police 1: *(grabbing her arm & escorting her away)* You can shout from the mountain top for all I care, just not here in New York City. You’re disturbing the peace, now move along.

Samantha: *(emerging from the crowd)* Quick, Jenn! Start singing while there’s still a crowd!

Jenn: *(rushing up with her guitar)* I’m right behind you!

(JENN quickly takes out her guitar and sets up her case for donations. Some of the crowd which was dispersing, remains, gathering around her to hear her sing her song)

Amanda: Hey everybody! Forget about doom and gloom! Jenn Parks is going to sing her new song!

Song: **“Take Me To the Stars”** (*Jenn Parks, Amanda & Samantha join 2nd verse*)

Jenn: Is there an answer out there?
Something that we don't know yet?
Have we been asking the wrong questions?
How will our expectations be met?
Take Me To the Stars!
I want to know the meaning of the universe!
Tell me, do the stars sing and who are they singing for?
Tell me is there more than we see
And more than we ever thought of?
Take Me To the Stars! I want to know it all!
Oo-oo! I want to know it all!
Is there a new day coming?
Back-up: (Is there a new day coming?)
Jenn: Now we know we're not alone!
(Now we know we're not alone.)
I hear the distant drumming with the
(I hear the distant drumming)
Universe we will atone!
Take Me To the Stars!
I-I-I want to know the meaning of the universe!
Tell me (tell me) do the stars sing, and who are they singing
for?
Tell me is there more (more than) than we see,
And more than we ever thought of?
Take Me To the Stars!
I want to know it all!
(Take Me To the Stars)
Oo-oo! I want to know it all!
(Want to know it all)
Take Me To the Stars!
(Want to know it all)
(Take me) Take Me To the Stars!

(When the song is over, there is applause and a few coins are tossed into her guitar case. Two young girls linger to talk to the singer)

Girl 1: That was a great song! Who wrote it?

Samantha: **She** did! (*jumping up and pointing to Jenn*) Jennifer Parks is her name and someday she is going to be famous! Then you can brag that you saw her for free in Washington Square.

Girl 2: How did you get to be so talented?

Jenn: (*blushing*) Thank you for the compliment. I guess I must have inherited it from my grandmother.

Girl 1: Your grandmother was a singer, too?

Jenn: Yes, in the 1930's. Her name was Diane Parks. She had a hit called “Lucky Star”.

Girl 1: No, never heard of her.

Girl 2: Would you really go away with the spacemen if they came? Wouldn't you be afraid? I mean, what if they had 3 heads or something?

Jenn: I don't think the universe would conspire to make beings who were intelligent enough to travel the stars ugly or evil.

Girl 2: But, like, wouldn't you miss your parents and relatives here?

Jenn: My parents were killed in a car accident last year and I'm an only child. All I really have is my songs.

Girl 1: Gee, that's too bad. But you're **so** good you should be famous!

(*At this point her agent barges into the scene*)

Johnny Dollar: And she **will** be too, girls, if she'd only follow my advice. I'm Johnny Dollar, agent to the stars. (*passes out flyers*) You can see her at her next gig - 'Girls Galore' next Tuesday at nine o'clock - the kind of place that will make her a star. Just tell 'em Johnny Dollar sent you. That, and five dollars - ladies half price!- will get you in. Now, if you'll just excuse us girls, I need a few words with Jenn. (*2 GIRLS walk away*)

Jenn: (*annoyed*) I told you I wasn't going to work there. I'd rather work on the street than work in a place like that!

Johnny: What's the matter girl, don't you like money? (*flipping through a roll of bills*)

Jenn: I just made a few dollars real easy, and I didn't have to work in a sleazy "girlie" bar to do it.

Samantha: *(interrupting)* Jenn? We'll wait for you on the bench. *(pointedly looking at Johnny with disgust)* Just yell if you need us. *(SAMANTHA & AMANDA move to bench, taking the guitar and case with them)*

Johnny: You do that, girls. Now, run along. *(to JENN)* Look, no record company is going to sign you without some professional gigs under your belt.

Jenn: And no record company is going to sign me without a demo CD either. You promised me you'd take me into the recording studio, not a "girlie" bar!

Johnny: We've got to earn some money to pay for the demo first. That's why you've got to take these gigs. You're not ready yet. You need more professional polish - seasoning. Hey, look what I brought you - a professional costume! *(HE holds up a skimpy, revealing costume)*

Jenn: I am **not** wearing that! My grandmother didn't have to wear anything like that. **She** made it on the strength of her songs and her voice, and that's what **I'm** going to do! *(turning her back on him)*

Johnny: *(running after her)* But, that was another time. You've got to listen to me, I know what I'm talking about. Times have changed. Wait! Wait a minute!

SONG **“WITHOUT ME YOU'RE NOTHING!”** (Johnny Dollar and Jenn Parks)

Johnny: Honey! Baby! Sweetie! C'mon, listen to me!
I'm the only one who can take you to the top,
Now, don't you see?
Without me You're Nothin'! You don't stand a chance!
Girl, this is a bus'ness, not some fairytale romance!
It's all about moves! It's all about grooves!
No one wants to pay to hear your philosophy,
If they want to be preached at they can go to church for free!

Jenn: Johnny, give it up! I don't think you're hearing me.
That's not who I am, or who I want to be!
I need to do this my way, with some integrity,
Or this whole attempt will be meaningless for me!

Johnny: This is what you want, to be singing on the street?
Barely getting by, you hardly make enough to eat!

Jenn: I want to sing my song!
And have the world sing along.
I want to sing about love and life and joy,
Not just about what goes on between a girl and a boy!

Johnny: But, that’s not what the people want to hear!
You’ve got to play upon their fear.
Depict a desperate society, push kids to rebel!
Constantly remind them that this world has gone to hell!

Jenn: Well, I don’t see it that way!
And that’s all I have to say.
Johnny, can’t you see that this isn’t going to work?
You think I’m a loser and I think you’re a jerk!
I’ve got to follow my own dreams,
And as difficult as that seems,
If this relationship’s blown
I’ll have to do it alone!

Johnny: Without me You’re Nothing!

Jenn: You’re not listening!

Johnny: You don’t stand a chance!

Jenn: You’re not hearing me, Johnny!

Johnny: Girl, this is a bus’ness, not some fairytale romance!

Jenn: If I have to do it that way, don’t bother to call!
‘Cause, before I do it that way I won’t do it at all!

Song over

Johnny: You’ll come around. (*JOHNNY EXITS*)

(lights out)

Scene 6: “Shipboard”

(The setting is the command center aboard the aliens ship. The same 3 ALIENS from Scene 2 are discussing their impending arrival to earth)

Alien 1: Update and outline further data on the life forms.

Alien 2: Carbon based, bipedal humanoids. Omnivorous animals.

Alien 3: Omnivorous animals? Then there **is** hope they’ll develop into something admissible into the Confederation.

