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Dramatic Publishing



All's Well in Roswell (Isn't It?)

Comedy by
Michael Druce

All's Well in Roswell (Isn't It?)

Comedy. By Michael Druce. *Cast: 5m., 8w., 7 either gender, extras as desired.* After an unidentified flying object crashes onto a ranch near Roswell, New Mexico, in 1947, ranch owner Ulysses T. Boone has his hands full trying to deal with the press, government authorities, his own family and Jake, a mysterious ranch hand who has been living on the ranch for the past 10 years. It turns out this is not the first time T. Boone has had a close encounter. In fact, Jake is a space alien waiting for a ride home. Aided by a nosy science fiction writer, agents from Area 51 are about to discover T. Boone's secret. With only minutes to spare, everything hinges on a third-rate film company making a cheesy science fiction film to create a diversion. *One ext. set. Approximate running time: 90 minutes. Code: AL4.*

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All's Well in Roswell (Isn't It?)

A full-length comedy by
MICHAEL DRUCE



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MICHAEL DRUCE

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All's Well in Roswell (Isn't It?)

CHARACTERS

MALE (5)

Jim Talent: Son of the local sheriff.

Ulysses T. Boone: Ranch owner and Marty's grandfather.

Jake: T. Boone's loyal but mysterious ranch hand.

Calvin Kincaid: Journalist and UFO hunter.

Dell Clancy: Film director.

FEMALE (8)

Marty Hammond: T. Boone's 18-year-old granddaughter.

Eileen Hammond: T. Boone's daughter and Marty's mother.

Gabby Rogers: Reporter for *The Roswell Courier*.

Rosemary: Calvin Kincaid's research assistant.

Nancy: Dell Clancy's leading lady.

Camryn: Film actress playing a supporting role.

Lucy: Film actress playing a supporting role.

Emily Boone: T. Boone's wife and Eileen's mother.

FLEXIBLE (7)

A.G.: Deputy later promoted to sheriff.

Agent Wells: Government agent.

Agent Morgan: Government agent.

Agent Ward: Government agent.

Agent Clarke: Government agent.

Agent Foster: Government agent.

Jamie: Production assistant to Dell Clancy.

Radio Announcer: Offstage voice over.

Note: Extras may be used in the roles of additional law enforcement, special agents and members of Dell Clancy's film crew.

SCENES

ACT I: The Boone Ranch, July 1947

Scene 1: Night, July 7

Scene 2: Morning, July 8

Scene 3: July 11

Scene 4: July 13

Scene 5: July 15

ACT II: The Boone Ranch, July 1957

Scene 1: Morning, July 5

Scene 2: Late afternoon, July 6

Scene 3: July 7

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

Production notes, including information on setting, costumes and props can be found at the back of the book.

PRODUCTION NOTES

The Roswell Incident: Here's what we know. A UFO, and perhaps a second one, crashed near Roswell, New Mexico, in July of 1947. A delay in reporting the incident created discrepancies as to the actual date. Shortly after the incident became public, the Army-Air Force officially concluded the crashed object was a high-altitude weather balloon. Witnesses initially described the object as a flying disc. Not long after, the term "disc" was replaced with the more popular term "flying saucer." In 1955, President Eisenhower created Area 51, a top-secret military facility in Nevada for the purpose of developing top-secret aircraft. Rumor has it that two aliens found in the Roswell crash were later transferred to Area 51. Throughout the years, eye witness accounts by both civilians and military personnel have been redacted, retracted, conflicted and confused. It is anyone's guess what the truth is. *All's Well in Roswell (Isn't It?)* plays fast and loose with the facts. The only incident in the play that is factually accurate is that something occurred in July of 1947.

Jake's Transformations: Jake will make five onstage transformations: once as Marty, once as T. Boone, once as Emily Boone and twice in his alien form. The easiest way for the transformations to occur is for the actor playing Jake to step in and out of the mine entrance or behind some other well-masked set piece. When the transformations take place, the actors playing Marty, T. Boone and Emily will take Jake's place. Actors need not be the same size as the actor playing Jake since he is creating a vision in the minds of those who see him. Rather than attempting to make a quick change into alien form, another actor of either gender can play Jake. Here again, physical similarities are not necessary.

The Movie Aliens: There should be a distinct difference between the appearance of Jake in his alien form and the movie aliens. The movie aliens should fit our stereotypical notions of what space aliens look like, whereas alien Jake should appear quite different.

