

House F

A DELIGHTFUL QUARANTINE

63

ROY & CLARK. *(To their new partners, softly and tenderly.)* This is better.

BETHANY & SHIRLEY. Yes, I know.

(LIGHTS do a long, dramatic FADE OUT. We now shift our attention to House "F." DEAN is sitting on the sofa, not sweeping. HE apparently hears SUE on her way in, jumps up and pretends that he's been busy sweeping all the while she's been out of the room. SUE ENTERS. SHE looks at her brother for a moment without speaking.)

SUE. Two weeks ago, Dean, you didn't believe in aliens, did you?

DEAN. That they would come to Earth? To this very town? No, I didn't think this would ever happen.

SUE. And yet here they are wandering around our neighborhood and you accept it all, don't you?

DEAN. I don't know. Yeah, okay. I accept it.

SUE. Then why can't you accept the existence of God?

DEAN. I never said I didn't think there might be intelligent life out there *somewhere*. It's only you Christians who think that Earth is the center of the Universe. But God isn't an alien. God is this great über-being concept that defies all logic. And I'm sorry. I've tried. I just can't get my brain around it. Or *him*. Or *her* – if you buy in to the great "God Mother" thing.

(SUE seizes the handle of the broom.)

SUE. Would you please stop sweeping the floor? There's no more popcorn. You look like a crazy person.

DEAN. Sue. Susie. Susie-cue. Can't I love you and want to help see you through this thing without getting down on my knees and pretending to say things that I don't believe in?

SUE. Yes. Yes you can. (*SHE takes a deep breath.*) Now, let's once and for all declare a moratorium on this subject. It's really depressing me.

DEAN. I've always been a disappointment to you, haven't I?

SUE. (*Tenderly*) You haven't been a disappointment, Dean. Because even when you were screwing up, I knew that you loved me. And right now, I know that you love me more than anything, and you're going to do everything you can to support me. With, of course, that one exception.

DEAN. And we're not going to talk about that anymore.

SUE. No we're not. I'd like some ice cream. I got Cherry Garcia because I know it's your favorite.

DEAN. Which it is. Thanks, Sis.

SUE. There's a nature show on channel four. It's about prairie dogs. They build whole towns.

DEAN. Yes, prairie dog towns, I know.

SUE. I'll bet they have schools.

DEAN. And laundry-mats and barber shops.

SUE. And prairie dog libraries and little prairie dog art galleries.

DEAN. And prairie dog parks where they play prairie dog tennis and have prairie dog picnics.

(*SUE starts to cry. HE puts her arms around her.*)

SUE. I don't want to die, Dean. There's still too much I want to do with my life.

DEAN. You're not going to die, Sis.

SUE. I'm afraid.

DEAN. I'm here.

SUE. It sucks.

DEAN. I know it sucks.

SUE. I mean, it really sucks.

DEAN. It does. It sucks big time.

SUE. Did I ever tell you how much you mean to me?

DEAN. Yes, you say it all the time. (*DEAN continues to hold his sister, gently massaging her back.*) Cherry Garcia. Come on.