

OUR TEACHER IS AN ALIEN

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT

By Jeff Lovett

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PUBLISHED BY

HEUER PUBLISHING LLC

**P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406
TOLL FREE (800) 950-7529 • FAX (319) 368-8011**

OUR TEACHER IS AN ALIEN

By Jeff Lovett

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(7 WOMEN, 6 MEN, 2 EXTRAS)

MRS. PHILLIPSThe school principal (40 lines)
MISS NEILAThe new teacher (77 lines)
KIM PORTERA student (101 lines)
RICKY PETERS.....A student (75 lines)
HANNAH HOWELLA student (55 lines)
BENNIE WALKER.....A student (95 lines)
EDDIE ELLIS.....The school bully (32 lines)
MATTA student (9 lines)
PHIL.....A student (11 lines)
CHELSEA.....A cheerleader (17 lines)
NIKKIA cheerleader (14 lines)
TAMARAA cheerleader (9 lines)
COACH REESEThe school P.E. coach (3 lines)
BARRY.....A non-speaking part
HILLARYA non-speaking part

The play takes place in the fictional town of Reedsville, Oregon and is designed to be produced with minimal stage and set pieces. An optional intermission may be inserted after SCENE 6.

The play was designed to be performed by three adults and twelve students; however, the director may add additional students to the classroom, gym and playground scenes.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

- SCENE 1:** Mrs. Phillips's office
SCENE 2: School playground
SCENE 3: Miss Neila's classroom
SCENE 4: School gym
SCENE 5: Miss Neila's classroom
SCENE 6: Outside of Miss Neila's house
SCENE 7: School playground
SCENE 8: Mrs. Phillips's office
SCENE 9: School gym
SCENE 10: Miss Neila's classroom

PROPERTY LIST

Scene 1

- Teacher's desk
- Two Chairs
- Telephone
- Various desk supplies
- Framed pictures
- File folders

Scene 2

- Book bags
- Various books
- Paper sack
- Twinkie in wrapper
- Handkerchief

Scene 3

- Blackboard
- Chalk
- Teacher's desk
- Teacher's chair
- Purse
- Cell phone
- Feeding tube
- Student desks

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- Various books
- Inhaler

Scene 4

- Two basketballs
- Pom-poms
- Reporter's notebook
- Pencil
- Whistle
- Clipboard

Scene 5

- Chalkboard
- Chalk
- Teacher's desk
- Teacher's chair
- Various books
- Handkerchief
- Hand mirror

Scene 6

- Three handheld flashlights
- One large, lantern-type flashlight
- Tin foil "hat"
- Inhaler
- Disposable camera

Scene 7

- Book bags
- Handkerchief
- \$5 bill

Scene 8

- Teacher's desk
- Three chairs
- Telephone
- Various files and folders
- Books

- Framed pictures
- Reporter's Notebook
- Tin foil "hat"

Scene 9

- Accordion
- Chairs for faculty
- Chairs for students
- Various band instruments
- Pom-poms
- Small platform
- Folded sheet with poem
- Mrs. Phillip's notes
- Spray bottle with tube
- Tin foil "hat"

Scene 10

- Teacher's desk
- Teacher's chair
- Various folders and papers
- Books
- Student desks
- Purse
- Cell phone

Our Teacher is an Alien was written for the Whigham Elementary School Drama Club in Whigham, Georgia in January/February 2007. It is dedicated to my twins, Madeleine and Wheeler Lovett, students at the school.

SCENE 1

Miss Neila is in Mrs. Phillips's office discussing her students and new classroom.

MRS. PHILLIPS: We are so glad you've come to Reedsville Middle School, Miss Neila. The school board has been promising me a new teacher for years, and it wasn't until we had students sitting in each other's laps that they finally let me hire one.

MISS NEILA: I'm so glad to be here. Thank you for hiring me on such short notice.

MRS. PHILLIPS: Now, I don't want you to worry about a thing. Your little "secret" is safe with me. The less your students know about your background, the better. Don't you agree?

MISS NEILA: Thank you, Mrs. Phillips. I appreciate you letting me keep my private life private. I'm afraid most people think my background is a little weird for a teacher.

MRS. PHILLIPS: Nonsense. We're just glad to finally have enough teachers to give our students the attention they need. Now, let me tell you a little about your new students. *(Handing her student records as they speak.)* There's a few that you'll need to keep an eye on. First, there's Benjamin Walker, or Bennie as his friends call him.

MISS NEILA: Bennie . . .

