

Far Out!

The New Sci-Fi Musical Comedy

Act One

[MUSIC NO. 1: PROLOGUE]

The HOUSE LIGHTS DIM and the Curtain parts, revealing a motion picture screen - a large scrim. A typical vintage 1950's drive-in movie theater pre-show is presented, complete with the National Anthem, an invitation to the snack bar, and previews of coming attractions. Upon its conclusion, the LIGHTS FADE OUT and a title is projected: "Allied American Pictures Proudly Presents." From behind the scrim, the LIGHTS FADE UP on an arid desert vista. It is dawn.

[MUSIC NO. 2: THEY CAME FROM OUTER SPACE]

(An officious looking man in his late 40's, with a pencil thin moustache, walks on and addresses the audience.)

DR. AXELROD

What you're about to see, ladies and gentlemen, is based on scientific fact. My name is Dr. Arthur Axelrod, and what occurred in the spring of 1958 will remain forever ingrained in my memory. I was living in McCarthyville, New Mexico at the time; a quaint and peaceful little town, just like yours no doubt. But something quite astonishing was to happen there that would change everything . . . something unearthly!

(A weird noise is heard, and from over the heads of the audience, a tacky looking flying saucer on a wire hurdles from the back of the House toward the foot of the stage. As it reaches its final destination, there is a loud explosion. Another title is suddenly projected in huge 3-D letters on the motion picture scrim: "FAR OUT!" As it fades, the scrim rises and Margarita's Malt Shop rolls onstage. A group of TEENAGERS are frozen in an animated tableau as AXELROD sings to the audience.)

I'VE GOT A STORY TO TELL,
AND TRULY STRANGE AS IT SEEMS,
IT'S A TALE WITHOUT FAIL
THAT'LL HAUNT YOUR DREAMS!

Act One

DR. AXELROD (*Cont'd.*)

ABOUT INVADERS WHO CAME
TO 'OL MCCARTHYVILLE,
WHO TURNED THE TOWN UPSIDE DOWN
THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL!

*(As HE briskly exits offstage, the TEENAGERS break their
tableau and burst into song.)*

TEENAGERS

THEY'RE GONNA TAKE OUR HOME
TO THE TWILIGHT ZONE,
BET THEY WILL!

GIRLS

OU-OU-OU-OU-AHH . . .

*(A VAMP plays as the youngsters exchange the following
dialogue.)*

LYDIA

Boy, that was a heckova big boom this morning, wasn't it? It shook the body right outta my Doris Day hairdo!

JOEY

And knocked the cream right outta my Twinkie! I think it was aliens.

JEFF

Aliens?

GABE

Aliens from where?

JOEY

Where do you think?

BOYS

(Singing)

THEY CAME FROM OUTER SPACE
FROM AN ALIEN RACE,
WAY UP THERE . . .

GIRLS

THEY CAME FROM OUTER SPACE,
NOW I'M A BASKET CASE,
THIS I SWEAR . . .

Far Out!

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ALL
THEY CAME FROM OUTER SPACE
TO MAKE A FEDERAL CASE,
SO BEWARE!

BOYS
SHA-NAH-HAH-NAH-NAH-NAH-NAH-NAH . . .

GIRLS
AH-AH-AH . . .

JOEY
THEIR SPACESHIP ROSE WITH THE DAWN,
IT FLEW AROUND, NOW IT'S GONE,
DADDY-OH!

GIRLS
I'M WARY
OF MONSTERS GREEN AND HAIRY!

GABE
WHAT THE HECK'S GOING ON,
WHERE IN THE NAME OF KRYPTON
DID IT GO?

GIRLS
THAT'S SCARY,
HOW EXTRAORDINARY!

ALL
THEY'RE FROM OUTER SPACE,
THEY NEVER LEAVE A TRACE,
DON'T YOU KNOW?

BOYS
BOBADA-BOBADA-BOBADA-BING-BANG!

JOEY		GIRLS
THEY MAY BE HIDING IN THE HILLS,	OUU . . .	
PLANNING OUR DEMISE . . .	AHH . . .	

GABE
BUH-BOW-WOW!

