

# ***An Alien Keeps Stealing My Beer***

*by*

*Joseph Arnone*

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Cast of Characters

<u>NOEL</u> :	63
<u>CREKIE</u> :	42
<u>SAMANTHA</u> :	16

Place  
Kansas

Time  
Morning

Setting: An old and battered farm house perched on top of a hill, surrounded by a forest.

At Rise: Crekie enters Noel's home in a state of panic. Noel sits on a single sofa and drinks from a beer can.

CREKIE: So, what in the hell you goin' on about man, I drove here fast as I could!

NOEL: This thing scared the bejesus out a me!

CREKIE: What thing?!

NOEL: My beers is disappearing! That's enough to give any man heart failure.

CREKIE: Beers? Who be taking your beers?

NOEL: A little four foot alien.

CREKIE: ...A who?

NOEL: Alright now, listen, I have to go back a ways and tell you the whole friggin' story for this damn thing to make any sense to ya.

CREKIE: You bullshittin' me, man?

NOEL: Does it look like I'm bulshittin' you, man?

CREKIE: Well, I don't know.

NOEL: I ain't bullshittin' for goodness sakes.

CREKIE: Can I get a beer before you--

NOEL: Go on, get a beer.

(CREKIE goes to refrigerator and  
helps himself to a beer)

I was standing outside my back porch when this alien spaceship landed in my backyard. Lights were shining bright and I could barely see but then they dimmed and I could see.

So, a stair, a set of stairs comes out the side of this ship and a little alien man, he come stepping down the stairs and he walks up to me, he was a small fella, 'bout four feet tall and he snatches my beer out from my hand and chugs it down. The whole thing. He burped. Smiled. Gave me the finger, or at least I think he did, he only had three fingers, but it was the middle one that he kind of gestured at me with, and then handed the beer back to me and walked back up the stairs to the ship and flew up into the sky in a flash.

Now what in the hell do you call *that*? (beat) I ain't made eye contact with the little creature since, but this past week I keep missing beers in my fridge. I'll buy a case and it'll be completely wiped out the following day. Nothing left but an empty cardboard box. It's the alien. He's a thief. He keeps stealing my beers.

Now looky here, tonight we are gonna catch that tiny son of a bitch. We're gonna stake him out. I've booby trapped the entire kitchen, anything that comes in won't ever get out. I got me some zappers, too.

This could be pay day. If we catch him, we can get top dollar. How much you think a little four foot alien go for? A million? Five million? Heck, I aim to find out.

You in or you out? (CREKIE nods) Alright, good. We take him alive. Tonight, it's go time.

CREKIE: But what if he's too fast?

NOEL: Like I said, I booby trapped the hell out of the kitchen.

CREKIE: But I just walked in and grabbed a beer, ain't nothin' happen.

NOEL: ...That's true, but that's cause I didn't do this..

(NOEL pulls down a latch on the wall  
and a burst of light ignites the wires  
running along the wall to the refrigerator.)

Touch that refrigerator now, you'll get turned to ash.

CREKIE: How the hell did you put that together?

NOEL: Oh, you know I know a bit of engineering is all.

CREKIE: Have you tested it out?

NOEL: It works.

CREKIE: But how you know it works?

NOEL: Cause you can hear it, you can hear that it's live man, would you wanna touch it to find out?

CREKIE: Hell no!

NOEL: There you go. This ain't the first rigmarole I ever done.

CREKIE: Rigmarole?

NOEL: Not rigmarole...contraption, that's it, contraption. I've built things before.

CREKIE: But you ain't ever caught an alien before.

NOEL: Don't matter one bit.

CREKIE: Well, I'm just sayin' that, how do we know your contraption is strong enough to take down this here alien

NOEL: Cause I built it man, and I'm as sure as a bear shittin' in the woods that this is a foolproof contraption. We gonna catch this little son of a bitch and we gonna get rich doing it, too.

CREKIE: Must be worth millions!

NOEL: That's what I'm sayin!

SAMANTHA: I want in.

(SAMANTHA stands at the front porch screen door.)

(NOEL and CREKIE pause)

NOEL: What you want?

SAMANTHA: That asshole mailman gave me your mail again and I been standing here, listening to you two bozos talking about catchin' some alien and I want *in*.

NOEL: No, you, you hear us talkin' about a movie we seen.

SAMANTHA: What movie?

NOEL: What movie? You ain't seen it...

SAMANTHA: What's the name of the movie?

NOEL: What was that name Crekie?

CREKIE: Oh, that's uh, that's that one there, that one called, uh, that alien who steals beers and---

SAMANTHA: I ain't stupid! Now if you two losers don't cut me in on the action, I'm gonna contact the government and let them know what you two fools is planning.

NOEL: We ain't planning shit. Get lost before I kick your ass!

SAMANTHA: Okay, Noel. I'm out here waiting.

NOEL (to HIMSELF): Shit.

CREKIE (to NOEL): What we gonna do?

NOEL (to SAMANTHA): Come on in you son of a bitch.

(SAMANTHA enters living room)

SAMANTHA: Goddang your house smells like dirty socks.

(SAMANTHA chucks NOEL'S mail  
at him)

(NOEL tries to catch it)

What time we catchin' this little prick?

NOEL: I was thinking, 'bout midnight...

SAMANTHA: Why midnight?

NOEL: Cause that's the time the little bastard snatches my beers.

SAMANTHA: So you're saying, at midnight, each night, you have an alien entering your kitchen, opening up your refrigerator and taking all your beers?

