

ALIEN FISH

By Bradley Walton

Copyright © 2010 by Bradley Walton, All rights reserved.
ISBN: 1-60003-572-8

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this play must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this play. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the play. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this play is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice:

Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

CHARACTERS

(10 roles; all parts gender neutral)

CYAN	An alien fish
IRVING	A space tourist
FENDER	An alien biker, sort of
BILLY/BILLI	Owner of a fishing supply store
EDNA/ED	A senior citizen, sort of a customer in Billy's store
ELLIE/EARL	Also a senior citizen and sort of a customer in Billy's store
TARTAR SAUCE	Billy's son/daughter
MR./MS. MACGRUDER	A customer in Billy's store
KIBLER	An elf
KUDER	Another elf

PROPERTIES

Bucket

Fishing Rod

Fishing Net

Box of Fish Hooks

Two or More Folding Lawn Chairs

Hat with Something (Preferably a Fish) Protruding From the Forehead

COSTUMES

CYAN - A blue costume suggestive in some way of a fish with three tails.

IRVING – an outfit resembling a space suit, with an inner tube made up to look like a flying saucer around his/her waist.

FENDER – a biker outfit, with an inner tube made up to look like a flying saucer around his/her waist.

BILLY – fishing supply store owner attire with glasses.

TARTAR SAUCE – teenage clothing.

EDNA and ELLIE – senior citizen attire. Both have glasses.

MACGRUDER – dressed to go fishing.

KIBLER and KUDER – elf costumes.

STAGING

Scene 1 takes place in outer space. This can be done on the apron of the stage with an optional backdrop of stars projected behind or above the actors onto the curtain. Scene 2 takes place in a fishing supply store. This may be as simply suggested or elaborately constructed as the director desires. There should be a checkout counter, and a section of folding lawn chairs with two or three actual chairs.

AUTHOR NOTES

My daughter suggested that I write a play about an alien fish named "Cyan," from the planet Zircon, who swims through outer space. So I did. This play is for her.

For Rachel

ALIEN FISH

by
Bradley Walton

SCENE 1

AT RISE: Outer space. A bare stage with an optional backdrop of stars, which may be projected behind or above the actors onto a curtain. CYAN, a fish with three tails, enters R. IRVING, an alien in an inner tube made up to look like a flying saucer, enters L. THEY are so absorbed in the sights of outer space around them that THEY do not see each other.

CYAN: Pretty stars.

IRVING: Wow. Look at the colors on that planet.

CYAN: Space beautiful.

IRVING: It's so peaceful out here.

(IRVING and CYAN bump into each other.)

CYAN: Intruder! Intruder!

IRVING: Aaagh! Intruder? Where? Where?

CYAN: *(pointing at IRVING)* Intruder! Intruder!

(IRVING looks down at himself and freaks out.)

IRVING: There's an intruder in my personal flying saucer! Intruder!
Intruder!

CYAN: *(Spinning around in circles.)* Intruder! Intruder!

IRVING: *(Calming down.)* Wait...my saucer is only big enough to hold me. There can't be an intruder in my saucer.

CYAN: *(Spinning around in circles.)* Intruder! Intruder!

IRVING: There's an intruder in my shirt! Intruder! Intruder!

CYAN: *(Spinning around in circles.)* Intruder! Intruder!

IRVING: *(Calming down and feeling his shirt.)* Although...it doesn't feel like there's an intruder in my shirt.

CYAN: *(Pointing at IRVING.)* Intruder! Intruder!

IRVING: Aaagh! There's an intruder in my pants!

CYAN: *(Spinning around in circles.)* Intruder! Intruder!

IRVING: *(Calming down again and feeling his legs.)* Although...it doesn't feel like there's an intruder in my pants, either.

CYAN: *(Pointing at IRVING.)* Intruder! Intruder!

IRVING: Unless you mean...me?

CYAN: *(Pointing at IRVING.)* Intruder! Intruder!

Alien Fish – Page 5

IRVING: You do mean me.

CYAN: (*Spinning around in circles.*) Intruder! Intruder!

IRVING: Okay...okay. It's all right. Me. I'm the intruder. I got it. You can calm down now.

CYAN: I can?

IRVING: Yeah. It's okay. I'm not going to hurt you.

CYAN: Oh. Good.

IRVING: But you're right. I'm not from around here. So I guess I am kind of an intruder.

CYAN: Intruder! Intruder!