JEFF		GIRLS
I SAW ME A MOVIE ONCE —	OUU . . .	

Act One

JEFF

WHERE THEY TOOK THE WHOLE EARTH BY SURPRISE!

(There is an uproar of laughter as the MUSIC SEGUES into a spirited DANCE BREAK. The TEENAGERS twist and jitterbug to the infectious melody. After a few bars, the ENSEMBLE sings out again.)

ALL

THEY'RE GONNA MAKE THE WORLD CHOKE,
I HOPE THEY DON'T GET MY COKE
OR MY —

BOYS

DOO!

FRIES!

GIRLS

BOYS

WOP-UH-DIDDLY,
DOO-WOP-UH-DIDDLY,
DOO-WOP-UH-DIDDLY,
DOO WOP!

ANDREA

THEY CAME FROM OUTER SPACE,
WATCH OUT FOR THEIR EMBRACE,
THEY'LL GET YOU!

BOYS

DOO-WOP-UH-DIDDLY,
DOO-WOP-UH-DIDDLY,
DOO-WOP-UH-DIDDLY,
DOO WOP!

LUCILLE

THAT'S CHILLIN',
WHAT A CREEPY VILLIAN!

SONDRA

THEY'RE FROM OUTER SPACE,
SOON WE'LL KNOW FACE TO FACE
WHAT TO DO!

DOO-WOP-UH-DIDDLY,
DOO-WOP-UH-DIDDLY,
DOO-WOP-UH-DIDDLY,
DOO WOP!

LYDIA

THAT'S THRILLIN',
BUT US THEY MAY BE KILLIN'!

ALL

THEY'RE FROM OUTER SPACE,
AND THEY ARE HOLDIN' AN ACE
THAT SAYS —

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GIRLS BOO! **BOYS** DOO!

BOYS
WOP-UH-DIDDLY,
DOO-WOP!

ALL
THEY CAME FROM OUTER SPACE,
MAN, IF THE CATS IN THIS PLACE . . .
(A cappella)
ONLY —

(As the Orchestra accompanies them again, the teenage ENSEMBLE brings the number to rousing close.)

BOYS KNEW . . . **GIRLS** KNEW . . .
IT'S YOU KNOW WHO — THEY HAVEN'T A CLUE —
YEAH!!! YEAH!!!

(After the applause, MILTON AXELROD, a gawky kid with Band-Aid taped horn-rimmed glasses and a baseball cap with the letters M.I.T. on it, pops his head up from behind the soda counter.)

MILTON
Hey, crazy as it sounds, alien beings might very well have landed here in McCarthyville.

(The TEENS snicker.)

No, really! My dad was talking about it this morning.

JEFF
(Swaggering up to him)
And who the heck is *your* old man?

MILTON
Dr. Arthur Axelrod.

GABE
Must be one of them eggheads who works at that secret Air Force base they call Area 51.

MILTON
He's an optometrist actually. He owns the store around the corner: "Make a Spectacle of Yourself Opticians"?

Act One

JEFF

And what the heck does an eye doctor know about the stars and planets and stuff like that?

MILTON

He's taking a correspondence course in theoretical physics and astronomy from "Popular Mechanics."

JOEY

(With a Scooter-pie stuffed in his mouth)

Does he know anything about Uranus?

(The TEENAGERS guffaw as JEFF grabs MILTON tightly by his collar.)

JEFF

Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha . . . yuh'know, Joey, I think the creepy crawlers from outer space *have* landed, 'cause Milton the monster here is about as gooney as they come.

(Amidst another outburst of laughter, LYDIA, ANDREA, JOEY, and LUCILLE cross up to MILTON and playfully poke fun at him.)

LYDIA

So is it true, honey? Are you a real, honest-to-goodness, green-blooded alien?

JOEY

Look at his hair, Lydia, look at those glasses — look at those pimples! Connect the dots and I'll lay you ten to one it spells: "Klaatu Borada Nikto."

LUCILLE

Well, he's certainly gonna be in a clutch to find a chick to take to the Senior Sock Hop Saturday night. That's for sure.

