

Home of the Great Pecan

A Full-Length Play

By
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ACT ONE

SCENE 1

"BRAIN SUCKING"

SETTING:

A clear, warm Saturday night. A large back porch out in the country near Seguin, Texas in Guadalupe County.

AT RISE:

The crickets chirp audibly. ED (**Actor E**) and GREELEY (**Actor G**), 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--

Ed? GREELEY

Yeah, Greeley. ED

Crickets sure are perky tonight. GREELEY

Yep. ED

(Pause. Crickets chirp)

Ed? GREELEY

Yeah, Greeley. ED

Whatta you spose those crickets are talkin' about? GREELEY

(ED listens)

Mostly cricket matters, I guess. ED

Yep. GREELEY

(Crickets)

(MORE)

GREELEY (Continued)

Ed?

(Beat)

Ever had yer brain sucked out through yer nose?

ED

(After a beat)

Nope.

GREELEY

Messy prospect.

(The crickets chirp)

GREELEY (CONTINUED)

(Continued)

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 '78 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; special vocal attention
should be given to the alien
word, "Yah")

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

(MORE)

GREELEY (Continued)
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 som-bitch.

(Cricket)

GREELEY
"Why Seguin, Texas?" you may ask. Little too dry for our
pods, you might thank. After careful scientific observation,
our Yahian 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.

(Cricket)

GREELEY
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 also well known, the long awaited, often spoke of "ring
presenting fanfare" was to take place on the Corral Dance
floor last night, "Frijole Friday," after a well publicized
"surprise" announcement from the celebrated local country
sensation, Candee Land of Candy Land and the Goolaks.

ED
Yep.

GREELEY

(After a beat)

That tragic Friday 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 to my pod to get a better 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? Goey.

ED

Goey.

GREELEY

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 Pac Man and Altered Beast.

ED

I love 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, sadly)

This gossipy, nosy society is not understood by we **Yahians**.

ED

Welcome to Texas, Bud.

GREELEY

It's not this Greeley's fault. What *was* Greeley is now digested and only a shadow of him remains. Petty human emotions hold no importance for we Yahians.

ED

Ate his whole damn brain, huh?

GREELEY

That's the only way to occupy the host.

ED

Now, can you suck out other brains? Or are you limited to one brain per Pod Person?

GREELEY

You mean, could I come over there, as I am--pod-less--pod-free--as it were, and suck out yer brain?

ED
 Yep.

GREELEY
 Yes, I could.

ED
 So it's an all you can eat type deal.

GREELEY
 Well, if say I found a more inviting host, I could switch,
 but then I'd have to exit the former body which would shrivel
 up and wither away--just as my pod did.

ED
 Makes sense.

GREELEY
 But that would be such a terrible waste of male virility.

(THEY guffaw. Crickets.
 GREELEY turns reflective)

GREELEY
 Shoot.....crickets have it easy, Ed.

ED
 Yep.

GREELEY
 (After a beat)
 Think she'll buy it?

ED
 Not a snowball's chance in hell, Greeley.

(Blackout)

(END OF SCENE)