

LITTLE GREEN MEN
by Fred Coppersmith

(a dimwitted sketch about aliens,
often mistaken for the planet Venus)

A panel discussion show. Host WALLABEE sits at a table with his guests to his right. They are: WAINSCOTING, a stuffy scientist-type, AMPERSAND, a stereotypical Southern blowhard, and PUMBLESPOON, dimwitted and just happy to be there.

WALLABEE

Hello and good evening. Welcome to News Nightly Forum, the show that asks no important questions whatsoever, addresses totally irrelevant issues, but still, manages to stay ahead in the ratings week to week -- most likely because of all the gratuitous violence and nudity. I'm your host, Marcus Wallabee. Our topic tonight: aliens. Interstellar ambassadors of peace -- or bug-eyed, tentacled monsters come to suck out our brains? We'll decide.

Pull out to reveal entire panel.

WALLABEE (CONT'D)

On my right, is Professor Bradley H. Wainscoting of the University of absolutely nowhere. His newest book, *This Ain't No X-File: The Truth About the Aliens*, is projected to become an international bestseller and to be written on very white and shiny paper. Seated next to him, is the Right Reverend Arthur James Ampersand, leader of a growing national religious and militia movement, who has stated in past interviews that all aliens are, quote, "minions of the devil" and must be "eradicated from the face of the earth, so you better just watch your step!" And lastly -- quite frankly of much lesser importance, scarcely worth mentioning at *all* really, God knows why we even have her here -- there is Mrs. Enid Pumblespoon, a housewife and amateur bricklayer from Stokee, Illinois, who claims to have been personally abducted by aliens. Professor Wainscoting, we'll start with you.

WAINSCOTING

Thank you, Marcus. It's a delight to be here.

WALLABE

(disinterestedly)

Yes, well if you say so. Now, professor, you've dedicated much of your professional career -- and I do use that term *quite* loosely -- to the study of extraterrestrials, have you not?

WAINSCOTING

Yes. I find our otherworldly brethren endlessly fascinating.

WALLABE

And yet, within the scientific community itself, you're generally regarded as an uninformed hack, are you not?

WAINSCOTING

Excuse me?

WALLABE

As a bumbling and overzealous idiot, hiding behind a community college degree that isn't worth even half the paper it's printed on.

WAINSCOTING

I --

WALLABE

A loathsome, dimwitted little toady who wouldn't know real science even if it jumped up and bit him on the ass.

(beat)

Repeatedly.

WAINSCOTING

Look! I didn't come here to be insulted!

WALLABE

No, I'm quite sure there are plenty of other places you could have gone for that, professor.

WAINSCOTING

I don't think I like what you're implying, Wallabee.

WALLABE

Am I using too many big words? Is that confusing you?

WAINSCOTING

Just get to the point.

WALLABE

Well, my point is, professor: how do you respond to all this resentment? It seems like the scientific community has largely part turned its back on you.

WAINSCOTING

Oh. Well, yes. In a way, I suppose. In a way. But one has to expect that in this line of work. There are always naysayers, Marcus. My colleagues can scoff and belittle me to their heart's content --

WALLABE

Which they've done.

WAINSCOTING

Yes, but the truth, Marcus -- the truth remains. Aliens are among us and the public *must* be made aware!

WALLABE

It was with that in mind, was it not, that you published your first book, *The Layman's Guide to Not Getting Abducted*, a few years back?

WAINSCOTING

Yes. Yes, exactly, that's right. If people would simply follow the precautionary measures outlined in the book, let aliens go freely about their business, and stop believing the lies the government feeds them, everything would be hunky-dory.

AMPERSAND

(derisively)

Hmph!

WALLABE

You don't agree, Reverend?

AMPERSAND

Well, Marcus, I ain't no fancy, highfalutin scientist like the professor here, but I can tell ya, from a good many years of experience, that aliens -- well they're just plain bad.

WAINSCOTING

That's just not true! You see, Marcus, this is exactly the sort of misinformation we're dealing with here. There's nothing wrong with aliens!

(beat)

Oh sure, there are the rectal probes and the occasional crop circle and cattle mutilation. But, really, that's small potatoes in the greater scheme of things.

