

House

G

A DELIGHTFUL QUARANTINE

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*(THEY begin to apply the Jell-O to each other. It is a distasteful job and THEY do not enjoy it.)*

VIOLET. It's cold.

MAVIS. It's been in the refrigerator. *(VIOLET takes a bite of Jell-O from her arm.)* Oh Violet, really! Don't eat it!

VIOLET. I'm hungry, Mavis. We didn't have dinner.

MAVIS. Is that a strawberry?

VIOLET. Yes. It reminds me of my grandmother. She'd always put in a single strawberry and this is the way I like to remember her.

MAVIS. That's a very sweet story, Violet. Now make the strawberry go away. *(VIOLET obediently eats the strawberry. The TWO have now finished the Jello-O application process.)* All right. Take the bowl to the kitchen. Hide it. Put it in the dishwasher. Then come back and lie down next to me on the floor.

*(VIOLET EXITS with the emptied Jell-O bowl – dripping and slipping as she goes. MAVIS lies down in the middle of the floor. VIOLET comes back and lies down next to her friend. The TWO WOMEN lie quiet and still for a long moment.)*

VIOLET. Mavis?

MAVIS. Yes, Violet?

VIOLET. How long do we have to be like this?

MAVIS. Until he comes around.

VIOLET. What if he *doesn't* come around?

MAVIS. He'll come around. He always comes around.

VIOLET. What if we hit him so hard last time that we put

him into a coma?

MAVIS. Then I suppose we can get up and take a bath.

VIOLET. What about your back – I mean, in the meantime?

MAVIS. My back is fine, Violet. See – I'm pulling my legs up to my chest. That takes the pressure off. I could fall asleep like this.

*(THEY lie quietly for another moment.)*

VIOLET. Mavis?

MAVIS. What is it, Violet?

VIOLET. I'm so hungry I'm going to start eating up all my protoplasm.

MAVIS. And what would *that* look like if Tug were to wake up and see that?

*(TUG now starts to come around. VIOLET and MAVIS stiffen nervously.)*

TUG. *(Seeing them.)* What's going on here? *(HE grabs his head in pain – first one spot then another, and then another.)* Oooh! Umph! *(HE gets up and crosses to the TWO WOMEN.)* Ladies? Ladies?

MAVIS. *(Pretending to come around herself.)* Where am I?

*(TUG helps to pull her up to a seated position.)*

TUG. You're in your living room, lady.

*(VIOLET now starts to "come around.")*

VIOLET. Mavis? Mavis?

MAVIS. I'm right here.

VIOLET. What happened to us?

*(TUG starts to help MAVIS and VIOLET to their feet.)*

MAVIS. The last thing I can remember is aliens walking through that door.

VIOLET. They took us somewhere, didn't they?

MAVIS. I think they took us on their ship, Violet.

TUG. *(Tasting the Jell-O on his hand.)* At one point did they feed you lime Jell-O?

MAVIS. Is that what this is?

TUG. Yes. *(HE thinks about this for a long time.)* They probably wanted to take some back with them to their home planet, so they forced you on board to show them how to make it.

MAVIS. *(Tentatively playing along.)* You might very well be right, Tug. I don't remember much of what happened on that ship, but that theory sounds very plausible, doesn't it, Violet?

*(VIOLET nods.)*

TUG. It was apparently a messy operation.

MAVIS. You're right! You're right! The stove, as I now hazily recall, was on the ceiling. Wasn't it, Violet?

VIOLET. And the sink was also on the ceiling, and every time you turned the faucet on, you took a shower.

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TUG. I'm not buying that. *(Beat, thinking this through.)* But I do buy the fact that you were abducted. I've got several knots on my head from where those extra-terrestrial sorry-asses knocked me out.

MAVIS. But you're all right now.

TUG. And you're all right too. And that's the important thing. And don't you ladies worry – Tug Goff isn't going to let them come and get you again.

MAVIS. You think they're coming back?

TUG. Let me put it this way: if they do come back, I'll be ready for them. *(Seeing the mallet.)* Hell, I'll use this mallet on them if I have to. Let's eat.

VIOLET. Yes, Mavis. Let's eat.

*(THEY all start off toward the kitchen.)*

~~TUG. Don't neither of you worry your pretty little gray heads. Tug's here. Uh huh.~~

~~MAVIS. I feel better already. Don't you feel better, Violet?~~

~~VIOLET. I do, Mavis. I do.~~

~~TUG. *(His EXIT line, to MAVIS.)* So did they probe you?~~

~~MAVIS. Twice. But poor Violet they probed *four* times!~~

~~*(TUG shakes his head sympathetically. LIGHTS go out here and come up dimly in House "F." DEAN is watching late-night television with the SOUND turned down low. SUE ENTERS wearing a nightgown. SHE carries a can of beer.)*~~

~~DEAN. *(Taking it from her.)* Thanks, Sis. *(SHE sits down)*~~