

A Delightful Quarantine Audition Packet

Auditions:

October 1st - 6:30 p.m.

October 2nd - 6:00 p.m.

*Please contact Tara Gallion (email below) if you are unable to attend auditions and would like to be considered for a role.

Performances:

November 5th - 7 p.m.

November 6th - 7 p.m.

November 7th - 2 p.m. AND 7 p.m.

November 8th - 2 p.m.

* Please bring a list of
anticipated conflicts
after reviewing the
rehearsal schedule
on the following page.

*Please do not audition if you cannot attend ALL performances.

Contact Information:

- Theatre Director: Tara Gallion (galliont@iecc.edu)
- Performing Arts Office Assistant: Kristi Rawlings (rawlingsk@iecc.edu)
- Performing Arts Coordinator: Rebecca Carmack (carmackr@iecc.edu)

- LTC phone number: (618) 544-8657

*Ask for performing arts department; be prepared to leave a message.

*Face masks or face shields will be worn during all rehearsals and performances.

A Delightful Quarantine -- Rehearsal Schedule

| Sun | Mon | Tues | Wed | Thurs | Fri | Sat |
|--|---|--|---|--|-----------------------------|---|
| 4 | 5 6 p.m. Read through - full cast | 6 6:00 Lucy 6:45 House A 7:30 House B | 7 6:00 House C 6:45 House D 7:30 House E | 8 6:00 House F 6:45 House G 7:30 Lucy | 9 | 10 |
| 11 | 12 Beginning to E | 13 E/F to end of Act 1 | 14 Act 2 | 15 Beginning to E | 16 | 17 |
| 18 | 19 E/F to end of Act 1 | 20 Act 2 | 21 Full run through Curtain Call | 22 NO REHEARSAL | 23 | 24 |
| 25 | 26 Act 1 | 27 Act 2 | 28 Act 1 | 29 Act 2 | 30 | 31 |
| 1 | 2 Full dress rehearsal (with costumes) | 3 Run through (costumes changes only) | 4 Full dress rehearsal (with costumes) | 5 5:30 call 7:00 show | 6 5:30 call 7:00 show | 7 12:30 call 2:00 show; 5:30 call 7:00 show |
| 8 12:30 call 2:00 show Strike | | | | | | |

Character Descriptions

for A Delightful Quarantine

PROF. LUCY FULLER - college professor/lecturer (narrator) Professorial, but with a mischievous twinkle in her eye. (27 lines; 3 monologues)

BARBARA MIDDLEBROOK - "House A" -- age 50. Mother to twins Paula and Kitty; gave Kitty up for adoption at birth, but kept Paula. (75 lines)

PAULA MIDDLEBROOK-CLOBB - "House A" -- age 32. Daughter to Barbara; twin sister to Kitty; has had a challenging, messy life. (18 lines)

KITTY CIVETTE - "House A" -- age 32. Daughter to Barbara; twin sister to Paula; was given up for adoption at birth; recently located birth mother and twin sister; works in purchasing for an airline. (49 lines)

JUDEEN DEMPSEY - "House B" -- age 48. Leaving for a date with Chester when suddenly placed in quarantine; stereotypical "cat lady". (91 lines)

CHESTER BANDERHORN - "House B" -- age 49. Picking Judeen up at her house when suddenly placed in quarantine; a handyman. (76 lines)

BETHANY ROBBINS - "House C" -- age 38. Married to Roy; mother to Diandra; Ms. Knox Memorial High School - Class of 2001. Must feel comfortable kissing "Clark" on stage. (74 lines)

CLARK WIGGLIN - "House C" -- age 38. Married to Shirley; father to Jennifer. Mr. Knox Memorial High School - Class of 2001. Must feel comfortable kissing "Bethany" on stage. (55 lines)

SHIRLEY WIGGLIN - "House D" -- age 38. Married to Clark; mother to Jennifer. Childhood sweethearts with Roy. Must be comfortable kissing "Roy" on stage. (61 lines)

ROY ROBBINS - "House D" -- age 38. Married to Bethany; father to Diandra. Childhood sweethearts with Shirley. Secretly enjoys dressing in women's clothing. Must be comfortable kissing "Shirley" on stage. (63 lines)

DIANDRA ROBBINS - "House E" -- age 11. Daughter of Roy and Bethany. Best friend to Jennifer. Mischievous and curious. (42 lines)

