

GODDLE

a sci-fi comedy script in one act

by

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Synopsis

In the not too distant future two earthlings crash land on a planet remarkably similar to Earth. They learn from two natives that the planet, Goddle, is inhabited by a race similar to humans but more developed due to the existence of a substance called Goddlemite. Goddlemite allows the inhabitants of Goddle to communicate telepathically by channelling their thoughts. The unwelcome intrusion by the Goddlians into the minds of the Earthlings leads to much confusion and romantic innuendo, eventually leading to animosity between the Earthlings and Goddlians.

However, the Earthlings learn that Goddlemite can also be used as a power source for their crashed space ship and they hatch a plan to steal Goddlemite so they can return to Earth. Without the power of Goddlemite to read each other's mind the Goddlians struggle with the need to speak to each other but eventually manage to make their feelings known. When the Goddlians confront the Earthlings about the theft of the Goddlemite, they come to realise that they don't need the power to read each others' minds. The Earthlings are able to depart with the power source they need and the Goddlians must learn to cope with the new communication method that involves talking.

Characters

CHUCK	Militaristic, egotistical and boastful. He always has to be right and displays these characteristics as a front for his own insecurities and unwilling attraction towards SUSAN. Eventually his character loses these alpha-male traits and becomes more accepting of other people's opinions.
SUSAN	Submissive, tentative and embarrassed of her own intelligence. Accustomed to being constantly belittled by CHUCK, she is encouraged by the insight given by HOMME and FEMME reading his mind and she eventually reveals more of a precocious nature.
HOMME	Pragmatic to the point of viewing others with disdain, his character immediately clashes with CHUCK. But once they realise that their views are more aligned than they originally thought, the relationship becomes more amicable. Communication is the greatest challenge for him and he finds it difficult to voice his opinions.
FEMME	Similarly pragmatic and harbouring a noble belief in the superiority of her species, she often has no idea that her cutting comments tend to belittle others. Her tendency towards know-it-all-ness originally stemmed from a desire to impress HOMME. Once she realises that he is suitably impressed her attitude is relaxed.

Props

ROBOT	A remote controlled vehicle of some sort covered in some prehistoric looking alfoil and Christmas lights. The voice for the robot is transmitted through some sort of speaker.
CHIMPANZEE	A stuffed chimpanzee or monkey toy large enough for SUSAN to cradle.
BOOK OR PDA	
HANDCUFFS	
PODIUM	A small staircase on which the black case can rest. This is the Goddlabulator.
BLACK CASE	Or a similar device for storing Goddlemite. This is part of the Goddlabulator together with the PODIUM.
SAMURAI FIGHTING FISH IN A CARRY CASE	This is Goddlemite.

Scene One – The Crash Site

(The curtain opens to the sound of a huge crashing noise and sirens wailing. Flashing lights disperse through smoke and debris. The latch of a spaceship opens and two figures dressed in astronaut uniforms emerge – CHUCK and SUSAN. SUSAN is holding a chimpanzee - CHUPPAS.)

CHUCK: It's a miracle, we've landed. I thought we would never survive that crash.

(CHUCK runs out of spaceship and kisses the ground. SUSAN cradles CHUPPAS looking dazed.)

SUSAN: What happened? How did we get here?

CHUCK: You've been off with the astronauts again haven't you? While you were fussing over that lesser-Neanderthal, the NRG facilitator of our spacecraft overheated causing us to go into catastrophic meltdown. Luckily I spotted an optimal evacuation area and with some stellar steering I was able to navigate a landing with minimal damage to the spacecraft.

SUSAN: So our energy source went down, is that what you're saying?

CHUCK: Not the energy source, the NRG – the Nuclear Reaction Generator – is incapacitated. *(CHUCK shakes his head in disbelief.)*

SUSAN: Oh, that's what I thought I said but well, thank goodness we're alive. And Chuppas is safe too, aren't you Chuppas.

