

# COUNTRY FOLK, LYCANTHROPES, AND EXTRATERRESTRIAL ENTITIES

By Bradley Walton

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## CHARACTERS

14 roles: 2 males, 5 females, 7 either (doubling possible)

JOHNSON (M or F)	an officer in the communications room of the Ataraxia lunar colony
ROY BRODY (M)	officer in charge of the Ataraxia lunar colony
WOOD EDWARDSON (M or F)	an arrogant, flamboyant, and overbearing alien commander
SHIRLEY (F)	an alien officer
MURPHY (M or F)	Wood's level-headed and often frustrated second-in-command
MAYOR BARBARA KEENE (F)	the mayor of Ataraxia
PROFESSOR GUGGENHEIM (M or F)	science officer of Ataraxia, originally from Liechtenstein
JETHRO (M)	15-year-old redneck kid
JENNIE MAY (F)	15-year old redneck girl
WEREWOLF (M or F)	
PA (or MA) FAULKNER (M or F)	Jennie May's father or mother
SUSIE JO (F)	Jennie May's sister
JO JO SUSIE (F)	Susie Jo's twin sister
PRISONER 22 (M or F)	an alien abductee

## ACCENTS

GUGGENHEIM speaks with a German accent. (In particular, he pronounces "W" as "V" and "V" as "W".)

JETHRO, JENNIE MAY, PA FAULKNER, SUSIE JO, and JO JO SUSIE have southern accents.

## DOUBLING

With doubling, the play can easily be performed with 11 actors (1 male, 4 females, 6 either).

As gender permits, the actors in the roles of JOHNSON, ROY BRODY, and MAYOR BARBARA KEENE can each double in one of the following roles: JETHRO, JENNIE MAY, WEREWOLF, PA FAULKNER, SUSIE JO, JO JO SUSIE, or PRISONER 22

## **SETTING**

The play is set at an unspecified point in the future.

## **STAGING**

Staging is extremely flexible, and can range from simple and suggestive to highly elaborate, depending on the needs and resources of the production.

### SCENES

Scene 1: The communications room of the Ataraxia Lunar Colony: JOHNSON, ROY

Scene 2: The communications room of the Ataraxia Lunar Colony: JOHNSON, ROY, BARBARA, WOOD, SHIRLEY, MURPHY, GUGGENHEIM

Scene 3: The crash site: WOOD, MURPHY

Scene 4: The Faulkner farm: JETHRO, JENNIE MAY, WEREWOLF, PA FAULKNER, SUSIE JO

Scene 5: The crash site: WOOD, MURPHY, PA FAULKNER, JETHRO, JENNIE MAY, JO JO SUSIE, PRISONER 22, SHIRLEY, WEREWOLF, SUSIE JO, GUGGENHEIM

## **COSTUMES**

JOHNSON, ROY, and BARBARA are all inhabitants of the Ataraxia lunar colony. Their shirts should be made out of black garbage bags. Pants may be made from black garbage bags as well, or the actors may wear normal black pants. Black shoes or boots complete the outfit. Arm bands (denoting unspecified ranks) may be worn by Johnson and Roy.

GUGGENHEIM is the science officer of the Ataraxia lunar colony. He wears a shirt made out of white garbage bags. Pants may be made from white garbage bags as well, or the actor may wear normal white pants. As white garbage bags tend to be transparent, the actor should wear opaque white clothing under any garbage bag clothing. The actor may wear white shoes, white boots, or sandals if the director cares to make Guggenheim something of a hippie. Regular or tinted glasses should also be worn.

WOOD, SHIRLEY and MURPHY are all aliens. The director is free to dress them however he or she wants, so long as it contrasts with the other characters. The aliens in the original production were dressed in flowing whites with white go-go boots and green gloves (to go with their green skin). Wood wore a red sash around his waist, and Shirley and Murphy wore broad silver belts. In addition, Wood wore a long, silvery cape, which the actor used to augment his gestures and other movements to wonderful effect.

JETHRO, JENNIE MAY, PA, SUSIE JO and JO JO SUSIE are rednecks. They are dressed in flannels, jeans, overalls, etc. with grungy boots or bare feet. Susie Jo and Jo Jo Susie are twin sisters and should be dressed identically.

WEREWOLF is a former Ataraxia resident and should wear a black garbage bag shirt and black garbage bag pants or regular black pants. Tufts of fur should be sticking out of the werewolf's clothes, and he/she should have furry hands and maybe even furry feet.

