



**Jeff Folschinsky**

*Adapted from the novel *Tales from Little Lump: Alien Season**

Norman Maine Publishing

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The Legend of Little Lump was first performed at the Thistle Dew Theatre, Sacramento, CA, on Sept. 6, 2013: Thomas M. Kelly, director.

**GERTIE:** BJ Nash

**GRACE:** John Logsdon

**PIE:** Ron Darwin

**JIMMY:** Salvador Turrubiaros

**ELROY:** Stanley Nash

**AGENT MARCUS:** LaVone Dyer

**ARMY:** Nathan Marlow

**LORETTA:** Pamela Finney

**MISS LITTLE LUMP:** Natalie Scroggins

## The Legend of Little Lump

**FARCE.** Adapted from the novel *Tales from Little Lump: Alien Season* by Jeff Folschinsky. When crop circles appear, ominous noises are heard, and a government agent arrives disguised as a “fisherman,” the residents of Little Lump, TX, suspect something may be awry. The local radio station owner is convinced the government is trying to cover up nefarious alien activity in town. Luckily, Gertie, the owner of the Gas ‘n’ Sip gas station/diner, has been preparing for an apocalypse for years and has her own arsenal of rocket launchers she’s purchased on the Internet. Gertie’s determined not to go down without a fight, but what results is what you might call an “intergalactic whoopsie moment.” She shoots down an alien spaceship on a mission of peace and a terrified alien ambassador mistakenly takes refuge in the Gas ‘n’ Sip kitchen. Whooops! This hilarious action-packed farce requires only one set and features numerous opportunities to showcase physical humor.

**Performance Time:** Approximately 60-75 minutes.

## Characters

(4 M, 3 F, 2 flexible)

(With doubling: 4 M, 2 F, 2 flexible)

**AUNT GERTIE:** Owner of the Gas 'n' Sip; female.

**ELROY:** Gertie's dimwitted son; male.

**GRACE KELLY:** Owner of the local radio station who believes there is a government conspiracy involving their town; male.

**LORETTA:** Works for Grace Kelly at the radio station; voiceover; female.

**JIMMY:** Gertie's nephew; male.

**PIE:** Jimmy's uncle and Gertie's brother who has noticed recent crop circles on his farm; male.

**AGENT MARCUS/MARCIA:** Government agent disguised as a fisherman; wears blue jeans, a red shirt, a fishing vest, and black FBI-type sunglasses; flexible. (Note: If female, change name to "Marcia.")

**ARMY:** U.S. Army soldier named Norm; speaks through a bullhorn; flexible. (Note: If female, change name to "Norma.")

**MISS LITTLE LUMP:** Voiceover, female.

**NOTE:** For flexible roles, change the script accordingly.

## Option for Doubling

LORETTA/MISS LITTLE LUMP (female)

## Setting

Aunt Gertie's diner Gas 'n' Sip diner, Little Lump, Texas.

## Set

**Interior of Aunt Gertie's Gas 'n' Sip.** A typical old-style gas station/diner, complete with bar stools and a counter. There is a cash register and a radio sitting on top of the counter. There are two doors: one leads back into the kitchen and the other door leads to the front of the Gas 'n' Sip. There is a serving window behind the counter, making part of the kitchen visible to the audience. Against the wall opposite the front door are shelves with assorted merchandise that nobody born after 1960 would possibly want to buy. There is a payphone near the door that leads into the kitchen.

## PROPS

Old fashioned radio  
Canned food, misc.  
Fishing map  
\$10 bill  
Can of baked beans  
Sandwich  
Coins for payphone  
Large wooden crate with "Don't open until Armageddon"  
written on it.  
Rocket launcher  
Skillet  
Icepack  
Compact makeup mirror  
2 Large handguns (toy pistols)  
Extension cord  
Bullhorn

