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K K T.O.P.I.A {cocktopia} . . .

By Hope Weiner & H. Pees Wells

**WHY I LIKE IT:** *Drama Editor JANET EHRlich COLSON writes...Such a fitting title for this devilishly fun radio-inspired and phallically-infused play! Cocktopia could be the most political play in the bunch if, like me, you ascribe to the idea that everything's political depending on context, etc. Oh, take a damn perspective, already! How about that it's political even if you don't believe in alien intelligence and we're talking about aliens from outer space, not just children in cages. The play is absurdly true-to-life, grounded in a futuristic 2020 with a cultural fall-out stemming from a global pandemic and a certain American president who has put all his eggs into a coronavirus relief bill that prioritizes reports of UFO sightings. As luck would have it, we have with us expert Dr. H. Pees Wells, coincidentally with the same names as the author of a certain satire called "Cocktopia," (and I have it under good authority - if there is such a thing – that it was heavily co-authored by the extraordinary playwright Hope Weiner), who is here on live radio to explain a thing or two about aliens so that we can better understand them in case of (the inevitable) invasion. Sure as shit, look out for Vivian - and no, that wasn't just the SOUND GIRL with her extraordinary voice and foley talents, or a publicity stunt by our*

*award winning decorated pilot of a RADIO HOST, or even a robotic killer soup can, but an actual ALIEN, a smokin' hot 7-foot tall woman ALIEN from outer space who's demanding complete surrender, a shakeup of corporate sponsorship, and... revenge. Hey, DR. WELLS - looks like you probed the wrong bitch.*

*FIVE BIG COCKS...er, I mean FIVE BIG STARS*

## COCKTOPIA

By Hope Weiner and H. Pees Wells

### Characters

- Radio Host (Edmund R. Edwardson)
- Dr. H. Pees Wells
- Sound Guy
- Alien (Vivian)
- Robot – A soup can.

**Set/Costume Note:** Just a table. Clothes should be black and white. Maybe a nice tin foil hat for the Glamorous Alien (*Vivian*.)

**Time:** The Present.

### RADIO HOST

Amid a devastating pandemic that battered the planet, in December of 2020, President Donald J. Trump signed a coronavirus relief bill demanding that in addition to dealing with the Kathy Griffin of illness, US intelligence agencies must tell Congress everything they know about UFO sightings through an unclassified report.

Today in the spirit of better understanding our celestial neighbors we have Dr. H. Pees Wells, British Alienologist, and Chairman of Princeton University's Ed Wood School of Science to discuss his latest book "*Space Aliens Are Cool but Can They Roller-Skate.*" We'll answer these questions and more after a word from our Sponsor.

### SOUND GUY

Moms these days are busier than ever, zumba, school from home, possible global nuclear destruction, how do you make sure your kids are getting the nutrition they need during an increasingly imminent nuclear attack.

Well now you can have "*Grandma's Food Basket*" delivered straight to your home. Nutritious, delicious the whole family will say "*thank you*" after a hearty last meal of Hawaiian Punch, Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Cloud Soup and candy bars. *Grandma's Food Basket* find us on Instagram under the hashtag "*Gee Whiz Mom! Doomsday Sure Tastes Good.*"

### RADIO HOST

Ladies and Gentlemen we are interrupting our regularly scheduled programming with this special news bulletin, a flying saucer is currently hovering over our WEEV broadcast studios on the corner of 44<sup>th</sup> Street and 6<sup>th</sup> Avenue in Midtown Manhattan.

Dr. Wells can you provide us with any insight given your extensive knowledge of interplanetary species?

**DR. WELLS**

This is very exciting. Very exciting indeed. We have observed a significant uptick in chatter over our Satellite communication systems, but we did not anticipate contact. This being said, and please do not panic, I would suggest that you turn off the lights, take a Valium, close your eyes and start rocking and humming to yourselves as this could possibly be the end of the world.

**RADIO HOST**

Thank you, Dr. Wells but we are here to be a part of history not hide from it. WEEV is going to keep the microphones on so that that we share this historic moment with the world. Dr. Wells would you be willing to accompany me to the roof on this auspicious occasion so that we can try to communicate with the aliens.

*[Makes footstep noises with Shoes on table]*

**DR. WELLS**

Shhhhh. Turn off the lights.

**SOUND GUY**

*[Makes Siren Noise]*

*Wee Wah Wee Wah Wee Wah Wee Wah.* Attention Citizens, this is the Emergency Broadcast Network do not panic this is not a Test. This is not a Test. If you suffer from any form of heart condition or high blood pressure, we suggest that you take this moment to sit down. The Aliens have landed. Please remain calm and find the closest underground shelter immediately, also make sure to grab a can of refreshing Hawaiian Punch and some savory Spam on your way.