JOEY

(Displaying a photo from his "Famous Monster" magazine)

He'll be lucky to get a date with the Fifty Foot Woman!

ANDREA

Why? Is she available?

(THEY shoot her a take. ANDREA smiles weakly.)

GABE

Don't try to think too hard, Andrea. You'll hurt your brain.

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JOEY

(Crossing over to SONDRA)

So, what's *your* take on this, baby? Cat got your tongue?

SONDRA

(Ill at ease; softly)

Of course not. It's just that . . . well, you're better at this sort of thing than I am any day, Jeff. What do you *want* me to say?

JEFF

You can cut the Little Miss Goody-Two-Shoes routine, Sandra Dee

SONDRA

Sondra Lee.

JEFF

Whatever. Look, I know you're the daughter of the new Sheriff and all, but if you wanna be one of us, you've gotta learn to change your tune. I mean, you don't want to end up a doofus here like Milt the Wilt, without a friend in the world, do'yuh?

SONDRA

. . . No.

JEFF

(Putting his arm around her)

Stick with me, kid. I'll make you famous.

LUCILLE

Watch it buster! You and I are pinned, remember?

JEFF

Well, there ain't no crime in window shoppin', is there, Lucille?

MILTON

(To SONDRA)

Boy, he's certainly got *you* wrapped around his finger.

SONDRA

Just leave me alone. Okay?

MILTON

But there's no reason to let a jerk like him lead you around on a leash.

JEFF

(Darting over to him and grabbing him)

What did you just call me?!

Act One

MILTON

I . . . I . . . Aye-yi-yi!

JEFF

Why, I oughta clobber you right now!

(JEFF is about to slug MILTON, but GABE grabs his arm.)

GABE

Cool it, Jeff! It ain't worth it!

JEFF

Says who?

GABE

Givin' him a knuckle sandwich ain't gonna solve anything!

JEFF

(After a slight pause; calming down)

. . . Maybe you're right, Gabe. Why take the easy way out? There are other ways to belittle a moron like him.

JOEY

The Incredible Shrinking Man was belittled just like that!

(Snapping his fingers)

LUCILLE

What do you have in mind, Jeff?

JEFF

A surprise I think. A surprise that'll put the screws tuh'this wisenheimer once and for all. And to make my little scheme complete, all I need is a baseball cap.

(Swiping MILTON's)

A baseball cap that says M.I.T. on it. Hey, what does M.I.T. stand for anyway?

MILTON

"The Massachusetts Institute of Technology." That's where I'm going to college next year.

JEFF

Is that a fact? Well, after I get done, your keister 'il be on its way to the State Penitentiary.

ANDREA

Hey, that's where I was accepted!

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*(JEFF and the TEENAGERS give her a bewildered look.
After which, JEFF grabs his books and prepares to go.)*

JEFF

And on that note, let's make like lightning and bolt. Dobie Gillis' second cousin here is givin' me the heebie-jeebies.

(MILTON hangs his head low.)

Don't look so down in the dumps, buddy-boy. As I always say, "Once a loser, always a loser."

(Punching him in the jaw)

But it's good to be consistent, kid.

[MUSIC NO. 2a: THEY CAME FROM OUTER SPACE - TAG]

*(JEFF crosses over to SONDRA as the TEENS sing.
During this, each character accosts MILTON with a unique
slapstick insult. One by one, upon delivering their little bits
of business, THEY exit in turn.)*

TEENAGERS

DOO-WOP-UH-DIDDLY,
DOO-WOP-UH-DIDDLY,
DOO-WOP-UH-DIDDLY,
DOO-WOP-UH-DIDDLY,
DOO-WOP-UH-DIDDLY,

*(GABE is the last to go and points his finger at MILTON's
stomach. MILTON drops his head to look and GABE
quickly raises it to his face; clipping his nose.)*

DOO-WOP-UH-DIDDLY . . .

(As GABE exits, the MUSIC STOPS for a moment.)

JEFF

People just don't like you, Milton. Face it.

(To SONDRA)

It's *your* turn, baby. Show'im what I mean.

