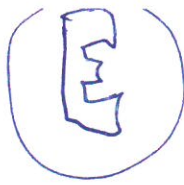


House



= 2 girls

DIANDRA. I mean she has to be *somewhere*, right?

JENNIFER. Maybe she went to visit one of her children.

DIANDRA. Or one of her grandchildren.

JENNIFER. Or one of her great-grandchildren. She's got to be at least a hundred.

DIANDRA. Maybe she died.

JENNIFER. (*Suddenly frightened.*) You don't really think she died, do you?

DIANDRA. She was very old.

JENNIFER. Then where's her body?

DIANDRA. Maybe they took it away.

JENNIFER. I didn't hear about a funeral or anything. Did you hear about a funeral or anything? (*DIANDRA shakes her head.*) I'll bet she's here. I'll bet she's still here in the house and we just haven't found her yet.

DIANDRA. We didn't look in the basement.

JENNIFER. No, we didn't look in the basement.

DIANDRA. She could have fallen down the stairs. She could be laying at the bottom of the stairs with her neck broken.

JENNIFER. Why don't you go see?

DIANDRA. Why don't you come with me?

JENNIFER. Okay.

(*The TWO GIRLS don't move from where they are standing. EACH seems paralyzed with fright.*)

DIANDRA. Why don't you go first?

JENNIFER. Why don't you go first?

DIANDRA. Maybe we don't have to.

JENNIFER. What do you mean?

DIANDRA. (*Calling*) MRS. TUTTLE! ARE YOU DOWN IN THE BASEMENT? HOW'S YOUR NECK?



*(THEY both listen and hear nothing.)* MRS. TUTTLE! ARE YOU ANYWHERE IN THIS HOUSE?

*(THEY both listen and hear nothing.)*

JENNIFER. I think we should call home.

DIANDRA. Why?

JENNIFER. To let our parents know that we're all right. Also we also should let them know that something bad might have happened to Mrs. Tuttle.

DIANDRA. Do you think the aliens took her? *(JENNIFER shrugs.)* Do you think they might be coming back for us?

*(JENNIFER, now sufficiently fearful, goes to the phone and picks up the receiver.)*

DIANDRA. But what should we tell them about how we got in here?

JENNIFER. Well, we rang Mrs. Tuttle's doorbell to pay her a visit and when she didn't come to the door we thought there might be something wrong, like she might be dead –

DIANDRA. Or laying at the foot of her basement stairs with her neck broken and her hearing aid turned off.

JENNIFER. *(Nodding)* And so we opened the door and walked right in because it would have been wrong for us to climb through a window. *(SHE rubs her knee as if she has sustained a bruise there.)* And we came inside only to make sure that she was all right and not because we wanted to try on the funny dresses that she had showed us last week.

DIANDRA. Oh no, no. We weren't here because of the funny dresses.

JENNIFER. And then we got locked in the house because of the space aliens.

DIANDRA. That sounds good.

JENNIFER. That's what really happened. Well, sort of.

DIANDRA. Right. *(Something on the phone table catches her attention.)* What's that little note –