IRVING: Bad choice of words! My mistake! Sorry! I'm not an intruder! Honest!

CYAN: Oh. Okay!

IRVING: I'm a tourist. I'm on vacation. I'm sightseeing.

CYAN: Pretty stars.

IRVING: Yes. They're beautiful. This is a lovely corner of the universe. Um...if you don't mind me saying so...you look sort of like a fish.

CYAN: Yup. Me fish.

IRVING: (*Speaking slowly, having difficulty grasping the obvious.*) You're...a...fish.

CYAN: Fish!

IRVING: A fish with three tails.

CYAN: Three!

IRVING: A three-tailed alien fish swimming in outer space.

CYAN: Swim!

IRVING: An alien fish who can talk in outer space.

CYAN: Talk! Yup!

IRVING: You're not supposed to be able to talk in outer space.

CYAN: Really?

IRVING: No. I mean, I'm in my ship, but you're not and there's no air to carry the sound waves between us and...and you're not following this are you?

CYAN: Nope!

IRVING: Never mind. I just met a three-tailed fish swimming in our outer space. Why shouldn't you able to talk?

CYAN: Talk! Talk!

IRVING: You don't have much of a vocabulary, do you?

CYAN: Vo-cab-u-lary?

IRVING: You don't know a lot of words, do you?

CYAN: Many many words!

IRVING: You do know a lot of words?

CYAN: Yup!

IRVING: What words?

CYAN: Glub blub blort blorp glurf.

Alien Fish – Page 6

IRVING: I don't know those words.

CYAN: Fish!

IRVING: Fish? You were speaking fish?

CYAN: Fish!

IRVING: I don't speak fish.

CYAN: So sad!

IRVING: Are you from around here?

CYAN: Zircon!

IRVING: Is that the name of a planet near here?

CYAN: (*Pointing out towards the audience.*) There!

IRVING: That planet over there? It's very pretty.

CYAN: Pretty!

IRVING: You're very lucky.

CYAN: Lucky!

IRVING: Do you have a name?

CYAN: Cyan.

IRVING: Your name is Cyan?

CYAN: Yup!

IRVING: My name is Irving. It's nice to meet you, Cyan.

CYAN: Nice!

IRVING: Well, Cyan, it's a big universe and I've got more sights to see, so I'll be going. You take care, now.

CYAN: Bye-bye!

(FENDER enters, "flying" in an inner tube space ship similar to IRVING's. FENDER is dressed like a biker.)

Intruder! Intruder!

IRVING: Hey! Hey! Calm down. You're excitable, aren't you?

CYAN: Intruder!

IRVING: Take it easy. This is a public section of space. Just because somebody new shows up doesn't mean they're an intruder. They're a stranger, and you should be careful around them because you don't know them, but that doesn't mean they're not supposed to be here.

FENDER: Does Fender smell fish?

CYAN: (*Scared.*) Eeep.

IRVING: Who's Fender?

FENDER: I'm Fender and I think Fender smells fish.

CYAN: Eeep!

IRVING: Do you like referring to yourself in the third person?

FENDER: I love it. But Fender doesn't do it all the time because Fender doesn't want to make it less special. And I really hope Fender smells fish.

Alien Fish – Page 7

CYAN: Eeep!

IRVING: You're not supposed to be able to smell in space, are you?

FENDER: Just because Fender isn't supposed to be able to do it doesn't mean that I don't, because Fender does.

IRVING: What?

FENDER: I don't know what Fender said either. That was kind of a brain twister, wasn't it?

IRVING: Yeah.

FENDER: Anyways, Fender is hungry.

IRVING: There's a planet right over there. It's called Zircon. I'm sure they've got a McDonald's.

FENDER: They probably do. But I've got this craving. Because what Fender needs, right now, more than anything else...are fish sticks!

CYAN: Intruder! Intruder!

IRVING: Calm down! Calm down!

FENDER: Is that a fish?

IRVING: Fish don't swim in outer space.

FENDER: It looks like a fish.

IRVING: It has three tails.

FENDER: Some aliens have three eyes. Some aliens have three legs. Why shouldn't an alien fish have three tails? You could make a lot of fish sticks with a three-tailed fish.

IRVING: A three-tailed alien fish who swims through outer space and yells "Intruder! Intruder!" That's just silly.

FENDER: If you're not a fish, then what are you?

CYAN: Fish!

IRVING: No!