*[Makes footstep noises with Shoes on table]*

**RADIO HOST**

What's that?

**DR. WELLS**

They are getting closer.

**RADIO HOST**

Listeners, from what we can tell the Aliens have entered our WEEV studios. Dr. Wells do you have any advice?

**DR. WELLS**

Use a breath mint.

**SOUND GUY**

*[Starts making telegraph sounds/crumpling paper]*

Beep Beep Beep  
Beep Beep Beep Beep  
Beep Beep Beep  
Beep Beep Beep Beep

**RADIO HOST**

This just in. Similar incidents are happening all over the world. Stand by while we patch into Swedish National Radio where a local fisherman is said to have made contact with the aliens.

Hello Sweden. Do you copy? This is Edmund R. Edwardson Award Winning Radio News Broadcaster from the United States of America, can you tell me what is happening in Sweden.

**SOUND GUY**

Ja. Ja. Hello. Hallo America. Hallo Uncle Sam.

**RADIO HOST**

We understand you were visited by Aliens just a few short hours ago.

**SOUND GUY**

Ja. I vas fishing and there she was the "utomjordingar."

**DR. WELLS**

"Utomjordingar" is Swedish for "Alien."

**RADIO HOST**

Can you tell us more about your experience?

**SOUND GUY**

Ja..Ja...Ja. I vas out at sea fishing for herring. We Swedes we like the herring. It had been a long day on my boat so I was starting to fall asleep. Suddenly the water started swirling like a backwards clock. It started getting faster and faster so I thought maybe the herring were angry so they were farting. That is how the herring talk to each other, they talk out of their asses just like your American politicians.

**RADIO HOST**

Fascinating. And then what?

**SOUND GUY**

And then a giant Smulpaj – you know Swedish Smulpaj? The Smulpaj is in the sky over my boat Beep...Beep...Beep.. a flying Smulpaj. Beep...Beep....Beep...

**DR. WELLS**

Smulpaj is Swedish Apple Pie, very tasty. If I understand correctly this halfwit Swedish Fisherman saw a flying saucer.

**SOUND GUY**

A flying Smulpaj with blue and red flashing lights Beep Beep Beep flew out of the sea like the angry whale that ate my brother Sven.

**RADIO HOST**

And then what?

**SOUND GUY**

A woman like your Statue of Liberty, but sexy. Vell the giant woman came out of the Smulpaj and pointed a laser at my Jan Janson. Next thing I knew - nothing. It was just ZZZZZ. ZZZZZZ. Whoosh. Whoosh and suddenly my manslem was gone.

**RADIO HOST**

At this point we would like to warn parents that this alien invasion may not be appropriate for listeners under the age of 18. Dr. Wells, do you have any insights for the American People.

**DR. WELLS**

It appears that the tenth planet is revealing itself.

**RADIO HOST**

The tenth planet? I thought there are 8 planets, sometimes 9 if you include the midget.

**DR. WELLS**

We lied. There are ten planets if you include the midget, nine if you don't.

**RADIO HOST**

You lied?

**DR. WELLS**

Yes we lied.

**RADIO HOST**

You lied?

**DR. WELLS**

What were you uneducated dimwits going to do? Travel a million zillion miles into outer space and count the number of planets yourself?

**RADIO HOST**

Lying is bad. How could you lie?

**DR. WELLS**

We can say whatever we want. The earth is flat, the moon is cheese. Hey buddy why don't you get on your broken bicycle and check.

*[Sound Guy makes more footstep noises]*

Shhhhh the footsteps. They are here.

*[Sound Guy makes creaking noise]*

They are opening the door...

*[Sound Guy makes more footstep noises]*

*[Alien enters in the shadows]*

**RADIO HOST**

*[Stands Up]*

Edmund R. Edwardson Award Winning Radio News Broadcaster and highly decorated and former elite fighter pilot with the US Airforce. Greetings from Earth.

*[The Alien is a very glamorous woman]*

**ALIEN**

Earthling!

**RADIO HOST**

Edward R. Edwardson Award winning journalist and highly decorated former elite fighter pilot.

**ALIEN**

I come from the tenth planet Cocktopia. We demand that you surrender immediately.

*[Sound Guy pushes a soup can which plays the Robot]*

Surrender immediately or my killer robot Soupy Sales will kill you because that is what a killer robot does. A killer robot kills people. Now say that ten times fast, "Surrender immediately or my killer robot Soupy Sales will kill you because that is what a killer robot does. A killer robot kills people."