PRISONER 22 is wearing the same clothing in which he was abducted long, long ago. Whatever it is, it should be dirty and ragged.

## **MAKEUP**

ROY, JOHNSON, and BARBARA are all inhabitants of the Ataraxia lunar colony. They should appear well groomed.

GUGGENHEIM is also a resident of Ataraxia, but should have some aging and perhaps odd hair or other makeup to make him appear eccentric.

WOOD, SHIRLEY and MURPHY are aliens and should have green skin. The rest is up to the director. The aliens in the original production wore a mixture of green and white foundation with some glitter. They also wore large green afro-style wigs with big blue pointy foam ears that looked like what you might get if Yoda was crossed with a wolf.

JETHRO, JENNIE MAY, PA, SUSIE JO and JO JO SUSIE are backwoods rednecks and should all be at least a little dirty. PA is about 40 and, depending on the actor, may need aging. SUSIE JO and JO JO SUSIE are twins, so their hair and makeup should match one another's as closely as possible.

WEREWOLF should be made to look like...well, a werewolf. Makeup, prosthetics, a mask...however the director decides to create the effect.

PRISONER 22 is dirty and has a black spot on the back of his neck. He has been in captivity for a very long time and, depending on the actor, should have some aging.

### **PROPERTIES, PERSONAL**

2 toy laser guns – MURPHY, scenes 2, 3 and 5; SHIRLEY, scene 2  
2 rifles – SUSIE JO, scenes 4 and 5; JO JO SUSIE, scene 5  
remote control – MURPHY, scene 5

Note: Toy rifles or cardboard cutouts are fine and can be mimed if necessary.

### **PROPERTIES, ONSTAGE**

Stick – scene 2

### **PRODUCTION HISTORY**

*Country Folk, Lycanthropes and Extraterrestrial Entities* was originally performed as *Rednecks, Werewolves & Aliens* on May 4 and 5, 2007 at Harrisonburg High School in Harrisonburg, Virginia as part of *An Evening of Short Plays by Bradley Walton*. It was produced by Stanley Swartz, directed by Bradley Walton, and stage managed by Krystle Henninger with the following cast:

Johnson – RODELL TOLLIVER

Roy Brody – JOSH MITRI

Mayor Barbara Keene – SARA ROZMUS

Professor Guggenheim – SEAN LANDIS

Wood Edwardson – WILLIAM KLEMT

Shirley – KAITEE CRITTENDEN

Murphy – ELISABETH RUTLEDGE

Jethro – CORY LAWRENCE

Jennie May – KATIE HORNE

Werewolf – JORDAN HENDERSON

Pa Faulkner – BRENDAN MITRI

Susie Jo – JESSICA YOUNG

Jo Jo Susie – SARA ROZMUS

Prisoner 22 – MARLENE HEISS

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## SCENE 1: THE COMMUNICATIONS ROOM OF THE ATARAXIA LUNAR COLONY

***AT RISE: JOHNSON is sitting at his computer console. The portion of the console facing the audience is covered in aluminum foil. ROY enters. Both of their costumes are made of black garbage bags. Both are wearing black boots or shoes, and both may have arm bands which indicate some sort of rank.***

*(The director may embellish the set with flats, flashing lights, etc. as desired. However, all set pieces should be covered with aluminum foil.)*

ROY: How are things?

JOHNSON: Same as usual.

ROY: Good. Something bothering you?

JOHNSON: No disrespect, sir, but I've concluded that this job really sucks.

ROY: Someplace else you'd rather be?

JOHNSON: Yeah. Earth.

ROY: We all get homesick. Goes with the job.

JOHNSON: Why couldn't they have just killed them all? I mean, seriously. Just rounded everybody up, shot them, and then we would've been done with it.

ROY: Folks couldn't help that they got bit by werewolves, Johnson. They couldn't help that they turned into werewolves, went on werewolf rampages, killed thousands of people, and turned the survivors into more werewolves to start the cycle all over again.

JOHNSON: They should've just nuked Chicago and been done with it.

ROY: We're civilized. That's not the way we do things.

JOHNSON: No. We waste millions and millions of dollars on elaborate traps and tracking systems and then billions more to build a werewolf prison on the dark side of the moon to make sure they stay in their human form.

ROY: Ataraxia has its own local government and economy. Visitors can come and go freely.

JOHNSON: It's an isolated enclosure with armed guards. The residents are stuck here for life, to say nothing of their mandatory sterilization. It's a prison.

ROY: It was the most humane option possible.