- Alien 2:** Primitive science and primal global structure. Nascent nuclear knowledge coupled with territorial based political units.
- Alien 1:** Carbon based omnivorous animals with nascent nuclear knowledge? A bad combination. The probability of self-destruction is high.
- Alien 2:** Insufficient technical and political development for admission in Galactic Confederation. Our contact will be a direct violation of the prime directive.
- Alien 3:** An animal’s instinct for self-preservation is high. That may save them from self -annihilation.
- Alien 1:** You should know. Your species barely survived its early technological development.
- Alien 3:** Survived **and** prospered! Enough to lead the Confederation into a new age of discovery and development. Just like I’m leading **you** to this planet where our visit will most likely result in discoveries that will astound the galaxy!
- Alien 2:** Or result in our premature demise.
- Alien 1:** Detecting large quantities of highly unusual emissions of slurred audio concepts. Ritualized vocal communication, a primitive form of singing songs.
- Alien 2:** Put it on audio. (*run tape of rap music*)
- Alien 3:** That’s exciting - stimulating, it invigorates my inner being. It’s a very different style from what we first heard
- Alien 1:** We have traveled 70 light years from our point of origin. From their point of reference, much time has elapsed. (*run tape of Bulgarian female folk chorus*)
- Alien 2:** Ah! Very unusual. Their primitive culture has evolved a highly invigorating form of stimulation. Perhaps that’s where their value lies? We could record and bring back numerous examples.
- Alien 3:** Better yet, we could bring back a native with singing ability.
- Alien 1&2:** (*shrieking with hands waving in air*) Extreme distress - extreme distress - gross violation of prime directive.
- Alien 3:** (*under his breath*) Cowards! Calm down. Think of the extreme wealth that would result. We need only be discrete and circumspect. Concoct a plausible background for the singer and then present the humanoid to the

universe. Never stay anyplace too long and move on before anyone who cares about the prime directive catches on. It’s a big universe, boys.

Alien 2: Observing unusual movements among territorial political units, which indicates that our presence has been detected. This is non-typical behavior.

Alien 1: We’ve been seen! What should we do?

Alien 3: Send them a message saying we come in peace. Then we’ll go in and take a closer look and see if we can procure a humanoid - one particularly adept at vocalizing.

Alien 1&2: (*hysterical, hand waving*) Extreme distress, extreme distress!

Scene 7: “World Reaction”

Jane Castleman: We interrupt our regular programming for this special news story. I’m Jane Castleman. Ladies and gentleman, the world has been contacted by visitors from another star system. That’s right, folks, and this is no joke. Within the past hour, the earth has received a broadcast, the exact text of which follows: Quote: “Greetings inhabitants of the 3rd planet. We are explorers from the Galactic Center. We come in peace and request landing coordinates for a visitation of good will and an information exchange.” End quote. Folks, this is the most momentous event in the history of humankind. World leaders are gathering at this time to formulate a united reply. I repeat, this is no joke. Ladies and gentleman, we are not alone anymore. This is Jane Castleman reporting.

(*THE STAGE is sectioned into 3 areas: for Africa, India and Great Britain*)

The African Area, CENTER STAGE:

African Advisor 1: Unearthly visitors are on their way. Where do you think they’ll land?

Afr. President: It’s in our best interest to have them land here in Africa. After all, we are the seat of human evolution.

Afr. Advisor 2: (*fawning*) That’s a **brilliant** idea, Mr. President. We could send them a message.

Afr. President: We also have the most valuable mineral riches - gold, diamonds, uranium.

Afr. Advisor 1: That’s ingenious, Sir! They may have a need for that to refuel.

Afr. President: Send them a message from the seat of humanity! Tell them we have whatever they may need.

Afr. Advisor 2: In exchange for their technology, of course.

Afr. President: Of **course**, in exchange for their technology!

Song: “**Send Them a Message**” (*African, Indians, British*)

African Pres.: Send Them a Message ! Tell them we’ve got what they need!
Send Them A Message! I think we’re all agreed
That the only humans worthy of their technology
Would have to be you and me!
Send Them A Message! A verbal guarantee
That we will give them what they want
In exchange for their technology.

After all we are the birthplace of human evolution,
So we should be the first place to start a cosmic revolution!
Africans: Send Them A Message! Tell them we’ve got what they need!
Send Them A Message! I think we’re all agreed
That the only human’s worthy of their technology
Would have to be you and me!
Send Them A Message! A verbal guarantee
That we will give them what they want
In exchange for their technology.
After all we are the birthplace of human evolution,
So we should be the first place to start a cosmic revolution!

(*AFRICANS FREEZE*)

(*the India area, STAGE RIGHT*) (*Spoken*)

Indian Prime Minister: We’re about to have visitors of a non-terrestrial nature. I wonder where they’ll choose to land?

Ind. Advisor 1: Why, they should land in India, Prime Minister. We’re one of the oldest and most spiritual countries in the world, Sir.

Ind. Prime Minister: Yes, you’re quite right there. We are the most religiously advanced, certainly.

Ind. Advisor 2: And our clerics’ spirituality – ohmmmmmm - has transcended the physical for centuries.

Ind. Prime Minister: Send them a message from the oldest, most spiritually advanced nation of the earth! The aliens should land here, as we'd have the most in common with them.

Ind. Advisor 1: Naturally, we'd be the most similar to them, and we'd have whatever they would need.

Ind. Prime Minister: In exchange for some of their technology, of course.

Ind. Advisor 2: Yes, of course, in exchange for some of their technology. It's only fair.

(singing)

Ind. Prime Minister: We.....are the most spiritual country of all!

All Indians: Ohmmmmmm!

Ind. P.M.:
So we deserve to be chosen, so let's give them a call!
Let them know that we transcend
All earthly passions – well, pretend!
Who better than us to receive their science?
We are the ones who deserve to create this alliance!

Indians & Africans:
Send Them A Message! Tell them we've got what they need!
Send Them A Message! I think we're all agreed
That the only human's worthy of their technology
Would have to be you and me!

(British area, STAGE LEFT) (SPOKEN)

Brit. Prime Minister: I hear we're about to be jolly well visited by aliens, of all things.

Brit. Advisor 1: I wonder where they'll touch down?

Brit. Advisor 2: If we're lucky it will be in jolly old Great Brit.

Brit. Prime Minister: Well, why don't we send them a message suggesting they do. After all, we are the most civilized nation on earth.

Brit. Advisor 1: An excellent idea, m'am. We'll send them a message.

Brit. Prime Minister: Jolly well right! We're the seat of democracy and have the most advanced form of government - the Magna Carta and all that, old

chap. We'll invite them here. Surely they'd have the most in common with us.

Brit. Advisor 2: That's brilliant, Prime Minister. Their advanced civilization would undoubtedly have the most in common with ours, **and** we could certainly give them whatever they needed.

Brit. Advisor 1: In exchange for some of their technology, of course.

Brit. Prime Minister: Of course, in exchange for their technology. Who **else** could be **trusted** with such knowledge, except the most **civilized** nation. Send them a message.

(SUNG)

British P. M.: We should send them a subtle message,
Framed with utmost civility,
That their unheralded approach will presage
A time of new tranquility.
If they would deign to honor us as the seat of democracy,
We'd be happy to assist them in any way,
In exchange for their technology. So,

British, African & Indians: Send Them A Message! Tell them we've got what they need!
Send Them A Message! I think we're all agreed
That the only human's worthy of their technology
Would have to be you and me!
Send Them A Message! A verbal guarantee
That we will give them what they want
In exchange
A fair exchange!
British: In exchange for their technology!
All: Send Them A message!
Indians: Send them A Message!
Others: Send Them A Message!
Indians: Send them A Message!
Others: Send Them A Message!
Indians: Tell them to
Others: Give us their technology!
All:

(Song over)

(BLACKOUT)

Scene 8 “At the United Nations”

(News announcer, JANE CASTLEMAN, in television screen)

Jane Castleman: Ladies and gentlemen, we interrupt our regular news programming to bring you this special news report. The United Nations General Assembly has invited our other-worldly visitors to land in New York’s Central Park, where they will be escorted to the U. N. building, and welcomed by the world leaders, who are gathering there at this time. Where are they from? What do they look like? And most importantly, what do they want? - are questions which soon may be answered. This is it folks, history in the making! Stay tuned for live coverage of this earth-shaking event. This Jane Castleman reporting.