JENNIFER WIGGLIN - "House E" -- age 11. Daughter of Clark and Shirley. Best friend to Diandra. Mischievous and curious. (36 lines)

SUE STADLER - "House F" -- age 28. Older sister to Dean; recently diagnosed with ovarian cancer; responsible and mature. (65 lines)

DEAN STADLER - "House F" -- age 26. Younger brother to Sue; flighty and not dependable; struggling with his faith. (64 lines)

VIOLET BASSEY - "House E" -- age 70. Best friend to Mavis, her sidekick. (50 lines)

MAVIS JEMCO - "House E" -- age 71. Best friend to Violet, the mastermind behind all of their shenanigans. (80 lines)

TUG GOFF - "House E" -- age 20. Burglar in Violet and Mavis' house; has a rocky past and criminal history. (33 lines)


**Location: The present. Willspier, a medium-sized city in central Pennsylvania*

[illegible]

(Lucy)

A DELIGHTFUL QUARANTINE

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~~Following measures:~~ prior to the latest alien incursion they cordoned off the target area and placed each house located therein under immediate quarantine. Let me introduce you to the target area — my very own neighborhood: Susqua Creek Acres. *(The whole stage LIGHTS up for a few seconds, giving us the full picture of this housebound town. Within each home OCCUPANTS now stand crowded behind each door frame, tight duos and trios of frightened people corralled within their tiny spaces. THEY all look anxiously outward. LIGHTS go out.)* Subsequent investigation by scientists at the Center for Disease Control would reveal that the visit of the aliens offered little, if any health risk, and that the gastric distress experienced by the residents of Lyon, Lilongwe and Nagoya was brought about by — respectively — microbially-infected escargot, rancid maize flour, and unsuccessfully neutralized fugu fish. *(Projected upstage: a man and woman in lab coats wearing goofy smiles and exaggeratedly shrugging.)* But at the time of the incursion the risk seemed all too real and the lives of the citizens of Susqua Creek Acres were considered much too valuable to take any chances while the area was being thoroughly disinfected. *(Projected upstage: a picture of a can of Lysol.)* I knew these people intimately. These people were my friends and my neighbors. And I understood all too well what they were going through. For I too was housebound by government decree for those three long days. I was lucky, though. I made the most of my temporary captivity by completing my paper on extraplanetary astroblemes for the American Society of Astrobleme Analysis. *(Projected upstage: a slide of LUCY FULLER, in robe and house slippers, sprawled upon her couch eating ice cream from a gallon tub, and watching television.)* 

(Paula)

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A DELIGHTFUL QUARANTINE

~~(Beat) And when it comes right down to it — I'd much rather
have her than you.~~

KITTY. (Dry) Well that was *kind*.

PAULA. Why did you wait so long — to come looking for her?

KITTY. Because for the longest time I didn't *want* to meet her. I've spent a good part of my life hating her. You know, when I wasn't trying to forgive her. (Beat) So what's *your* theory?

PAULA. My theory about what?

KITTY. Why she kept you and *gave* me to the gypsies?

PAULA. She probably just flipped a coin.

KITTY. Would *you* flip a coin over something that important?

PAULA. No. I suppose I wouldn't. You know, you're just going to make yourself crazy with all this wondering. And I can tell you right now: she isn't going to tell you. Because it's probably the stupidest reason you can think of — like you had a funny baby birthmark or something, and you're just going to feel like crap when you find out that's why. So I say let go of it. You're here. You're in her life now. The both of you should just start fresh from this point forward.

KITTY. And what about you and *me*? Will we ever be close?

~~(BARBARA ENTERS.)~~

~~BARBARA. Of course you'll be close. We're going to finally be a family. After all these years apart.~~

~~KITTY. I think I'd like that. But first I'd like to know why you decided to give *me* away and not her. This is very important.~~

(Shirley
and
Roy)

A DELIGHTFUL QUARANTINE

SHIRLEY. You just take your time, honey. We have three whole days.

ROY. Three days. You're right. *(Looks around.)* I think I'm going to like it here.

SHIRLEY. And I think I'm going to like having you.

CLARK. Wonderful marriage, hmm?

BETHANY. Yes.

CLARK. That isn't what Roy tells me.

(CLARK starts out. BETHANY follows.)

BETHANY. What are you talking about? Clark?
CLARK?

~~*(CLARK and BETHANY leave.)*~~ ROY and SHIRLEY sit quietly for a moment, not speaking.)