**SOUND GUY**

*[as Robot character]*

Beepity Beep Beep Bah Doo dah Wah.

**ALIEN**

Soupy Sales is very talented.

**DR. WELLS**

I knew it, the tenth planet. I thought I smelled you coming.

**ALIEN**

Trust me, you will never know the smell of me coming. Dr. H. Pees Wells. We meet again.

**DR. WELLS**

Vivian.

**ALIEN**

You look older. Tired. A little limp.

**DR. WELLS**

You on the other hand look quite ravishing Cocktopia's absence of oxygen suits you.

**SOUND GUY**

*[Manipulating the Soup Can like a Robot]*

Grrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr.

**ALIEN**

You are correct Soupy Sales the meet and greet is over we are running out of time. I need all the men to take off their pants immediately.

**RADIO HOST**

Excuse me but you can't just land here break into our studios and demand that we take off our pants for you. This is the United States of America the most powerful country in the world, you should at least buy us dinner first.

*[Sound Guy starts singing "God Bless America"]*

**ALIEN**

Take off your pants or I will liquify you with this laser.

**DR. WELLS**

I suggest you all comply. She is very serious.

**ALIEN**

Your friend here knows from whence he speaks.

[Sound guy as Soupy the Robot Beeps]

Show them H *no longer* Pees Well.  
SHOW THEM OR I WILL LIQUIFY YOU!

**RADIO HOST**

Listeners, the situation here is very tense, a magnificently beautiful seven-foot woman from outer space who appears to answers to the name “*Vivian*” and her ferocious robot “*Soupy Sales*” is demanding that all of the men take off their pants. While Lead Alienologist and chairman of the Ed Wood School of Science Dr. H. Pees Wells seems to have some familiarity with the extraterrestrials.

Madame Alien, How do you know Dr. Wells and is it true you are a fan of our sponsor Grandma’s Food Basket?

**ALIEN**

Grandma’s Food Basket is garbage. Fuck Grandma’s food basket if I don’t kill you sitting in your basement and eating that garbage will. As for Dr. Wells, do you want to explain our relationship Dr. Wells? Or should I?

Wait. Let me answer that. I will.

It was the summer of 1969, and the good doctor here was still a university student working on a secret test site in Roswell. My family was on a summer holiday from the tenth planet, and I had wandered out to Bottomless Lake Park when Dr. Wells spotted me. Within minutes I was surrounded by tanks and airplanes and was captured. I was then brought to an underground laboratory where Dr. Wells proceeded to conduct a physical exam with lots of probing. At that moment, I swore to myself if I could ever escape I would get my revenge.

**RADIO HOST**

How did you escape?

**ALIEN**

Easy. Male humans are historically idiotic so I offered him a blowjob and he immediately said yes.

**DR. WELLS**

It was all in the name of science.

**ALIEN**

I told him he would have to untie me so I could do it. He untied me and I was able to run away but before I ran away I took care of Dr. Wells. Why don’t you take off your pants Dr. Wells and show them how well I took care of you.

**SOUND GUY**

[As *Soupy the Robot*]

Ha Ha Ha Robot laughs an evil laugh.  
Ha Ha Ha Robot laughs an evil laugh.  
Beep.  
Take off your pants or I will kill you.

**RADIO HOST**

Radio Listeners, at this point, Dr. Wells is going to take off his pants. He is loosening his belt, now he is unzipping and..

**SOUND GUY**

[Screams]

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

**RADIO HOST**

Radio listeners! I must warn you the sight of Dr. Wells without his pants is very disturbing...

**SOUND GUY**

OH MY GOD! HE HAS A PENIS LIKE A KEN DOLL!

**DR. WELLS**

Which is of course a contradiction in terms because as we all know Ken Dolls do not have a penis.

*(Alien laughs menacingly)*

**RADIO HOST**

It appears that the area where the human male anatomy normally appears has been replaced by a flat coating of silicon with the words "*Mattel Toys*" stamped on it. Listeners, WEEV management would like us to note that this disturbing scene is not an advertisement and has not been endorsed by Mattel Toys.

**DR. WELLS**

That's right, just you wait you bitchy alien, Mattel is going to sue you for this! You can't use their trademark like this.

**ALIEN**

Enough blah blah blah. PANTS OFF NOW! WE WILL CONQUER YOUR PLANET ONE COCK AT A TIME!

**RADIO HOST**

Oh my god I think I'm going to cry....