(LIGHTS DOWN on television)

(The scene opens outside the U. N., where a crowd of “welcomers” and “doomsayers” are gathered waving placards reading, ‘The End is Near’, ‘Take Me Away’, etc. s

Slogans are shouted. CENTER STAGE is the UN General Assembly Room. Diplomats are milling about in slow motion, inside under dim lights.)

Prophetess: *(getting wackier and more frantic as she speaks)* Repent sinners, for the end is near. The agents of Satan cometh, and they bringeth fire and perdition. The hour of judgment is at hand, but the judge be not the Lord, in whose image we were made, but Beelzebub, the enemy of goodness, the bringer of darkness. Resist! It’s not too late! It’s never too late to resist evil! Be not deceived, for it is evil incarnate that is knocking at our door. Resist, it’s not too late! We must repel the dark lord that cometh to feed on our souls, or Hell and damnation will . . .

Voice in the Crowd: Ah, shut up, you kook! The spacemen will save us....

Another Voice: They’ll solve all our problems! They have all the answers!

(1/2 the Crowd begins to chant) Take us away! Take us away! Take us away!

(The PROPHETESS and her people begin to counter chant) Be gone Satan! Be gone Satan! Be gone Satan!

(LIGHTS fade on outer perimeter of the stage, and LIGHTS rise on CENTER stage section representing the U. N. interior. Secretary General uses a gavel to quiet chaos that ensues during speeches. Also intersperse applause as the director sees fit.)

Secretary General: Welcome spacefarers! All the nations of our planet, which we call earth, cordially extend a welcome and greetings! You are the first to visit us from the great beyond - interstellar space. We cordially render all our hospitality, and offer whatever we have to replenish what you may need. Let me first introduce myself. I am Anan Corian, Secretary General of the United Nations. May I ask you your names, and your place of origin?

Alien #1: We are gratified to be so cordially welcomed, and graciously accept your hospitality. However, we will require very little during our stay here, since we will remain mostly shipboard. We come from the galactic hub where there is a vast confederation of many species and civilizations. Our names are impossible for our devices (*indicates devices hanging around neck*) to translate. For convenience, you may call me, “Primary”, and my companions are (*indicating*) “Secondary” and “Tertiary”.

Alien #3: (*interrupting and looking with exasperation at ALIEN #1*) You may call **me**, “Accomplisher”.

Sec. Gen.: We are most pleased to make your acquaintance Mr. Primary, Mr. Secondary, and Mr. Accomplisher. As I’m sure you know, our planet is divided into political units called countries. Please permit me to introduce to you a few of the leaders of those countries.

Alien #1: Please, do. We would be most edified.

Sec. Gen.: First, may I present the President of the United States, President Louise Sherman?

Pres. L. Sherman: Welcome, galactic travelers! Welcome from the people of the United States! You are our first alien contact, and **this**, this is the most significant event in human history. Let me say that if there is **anything** you may need, the United States, being the most technologically advanced country on earth, would be more than willing to offer our expertise.

Perhaps we could engage in an exchange of information to further the spirit of cooperation and lay the ground work for what **I** believe will be a long and fruitful relationship.

Alien #2: We come from a collective confederation of many cultures. Our combined knowledge base is millions of years old and incomparable to yours.

(PRESIDENT SHERMAN’S smile fades as she realizes her ploy has failed. SHE sits down.)

Sec. Gen.: And **now** let me introduce, from the great nation of France, President Jacques LeBeau.

French Pres.: Far traveling visitors, permit me to wish you zee warmest welcome from all zee citizens of France.

Alien #1: We appreciate your welcome.

French Pres.: Please, allow me to say that **my** country, France, has one of zee oldest, most culturally advanced societies on zee planet. We are known as leaders in the fine arts. Our painters are considered zee best on the planet. And in food and drink, we are unparalleled! Our cuisine and wines would stand out in zee whole galaxy! If you would care to view or sample such, perhaps we could arrange an exchange, say, for a small sample of your science? To further our mutual understanding, of course.

(ALL the other countries react with outrage to each President’s boldfaced attempt at to get the Aliens’ technology.)

Alien 1: We sincerely regret to inform you that our interest in your civilization does not extend to your fine art or culinary delights. We have access to thousands of different cultures’ primitive art and nourishment supplies. That is not why we journeyed here.

(PRESIDENT LEBEAU shrugs and sits down, shaking his head.)

Sec. Gen.: And lastly, allow me to introduce, President Agushi Mbutto, from the league of African Nations.

Pres. Mbutto: I too wish to hold forth the sincerest possible welcome on behalf of the many millions of people who inhabit the continent of Africa, the birthplace of the human species.

Alien 2: We are gratified to accept your welcome.

Pres. Mbutto: And in the interest of magnanimous hospitality, I would like to inform you that our continent is endowed with the richest, and in some cases, the exclusive deposits of many minerals, ores and rare earths. We have the planet's only sources of uranium and radium, not to mention large deposits of gold, platinum, and diamonds. **So**, if you should have the need or desire, we would be **more** than happy to exchange some of our mineral wealth for a small **tidbit** of information, say a faster than light drive mechanism? (*outburst of outrage from other countries*) Only to bring our cultures closer together, in the interest of mutual cooperation, of course. (*spoken as the SECRETARY GENERAL hustles him away.*)

Alien 2: We are venerated by your gracious and unselfish offer of mineral supplies, but the galaxy is well endowed with all the elements and materials that we may need.

Alien 1: We are touched by your generosity and hospitality. There **is** something which is distinctive to the human species and unique in the galaxy - something which truly reflects your individuality, raw spirit, insatiable drives and elemental emotion. (*DIPLOMATS all lean forward, expectantly*) If possible, we would like to acquire one of your singers of songs!

(ALL LEADERS look confused, and raise their hands in questioning indignation and incomprehension. They mumble among themselves questioningly)

Sec. Gen.: Singers of songs? Are you sure? Did I misunderstand your request?

Alien 1: Our civilization is very old, staid, sedate and refined in its ways. Many would find your voices and songs stimulating and invigorating. You have something that only a very young and primal race could have, an intangible vigor, which is reflected by your voices and imparted in your songs. That is your only valuable feature.

(The LEADERS still register and mumble shock and dismay)

Song: “What Else Could You Have That We Could Possibly Want?”

(President Sherman, Indian President, British Prime Minister & Aliens)

President Sherman: Mister Accomplisher, may I have a word?
I’m not so sure I heard what I heard.
Now, it’s true you fellows are the “men of the hour”,
But, when it’s all said and done, we’re the only super-power.
Now, I can’t discern what kind of game you may be playing,
But, we’re the ones to deal with and that’s all that I’m saying.
In bus’ness or science, we’re on the cutting edge,
So, talk to me straight, you don’t have to hedge.
I can tell we’re alike, in spite of our biology.
We’ll give you anything you want if you’ll share your technology!