Old Betsy: The script calls for the use of a shotgun called Old Betsy. The sensitivity of firearms in some school and community settings demands that the shotgun look obviously fake. In situations where a facsimile of a shotgun is not permitted, it may be replaced with a club, a bat or a slingshot with appropriate changes in the text. Although the government agents are probably armed, their weapons need not be seen.

CASTING ACCOMMODATIONS: Genders of minor characters may be changed to accommodate casting needs. Slight alterations in the text are granted when such changes are necessary.

SOUNDS/MUSIC: The licensing of copyrighted sound and music is the sole responsibility of producing groups.

COSTUMES

ACT I: Casual dress appropriate for individuals in 1947.

Boone – Work clothes and hat.

Jake – Work clothes, hat, alien mask and hands.

A.G. – Deputy’s uniform.

Government agents – Suits and aviator glasses.

ACT II: Casual dress appropriate for individuals in 1957.

There will be little change in the appearances of the adults.

Marty and Jim should no longer look and act the parts of teenagers.

Boone – Work clothes, hat, Jake’s hat.
Jake – Work clothes, hat, alien mask and hands.
A.G. – Sheriff’s uniform.
Government agents – Suits and aviator glasses.
Dell Clancy – Suit or sport coat, film jacket.
Nancy – Stylish dress, film dress.
Camryn and Lucy – Alien costumes and masks.

PROPS

ACT I

T. Boone – Hat, shotgun.
Jake – Hat, pickaxe, alien mask and hands, railing post.
Eileen – Two newspapers, railing post, shoe.
Rosemary – Camera and camera case.
Agents – Aviator glasses, government IDs.
Marty – Broom on porch.
A.G. – Arrest warrant.

ACT II

Eileen – Bag of groceries.
Rosemary – Satchel, newspaper clipping, newspaper.
Agents – Aviator glasses.
Jake – Hat, alien mask and hands.
Camryn and Lucy – Alien masks.
Jamie – Telegram.
Kincaid – Camera, newspaper clipping.
Boone – Hat, Jake’s hat.
Extra – Reflector board.

SETTING

The action takes place on a ranch near Roswell, New Mexico, during the summers of 1947 and 1957. One imagines the predominant colors are those found in the desert southwest. A diagram is provided at the end of this section.

Down right (DR) is a boulder tall enough for actors to stand behind without being seen. The boulder should extend into the wings in order to allow actors to enter and exit right without being seen.

Up right and toward center (URC) is the façade of an old farmhouse with steps leading up to a porch with a railing around it. The door to the house needs to be functional. Windows on either side of the door may be functional, although it's not necessary. A broom leans against the railing.

Left center (LC) is the façade of an old mine. The entrance is slightly angled toward the audience. Like the boulder, the outside wall of the mine should extend far enough into the wings to allow actors to enter and exit without being seen. The mine façade must be tall enough for actors to walk behind unseen.

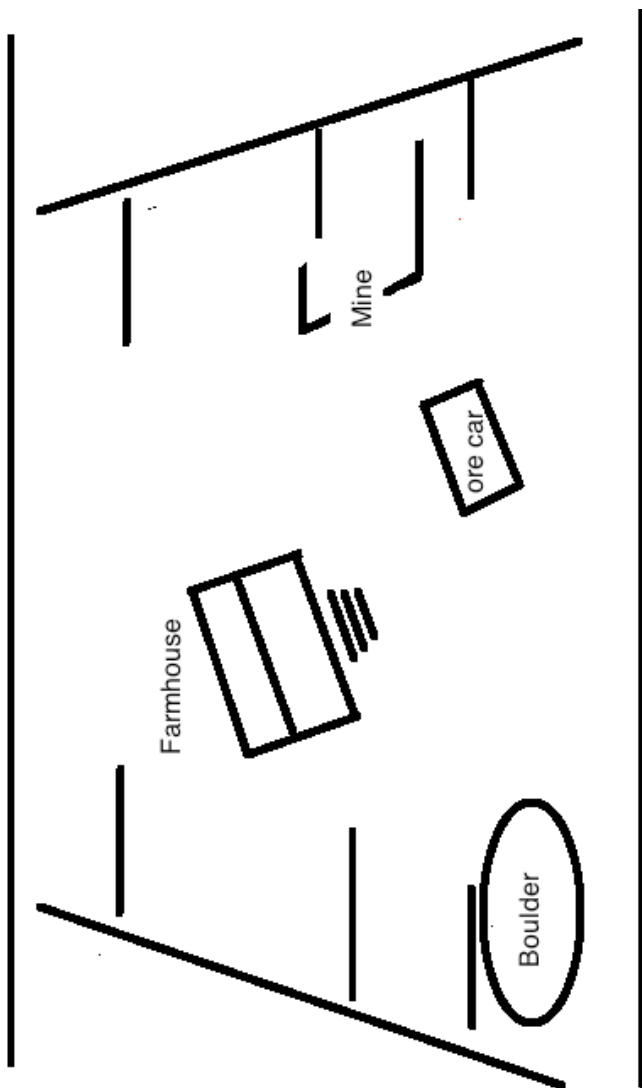
Center stage (C) is an ore car that is only used in the first scene of Act I. It is pushed on from R between the boulder and the house to C. Once the ore car is no longer needed, it can be moved off or repositioned to add to the overall setting and atmosphere.

