

BACKWARDS, FILTHY PEOPLE FROM EARTH

By Kelly Meadows

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BACKWARDS, FILTHY PEOPLE FROM EARTH

A Ten Minute Dramatic Monologue

By Kelly Meadows

SYNOPSIS: Celestia is heading to a new planet as a refugee, after losing her parents in the Space War. She finds herself falling in love with a guy from Earth, a guy she's been taught from childhood would be beneath her. On the new planet, though, neither of them will be welcome...

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 female)

CELESTIA (f)..... Is a teenager or young adult, who just left her home planet Pakaynia to live as a refugee in a new world. She plays other characters as indicated.

AUTHORS NOTE

This Science Fiction monologue takes place during “Space War Four.” It’s important that the “back story” is clearly explained, but that CELESTIA isn’t just “telling what happened” so much as letting us know how it affects her and the people around her – it’s still a human story. Make sure to find the humor in her narrative as well!

Pronounce the planets PaKAYnia, AnastoPOPia, CASoran. Character’s name: CeLEStia.

CELESTIA: So my name is Celestia and I'm a refugee on a planet called Castoran. That's the (*Mockingly.*) "new planet," and it's like... Oh, my gosh, what a dump! Primitive! They don't even have our simplest technology. They cook their own food, they don't replicate it. We just talk to a machine, and there ya go, dinner! I know you think (*Sweetly sarcastic.*) "oh how quaint, people taking care of their own needs," (*Aggravated.*) but it's not quaint. People are too poor to hire help. I mean, I know "help" is too poor to hire help but that's not the point. Where we come from, our help was electronic.

(*As a Robot.*) "What would you like me to do for you today?"

Vacuum, wash, and dust. Plus please find three sources from which I can write a short paper on Space War Two. (*Explaining, wearily.*) This is Space War Four now.

(*As a Robot.*) "You mean the one where everyone left earth and started an unwanted colonization of outlying planets. Or was that Space War One? I get confused."

I had to inform my emotionally programmable robot that the word unwanted was an injection of opinion into an otherwise unbiased study of interstellar warfare. But yes, that.

On Castoran, there are these big huge monsters that eat people. There was a big fight long before we got here over what to do about them, but they're still here. They're like the tyrannosaurs, but they could eat a t-rex in just a few bites. They're that kind of big, and they were here first, and it's such a throwback that everyone agreed to leave them be. So we're stuck in a remote corner of this planet where they can't get to because they can't get over the mountains, and all of us "new people" live bunched up with each other in a refugee camp. You can imagine how popular we are.

And yeah, the Earth people started all that, and yeah, we don't like them, and yeah, there's some of them here. I'll get to that. Because of them my parents are casualties of Space War Four. I'm trying to look to the future, (more stolid) but I can't see it from here.

Castoran's people are as stone age as their dinosaurs, and they resent our electronics. They're like...

(As an idiotic bigoted Castorianian.) "oooh look at them with all that so called technology and all that stuff trying to save us from our own stupidity. You know what we do to people like you? We fly them over the mountains and drop them in a Rexasaurs forest so it can chomp you down for a snackerdoodle. We call people like you 'dino poop' because that's what you deserve to be."

On Pakaynia, where we grew up, we were the top of the heap. Now we're dino poop.

(This is somewhat complicated so don't rush through it!) Our planet was attacked, and while it wasn't blown to smithereens, we can't ever go back thanks to colonizers from yet another world called Anastopopia. Great music, those Anastopopians. Horrible creatures. So here we are, and since the Castorianians are worried we're going to take them over and (condescending) "improve their lives," we're stuck in a camp and they won't let us out.

To make it even better, we're sharing this ugliness with the Earth people who came to Pakaynia as refugees when the problems they started four space wars ago came back to haunt them. We were taught to dislike them since we were kids, and now we share a camp, a toilet, the air – I even had to work with one of them back in the old days. Cayton Bogard. It was not easy, he's all like:

"Ma'am, may I take your order?"

And the customers are all like *(Whiny and haughty.)* "Do I need to talk to you, can't I give her my order?"

And he'd respond with "I'm saving up some money to get off the planet before it gets attacked."

And they'd say, "That's just a sky-is-falling theory that you Earth people are purveying to spread fear so we leave and you can keep this place for yourselves."

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