MRS. PHILLIPS: Well, Bennie is . . . how should we say it . . . a little odd. He is allergic to everything. Dust, pollen, milk, peanuts plus a few things you wouldn't expect. Like school glue, furniture polish and lip gloss.

MISS NEILA: Lip gloss?

MRS. PHILLIPS: Oh, honey . . . last year, Shanna Johansen kissed him in the lunch line. Poor Bennie broke out in hives and his throat closed up so quick, one of the lunchroom ladies had to give him mouth-to-mouth right there on the cafeteria floor.

MISS NEILA: My gosh . . .

MRS. PHILLIPS: Yeah. Then there's Kim Porter . . . a lot of kids call her "Snoopy" . . .

MISS NEILA: Snoopy? That's an odd nickname.

MRS. PHILLIPS: Yeah . . . she hates it. She's the Editor of the school paper and knows everything that goes on at this school. She can get on your nerves with all her questions. Just play along and everything will be fine. Another student you'll need to watch out for is Ricky Peters. He's the son of our illustrious mayor and the school heart throb. Don't let him charm you out of doing his homework.

MISS NEILA: Mrs. Phillips . . . you know that I haven't taught school in several years. (*Holding up the student records.*) Are you sure I'm the right person to handle these kids?

MRS. PHILLIPS: Honey, don't worry . . . you'll be fine. Now, there's one other student I need to tell you about. His name is Eddie Ellis, or Evil Eddie as the other kids call him. Eddie is the classic school bully. We've caught him pounding kids on the playground, in the lunchroom. Last year, he even tied poor Seth Bishop up and hung him upside down in his locker. Needless to say, Seth's parents moved him to a private school over in Ridgeville the next day.

MISS NEILA: Why is Eddie still a student here?

MRS. PHILLIPS: Well, Evil Eddie just happens to be the son of Carter Ellis, chairman of the school board. I went to school with Carter and trust me, dirty water runs downhill, if you get my meaning. Eddie has a particular passion for tormenting poor Bennie, so keep them as far away from each other as possible, okay? (*Closes her notes, gets up from desk.*) Well, that about does it. Your first class starts in 20 minutes. Any questions?

MISS NEILA: (*Standing.*) You read on my application about my 'special needs,' right?

MRS. PHILLIPS: (*Coming around to the front of the desk.*) Don't worry. Just step out in the hall when you need to and ignore the kids' questions. They'll discover our "little surprise" soon enough.

MISS NEILA: (*Shaking hands with Mrs. Phillips.*) Thank you again, Mrs. Phillips. This job means so much to me and I promise not to let you down.

MRS. PHILLIPS: You won't, dear. Just remember, teaching isn't a job. It's a ministry. Now get in there. Your congregation is waiting.

BLACKOUT.

SCENE 2

The school playground is full of kids arriving for school. Ricky, Kim, and their friend, Hannah, are talking as kids mingle around them.

RICKY: Well, are you ready for another year of ‘digging up dirt’ and writing about your conspiracy theories, Snoopy?

KIM: Ha, ha . . . very funny! This year, I’ve made it my mission to project a better image among my fellow students and become a beloved member of the school body. *(Yells at kid looking at her from across playground.)* What are you looking at, doofus?

HANNAH: Well, I can see that you’re well on your way to becoming more “beloved.”

Bennie enters from right sneezing into a handkerchief.

BENNIE: I thought they were going to replace the foam in those bus seats with natural fibers over the summer. They know I’m allergic to all kinds of foam . . . and vinyl. And rubber. You know how much rubber there is in a school bus? *(Everyone shakes their heads.)* Well, a lot, I’m sure. What’s up guys?

RICKY: Just checking out the new kids getting off the bus. *(Puts his arm around Bennie.)* We gotta look sharp now that we’re B.M.O.C.

BENNIE: B.M.O.C.?

RICKY: “Big Men on Campus.”

GIRLS TOGETHER: Uh, hum . . .

RICKY: Sorry, Big Men and Women on Campus . . .

KIM: That’s more like it. After all these years of getting picked on, shoved to the back of the bus and shoved up against the lockers, we’re finally the kids that everyone looks up to. All those little kids over there want to be just like us. *(Sees Bennie picking his nose.)* Well, just like some of us.

HANNAH: Hey, did you hear about our new teacher? Miss Neila.

RICKY: Miss Neila? What kind of name is that?

HANNAH: I think it’s French. Sounds French doesn’t it? *(Talks with an exaggerated French accent.)* Bonjour, Mademoiselle Neila? *Como tally vous?* It sounds so romantic.

BOTH BOYS: Jeez . . .

KIM: Well, I heard that she has never been married. And old man Jameson who lives down the street from her says that late at night, he's heard some pretty weird noises coming out of her house.