Indian Pres.: *(singing to Alien #1)*
It’s clear to all we have the most in common.
You’re what we in India used to call a Brahman.
Our spirituality embraces your reality!
You live on a higher plane,
One we could not hope to attain
Unless you bless us with enlightenment
Then we’d be happy to present
To you whatever you desire,
Whatever you require!

British P.M.: *(singing to Alien #2)*
Number Two, it seems you’re really Heaven-sent
To alter this predicament.
You would appear to be the mediator,
Facilitator,
A personage most wise,
So, here’s our compromise:
I’m sure your research will attest
That British society is the best
And would be most deserving
Of whatever you are serving.
So, give us a little slice
And you can name your price.

Pres. Sherman: Any commodity!
Indian Pres.: The rarest oddity!
British P.M.: We’ll be happy to provide . . .
All 3: Only give it to our side!

Aliens: Thank you all for your largesse,
But, unless I miss my guess,
You do not understand.
We've tendered our demand.
We have only one request,
We ask that you sell us your best
Singer of songs.

All Cast: Singer of songs? Singer of songs?
Aliens: Singer of songs.
All: Singer of songs?
Aliens: Singer of songs.
All: Singer of songs?
Aliens: Singer of songs.
All: Singer of songs?
Aliens: Singer of songs.
All: Singer of songs?
Aliens: Singer of songs.
All: Singer of songs?
Aliens: Singer of songs.
All: Singer of songs?
Aliens: Singer of songs!
All: Singer of songs?

Secretary General: (*spoken*) But, why?

Alien #1: As I told you before,

Aliens: (*sung*) You are passionate and primal creatures.
Raw spirit is your one distinctive feature.
We are a very ancient race,
Evolved to a much higher place.
There's nothing we require.
We simply would desire
A vocalist for hire
Who conveys your inner fire. Hech!
Our superiority, we do not wish to flaunt,
But, What else Could You Have That We Could Possibly
Want?

All: (*sotto voce*) Singer of songs?
Aliens: That is all that we desire.
All: Singer of songs?

Aliens: One who conveys your inner fire.

All: (*getting louder, gradually*) Earth must have something here of higher
acclaim?

Aliens: (*shrugging*) Nothing we could name.

All: A singer of songs?

Aliens: That is our request.

All: Singer of songs?

Aliens: Just give us your best.

All: Is this a joke? Is this a taunt?

Aliens: What Else Could You Have That We Could Possibly
Want?

(BLACKOUT)

END OF ACT I

ACT II

Scene 1: “TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER!”

(Television announcer JANE CASTLEMAN, on TV)

Jane Castleman: We interrupt your regular programming with this special news report. Our unearthly visitors claim they want a singer - yes, you heard me correctly, a **singer** - to take back with them and represent us, the earth, in their galactic confederation. The various nations of the world who wish to participate, will present the singer of their choosing at a Gala event to be held in the near future at the U. N. General Assembly. The lucky winner will get a grand tour of the Galaxy and his or her country will receive scientific knowledge in return. Talk about weird, folks! Talk about the bizarre? But, what else would you expect from spacemen from the stars?

Song **“TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER!”** (*Jane Castleman*)

A tour of the galaxy! With spacemen from the stars!
What a privilege that would be
To go singing on Jupiter and Mars!
(Well, not exactly there!)
I can see myself surrounded by little green men,
(My friends would be so impressed!), and then
I wouldn't have to read the news, you see,
'Cause it would be, all about me!
I'd be a big celebrity!
Fancy restaurants would give me my meals for free.
And I'd only have to sing my heart out,
Then “go where no man has ever gone before”!
Oh, Mr. Alien, I'm beggin' you,
Give me the chance to sing, “The Force be with you!”
If you want emotion I can lay it on thick!
(I only hope, I don't get space-sick.)
I'm tired of being a T.V. news-reader,
So, Mister Spacemen, Take me To Your leader!
I'll sing till you sigh!
I'll sing till you cry!
And, if you don't choose me, I'll lay down and die!
Take me away! Make my day!
Take me To The Stars! Please?!

Song over

Jane Castleman: (*spoken*) This is Jane Castleman reporting.
JANE C. leaves stage with T.V., (UPSTAGE LEFT)

ACT II, Scene 2: “The Conspirators”

(The STAGE is divided into 3 sections representing the US., RUSSIA & ITALY)

(LIGHTS UP ON Italy)

- Advisor 1:** Prime Minister, whom should we send to the U.N. auditions? All our singers are so good!
- Prime Minister:** That is the big question, whom? For once, they play to **our** strengths - to **our** advantage for a change! We Italians are the most musical of all peoples!
- Advisor 2:** Certamente (chair-ta-men-tay) signora! (see-nyor-ah). And since we invented opera -the most expressive of all music - surely the aliens will choose an Italian.
- Prime Minister:** Si! (see) Surely, they'll choose one of us, and then - once we get their knowledge of the universe, Italy will usher in a new golden age.
- Advisor 1:** A second Renaissance Signora! Who better than Italy? After all, we did it once before.
- Prime Minister:** Si, but we're not the only ones who are aware of Italy's natural advantage.
- Advisor 2:** Everyone knows the fame of Italian singers. They will have cause to fear us and then
- Advisor 1:** And then, for that reason alone, perhaps they will employ some device from their bag of tricks!
- Prime Minister:** No doubt, the jealous would scheme and plot against us. But, what should we do? Italy is small. We have no power.
- Advisor 2:** Apply a little grease, Signora. It's the only way. What else can we do?
- Prime Minister:** It could work, every man has his price.
- Advisor 1:** A well placed donation here, a selective gift there - could forestall any problems, **and** possibly eliminate any serious competition, too.
- Prime Minister:** We have reserves for this. We must do it to protect Italy!

We must do it for the greater good - for the second Renaissance! But, don't say anymore! I don't want to know! I haven't heard a word of this!

Advisor 2: Of course not Signora. You haven't heard a word of this. This conversation never took place.

Song “**This Conversation Never Took Place**”
(*Italians / Russians / US President & Advisors*/)

Italians: This Conversation Never Took Place!
We don't care what you think you heard.
And if it did, you didn't tell me to my face,
You know we haven't heard a word!
We haven't heard a word,
The idea is absurd, tell them they can rest assured
That we haven't heard a word!

Italian PM: Ev'ryone knows our singers are the best,
They're head and shoulders above the rest!
But, there's no guarantee
The others won't try treachery.
And that is my strongest hunch,
So, we'll just beat them to the punch.
But, you didn't hear it from me!

All Italians: This Conversation Never Took Place!
We don't care what you think you heard.
And if it did, you didn't tell me to my face,
You know we haven't heard a word!
We haven't heard a word,
The idea is absurd, tell them they can rest assured
That we haven't heard a word!

(*LIGHTS UP ON Russia*)

Russian President: So, the aliens want a singer to represent the earth in their Confederation. We'll be more than happy to accommodate them. Their terms of payment are knowledge, technology - the secrets of the universe. We need that to restore the glory and respect we had in the past and which we so rightly deserve.