*(The girl looks at JEFF with a troubled expression, then
glances back over at MILTON. After an uncomfortable
silence, SHE crosses to the nerd, removes the gum from her
mouth, and puts it on the end of his nose. Upon an
orchestral CHORD, SHE sings.)*

Act One

SONDRA

DOO!

(On the MUSICAL BUTTON, JEFF chuckles and the two head off through the door. Dejected and despondent, MILTON grabs a mop and proceeds to clean up. After a moment or two, HE speaks to himself.)

MILTON

What's the matter with me? Why don't I fit in? If those guys would only use their brains instead of their eyes, they'd realize that underneath the horn-rimmed glasses and acne I'm actually a very interesting person. But who's kidding who? I'm cursed! I've got the mind of Albert Schweitzer and the body of . . . of . . . Jerry Lewis. If only I could be somebody else. But who?

[MUSIC NO. 3: THE POPULAR TEEN IN TOWN THAT EVERYONE LOVES]

(As the boy stares off into oblivion, a HARP ARPEGGIO is heard and the LIGHTS CROSSFADE to an ethereal mood. Three sequined-gowned DREAM GIRLS appear from the swinging kitchen door. THEY are portrayed by the same actresses who play LUCILLE, ANDREA, and LYDIA. Upon moving downstage, THEY surround MILTON at C. and start singing Doo-Wop vocals like The Sheralles.)

DREAM GIRLS

WAH . . .
WAH-WAH-WAH,
WAH-WAH-WAH,
WAH-WAH, SHOOP-SHOOP!

MILTON

I WISH THAT I COULD PROVE
HOW REALLY KEEN I AM.

DREAM GIRLS

DOO-DOO-DOO-DOO!

MILTON

A BOY WHO'S IN THE GROOVE,
A REAL JUVENILE GEM.

DREAM GIRLS

HALLELUJAH, AMEN!

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MILTON

SOMEDAY I WANNA BE

MILTON (*Cont'd.*)

MORE THAN AN ODDITY,
THE POPULAR TEEN IN TOWN THAT EVERYONE —

MILTON
LOVES . . .

DREAM GIRLS
WAH . . .
WAH-WAH-WAH,
WAH-WAH-WAH,
WAH-WAH, SHOOP-SHOOP!

MILTON

I'M NOT SOME STUPID HICK,
SOME GEEK YOU'D HATE TO MEET.

DREAM GIRLS

DOO-DOO-DOO-DOO!

MILTON

IF I WERE MR. SLICK,
I'D HAVE GIRLS AT MY FEET.

DREAM GIRLS

BUT YOU'RE JUST A DEADBEAT!

MILTON

MY LIFE'S BEEN TROUBLESOME,
TELL ME HOW I BECOME
THE POPULAR TEEN IN TOWN THAT EVERYONE LOVES?

DREAM GIRLS

THE TEEN IN TOWN THAT EVERYONE LO-LO-LO-LO-LO-LO-LOVES,
THAT EVERYONE LO-LO-LO-LO-LO-LO-LOVES . . .

MILTON

WHY AM I THE LOSER THAT EVERYONE PUSHES AND SHOVES?

*(The DREAM GIRLS give him a hardy whack on the back
and HE stumbles.)*

DREAM GIRLS

DOO-DANG-DANG-DOO-WAH!

MILTON

I LONG TO BE RESTLESS AND MOODY,

Act One

A LITTLE LESS LIKE HOWDY-DOODY,
THE POPULAR TEEN IN TOWN THAT EVERYONE LOVES!

DREAM GIRLS

TELL'EM YOUR ANGST.

MILTON

THANKS!

MILTON

DREAM GIRLS

THEY
THINK I'M A CLUTZ,
WELL, WE
ALL MAKE MISTAKES,
BUT WITH
LUCK, I COULD
CHANGE THE SCENE . . .

OU-WAH . . .
OU-OU-OU-AHH . . .
OU . . .
OU-OU-WAH . . .

DREAM GIRLS

DOO-WOP-DIDDY-DIDDY!

MILTON

DREAM GIRLS

NO
MATTER THE COST,
I'D
DO WHAT IT TAKES
TO
BE AN AMERICAN HERO —

AHH . . .
OUU . . .
OHH . . .