SHIRLEY. Remember how you used to carry my books for me in school? *(ROY nods.)* And you would kill spiders for me. I didn't like spiders. *(ROY nods.)* We went roller-skating. We were thirteen. I couldn't wait for "couples only."

(ROY nods. Long beat.)

ROY. I like to dress up in women's clothes.

(SHIRLEY takes a step back. SHE requires a moment to compose herself.)

SHIRLEY. Does Bethany know?

ROY. *(Nodding.)* She does now. I did keep it hidden from

her for quite a while, though. Then about two years ago she walked in on me when I was — you know, in *costume*. I thought she was out. She wasn't out. She was standing right there in the doorway, wondering why her husband was wearing her black Ponte-Knit suit with matching flare-sleeve jacket and knee-length pencil skirt with back zip. I tried to tell her: it was because I'd finally lost enough weight to squeeze into it.

SHIRLEY. (*In semi-shock.*) Roy, I really don't know what to say.

ROY. Bethany didn't either. She found words later, though.

SHIRLEY. It is an unusual hobby.

ROY. But that's the thing — it's *just* something I do. It doesn't have to end our marriage.

SHIRLEY. So you think it's put your marriage in jeopardy?

ROY. It does appear that things are headed in that direction.

SHIRLEY. Are you still wearing her clothes, Roy?

ROY. Oh no. I don't go near her clothes any more. (*Beat*) I have my own wardrobe now.

SHIRLEY. Is it because you can't help yourself, Roy?

ROY. I find your tone slightly disapproving.

SHIRLEY. Are you gay, Roy?

ROY. I'm not gay. I just like to wear women's clothing.

SHIRLEY. What about Diandra? Does *she* know?

ROY. No. Bethany and I agreed that it wouldn't help things to tell her. I keep my "special" clothes out in my shop. In my woodworking shop.

SHIRLEY. Where you make your furniture.

(Diandra and Jennifer)

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A DELIGHTFUL QUARANTINE

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.

(Tug)

A DELIGHTFUL QUARANTINE

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Jell-O? We just made a double recipe.

TUG. No. What were you doing in that closet?

MAVIS. Spying on you. Wondering what you were going to remove from our house.

TUG. I heard giggling.

MAVIS. Well, you didn't come anywhere near the really valuable stuff. How long have you been doing this?

TUG. Doing what? Burglarizing homes? (MAVIS and VIOLET nod together.) A few years. Off and on.

VIOLET. What do you do when you're "off"?

TUG. Sit in a prison cell and wait to resume my life of crime.

MAVIS. Well, you can't be very good at this burglarizing business if it keeps putting you back in prison.

TUG. Look, lady, that really isn't any of your -- (Jumps up.) I'm done here. I'll make a deal with you: you don't report me to the police and I won't kill you. (HE tucks an antique shelf clock under his arm.) And I get the clock.

MAVIS. That doesn't seem very fair.

TUG. I have to leave with something.

VIOLET. We fed you, young man. And we didn't call 9-1-1 when we should have.

TUG. And I should be grateful for this?

MAVIS. Of course. In addition to which, I don't happen to think you're prone to violence. You seem much too nice a young man to want to hurt anybody.

VIOLET. (To TUG.) Although you *could* be a little nicer and not steal from people on fixed incomes.

TUG. This is too weird. (HE looks at the clock, and then he looks at the hopeful faces of Violet and Mavis. HE relents and sets the clock down.) This was one waste of an afternoon.

(Clark)

BETHANY. No I'm not happy, if you want the truth. Are you happy that I'm not happy?

CLARK. Of course I'm not happy that you're not happy. But I'm happy that you could be honest with me. And now I'll be honest with you. I'm not happy with Shirley. And Shirley isn't happy with me.

BETHANY. It sounds like none of us is happy.

CLARK. But we could *be* happy.

BETHANY. I'm not divorcing my husband to marry a man who doesn't love what's inside of me as much as what's on the outside.

CLARK. But I do love what's inside. Inside, outside. I love everything about you. I always have.

BETHANY. (*Pulling away.*) Clark, dear. I didn't buy that from you when I was seventeen, and I don't buy it now.

CLARK. How can I make you believe that I'm not half the cad I used to be?

BETHANY. I don't want even half a cad, Clark. I don't want any fraction of a cad. Roy is kind and loving and generous. Roy is everything that I want for a husband. The only problem...

