

SCENE 1

DISTANT NEIGHBORS

In the darkness, a loud crash.

Lights up to reveal a collection of suburban back yards on a peaceful summer night. Each yard is separated from the next by a six foot high wooden privacy fence. We see the intersection of four yards/fences, which meet near the center of the stage. One of the yards is lush with vegetation--flowers, vegetables. The other most visible yard has scraggly grass and a few dead plants.

At rise: A gigantic, metallic wing has smashed the intersecting fences to bits. The wing is so large it extends off either end of the stage. It lies steaming in the warm night. There are strange markings on the oddly structured device, and flashing lights in unusual colors.

Adams, a black man in his 30s, stands on the deck of his house, overlooking his lush backyard garden. He stares at the object that has just fallen out of the sky into his yard.

Whoah.

ADAMS

The wing just sits there steaming. A section of fence falls over with a crash. Adams continues to stare, in stunned disbelief.

Griffin, a white man in his 50s, exits from his house, into his yard, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes.

What the hell!

GRIFFIN

Careful.

ADAMS

Adams cautiously approaches the wing.

What is it?                    GRIFFIN

I think it's...                ADAMS

Where did it come from?    GRIFFIN

The sky.                        ADAMS

What?                          GRIFFIN

I saw it fall. Floated, really.                ADAMS

Out of the sky? Son of a bitch. I jut replaced that stupid fence. Insurance is not going to cover this.                                GRIFFIN

Adams walks even closer to the wing.

Talia, a white woman in her late 20s/early 30s, enters from her house, wearing a robe over pajamas.

What happened? Oh, my god.                    TALIA

Insanity.                      GRIFFIN

Is anyone hurt?                TALIA

No. We need to stay calm. Everyone is fine.                                ADAMS

Not my fence.                    GRIFFIN

ADAMS

Or my lemon apple cucumbers. But it's okay.

TALIA

Oh. You. I. Ah.

ADAMS

I saw it fall. I was right here.

TALIA

Did you call anyone?

ADAMS

It just got here.

GRIFFIN

Who should we call?

TALIA

Anyone. Someone. It's an emergency. A catastrophe. We should call 9-1-1. I'll get my phone.

Talia is about to run back into her house.

ADAMS

Don't! Please?

TALIA

Someone could be hurt.

ADAMS

Not here. No one is hurt here. We don't need to panic. We don't need to call. Not yet.

Adams stands right next to the wing,  
transfixed.

TALIA

Where are the other pieces?

She looks out away from their yards, out into  
the neighborhood, but sees nothing.

ADAMS

I only saw this one. Maybe it's the only piece that survived.

TALIA

Oh, no. Those poor people.

ADAMS

People?

TALIA

The pilot, the passengers.

ADAMS

I'm not sure it was a plane.

GRIFFIN

What do you mean? Look, it's an airplane wing.

ADAMS

Is it?

TALIA

What are you saying?

GRIFFIN

Maybe it's from the air force base. Some sort of drone or something. Could be loaded full of explosives.

Griffin and Talia take a nervous step back.  
Adams gets even closer.

ADAMS

What are these markings?

GRIFFIN

Russian?

TALIA

Definitely not Cyrillic. (They give her a look.) What? I took Russian in college.

GRIFFIN

What language then, professor?

TALIA

Maybe Chinese? Korean?

GRIFFIN

Look at all the squiggly lines. Could be Arabic.

ADAMS

I don't think so.

Adams reaches out and touches the wing, carefully.

GRIFFIN

What are you doing?

ADAMS

Oh. Wow. Oh, wow. Holy mother of God!

TALIA

Are you okay?

ADAMS

Oh, yes.

TALIA

Is it hot?

ADAMS

Barely warm. Incredibly smooth. Almost like... I don't know how to describe it. I really think... Oh, man. This is crazy. Completely impossible. Impossible, and I'm touching it. Right here, right now. I am touching it. Come on. Feel this.

GRIFFIN

No way.

TALIA

What does it feel like?

Talia's curiosity brings her closer to the wing. Griffin keeps his distance.

ADAMS

Go ahead.

TALIA

I don't know.

ADAMS

It won't hurt you.

GRIFFIN

He doesn't know that.

Adams smiles at her. Talia looks at him, then touches the wing.

TALIA

Oh. Oh my, that's strange. But. Wow. Oh, that's.