NOEL: That's right.

SAMANTHA: And how you know it's at midnight?

NOEL: Cause that's the time I go to sleep.

SAMANTHA: And what time is that?

NOEL: MIDNIGHT!

SAMANTHA: And how many days in a row you done this?

NOEL: 'Bout seven days.

SAMANTHA: A week?

NOEL: A week.

CREKIE: And you keep going to the store to buy more beers?

NOEL: No, Santa Claus keeps stopping over to fill me up. YES! I must have spent 'bout four hundred dollars and I ain't even got buzzed yet.

SAMANTHA: How we know this alien ain't comin' at four in the A.M.?

NOEL: We don't know, but I'm assuming it gotta be after midnight.

CREKIE: What happens after we zap 'em?

NOEL: Well, I ain't got that far yet.

CREKIE: I got a giant box from Home Depot we could put him in.

NOEL: That might work.

SAMANTHA: You two clowns don't know shit. You can't go puttin' an alien in no damn box, ya'll. You two idiots need a cage!

NOEL: A cage??

SAMANTHA: Yeah, got me Willard's old dog cage out in the shed. Be perfect for puttin' the alien in.

NOEL: Right. You might be useful after all.

SAMANTHA: Crekie, you wanna help me take it out my shed?

CREKIE: Yeah, sure.

SAMANTHA: It's a pretty big cage and all, but the two of us should manage.

### LIGHTS OUT

### SCENE TWO

We are in the kitchen of NOEL'S home.

A large black steel cage rests center of the kitchen, where the kitchen table used to be.

NOEL: What'chall think?

SAMANTHA: It's perfect.

CREKIE: Yeah, I mean, it's strong.

NOEL: We zap 'em and after we zap 'em we toss him in the cage.

CREKIE: Then what we do?

NOEL: Then we get rich.

CRECKIE: We sell 'em?

NOEL: That's the whole purpose, Creckie. We sell this little son of a bitch to NASA and we good.

SAMANTHA: We splittin' this three ways, right?

NOEL: Three ways, what you say?

SAMANTHA: I did bring this cage.

NOEL: And? That don't mean you gettin' one-third of all our profits...just a cage.

SAMANTHA: You two morons was gonna put the alien in a box, A BOX, you wouldn't a gotten down the road before he got out and probably killed your dumb ass.

NOEL: Now who you calling dumb? It's my alien to begin with and you're lucky I'm even including you in any of this at all.

SAMANTHA: I made a huge contribution. HUGE!

CREKIE: We do need this cage, Noel. I don't mind givin' Samantha a third.

NOEL: Aw hell, alright! We'll do it in thirds! Let's go over it...I'm a hide right there (pointing) behind my couch, Crekie's gonna be behind the curtain and Samantha, you're gonna be behind the TV stand. When that little son of a bitch comes in here, the moment his aw touched that refrigerator, ZAPPO LIGHTING, I'm gonna burst him in flames! Crekie comes out with the fire extinguisher and Samantha, you come out with the throw blanket and together, the three of us hoist the alien into the cage...we all got that worked out?

CREKIE: Yep.

SAMANTHA: I'm good.

CREKIE: Easy peasy.

NOEL: Ain't nothin' easy Crek, we gotta hope this works. He's a speedy little bastard.

CREKIE: We got this.

NOEL: Now let's have some beers.

### LIGHTS OUT

### SCENE THREE

Noel, Crekie and Samantha are all passed out. Noel snores on his single sofa. Crekie sleeps sitting up against the curtain by the window. Samantha rests against the TV stand.

The alien enters the living room. It looks at Noel snoring and taps him on the head, while shaking its own. The alien walks to the refrigerator and opens it up. It takes out a beer can and guzzles it down. It does this two more times and each time tosses the beer can to the floor. On the third beer can, Noel stirs awake and notices the alien in his kitchen. He motions to get Crekie's and Samantha's attention but they are both sound asleep.

Finally, Noel stands slowly and walks over to the latch. The alien turns around and notices Noel. The alien and Noel stare at one another, when Noel pulls down the latch.

#### **LIGHTS OUT**

#### **SCENE FOUR**

Noel, Crekie and Samantha are trapped in the dog cage. They each have their backs facing the other, all looking outward.

NOEL: I had him, I had him in my clutches!

SAMANTHA: You ain't have shit!

NOEL: We was making eye contact while you both were sleeping.

SAMANTHA: You blew the whole deal.

NOEL: I tried to get your attention but you were out cold. Crekie was no help. It was me versus the alien.

SAMANTHA: Alien won!

CREKIE: I'm sorry I was asleep Noel. Been working them over time hours and I was a goner.

NOEL: How we supposed to get out this cage.

SAMANTHA: We ain't. We gotta wait for my brother to get here.

NOEL: Call him again, my muscles are crampin' up!

SAMANTHA: HE'll be here in a second. Patient man, patience!

CREKIE: When we gonna try this again, Noel?

NOEL: I'm determined. I say tonight!

CREKIE: I got work. How 'bout next Friday.

NOEL: How you expect me to wait that long? Why don't you try a sick day. One day won't kill ya.

CREKIE: True. I'll take a sick day. Worth it if we become millionaires.

NOEL: That's what I'm sayin!

SAMANTHA: Well i'm never comin' back once i'm outta here, it'll take you both a lifetime to ever get a hold of that alien.

#### **END OF PLAY**