Other props and set pieces as might be found on an old ranch can be used and placed as desired. For example, there might be an old rocker on the porch, a clothesline strung nearby, a wheelbarrow, hand-cranked water pump or whatever else seems appropriate.

In Act II, when Nancy trips on the ore car rail leading into the mine, this can be something as simple as a couple of boards laid down. Or it could be a rock or some other obstacle. If something other than a rail is used, the dialogue should be modified as needed. Additional masking may be created by adding shrubs, machinery, rocks or outbuildings.

Groups with the scenic and technical resources are encouraged to explore the set possibilities beyond the simple set and technical suggestions indicated here.

SET DIAGRAM



Audience

All's Well in Roswell (Isn't It?)

ACT I

Scene 1: Night, July 7, 1947

(Sound: Before the lights come up, we hear the payoff of a 1940s song and then the voice of a local RADIO ANNOUNCER.)

RADIO ANNOUNCER *(V.O.)*. This has been quite the night, folks. The phone here at the station has been ringing off the hook. Here's the latest on that celestial event. Whatever it was, it lit up the night sky like it was daylight again. Local authorities tell us the fiery object passed over Roswell approximately 30 minutes ago. That would make it about 8:29 p.m. We're getting lots of conflicting information, but it seems to have come down in the northern part of Chaves County. We'll keep you informed as more information becomes available.

(Sound: Another popular late '40s song begins, followed by the sound of a car motor.)

In the dark, there is a flash of headlights, as if a car has driven up and parked. The headlights and the music go out as the motor turns off. Car doors open and slam shut.

Lights come up revealing MARTY HAMMOND entering L, followed by JIM TALENT.)

MARTY. C'mon, Jim. Would you hurry! You're being a slow poke!

JIM. Marty, we came out here to park.

MARTY. Did you see that thing?

JIM. I did. I saw it. I said I saw it.

MARTY. Still, you want to neck at a time like this?

JIM. That's why we came out here.

MARTY. Too bad! The mood has escaped me.

JIM. Jeepers, Marty! It was just a fireball.

MARTY. What if it wasn't? We can neck any time. I want to know what that thing is. Aren't you the least bit curious? It can't be very far.

JIM. Something that size and so far up, you can't tell where it came down.

MARTY. It's not far, I know it. What do you think it was?

JIM. A ball of fire!

MARTY. I know it was a ball of fire, Jim. I'm not dumb. Could it have been something else?

JIM. Such as?

MARTY. A plane. Could it have been a plane?

JIM. Possible.

MARTY. A rocket?

JIM. Maybe.

MARTY. A meteor? Was it a meteor? Is that what it was? Say something, Jim.

JIM. How can I? I can only get one word out at a time.

MARTY. It was a meteor. I know it was. It had to be. What else could it be?

JIM. You've reeled off about a half a dozen things. Whatever it is, it's not worth having a conniption over.

MARTY. I'm not having a conniption. I'm just saying I've never seen anything like that.

JIM. Me neither, but I'm not going to get all— *(Their attention is drawn to the ground.)* crazy.

MARTY. Jim, what is this stuff? Is it snow?

JIM. It's—

MARTY. It's like silver snow!

