

Political Incorrectness Skit #1

Space Trek

Kevin Lee

Performers x 4

Marcus
Derrick
Pro. Mann
Other

(Marcus is looking around, when Derrick approaches him.)

Der. "You're new here aren't you?"

Mar. "Yes I am...And I'm a bit lost."

Der. "It is a real rabbit warren...Come on...I'll show you around."

Mar. "Thanks...That's kind of you...I'm Marcus."

Der. "I'm Derrick."

Mar. "Pleased to meet you Derrick...So what do you study here?"

Der. "Alien Civilizations."

Mar. "As in outer space?"

Der. "Yes...But the formal title is, The Diversity of Extra-Terrestrial Life Forms in Outer Space, and on Earth."

Mar. "That's a mouthful...You should get a Degree just for being able to say it."

Der. (Smiling.) "We do!"

Mar. "Alien Life forms?"

Der. "Yes."

Mar. "But we haven't found any yet...Have we?"

Der. "Yes...Hundreds of different Civilizations."

Mar. "Hundreds?"

Der. "Yes...Just watch Space Trek, there are so many on there, and..."

Mar. "But, Space Trek is Science Fiction...Those Creatures aren't real...They don't actually exist."

Der. "That is so 20th Century...Things don't have to be real, to be relevant."

Mar. "Not in your world obviously...Wherever that may be?"

Der. "FY.I. Mister...Everyone doing the Alien Course gets to create their own Alien Civilization...And it gets representation at the United Nations."

Mar. "Really?"

Der. "Yes, really...And the one who created them gets to be the Ambassador representing them...Which is me."

Mar. "I hope you're joking?"

Der. "I'm not!"

Mar. "So, you're going to represent them...Even though they don't exist?"

Der. "They do exist...I've already created them."

Mar. "Isn't that like counterfeiting money?...I mean pretending something's real, when it isn't?"

Der. "My Civilization are so powerful, they could wipe out the whole Human race with just one match!"

Mar. "How?...Burn all the toilet paper?"

Der. "Not impressed."

Mar. "I was only joking."

Der. "Here comes Professor Mann, Dean of the Faculty....Professor, This is Marcus...He's new here."

Mann. "Hello Marcus...And welcome here."

Mar. "Thank you Sir."

(Derrick and Mann both gasp).

Der. "The Professor is not a 'Sir'."

Mar. "Sorry...Mam?"

(Both gasp again.)

Mar. "What?"

Der. "Denial?"

Mar. "I only said..."

Mann. "Don't say it again...Don't even think it!...I'm going to report this to Professor Clarke, right now." (Leaves.)

Der. "You are so insensitive!"

Mar. "Who is Professor Clarke?"

Der. "Professor of Gender studies...You've really done it now!"

Mar. "Done what?"

Der. "And still in denial."

Mar. "But, I don't know what I've done?"

Der. "The Professor is not a 'Sir' or a 'Mam,'...The Professor is between Genders at the moment."

Mar. "Does the Professor stand up, or sit down?...That must answer the question?"

Der. "As Hamlet said so well... 'To be, or not to be, that is the question,'...And it's still the question with the Professor."

Mar. "As I said..."

Der. "You are totally insensitive to anyone's feelings!...Male and female are social constructs forced on children by their ill-informed parents....Children shouldn't have parents."

Mar. "You think so?...Then where will babies come from?...Outer space?"

Der. (Shaking his head.) "Thank you for nothing...The Professor is going to report this to Professor Clarke now...And the whole Uni' will have to be closed down for a week, while we all have therapy...Because of what you did!"

Mar. "Therapy?...I only said..."

Der. "Shut up."

Mar. "Is Professor Clarke a Mister or a Missus?"

Der. "Professor Clarke is Gender fluid...So what he/she has chosen to be today, we will find out when we get to class...If we do?"

Mar. "Again...Does he/she stand up, or sit down?"

Oth. (Approaches.) "What's wrong?"

Der. "Marcus is wrong...He called Professor Mann 'Sir.'"

Oth. "I should punch your face in...What a sadistic, egotistical monster you are."

Mar. "I only said..."

Oth. and Der. "Shut up!"

Mar. "Okay. Okay...I won't ask anyone if they're male or female again...I'll ask them if they stand up, or sit down."

Der. "Oh!"

Mar. "What?...How do I know if I should open the door for them, or not?"

Oth. "Open the door?...This is the 21st Century...Not the 18th Century!"

Mar. "I know that...But people are still the same."

Der. "I don't believe this...What a Hillbilly...I hope I never have the misfortune to meet you again...Goodbye."

(Oth. And Der. Leave).

Mar. "Goodbye to you too...What did I say?...It isn't an Alien Civilization, but they speak an Alien language." (Turns and walks off.)

End

Narrator. “So, things don't have to be 'real' to be relevant?...They can be 'unreal' and still be just as relevant?...And an Alien Civilisation that someone dreams up, can have an Ambassador to represent them, so they don't get exploited?...Hmmm, who would have thought?...What about characters in a book?...Do they get protection, so they don't get abused, or made fun of, by the Author?...Even if it is a humorous book, are there limits to humour, so the character doesn't get offended? What if the Author has a character killed?...We're told by Liberals today, that a word does just as much harm as a sword, so does that mean the Author is a murderer?.....No. It simply means, that in this fairytale age of, make up what you want and that is your reality, a man is a man as long as he wants to be a man. But if he decides he's now a two year old girl named Marilyn, you had better agree with his (faked) delusion, or the Liberal Vigilante Squads will hunt you down, and shame you to death, real or imagined. Hmmm, does that mean I can be the real Batman, and no-one can doubt it? Yep! And can I be the real Robert Redford?...Of course I can. I can be whoever I want. Then goodbye everyone, I'm off to begin my new life.”

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