(SUSAN fondles CHUPPAS the chimp adoringly. CHUCK suppresses a hint of jealousy/revulsion.)

CHUCK: Now that we know we're alive, where in the flaming moons of Mercury are we?

SUSAN: This landscape, the forest, the trees...it looks just like Earth. I mean it looks like the Earth from a hundred years ago that I've seen on display in the Museum of Non-existent History.

CHUCK: *(pointing)* Look at those birds! Even those birds look like how birds back home are supposed to, not the protoplastic model 7.0 budgie-borgs we have now.

SUSAN: Do you think we've actually ended up back on Earth?

CHUCK: Not in a million aeons! There's no way we could have done a complete loop around the Revolving Chaos Galaxy.

SUSAN: Well where in the cyberworld are we then?

CHUCK: This must be one of the secret anarchic states, shielded from our civilisation scanners behind a highly advanced comet-wall. It didn't even show up on Google Universe!

SUSAN: Impossible! Google Universe captures everything. In fact, we're probably on it right now and if someone is watching we can send a message back home for help.

CHUCK: Susan, you're talking like your circuits have been scrambled. No one sits around all day watching Google Universe. It's only -

(ROBOT rolls up to CHUCK and runs into him.)

ROBOT: You are unauthorised entrants on the Planet Goddle. The Planet Goddle does not welcome you.

CHUCK: What in the solar system is this thing?

ROBOT: I am a highly advanced border protection officer. It is my duty to ensure Goddle is safe from unwanted intrusion.

CHUCK: You're not a border protection officer. You're a tin can on wheels. You want to know who the greats of border protection are. Well, no one can beat the almighty Zeuisisus who fended off a swarm of invading Flysects with just his laser eyebeams.

ROBOT: Do not dispute my authority. Otherwise...

CHUCK: Otherwise what? You'll konk me over the head with one of your metallic arms?

SUSAN: Chuck, be nice to the little dust-buster *(sniggering)*.

(Awkward pause. SUSAN looks embarrassed that she has participated in the slanging match.)

ROBOT: Your illegal entry has been recorded and a surveillance team has been dispatched to investigate. Do not, I repeat, do not attempt to resist arrest.

(CHUCK and SUSAN look at each other and shrug their shoulders.)

CHUCK: Why would we want to resist arrest? It's not like we have anything else to do on this Google-foresaken planet.

SUSAN: Will they be able to help us with getting energy?

CHUCK: *(Under his breath to Robot)* I think she means NRG.

ROBOT: The surveillance team will determine an appropriate action for you once they arrive.

SUSAN: When will they get here?

ROBOT: Your emergency situation has been reported and the team will be here immediately.

(Scene fades.)

Scene Two – Nightfall at the Crash Site

(It is night-time at the crash site. CHUCK and SUSAN have resolved to lounging around on some rocks or logs lying about the area. Cicadas chirp in the distance. Plants bordering the stage indicate they are somewhere in the forest. SUSAN has put down CHUPPAS who is sitting beside her. The ROBOT remains motionless.)

CHUCK: We've been waiting here for light-years. I'm starving! When is this super-duper surveillance team supposed to get here already. I could eat a stratosphere full of spacesnacks I'm so hungry.

SUSAN: Maybe we should light a fire, then we could catch a bird or something and cook it...just like they do in the movies!

ROBOT: Absolutely not. Destruction of the natural habitat is forbidden.

CHUCK: What? You mean you have all this meat around you and you can't even eat it?

ROBOT: The fauna of Goddle is not for consumption.

CHUCK: What sort of crazy world is this?

(CHUCK looks hungrily at the chimpanzee. HOMME and FEMME enter.)

HOMME: I'm afraid I can not allow you to end that monkey's life to satisfy your own hunger either.

(CHUCK turns around in shock.)

CHUCK: Who in the name of Gazatron are you? And how in the universe did you know...

(SUSAN looks shocked at the arrival of the Goddlians. Her shock is compounded even more when she realises that CHUCK was considering eating CHUPPAS.)