FENDER: Fender thought so.

IRVING: Why'd you have to go and say that?

CYAN: He asked.

FENDER: Fender loves a good fish stick. Come to Fender, tasty little fishie.

IRVING: Quick Cyan, come with me!

(IRVING grabs CYAN's hand or fin and THEY run offstage together. FENDER follows.)

CYAN: Intruder! Intruder!

BLACKOUT.

SCENE 2

The interior of a fishing supply store. This may be as simply suggested or elaborately constructed as the director desires. There should be a checkout counter, and a section of folding lawn chairs with two or three actual chairs. Stage L exits to the stock room. Stage R exits to outside of the store. Up center exits to the store office. IRVING and CYAN enter from L.

CYAN: Whirlpool! Whirlpool!

IRVING: No, Cyan. That was a wormhole, not a whirlpool.

CYAN: Wormhole?

IRVING: It's like shortcut from one part of outer space to another.

CYAN: (*Looking around, confused.*) This space?

IRVING: Huh. No. This doesn't look much like outer space to me, either.

(BILLY enters from up center. HE is the owner of the store. HE is holding a pair of glasses which HE is attempting to clean by wiping them on his shirt. HE does this continually throughout the scene.)

CYAN: Intrud—

(IRVING puts a hand over CYAN's mouth.)

IRVING: Shhh.

BILLY: Welcome to Billy's Fishing Supplies!

IRVING: (*Pointing offstage where IRVING and CYAN entered.*) Do you know you have a wormhole in there?

BILLY: A what in where?

IRVING: A wormhole. In that room.

BILLY: A whirlpool?

IRVING: A wormhole.

BILLY: What's a whirl mole?

CYAN: Wormhole! Wormhole! Wormhole!

BILLY: Oh, a wormhole. Why didn't you just say so? Yeah, that's the stock room. We carry live bait, so yeah...there's lots of worm holes.

IRVING: Not that kind of worm hole.

BILLY: What other kind of a worm hole is there?

IRVING: A hole in space. Stuff goes through it and winds up in the weirdest places. Mostly worm holes are found in outer space and under sofas, but you've got one in your stock room.

BILLY: Well, that's odd.

IRVING: Definitely.

BILLY: I always figured it was elves taking my stuff.

IRVING: Elves?

BILLY: Sure.

IRVING: You have an elf problem?

BILLY: Well, if there's a wormhole in there, then I guess not. No wonder I never caught anything in the glue traps. Wonder if I saved the receipt for the dynamite? And what were you doing in my stock room, anyway? Are you the ones letting the elves in here?

IRVING: We didn't let in any elves. There's a wormhole, remember?

BILLY: Oh, yeah.

IRVING: Are you having difficulties with your eyewear?

BILLY: Ah, it's nothing. Splattered some tartar sauce on my glasses and it smeared. Can't see worth a darn with my glasses on *or* off.

IRVING: What's tartar sauce?

BILLY: Whatta you mean, what's tartar sauce? You know...the stuff you eat on fish. It's nature's greatest gift to the human race is what it is.

IRVING: Eat on fish?

BILLY: Tangy, yummy, and tasty...yup.

CYAN: Eep!

IRVING: Tell me...what is this place?

BILLY: Didn't you see the sign when you came in?

IRVING: No. Sorry. Must've missed it.

BILLY: Billy's Discount Fishing Supplies.

CYAN: (*Alarmed.*) Eeep!

BILLY: We got worms...

(BILLY pulls out a bucket of worms. CYAN looks very intrigued.)

CYAN: Ooo.

BILLY: We got fishing rods.

(BILLY pulls out a fishing rod. CYAN backs away.)

CYAN: Eeep.

BILLY: We got fishing nets.

(BILLY pulls out a fishing net. CYAN freaks out a little and cowers behind IRVING.)

We got fishing hooks.

Alien Fish – Page 10

(BILLY pulls out a box of fishing hooks. CYAN cowers behind IRVING even more.)

And we got coolers, frying pans, bait, fishing line...you name it, we got it. Everything you need to catch and eat fish.

(CYAN is crouched very low behind IRVING, hugging IRVING's legs.)

CYAN: Eep.

IRVING: Is that a popular activity around here? Catching and eating fish?

BILLY: Oh, yeah. Everyone loves to fish around here.

IRVING: And everyone loves to eat fish?

BILLY: They wouldn't eat anything else if they could help it.