AMPERSAND

Well, I don't know 'bout that, professor. But -- well, let me relate to you all a story, if I could, to help illustrate what I'm sayin' here. Ya' see, I was down in Lafayette, Georgia, just this past week -- cuttin' the ribbon at the openin' ceremonies for the local Piggly Wiggly? An' well, I was approached by a man by the name of William Jimmy Campbell. Bubba to his friends. An' Bubba says to me, he says, "Rev'rend, I seen ya' on the teevee -- back 'fore the gov'ment come an' repossess it that is -- an' I hears ya' talkin' 'bout aliens. An' I tell ya', Rev'rend, I can relate!" An' then Bubba proceeds to tell me how aliens come an' steal his job cappin' bottles at the brewery, an' I hadda weep, I tell ya'. I hadda weep. To see a hardworkin' Southern boy like that lose his paycheck to monsters from outta space. Ah, it's horrible, I tell ya', horrible.

WALLABE

So, Reverend Ampersand, what do you propose be done?

AMPERSAND

Well, Marcus, in my sermons, I encourage all good believers to go out, get themselves a nice double-barreled shotgun or a high-powered rifle (y'know, preferably one with a good night-vision scope on it) an' shoot anybody they discover to be an alien.

(beat)

All in the name of the Lord, that is.

WALLABE

I see. And how would one discover such a thing?

AMPERSAND

Well, what I suggest is that they go up to people on the street an' say, "Are ya' an alien?" People say yes, they shoot 'em.

WALLABE

Well, that's -- that's quite a suggestion, Reverend.

AMPERSAND

Drastic times call for drastic measures, Marcus.

WALLABE

Riiiggghhhh... Well, moving on -- Mrs. Pumblespoon!

PUMBLESPOON

Yes?

WALLABE

We haven't really let you speak much yet this evening. Frankly we don't much care for you and were rather hoping you wouldn't show up tonight, but, well, of all our guests, yours is perhaps the most unique perspective.

He pauses, as if for dramatic effect.

WALLABEE

Can you tell us, Mrs. Pumblespoon, in your own words...what was it like aboard the ship?

PUMBLESPOON
(surprised)
Ship? What ship?

WALLABE
You know, the ship. The alien
spacecraft.

PUMBLESPOON
The what?

WALLABE
The alien spacecraft, Mrs. Pumblespoon.
The UFO. You were abducted by aliens,
weren't you?

PUMBLESPOON
Oh!
(genuinely surprised, but also
seemingly pleased with
herself)
No, no, no. *Alans*.

WALLABE
(beat)
I'm sorry, what was that?

PUMBLESPOON
I was abducted by *Alans*. A whole army
of them.

WALLABE
You were abducted by an army of -- of
men named Alan?

PUMBLESPOON
That's right. A horde really. More
Alans than I'd ever seen in one place
before. And they all had their little
name tags on.

WALLABE
You were abducted by a horde
of.....*Alans*.....?

PUMBLESPOON
Yes. Isn't that what we've been talking
about?

WALLABE
No. No, of course that isn't what we've
been talking about! We've been talking
about aliens, you idiot!

PUMBLESPOON

Oh! Well, I guess I won't be much use to you then.

WALLABE

No. No I don't suppose you will be.

(sighing)

Not that you ever really were to begin with.

PUMBLESPOON

Funny that. Me thinking *Alans* when you wanted *Aliens*.

She chuckles merrily to herself.

WALLABE

(grumbling)

Oh yes. Absolutely hysterical.

WALLABEE turns to face audience/camera.

WALLABE

Well. It looks like we're just about out of time. Thank God for that. Professor Wainscoting, is there any more meaningless drivel you'd like to add before we end the show?

WAINSCOTING

Well, yes. Yes I would, Marcus. I'd simply like to say that the government is a big fat liar, and -- uh -- to advise people that, contrary to popular belief, they do *not* want to go into the light.

WALLABE

Right. Reverend Ampersand?

AMPERSAND

Well, Marcus, I'd just like to see a return to good ol' fashioned American family values. Back when anythin' we didn't understand or were afraid of was considered to be evil an' a tool of the devil an' so hadda be destroyed. Ignorance, my friend, is what made this country great.

WALLABE

Uh huh. I see. Well, Mrs. Pumblespoon, I'd ask you for some final comments as

well, but frankly, it'd just be a complete waste of time, now wouldn't it?

PUMBLESPOON

Probably.

WALLABE

(turning again to
audience/camera)

Thank you for watching News Nightly Forum. Please join us this time next week when we'll be discussing war, politics, and all that other meaningless shit with a dead senator in a box. We'll also be speaking with the author of *Laura's Mommy is a Knife-Wielding, Homicidal Maniac*, the new children's book that seems to have both parents and children literally in stitches with its humor and its odd slant on life. Until then, this is Marcus Wallabee saying goodnight and piss off.