

Make a Wish

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Characters

The ALIEN. A metal-based life form. The ALIEN is dilapidated, dented, and rusty. It moves with difficulty. The actor can wear as much or as little of a costume as desired.

Setting

An oil field on earth filled with oil derricks such as below. The derricks can be suggested by moving shadows bobbing up and down and industrial sounds.



The ALIEN arrives at an oil field on Earth. The ALIEN is dilapidated, dented, and rusty. It moves with difficulty. It watches the shadows of oil derricks bobbing up and down.

ALIEN

Gee-whiz, Holy-wow! (*The Alien waves*) You can't imagine what a thrill it is to actually meet Earth Beings face to face. Make a Wish knew how much I wanted to visit you oil derricks, so lucky me: I got my wish to meet you in the flesh, your metallic, welded, flesh. . . I don't want to be throwing down some inter-galactic privilege shit, but can I touch your rivets? Never mind, I'm making it about me, and Make A Wish warned me to keep it chill. (Chill) Hey, Derricks, you all go someplace after work, chug that oil and get rowdy? Rowdy, rowdy Derricks! Ever invite visitors?

Awesome. Cool.

The ALIEN loses itself watching the derricks go up and down, up and down.

Sorry, but it's just ... watching you derricks bob up and down, up and down so hopefully, just puncturing shit to see what comes out. Others might call it hit or miss, but I have to confess, I've always thought you were kind of hot. Here's why. We have this myth about one of our ancestors – Quonset Seven - I'm sure you heard it a million times. Quonset's given the greatest honor of rolling an asteroid up The Milky Way. And when it gets to the top . . . it rolls back down again. And then – this is the best part - then Quonset gets to roll the asteroid up The Milky Way again. Over and over for eternity! If only, right? And what makes you so cool is that you think you're kind of like ancestor Quonset. Going on, sucking up something. Busy, busy. Busy until eternity.

The ALIEN waits.

Love the “giving one hundred and ten percent” thing, by the way. You’re kind of mythic yourselves. Heroes in your own right. And I hope you’re jazzed about it because what you do, what you are really, really matters. In the fullness of time. And not just in the way you probably think it does. . . . You do think you matter, right?

Awesome. Cool.

Oh, shit, am I projecting my implicit biases on you heroes? It feels like I am projecting my implicit biases on you heroes. Sorry. Way to bring the mood down. Just a little superior-species anxiety for you, which at this point you definitely do not need.

So, why am I here? Any guesses at this stage? . . . In our comics books, you babble all the time. I got all the graphic novels about you in mint condition. But to actually meet you. . . X7GQ and X7G4 will be shitting themselves when I tell them. Well, we don’t actually shit – that would be the end of us – I mean we keep everything we constructed ourselves within ourselves – can’t afford to shit it out. Plus, actually we don’t have assholes. TMI, am I right? Warning, warning: Alien imposing, again. Not accomplishing that ‘chill’ thing, am I? Still, you couldn’t be in better hands. I have read all your data feeds, and service contracts, I know you pump 400 barrels per day and, and you weigh 17,000 tons, each. Yaas, bitches! It’s why Make a Wish chose me for this good-will mission. So, yeah, let’s see a lot of happy faces.

For more information about this project, contact Paul Heller paulpaul9443@sbcglobal.net