

Lights up on one king-sized bed split down the middle by lighting and different sheets. Each side is a different version of the Terra bedroom, one Earth, one Alien.

On the "Alien" side, Jeff and Alien Susan are sitting up reading, which on this planet means holding a clear, quarter-size disc up to one eye.

On the "Earth" side of the bed, Alien Jeff and Susan are in a post-coital embrace, still breathing heavily.

(Note: The two couples are inches apart but light years away, never touching or acknowledging the other couple.)

ALIEN SUSAN
This is fascinating.

JEFF
I know.

SUSAN
That was awesome.

ALIEN JEFF
I know.

ALIEN SUSAN
I had no idea that William
Shatner was Canadian.

JEFF
Did you read the part yet
about his spoken-word album?

ALIEN SUSAN
No! I'm going to have to
scan forward.

*She taps the disc with
her index finger.*

SUSAN
But not that awesome.

ALIEN JEFF

What?

SUSAN

I see that self-satisfied
look on your face. I haven't
forgiven you yet for running
away.

ALIEN JEFF

Oh, right - running away. I
ran away . . . to Vegas . . .
that was me. Terrible.

*Now Alien Jeff is the
one with the cover
story. Having passed
himself off as Susan's
real husband, Alien Jeff
is struggling to fit the
part.*

ALIEN SUSAN

Oh my goodness, I'm so
embarrassed for him.

JEFF

Luckily Captain Kirk realized
his true calling was acting,
not spoken-word music. That
was so 60's, right?

ALIEN SUSAN

Well, our 60's were different
from your 60's.

JEFF

Do you remember where you
were when Martin Luther King
was shot?

ALIEN SUSAN
President King was not shot.
He died of old age.

SUSAN
You never even sent me a
letter or a postcard, you
prick.

ALIEN JEFF
I've been telling you the
same thing since I came back
a month ago, sweetie. I was
in the desert. I was deep in
thought.

SUSAN
That is such bullshit, but my
clitoris is still buzzing so
I don't care. I'm going to
light a candle.

ALIEN SUSAN
I'm going to light a candle.

*Alien Susan rises to her
knees and lights a
candle.*

*Susan rises to her knees
and lights a candle.*

JEFF
You are so beautiful.

ALIEN SUSAN
Thank you.

ALIEN SUSAN
This feels like our
honeymoon.

JEFF

Really?

ALIEN SUSAN

That was one of the last
times I think in our marriage
where Jay-Jeff- where my ex-
husband and I just sat and
talked for hours. Real
meaningful stuff: fears,
dreams, . . .

JEFF

Star Trek.

ALIEN SUSAN

Yeah! Then he won the Nobel
Prize, and . . .I don't know.
Most nights since have really
been less about talking and
more about touching.

JEFF

So it was just a chore, the
uh, even though he was good
at, uh . . .?

ALIEN SUSAN

(embarrassed) Jeff . . .

JEFF

I'm sorry. I don't like to
talk about it, either. I
just want to make you happy.

ALIEN SUSAN

I am. More than I've ever
been.

JEFF
Happy in every way?

ALIEN SUSAN
(*unconvincing*) Sure.

ALIEN JEFF
You are so sexy.

SUSAN
What's gotten into you?

ALIEN JEFF
I should ask *you* that
question.

SUSAN
(*approving*) You're a bad boy
tonight.

ALIEN JEFF
Thanks.

SUSAN
You usually get so
embarrassed when we talk
about sex.

ALIEN JEFF
Well, one thing I realized in
the desert is that I should
stop being such a prude.

SUSAN
Transformation?

ALIEN JEFF
What can I say? I'm a new
man. (*hoping to score points
on Jeff*) Tell me something.
Am I better at it now?

SUSAN

Shut up, Jay.

ALIEN JEFF

Come on, as a scientist, I'm curious.

SUSAN

No you're not. As a man, you're looking for some ego stroking.

JEFF

I understand. I can't really compete with him . . .in *that* way.

ALIEN SUSAN

You don't need to. That kind of . . .the physical aspect is so overemphasized, I think.

JEFF

Really?