**ALIEN**

Ken Dolls know their place in the world. Ken is a good boy he knows his place he knows he is nothing compared to Barbie, and unlike those asshole men in all four *Star Is Born* movies they support their far more famous and talented girlfriend.

**RADIO HOST**

But what happens...I mean where does it go. How will we reproduce? Won't the species die out.

**ALIEN**

For centuries the citizens of Cocktopia have lived in peace relying on the tenth planet's bountiful supply of laboratory grown nine-inch Hydroponic Cock. By growing our Cock supply, instead of having to obtain it from men, Cocktopia is a society free from the sexism and neuroses experienced by human kind.

On the tenth planet the movie "*A Star Is Born*" has a very happy ending, literally. But a plague brought on by atmospheric poisons and pollution generated by earth is destroying our Cock crops, so we have returned to this filthy planet to collect fresh seed.

**SOUND GUY**

*[As Robot]*

Beep Beep. Hard On.

**DR. WELLS**

This is dire. A dire situation.

**RADIO HOST**

How do we get out of this Dr. Wells?

**DR. WELLS**

There is only one solution.

**RADIO HOST**

What is it?

**ALIEN**

What are you two whispering about.

**DR. WELLS**

Vivian. If we can provide you one perfect cock and send it to you with the attached man will you spare the rest of humanity?

**ALIEN**

Well it would save me from having to look at a lot of ugly cock. What do you think Soupy Sales? We have space in the Zoo to keep a whole human male.

**SOUND GUY**

*[Animating the Soup Can]*

Beep! Beep!

**RADIO HOST**

We don't have much time? How can we find the perfect Cock?

**DR. WELLS**

You have a deep voice. You are a highly decorated fighter pilot. You're tall.

**RADIO HOST**

Dr. Wells, I'm not sure this is the right time for flirting with me.

**DR. WELLS**

I'm not flirting you cue card reading moron. According to the sixteenth century Chewbacca logic equation it stands to reason that based on your attributes you must have an amazing Cock.

**RADIO HOST**

Um.

**ALIEN**

Your radio audience and the universe are listening. Mr. WEEV, how's your cock?

**DR. WELLS**

The future of earth depends on it.

**ALIEN**

That is correct Mr. Fighter Pilot. If you have the cock I need I will spare the men of planet Earth from doom and destruction. If your cock is inadequate I will have to continue my search and plunder the planet's supply.

**SOUND GUY**

For God's sake Mr. Edwardson show her your cock, it is our only chance.

**DR. WELLS**

I am afraid he is correct. You are our only chance. Unless. The Chewbacca equation is wrong. It does have a ten percent margin of failure.

**RADIO HOST**

Ladies and Gentlemen. Vivian. None of us are born heroes, rather it is the challenges presented to us by life and how we ultimately rise to the occasion that makes us a hero.

**ALIEN**

And can you rise to the occasion?

**RADIO HOST**

Yes. Dr. Wells is correct but not because of his stupid theory, the creepy bastard saw me in the bathroom before the show.

**DR. WELLS**

Sometimes I like to look.

**ALIEN**

Well then our mission is accomplished. Soupy tie up the prisoner and prepare him for the Ship.

**RADIO HOST**

Ladies and Gentlemen, it has been a pleasure broadcasting to you and now as I enter a new chapter of my life I hope that you erect statues everywhere of me, name buildings after me so that everybody can remember the day I sacrificed my life to save the planet Earth. And so I bid adieu. Adieu. Adieu.

*[A Pie Plate (or Plates!) is thrown into the Audience]*

**SOUND GUY**

Hey now that he is out of the picture can I have his job?

**[BLACKOUT]**

**THE PLAYWRIGHT SPEAKS:** *The inspiration for the Play was the surge in UFO articles that occurred in the Spring of 2021 and my love for all things John Waters and Ed Wood. I have a passion for the whimsy that embodies the Alien Films of the 1950's. Contrary to the online world of filters and image consultants the 1950's Alien and Monster Movies were just filled with delight. We need more delight and well what could be more delightful than a planet that features a better and way more user friendly version of the Garden of Eden! Only a hard core Vegan would truly thrive in the original one.*

*My Favorite (Absolute Favorite!!) Playwrights are: Charles Busch, Christopher Durang, Larry Shue and John Guare.*

**AUTHOR BIO:** Hope Weiner is a New York Based playwright whose works have been produced by the Planet Connections Theatre Festivity, The Manhattan Repertory Theater, The Dirty Blondes, and lots of teeny festivals in lower Manhattan. It was a pleasure to work with Dr. H. Pees Wells on this oeuvre.