FEMME: Yes, I'm afraid his hunger knows no bounds.

CHUCK: You must be the special squadron surveillance team. Well it took you sub-humans long enough to get here. We've been waiting all night, practically starving to death.

FEMME: It is highly unlikely that you would have starved by simply refraining from your diet for 12 hours.

HOMME: It seems that we arrived just in time to save that poor chimp's life. All consumption of intelligent beings is prohibited on the Planet Goddle.

CHUCK: Intelligent? This fur-ball?

SUSAN: Hey, don't say that about Chuppas. I can't believe you were actually thinking of *eating* him. (*SUSAN picks up CHUPPAS and starts cradling him again.*)

FEMME: (*To SUSAN*) You needn't worry. He's merely jealous of what he regards as your overbearing affections towards the creature.

HOMME: (*To SUSAN*) He only wishes that you were half as attentive towards him.

SUSAN: Wait a minute, how do you know what he's thinking?

CHUCK: (*still doesn't realise that HOMME and FEMME can read his mind and continues his defensiveness*) Me, jealous? Ha, I scoff at that remark. There's nothing about this amoeba brain that I have to be jealous about.

(*HOMME and FEMME look at each other with raised eyebrows.*)

SUSAN: (*to HOMME and FEMME*) You know exactly what's in this head don't you?

FEMME: We've seen this before –

HOMME and FEMME: Denial!

CHUCK: This is absolutely ludicrous. Why the aeon would I be in the remotest way... (*trails off, finally realising what is happening*). Hold on a microsecond. You can read - I mean, you think you can read my mind, don't you?

HOMME: We don't think we can read your mind. We *can* tap into advanced states of your psychology allowing us to transcend linguistic boundaries and directly access your internal thought processes even before you have the opportunity to voice them in whatever Goddle-forsaken language you are speaking.

FEMME: (*huffily to CHUCK*) No, it's not stupid and neither are we!

CHUCK: But that's crazy. We're not even of the same species. How is it that you consider there is even cognitive compatibility.

HOMME: Access to the subliminal is not dependent on the physical but the emotional similarities.

CHUCK: *(With disgust)* Emotional?

FEMME: Sure, like us, you think, feel, want, need. It is these desires that are apparent in your emotional aura.

CHUCK: *(sarcastically)* Aura? How very tantric of you. *(To himself)* I feel so violated!

SUSAN: *(tentatively)* So, you can even tell what I'm thinking?

HOMME: Correct.

FEMME: *(Smiling mysteriously)* But don't worry, your secret is safe with us.

HOMME: No, we won't tell him how you feel about him.

(FEMME elbows HOMME who is oblivious of his faux pax.)

SUSAN: *(Trying desperately to change the subject, blushing)* Well, if you can read minds, prove it then by, by, by – telling me what Chuppas is thinking.

CHUCK: Don't be silly Susan, no one can talk to a silly monkey like –

FEMME: Chuppas thinks that Chuck looks and acts like a Silverback Gorilla. Oh, and he needs to urinate.

SUSAN: *(in shock)* Really, why didn't you tell me Chuppas?

(SUSAN carries Chuppas away and puts him down off-stage.)

Hey, you were right! He did need to go!

(SUSAN reappears.)

CHUCK: *(scoffing)* I still find it highly improbable.

HOMME: Yet you can see no reasonable explanation so far for our accurate deductions of your inner-most thoughts.

CHUCK: I didn't think that! And I wasn't thinking those things that you thought I was thinking!

FEMME: No, surely not. It must have been a mere miscommunication in your neurotransmitters, which incidentally are intercepted by our subliminal thought receptors. Although the probability of such an occurrence given the highly developed cognitive state of Goddle inhabitants since the discovery of the advanced intuitive substance known as Goddlemite is virtually akin to the likelihood that you will be able to conjure your hovercraft in it's present condition to progress backwards through the space time continuum to your so called Planet of Earth.