## Special Effects

3 Old-time country songs  
Payphone ringing  
Radio station studio door opening  
Radio station studio door closing  
Something heavy hitting the floor  
Old radio broadcast recording of Grace Kelly reporting during  
a rainstorm  
Loud thud  
Dishes crashing on the floor  
Ominous noise  
Dishes breaking  
Low musical tones as if someone is trying to communicate to a  
lower life form  
Ominous light  
Ominous outline of a humanoid form  
Sound of rocket launcher firing  
Sound of rocket launcher hitting a flying saucer  
Flying saucer descending  
Flying saucer crashing  
Sound of an explosion  
Something breaking in the kitchen  
More things crashing in the kitchen  
Humongous fart  
Scuffling noises  
Smacking sound like a ruler hitting a butt  
Ominous noise approaching the Gas 'n' Sip  
Sound of aliens flying around with jetpacks on  
Gunfire  
Gunshot  
Sound of a strange alien language  
Sound of spaceships taking off  
Sound of jetpack taking off



"I had no way of knowing  
an agent of the apocalypse  
would slip in  
through the back door."

-Gertie

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*(AT RISE: Aunt Gertie's Gas 'n' Sip, Little Lump, Texas. The radio is playing an old-time country song inside the empty diner. The payphone rings, and Gertie can be heard rummaging around in the kitchen.)*

GERTIE: *(Offstage.)* Hold your horses, I'm coming. *(Enters through the door leading to the kitchen.)* You can keep ringing all you want. I'll get there when I get there. That's the great thing about being old. You don't have to give a crap about anyone's schedule other than your own, and even then, it's low on my priority list. *(Answers phone. Into phone.)* Yeah, what do you want?...Fred, you know this is Aunt Gertie's Gas 'n' Sip. You're the damn operator, aren't you?...Well, maybe it wasn't the most professional way to answer the phone, but it's my phone and I'll answer it any damn way I want to. Now, are you going to tell me why you're bugging me or do you want to talk about phone ethics?...Really, that's an interesting point of view. Can you hold on for a second? *(Hangs up and starts to walk away. Phone rings. She goes back and answers it. Into phone.)* Yeah, this is Gertie...What? No, I have no idea how we got disconnected. Hold on, let me check my phone real quick. *(Hangs up and waits. Phone rings and she answers it. Into phone.)* Hello...I have no idea what's going on, Fred. I must be in a bad cell zone...Yes, I realize I'm on a payphone. I was being facetious...No, Fred, "facetious" when you—Fred, why the hell do you keep calling me?...What? No, of course I won't accept the charges. That's the whole point of having a payphone, so there won't be any charges...Well, I don't care how long the freeloader has been waiting...What's that? Do I have a message for them? Only one comes to mind right now. *(Hangs up and heads to the kitchen. Under her breath.)* Accept the charges! Why, I never!

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*(Jimmy enters.)*

JIMMY: *(Calls.)* Aunt Gertie?

*(Gertie appears behind the serving window.)*

GERTIE: Jimmy, is that you?

JIMMY: Sure is. A package came by the cotton gin earlier today and Pa told me to bring it over to you.

GERTIE: A package?

JIMMY: Yeah, told me to tell you to quit having your religious crap delivered to his place of business. He said it makes his employees nervous, especially after what happened last time.

*(Gertie enters from the kitchen.)*

GERTIE: Well, tell your father they put those hazard symbols on those boxes for a reason. I swear, that man has about as much sense as a billy goat. Thank God you take after your mother, that's all I have to say. Now, where is it?

JIMMY: It's in the back of the pickup. Where do you want me to put it?

GERTIE: Take it around to the back entrance.

JIMMY: You've got it.

*(Jimmy exits and Gertie heads toward the kitchen. Before she can make it through the kitchen door, Grace Kelly enters.)*

GRACE: Gertie, you mind telling me why you didn't accept my call earlier?

GERTIE: No, I don't mind at all. Why don't you go back to the radio station, give me a call, and we'll talk about it.

GRACE: Yeah, right, so I can have you not accept my call again?

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GERTIE: *(Under her breath.)* I guess that was too good to last.

What do you want, Grace?

GRACE: I need for you to call a town meeting.

GERTIE: What in heavens for?

GRACE: I heard another message.

GERTIE: Not that again.

GRACE: Now I've got a recording this time.

GERTIE: Grace, you had a recording last time...five minutes of some person calling out random numbers.

GRACE: They were speaking in code.