JIM. It's the middle of summer, Marty. How can it be snow?
More like big pieces of glitter.

MARTY. You think it came from that fireball?

JIM. Maybe!

(Sound: Offstage R, we hear what sounds like rusty iron wheels turning.)

JIM *(cont'd)*. What's that noise? You hear that? Come on, we need to leave. We're on private property.

(MARTY doesn't move. She looks off R.)

JIM *(cont'd)*. Now, Marty!

(JIM pulls MARTY toward the side of the mine.)

MARTY. Keep your voice down. There's nothing to be afraid of. I know this place.

(ULYSSES T. BOONE enters R pushing an ore car C. A tarp covers the car. BOONE reaches over the top of the car for his shotgun. He aims in the direction of MARTY and JIM.)

BOONE. Freeze!

(JIM yelps.)

BOONE. Don't make a move, or Old Betsy here will load your bottom up with so much buckshot you'll think you sat on a hornet's nest.

MARTY. You old coot, you couldn't hit the ground with that antique. You half scared us too death.

BOONE. Marty? Marty, is that you?

MARTY. Yes, T. Boone, it's me.

JIM. You know this guy?

MARTY. Yes, I know him.

BOONE. Martine Hammond, what are you doing out here, sneaking around my property?

MARTY. We're not sneaking.

JIM. Martine? Is that really your name? Martine?

MARTY. Put a sock in it, Jim.

JIM (*chuckling*). Martine.

BOONE. If you know what's good for you, you'll do as she says.

JIM (*wipes the smile off his face*). Marty, who is this old geezer?

MARTY. This old geezer is Theopolis Boone. Everyone just calls him T. Boone.

BOONE. For your information, sonny-boy, I ain't no geezer, so you better hold your tongue and show Miss Betsy some respect. (*He taps the shotgun.*)

JIM. Yes sir, Mr. Boone. My apologies to you and Miss Betsy.

BOONE. Apology expected and accepted.

JIM. Are you a miner?

BOONE. No flies on you. What was your first clue?

JIM. I just guessed it. What do you mine? Gold? Silver? Is that what's in this ore car?

(*JIM steps toward the ore car, but BOONE backs him away.*)

BOONE. Nothing special, just iron ore. I didn't catch your name.

JIM. Jim, Jim Talent.

BOONE. Talent. You related to Sheriff Talent?

JIM. He's my daddy.

BOONE. That explains a few things.

MARTY. T. Boone, be nice.

JIM. Sir, if you don't mind my asking, how do you know Marty?

MARTY. T. Boone is my grandpa.

JIM. Your grandpa? How come you call him T. Boone?

MARTY. It's a long story. He's what's called estranged from the family.

JIM. My mom said her pa was that way too. Just a strange and crazy old man living in the hills with nothing but weird hobbies and secrets.

BOONE. Not strange—estranged—and I don't have any weird hobbies. A few secrets, maybe. Let's just say I'm persona non grata.

JIM. I don't know what that means.

BOONE. It means it's personal and none of your business. Now, you still haven't told me what you two are doing out here. Not that I can't guess.

MARTY. Oh! (*Hardly convincing.*) Birthday cake.

BOONE. That's very thoughtful of you, but my birthday is next month.

MARTY. Hmm! (*With even less conviction.*) I'm talking about my birthday. It was yesterday. I turned 18.

BOONE. Many belated happy returns of the day.

MARTY. Thank you.

JIM. I thought your birthday—

MARTY. Was wonderful! What a great time we had, didn't we, Jim?

JIM (*taking the hint*). Er—yes—yes we did. It was very memorable.

MARTY (*quickly changing the subject*). Did you see that fireball earlier?

BOONE. See it? It practically set fire to my eyebrows. Lit up the whole place up like it was the fourth of July all over again.

JIM. What is this silver stuff? It's all over the place.

BOONE. It's like aluminum, only a lot lighter. There are some bigger pieces down by the creek bed. Right now they're too hot to handle. Soon as it cools down, I'm gonna get me a few pieces.

JIM. Are you saying it wasn't a meteor?

BOONE. I'm not saying that.

JIM. Well, what do you think it might be?

BOONE. Hard to say. I don't know.

JIM. You think it's a plane?

BOONE. I said I don't know!

MARTY. Fine, neither of you know what it is, so let's find out.

(Sound: A car pulls up.

Headlights flash L and then go out.)