BOTH

LIKE SWEET JIMMY DEAN . . .

MILTON

INSIDE OF ME THERE IS AN ELVIS,
WHOSE ATTITUDE COMES FROM HIS PELVIS . . .

*(HE jerks his hips forward like, "The King," and the
DREAM GIRLS sigh in unison.)*

DREAM GIRLS

Ahhhhhhhhhh!

MILTON

(Continuing in song)

THE POPULAR TEEN IN TOWN THAT EVERYONE —

MILTON

DREAM GIRLS

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LOVES . . .

MILTON (*Cont'd.*)

OUU-WEE-OUU-AHHHHHH!

LO-LO-LO-LO-LO-LO,
LO-LO-LO-LO-LO-LO,

DREAM GIRLS (*Cont'd.*)

LO-LO-LO-LO-LO-LO,
LOVES!

LIGHTS FADE OUT

[MUSIC NO. 3a: THE POPULAR TEEN IN TOWN THAT EVERYONE LOVES - PLAYOFF]

(The scene shifts to the village green; a few hours later. As the LIGHTS COME UP, The doctor is seated on a wooden park bench next to the famous "Thinker" statue.)

DR. AXELROD

So many peculiar things have been going on in this town today: power surges and brownouts, radio interference, the toothpaste that glowed in the dark when I brushed my teeth this morning . . . I wonder what it all means?

(HE crosses his legs, put his fist to his chin, and rests his elbow on his knee, like "The Thinker." MILTON enters.)

MILTON

Hey, Pop! I thought you had a date with Stella tonight?

DR. AXELROD

(Sitting up)

Still do, my boy. Not until seven.

MILTON

She's certainly an interesting lady to say the least.

DR. AXELROD

She may have an I.Q. of 30, son, but I admire her other assets immensely . . .

(Envisioning them; then with a tiny lecherous chuckle)

Ha-ha-ha — but that's beside the point.

(Briskly changing the subject)

How was school today?

MILTON

Terrible.

(Taking a seat next to him)

I'm sick and tired of my classmates treating me like I was, "The Man from Planet X," or something.

DR. AXELROD

Act One

Ohh, they're probably jealous of you, that's all.

MILTON

Jealous? Jealous of what?

DR. AXELROD

Well, you *are* the spitting image of your old man, aren't you? Bright, personable, and exceedingly dashing . . .

(Batting his eyebrows)

Just like Michael Rennie!

MILTON

Who?

DR. AXELROD

Never mind. When I was your age, I was a bit of an outcast exactly like yourself and I grew up just fine.

(MILTON looks at his father with a bemused expression.)

Besides, every kid feels a bit of teenage . . . alienation from time to time. Don't let it get you down. You're a good lad. As far as I'm concerned, you're the cat's pajamas!

(Making a clicking sound with his mouth and winking)

See'yuh later, Milton.

(As HE exits, MILTON calls out to him.)

MILTON

Have fun, dad!

(Shaking his head and assuming "The Thinker" pose)

Parents . . . they're so weird.

(JEFF and SONDRA enter. THEY do not see MILTON.)

JEFF

Yuh'know, it's really been great hangin' around with you this afternoon.

SONDRA

It's *has* been a lot of fun, Jeff.

(MILTON rises discretely and prepares to tip-top offstage.)

JEFF

You're the kind of gal I could really go for.

SONDRA

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Now let's not be hasty! Remember, you've already got a girl.

JEFF

(Backing up directly in MILTON's path)

But since I met you, sunshine — she's history.

(THEY collide and the two topple over each other.)

Hey, what's the big idea?! What the . . .

(Sitting up; confronting MILTON face to face)

YOU!

(Grabbing him by his shirt and lifting him to his feet)

Why you clumsy, good-for-nothing —

MILTON

It was an accident!

JEFF

An accident? What kind of lame excuse is that?

SONDRA

He didn't mean to do it, Jeff! Don't be too hard on him!

(There is a short silence. JEFF looks at SONDRA, thinks about it for a moment, then releases MILTON.)

