

A Whole New World
By Trey Deason

Gary Newsome
H
X

(Lights up with two aliens on either side of the stage, one, X, is seated with a bongo drum, the other, H, holds a model of a ship. There is a bed center stage with a rainbow bed sheet. The following is recited like beat poetry with X banging on the drum quietly as H speaks.)

H
Everything tastes better with a touch of ginger.
We'll be right back after this commercial break.
Oh my God! They killed Kenny.

X
You bastards!

H
Mission Log: For eons, we on the planet (guttural noise) have listened and evaluated life on this alien planet known as "Earth", collecting radio and television signals to better understand the life of its inhabitants. Now the time has come to collect an actual specimen.

(GARY comes out, oblivious to the aliens, and prepares to go to bed. There are some poinsettias next to the bed that he looks at sadly.)

We have chosen this earthling identified as Gary Newsome to take back to our planet. Here he is readying himself for the human habit referred to as sleep. He is a male prototype and in order to lure him into coming with us we have simulated a sexy bitch.

X
I am sexy bitch.

H
Based on our research we have learned they are a simple people driven by such venal desires.

X
But I'm sure they are complex in so many other ways. They enjoy dancing and singing and scuba diving.

H
I am accompanied by my protégé (weird noise), who has an unhealthy obsession with this planet.

X

I'm sorry, but I wanna be where the people are, I wanna see, wanna see them dancing...

H

Enough! Back to the mission. Once the specimen succumbs to hibernation we will cut into his consciousness to inform him of our purpose. He will go to our planet and I, (weird noise) will inhabit his body in his place on Earth. The following story is true. The names have been changed to protect the innocent. Except for the name of GARY NEWSOOOOOME.

(GARY has lied down and gone to bed. X begins frantically beating at the drum, until one final dramatic beat. GARY bolts up in his bed.)

GARY

What the hell?

X

You must come with me.

GARY

No.

X

(Pause.)

Please.

GARY

What is this? Who are you?

X

(struggles, then thinks.)

I'm just a girl, standing in front of a boy, asking him to love her.

GARY

Jesus, this is the last time I take Ambien.

X

Talk to you doctor to see if Ambien is right for you.

GARY

What?

X

Say "what" one more time, motherfucker, I dare ya.

H

(G makes a crazy alien noise that only X can hear.)

X

Sorry. I'm trying. Okay, I'm just going to be upfront and honest with you. I'm from the planet (guttural noise.) We would like to take you home and do experiments on you.

GARY

That sounds horrible.

H

(More noise, but then...) Use your gun!

X

Oh, that's right. I have a gun. (Pulls out a fish.)

GARY

That's a fish.

X

Frak! (*Pulls out a gun.*) Here it is. Now come with me, or else.

GARY

That gun isn't real.

X

Huh?

GARY

There's a red tip on the barrel; it's a toy gun.

X

This is no toy. That red cap is my... evil... alien... red nipple... death nozzle.

GARY

Red nipple death nozzle?

X

(*sighs.*) Ok fine. I'm sorry, I'm trying my best. I've haven't had many experiences with abduction. You're actually my first time.

GARY

If I had a nickel for every time I've heard that.

X

We don't believe in force on our planet. You have to give consent for me to take you. I thought if I came down in the form of a hot, sexy bitch you would follow no questions asked?

GARY

Oh, well there's your first problem. I'm gay.

X

Gay? You mean... a male homosexual? Well that's a surprising development.

GARY

(looks at his bed sheet.)

Seriously?

H

That's it. I tried to let you go alone, but you're doing it all wrong.

GARY

Who's this?

X

My mentor. His name is *(makes a crazy weird noise.)*

(H and X have a spirited argument in their alien tongue for a while. GARY stares on perplexed.)

GARY

This is the worst sex dream ever.

H

Look, Gary Newsome, just come with us. Make this painless.

GARY

So you need my consent to take me.

H

We don't need it, technically, but it's our way. We are a peaceful people and we have integrity. I realize as an earthling that may be hard for you to comprehend. So pretty please with sugar on top... jump on our spaceship. *(Reveals the model ship.)*

GARY

That's your spaceship?

H

Of course not. Our technological advances are so beyond anything you can fathom that we have reconfigured them into nonthreatening objects to make them more palatable to your consciousness. *(Point to the drum.)* That instrument over there is our device to transport your body from Earth to our spaceship.

GARY

A bongo drum? Ok, this has to be the Ambien.

H

Submit to the bongo drum, Earthling!

X

Hey, no force. Remember our integrity.