BOONE. Now what?

JIM. It's a car.

BOONE. He's sharp. Is that why you date him?

MARTY. Hush!

(AGENTS WELLS and MORGAN, wearing aviator glasses, enter L.)

AGENT WELLS. Evening!

BOONE. I'd say it's a little later than that. You folks lost?

AGENT MORGAN. This your property?

BOONE. Depends on who's asking.

(Both AGENTS reach for IDs and hold them in front of themselves.)

BOONE. When you put it like that, yes, this is my place.

AGENT MORGAN. I'm agent Morgan. This is agent Wells.

Your name?

BOONE. Ulysses T. Boone.

AGENT WELLS. What's the T. stand for?

BOONE. Theopolis. Most people just call me T.

AGENT WELLS. Theopolis! Is that Greek?

BOONE. Is that important?

AGENT WELLS. You live alone?

BOONE. I'm a widower.

AGENT MORGAN. Who are these folks?

BOONE. This is my granddaughter, Martine Hammond. Her name is French, in case that's important.

JIM. I'm Jim, just Jim. I think my name is just American. I'm just as American as a person can be.

AGENT WELLS. Anyone else live on this property?

BOONE. A ranch hand.

AGENT WELLS. What's his name?

BOONE. Jake.

AGENT WELLS. Where is he?

BOONE. He stays in a small cabin a few hundred yards from here.

AGENT MORGAN. Is he here now?

BOONE. Probably. He keeps to himself. Doesn't socialize much. He might be in the cabin or he might be in the mine.

(Indicating the entrance behind him.) This is the back entrance. *(Gesturing toward the audience.)* There's another entrance to the mine near his place.

AGENT WELLS. You mind if we talk to Jake?

BOONE. I don't mind.

AGENT MORGAN. You see anything unusual out here this evening?

BOONE. Other than a pair of government agents wearing aviator glasses at night?

AGENT MORGAN. Something like a meteor?

JIM. Is that what it was?

BOONE. We all saw it. How could you miss it?

AGENT WELLS. When it went under the radar, we lost sight of it. This seems to be the general area. Did it drop nearby?

BOONE. No, it shot right over. I'd say maybe 15 or 20 miles from here.

AGENT MORGAN. You sure about the distance?

BOONE. Could be a few miles closer. Still, a pretty good drive.

AGENT WELLS. We appreciate your time.

AGENT MORGAN. What did you say the name of your ranch hand is?

BOONE. Jake. He'll be expecting you.

AGENT MORGAN. How's that?

BOONE. He just will. Jake is like that.

AGENT WELLS. Maybe we'll talk to him some other time. Thank you for your time.

(WELLS and MORGAN exit.)

JIM. What was that all about?

BOONE. When those folks get involved, it means something. They'll be back.

MARTY. T. Boone, you lied to those people. Why did you lie? That thing didn't crash 20 miles from here. Didn't you say some of the wreckage is down by the creek?

BOONE. That's why they'll be back.

MARTY. Why did you tell them that?

BOONE. I have my reasons. *(Suddenly changes the subject.)* Jim!

JIM. Yes, sir?

BOONE. I need you to do me a favor.

JIM. Sure thing, Mr. Boone.

BOONE. My truck is out of gas. Will you take a gas can and run up to the Sinclair station just up the highway?

MARTY. At a time like this? What about the fireball?

BOONE. A time like this or not, I still need gas. Jim, can you do that?

JIM. Yes sir.

BOONE *(reaching into his pocket)*. Here's a dollar. That ought to do it. Can is up by the gate where you drove in. You better get going. Not sure how late that station stays open. If it's closed, you'll have to drive in to Roswell.

JIM. I'll hurry. Marty, are you coming with me?

BOONE. No, I need her to stay. I've got a project I need her to help with. Can you hurry, please!

JIM. Sure thing, Mr. Boone. *(He exits.)*

MARTY. You're not out of gas. You've got your own gas pump out here. Why'd you send Jim off?

BOONE. You trust that boy?

MARTY. I suppose, as much as I trust anyone.

BOONE. What do you know about him?

MARTY. His daddy is the sheriff. That must count for something.

BOONE. That makes it OK to come out here and park with him?

MARTY. Who says we were parking?

BOONE. It's practically a lovers' lane out here on the weekends. I spend about half my time running kids off.