BENNIE: What kind of noises?

KIM: Well, shrieks and moans . . . weird, huh?

RICKY: Great, our teacher is one of the walking dead!

BENNIE: Like a z - z - - zombie?

RICKY: Yeah, Bennie, late at night, she pulls out her grade book, looks up the addresses of her students and sneaks into their rooms where she snacks on their living flesh. *(Makes exaggerated eating sounds.)*

HANNAH: Stop it, Ricky. You're scaring him!

BENNIE: No, he's not. I bet she's cool. Weird noises and all.

At this moment, Eddie walks up to the group. He shoves Bennie and snatches his lunch bag away. The other kids cringe.

EDDIE: What's up, Sneezer? *(Looking through bag.)* Got anything good in here?

KIM: Leave him alone, Eddie.

EDDIE: *(Bowing.)* Oh, pardon me, Snoop Dog. What you gonna do? Put my picture on the front page of the paper? Here's a great shot? *(Poses like he's expecting her to take his picture.)*

KIM: Jerk!

RICKY: *(Steps forward with his hand out.)* Hey, Eddie, what do you say that we start off the new school year with a truce, okay? We'll leave you alone. You leave us alone.

EDDIE: Or what? You'll report me to your daddy, the mayor? Don't forget who runs this school. My dad, Chairman of the Board. And since he's everyone's boss around here, I can do whatever I want. *(Finds something he likes in the lunch bag.)* Cool, a Twinkie.

BENNIE: Hey, that's mine! *(Tries to snatch away the bag.)*

EDDIE: Watch it, maggot. Or I may just have to squash you. *(Crumples up Bennie's lunch bag, tosses it to him and laughs as he exits stage left.)*

BENNIE: *(Looking at Ricky.)* Big Men on Campus, huh?

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RICKY: Hey, at least he didn't give you another wedgie like he did all last year.

BENNIE: Yeah . . . that's not gonna happen again . . .

KIM: Oh, yeah? Why not?

BENNIE: This year . . . no underwear.

Bennie exits stage left while others watch him go in stunned silence for a moment. Then the three start to laugh and follow.

HANNAH: Ooh . . . a little too much info . . .

KIM: Gross . . .

RICKY: My man has a plan . . .

BLACKOUT.

DO NOT COPY

SCENE 3

In Miss Neila's classroom sits Eddie and several classmates. There are small desks on one side and a teacher's desk and blackboard on the other. As the curtain goes up, Bennie, Kim, Ricky and Hannah enter from stage right. Eddie sticks out his foot just as Bennie walks by and he falls to the floor spilling his books.

EDDIE: What a klutz!

HANNAH: *(Bending to help Bennie pick up his scattered books.)*

You are such a jerk, Eddie!

EDDIE: Takes one to know one!

RICKY: I thought we were calling a truce, Eddie.

EDDIE: Call your own truce, pretty boy. Tormenting little snots like Bennie is the only reason I go to this crummy school. *(Eddie kicks one of Bennie's books across the room.)*

As the students take their seats, Mrs. Phillips enters, followed by Miss Neila.

MRS. PHILLIPS: Okay, settle down everyone. I would like to introduce you to our new middle school math teacher, Miss Neila. Miss Neila comes to us all the way from New York City! Isn't that exciting! Now, I want everyone to make her feel welcome. *(She applauds and the students follow, half-heartedly.)* Okay, Miss Neila, they're all yours . . . *(Mrs. Phillips leaves and Miss Neila stares nervously at her new students.)*

MISS NEILA: Well, why don't we start by getting to know each other. *(She turns and writes her name on the chalkboard.)* My name is Miss Neila.

HANNAH: Is that French? I told everybody I thought it was French.

MISS NEILA: French? Well, ah, yes . . . I guess it could be. French. Okay, well enough about me. Why don't I get to know a little about you guys. I'd like for everyone to stand up and tell me a little about yourselves and maybe what you did this past summer. *(Points to Kim on the front row.)* We'll start with you, dear.

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KIM: Well, my name is Kim Porter. This year, I'm going to be the Editor of the *Reedsville School Gazette*. That's our school newspaper.

MISS NEILA: And what did you do this summer?

KIM: Well, I spent four weeks at the Willimette College Journalism Camp . . .

EDDIE: That sounds like a big sack of fun?

MISS NEILA: (*Giving Eddie a cold stare.*) It sounds exciting, Kim . . .

KIM: Oh, it was. One day I'm going to be a reporter for a big newspaper. Hey, maybe I could interview you for our first edition?