JEFF

For you, baby . . . anything.

MILTON

Thanks, Sondra. You saved my life.

SONDRA

No need to thank me. If I were you, I'd stay as far away from him as possible.

MILTON

I'll keep that in mind.

(Staring fondly at her for a moment; then awkwardly)

Well, I — uh . . . I'd better go.

(As MILTON exits, JEFF deliberately puts his foot out and trips him. MILTON sails toward an adjacent tree trunk and rams into it head first. Upon impact, the boy reels from the blow and falls to the ground on his butt. As HE regains his senses, MILTON rises and hobbles offstage.)

Act One

JEFF

He is such a spaz!

SONDRA

I kind of feel sorry for him. Don't you? Maybe someday he'll change.

JEFF

Cut me a break, Sandra Dee.

SONDRA

Sondra Lee!

JEFF

Whatever. Nobody *ever* changes. A spade's a spade and a zero's a zero. And there ain't no way to make a sow's ear out of a silk purse . . . or somethin' like that.

(A little BELL TONE resounds. After which, JEFF sings.)

[MUSIC NO. 4: WHAT YOU SEE IS WHAT YOU GET]

YOU'VE GOTTA FACE THE FACT
 THAT A HACK IS A HACK,
 AND A BONEHEAD NERD IS A TURD.
 YOU'RE EITHER BORN TO BE COOL
 OR BORN AS DUMB AS A MULE,
 YOU CAN'T BE BOTH,
 THE LINE ISN'T BLURRED.
 NO MATTER HOW YOU PAINT IT,
 THE LABEL'S STILL THE SAME,
 EVERYBODY'S GOT ONE,
 LIKE A NAME.
 THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO ARE WITH IT,
 AND PEOPLE WHO ARE ALWAYS WITHOUT . . .
 HONEY, THAT'S WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!

BLACK AND WHITE,
 A WORLD OF OPPOSITES . . .

HIS OR HERS,
 AND YOURS OR MINE . . .

GOOD OR BAD,
 IT'S HOW THE SLIPPER FITS . . .

THAT SAYS YOU'RE CINDERELLA,
 THAT I'M A PRINCELY FELLA,
 THAT'S WHY WE'RE BOTH ONE OF A KIND!

YOU'RE EITHER IN LIKE FLINT OR YOU ARE SQUARE,
A KNOW-IT-ALL OR UNAWARE.

JEFF (*Cont'd.*)

I'M A ROMEO, YOU'RE JULIET,
WHAT YOU SEE IS WHAT YOU GET!

THE TWO OF US, WE'LL MAKE A STIR,
I'M THE OIL, YOU'RE THE VINEGAR.
SINCE THE WORLD IS BASED ON LIVE AND LET,
WHAT YOU SEE IS WHAT YOU GET,
WHAT YOU SEE IS WHAT YOU GET!

(*Spoken*)

Dig it?

(*THEY DANCE. After a few flashy choreographic moves,
it is evident that SONDRA is not into it.*)

C'mon, baby, loosen up. You're dancing with Boy Wonder!

(*The DANCE continues for a couple of more bars. The girl
suddenly pulls away.*)

Hey, what's wrong?

SONDRA

(*Singing*)

YOU AND I,
ARE WE COMPATIBLE . . . ?

JEFF

CHANCES ARE
THAT WE COULD BE . . .

SONDRA

WE BOTH MIGHT
BE QUITE COMBATIBLE . . .

JEFF

BUT HOT AND COLD'S EXCITING!

SONDRA

YOUR DRAMA SEEMS INVITING!

JEFF

IT'S PART OF LIFE'S VARIETY!

Act One

SONDRA

BUT WHAT ABOUT LUCILLE, YOU GIGILO?

JEFF

I LIKED HER ONCE, NOT ANYMO!
BUT I'D BE TRUE TO YOU, DON'T SWEAT,
'CAUSE WHAT YOU SEE IS WHAT YOU GET!

SONDRA

BUT ARE YOU GOOD FOR ME . . . ?

JEFF

(Spoken)

Ouuuuuu, baby . . .

(Singing)

YOU BET!