ALIEN SUSAN

Yes. I think most women would tell you that.

SUSAN

And besides, you've been neglecting my body for so long, I'm not really a good judge of coital quality.

*Alien Jeff starts
kissing her slowly from
head to toe.*

ALIEN JEFF

I've got a lot of catching up to do.

JEFF

Tell me something, though -
can I compete as a . . . am I
as smart as him?

ALIEN SUSAN

You're kidding, right?

JEFF

I'm still way behind the
curve with the science on
this planet . . .

ALIEN SUSAN

You'll catch up.

JEFF

I was always good at cramming
for tests, but we're talking
about seventy-three years of
astrophysics.

ALIEN SUSAN

You know more than you think.
They've accepted you as him
down at the observatory. No
one suspects a thing.

JEFF

I'm not so sure. The other
day Krukstein asked me to
proofread his new paper on
dark energy propulsion
magnetism . . .

ALIEN SUSAN

That's great. He trusts you.

JEFF

I don't know what dark energy
propulsion magnetism is!

ALIEN SUSAN

You'll catch up. You have
the exact same DNA as him.
(holding up a mini-disc) And
these discs transmit to your
brain at three thousand
words-a-second.

JEFF

At that rate I'll catch up in
seven-and-a-half years. I
can't bluff my way around the
observatory for that long.

ALIEN SUSAN

Do you love going to work?

JEFF

Yes, but-

ALIEN SUSAN

Did you love being on *Nova*
last week?

JEFF

Yeah.

ALIEN SUSAN

You'll catch up.

They embrace.

JEFF

How can you be genetically
identical to her but be so
sweet?

ALIEN JEFF

(kissing her body) So if
your husband and I *(catching
himself)* . . .I am your
husband, me, but you say I've
changed since I came back
from the desert. Yet I have
the exact same DNA. And
you're the same as her, uh, I
mean you - you're still you.
So what changed?

SUSAN

Quit fishin', cowboy. Just
because you gave me a couple
of orgasms doesn't mean
you're Superman.

ALIEN JEFF

I'm just interested from an
empirical point of view. For
example, did I feel, I don't
know, bigger?

SUSAN

When have you ever wanted to
talk about the size of your
cock? Jesus. It's just. . .
the way you move . . .you're
sexier tonight.

ALIEN SUSAN

(putting a hand on his heart)
In some ways, you're even
smarter than him.

JEFF

Really?

ALIEN JEFF

Really?

ALIEN SUSAN

Yes.

SUSAN
Yes.

JEFF
Really?

ALIEN JEFF
Really?

SUSAN
I'm not going to say it
again, so shut up.

ALIEN SUSAN
You want me to say it again?
Because I will.

ALIEN JEFF
You're sexier than my wife.

SUSAN
(puzzled) I am your wife.

ALIEN JEFF
(scrambling) You are my
wife. You are. Of course
you are.

*Alien Jeff resumes kissing
Susan's body.*

ALIEN SUSAN
You are brilliant. You just
don't need to let everyone
know that you won the Nobel
Prize.

JEFF
I didn't.

ALIEN SUSAN
It was luck. He was on the
right planet at the right
time.

JEFF
Or he's a winner, and I'm a
loser.

ALIEN SUSAN
What happened in your life to
make you feel so insecure?

JEFF
Well, one time on
Thanksgiving . . . never mind.
(rolling over) Agh, my back.

*Susan pushes Alien Jeff
away.*

SUSAN
All right, that's enough.
Get back.

*Alien Susan turns Jeff
over to massage his
back.*

JEFF
Uh, my body is not really
receptive to massage. Ow!

SUSAN
Ow! Easy, fella.

ALIEN JEFF
Why?

SUSAN
Because after screwing I like
to do some reading.

ALIEN SUSAN
Maybe you just haven't had
the right masseuse. I am
licensed, you know.

JEFF
I know - ow! - so was my
first wife.

ALIEN SUSAN

There we go. Quit grabbing
the tension, Jay.

SUSAN

Quit grabbing my tits, Jay!

JEFF

Can we go back to just
talking?

ALIEN JEFF

Less talking, more touching.