JOHNSON: And why do our uniforms look like they were made out of garbage bags? And the metal on the walls...I know it's some kind of super high-tech alloy, but I feel like I could be wrapping leftovers with it.

ROY: Who understands government contractors?

JOHNSON: And what's with the name? Ataraxia? Who uses words like that?

ROY: It means peace of mind. Tranquility.

JOHNSON: Then why not call the place "Tranquility?"

ROY: The name was already taken.

JOHNSON: Yeah, yeah. I know. Silly comic books and their stupid copyrighted trademarked names. Can't share a single word. Gotta make somebody resort to some ancient Greek—

ROY: (*looking at the console*) What's that?

JOHNSON: What's what?

ROY: On the screen.

JOHNSON: Looks like incoming from Earth. Where did that come from?

ROY: We're not scheduled to have incoming from Earth.

JOHNSON: Where else would it be coming from?

ROY: Bring up a visual.

JOHNSON: Hole-ee cow!

ROY: What is that?

JOHNSON: That ain't from Earth.

ROY: It has to be from Earth.

JOHNSON: You ever seen an Earth ship that looked like that?

ROY: It's gotta be some kind of new design.

JOHNSON: It's a flying saucer!

ROY: There are no such things as flying saucers.

JOHNSON: Then what do you call that?

ROY: There has to be a rational explanation.

JOHNSON: Yeah! Aliens!

ROY: There are no such things as aliens.

JOHNSON: Well, we're about to find out. It's hailing us.

ROY: Bring it up on the screen. Oh dear heaven.

JOHNSON: He's...*green*.

(*Blackout*)

**SCENE 2: THE COMMUNICATIONS ROOM OF THE ATARAXIA  
LUNAR COLONY**

**AT RISE: ROY, JOHNSON, and BARBARA stand nervously as WOOD, MURPHY and SHIRLEY enter. GUGGENHEIM is also present, but shows no indication of nervousness. BARBARA is dressed in an outfit similar to ROY and JOHNSON. GUGGENHEIM is dressed in an outfit made from white garbage bags (HE should wear white clothing underneath, as white garbage bags tend to be transparent) and white shoes, white boots, or sandals. WOOD, MURPHY and SHIRLEY are outlandish-looking aliens with green skin. MURPHY and SHIRLEY are carrying toy laser guns—preferably ones with sound and light.**

ROY: Uh. Uh. Um.

WOOD: Relax, Mr. Brody.

ROY: How do you—

WOOD: You look like you're going to throw up on yourself.

ROY: Uh...

WOOD: Good thing that outfit of yours looks like it's made out of garbage bags, eh? Well, it's understandable that you're nervous.

This is a big day for your race. You'll be remembered forever.

JOHNSON: Remembered as the guy who barfed on the day of first contact.

ROY: Will you shut up?

WOOD: In your tongue, my name translates to Wood Edwardson.

These are my associates, Murphy and Shirley. It is with great pleasure that I announce: We come in peace.

*(MURPHY coughs and clears HER throat.)*

ROY: Ah...

BARBARA: *(stepping between ROY and WOOD)* Greetings and welcome. My name is Barbara Keene. I'm the mayor of Ataraxia.

*(BARBARA extends a hand for WOOD to shake. WOOD looks at it, uncertain what to do. WOOD looks to MURPHY and SHIRLEY, who shrug. WOOD sniffs BARBARA's hand, then finally remembers what HE is supposed to do. A look of immense satisfaction crosses WOOD's face as HE shakes BARBARA's hand.)*

WOOD: Mayor? That is a term that denotes rulership, correct?

BARBARA: I am the head of the local government.

WOOD: But you are one of the prisoners here, are you not?

BARBARA: Ataraxia is a colony, not a prison.

WOOD: It's a prison. Let's not beat around the shrub. My people have been monitoring your communications in and out of this place for years. You're miserable and you don't want to be here. None of you do. And you're in luck. Because I came here to make you an offer you can't refuse.

BARBARA: Heh. Uh...

WOOD: You seem uncomfortable. What's the matter? Are you thinking of *The Godfather*? Is that it? (*imitating Marlon Brando*) "Make him an offer he can't refuse."

(*MURPHY and SHIRLEY clap unenthusiastically for WOOD's Brando impression. WOOD seems pleased.*)

WOOD: You're afraid I mean it like that? Or does it just boggle your mind that somebody from halfway across the galaxy has seen one of your movies?