GERTIE: Your recording sounded like it was a couple of seconds short of someone shouting out "bingo."

GRACE: It's different this time. There's a government conspiracy involving our fair town, and I've got the whole thing on tape. This is hot stuff, and it's gonna break this town wide open.

JIMMY: *(Offstage.)* Aunt Gertie, where the hell are you?

GERTIE: *(To Grace.)* Damn it, see what you made me do? *(To Jimmy.)* Sorry, I'm on my way. *(Heads toward the kitchen. Under her breath.)* I swear, one of these days I'm going to break you wide open.

GRACE: Gertie, what about that town meeting? *(Gertie ignores him and heads into the kitchen. Grace picks up the phone. Into phone.)* Fred? This is Grace Kelly. I need to make a collect call to the radio station...Why? Because I'm not there, and the records are about to run out, that's why...Because it's a payphone and I don't have any change right now...Thank you. *(Waits a few seconds to be connected.)* Loretta, accept the charges! Loretta, accept the—! ...Yes, hello, Fred. Yes, I realize that. Can you try again?...Thanks. *(Waits a few seconds to be connected.)* Loretta, I need for you to change to the next record. Loretta? Loretta—! Hello again, Fred. No, I don't want to try for a lucky three, thank you very much.

*(Grace hangs up the phone just as the song ends on the radio. We hear Loretta on the radio opening the studio door.)*

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LORETTA: *(On the radio. Voiceover.)* Boss, I think someone wants you to play a different record. They sounded really mad about that last one you were playing. Boss? Boss? Oh, well. *(Sound of door closing. Nothing but dead air on the radio.)*

GRACE: Damn that woman.

*(Grace exits. From the kitchen you can hear Gertie and Jimmy bringing in something heavy.)*

GERTIE: *(To Jimmy, offstage.)* A little further, a little further, watch out!

*(Sound of something heavy hitting the ground is heard.)*

JIMMY: *(Offstage.)* Aunt Gertie, what do those symbols mean?

GERTIE: *(Offstage.)* They mean "don't drop it," you stupid iggit. Now, be really careful and push it in the back with the rest of my stuff. *(Enters from the kitchen.)* Now, Grace— *(Notices Grace isn't there.)* Where on earth did he head off to?

*(On the radio, we hear Grace running back into the studio.)*

GRACE: *(On the radio, voiceover.)* Hello, this is Grace Kelly, the voice of Little Lump, Texas. Why don't we play another record while I catch my breath.

*(Another song starts and Gertie turns off the radio. Phone rings and Gertie answers.)*

GERTIE: *(Into phone.)* No, Fred, I will not accept the charges.

*(Gertie hangs up. Jimmy enters.)*

JIMMY: Who was that?

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GERTIE: It was my last nerve, that's who that was. Now, get yourself something cool to drink and sit down for a spell.

JIMMY: Thanks, Aunt Gertie.

GERTIE: *(Looking him over.)* Jimmy, have you been eating right? You look as skinny as a beanpole.

JIMMY: I'm eating the same as I ever do.

GERTIE: Which means hardly anything at all. You go in the back and grab one of those pre-made sandwiches I have back there. Now, come on, and do as you're told.

JIMMY: Yes, ma'am. *(Exits into the kitchen.)*

GERTIE: I swear, I don't understand your generation. It seems like you kids never like to eat anything, and what you do eat, isn't any damn good for you to begin with. *(Picks up some canned food.)* Take what's in this for instance... *(Reads.)* ...riboflavin, folic acid, vitamin C. Now, let me ask you...who on earth would want that in their body? *(Agent Marcus enters, wearing a fishing outfit and dark FBI-type sunglasses. To Agent Marcus.)* Yes, can I help you?

AGENT MARCUS: Yes, I'm a typical fisherman looking for a good spot to fish. I was wondering if you might be of assistance.

GERTIE: Oh, sure, we've got plenty of good spots around Little Lump. *(Grabs a fishing map.)* Here's a fishing map that my late husband made before his unfortunate passing. *(Notices something on the map.)* Oh, hold on a second and let me clean it up for you.