MISS NEILA: That would be fun. (*Looks over at Ricky.*) And you?

RICKY: My name is Ricky. I play football and soccer. My dad is the mayor of Reedsville. He runs Peters Chevrolet. You might have seen it over on the bypass? Anyway, I spent my summer over there washing cars.

EDDIE: Daddy's boy.

MISS NEILA: Well, it's nice to meet you, Ricky. Next? (*Points to Hannah.*)

HANNAH: My name is Hannah Howell. My dad doesn't own a car dealership. He's a plumber. But we live in a real nice house over on Maple. Maybe we could have you over for dinner some night. My Dad is single . . . and he's a real good cook.

EDDIE: Cleaning out septic tanks by day . . . cooking gourmet by night . . . hope he washes his hands first.

MISS NEILA: (*Starting to show her irritation with Eddie.*) We'll get to you in a minute . . . and you? (*Points to Bennie.*)

EDDIE: Sneezer! (*Some of the students giggle.*)

BENNIE: Well, my name is Benjamin but everyone calls me Bennie. My mom said to tell you that she'll send you a list tomorrow of all the things I'm allergic to. (*Sneezes.*) Sorry, I do that a lot.

EDDIE: Snot boy at your service!

MISS NEILA: Well, it's nice to meet you, Ben. And what did you do with your summer?

BENNIE: Well, I spent part of it at Asthma Camp . . . (*Reaches in his pocket and pulls out a shiny, new inhaler.*) I got this new inhaler for winning the camp's horseshoe tournament. It's got my initials on it!

EDDIE: What a loser!

MISS NEILA: Well, I think that sounds exciting. Tell your Mom to call me if she has any questions, okay? (*Turns to Eddie.*) And since you are so determined to comment on everyone else, why don't you introduce yourself, young man.

EDDIE: Well, I don't have some sissy name like "Bennie." The name's Eddie. Eddie Ellis. I'm not one of these losers. My dad runs the pulpwood plant over on the river *AND* he's the Chairman of the School Board. So, I guess that means you work for him!

MISS NEILA: Nice to meet you, Eddie Ellis. And for your information, I don't work for him. (*Pointing to the students, one by one.*) I work for you . . . and you . . . and you. I haven't taught school in a long time, but I promised myself that if I ever did get back in the classroom, I wouldn't worry about anything but my students and making sure everyone left my class every day a little smarter than when they came in. Now, I want everyone to get out their math books and read Chapter 1 while I . . . ah . . . step out in the hall for just a moment. (*She grabs her purse from the desk and exits quickly through the door.*)

HANNAH: Well, I think she's nice.

KIM: And pretty.

EDDIE: Yeah, wait till my dad hears about that "I-don't-work-for-him" crap. We'll see how long she keeps singing that tune.

BENNIE: Well, she seems real nice, doesn't she?

The class all agrees and begins talking quietly among themselves.

RICKY: Well, I don't care what Eddie says. I like having a teacher that's not scared to stand up to people and puts her students first.

Miss Neila comes back into view behind the opaque glass in the classroom door. The students watch as she tilts her head back and makes an odd gurgling sound.

KIM: What the heck was that?

BENNIE: That's coming from Miss Neila! Maybe she's got something stuck in her throat?

HANNAH: That's not the sound of someone clearing their throat. I've never heard a sound like that before!

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Miss Neila suddenly makes a mewling sound, then tilts her head back, lifts her hands and appears to put a long tube down her throat. The students that see this gasp in horror.

BENNIE: Holy cow! Did you see that?

KIM: What was that?

BENNIE: It looks like some type of feeding tube.

KIM: Is she sick?

HANNAH: I wonder if she's got some type of eating disorder. You know, like the Olsen Twins. *[Or other famous person suffering from anorexia nervosa]*

RICKY: She doesn't have an eating disorder. I'm sure there's a reasonable explanation for the tube and that noise she made.

Miss Neila re-enters the room adjusting her hair and dress.

MISS NEILA: I'm so sorry, students, I just had to step out a moment to make a - a - uh, call . . . now, let's all turn to page 14 and . . .

Suddenly, the intercom crackles to life and Mrs. Phillips addresses the students.

MRS. PHILLIPS: Good morning, students. Sorry to interrupt, but I just wanted to remind everyone that the sign up sheet for the annual Student Talent Show will be in the front office today and tomorrow. Any student who wishes to be in the Talent Show needs to bring a permission slip from home and get it turned in by 3 p.m. tomorrow. I'm looking forward to seeing some very exciting performances this year! But students, please remember: there will be absolutely no fire-batons allowed in this year's Talent Show. Poor Suzy Jacobs is still eating lunch through a straw. Okay, that's all for now. Have a great first day!