BARBARA: Ataraxia is a lunar colony with its own government and economy and—

WOOD: You're pathetic, you spineless cow. You know that? You're a prisoner here and you say what they want you to say so that you can hold onto your precious position of power. But what power is that? Really? You're at the top of the grasshopper mound, but you're still just a grasshopper. Down there, when the moon was full, then you had power! You had strength! You had freedom! You were feared! And they took it away from you and stuck you here and you just went along with it. You know what? I'm not talking to you anymore. We don't want you. We'll take the others. We'll take the ones who want a better life.

GUGGENHEIM: (*with a thick German accent*) What are you talking about?

WOOD: What?

GUGGENHEIM: What are you talking about?

WOOD: Who are you?

GUGGENHEIM: My name is Professor Guggenheim.

WOOD: I'm wearing a Very Expensive Intergalactic Translation Device and I have no idea what you just said.

GUGGENHEIM: My name is Professor Guggenheim.

WOOD: Shirley, can you understand this guy?

SHIRLEY: No, sir.

WOOD: Murphy?

MURPHY: No, sir.

WOOD: What language is that?

JOHNSON: Um, he's speaking English.

WOOD: That can't be English.

GUGGENHEIM: I am speaking der English.

WOOD: Where are you from?

GUGGENHEIM: Liechtenstein.

WOOD: Where's that?

JOHNSON: It's a tiny little country in Europe.

WOOD: How tiny?

JOHNSON: They got invaded by the Swiss and nobody noticed.

GUGGENHEIM: It was an accident! A misunderstanding! It was not a big deal!

WOOD: Look, if you're a leprechaun, then it would be really helpful if you'd just speak in leprechaun.

GUGGENHEIM: No! Liechtenstein! We speak German!

WOOD: Then speak "we speak German."

GUGGENHEIM: No one here speaks German.

WOOD: What?

JOHNSON: He said, "No one here speaks German."

WOOD: German? My translation device speaks German. It does not, however, speak English with an impenetrable German accent.

GUGGENHEIM: I like for the others to understand what I say.

*(JOHNSON chuckles)*

WOOD: You lost me.

JOHNSON: Professor Guggenheim is our science officer.

WOOD: Guggenheim?

GUGGENHEIM: Yes.

WOOD: Was that a yes?

JOHNSON: I think so. We can barely understand him ourselves.

WOOD: I'm familiar with your work, Professor Guggenheim. You're a brilliant man. But you're speaking in complete gibberish, so there's no point in wasting my time talking with you.

GUGGENHEIM: I am a high-ranking—

WOOD: *(to ROY)* You. You're the one in charge here.

ROY: Well, actually, the mayor—

WOOD: Is just here for show. I've done my homework. Things go bad here, you're the one with the power to suck all the air out of this place and kill the inmates. That means you're in charge.

BARBARA: *(to ROY)* You what?

ROY: It's just a failsafe, Barbara.

BARBARA: Just a failsafe? Why was I never told about this?

JOHNSON: Because you're a prisoner and you don't have any rights.

They just want you to think you do.

ROY: You're not helping!

BARBARA: I thought we were friends.

ROY: Just because I've been authorized to kill you if necessary doesn't mean we aren't friends.

BARBARA: (to WOOD) What's this offer of yours?

WOOD: Murphy, did you hear me say that I wasn't talking to her anymore?

MURPHY: Sure did, boss.

WOOD: Shirley, did you hear me say that I wasn't talking to her anymore?

SHIRLEY: Sure did, boss.

BARBARA: Oh, come—(to ROY) Ask him what his offer is!

ROY: Me!?

BARBARA: Ask him right now or I'm going to sterilize you the same as they did all of us, but I'm not going to use anesthesia!

ROY: Um...what's this offer of yours?

WOOD: We want to take all of the prisoners off of your hands.

JOHNSON: Sold.

ROY: Shut up, Johnson. You're not in charge.

BARBARA: (to WOOD) What do you want to do with us?

WOOD: Murphy, did you hear something just now?

MURPHY: No, sir.

WOOD: Me neither.

BARBARA: (to ROY) Ask him!

ROY: What do you want to do with the prisoners? I mean—colonists?

WOOD: To take them to another planet, set them loose... (*flapping his arms like a butterfly*) and be free!

BARBARA: (to WOOD) What's the catch?

WOOD: You know, it's funny. I'm starting to feel very annoyed for some reason, but I can't hear anything that should annoy me. Do you hear anything, Shirley?

SHIRLEY: No, sir.

ROY: Uh...what's the catch?

WOOD: Catch? Why does there have to be a catch?

BARBARA: (to WOOD) There's always a catch.

