

Moontel Six

Constance Congdon

Dramatic

UBERBETH: 13 to 15; a sympathetic girl who is part luminescent jellyfish and has flatulence problems.

ZIPPER: 13 to 15: part lizard and moth.

EMO: 13 to 15; part male goat.

TOYN: 7 to 10; a foundling boy with 100 percent human DNA who is stuck in late babyhood. He has asthma.

Set on the moon, in the future, the play tells the story of a band of teenagers who have been created in labs and contain DNA from other species; hence, they are on the run, pursued by humans who want to sterilize them. In this scene, they've been apprehended by a young human sent into the tunnels to find them and they're trying to explain themselves. At the end of the scene, a young boy emerges—an orphaned human they are protecting. The kids are in a sort of lineup, facing the audience.

UBERBETH: We just want to explain what happened.

ZIPPER: They made us leave.

EMO: They didn't want us.

ZIPPER: At Moonstead Estates, either.

EMO: Particularly there.

ZIPPER: They didn't want us around their kids.

UBERBETH: Because we have these weird genes . . .

EMO: . . . which we didn't ask for.

UBERBETH: But we wouldn't be who we are without them.

EMO: Yeah. There's nothing wrong with us. We're made the way we're made and we're fine with that.

ZIPPER: Uberbeth here is part luminescent jellyfish. [To **UBERBETH**.] Anything glow yet?

UBERBETH: Not so far. But I just began my genitive.

EMO: Yeah, we all have in some way. Zipper's started to pupate.

ZIPPER: I'm waiting for wings and then I get to mate.

UBERBETH: That's really why they didn't want us.

EMO: The whole "mating" thing. As if we'd really even want to date their 100-percent-human Moonstead snobs.

ZIPPER: We have our variations, but we're proud of them. Right?

UBERBETH: Like, I have trouble digesting things with lecithin in it. I'm not sure what lecithin is except it's in anything that has a shelf-life estimate on it.

ZIPPER: So—you don't mind me telling them, do you, Uberbeth?

UBERBETH: Lecithin makes me flatulent.

ZIPPER: And we eat a lot of shelf-life products here.

EMO: We like to think of it as her "special power." And me—I have some genes from some Earth mammal that was supposed to give me really good hair, but, instead it allows me to digest almost anything.

ZIPPER: And I'm part lizard as well as moth. Since lizards eat moths, I have some concerns about my future.

EMO: And we're not 100 percent pure human but, from what I've seen, that's totally fine.

UBERBETH: Only Toyn is totally human. But he has allergies and stuff.

ZIPPER: [Chastising UBERBETH.] Uberbeth, you said his name. Now he'll come out.

[TOYN enters and looks at them—he's holding an inhaler and a "lovey toy"—some shapeless stuffed animal, now unrecognizable. He looks at the audience with suspicion, takes a hit from his inhaler, still looking at them.]

TOYN: Downloading. Please wait. *[Processes, then suddenly points to individual audience members and identifies them for the kids.]* Analog. Analog. Analog. Analog. All analog. *[Looks closely at one audience member.]* Digital. *[Another audience member; but one that pleases him.]* Vacuum tube unit! Classic.

EMO: Toyn! You're bothering them.

TOYN: Classic.

ZIPPER: They're not androids—except for a few. They're humans, Toyn.

TOYN: *[Speaks to one of the audience members, very deliberately.]* Do not disassemble this unit. Disassembling this unit can cause electrical shock. To you. Danger. Danger. *[He starts to breathe with difficulty—he goes into an attack. The kids run to him and with "Help him" and "Where's the inhaler?" they calm him down.]*

UBERBETH: *[Stroking Toyn's cheek.]* There, there, Toyn.

ZIPPER: So, the deal is, we thought we were Good, but we were perceived as Evil, Bad, and Wrong.

UBERBETH: So we're hoping you'll understand . . .

EMO: . . . the whole story.