*(Gertie wipes it down and hands the map to Agent Marcus.)*

AGENT MARCUS: Why, thank—

GERTIE: \$5.50.

AGENT MARCUS: Excuse me?

GERTIE: The map...it's \$5.50 plus tax, which brings it to—oh, hell, give me six and we'll call it even.

*(Grace enters.)*

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GRACE: Now, Gertie, we really need to talk about this town meeting.

GERTIE: Now, Grace, I told you before...we are not using my place of business to hold a town meeting every time you hear something strange on that old Army surplus radio of yours.

GRACE: But this is—

GERTIE: I know, "hot stuff." Well, just do everyone a favor and throw some cool water on it and leave it alone. By the way, who's running the radio station right now?

GRACE: I just told Loretta to throw in a tape of an old broadcast. The audience will never know the difference. *(Turns the radio on.)* See. *(Radio is playing an old broadcast. On the radio, voiceover.)* "This is Grace Kelly reporting during one of the worse rainstorms that Little Lump has seen in decades—" *(Turns the radio off. Everyone is looking outside because it's obviously not raining.)* I'm sure no one will notice.

*(Payphone rings. Gertie answers it.)*

GERTIE: *(Into phone.)* Yeah?...Raingear is out in the garage next to the workbench but— *(Stops talking as the other person on the phone has clearly hung up. Hangs up.)*

GRACE: So about that meeting—

GERTIE: Grace Kelly, I try to live by what the Good Book tells me, and for the most part, I think I'm successful. But if you don't stop bugging me about those damn messages you keep hearing...I swear on high, I'm going to use that Good Book to smack you so hard, you'll see the Second Coming, so help me if I don't. *(To Agent Marcus.)* Now, about that map. That will be eight dollars even.

AGENT MARCUS: You said six dollars a minute ago.

GERTIE: Well, inflation is a hardship we must all endure, now, ain't it? *(Agent Marcus gives her a \$10 bill. Gertie takes it to the register.)* Okay, and out of ten dollars your change is— *(Opens the register to discover there is no money in it.)* Well, we

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seem to be out of money at the moment. *(Hands him a can of baked beans.)* But here's a \$2 dollar can of baked beans to help you on your fishing trip...bringing the total to ten dollars, thus concluding this transaction. Thank you for shopping at Aunt Gertie's Gas 'n' Sip, and please have a pleasant day.

*(Gertie closes the cash register. Pie enters.)*

PIE: Gertie, you got any change? I've got to call the Sheriff.

GERTIE: What on earth for?

PIE: Damn kids got into my fields last night and messed up my crops. Circles all over the place.

GRACE: See, this is exactly why I want a town meeting.

PIE: Grace, don't give me any of that government conspiracy crap today. I'm not in the mood for it.

GRACE: But I've got a recording of a top-level official making plans that involve Little Lump.

PIE: Just like that recording of that bingo match you played for us last week?

GRACE: That wasn't a bingo match, it was —

PIE: Yes, yes, I know. It was someone sending coded messages into outer space. Gertie, you got that change for the phone or what?

GERTIE: As a matter of fact, I don't.

PIE: Gertie, how do you survive with that being your only phone?

GERTIE: Well, I don't seem to have a problem with it at all. It's everyone else who gets their Underoos in a twist about it.

*(Jimmy enters from the kitchen eating a sandwich.)*

JIMMY: Hey, Uncle Pie, I thought I heard you out here.

PIE: Hey, Jimmy, I thought you were over at the cotton gin helping your pa.

JIMMY: I was...but he had me deliver a package to Aunt Gertie.



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PIE: *(To Gertie.)* You're not still having your religious crap delivered over there, are you?

GERTIE: Just because I heard the calling and you didn't, doesn't give you the right to mock me. Besides, I'm part owner of that cotton gin, so I'll have whatever I want delivered there.

PIE: All I know is if you burn the eyebrows off of any more workers, then Sheriff Buckley is going to confiscate all that stuff.

GERTIE: There were warning labels on the boxes, for crying out loud. Doesn't anyone know how to read?

PIE: Jimmy, you wouldn't happen to have any change on you? I need to use the phone.

JIMMY: Yeah, sure.

