

1 minute play: "Relative G"

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1 minute play: "Relative G"

G_D: Welcome to heaven. Mankind has destroyed itself by war but I'm giving you a chance to change it in this time machine.

(Andrew pointing at Brian)

ANDREW (meekly): But I'm an artist. He's the scientist.

G_D (angrily): I'm still putting you both back in turn 5 years into the past.

(BRIAN falling to his knees)

BRIAN: Will I be given a lab?

G_D: You'll have complete control of the world.

(BRIAN rises from his knees)

ANDREW: So how do we stop the end?

G_D (imperiously): Know this. Some of my creations use atomic explosions to fly between my stars.

(Exit stage ANDREW. Lights off/on or gong sounds to indicate five years later)

G_D: Welcome back.

(BRIAN falling to his knees)

BRIAN: I failed.

G_D: Why?

(BRIAN rises from his knees)

BRIAN (imperiously): The speed of light barrier. Immense G forces! Cannot be overcome by our best theories.

(Exit stage G_D. Lights off/on or gong sounds to indicate five years later. Enter stage ANDREW. ANDREW carries in one hand an empty but clean regular-size food tin-can)

1 minute play: "Relative G"

(BRIAN hugs Andrew)

BRIAN: How did you do it?

ANDREW (casually): I commanded the first ever atomic explosion in space.

BRIAN: Didn't it destroy the satellites?

ANDREW (hesitantly): 90%

BRIAN: Heavens above! What next?

ANDREW: I told the scientists to test again and the last 10% fell.

(ANDREW hands the empty tin can to BRIAN)

ANDREW: Straight away I said put this bang in a tin-can.

(BRAIN revolving the tin-can in his hands and peering into the empty interior)

BRIAN: They understood?

ANDREW: Yes, we made a 50 tonne tin-can.

(BRAIN clasps with both hands ANDREW'S shoulders)

BRIAN: It worked?

ANDREW: No, it splintered into a million pieces.

(BRAIN releases ANDREW'S shoulders and stands back a bit)

ANDREW: I said to them make me one more but weighing ten thousand tonnes.

(BRAIN speaks while throwing his hands into air to gesture absurdity)

BRIAN: Rubbish! That's too heavy to put into space.

(ANDREW speaks while opening and showing both palms to the audience)

ANDREW: So I asked the astronauts to assemble it in orbit.

(BRIAN stands on tiptoes and moves the tin-can in an arc at full stretch)

BRIAN: Eureka!

(ANDREW gesturing a shooting star or fast car movement with one hand – Grease Lightning parody style)

ANDREW: Upon detonation the tin-can left our solar system.

END

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