



Close Encounters of the Nerd Kind

When you were just a small growing child
Your imagination would sometimes run wild
You'd gaze up nightly at the stars
Identifying planets and quasars
Imagine traveling in outer space
With Flash Gordon you would race
Fighting Klingons with Captain Kirk
Discovering the zone where Romulans lurk
Lost in Space 'cuz of Dr. Smith's snafu
Dissecting time with Dr. Who
But kids mature, and so did you
Your fantasies you soon outgrew
You learned to study, you learned to drink
To plot a graph, and fix the sink
College, marriage and kids of your own
A steady job and a big home loan
A nice ranch house out in the 'burbs
Where kids can leave their bikes on the curb
With homework you help, with trains you play
Not the make-believe of yesterday
Bermuda Triangle?! Only in movies or TV
Or the tabloids that in supermarkets you see
Of course that's the way the government wants it
They're shielding the public from the onset
So while you're blissfully unaware
The rest of us will go elsewhere
And sneak a peek behind the scenes
(In other words, you're now offscreen)
Come explore the latest mystery
These events will alter your history

1. On a *northern* wind-swept desert, white men descend
In a vain attempt to comprehend
The anomaly that has the locals in shock
And brings in a man that we'll call Jacques
What does this strange sight portend?
What law of physics did it transcend?
All who see agree it's insane
In the middle of nowhere, suddenly a plane!
Several in fact, single engine it appears
But where's the crew? How'd they get here?

The cartographer is here for an explanation
(Though he patiently explains he's not best at translation):
"Though Spielberg directed, it's *Lucas* you seek
Take the binary highway, like a true geek
At the Lost in Space ranch, you'll want to head east
Soon you'll find your speed decreased
At the sight of silver, a conservative turn
Then over the river if more you're to learn

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2. Flight #19 was found intact
Every plane was there, that's a fact
But how in the hell did they get here?
The crew is missing – who could steer?
And the crazy old man with the sunburned face
Claims he saw lights in outer space
You're collecting all available evidence
But pieced together, the clues don't make sense
Did anyone else see that bright light?
Perhaps on an early morning *flight*?
The team now receives another request The team now receives another plea
Out in the Gobi, they're quite perplexed Come to the Gobi! This you must see
Investigation is the key
To learn the source of this mystery
Seems a ship is aground
Where no ocean or sea is to be found
The trail leads north, so don't delay
Ignorance is not the way
4. You're wife thinks you are quite deranged
But you can't explain how you have changed

Close Encounters Little Clues

2. Monsieur Lacombe is urgently needed
Seems some sand has just receded
Out in the Gobi desert they've found
An ancient ship that ran aground
The lead becomes even hotter:
The ship was found where there was no water!
Though leads are few, you must pursue
And bid your sanity a fond adieu
Mr. Smith will take you back to the binary way
At the wineries you will not stop to play
Chip's middle name will take you there
But you won't have to go up in the air
Near the end of the road, you'll find your boat
That now upon the ground does float
External security keeps marauders out
But you can still figure what it's all about



Close Encounters Script

Barry: Brody

Jillian: Chris

Roy: Chip

Roy's Wife: Heidi

Roy's kids: Ben and Amy

Reporter: Laura

Scene 1: Brody & messy kitchen... Can Chris video this?

Barry is asleep in bed, and wakes up when his toys start going off and books fall off shelf. Starts walking through house in footie pajamas. Vacuum cleaner starts by itself.

Barry: "Clean everything up!" *Blinds toll up and bright light shines in window.*

Barry: "Come and play!"

Barry walks to kitchen, sees mess on floor that trails to the door. Blender turns on by itself. Barry looks up in wonder, then out the window and smiles.

Radio wakes up Jillian. She looks at clock, hears noises downstairs, and gets up, calling for her son, "Barry? Barry!"

Meanwhile, bright light comes through pet door, and boy starts to go through.

Jillian runs up and grabs him by the legs, screaming "Barry!" but Barry is pulled out on other side [we never see the other side.]

Scene 2: Dinner Table

Family eats in silence, and passes food around. Roy still has sunburn on one side of his face. He starts heaping mashed potatoes onto plate and starts making a very round mound. A very BIG round mound.

Suddenly he notices the kids are staring at him.

Roy: "I guess you've noticed something a little strange with Dad. It's OK. I'm still Dad. I can't describe what I'm feeling. This means something. This is important."

Ben: [*after a silence*] "Daddy's a crybaby!"

Amy: "Oh, Daddy!"

Wife: "Okay, that's enough. Go to your rooms. You know, I have tried to be understanding with all this, but...If you think you're getting nooky tonight, forget it. Just keep playing with your... potatoes." *Wife leaves room with kids.*

Scene 3: Either same dining room, or deck. Roy is now dressed in combat fatigues, making a GIANT planetarium out of ... mashed potatoes? Make this look as much like an architectural model as possible – little people, cars, trees, etc. Have *Star Trek* music playing in background.

Roy: [*Screaming at sky*] "I give up! What do you want from me?" *Now he throws something at the sides of the planetarium to give it the perfect pockmarked effect. He sits down in front of TV and starts to cry, not really looking at TV.*

ON TV: [Reporter] "I'm reporting live from the Lark Building, near the site of a toxic gas leak. Students here at SRJC reported noxious fumes late last night, and officials were at first unconcerned, as they emanated from the architecture building. However, early this morning they took the extraordinary precaution of evacuating the entire campus, and calling in the National Guard. The Pentagon has yet to issue an official statement, but theories currently include an ammonia seepage from the blue-line machines, a patchouli spill, the 7-11 microwave burritos favored by one of the students, an "R. Vela", and of course the body odor and gasses of the architecture students themselves, who are seldom seen in the daylight. Administrators are issuing the strongest possible warning – stay away from this site! Coming near the plane-arium, the architecture building or any part of SRJC could have potentially fatal consequences. From Santa Rosa, I'm Stella Elliott, Station LARK."

Roy sees end of broadcast, and begins to laugh.

Roy: "I'm not crazy! I'm not crazy!" *He grabs car keys and runs out of house.*