

# REFUGEE PIZZA

By Kelly Meadows

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ISBN: 978-1-60003-959-1

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**REFUGEE PIZZA***A Ten Minute Drama Monologue***By Kelly Meadows**

**SYNOPSIS:** Refugee pizza? No one knows what's on it, but it's good enough for the impoverished exiles who escaped the Space War. Our speaker volunteers in a refugee camp and winds up serving pizza to a young man and woman from rival societies. Turns out they're falling into a dangerous romance, which might not sit well with friends and relatives. Can love win the day? This is a war after all, which like this monologue, can very quickly turn brutal.

**CAST OF CHARACTERS***(1 either; gender flexible)*

MONOLOGUE (m/f)..... Teenager or young adult.

**AUTHOR'S NOTE**

Pronounce the planets PaKAYnia, CAStoran. Female character's name: CeLEStia.

**MONOLOGUE:** You know what's a casualty of the space wars? My lifestyle. We colonized this planet because we wanted our freedom and our lifestyle and now there's a bunch of refugees trying to impose their technology here like we're backwards we need their *noblesse oblige*. They came here, one war after another, this time because their planet almost got blown up. Blowing up a planet in its entirety doesn't really happen, it's a movie thing. But serious damage? Oh yeah. This is already Space War Four.

We established this planet Castoran as land of the free, other than there's these big green monstrous drooling reptilian thingies we call Gigantasauroses that inhabit 75 percent of it and we live in the remote part past the mountains where they can't stand the climate. And because of that, nobody wants this planet.

There's these flying things we call Cawbirds because they look like giant bats and screech like big black crows. People tried to eat them when we got here, but they were nasty. Like bat, but bigger. Then people are like (*Looks up and shields eyes.*) "get these things out of the sky!" They shot them down like enemy warcraft. Then there were only a few left so everyone's like "save the Cawbirds!"

So they're back, and we wear hats.

But these Pakaynians. Every time there's a war more of them show up. They're broke so they try to sell us what they call "advanced technology" on the black market and it creeps into our society and warps it. Mom and Dad are making me volunteer and serve them at the camp. Soup. And noodles. And noodle soup. And pizza, that's the real treat. No one knows what's on it.

*(Explaining.)* We were refugees, sure, but we were the first ones here. We cleared it out, we found the safe place, we learned how to live where no one else wanted to. Now we're established and we have a lifestyle and it's changing because of refugees selling their technology. We don't hate them, but a lot of them hate each other. There are the original inhabitants of Pakaynia, and then there are the Earth people, who are actually the ancestors of the Pakaynians and now live among them as second class refugees. But they're the original... people. At least that's what they say. People come from Earth and we're supposed to be like Oh wow Earth! France, Japan, Uganda the Yew BeKinghted States, all that. Meh.

So the Earth people and the Pakaynians don't get along. It goes back to Space War One, which Earth said they didn't have much to do with...other than they started it.

They disagree, of course. *(Mocking.)* "Liar, we did not."

Did, didn't, did, didn't... I don't know who started it, but three wars later it's not finished.

*From here it gets more personal, vs. a "grand battle" narrative.*

So here's the real story. Cayton and Celestia, they're two refugees that fell in love. Celestia, she's gorgeous. She's the girl everyone wants to be or wants to go out with. Cayton, he's handsome enough for pizza delivery, but just drop it off and we'll eat with the family. They're from the different human ethnicities. Earth and Pakaynian. First she was too good for him but then...

*(As Celestia.)* I realized that he was just as cool as I was, and there wasn't really any need to be mean to him. It's how we were brought up. From the time we were three, we were told that the Earth boys were stupid, coarse, and rude, and... well turns out I like a guy like that. Coarse and stupid, but with a good heart.

So we make this thing called Refugee Pizza, and I'm one of the volunteers who slices it up and passes it out. They fight for it, but they don't appreciate it.

*(As a Refugee.)* What's that on there? Is that meat? I should go back to my own planet.

"And the sooner the better," said another pizza cutter.

*(As a Refugee.)* You should kill those flying bats. And why can we feed the earth people to the Gigantasauri?

*(Gruff and hoarse.)* "Shut up and eat your pizza!" that was the camp director. He had a small ear for bigotry.

So... Celestia's family is starting to notice, and I hear whispers: "Cayton and Celestia are seeing each other. He's from Earth."

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