WOOD: My patience is wearing very thin for no good reason. Can you think of a reason, Murphy?

MURPHY: No reason at all, sir.

(BARBARA smacks ROY in the arm.)

ROY: Why do you want to let the...colonists...run free?

WOOD: Can't get anything past you, can I, Roy? You're a sharp guy. All right then. We want to let them do what they were made to do.

ROY: They weren't made to do anything except run wild and kill everything in sight.

WOOD: Yhatzee!

MURPHY: Bingo, sir.

WOOD: Bingo?

SHIRLEY: Bingo.

WOOD: Bingo, then. We've got this little problem. Minor altercation with another world. They have a few things we need, but they won't share. We can't use heavy artillery because it would damage the resources that we want. Our military isn't big enough for a full-scale planetary invasion...you get the idea. But you've got the answer to our problem. Right here.

ROY: Werewolves?

WOOD: Werewolves. Turn 'em loose. Let them kill everybody, and then we take over.

GUGGENHEIM: Dat will never work!

ROY: He's right.

WOOD: Who's right?

ROY: Professor Gugg—that'll never work. I mean, werewolves are only active during a full moon. I don't know what the lunar cycle is like on this world you're talking about but—

WOOD: Our scientists have developed nanitties—

MURPHY: Nanites, sir.

WOOD: Whatever. Little teeny tiny computers—that we can inject into their bloodstreams—to make them change back and forth whenever we like, and to stay in whatever form we want them to stay, regardless of the lunar cycle. We turn them loose, and in a year or two, they'll have wiped out the whole populace. We turn them back—permanently—and give them their own continent or something while we do what we need with the rest of the planet. Everybody wins.

ROY: Except the inhabitants of this planet you're talking about.

WOOD: They don't count.

ROY: My government would never allow the use of the prisoners—colonists—as biological weapons.

BARBARA: *(to ROY)* Drop dead! *(to WOOD)* Sounds like a good deal to me! Where do I sign up?

WOOD: Shirley! I think there is a...flying insect or something in the room that keeps bothering me. Will you swat it, please?

SHIRLEY: With pleasure, sir.

*(SHIRLEY crosses to BARBARA and raises her laser gun as if to hit BARBARA with it, but then abruptly shoots BARBARA instead. A horrified ROY catches BARBARA as she falls.)*

ROY: (*lowering BARBARA to the floor and, although there is no blood, wiping his hands on his pants as if BARBARA has suddenly become infested with cooties*) Barbara! She's dead! Ugh! What'd you do that, for?

WOOD: She was annoying me. Why do you think? (*gestures to GUGGENHEIM*) That one is annoying me, too. Swat him as well, would you please?

(*GUGGENHEIM runs offstage as SHIRLEY fires.*)

SHIRLEY: Should I pursue him, sir?

WOOD: Forget him. It's not worth the drain on your battery cells.

ROY: Johnson, sound the alarm.

JOHNSON: Do it yourself! I'm not getting shot!

WOOD: No one will answer. Your guards are all dead.

ROY: What?

WOOD: Are you deaf? I said the guards are all dead. My troops have killed them by now. Your prisoners are being rounded up and loaded onto our ship, where they are being injected with the nanities to prevent them from changing when we swing around to the light side of the moon.

MURPHY: Nanites, sir.

ROY: How do you know these nanites—nanit-tees—of yours will work?

WOOD: Where do you think your world's plague of werewolfism came from?

ROY: Where?

JOHNSON: You?

WOOD: You're the only one here who acts like he has a lick of sense. I might let you live. Yes. My people. We borrowed some of your people. For experimental purposes. We wound up with more than we needed, so we dropped the extras off in Chicago. But now we need them back, after all.

ROY: You...you...

WOOD: You're almost as pathetic as the woman, you know that? I don't like you, either. But I'm going to let you live, because it makes me happy inside to think about how upset your superiors will be that you allowed the...colonists...to be taken by an alien race and used as biological weapons. Murphy, Shirley...come.

(*WOOD, MURPHY and SHIRLEY exit.*)

ROY: I am so up the creek without a paddle. My career is over.

JOHNSON: (*looking at his console*) They're taking off, sir.

ROY: I'll be cleaning horse toilets in a coal mine for the rest of my life!

JOHNSON: They're circling the moon. Their ship is giving off a huge energy reading. I think they're about to engage some kind of faster-than-light transport. There it goes. Well. That's the end of that. No, wait. It's stalled out near the Earth. I think something's wrong with their ship. It looks like it's caught in Earth's gravity. I think it's going to go down, sir. It's—whoa!