SUSAN: *(in disbelief)* Now I am thoroughly confused.

FEMME: Of course you have difficulty comprehending. Your psyche is simply not as advanced as that of the Goddlians.

CHUCK: Advanced my donkey-horse. Why are you Goddlians so much more *advanced*?

FEMME: Our superior intelligence is substantially due to the discovery in year three hundred and twenty-one thousand, three hundred and forty-three QD that the electro-neurotic qualities of the substance Goddlemite, occurring naturally only on the Planet of Goddle, could be harnessed for the purpose of creating advanced telepathic communication channels that funnel thoughts and reactions between beings, therefore increasing efficiency and eradicating the impediments associated with verbal emotional transmissions.

CHUCK: Are you speaking Earthling?

HOMME: What Femme is merely saying is that Goddlians have progressed to a much higher state of intelligence by taking advantage of the energy emitting properties of the native substance Goddlemite, which, through the use of the Goddlabulator can allow Goddlians to process the internal thoughts of emotionally intelligent beings.

CHUCK: Huh?

SUSAN: I think what they are trying to say is that this thing called Goddlemite when put in the Goddleabulator makes them telepathic.

CHUCK: Well, of course I knew that.

FEMME: It's a highly advanced process.

CHUCK: That alone does not make you more advanced than us almighty Earthlings. For holy-deity's sake, you can't even make a proper border control unit.

(CHUCK goes over to ROBOT and kicks over ROBOT. ROBOT sizzles, lets out a bang and a puff of smoke and the lights go out.)

SUSAN: Oh no.

(HOMME and FEMME look at each other in shock. They then perform a series of actions while communicating telepathically, for instance, checking the watch, pointing to the sky, pointing to the robot and gesturing smoke coming out. FEMME takes out a book or PDA and starts looking through it, pointing out pages to HOMME. HOMME and FEMME study the book/PDA while gesticulating wildly with their hands. CHUCK and SUSAN look on in utter confusion.)

CHUCK: So I guess they're doing it now...this telepathy thing you were talking about.

SUSAN: It looks like it. Hey, Chuck did you hear what they were saying before about this Goddlemite? It's a source of energy! Which is what we need to get the spacecraft up and going again. If there's some way that we can –

CHUCK: Don't be silly, Susan. How many times do I need to say that the reason the spacecraft crashed is because of the loss of NRG, the Nuclear Reaction Generator, not energy –

SUSAN: But NRG is what the spacecraft uses for energy so if we have another source of energy then we don't need NRG and –

(HOMME and FEMME have finished conferring and interrupt CHUCK and SUSAN's conversation.)

HOMME: It is clear that you have violated Code 238 of statute #65927, Protection of Goddle's Native Fauna and Flora in Goddle's Rules and Ordinances. That highly advanced border control unit, who you most callously destroyed, MCD2 Prototype #4 may he rest in peace, was one of a select force of 10 highly trained personnel from the AFP, the Almost-Fauna-Protectors, designed especially for the difficult and dangerous task of ensuring Goddle's borders are safe and secure.

FEMME: His demise brings the number of AFP down to five rendering you guilty of the further offence of destroying an endangered species under Sub-code 879 of the POO-TTA-LAR, the Protection of other things that are like animals Regulations.

SUSAN: Wait, that doesn't make sense. How can you charge him of destroying fauna when it was just a robot. You can just build another one.

HOMME: MCD2 Prototype #4 was a much loved member of the community and his role cannot be easily replaced. His loss will be greatly mourned.

FEMME: *(to SUSAN)* You will also be charged as an accomplice to the attack under the WEPA-WETA, the Wrong Effing Place and Wrong Effing Time Act.

CHUCK: *(Angrily)* Are you serious? You can't arrest her for something that I did? Here, I'll turn myself in. Take me and let her go.

(CHUCK offers his hands to be handcuffed. SUSAN looks surprised.)

SUSAN: *(to CHUCK)* Chuck, are you defending me?