MISS NEILA: How exciting! I can't wait to see how talented you all are. Now, let's open up our books to page 14 and we'll start reading at paragraph . . .

Suddenly, a strident noise comes from Miss Neila's purse on the desk. It's her cell phone.

MISS NEILA: Oh, excuse me, class . . . I've been expecting a very important call.

EDDIE: If it's my dad, tell him that line about how he ain't your boss!

MISS NEILA: Hello . . . *(Turning her back to the class and speaking in a hushed tone.)* I thought I told you not to call me here. I know it's important to start on our plan right away. Yes, I know . . . okay . . . *(Miss Neila once again makes the odd warbling noise that the students heard earlier.)* Yes, I'm trying to keep from being obvious. Everything is going as planned. I think it's working. Okay . . . okay . . . I'll call you later when *(Turning slightly to see class hanging on her every word.)* . . . when there aren't so many curious little ears around. Goodbye! *(Turning back to class and clearing her throat.)* Okay, class, now let's open our books to page . . . *(The bell rings suddenly, cutting Miss Neila off mid-sentence.)* Well, that's all the time we have for today. We'll pick up here tomorrow . . . If you'll excuse me . . . *(She grabs her bag and exits quickly.)*

As their classmates begin to file out the door, Bennie, Kim, Ricky and Hannah stay behind and talk at their desks.

KIM: Did you hear that? What was that sound?

HANNAH: Well, it wasn't French. That's for sure . . .

RICKY: It sounded . . . like . . . like no language I've ever heard . . . like it came from - from . . .

BENNIE: From another galaxy!

RICKY: You've been reading too many comic books. *(They all laugh.)*

KIM: *(Hannah hums the theme from 'Star Trek' while Kim recites the opening monologue from the TV show.)* "Space - the final frontier . . . these are the voyages of the Starship Enterprise . . ."

BENNIE: Ha, ha, very funny. Well, how do you explain it? She was talking about some kind of 'plan.' What was all that about?

KIM: I don't know, but it didn't have anything to do with outer space.

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HANNAH: Does anybody know anything about Miss Neila? Ricky, your dad's the mayor. Didn't the town have to do a background check on her or something?

RICKY: I don't know . . . maybe. (*Getting up and gathering his books.*) Listen, we're going to be late for English. Let's keep an eye on her for a couple of days and see if she does any more weird stuff. (*They start to leave classroom.*)

BENNIE: In the meantime, I'm putting my underwear back on. Just in case . . .

BLACKOUT.

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SCENE 4

It's 6th period, the same day in the school gym. Kim has her Reporter's Notebook out and is talking to a group of cheerleaders who have been practicing cheers upstage left. Three other students are dribbling and passing a basketball upstage right. As the curtain opens, Ricky and Hannah walk across to center stage in gym clothes. Ricky is dribbling a basketball.

HANNAH: So, are you going to sign-up for the Talent Show?

RICKY: I don't know. My dad wants me to. He won it when he was in the 7th grade by playing "Sweet Caroline" on the harmonica. It's going to be hard to top that.

HANNAH: *(Laughing.)* Yeah, the famous "Peters Musical Legacy." I was thinking about maybe singing a song. My mom says I have a beautiful voice. My brother says I sound like I'm having surgery . . . without the anesthesia!

Kim crosses to center with the group of cheerleaders.

KIM: Okay, Chelsea. Tell them exactly what you told me.

CHELSEA: Hi, Ricky. How's it going? *(The other girls giggle.)*

KIM: Jeez . . . just tell him.

CHELSEA: Okay, okay . . . well, right after lunch *(Pointing at other girls.)* Nikki, Tamara and me were in the girls bathroom. We were trying out this lip gloss I got at Claire's. Nikki says it's pink. I say it's peach.

NIKKI: It's pink . . .

CHELSEA: Whatever, it's peach.

KIM: Chelsea, the story?

CHELSEA: Oh, yeah. Well, anyway, we're standing there trying on the peach lip gloss when all of a sudden we hear this weird noise coming from one of the stalls. It was kinda like a gurgle . . .

TAMARA: It sounded just like my baby kitten, Snookie.

NIKKI: I thought it sounded more like somebody gargling.

CHELSEA: It was a gurgle. Kim, write that down in your notebook.
Gurgle.

TAMARA: Yeah! It was definitely a gurgle.

NIKKI: Gargling.

The girls continue to argue until Kim stops them.

KIM: Chelsea - **focus.** Tell them what else you heard.