ROY: What?

JOHNSON: It just emitted a massive electromagnetic pulse.

ROY: How massive?

JOHNSON: Like a couple of nukes.

ROY: But at that high above the Earth—

JOHNSON: It'll knock out all the electronics in—I don't know—the hemisphere?

ROY: That'll be total chaos.

JOHNSON: Yeah, but if they can manage a crash landing and there are survivors, the military will have no way to respond.

ROY: Where's their ship going down?

JOHNSON: The southeastern United States.

ROY: What's the phase of moon there now?

JOHNSON: New moon.

ROY: Well, that's something, at least. Can you imagine if the ship survived impact and there was a hull breach during the full moon? The whole countryside would be swarming with werewolves.

*(Blackout.)*

### **SCENE 3: THE CRASH SITE**

***AT RISE: WOOD and MURPHY. Part of their ship may protrude onto the stage from L or UL, or it may be just "offstage" to the left. There is some vegetation to suggest that the scene is outdoors. MURPHY is carrying her laser gun.***

WOOD: What do you mean the nanittie controls were damaged in the crash?

MURPHY: Nanite!

WOOD: Stop correcting me, you imbecile!

MURPHY: I mean they don't work anymore. The prisoners are all in their werewolf forms and they're stuck that way. We can't change them back.

WOOD: The controls can't be broken.

MURPHY: Why not? We crashed. Ship fall down. Go boom. Things break!

WOOD: If I didn't need you, I'd execute you.

MURPHY: If you did, I wouldn't try to stop you, because this is one ugly mess we've got on our hands.

WOOD: How many of the werewolves survived the crash?

MURPHY: About a third.

WOOD: How many got away?

MURPHY: All of the survivors.

WOOD: How many of our crew did we lose?

MURPHY: About three quarters.

WOOD: Great.

MURPHY: We have no communications with the homeworld. They probably think we're dead. Onboard weapons are also down. Thrusters are down. Shields are down. Holding cells are down. You name it, it's down.

WOOD: Did the EMP work, at least?

MURPHY: EMP worked. All the electronics on the continent are totally fried.

WOOD: Are we near any major population centers?

MURPHY: Nope. Totally rural area.

WOOD: Good. How long will it take to get the holding cells up and running?

MURPHY: If we drop everything else and focus on them? Maybe half a day.

WOOD: Then get on it.

MURPHY: Don't you think letting the homeworld know we're alive is a little more important?

WOOD: You want to tell them we lost the cargo?

MURPHY: No.

WOOD: Okay, then. We need to be able to give them some kind of good news before we try to re-establish communication. Any idea what caused the fire in the engine room?

MURPHY: We're not sure. No one in engineering answered our calls.

WOOD: And the engineering staff are all dead?

MURPHY: I'm afraid so.

WOOD: Good. Serves them right. Set up search parties and have them start reclaiming the prisoners.

MURPHY: With all due respect sir, we need all hands here to work on the holding cells if you want them—

WOOD: You're going to have to deal with the holding cells yourself. If we wait, the prisoners will be long gone and we won't have anything to put in the holding cells when we have them working. And then there'll be no point in trying to fix the ship or calling for a ride. What a disaster. At least the EMP and the geography should keep the military and every other remotely civilized creature on this planet out of our way for a while.

(Blackout)

#### **SCENE 4: THE FAULKNER FARM**

***AT RISE: JENNIE MAY is sitting on a hay bale. There is a stick lying nearby. JETHRO rushes onstage from R, excited. Both are about fifteen years old and dressed in redneck-style clothing. Additional set pieces may include a fence, an outhouse, and more hay bales.***

JETHRO: Jennie May, come look! Fred's done gone round the fields gathering up cow pies and lined 'em all up so Earl can do a long jump over 'em!

JENNIE MAY: Ain't that boy gonna learn? Last time he did that, he was cleaning the manure outta his ears for a week.

JETHRO: He's getting a bigger running start this time. You wanna make a wager?

JENNIE MAY: No.

JETHRO: Aw, come on.

JENNIE MAY: If he makes it, then you're gonna want me to eat bugs or something gross like that. If he don't make it, he's gonna be stinking up the dinner table for days. I'm gonna lose either way.

JETHRO: You ain't no fun.

*(The WEREWOLF enters from R. IT menacingly approaches JETHRO and JENNIE MAY, who are completely oblivious that it is dangerous. IT circles them and sniffs at them as THEY talk.)*

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