ADAMS

Like liquid and solid all at once.

TALIA

But strong. It. It almost begs to be touched, doesn't it?

GRIFFIN

I see radiation burns in your future.

TALIA

No, you don't understand. It's--

GRIFFIN

You don't know what it is or where it came from.

ADAMS

Space. It came from outer space.

GRIFFIN

Bull.

TALIA

Outer space?

ADAMS

Does it look like anything you've ever seen before? Does it feel like anything you've ever felt before?

TALIA

No.

GRIFFIN

What are you saying?

ADAMS

It's not from Earth.

TALIA

Oh, my god.

ADAMS

Come feel this.

TALIA

You really think it could be?

ADAMS

I saw it float down out of the sky.

GRIFFIN

You're an expert on alien life? On space materials?

ADAMS

Me?

GRIFFIN

Yeah, you. Neighbor whatever-your-name-is.

ADAMS

Adams.

TALIA

Nice to finally meet you, Adams. I've watched you, I mean, seen you, out here. In your garden, but we never--

GRIFFIN

Do you work for NASA, Adams?

ADAMS

I'm a gardener.

GRIFFIN

Yeah. A grower of tall tales.

TALIA

An alien spacecraft.

ADAMS

Part of one. And you're touching it.

Talia quickly pulls her hands away. Adams keeps exploring the wing with his sense of touch. He leans forward to smell it.

GRIFFIN

Aliens? Aliens? You think they're trapped inside?

ADAMS

Who knows. Hello?

Adams knocks on the wing. They all step back, then lean forward to listen. No response.

GRIFFIN

You're nuts.

Talia tries knocking and listening, too.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

(to Talia)

Why are you so close? You. Young lady. What's your name?

TALIA

Talia.

GRIFFIN

Weren't you going to call someone? What are you waiting for? Call the police, NASA, the army.

TALIA

Right. Right. Of course. I should. And tell them what?

GRIFFIN

Whatever will bring someone here to drag it away. Tell them an alien probe has landed in our back yards.

TALIA

So now you believe him?

GRIFFIN

Of course not.

Adams stares up at the sky

ADAMS

What if there's more on the way?

They all look up. The night is very quiet.

GRIFFIN

Now you're playing with me.



TALIA

(to Adams)

Should I call?

GRIFFIN

It's not. It's nothing. It needs to get the hell out of here.

ADAMS

Remember this moment. We were the first to know, for certain, that man is not alone in the universe.

GRIFFIN

You've been smoking too much of whatever you've been growing.

ADAMS

If you call the cops, or NASA, or whoever, they're going to take it away.

GRIFFIN

Good.

ADAMS

And they'll hide it, cover it up, make up a story.

GRIFFIN

You've been watching too many movies.

ADAMS

They may hide it from the whole world, but you'll know, because you saw it with your own eyes. Touched it with your own hands. History is being made tonight, right this minute, in your own back yard, and you're part of it. You are primary witnesses to the greatest shift in cosmic understanding ever known to humanity. Right here, right now.

Talía puts her hands on the wing again.

TALIA

Wow.

GRIFFIN

What you're feeling is the biggest load of horse shit ever laid down in suburban midnight.

ADAMS

(to Talía)

You think I'm right.

TALIA

I think you could be.

GRIFFIN

No, no, no. Don't fall for this.

TALIA

(to Griffin)

What's your name?

GRIFFIN

Griffin.

TALIA

Griffin. You don't need to be afraid.

GRIFFIN

Afraid? Who said anything about being afraid? I'm being cautious. Sensible. If this is what he wants it to be, and I'm not saying it is, we would be very wise to be afraid.

ADAMS

You've got it all backwards.

TALIA

It'll be okay.

GRIFFIN

This thing doesn't belong here.

TALIA

No, it doesn't.

GRIFFIN

See. You understand.

TALIA

But just look at us. We're fine.

Talia extends a hand towards him, gently,  
beckoning him closer.

TALIA (CONT'D)

It's all right.

ADAMS

History. We're part of history.

TALIA

You'll see. It feels like... the future.

GRIFFIN

What if it's dangerous?

ADAMS

What if it's not?

TALIA

Just one hand. One finger. If you were ever going to try something, in your whole life, this is the time.

Griffin reaches forward and places a hand on the wing. He definitely feels what they feel.

GRIFFIN

Oh.

He looks up at the sky again.

End of scene.