- Russian General:** With their knowledge, we'll have more than glory. The world will fear us again for the powerful and magnificent people that we are.
- Advisor 1:** We'll resume our rightful place in the natural order - on top. Surely we'll win! The visitors **must** choose a Russian! Our music and vocalists are obviously superior!
- Advisor 2:** Of course we'll win if the contest is **fairly** held, but we all know fairness does not exist. The world is full of plotters and schemers. No doubt they'll plan something to undermine us.
- Russian President:** We must be vigilant, and be ready to do what we must do to counter their tricks!
- Russian General:** Perhaps our security agents could come up with something to even the odds?
- Advisor 1:** Something very subtle. Something colorless, odorless, a pinch in the water, a whiff in the air! Something that affects the **voice** only.
- Russian President:** I didn't hear that! I don't want to know. But we must protect ourselves, it's a matter of national security! Our glorious future is at stake!
- Russian General:** We understand, Sir! We'll be vigilant and do what we must!
- Advisor 1:** We must counter the schemers and plotters. We must protect the motherland. Do not fear, Mr. President, we'll do what we must!
- (sung)*
- Russian President:** Just a whiff! A little sniff!
Something very subtle.
I'm merely postulating, "What if?"
There's no need for a rebuttal.
We have a chance to exceed our former glory,
Or be tricked again, the same old story!
We'll use a little of our own chemistry,
To even the odds, that's how it must be! But,
- All Russians:** This Conversation Never Took Place!

We don't care what you think you heard.
And if it did, you didn't tell me to my face,
You know we haven't heard a word!
We haven't heard a word,
The idea is absurd, tell them they can rest assured
That we haven't heard a word!

(LIGHTS UP ON The United States)

(spoken)

Advisor 1: How are we going to decide whom to present to the aliens?

President Sherman: Who ever it is, he or she has got to be good enough to win. Alien technology is the payoff. We need that to preserve our super-power status. This could be the beginning of a new era of scientific development, and we're the most qualified to lead the world there!

Advisor 2: We can canvas the most popular singing stars to see who would be willing to go. They're obviously our best, by popular acclaim.

Science Advisor: But what about the auditions we promised to hold at the U.N.?

President S: If that's what we said we'll do, then that's what we'll do. But, the final decision is still up to us, and if **we** decide to choose a celebrity, then so be it. The only thing that matters is winning!

U.S. General: Maybe we could exert a little outside pressure on the visitors?

Science Advisor: That's impossible. They're holed up in their ship, they don't come out much and nothing can penetrate their force field.

Advisor 1: Well, if we can't reach them, then maybe we can influence the contest in some other way.

Science Advisor: Perhaps there could be some technical problems? There's always technical glitches.....

U.S. General: And if they should occur during our key competitors audition, who could blame **us**?

President S: *(interrupting)* I’m not hearing any of this. I don’t want to know **what** you’re talking about! Plausible deniability, you know. But, well - everyone **knows** there **is** the possibility of technical problems.

U.S. General: : *(fawning)* We understand, m’am. There’s **always** the possibility of technical glitches. They happen all the time.

Science Advisor: That’s right, m’am. They’re as common as can be. Gremlins! They happen all the time.

U.S. General: Who can tell why? Who can blame you? Who can blame anyone?

(sung)

Pres. Sherman: We need to maintain our superpower status,
They won’t give us their technology for gratis.
Some insurance is required,
So it’s time that we conspired
To come up with a plot
To get what they’ve got.

Science advisor: Amplification is a nightmare for singers,
Static and feedback will be all that lingers
In the ears of our visitors.

Pres. Sherman: Then we’ll just avoid the inquisitors,
And feign innocence and shock,
Our success will be a lock! But,

All: This Conversation Never Took Place!
We don’t care what you think you heard.
And if it did, you didn’t tell me to my face,
You know we haven’t heard a word!
We haven’t heard a word,
The idea is absurd, tell them they can rest assured
That we haven’t heard a word,
Our lips are sealed, our eyes are closed,
Our ears are shut and heaven knows. . .
We haven’t heard a word! Ssshhh!

(BLACKOUT)

ACT II Scene 3: Control Room

(The ALIENS are onboard their ship, parked in Central Park, NYC. They are discussing events.)

Alien 1: Assess impact of our first contact. Report deviation from normal interplanetary routine.

Alien 2: An increase in all spheres of activity. Interplanetary communications are overloaded. Atypical global military movement, and unusually large congregations encircling our immediate vicinity. *(the sound of the OFF-STAGE CROWD outside is gradually heard, chanting ‘Take me away’, and Be gone Satan’.)*

Alien 1: Activate proximity force fields. We don’t want any irrational natives damaging the ship.

Alien 2: Acknowledged, Sir.

Alien 3: It appears that the indigenous humanoids are more primitive than I would have predicted. Certainly, **my** race did not act so irrationally during our first contact.

Alien 2: Pre-contact, animal based societies are irrational and uncivilized by definition. The only question is, to what degree? Your race was developed from herbivores. These humanoids are omnivores, therefore increased irrationality should be expected.

Alien 2: We must expedite our stay here - conclude our business as soon as possible.

Alien 1: I concur. The risk of our premature demise here increases exponentially the longer we stay!

Alien 3: *(declaratively)* We stay until we get what we came for! The damage is **already** done. There’s nothing we can do that can change that.

Alien 2: Extreme disorder. Complete disruption of their normal developmental time line. Irreparable.

Alien 1: *(raising and waving hands)* Extreme distress! Extreme distress! It was a major error to come here - gross violation of the prime directive. How could I have acceded? A global disruption of this

magnitude will be remembered. Eventually, the confederation will investigate and find out. We will be apprehended! Oh, *(raising hands)* extreme distress! Extreme discomfort! Extreme infamy!

Alien 3: *(with disgust)* The **m**agnitude of your timidity always astounds me! Sure, the Confederation will eventually discover the breach, but, so what! The earthlings don't even know our names! We stay until we get what we came for - a singer of songs. The magnitude of our **rewards** will more than compensate us for the risk.

Alien 1: Your animal impetuoussness will be our undoing!

Alien 3: Again with the animal impetuoussness! If you didn't own this ship I'd boot your leafy bodies . . .

Alien 1&2: *(waving hands wildly and interrupting)* Extreme anxiety!
Extreme anxiety!

Alien 3: This will certainly be my last voyage with a plant!

Alien 2: It is highly probable that this will be the last voyage for all of us!

Alien 1&2: Extreme anxiety, extreme anxiety, extreme anxiety!

Alien 3: *(in disgust)* Baaaaaa ..!

(LIGHTS fade out)

ACT II, Scene 4 “The Tryouts”

(The scene reveals a huge line of people in front of the United Nations building, waiting for an application to audition for the ALIENS. ENTER AMANDA DELUCA, SAMANTHA TURNER & JENN PARKS, DOWNSTAGE RIGHT.)

Amanda: Oh, man! Would you look at this line?!

Jenn: *(crestfallen)* I don't stand a snowball's chance in Tahiti!

Samantha: *(reprovingly)* Jenn, that is **not** the right attitude. Let **me** scope this out. *(approaching GIRL 1, who is at the end of the line.)* Excuse me, is this the line for the Alien audition?

Girl 3: Uh – no-o. This is the line for the **application** for the audition.

Samantha: Oookaaaay.

Girl 2: They’ll call you if they decide to let you audition.

Girl 3: Which is probably unlikely.

Samantha: *(turning back to JENN & AMANDA)* You can get depressed now.

Jenn: *(rushing up to GIRL 3)* You mean, they won’t give everyone a chance?

Girl 3: Are you kidding?

Jenn: Isn’t there **someone** I can’t speak to? I **have** to do this audition!

Girl 1: *(looking at JENN skeptically)* You must be new at this.

Girl 2: Do you know anybody on the audition committee?