CHELSEA: Well, this was the really weird part. After the ‘gurgling,’ I swore I heard some type of swishing sound. Kinda like someone was in the stall using a broom.

TAMARA: I think it sounded like someone rubbing two pieces of paper together.

CHELSEA: Two pieces of paper? Why would someone have paper in a toilet stall?

TAMARA: Hello! Toilet paper . . .

NIKKI: Well, whatever it was, it gave me the creeps. She would make this gargling sound and then that creepy swishing sound. Then gargle and swish. She kept on doing it until I . . . I . . . I . . .

TAMARA: Tell them.

NIKKI: I dropped the lip gloss down the sink.

CHELSEA: My brand new peach lip gloss . . .

NIKKI: It was pink . . .

CHELSEA: It cost me \$7 of my babysitting money. Money I earned by watching those two little monsters, the Garner twins! You’re going to pay me back.

TAMARA: It looks ugly on you anyway. Don’t you agree, Ricky?

RICKY: I . . . well, I . . .

TAMARA: See? Ugly!

NIKKI: And it tastes nasty . . . like cough medicine.

The girls start to argue again until Kim stops them

KIM: Okay, okay . . . tell them what happened next.

CHELSEA: Well, while we were trying to get the lip gloss out of the sink drain, we heard the door to the stall unlock . . .

NIKKI: Then it started to open real slow . . .

TAMARA: Like in that horror movie with Eddie Murphy . . . what was that called?

CHELSEA: *Haunted House* . . .

NIKKI: No, *Haunted Mansion* . . .

CHELSEA: I know what it's called. My cousin has the DVD . . . it's *Haunted House*.

NIKKI: *Haunted Mansion!*

They once again start arguing over the title of the movie.

KIM: Oh, for the love of God!

RICKY and HANNAH: Who was it?

CHELSEA: Who?

RICKY: Coming out of the bathroom stall?

CHELSEA: Oh, it was that new teacher. Miss Neila.

KIM: Told ya there was something weird about her.

RICKY: So what did you do?

NIKKI: What did we do? What could we do but just stand there and go, "Hi, Miss Neila."

CHELSEA: Boy, did she look scared. Like we had caught her doing something she wasn't supposed to be doing.

NIKKI: Anyway, she just smiled at us, and left the bathroom.

CHELSEA: Without washing her hands!

ALL THREE CHEERLEADERS: *(Overlapping.)* Ooh . . . Nasty . . . Gross . . .

HANNAH: Then what happened?

CHELSEA: Well, we got out Tamara's nail file, but it wasn't long enough to grab a hold of the lip gloss . . . a brand new tube of peach lip gloss . . . seven dollars . . . down the drain.

They argue as they exit stage left.

NIKKI: It was pink!

TAMARA: Well, I think it smelled funny. Nothing like a peach . . .

HANNAH: *(To Ricky.)* Cute girlfriend . . .

RICKY: She's not my girlfriend!

HANNAH: Whatever.

KIM: I told you guys there was something that's not right with Miss Neila. Did you hear that part about the gurgling?

HANNAH: Maybe she has an eating disorder. My friend, Dana, used to have that. She used to lock herself in the bathroom and make gurgly noises.

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KIM: She doesn't have an eating disorder. I'm telling you, Miss Neila is not who she wants us to believe she is.

RICKY: Just because she locks herself in the toilet and gargles doesn't make her some kind of psychopath. Maybe she just likes to have fresh breath.

KIM: What about the swishing noises? That isn't normal.

HANNAH: Maybe she makes her own toilet paper and brings it from home?

RICKY and KIM: What?!

HANNAH: I saw that on the Discovery Channel . . . you take wood pulp and you . . .

Suddenly, Bennie runs in from stage right, holding the rear waistband of his pants and crying. He runs behind Ricky and Hannah just as Eddie enters.

EDDIE: Come here, Sneezer! I got a little "welcome back" present for you . . .

BENNIE: He's trying to give me a wedgie! Stop him, Ricky!

EDDIE: Yeah, stop me, Ricky. Mr. Quarterback, Captain of the Soccer Team! Your daddy might be the Mayor, but he doesn't have any say around here . . . this is my turf.

RICKY: Come on, guys! Let's not start the year out like this!

BENNIE: He said he's going to pull my underwear up over my head!

EDDIE: Yeah! That's what I call the Atomic Wedgie!

HANNAH: I thought you weren't wearing . . .

BENNIE: I know . . . that's why I'm so scared!

Eddie starts to move past Ricky just as Coach Reese enters from stage left. Reese has a clipboard and whistle and blows it loudly as he enters.