CLARK. The problem — yes?

BETHANY. Is that he happens to like wearing women's clothing.

CLARK. Oh. (*Beat*) Really? (*BETHANY nods.*) Who would have thought it?

BETHANY. So you didn't know.

CLARK. I didn't know. Jeez. I thought he was having an affair.

BETHANY. He is. He's having an affair with himself.

CLARK. Because you aren't enough.

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A DELIGHTFUL QUARANTINE

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BETHANY. That was cruel.

CLARK. Let me finish. You're not enough for *him*. But you're *more* than enough for *me*.

BETHANY. What do you mean by that?

CLARK. (*Tenderly, from his heart.*) I think I love you, Bethany.

BETHANY. You *think* you love me?

CLARK. I'm pretty sure.

BETHANY. How sure?

CLARK. Ninety percent. (*Beat*) That's not bad. That's just ten short of one-hundred.

BETHANY. (*Her resistance breaking down.*) I always did think you were stunningly attractive.

CLARK. (*Moving toward her.*) And that isn't enough, I mean, to start with? Can't we work on the rest later?

BETHANY. You're going to kiss me, aren't you? (*CLARK nods.*) And I'm going to let you, aren't I? (*CLARK nods again.*) Because we're alone. Because we have three days to be blissfully, uninterruptedly alone. Three days to reacquaint ourselves, to see if the old chemistry is there, to see if —

(*CLARK pulls her to him and kisses her.*)

CLARK. You talk too much.

end

~~(LIGHTS go out here. We shift our attention back to House "G." MAVIS stands over a still unconscious Pig. VIOLET ENTERS carrying not rope, but a large mallet.)~~

~~MAVIS. Where's the rope?~~

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(Bethany)

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A DELIGHTFUL QUARANTINE

BETHANY. (*Into phone.*) Why did you wait so long to call? Do you know how worried we've been about you?

CLARK. (*To BETHANY.*) Is Jennifer there? (*BETHANY nods.*) Are they okay?

BETHANY. (*Into phone.*) Answer me, honey. Is everything all right?

DIANDRA. We're fine, Mama.

BETHANY. Who's looking after you?

DIANDRA. We're looking after ourselves, Mama.

BETHANY. Mrs. Tuttle isn't there?

DIANDRA. No, we think she's out of town.

BETHANY. What have you been doing with yourselves?

DIANDRA. We've been looking at old scrapbooks and eating Cream of Wheat.

(*JENNIFER ENTERS carrying several shoe boxes.*)

BETHANY. Oh. Well, don't break anything.

DIANDRA. Okay.

BETHANY. And stop eating up all of Mrs. Tuttle's food.

DIANDRA. We're hungry, Mama.

BETHANY. Well, remember everything you eat so we can reimburse her.

DIANDRA. All right, Mama. Can I go now?

BETHANY. Okay. Look, baby, call me first thing in the morning. Now find a bed and go to bed.

DIANDRA. (*With a strange sound to her voice.*) All right, Mama.

BETHANY. (*Picking up on this.*) That didn't sound very — Young lady, what's going on over there?

DIANDRA. Nothing, Mama.

BETHANY. You're up to something. I can hear it in your voice. What is it?

DIANDRA. I was just thinking about Daddy. I was just wishing he was here. He'd really like...*(Withholding the obvious.)*...looking at the scrapbooks with us.

BETHANY. You'll see your father soon enough. Be good.

DIANDRA. Goodbye, Mama.

BETHANY. Goodbye, Diandra.

(Both MOTHER and DAUGHTER hang up. DIANDRA and JENNIFER sit down on the floor and start to open up the shoe boxes. THEY will spend the next several minutes trying on go-go boots. The phone RINGS in House "D." SHIRLEY ENTERS wearing what Roy had on the first time we met him. ROY follows her out, wearing the earlier dress.)

SHIRLEY. *(Answering phone.)* Hello?

BETHANY. Hello, Shirley. I just heard from Diandra. She's with Jennifer. They're both at Mrs. Tuttle's house.

SHIRLEY. I cannot tell you what a relief that is to hear. Thank you for letting me know. *(To ROY.)* The girls are fine.

(ROY nods, also indicating relief.)

SHIRLEY. *(Cont., pregnantly.)* How are things going with you?