H

Quite right. Being exposed to this toxic atmosphere had caused me to forget myself. Let me review the anthropological data and reconsider our strategy.

(H goes off the side to an antenna and does weird things.)

GARY

What kind of data?

X

Television signals. We watch your media waves to learn about your culture.

GARY

Oh. I'm so sorry.

X

My favorite is Downton Abbey. It's hilarious.

H

I think I found something. Would you go with us if we gave you tickets to Cher?

GARY

Not really a fan. Sorry.

H

Frak! This media stream is useless at telling us what homosexuals are like.

GARY

Try to find some Golden Girl reruns. That might help you out.

H

I am familiar with that one. Thank you... for being a friend.

X

The idea of homosexuals is so strange to me. We have no gender on our planet. We just fuck whoever and go about our lives. No complications. No drama. No wars. No race or religion.

GARY

Your planet sounds pretty great. What do you have to learn from Earth? You have everything we have and more.

X

Except one thing: love. What is love?

GARY

Oh... I'm not the right person to ask. I mean, I'm seeing this guy right now, but he's kinda clingy. He's taking it too fast, you know. I just want to have fun, but... I'm afraid I'm going to break his heart.

X

Awwww. I want to have a broken heart. It sounds so metaphorical.

GARY

He gave me these flowers today... those poinsettias. I mentioned to him once that Christmas was my favorite time of the year. How ridiculous.

X

Christmas: That is a festival of your people that lasts from the months of October to January.

GARY

Actually it's... no, actually that's not too far off. Look, he's a great guy, but I'm just not feeling it. Growing up I was spoiled by Disney movies.

X

Disney movies? Those are my favorite!

GARY

Oh, don't get me started on those films. I mean, I loved them as a kid, but I think they're the reason I have such commitment issues. Nothing lives up to that fantasy world.

X

Which one is your favorite? Mine is Aladdin.

GARY

Aladdin is fun, if a teensy bit racist. I always liked Beauty and the Beast. I connected so much to Belle. An outsider, smarter than everyone else, but stuck in this boring provincial town. I mean, I want adventure in the great wide somewhere. I want it more than I can tell.

X

You can have adventure. Just go with us to (guttural noise.) Let us be your great wide somewhere. (Singing) I can show you a world.

GARY

What are you doing?

X

Shiny shimmering splendid. Tell me Princess...

GARY

Okay, that's offensive.

X

Now when did you last let your heart decide?
 I can open your eyes
 Take you wonder by wonder
 Over sideways and under

X and GARY

On a magic carpet ride.

GARY

A whole new world.

X

Don't you dare close your eyes.

GARY

With new horizons to pursue.

X

Hold your breath it gets better.

GARY

But now I'm way up here, it's crystal clear, that now I'm in a whole new world with you.

H

Why are we singing? This is illogical.

X

I think Gary Newsome is ready to go.

GARY

Wait. I have a life down here on Earth, I can't just leave it behind. As I told you, I'm afraid of commitment, and this is the biggest commitment I could ever make. I'm scared.

H

You will be paid for your services with tacos and fellatio.

GARY

Okay, I'll go. On the bright side, I haven't even arrived there yet, and already I've made a friend.

X

Oh, Gary Newsome, I'm sorry. I won't be going with you. I'm staying here and taking your place.

H

Incorrect. I'm the one chosen to stay on Earth and explore their culture.

X

Please (unintelligible noise), you've been a great mentor but you know how much I want this. And since the sexy bitch disguise didn't work, it doesn't matter if you take him up or not.

H

Alright (freakishly unintelligible noise), you can stay.

GARY

I'll miss you... what was your name again?

X

(repeats freakishly unintelligible noise.)

GARY

(heinous attempt at freakishly unintelligible noise.) Sorry, I got that all wrong.

X

That's all right, Gary Newsome, just call me friend.

(H takes the bongo drum and hands it off to GARY.)

H

Here you go; beam us up, Scotty.

GARY

How does this work?

H

To explain it, I would have to use very complex scientific jargon and it would take a long time. Like, if it was written down in, say, a script. It would probably be a two page monologue that would take weeks to memorize. So, to keep it simple, just beat the drum, and we'll be transported to (guttural noise.)

(GARY beats the drum as he and H fly away with the ship.)

H

There's no place like home... there's no place like home...

GARY

So long, friend. Be good to my boyfriend; he deserves it. Take care. Live, long, and prosper.

(They are gone leaving X alone. She gets in bed and looks at the poinsettias.)

X

Next stop: The final frontier.

(Lights down. End of play.)