*(Jimmy hands Pie coins for the payphone. Pie calls the sheriff's office.)*

PIE: *(Into phone.)* Mable, it's Pie. I need Sheriff Buckley to come by my farm...Pie, Mable! It's Pie!...Damn it, Mable, would you turn up your hearing aid? I need Sheriff Buckley to come by my farm to look at some circles...No, not for fun. Someone vandalized my crops. Mable, Mable, Mable, just tell the Sheriff to drop by Gertie's, so that I can talk to him...This is Pie, Mable! Pie! Thank you *(Hangs up.)* Gertie, you got a cool one back there?

GERTIE: If by "cool one" you are referring to soda pop or water, then, yes, I do.

PIE: I mean a cool beer and you know that, woman.

GERTIE: Pie, you know, ever since the Sheriff found you-know-what out back that I'm not allowed to have any kind of alcohol on the premises.

PIE: I don't see what the big deal was. That old burnt-up thing wasn't even yours. It was your husband's.

GERTIE: It was, God bless his soul, but the Sheriff got a bee in his bonnet about it and here we all are.

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JIMMY: If you ask me, the man was just trying to make a big splash after the election to try to get everyone to forget he's also the town's dry cleaner.

GERTIE: Well, no one did ask you, so please stop with that. And while we're on the subject, would you please ask your father to stop referring to the sheriff as "Sheriff Fluff 'n' Fold." He's probably the reason that man was snooping behind my place to begin with. *(Everyone except Gertie giggles.)* Oh, ya'll think that's funny, do you? Well, let me remind everyone here that making fun of people—while, granted, can be extremely humorous—is also very hurtful. Isn't that so, Grace "My Mother Really Wanted a Girl" Kelly?

GRACE: Point taken.

ELROY: *(Offstage, calls.)* Momma! Momma!

*(Gertie goes to the front door.)*

GERTIE: What is it, baby?

ELROY: *(Offstage.)* The rain's too thick, I can't see where I'm going.

GERTIE: Baby, the reason you can't see anything is because you got your jacket on backwards and the hood is covering your head. Get in here before you kill yourself.

ELROY: *(Offstage.)* Okay.

*(A loud thud is heard as Elroy clearly misses the front door and hits the side of the building. Gertie goes out and picks up Elroy. Elroy is crying.)*

GERTIE: *(Offstage.)* Aw, are you okay?

*(Gertie brings Elroy in through the front door. Elroy is crying.)*

ELROY: I hurted myself and it hurt really bad.

GERTIE: Well, let Momma take a look and see if you did any damage.

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PIE: Are you talking about him...or the wall?

GERTIE: *(Admonishingly.)* Pie!

PIE: What? Am I wrong?

GERTIE: *(To Elroy.)* It's okay, baby, you are what God made you: a moron. But I love you anyway. Go in the back and get yourself something to eat.

ELROY: Okay, thanks, Momma. *(Runs into the kitchen.)*

GERTIE: But take off that raincoat before you cause— *(Sound of dishes crashing to the ground.)* —an accident. Why do you have that thing on to begin with?

ELROY: *(Offstage.)* Radio man says it's raining.

GERTIE: Grace Kelly, I swear, you are the devil sent to earth to torture me, and a sign from on high is the only thing keeping me from causing you bodily harm.

*(Suddenly, all the power goes out, leaving everyone in the dark. After a brief moment, an ominous noise is heard, the lights turn on and off, and the phone starts ringing. After a few more moments, the noise fades away, the lights turn off, and the phone stops ringing. The power and the lights come back on.)*

JIMMY: Well, I'm sold. Aunt Gertie, I got my shotgun in the truck if you want it.

GRACE: Now, hold on, gosh darn it. This is the very reason I've been asking to hold a town meeting. I've been getting weird reports about this very thing happening all over Little Lump. Unusual messages being heard through people's radios, crop circles, and, now, weird power fluctuations. I think we all know what's going on here. *(Everyone looks at Grace blankly.)* Oh, come on! Do you need for me to draw a picture for you? *(Everyone looks at Grace blankly.)* Aliens!

**[END OF FREEVIEW]**