

INTERVIEW WITH AN EXTRATERRESTRIAL

A Ten-Minute Comedy Duet

by
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CAST: ANDERSON and BROOKE

***There are no references to BROOKE'S gender other than the name which may be changed. The character playing ANDERSON should be female.**

AT RISE: MS. ANDERSON is seated at a desk, busily looking over an application. For contest purposes, props can be mimed. BROOKE enters, hesitantly.

ANDERSON: Let's see. You're Brooke Morris, is that right?

BROOKE: Yes, Ma'am.

ANDERSON: Pleased to meet you. Have a seat. **(They shake hands and both sit.)** Let's get acquainted a bit. Tell me why you want to work at Burger Lord, Brooke.

BROOKE: Okay, well, in the first place, I need a job, especially for the summer. I'm a student here at State. A junior—I suppose you see all that on the application—and I could use the money. Besides, since I'm a business major, I want some actual experience in the working world.

ANDERSON: You want to work here only in the summer, then?

BROOKE: Not necessarily. I'll probably want to continue into the fall term, too, if things work out.

ANDERSON: That's good. **(SHE looks distressed, mimes reaching into a drawer and taking a deep breath from a canister)** Excuse me, but I have a slight respiratory condition **(points to canister)** This is oxygen.

BROOKE: **(Looks around)** Gas. I smell gas. Do you smell it?

ANDERSON: People imagine all sorts of things in a pressure situation such as an interview.

BROOKE: Actually, I don't feel that there's that much pressure, being minimum wage and all. Ugh, that smell is getting worse. I don't think it's gas. I used to live in Louisiana, and this smells a little like the swamps back home. Can't you smell it?

ANDERSON: Not at all. There are no swamps around here. Brooke, do you have any experience in this kind of work?

BROOKE: Oh, sure. Back in high school I worked at O'Donnell's one summer.

ANDERSON: **(takes another pull at the canister. At this point, SHE leaves it out rather than putting it back in the drawer and breaths periodically from it)** Our big rivals. I'll bet you served up a zillion Big Bens.

BROOKE: They sure were popular. I got sick of them after a while, though.

ANDERSON: Our big sandwich is called *The Humdinger*. Two hamburger patties, cheese, lettuce, pickle, and barbecue sauce. It's quite a concoction. Have you ever had one?

BROOKE: Sure. Better than the Big Ben any day, in my opinion.

ANDERSON: Ah, good for you. I see you know how to get along in the business world. A little flattery goes a long way.

BROOKE: **(stands, sniffs deeply three times)** I'm sure there's a sewer overflowing around here.

ANDERSON: Don't be silly. **(BROOKE stares at her)** What's the matter?

BROOKE: Your nose seems to be coming off!

ANDERSON: **(stands and quickly rearranges it)** Oh, that. I had a bit of plastic surgery recently. I guess it's still in the process of healing. When you get a cheap nose job, your nose just flops all around the place. I almost ate it once when I was having shrimp. Now, when can you start?

BROOKE: Wait a minute. That isn't the way plastic surgery works. You don't end up with a detachable nose. I never heard of movable nostrils, even on Michael Jackson. And you never end up with a nose that looks like that.

ANDERSON: Like what?

BROOKE: **(moving back in disgust)** For one thing, it's still moving slightly. **(ANDERSON reaches for nose again, and tries to cover it)** Like an octopus tentacle, but shorter. Oooh! I think it's hungry. I'm going to be sick.

ANDERSON: Now you're getting personal. That's just mean to belittle a person's appearance. I'm not as young as you are. Wait 'til you reach my age. Your body parts might not be so stable either.

BROOKE: When I reach your age, I doubt my nose will be... **(pause)** Lady, your bottom lip is drooping! It's doing funny things. Your lips are stretching. Oh, how gross. Stop it! What the...

ANDERSON: **(covering mouth)** I've been a bit sad lately. My lip does that. Managers do have a personal life, you know. I thought you came here to interview for a job. I know what it is. It's hot in here. Maybe my makeup is running a little. When did you say you could start? How about next Monday afternoon? The shift starts at four, but come in at three so we can get you a uniform and give you some instructions. **(BROOKE continues to stare at her in disbelief)** What are you staring at now?

BROOKE: Your skin looks like it's swimming.

ANDERSON: **(sits)** Ridiculous. I've been out in the sun all week. My skin is just settling.

BROOKE: You're pulsating!

ANDERSON: (**angrily**) What is that supposed to mean?

BROOKE: You're getting bigger. Not just taller, you're, like, expanding in all directions, it looks like. Then you contract again. It happens fast, but I can see it happening. Pulsating, that's the only word I can think of. This is crazy. (**moves the chair back, frightened**) I thought *Alien* was just a movie.

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