COACH REESE: Alright, alright, welcome back, kids. I hope you all had a good summer and are ready to get down to work. We're going to start out with a little basketball. Everyone follow me to the outside courts. *(He blows his whistle again and kids start following him offstage. Eddie, Ricky, Kim, Hannah and Bennie linger behind.)*

EDDIE: *(Advancing on Bennie again.)* Here, little piggy, piggy . . .

COACH REESE: *(Re-enters from left.)* Come on, Eddie . . . there's not going to be any head knocking in my gym class. *(Eddie starts to follow him out.)*

EDDIE: Good for you the coach got here when he did or I'd be mopping the floor with you and your snotty little friends! *(Looking at Ricky as he passes.)* See you on the court, tough guy.

HANNAH: I think Eddie must have been dropped on his head as a baby.

RICKY: Don't let him scare you, Bennie. You just hang with us and everything will be okay. Come on guys. *(Starts to leave.)*

KIM: Hey, wait a minute. What are we going to do about Miss Neila?

BENNIE: Miss, Neila? What's wrong with her?

HANNAH: You didn't hear? She morphs into a bulimic wisk broom whenever she goes into the bathroom.

KIM: Come on, guys . . . there's really something going on with her. What if she's like a spy? Or in the witness protection program?

BENNIE: Why would she want to work here?

KIM: Maybe the government stashed her here temporarily . . . until the mob forgets about her.

RICKY: Or maybe she's just a teacher. One who happens to use mouthwash and wears long skirts . . . Ooooh . . . *(They laugh.)* Put away the notebook and just let it go . . .

KIM: Well, I'm not letting it go . . . not until I get to the bottom of it.

Coach Reese re-enters and blows his whistle.

COACH REESE: Come on, guys. Peters! I need you to be the captain of one of the teams.

Coach Reese exits and they slowly follow.

OUR TEACHER IS AN ALIEN

BENNIE: I believe you, Kim. There is something wrong around here.
I'm about to be killed!

BLACKOUT.

DO NOT COPY

SCENE 5

In the classroom the next day. Miss Neila is at the blackboard.

MISS NEILA: *(Holding up the chalk.)* Okay, who wants to try solving this problem?

Several students raise their hands and she points to a boy in the back.

MISS NEILA: Barry? How about you?

Barry comes forward and he and Miss Neila work on the problem at the board while the other students talk in loud whispers.

MATT: Psst . . . Kim.

KIM: *(Annoyed.)* What?

MATT: I heard you've been asking around about Miss Neila?

The four lead characters perk up at the mention of Miss Neila's name and turn around in their desks to face Matt who leans forward as if to tell a secret.

KIM: You know something about Miss Neila?

MATT: Well, my cousin lives a couple of doors down from her. You know Connor. He plays trombone in the band? Well, Connor calls me last night and says, 'Hey, Matt? You know that new teacher, Miss Neila? Well, I was walking my dog past her house after supper tonight. My mom won't let me play Xbox until I walk that stupid mutt. Anyway, I saw this really weird light coming from her window. Kinda like she was watching one of those old "Creature Features" on TV . . . only the cable has been out on my street since Sunday night when old man Lester's tree fell on the lines over on the next block.'

RICKY: Yeah . . . mine's out, too. I missed Sports Center last night.

MATT: Anyway, that weird light got Connor a little curious, so he ties Fang to a tree. That's his dog's name. Fang. He's a toy poodle no bigger than a shoe. (*Chuckles.*) Anyway, he ties Fang up to a tree in front of Miss Neila's house, then sneaks across her front lawn and tries to look in her window. And you know what he saw?

Just then, Miss Neila and Barry finish the problem and Barry returns to his seat. Everyone pivots quickly back toward the front of the room.

MISS NEILA: So, you see how we find 'X' in the equation? Any questions? Good. Who wants to try one?

Hands go up a little more reluctantly this time as no one wants to miss the rest of Matt's story. Finally, Miss Neila chooses a girl near the front.

MISS NEILA: Hillary? Come try one.

Hillary gets out of her seat and walks to the blackboard. When Miss Neila turns her back, everyone refocuses on Matt.

KIM: So?

MATT: So, he sneaks right up to her window and looks inside . . . and . . .

Miss Neila turns back to the class. The students quickly snap back to attention.

MISS NEILA: Okay, you see how Hillary replaced the 7 with y and carried the three? Kim? What would be the common denominator in this equation?

KIM: Ah . . . 4?

