DEAR ALIEN
A Solo Play

(Dear Alien—who can be played by a person of any sex or race over 40 years old—is lying asleep on a bed or couch or chaise longue or the floor or whatever. The phone rings. DA stirs, answers it groggily.)

Damn you to eternal torment, thou sleep-destroying wretch.

Yes you woke me, what time do you think this is?

A quarter past three?

In the afternoon? Good Christ. Never call me at such a ghastly hour again.

(Hangs up. Subsides. Phone rings again. Answers it.)

You had better be calling to tell me I won the Nobel Prize.

A meeting? Did I say I’d be there?

Ah. Well. I misspoke. I don’t attend meetings. When it comes to meetings I am Bartleby the Scrivener. I would prefer not to.

Bartleby? By Melville? Bartleby the— All right. All right! Don’t get hectic darling, I’m right here. I’m right— hang on – (drinking what’s left of a nearby bottle then resuming) – pardon me, hair of the motherless mongrel that savaged me. No no, I’m right here with you, what did you want? Tell me everything.

Ah the book.

Ah the deadline. Which is..?

Ah, yesterday.

Of course it’s ready. You know I always meet my deadlines. Don’t I turn in my column every week, like the workings of a shockingly accurate timepiece?

All right, perhaps there has been the occasional lapse. One is not a robot.

I don’t know why you put up with me.

Mm hm. Quite… What are we talking about?
Ah, the book. Yes, yes, of course the book is finished. How could you have any doubt? I just need to go over it one more time. Give it my own little last proof. Dot some tees, cross some eyes.

You need it today? Darling, you and I both know that’s not true. You would never give me a deadline that was the real deadline. I bet I’ve got at least a week before anything remotely approximating an actual deadline. Isn’t that so? Your hesitation confirms it. Call me tomorrow at a less ungodly hour and I’ll give you an update.

Love you darling, now f*** off till tomorrow.

(Hangs up.)