IRVING: That's very interesting.

BILLY: Did your friend get a lot smaller?

IRVING: She's um...she's very shy.

BILLY: Are you two dressed in some kind of costumes or something?

IRVING: No. No. Not at all. Why would you think a thing like that?

BILLY: Y'all are both really blurry—and now I got tartar sauce all over my shirt *and* my glasses—but you're not like any blurs I ever seen before.

IRVING: Oh. Um. Why, thank you.

(EDNA and ELLIE enter from R. THEY are both quite old and can't see very well, either.)

EDNA: Morning, Billy.

BILLY: Morning, Edna. Morning, Ellie. What can I do for you, today?

ELLIE: We're just looking is all.

BILLY: You gonna maybe finally buy something this time?

EDNA: Maybe.

BILLY: Or are you just gonna sit in here all day, like you do every Tuesday?

EDNA: Not a lot happening on Tuesdays. Gotta have someplace to spend the day.

ELLIE: And you have such comfy chairs.

BILLY: You could buy them. They're for sale, you know.

(EDNA and ELLIE open up two of the folding lawn chairs and sit down on them.)

EDNA: We could.

ELLIE: Yes, we could.

EDNA: Should we?

ELLIE: Maybe.

EDNA: Definitely maybe.

ELLIE: Very definitely maybe.

EDNA: It's a definite maybe, Billy.

BILLY: (*Sarcastic.*) Great. That pays my bills almost as well as real money.

EDNA: Don't get testy.

ELLIE: You should be nice to your customers.

BILLY: You never buy anything!

EDNA: And if you're not nice to us, we never will.

BILLY: Hmph.

ELLIE: And besides, you have other customers in the store already.

EDNA: Are they tourists?

ELLIE: We can't see too well in our old age, you know.

EDNA: They're kind of blurry.

ELLIE: But they're not familiar blurs.

BILLY: Where are the two of you from, anyway?

IRVING: Far away.

BILLY: So you are tourists?

IRVING: Yes. Just passing through.

BILLY: Are you gonna buy something?

IRVING: I...um...no, thank you. I believe we're just looking today.

BILLY: Isn't everybody?

IRVING: It was very nice talking to you, and we'll be on our way now.
(*TARTAR SAUCE enters from R, blocking IRVING and CYAN's exit.*)

CYAN: Int—

(*IRVING clamps his hand over CYAN's mouth. CYAN then hides behind IRVING.*)

TARTAR SAUCE: Hey, dad?

BILLY: Yes, Tartar Sauce?

TARTAR SAUCE: Have you seen my hat?

BILLY: You left it right here.

(*BILLY hands TARTAR SAUCE a hat from behind the counter. The hat has a fish sticking out of the forehead. If it is impossible for the production to obtain or make a hat like this, then something else may be protruding from the forehead of the cap. Whatever it is, it should be pretty ridiculous.*)

TARTAR SAUCE: Oh, good. Thanks.

Alien Fish – Page 12

BILLY: I didn't think you liked that hat.

TARTAR SAUCE: I don't. But Jimmy (or Jennie) Wilkins was going around saying he wants to kiss me, and I thought if I wore this, it might help keep him away.

IRVING: There's a fish protruding from the front of your hat.

TARTAR SAUCE: Yup.

CYAN: Protruder! Protruder!

TARTAR SAUCE: Huh? What?

CYAN: Protruder! Protruder!

IRVING: Calm down, Cyan.

TARTAR SAUCE: Holy cow! Look at the size of that fish!

BILLY: Fish? Where?

IRVING: Uh-oh.

EDNA: Fish?

ELLIE: What fish?

TARTAR SAUCE: That fish! Right there! Next to the guy in the inner tube.

CYAN: Eep!

IRVING: It's not an inner tube. It's a personal flying saucer.

BILLY: The big blue blur is a fish?

TARTAR SAUCE: Did you splatter your glasses again, dad?

BILLY: Yeah.

TARTAR SAUCE: Well, there's a giant fish standing in the middle of the store.

EDNA: Oh my stars, what's this world coming to?

ELLIE: Really!

BILLY: Catch it!

TARTAR SAUCE: With what?

BILLY: This is a fishing supply store, for crying out loud! Just grab something!

TARTAR SAUCE: But the fish is already out of the water! You only sell stuff to catch fish that are in the water!

BILLY: Then put it in some water and catch it!