Jenn: Nnnn-no.

Girl 3: Well then, let me put it to you plainly.

Song: **“IT’S ALL WHO YOU KNOW”**

GIRL 3: It’s All WhoYou Know!
If you wanna get to where you say you wanna go.
It’s All Who You Know,
If you wanna get your foot in that do’!

Girl 1: I’ve got a cousin whose wife’s the daughter of a big Executive who runs a record company that’s out in L.A.
So, I gave him my demo and he gave it to his wife
And she gave it to her father and so I’m on my way!

Chorus: It’s All WhoYou Know!

3 Girls: All who you know!

Chorus: If you wanna get to where you say you wanna go.
It’s All Who You Know,

3 Girls: All who you know!

Chorus: If you wanna get your foot in that do’!

Girl 2: My boyfriend’s younger sister runs a club out in New Jersey

Where the bartender used to be an A.& R. rep.
She gave him my CD, and he gave it to his contacts in the industry

And that’s the first step!

Chorus: It’s All Who You Know!

3 Girls: All who you know!

Chorus: If you wanna get to where you say you wanna go.

It’s All Who You Know,

3 Girls: All who you know!

Chorus: If you wanna get your foot in that do’!

Amanda: But, don’t you understand, she’s got talent?

Samantha: I really think that she could go far!

Jenn: If somebody would only give me a chance,

A., S. & Jenn: We (I) know that she (I) could be a star!

3 Girls: And so could we, but. . .

Chorus: It’s All Who You Know!

A., S. & Jenn: All who you know!

Chorus: If you wanna get to where you say you wanna go.

It’s All Who You Know,

A., S. & Jenn: All who you know!

Chorus: If you wanna get your foot in that do’!

All: If you wanna get to where you say you wanna go,

Remember It’s All Who You Know!

Song over

Jenn: (*sad, but determined*) I’m not giving up.

Amanda: Well, then let’s find a comfortable spot to wait.

Samantha: Good thing I brought some reading material. (*pulling books out of her book-bag.*)

Amanda: What have you got?

Samantha: (*looking through them*) Let’s see? Ken Wilber’s “A Theory of Everything”? (*THEY shake their heads “no”*) How about Wayne Dyer’s “Wisdom of the Ages”?

Amanda: Have you got anything lighter?

- Samantha:** *(reprovingly)* Amanda! All right. Try this. *(handing her a book)*
- Amanda:** *(reading title)* “Choosing Civility (the Twenty-five Rules of Considerate Conduct” by P.M. Forni. *(to SAM.)* What are you trying to tell me?
- Samantha:** You asked for something light.
- Jenn:** Have you got any of the papers?
- Samantha:** *(pulling out the New York Post & handing it to JENN)* Here.
- Jenn:** *(raising her eyebrows)* The “Post”?
- Samantha:** Research. I’m writing a paper on “The Cultural Impact Of First Alien Contact On the Lumpenproletariat”. *(* note: in Marxist theory, refers to the lowest level of the proletariat, comprising unskilled workers, vagrants and criminals and characterized by a lack of class identification and solidarity.)*
- Jenn:** You’re kidding? *(shaking her head)* Whatever. *(opens paper and starts reading & after a suitable pause jumps up, shouting)* I don’t believe it!
- Amanda:** What is it?
- Jenn:** Guess who’s been chosen to be the emcee at the contest?!
- Amanda & Sam:** Who?
- Jenn:** Johnny Dollar!
- Samantha:** *(grabbing the paper & looking at it)* How on earth did **he** get chosen?!
- Jenn:** He may be a sleaze, but he **is** my agent. I **finally** know someone!
- Amanda:** But, Jenn, didn’t you just have a big fight with him?
- Jenn:** *(really excited)* Oh, he won’t hold that against me. I’ve got to get in touch with him. Have you guys got a cell phone?

(just then, a commotion is heard UPSTAGE LEFT. JOHNNY DOLLAR ENTERS with PATTY BEECKER on his arm. PATTY BEECKER is surrounded by autograph-seekers. JANE CASTLEMAN & a cameraman begin interviewing JOHNNY, DOWNSTAGE CENTER)

- Jane Castleman:** Mr. Dollar, has a singer been selected to represent the United States, yet?
- Johnny Dollar:** As you know, Jane, we have the best singers in the world here in the good old U. S. of A. It's a difficult decision.
- Jane:** Why do you think President Sherman chose you to head up the search?
- Johnny:** Well, as refined as the President may be, she knows that when it comes to “raw passion”, Johnny Dollar knows it when he sees it.
- Jane:** *(skeptically)* “Raw passion”?
- Johnny:** That's what these spaceniks want! That's what they came here for, and Johnny Dollar's gonna see to it they don't leave disappointed! It's my patriotic duty.
- Jane:** *(to camera)* This is Jane Castleman with music promoter Johnny Dollar. Stay tuned to WKLA for further reports as this story unfolds. *(JANE & CAMERAMAN EXIT, STAGE LEFT.)*
- Jenn:** *(rushing up to JOHNNY)* Johnny! Congratulations!
- Johnny:** *(coldly)* Who are you?
- Jenn:** What? What do you mean?
- Johnny:** *(angrily)* Where were you last night? You didn't show. I waited all night!
- Jennifer Parks:** I told you I wasn't going to do that gig, and I meant it.
- Johnny:** Why you ungrateful prima donna! After all I did for you!
- Jenn:** Johnny, you've got to let me audition. The aliens want a singer to take back with them and I'm willing to go.

Johnny: You? Ha! Let me tell you a little secret, honey. In this business it's all who you know, and....(*looking her up and down*).... how you look! I knew you'd be back begging for my help. But, nobody blows off Johnny Dollar and gets away with it. (*calling to PATTY*) Over here, Patty! Everyone! I have an announcement to make. The U.S. representative has been chosen, so you can all go home! And here she is, ladies and gentlemen – Patty Beecker!

(There is a collective sigh, some complaints, a bit of applause and the crowd starts to disperse. JENN, SAM. & AMANDA look shocked.)

Jenn: (*angrily, to JOHNNY, so that PATTY hears*) Does Patty Beecker know that she has to go by herself with the aliens and may **never** return to earth?

Patty: (*densely*) What's she talking about, Johnny?

Jenn: The winner of the contest has to travel the galaxy with them. Alone. **And**, you most likely will never see earth again.

Patty: Johnny? What does she mean? I thought I was just going on tour for a while?

Johnny: Don't worry your pretty little head, honey. Details! Just, details. We'll talk later. (*PATTY starts to EXIT, STAGELEFT*) (*to JENN*) Give it up, girl! Even if I didn't pick Patty, you'd never stand a chance. You don't have what it takes! Oh. And furthermore, I'm going to see to it that no one else takes you on as a client. I'll make sure you **never** work in this business. (*JOHNNY turns on his heel and EXITS, STAGELEFT, leaving only JENN, SAMANTHA & AMANDA ONSTAGE. JENN bursts into tears when he leaves.*)

Samantha: Don't cry, Jenn. He doesn't know **what** he's talking about.

Amanda: He is such a loser.

Jenn: My life is over. The only thing I've ever wanted to do is sing. Now, I'll never get a break.

Samantha: Wait a minute. Listen to what you're saying.

Jenn: Don't try to cheer me up.

Samantha: I'm just being logical. Now, maybe Johnny can keep you from going with the aliens or stop you from having a big commercial career, but he can't keep you from singing.