MISS NEILA: Correct! (*Turning back to Hillary and the board.*) Now, Hillary, let's see what happens when you use three digit numbers . . . (*They work another problem on the board as the students huddle together again.*)

MATT: Well, Connor looks through the window and you know what? Miss Neila's TV isn't even on. That weird light wasn't coming from the TV. It was coming from all around Miss Neila!

BENNIE: From Miss Neila?

MATT: Yeah. Connor says that she was standing in the living room and there was this funny glow all around her. He said she looked like the moon.

HANNAH: The moon?

MATT: You know how the moon looks when it's full. It's shiny and really white but not quite bright enough to cast a shadow. That's what he said she looked like.

HANNAH: So, what'd he do?

MATT: What do you think he did? He took off across the yard and ran home. He was so scared, he didn't even untie Fang. He ran right up to his room, locked the door and didn't come out 'til morning. His Dad had to walk down the block and get the stupid little dog. Well, anyway, Connor said he'll never walk Fang past Miss Neila's house ever again. Fang can go do his business over in Mr. Lester's yard. He may be a little crazy, but at least he doesn't glow in the dark.

Miss Neila and Hillary finish working the problem at the board and the student returns to her seat. She begins to say something just as the intercom crackles to life and Principal Phillips makes an announcement.

MISS PHILLIPS: Sorry to interrupt, students, but I just want to remind everyone that if you're going to sign up for the School Talent Contest, the deadline to register is this afternoon at three p.m. Remember, we're going to have a special mystery judge this year so if you want to show off your talent, pick up an entry form in the front office by three. Okay, that's all for now. Oh, by the way, I need to see Miss Neila in my office right away, please.

MISS NEILA: Okay, class. I'll be right back. Just continue to work quietly on problems 7-15 until I get back. *(She exits and Kim, Ricky, Hannah and Bennie huddle together.)*

OUR TEACHER IS AN ALIEN

KIM: Well, that settles it. Weird noises in the hall. Hiding in a bathroom stall and gurgling. Strange lights coming from her house. There is something wrong with our teacher. And I'm not going to just let it go. I'm going to do something about it.

RICKY: What kind of something?

KIM: Tonight after supper, I'm telling my Mom that I have to go over to Hannah's house to study. But instead, I'm going to go over and look in Miss Neila's window for myself.

HANNAH: What? Are you trying to get me in trouble? What if your Mom calls looking for you?

KIM: Don't worry. Tonight is bridge night. She and Dad will be next door at the Harrison's until after ten. They won't even know I'm gone.

RICKY: Well, I'm not letting you go by yourself. I'm going with you.

HANNAH: Me, too.

They all look over at Bennie who's blowing his nose into a handkerchief.

BENNIE: What?

KIM: Well, are you coming?

BENNIE: To look in the window of the Teacher from Outer Space? Not me!

KIM: Bennie?

BENNIE: If my mom catches me, I'll be grounded for a month. You know how the house alarm does that beeping thing any time anyone goes out the front door.

KIM: Then crawl out the window.

BENNIE: The window? There's hydrangea bushes under my window. You guys know that I'm allergic to hydrangea . . . *(They all look at him pleadingly and after a few seconds, Bennie gives in.)* Okay, okay . . . but if she kills me, I am never speaking to you guys again . . .

The 'end of period' bell goes off and students start to get up and leave. The foursome rises and starts towards the door. Kim stops with her back to the blackboard where Miss Neila's name is written in the top left corner.

KIM: Okay . . . we'll meet under the oak tree in the park at 8:00 p.m. and go see for ourselves . . . *(She reaches into her purse and pulls out a small mirror and starts to powder her nose.)* Agreed?

RICKY: I think this is ridiculous, but if you're going, I'm going!

KIM: Hannah?

HANNAH: It'll be hard to sneak out, but I'll figure something out.

KIM: Bennie?

BENNIE: I'm telling you, if my mom catches me, I'll be grounded for life! I won't be allowed to leave the house, ever . . . not to chess club, not to asthmas camp... nowhere! *(As he talks, Kim starts to get a wide-eyed look on her face!)* By the time I'm off restriction, Brittany Spears will have been elected Pope . . . Justin Timberlake will be the President . . . and . . . Kim . . . Kim . . . are you alright?

KIM: *(Pointing to her mirror.)* Oh, my God . . . the mirror . . . her name . . .

RICKY: What about it?

KIM: Backwards . . . look at it backwards! It spells "Alien!"

They all start looking at the name on the blackboard in stunned silence for a moment. Then Bennie breaks the quiet . . .

BENNIE: Okay, that settles it. I am putting on two pairs of underwear tonight! *(They look at him funny but then start to leave.)* And, I am putting tinfoil on my head to protect my brain . . .

BLACKOUT.

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