

# **The Martian Ambassador**

**Jim Adams**

Martian Ambassador D1, Martian Representatives D2, D3, Garda, E1.

D1, D2 and D3 are dressed in peaked caps with the peak at the back, T-shirts, short trousers, no-side white socks, vans or other casual footwear and have guitar cases strapped on their backs.

[1. D1, D2 and D3 shot from the other (non Embassy) side of the road, are walking in file right to left to the British Embassy in Dublin.]

[2. From the Embassy side of the road, D1 faces D2 and D3, all standing. E1 is background.

D1: Fellow Martians. We have now reached the British Embassy in Dublin. It is our intention to establish diplomatic relations between Mars and the British government. Let us now present the Martian salute.]

[3. D2 and D3 facing.

D2 and D3: (put their thumb in their right ear, with fingers raised vertically together, and then bend the fingers horizontally together).]

[4. D1 speaking to E1.

D1. As you can see from my diplomatic uniform, I am the Martian Ambassador. Mars wishes to establish relations with the British government. We require access to the British Embassy building to see the British Ambassador, in order that the process of establishing diplomatic relations may begin.

E1. (replying impromptu is expected to say that there is no access to the building, and it is necessary to telephone to make arrangements).]

[5. D1 facing with British Embassy behind.

D1: Access has been denied! No entry is allowed through these gates. Martian surveillance of this building indicates it contains a huge number of high-powered computers to spy on the Dublin government and obtain its military secrets! But how the personnel arrive to service this vast complex is unknown. After breakfast do they arrive by helicopter to work? Having finished work in the evening, do they leave by submarine through the sewage system? We do not know. Martian telecommunications are incompatible with the British Stowager system. Therefore it seems our mission has failed!

(raising his finger.) Nevertheless, there is a solution! Martian intercepts of the British government indicate it thinks Dublin is in Bulgaria. God knows why this Embassy is there at all. We have enough atmospheric supply in our backpacks to proceed to Bulgaria and establish diplomatic relations with the Ambassador to Dublin there! Let us therefore employ the equipment at the top of our backpacks to communicate with our spacecraft and proceed to Bulgaria. If we are able to see the British Ambassador to Dublin in Bulgaria, we will have succeeded, and diplomatic relations between Mars and the British government will be established. If not, we have failed in our mission and must return to Mars!]

[6. With D1 in front, D1, D2 and D3, shot from the other (non Embassy) side of the road, are walking in file left to right away from the British Embassy in Dublin.]