

Brain Sucking

A 10-Minute Comedy

By

Stephen Bittrich

Brain Sucking was a finalist in the Actor's Theatre of Louisville's "10-Minute Play Contest" in 1994. It was one of the few ten minute plays to be chosen that year to be produced at their Victor Jory Theatre in December, 1994. It was directed by William McNulty with the following cast:

Greeley Dustin Longstreth

Ed Eric Shephard

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David Marantz and Dan Teachout as Greeley and Ed. Performed at The Drilling Company, NYC. Photo by Lee Wexler.

"BRAIN SUCKING"

SETTING:

A large back porch out in the country near Seguin, Texas in Guadalupe County.

AT RISE:

The crickets chirp loudly. ED and GREELEY, real Texas men who know how to relax, take in the star-lit night and experience the crickets. After a bit of "experiencing," GREELEY speaks--

GREELEY

Ed?

ED

Yeah, Greeley.

GREELEY

Crickets sure are perky.

ED

Yep.

(Pause. Crickets chirp)

GREELEY

Ed?

ED

Yeah, Greeley.

GREELEY

Whatta you spose those crickets are talkin' about?

(ED listens)

ED

Mostly cricket matters, I guess.

GREELEY

Yep.

(Pause. Crickets)

Ed?

(Beat)

Ever had yer brain sucked out through yer nose?

ED

(After a beat)

Nope.

GREELEY

Messy prospect.

(The crickets chirp)

I'm not myself tonight, Ed.

ED

The frijoles?

GREELEY

Tammie saw this flying saucer land over't her field the other night.

ED

I heard.

GREELEY

Most folks are saying since her husband left in '85 she's been a little off.

ED

Yep.

GREELEY

They don't put much credence in the flying saucer thang.

(Beat)

But it's true, Ed.

(Beat)

I come from the planet Yah, twenty million, million earth miles away. My planet is warm and moist, and a zillion species of plant exist throughout our world. We, my species, are partly plants ourselves--Pod People. We sleep just below the dank soil by night and bask in the life-giving sun by day. Our sun-star is our god, but, according to mythology, our sun is doomed to explode and evaporate our planet in the Yah Year twenty- twenty-two--this earth year. Our scientists have confirmed this legend, so we have searched the galaxies far and wide for a new god. We have arrived on your planet, and now we worship your sun. In order to integrate ourselves into your society, we inhabit your earth bodies by attaching our pods to your faces and entering your brain cavities through the nose. Our eventual aim is the total annihilation of your species. Then we will re- adjust the orbit of earth to create a more tropical climate.

ED

(After a beat)

You fart?

GREELEY

The beans.

ED

Damn. Potent son-of-a-bitch.

(Crickets)

GREELEY

"Why Seguin, Texas?" you may ask. Little too dry for our pods, you may thank. After careful scientific observation, our Yah- ian fleet was directed to Acapulco, Mexico because it was concluded to possess the tropical climate which we are most comfortable in. . . but I had saucer failure over Dallas and had to make a crash landing here.

(Short pause. Crickets)

As is well known, last month, the one called Greeley, the one which I now am, became engaged to be married to this Tammie Lynn Schneider.

ED

Yep. Clipped the picture outta the Gazette.

GREELEY

This Greeley, however, still has not come up with the two thousand to buy the long anticipated 14 carat/gold/diamond/ruby ring over't Dietz's Diamonds yet.

ED

Emma Dietz says she's expectin' it.

GREELEY

As is well known, the long awaited, often spoken of "ring presenting fanfare" was to take place on the Corral Dance floor last Saturday night after a well publicized "surprise" announcement from the celebrated local country sensation, Candy Land of Candy Land and the Goolaks.

ED

Yep.

GREELEY

(After a beat)

That tragic Saturday night, when this one, Greeley, arrived at Tammie Schneider's place out on One-twenty-three Bypass, he first stopped into her greenhouse out back the house where I, the Pod Pers--

ED

Why?

GREELEY

Huh?

ED

Why'd he go back there first?

GREELEY

Uh. . . to check the Rhododendrons he gave her.

ED

Okay, I'll buy it.

GREELEY

There, sleeping among the ivy and the ferns, was I, the Pod Person. Greeley, a well-known plant enthusiast and long

time employee of Norma Green's Thumb, caught me out of the corner of his eye and gasped at the sight of my glorious red and violet leaves. Being an inquisitive rascal, and despite having seen Alien five times at the Dixie Drive-in, he scooped up close and leaned over my pod to get a closer look. I could smell his squishy, warm brains, and before he could cry out, I grappled my thorny vines on to his face.

ED

Thorny?

GREELEY

Sticky? Gooley?

ED

Gooley.

GREELEY

I grappled my gooley vines on to his face. Of course, he missed his date that night without a word. My incubation period takes a full eight hours. For a full eight hours this one--Greeley-- blindly wandered the dull, black Texas night as the pod attached to his face slowly sucked out his brains.

ED

Surprised it took a full eight.

GREELEY

At four o'clock in the morning the transformation was complete. The spent and wrinkled pod-shell dropped off, and I was ready to experience this new world and sample human pleasures.

ED

First stop: Seven-Eleven.

GREELEY

For a Slurpy and a six pack of Lone Star. Much to my surprise, the check out girl, Wendy, was friendly. She knew this Greeley. Knew him well. Well enough to let him cop a feel back in the video game room--right between the Ninja Turtles and Altered Beast.

ED

They still got Pac Man?

GREELEY

This encounter with human delights was inadvertently observed by the Seven-Eleven manager, Miss Nosy Rosy Stadtmueller, who made an unannounced and previously unprecedented after hours visit to tabulate the register receipts.

ED

Yep. I heard.

GREELEY

(After a beat)

This gossipy, nosy society is not understood by we Yah-ians.

THE PLAY CONTINUES FOR ONE MORE PAGE.

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