CHUCK: *(to SUSAN)* Well, it's only fair considering I got us into this mess.

(SUSAN blushes but looks impressed.)

CHUCK: There is no option for us but to charge both of you extra-terrestrials with the crimes aforementioned and your fate will be determined in the court-house at Goddle-city.

(FEMME handcuffs SUSAN and CHUCK together with smug satisfaction.)

FEMME: The maximum penalty for the crimes you have committed is death.

(Scene ends)

Scene Three – At the Goddlabulator

(A handcuffed CHUCK and SUSAN trail behind HOMME and FEMME who are walking in silence. In the middle of the stage is a raised podium where steps lead up to an enigmatic black case. Inside is the GODDLEMITE)

CHUCK: *(trying to whisper discreetly to SUSAN)* Look, I'm really sorry about this Susan. Honestly, I'll find a way that we can escape. It can't be that hard to take these two on.

HOMME: There is no way that you can escape. Remember we know what you are thinking.

FEMME: *(to HOMME)* Susan has the urge to urinate...and possibly may need to do more than that.

SUSAN: *(looking embarrassed)* I'm sorry. I do really need to go...

(CHUCK backs away from SUSAN looking slightly disgusted.)

HOMME: Ah, I believe this is the perfect place for a rest. Look at this, we just happen to have arrived at the Goddlabulator *(gestures to the podium)*. Inside that great machine lies the magnificent substance which makes our planet reverberate with intelligence – Goddlemite. Very well, we will release you here for such time as is required for...you know...while we bask in the presence of the great Goddlabulator.

SUSAN: Um...are you going to...you know...undo us?

FEMME: *(Smirkingly)* Not at all. There is no reason why you can't go about your business together.

SUSAN: Okay then.

(SUSAN and CHUCK move to the other side of the podium reluctantly.)

CHUCK: *(to SUSAN)* Okay do you want to go first or should I?

SUSAN: *(hastily)* Look, I have an idea but I need you not to talk to me. They can 'hear' us.

CHUCK: But –

SUSAN: Just trust me. You have to think of nothing while I do this and I'll channel my thoughts so they don't know what we're doing.

CHUCK: But I can't think of nothing. Thinking nothing is impossible.

SUSAN: Think about fairies then.

CHUCK: *(smiles with nostalgia)* Fairies...okay, I'll keep thinking fairies.
(Repeats the word 'fairies' to himself while oblivious to SUSAN's actions.)

(SUSAN creeps up the steps to the podium dragging an almost demented CHUCK in fairy-land behind her on handcuffs. She reaches into the black case and pulls out a fish carry basket with a samurai fish in it – GODDLEMITE.)

SUSAN: *(nudging CHUCK)* Okay, you can stop thinking about fairies now.

CHUCK: *(snapping out of it)* Fairies? *(Seeing the GODDLEMITE.)* What is that gizmo?

SUSAN: It's Goddlemite. Remember I was saying that if Goddlemite is a source of energy then we can use it to replace the NRG for our spacecraft and escape from here.

CHUCK: But that isn't an NRG that's just a –

(FEMME and HOMME have previously been staring blankly at the podium in adoration. FEMME eventually realises what CHUCK and SUSAN are doing and tries to tell HOMME telepathically while gesticulating wildly. When she finally realises that she can no longer 'talk' telepathically, she calls out.)

FEMME: *(from the other side of the podium)* Stop there thieves!

HOMME: *(Only realising what is happening, also tries communicating telepathically and gestures wildly, pointing and jumping up and down. Finally when realising he has to speak he can only muster one word.)* Oi!

SUSAN: Quick run!

(SUSAN and CHUCK run off the stadium carrying the GODDLEMITE and disappear off-stage. FEMME and HOMME are left speechless on the other side of the podium, opening and shutting their mouths in disbelief.)

FEMME: *(finally realising that she needs to speak)* They have our Goddlemite.

(HOMME turns to her in amazement.)

HOMME: Yeah...