BETHANY. Everything's fine, Shirley. Everything's just fine. May I talk to my husband?

end

~~SHIRLEY. *(To ROY.)* She wants to talk to you.~~

(Sue
and
Dean)

A DELIGHTFUL QUARANTINE

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

~~BETHANY & SHIRLEY. Yes, I know.~~

~~(SUE enters, carrying a broom. She looks at her watch.)~~
~~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.)~~

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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.

_____ end

(Barbara and Kitty)

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A DELIGHTFUL QUARANTINE

(LIGHTS come up dimly over House "A." BARBARA ENTERS, wearing her nightgown and carrying a magazine. SHE goes to the couch and sits down. Instead of reading the magazine she holds it limply in her hands, staring blankly ahead, lost in thought. A few moments later KITTY, wearing an oversized t-shirt as nightshirt, pads in.)

BARBARA. Can't sleep? (KITTY shakes her head.) Neither can I. Come keep me company. (SHE pats the couch next to her.) Should I make us some warm milk?

KITTY. (Shaking her head.) Warm milk just makes me pee all night.

(SHE sits down next to her mother.)

BARBARA. Isn't this cozy?

KITTY. (Dry) It's a regular slumber party. (SHE sniffs her shirt.) Whose shirt is this? It smells like cheese.

BARBARA. I got it at a pizzeria. On one of their give-away nights. (SHE leans over and sniffs the shirt herself, nods.) It's mozzarella.

KITTY. Have you always been nuts?

BARBARA. I beg your pardon?

KITTY. I mean were you born nuts or did you become mentally - I don't know - *deranged* at some point along the way - somewhere along the path of your sad, sad life? I'm just curious. I was just lying awake in bed and wondering what a fortunate woman I am to have found my mother after all these years but how *unfortunate* I am to discover that she's just this batty fifty-something-year-old lady who doesn't

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have a clue what a destructive thing she did thirty-two years ago – doesn't have even the slightest notion that she ruined a life – a whole human life – by her recklessness, by her selfish, irresponsible, thoughtless negligence.

BARBARA. Are you sure you wouldn't like some milk? I can warm it up in a jiffy.

KITTY. (*Makes a "flying right over the head" gesture with the plane of one hand.*) Whoosh!

(*SHE gets up.*)

BARBARA. Please. (*Beat*) I'm none of those things. Not then. Not now.

KITTY. You're every one of those things *and* you're crackers.

BARBARA. Please sit down. I want to explain.

KITTY. *Now* you're going to explain.

BARBARA. Yes. I needed to think of how I should say it. And I needed a time – well, to be very honest with you, Kitty – I needed to be able to talk to you about this... (*Whispers*)... when Paula wasn't around. (*KITTY eases herself back down on the couch.*) And for your information, I'm not "fifty-something." I'm fifty. Without the something.

KITTY. So talk to me.

BARBARA. Maybe I *did* have a choice. Maybe I could have perhaps somehow muddled through. I don't know – maybe somebody might have miraculously appeared on my doorstep with a bag full of money and all my problems would have disappeared. I'll never know. What I *do* know, Kitty, and what you *want* to know is how I could have given you up and kept Paula. Well, here it is: Paula was sick. ~~She wasn't.~~

end

(Chester and Judeen)

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A DELIGHTFUL QUARANTINE

CHESTER. No. But you don't have to. Really.

JUDEEN. I understand allergies, Chester. I can more than sympathize. I'm allergic to yams, beets, tomatoes, certain aroma-therapy scents – I think “tranquility” and “serenity” – they both make me very edgy – and most kinds of honey – especially clover. It gives me hives. I always thought that was funny. Honey giving a person hives. Can you BEE-lieve it?

CHESTER. (*Straight-faced*) No, I certainly can't.

JUDEEN. That was *my* joke.

CHESTER. What?

JUDEEN. “Can you BEE-lieve it?”

CHESTER. Yes, I see. It *is* funny.

JUDEEN. You're not laughing.

CHESTER. I've got a lot on my mind.

JUDEEN. Are you worrying about the aliens and what they might be up to?

CHESTER. No. I mean not exclusively.

JUDEEN. Are you worrying about my toilet? You fixed my toilet. Oh dear, you're thinking: what if all this woman can cook is cod? Here I am trapped in her house and I have to eat her food and I *know* I'm not getting any honey, tomatoes, yams or beets while I'm here. I'll bet it's Mrs. Paul's frozen fish sticks with every meal. Which, by the way, I noticed you hardly touched at dinner.