Jenn: What?

Samantha: What did you just say to us?

Jenn: I said, "The only thing I've ever wanted to do is sing".

Samantha: Well, Johnny Dollar can't keep you from singing, can he?

Jenn: *(tearfully)* No. *(then, determined)* No he can't!

Song "Sing!" *(Jenn, Samantha & Amanda)*

Jenn: Some folks want to live forever,
I just want to Sing!
Others long to be called clever,
I just want to Sing!
Nothing you can say can sway me from this endeavor.

Amanda: If I paid you a million to stop?

Jenn: I'd say "Never!"
I'm only happy when I'm Singing!

Girls: Singing!

Jenn: It's guaranteed to keep bringing me lots of joy!
'Though it's true I annoy

Girls: Uh-huhn! Ooooooooo.

Jenn: The people who live on the floor below me.
Vocalizing keeps me smiling!

Girls: La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!

Jenn: I find any song beguiling!

Girls: Beguiling!

Jenn: I once saw a sign
That said "Gesang is da sein!"
Which means "to sing is to be"
That sign was talkin' about me!
High or low,

Girls: Oo-oo-oo!

Jenn: F, f, f, f, f, f, fast or slow!

Girls: Keep the rhythm comin'!
Jenn: If I can't have the melody I'm happy with the harmony!
Girls: Belting or cro-oo-oo-ning!
Jenn: As long as I'm tu-u-u-ning!
Girls: Sweet or sour!
Jenn: I'm even gratified singing in the shower!
Jazz or legit, I just can't quit!
Like a bird on the wing . . .
Girls: Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo!
Jenn: I-I was ma-ade to Sing!
Girls: To Sing, to sing!
Jenn: To Sing!
Girls: To sing, to Sing!
Jenn: To Si-----ing!
Girls: To sing, to Si-i-i-ing, to Sing!
(song over)
Sam. & Amanda: Feeling better?

Jenn: Much!

(BLACK OUT)

ACT II SCENE 5 “THE PROPHETESS PLOTS”

(In the DOWNSTAGE RIGHT corner, THE PROPHETESS OF DOOM is plotting with 2 “mafia-criminal” types.)

Prophetess: You have been called by a higher power to save the world.

Thug 1: O.K., whatever, but, it's gonna cost you. Have you got the money?

Prophetess: *(handing him a briefcase)* Only I can save the people from the green devils who have come to enslave us!

Thug 1: *(looking in the briefcase, as SHE speaks)* Looks like it's all here.

Thug 2: So, lady, what is it you want us to do?

Prophetess: When the American slattern begins her unholy wailing, you are to plunge the building into darkness.

Thug 2: That's it?

Prophetess: It will be a sign to the world that the Great Darkness has arrived!

Thug 1: All right, honey. You got it. *(to THUG 2)* So? How we gonna disguise ourselves?

Thug 2: Fuh-get-aboudit! How we gonna get the schematics to the U.N.?

(BLACK OUT)

ACT II Scene 6 “The Auditions”

(The scene opens on a large auditorium at the UN, with the aliens seated to one side along with an on stage audience. We see the ITALIAN PRESIDENT handing an envelope of money to NATASHA PRIMAKOV, the Russian contestant.)

Sec. Gen. Anan Corian: Good evening, ladies and gentleman, **and** visitors. *(nodding to ALIENS)* I have the distinct honor of opening this most auspicious occasion, - an audition for the earth’s emissary to the stars! We are being internationally televised and I’m sure the whole world is watching us tonight! Again, I want to welcome our esteemed other- worldly visitors to our fair land. We have assembled here - from all the nations of the world - a selection of singers and vocalists who represent the best this planet has to offer. And so, without further delay, let me introduce our Master of Ceremonies, - Mr. Jonathan Dollar, a well-known and respected expert in the music industry.

(applause from onstage audience, ENTER JOHNNY to loud funk-rock music.)

J. Dollar: Thank you Sir, Secretary General Corian. I am very honored to be here on this most momentous and historic day. On behalf of all the contestants and all the nations present, we extend our well wishes to our honored guests. *(HE motions to ALIENS)* I am pleased to announce that we have received an overwhelming response to your request for a vocalist ambassador to the stars. In the interest of brevity, we have installed a switched red light for your convenience. When you’ve heard enough of a particular entry, simply press the button, and the red light and buzzing sound will signal the end of that performance. So, without further ado, we

present for your listening pleasure the first contestant, from the great nation of Russia, Miss Natasha Primakov.

(The contestant walks on stage)

N. Primakov: *(spoken with a thick accent)* Thank you. I am very much honored to be the representative of my great country, Mother Russia. I'll be singing "Ah Che-chonya" *(phonetic spelling)*

(SHE sings a few lines off key, some too loud, others too soft, rather obviously singing poorly intentionally)

(The ALIENS look at each other with incredulity, then activate the red light and two POLICEMEN walk on stage and escort Ms. Primakov off the stage. SHE doesn't protest too much. The RUSSIANS look furious.)

(JOHNNY Dollar walks on)

J. Dollar: Must be nerves. Next, it's my pleasure to introduce from Italy, the country that invented opera, - Ms. Sophia Cabarella. *(SHE walks on stage in an evening gown – very dramatically.)*

S. Cabarella: Grazie, Signor Dollar, it is my privilege to perform for you the famous Italian song, "Torno A Surriento".

(SHE sings a minute, while various RUSSIANS try to surreptitiously spray her. THEY keep missing as she always turns her head at the wrong moment. THEY finally succeed as she sings the words "Io parto, "Addio!". SHE then starts coughing, loses her voice, stops to clear her throat a couple of times, then proceeds to sing very hoarsely. The red light comes on. POLICEMEN come on stage to escort her off. She protests vociferously, while a few ITALIANS run up to them protesting. Reaction from the crowd.)

(JOHNNY Dollar steps forward, shaking his head)

J Dollar: Aw, what a shame, folks. But, these things happen in show biz! And now – from the Isle of Green – the lovely and talented Miss Rosey O'Leary!

Rosey O'Leary: *(with Irish accent)* I thank you, Mr. Dollar. I would like to sing the famous Irish tune, "O, Danny Boy".

JDollar: And we'd **love** to hear it, Rosey! Let's have a big hand for Rosey!
(polite "golf" clapping)

Rosey: O Danny, boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling,
From glen to glen and down the mountainside.
The summer's gone, and all the roses falling,
It's you, it's you must go and I must bide. . .

(SHE sings a few line when audio problems begin, feedback etc. The U.S. Science Advisor is fiddling with a small device which is causing the feedback. The ALIENS red light her, and the POLICEMEN come and escort her off the stage as SHE strenuously protests, resists and threatens)

JDollar: *(rushing forward, covering)* These things happen, ladies and gentlemen! But, there's more to come! For our next entry on the agenda, it is my privilege to introduce from the great country of The United States, - Ms. Patty Beecker - one of **the** most popular singers in our country, and indeed the world today.

P.Baker: Thank you Mr. Dollar. I'm very pleased to be here. I'll be singing my newest hit-to-be, "Raw Passion".

(SHE begins singing, but is interrupted by the PROPHETESS, who shouts "Be gone, Satan!" to her. PATTY keeps singing as more protesters shout. The POLICEMEN run up to her as we see the two THUGS by a circuit-breaker UPSTAGE, about to "pull the plug". People are reacting to the chaos and the ALIENS stand up, looking nervous. Officials from the U.S. government enter the fray protesting also, claiming unfairness, and trickery. The ALIENS become quite agitated, waving arms etc. Suddenly, the LIGHTS go out and over the shouts of the crowd we hear the ALIENS.)