TARTAR SAUCE: But I have to catch it before I can put it in water to catch it again!

BILLY: Don't sass your father, Tartar Sauce!

TARTAR SAUCE: I'm not sassing you! I'm being practical!

BILLY: There's a giant fish walking around in my fishing supply store!

This isn't a practical situation!

TARTAR SAUCE: So you want me to be impractical?

BILLY: Do whatever you need to do to catch the fish.

IRVING: Um, excuse me?

BILLY and TARTAR SAUCE: What?

IRVING: I'm confused about something.

EDNA: You're not the only one.

ELLE: Welcome to the club.

IRVING: You said that tartar sauce was something that you ate on fish.

CYAN: Eep.

BILLY: That's right.

IRVING: You called your daughter (or "son") Tartar Sauce.

BILLY: Yeah.

IRVING: You eat your daughter on fish? What kind of place is this?

BILLY: What? No!

EDNA: Oh, that's a good one!

ELLIE: And how!

TARTAR SAUCE: Dad, I want you to know that there are times I'm really, really embarrassed about my name, and this is one of them.

BILLY: Nobody eats my daughter on fish! My daughter isn't tartar sauce!

IRVING: But you called her Tartar Sauce.

BILLY: Yeah, because that's her name. Not because she's tartar sauce.

IRVING: So she's Tartar Sauce, but she's not tartar sauce?

BILLY: Right.

IRVING: Now I'm really confused.

CYAN: Me too.

BILLY: Tartar Sauce is the name her mother (or "father") and I gave her, because we love tartar sauce so much. We named her *after* the stuff you eat on fish. Not because she *is* the stuff you eat on fish.

Doesn't that make sense to you...naming your child after what you love the most?

IRVING: That seems like it's taking things a little bit far, if you ask me.

BILLY: I didn't.

IRVING: I mean, I like fried prunes, but I—

BILLY: Fried prunes? What kind of a name for a baby is Fried Prunes? You need to have your head examined!

IRVING: No! You didn't let me finish! I like them, but if I had a daughter, I would never name her that.

BILLY: You got that right. And let me tell you, that's a darn shame.

IRVING: Huh?

BILLY: You got some really mixed up priorities if you got something you like that you can't name your first born after.

IRVING: What do you mean?

BILLY: It's a tradition in my family that goes back generations, and it's one that we're proud of.

TARTAR SAUCE: Speak for yourself, dad.

BILLY: We name our offspring after what's most dear to our hearts.

IRVING: You do?

Alien Fish – Page 14

BILLY: Sure we do. You don't believe me, go ask my nephew, Baseball Cards.

ELLIE: Or his brother, Pickup Truck.

EDNA: Or his sister, Hamburger Patty.

IRVING: Um...

BILLY: When I was just a boy, my granddaddy Apple Cobbler sat me down on his knee, and he said, Billy boy, be proud of your name. Be proud of your traditions. And pass them on. So that's what I did.

TARTAR SAUCE: (*Sarcastic.*) Yippee.

BILLY: You'll appreciate your heritage when you're older, Tartar Sauce.

IRVING: Your name is Billy...

BILLY: That's right. Short for Billy Goat.

IRVING: Oh.

BILLY: Be on your way now.

IRVING: Really?

BILLY: Get outta my store. I'm not gonna have you in here insulting my family traditions.

IRVING: If you insist.

TARTAR SAUCE: So we're just letting the fish go, dad?

BILLY: What? Fish? No! Wait! I forgot about the fish! Out of sight, out of mind, you know? Darn smudge.

IRVING: But you see, Cyan here is an intelligent, talking fish.

BILLY: "Fish" being the key word.

IRVING: Can we change the key words to "intelligent" and "talking?"

BILLY: Those are just adjectives. It's the nouns that matter.

Descriptions don't matter nearly as much as what a thing is.

IRVING: I'd argue against that.

BILLY: How?

IRVING: Say you had a peanut butter sandwich.

BILLY: That's my cousin.

IRVING: And you were going to eat the peanut butter sandwich.

BILLY: I'm allergic to peanuts.

IRVING: Okay, say you had a jelly sandwich.

BILLY: All right.

IRVING: And you were going to eat it. But it was actually a moldy, sawdust-covered jelly sandwich. It's still a jelly sandwich, but would you want to eat it?

BILLY: Of course not.

IRVING: So the descriptive words do matter.

