

Space Rubbish

by Kylie Parry



SCENE ONE: Inside a spaceship. The **CAPTAIN**, **FIRST OFFICER**, and **SECOND OFFICER** are standing round a pile of rubbish.

CAPTAIN. The rubbish pile is getting big again. It's time to use the rubbish blaster.

FIRST OFFICER. I love rubbish-blasting day.

SECOND OFFICER. Yeah, me too! It's great to get rid of all that revolting rubbish!

*The **ENGINEER** comes in wheeling a machine with a big switch on the side.*

CAPTAIN. OK, load in the rubbish.

FIRST OFFICER. Soon it will all be blasted to nothing!

They load the rubbish into the machine.

CAPTAIN. Now, blast away!

SECOND OFFICER (pulling the switch down). Take that, stinky rubbish!

Nothing happens.

SECOND OFFICER. Uh-oh.

FIRST OFFICER. What's happening?

CAPTAIN. Nothing. That's what's happening.

ENGINEER. Here, let me try.

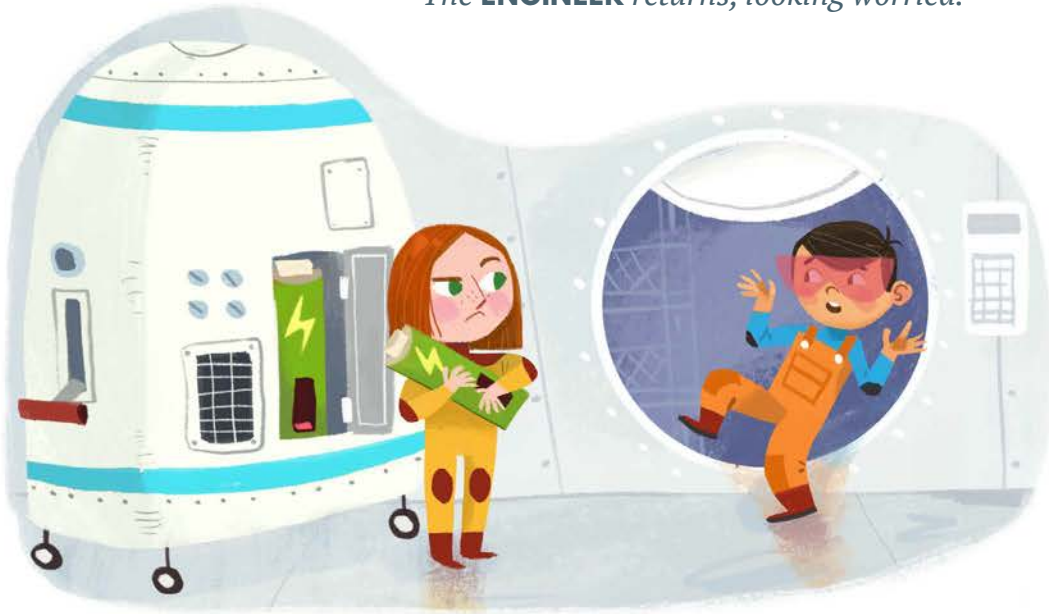
He pulls the switch again. Nothing happens.

CAPTAIN (*looking closely at the machine*). It says there is no power. The batteries must have run down. Engineer, go and get some more from the storeroom.

The ENGINEER hurries off.

FIRST OFFICER. Soon we'll get rid of all this stinky rubbish!

The ENGINEER returns, looking worried.



CAPTAIN. What's the problem, Engineer? You look worried.

ENGINEER. Er ... there are no batteries, Captain. We've used them all.

CAPTAIN (*looking sternly at the FIRST OFFICER*). How could that happen? Didn't you buy spare batteries when we were on Earth?

FIRST OFFICER (*looking embarrassed*). Um, er ... I forgot. I was too busy buying tomato seeds.

CAPTAIN. This is serious. We can't get any more batteries until we return to Earth – in two months' time! If our blaster doesn't work, the whole ship will fill up with rubbish.

FIRST OFFICER. We need a plan. Any ideas?

ENGINEER. We could throw the rubbish out into space.

CAPTAIN. We can't do that! We'd get into big trouble with the S.L.P.

ENGINEER. Oh yeah, the Space Litter Police. I'd forgotten about them.

SECOND OFFICER. We could store the rubbish in an empty room.

CAPTAIN. Excellent plan. Do we have an empty room?

SECOND OFFICER. Well, no, but we could use someone's bedroom.

CAPTAIN. So, whose bedroom shall we use? Would someone like to volunteer?

Silence. She looks around but no one meets her eyes.

ENGINEER. Well, we could try to find some rubbish-eating aliens?

CAPTAIN. Don't be silly. There's no such thing as rubbish-eating aliens.

FIRST OFFICER. Computer! What did people do in the old days before rubbish blasters were invented?

COMPUTER (*sounding puzzled*). Hmm, it looks like people did something called recycling.

CAPTAIN. How did riding bicycles help get rid of rubbish?

COMPUTER. It's nothing to do with bicycles. In the old days, they used rubbish to make new things. They made compost out of stuff like leftover food, and the compost helped plants grow.

FIRST OFFICER. I could use that for the tomato plants in my window box.

COMPUTER. And they used to crush or melt plastic bottles and use them to make new plastic stuff.

CAPTAIN. Wow!

COMPUTER. And they used bits from things that were broken to make other new things.

ENGINEER. We could do that! There's a lot of stuff here that we could use.

CAPTAIN. It sounds a bit crazy, but let's try it.

They each take some rubbish out of the rubbish blaster and walk off.



SCENE TWO. *Everyone reappears carrying things they have made from the rubbish. The **FIRST OFFICER** is carrying some tomato plants and a bag labelled "Compost".*

CAPTAIN. I love recycling. I wove this rug out of old plastic bags.

ENGINEER. I love recycling, too! I melted down some old plastic bottles and made this bucket.

FIRST OFFICER. My tomatoes have never looked better now that they have compost!

SECOND OFFICER. What about my new space hat? I think it looks amazing.

FIRST OFFICER. Now all our rubbish fits in this little bin.

CAPTAIN. Well, Engineer. It's just as well there's no such thing as rubbish-eating aliens. They'd go hungry!

COMPUTER. Attention, an alien spaceship is approaching.

CAPTAIN. Let's invite them on board. We've got lots of room now that we've got rid of all that rubbish.

COMPUTER. The alien spaceship is alongside.

CAPTAIN (*speaking into the intercom*). Welcome, aliens. Do come and join us for dinner.

ALIEN 1 (*from offstage*). Thank you. That is very kind.

COMPUTER. Opening airlock now.

The door opens, and two aliens walk in.

ALIEN 1. Greetings, Earth people. Thanks again for inviting us to dinner.

ALIEN 2. Yes, we're starving. I'd really love one of your tin cans and a few old plastic bags. Where's all your rubbish?

ALL CHARACTERS EXCEPT ALIENS. Oh no!



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