

WHO'S ON ALPHA?

A FREQUENTLY HILARIOUS BASEBALL ROUTINE

By Mike McCafferty and Matt Thompson

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SYNOPSIS: In the vein of 1960's television science fiction, the Captain and First Officer of a large space ship have beamed down to planet Alpha Chevy Nova to investigate the disappearance of their landing party. When the First Officer finds a baseball bat on the surface of the planet, the two crew members banter back and forth in order to figure out who's on first base. Blending familiar television characters with rapid-fire dialogue, this is an inventive update on the classic baseball routine.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(TWO MEN)

THE CAPTAIN.....Any age. Suave, daring, good-looking Captain of a large space vessel. He is very pronounced, and speaks very dramatically. (90 lines)

THE FIRST OFFICER..Any age. The Captain's right-hand man. Calm, unemotional, always logical. Speaks the truth. He is half human and half space alien. May have pointed ears and upswept eyebrows. Also provides the voice of the Scottish engineer. (88 lines)

PROPS:

- Two belts
- Two communication devices
- Scanning device
- Plastic baseball bat
- Baseball score card
- Two weapons of the galaxy

AT RISE:

An alien planet. On stage lays a plastic baseball bat and a baseball score card. Classic science fiction television show music plays.

THE CAPTAIN: *(Offstage.)* Captain's log: Stardate 3298-43.2 divided by the square root of 11. My first officer and I have beamed down to planet Alpha Chevy Nova to investigate. We lost contact with our first landing party eight hours ago. The last transmission we received was by Ensign O'Tomlin. He was screaming into the communicator, something about wearing a red shirt. They haven't been heard from since. Previous encounters with the local inhabitants of this planet have been inconclusive. No one has ever seen what they look like. Two days ago they fired on our ship without provocation. In turn, I've handled the situation as delicate and as diplomatic as possible. Our mission: to establish communication with this alien species. Some one or some . . . *thing* is here on this planet. Members of my crew are missing, and it's my job to figure out what's going on. As far as regulations go, I've bent a few, but broken none.

THE CAPTAIN and THE FIRST OFFICER enter, dressed in bright colored classic science fiction television costumes. Around their waists they have a belt that holds a weapon and a communication device. THE FIRST OFFICER holds a small scanning computer. There is a plastic baseball bat on stage.

THE CAPTAIN: *(Continues.)* Scan the area, please.

THE FIRST OFFICER walks around the planet.

THE FIRST OFFICER: *(Holding a scanning device.)* Scanning.

THE CAPTAIN: Anything?

THE FIRST OFFICER stops in front of the baseball bat.

THE FIRST OFFICER: It appears to be a cylindrical object approximately one point, one-seven meters in length.

THE CAPTAIN: (*Picking up the baseball bat in wonder and awe.*)

It's a baseball bat.

THE FIRST OFFICER: Baseball?

THE CAPTAIN: I haven't seen one of these since I was a boy in Iowa. Are you familiar with it?

THE FIRST OFFICER: Iowa, Captain?

THE CAPTAIN: The baseball bat.

THE FIRST OFFICER: Not entirely, Captain.

THE CAPTAIN: It was an old Earth game where teams would compete by hitting a ball and running around a series of bases. It was a favorite past-time of the former United States.

THE FIRST OFFICER: More precisely, the game was a hybrid of the English form of Cricket, adopted in the later part of the 19th century and wrongly attributed to Abner Doubleday. None-the-less it experienced a wide degree of popularity for 284 years. The longest game ever recorded was played by -

THE CAPTAIN: I thought you said you weren't familiar with the game.

THE FIRST OFFICER: Not *entirely* Captain.

THE CAPTAIN: Not *entirely*? (*Noticing a score card on the ground.*)
Look! It's an old score card. You could keep score. You write in the players here and what they did for the day. It's like a . . . program.

THE FIRST OFFICER: I do not have my computer analyzer Captain, therefore your program will not run properly.

THE CAPTAIN: It's a *baseball* program. It listed the names of the players, their positions.

THE FIRST OFFICER: If memory serves, I am quite acute at the players of this base-ball. Although I am confused by many aspects of this costumed recreational related ritual.

THE CAPTAIN: What is it exactly that confuses you?

THE FIRST OFFICER: The names of the teams, Captain. The London Kings, The Mars Rovers, the (*Insert a made-up local team name here. For example: The Hollywood Thespians, The Iowa City Corn Farmers, etc.*) Even more curious were the particular names of the players. They were, how shall we say, unique.

THE CAPTAIN: Unique names? How?

THE FIRST OFFICER: To offer an example, there was Who on first, What was on second base, I Don't Know was on third . . .

THE CAPTAIN: (*Looking through the program.*) That's what I want to find out. The man's name on first.

THE FIRST OFFICER: Who.

THE CAPTAIN: The man on first.

THE FIRST OFFICER: Who, Captain.

THE CAPTAIN: The guy playing first base.

THE FIRST OFFICER: Who is playing first base.

THE CAPTAIN: That's what I'm asking. Who is on first base?

THE FIRST OFFICER: And I have replied who is on first base.

THE CAPTAIN: Look Mister, all I want to know is who is on first base!

THE FIRST OFFICER: I believe that I have supplied the proper information.

THE CAPTAIN: On who?

THE FIRST OFFICER: Affirmative.

Beat.

THE CAPTAIN: We don't seem to be making any headway. Let's create a hypothetical situation.

THE FIRST OFFICER: That would be most refreshing.

THE CAPTAIN: Suppose I played for the New York Yankees.

THE FIRST OFFICER: Captain, have you recently engaged in time travel?

THE CAPTAIN: It's a hypothetical. Now suppose a large alien species is up to bat and he hits a ball straight to me.

THE FIRST OFFICER: With the amount of aggressive activity that we have experienced in this quadrant of space, it is more likely that in the given circumstances the aforementioned alien would attempt to beat you with the bat.

THE CAPTAIN: Darn it just play along! Now he hits the ball to me, I pick up the ball, and throw it to who?

THE FIRST OFFICER: Captain, that is the first logical statement you have made.

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THE CAPTAIN: I don't even know what I'm talking about. You're my first officer on board our vessel, is that correct?

THE FIRST OFFICER: That is correct, Captain.

THE CAPTAIN: You're also the ship's science officer?

THE FIRST OFFICER: Affirmative.

THE CAPTAIN: Then scientifically speaking, I'm just trying to find out what's the guy's name on first base.

THE FIRST OFFICER: What is not on first.

THE CAPTAIN: Pardon?

THE FIRST OFFICER: What is not on first base. He is on second.

THE CAPTAIN: How did we get to second base?

THE FIRST OFFICER: You invoked his name.

THE CAPTAIN: I did?

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