BILLY: If they change how something tastes, sure. But if something's "talking" and "intelligent" that doesn't much change how it's going to taste.

EDNA: Plus, Billy just really likes fish.

ELLIE: And tartar sauce.

TARTAR SAUCE: Mostly, it's the tartar sauce. Dad goes for any excuse to break out the tartar sauce.

BILLY: That's right. I really love to get it in the little packets in the restaurants. Cut a slit in the packet and squeeze...watch the sauce extrude out from the packet real slow and draw out the anticipation.

CYAN: Extruder! Extruder!

EDNA: Extruder?

ELLIE: Where?

CYAN: Extruder! Extruder!

IRVING: Calm down, Cyan. Nobody's extruding anything right now.

TARTAR SAUCE: That's a mighty excitable fish.

IRVING: You have no idea.

(FENDER enters from L.)

FENDER: Fender is very confused. This does not look like where Fender just was. Also: I am dizzy and faintly nauseous. But please don't tell my mother or she will make Fender drink nasty pink stuff.

CYAN: *(Hiding behind IRVING.)* Intruder! Intruder!

FENDER: Fender hears fish!

EDNA: Who's that?

ELLIE: Fender.

EDNA: Who's Fender?

ELLIE: A dizzy, faintly nauseous person who doesn't like nasty pink stuff.

FENDER: Fender smells fish.

TARTAR SAUCE: Dad, a biker wearing an inner tube just came out of your stock room.

BILLY: Apparently we got a wormhole back there.

TARTAR SAUCE: Oh. You maybe ought to get that fixed.

FENDER: *(Spotting CYAN behind IRVING.)* I see fish!

TARTAR SAUCE: Excuse me, Fender?

FENDER: What?

TARTAR SAUCE: Is it my imagination or do you like to switch back and forth between referring to yourself in the third person and the first person?

FENDER: Fender likes to hear his name but I want to keep it special. Fishie!!!

(FENDER runs towards CYAN, who runs in the direction of TARTAR SAUCE.)

TARTAR SAUCE: Gotcha, fishie!

CYAN: Protruder! Protruder!

Alien Fish – Page 16

(CYAN runs in BILLY's direction.)

TARTAR SAUCE: Maybe not.

BILLY: Here fishie fish fish!

CYAN: Extruder! Extruder!

(CYAN races around the stage with FENDER, TARTAR SAUCE, and BILLY in pursuit. IRVING just stands there, stunned by it all.)

CYAN: Intruder! Protruder! Extruder! Intruder! Protruder! Extruder!

EDNA: I wish I could see well enough to know who's chasing who.

ELLIE: It's probably a lot like NASCAR, Edna, only slower, and with a fish.

CYAN: Intruder protruder extruder! Intruder protruder extruder!

IRVING: I can't believe the day I'm having.

(IRVING joins in the chase.)

EDNA: Why doesn't the fish just run out the door?

ELLIE: You know fish. They're very pleasant, but not too bright.

(MACGRUDER enters from R.)

CYAN: *(Pointing at MACGRUDER.)* Intruder! Intruder!

MACGRUDER: Hi, Billy! How are you—um...if you're busy I can come back later.

BILLY: *(Breaking away from the chase and crossing to MACGRUDER.)*

Mr. MacGruder! Good morning. How are you?

CYAN: MacGruder! MacGruder!

MACGRUDER: What's...um...*(Makes a confused gesture towards CYAN, TARTAR SAUCE, FENDER, and IRVING, who are still running around the store.)*

BILLY: *(Trying not to alarm MACGRUDER.)* Oh...them. They're just getting some exercise. We had a big breakfast. Trying to work off some calories. You know how it goes.

MACGRUDER: The one looks like a fish. With three tails.

BILLY: Yeah. She kind of does, now that you mention it. I think.

MACGRUDER: One of the others looks like a biker in an inner tube.

(Points at IRVING.) And that one is wearing an inner tube, too.

IRVING: It's a—oh, never mind!

BILLY: Friends of Tartar Sauce's. You know kids these days. They'll wear anything.

MACGRUDER: It kind of looks like fun. Would you mind if I joined in? I had a pretty big breakfast, myself.

***Thank you for reading this free excerpt from ALIEN FISH by Bradley Walton.
For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact
us at:***

**Brooklyn Publishers, LLC
P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406
Toll Free: 1-888-473-8521 • Fax (319) 368-8011
www.brookpub.com**

Do Not Copy