(*CHESTER gets up and goes to the implied window.*

JUDEEN crosses to him.)

CHESTER. The cod was good. I guess I just don't have much of an appetite.

JUDEEN. Was it because I kept jumping up and down to check on the cats?

CHESTER. No. Well, maybe.

JUDEEN. I'm sorry about the racket. They're not used to having to all stay in one room. And it's such a tiny room.

CHESTER. Yes. I noticed.

JUDEEN. You went into the guest bedroom - with those terrible allergies of yours?

CHESTER. While you were in the bathroom, I thought I might say hello.

JUDEEN. That was so thoughtful! And I'll bet they could smell the cod and I'll bet they all thought you were a visiting fisherman who'd come to tease all of their palates with your fishy wares.

CHESTER. My fishy what?

JUDEEN. Who came out to see you? Patty Paws? Grimalka? Did Debbie Reynolds do her little furry butt dance?

CHESTER. Furry what? (*JUDEEN demonstrates.*) No. I mean, no cat came out to see me.

JUDEEN. All fourteen cats hid themselves under the bed? That's a physical impossibility!

CHESTER. The physical impossibility, Judeen, is that you have any cats at all.

JUDEEN. I beg your pardon?

CHESTER. You say you have cats. I don't see them. I didn't see evidence of them from the cat boxes either.

JUDEEN. You're saying that you don't see my cats?

CHESTER. I don't see your cats. Not a single one. Nor - please take note - am I sneezing and wheezing.

JUDEEN. You haven't been around them long enough.

— End

G3

Violet and Mavis

A DELIGHTFUL QUARANTINE

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CHESTER. Judeen, a most incredible thing!

JUDEEN. Yes, yes, what is it?

CHESTER. The cat boxes -- they're full of turds!

JUDEEN. Oh Chester, honey, you're getting better by the hour!

CHESTER. *(Pointing)* Look! There's a little shadow in the hall.

JUDEEN. A shadow! Oh joy!

CHESTER. A tail. I see a tail! And a paw!

JUDEEN. *(As they rush out of the room.)* Oh Chester! It's like the Cheshire cat in reverse!!

(THEY are gone. LIGHTS go out here. LIGHTS come up in over House "G." TUG is still slumped unconscious in the chair. MAVIS and VIOLET pace in front of him.)

G3

VIOLET. Well, we can't keep hitting him in the head. We might be giving him brain damage.

MAVIS. Then what do you suggest we do when he comes around again?

VIOLET. Perhaps we can reason with him.

MAVIS. Violet, we can't reason with a hardened criminal. He'll also have it in for us because we kept knocking him out with that mallet.

(THEY continue to pace in silence for moment -- both thinking. MAVIS stops dead in her tracks. SHE grins.)

MAVIS. *(Cont.)* I have it!

VIOLET. Yes? Yes?

MAVIS. We make him believe that we've been abducted by the aliens. He'll be sympathetic and he won't hurt us.

VIOLET. How do you know?

MAVIS. Would you hurt someone who had just been abducted by aliens? Would you add insult to an injury like that?

VIOLET. No, I suppose I wouldn't. *(Beat)* So, how do we make him think we've been abducted by aliens?

MAVIS. Well, we can't just say it. We have to have evidence.

VIOLET. What *kind* of evidence?

MAVIS. Well, let me think about this a moment. *(An idea hits her.)* Violet, go to the refrigerator and get that big bowl of lime Jell-O.

VIOLET. Why?

MAVIS. We're going to apply it to ourselves.

VIOLET. Why?

MAVIS. Dear, haven't you ever seen *Ghostbusters*? It was on Comedy Central three times last week.

VIOLET. Oh Mavis - we're going to "slime" ourselves?

MAVIS. Yes and you better hurry. *(VIOLET hurries out of the room. MAVIS goes and stands next to Tug.)* Don't wake up don't wake up don't wake up. *(VIOLET ENTERS carrying a large see-through bowl of lime-green Jell-O.)* Perfect! Now you smear it all over me and I'll smear it all over you.

VIOLET. What parts of you, Mavis?

MAVIS. Well, *everywhere*, dear. Do you really think aliens would be neat about this sort of thing?

VIOLET. And what is it? What is the lime Jell-O supposed to be?

MAVIS. Protoplasm or something. It isn't necessary that we explain it. We just have to look convincingly "slimed."

end