(BLACKOUT)

Aliens 1&2:Extreme anxiety! Extreme distress!

Alien 3: The missions a failure! We must leave at once!

Scene 7 “Emergency Report”

(Scenery is removed. JANE CASTLEMAN appears once again on TV, Downstage Center.)

Jane Castleman: Ladies and gentlemen, we interrupt this international broadcast with a special news bulletin. A woman who calls herself the “Prophetess of Doom” has just been arrested at the United Nations building. She is accused of causing a power outage at the auditions. In a further development, the Aliens are now listed as missing. I repeat - the Aliens are no longer on the scene. The public has begun converging on Central Park to see if the Aliens have returned to their ship. Stayed tuned for further updates. This is Jane Castleman.

(BLACKOUT - EXIT JANE C. & TV, STAGELEFT)

Scene 8 “Central Park”

Amanda Deluca: *(ENTERING with blanket from UPSTAGE LEFT, followed by JENN with guitar & SAMANTHA with picnic basket.)*
Let’s sit on that hill? We’ll have a perfect view of the spaceship from here. *(spreading blanket on platform)*

Samantha: I’ve never seen Central Park so deserted!

Jenn: Everyone’s watching the auditions.

Amanda: Well Jenn, you may not get to travel the stars but at least you’ll get to wave “good-bye” to whomever gets chosen.

Jenn: *(ironically)* Great. *(to Samantha)* Hey, Sam have you got a radio with you?

Samantha: In my bag.

Jenn: Let’s listen to the auditions?

Samantha: I’d rather hear **you** sing. Do your audition song.

Amanda: Let me play! *(taking guitar)*

Jenn: You’ve heard me sing that song 20 times this week! Aren’t you sick of it?

Amanda: No. The more I hear it, the better I like it.

Jenn: All right, but let me drink some water first. (*SAMANTHA opens picnic basket and produces a water bottle. GIRLS continue in pantomimed conversation as ALIENS ENTER, DOWNSTAGE LEFT, walking slowly, out of breath.*)

Alien 3: We must stop and rest for a moment. These force fields cause excess exertion.

Alien 1: Acceded, but only for a few moments. We must hurry. Complaints about the force field are illogical. Without them, we would be seen, then mobbed and exterminated. The primacy of the Prime Directive has been affirmed, as well as our foolishness for violating it!

Alien 2: These indigenous organisms are obviously not ready for contact from an advanced civilization. Violation of the Prime Directive was an extreme error.

Alien 3: Baaa! Cowards! If you risk nothing, you’ll gain nothing! So we tried our little exploit and failed? It’s irrelevant. The universe is infinite! We’ll move on, and see what other wonders remain to be discovered.

Alien 1: Negative! This has been as much as we can endure. Our limits have been reached. We shall return to our home world.

Alien 3: Wait! Those humans are directly in our path.

(JENN Parks starts singing her song)

SONG **“IF I COULD BE THE ONE”** *(Jenn Parks)*

Jenn: If wishes were so,
I know where I’d go.
I’d find me a place in a distant galaxy.
There, I would touch them with my voice,
Make them cry and then rejoice!
There I would be . . .

Just the music and me!

If I Could Be The One in a million to be chosen,
How could I resist the chance to live a fairytale?
If I Could Be The One in a million to be chosen,
Heaven knows I'd love to be a Cosmic Nightingale!

Though I may only be a longshot,
Just a dark horse fading into the pack,
Try me and you'll see,
You'll make a winner out of me!

If I Could Be The One in a million to be chosen,
How could I resist the chance to live a fairytale?
If I Could Be The One in a million to be chosen,
Heaven knows I'd love to be a Cosmic Nightingale!
If wishes were so,
I know where I'd go.
I'd find me a place in a distant galaxy.
There, I would touch them with my voice,
Make them cry and then rejoice!
There I would be . . .
The music and me . . . living a fairytale –
A Cosmic Nightingale.

(song over)

Alien 3: Listen to that! She sounds like the same voice we heard in space!

Alien 2: That is impossible. Humanoid life spans are too short for it to be the same singer.

Alien 3: **She's** the one we want! She's singing about travelling the galaxy. She must want to go.

Alien 1: No. Our mission is a failure. We must leave at once.

Alien 3: It'll only be a failure if we leave empty handed. I'm asking her!

Alien 1: Acceded. Drop force fields. *(a sound effect is heard as THEY press a button on their devices. ALIEN 3 approaches JENN.)*

Jenn: Oh . . . my. . . gosh! It's the aliens! What are you doing here?!

Alien 3: We heard you singing. We’ve agreed that you are the singer we want. Will you come with us?

Jenn: What? Me? Are you serious? What about the U.N. auditions?

Alien 1: The U.N. auditions failed. You must decide now. We are in danger. We must leave now. Will you come?

Jenn: To travel to the stars? To sing my songs to the galaxy? Of course I’ll come! *(to AMANDA & SAMANTHA)* Samantha! Amanda! Can you believe it?! *(THEY run up to her and hug her. JANE CASTLEMAN runs in from DOWNSTAGE LEFT carrying a microphone, followed by a cameraman.)*

Jane Castleman: Look! It’s the aliens! *(to cameraman)* Quick! Roll camera! *(to audience)* Ladies and gentlemen, this is a WKLA exclusive. I am at Central Park and have discovered the aliens whereabouts! *(to ALIEN 3)* Mr. Accomplisher, could you tell our audience what’s happening?

Alien 3: We have selected a singer and our now ready to leave the planet.

Jane C.: Who?! Who have you chosen?

Samantha: *(rushing to Jane)* They’ve chosen Jennifer Parks! The greatest singer in the world!

Jane: Miss Parks, the whole world is watching. Have you got anything to say?

Jenn: Yes! One thing! *(jumping & throwing out her arms, elatedly over the Intro to the Finale)* **Take me to the stars!**

Finale *(The CAST runs onstage from different directions over the intro to the Finale, “Take Me To The Stars!”)*

Song: **“Take Me To the Stars”** *(Full Cast, Part 2’s in parentheses)*

ALL: Is there an answer out there? (Is there an answer out there?)
Something that we don’t know yet?
(Something that we don’t know)
Have we been asking the wrong questions?
(Have we been asking the wrong questions?)

How will our expectations be met?
Take Me To the Stars!
I want to know the meaning of the universe!
Tell me, do the stars sing and who are they singing for?
Tell me is there more than we see
And more than we ever thought of?
Take Me To the Stars! I want to know it all!
Oo-oo! I want to know it all!
Is there a new day coming?
(Is there a new day coming?)
Now we know we're not alone!
(Now we know we're not alone.)
I hear the distant drumming with the
(I hear the distant drumming)
Universe we will atone!
Take Me To the Stars!
I-I-I want to know the meaning of the universe!
Tell me (tell me) do the stars sing, and who are they singing for?
Tell me is there more (more than) than we see,
And more than we ever thought of?
Take Me To the Stars!
I want to know it all!
(Take Me To the Stars)
Oo-oo! I want to know it all!
(Want to know it all)
Take Me To the Stars!
(Want to know it all)
(Take me) Take Me To the Stars!

Back-up:

All:

(BLACKOUT)

(BOWS)