MARTY. We didn't come out here to park.

BOONE. Then where's that birthday cake?

MARTY. Oh! It's in Jim's car.

BOONE. Uh-huh! Just like your mother, can't tell a lie without turning red.

MARTY. It's dark, you can't see if I'm blushing or not.

BOONE. Just as sassy as she was. How is your mother?

MARTY. Mama is fine! Now, what is this about? How come you sent Jim off like that?

BOONE. Can you keep a secret?

MARTY. If I have to.

BOONE. I mean it! Can you do that? Marty, it's important. I've got to be able to trust someone. You're the only member of this family who hasn't written me off.

MARTY. T. Boone, what is going on?

BOONE. I figure I've got a day, two at the most, before those agents swarm all over this place like ants on a dead lizard.

MARTY. I still don't have any idea what you're talking about.

BOONE. That thing down there by the creek, it's not a meteor.

MARTY. Then what is it?

BOONE. It's a craft.

MARTY. A plane?

BOONE. No.

MARTY. A rocket?

BOONE. No. It's round.

MARTY. Like a balloon?

BOONE. Not a balloon. It's a disc. You remember that thing they saw last month over Mt. Rainer?

MARTY. The thing they called a flying saucer?

BOONE. Yes. That's what's down by the creek.

MARTY. A flying saucer? (*BOONE nods.*) A spaceship? You think that thing down there by the creek came from outer space?

BOONE. Where do spaceships come from?

MARTY. Where else, from Mars! Was there a little green man inside?

BOONE. There were two. And they're not green.

MARTY. Are you drinking again?

BOONE. I am not.

MARTY. Then why would you say something like that? I should have gone with Jim. I wish we hadn't come out here. I can't listen to this. It makes me sad, if you're drinking again.

BOONE. The fruit doesn't fall far from the tree, does it?

MARTY. What does that mean?

BOONE. It means you sound a lot like your mother.

MARTY. Don't bring Mama into this. She has good reason to be bitter. If you're drinking again—

BOONE. That was a long time ago, Marty.

MARTY. I don't know how long it takes a person to get over something like that. What I do know is in her mind, if you hadn't been drinking and driving, Grandma would still be here.

BOONE. That's in her mind. You don't know the whole story. I was the one out there that night, your mama wasn't.

MARTY. This isn't about Mama. This is about you. You just said, "They're not green." You don't think that sounds like someone who's had a few too many?

BOONE. They are not green.

MARTY. Red! White! Blue! It doesn't make any difference, because it's crazy talk. Why are you carrying on this way?

BOONE. I need you to believe me, Marty.

MARTY. How can I? I'm going up to the gate to wait for Jim.

BOONE. Don't do that. You shouldn't be standing up there in the dark all by yourself.

MARTY. Why not? In case the spacemen get me?

BOONE. I'll show you.

MARTY. What, a twisted pile of metal you call a flying saucer?

BOONE. The spacemen. They're here in this ore car. Jake and I had a heck of a time getting them out of the wreck. Jake took it kind of hard. They didn't survive the crash.

MARTY. I've had enough of this nonsense. I'm going up to wait for Jim. *(She crosses L.)*

BOONE. Afraid of what you might see?

MARTY *(stops and turns defiantly)*. No, not at all. I'll play your game. I'll humor you. Show me the spacemen.

BOONE. They're under this tarp.

(As BOONE reaches for the tarp, MARTY stops him.)

MARTY. Wait!

BOONE. You do believe me.

MARTY. No, I think you're lying like a rug.

BOONE. Then there's nothing to be afraid of.

MARTY. I am not afraid.

BOONE. I think you're a little afraid. Truth be told, I was a little afraid myself. Come on, I'll show you the crash site first. Then you won't be so surprised. This way.

(MARTY hesitates, looking back at the ore car.)

BOONE. Don't worry about them. They're not going anywhere.

(MARTY and BOONE exit R.

A moment later, JIM returns.)

JIM. Mr. Boone? Hello! Marty! Where'd you say that gas can is? I've looked all over the place; I can't find it anywhere.

(Curious about the ore car, JIM peeks under the tarp and backs away in horror, backing against the outside of the mine wall. He bends over as if to catch his breath. As he does, a claw-like hand comes from around the mine entrance wall reaching for the spot where JIM's head would be if he weren't bending over.

Lights fade.)