

Alien Child
by
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Cast:

Jonah	sixteen, a bit of a genius
Charlie	his fraternal twin sister, autistic.
Sarah	their mother
Ben	their father
Donna Ravitch	a therapist
Sally	Jonah's friend

Place: a very well-to-do apartment in Greenwich Village, New York. The set includes a living room, Ben and Sarah's bedroom and Jonah's bedroom which has a closet.

Time: the present.

Scene One

(The living room. Ben is on the couch. He seems to be passed out or something. A high pitched scream comes from the bedroom. It could be a small child shrieking.)

SARAH (off)

Ben, I need you. Ben. I need you.

(Another scream. A brief burst.)

(To the screamer.) Oh yes you will. You mark my words. (to Ben.) Ben. Get in here. Ben!

(Another shriek.)

SARAH (Off.)

Ben. Where are you?

(She enters through the bedroom door. She is disheveled. She slams the door behind her.)

Ben! Are you...? Wake up. Ben. Goddammit.

(She awakens him roughly.)

BEN

What? What? I wasn't.

SARAH

Oh yes you were. You got a lot of nerve.

BEN

No, no, it's not that. I just. I couldn't. What?

(Another scream.)

SARAH

Ben. Please. Wake up and go in there. It is your turn. You go in there. I did my time. I tried. I really tried.

BEN

What?

SARAH

Ben!

BEN

Yes, yes. Ok. Yes. Ok. What time is it?

SARAH

I don't even care anymore. I really really don't.

BEN

Don't care what time it is?

SARAH

Don't give a good goddamn about a single thing. Anything. Ever again. Oh god.

BEN

Easy, Sarah. Easy.

SARAH

That's easy for you to say. You were SLEEPING!!!!

BEN

Sorry.

SARAH

GO!

BEN

Going. I'm going.

(He goes in and slams the door shut. Another wild shriek. Sarah sits on the couch and falls asleep immediately.)

(Off.) Sarah.

(Shriek.)

Sarah. Get in here please.

(Shriek.)

Sarah! Sarah, please!

(He comes out.)

Sarah!

(He wakes her.)

SARAH

What? What? I wasn't.

BEN

Oh yes you were.

SARAH

Five seconds. That doesn't count.

BEN

Five seconds? I've been in there half an hour.

What? SARAH

At least half an hour. BEN

Oh my god. SARAH

Come on. I need you. BEN

No, I can't. SARAH

Yes you can. BEN

I can't go in there. SARAH

Both of us. BEN

No, no, we can't do this like this. SARAH

Yes, both of us. Come on. Right now. We have to.
(Sarah gets up and goes with Ben into the bedroom. A long shriek.)

Charlie, honey. Come on, Charlie. Mommy's here.
(Another shriek.)

Come on, Charlie. Mommy's here. I'm here. We're all here. The whole world is here.
(A child's whine. We hear low voices for awhile. We can't make them out. And then another shriek. The door opens. Ben and Sarah both come out and slam the door behind them. They both sit on the couch.)

One of us has to go back in. SARAH

Yeah. I'll go. BEN

No, I'll go. I can do it.

SARAH

No, I can do. I'll go first. Then you.

BEN

Are you sure?

SARAH

Yeah, I'm sure. I'll go first. Then you. I'm the set-up. You're the closer.

BEN

What is that like a Yankees thing?

SARAH

Yeah.

BEN

Yeah.

SARAH

Ok. I'm going.

BEN

Go.

SARAH

I'm going.

BEN

Yeah.

SARAH

Yeah.

BEN

(They are both asleep. Door opens Charlie comes out. She is pristine, she glows, she shimmers in the light, a gorgeous young woman. As she speaks she removes her beautiful wig. Underneath her hair is a mess. She takes off the beautiful dress. Underneath her t-shirt is torn and dirty. Her arms are bruised. She is wearing gym shorts or pajama bottoms.)

CHARLIE

This is not really me. This is what I might have been, what they wanted me to be. This is what Jonah sees. This is what I look like when Jonah tells me stories about a girl named Charlie who lives with her family and her twin brother in a big apartment in Greenwich

Village. This is what I would see in the mirror if I understood mirrors which I don't. All I see when I look in the mirror is a flickering flame, a bright light that blinds me. This is how I look in my dreams, but I never remember my dreams and when I do I have no idea what they are.

(She is done changing. She is a mess.)

This is what you see on the outside. This is what they see, my parents and everyone else. This is probably the real me on the outside. But on the inside... on the inside... it's a lot worse.

(She stands in front of Ben and Sarah. They wake up with a start. **At some point Jonah enters unseen and watches.**)

BEN

Oh Jesus.

SARAH

Charlie. What happened?

BEN

I don't know. What happened?

SARAH

I don't know. Charlie? Did you say something? I think she said something.

BEN

We must have fallen asleep. I think we fell asleep.

SARAH

How long have you been standing there, honey?

CHARLIE

(She repeats.)

How long have you been standing there?

BEN

Don't repeat, honey. Are you sleepy?

CHARLIE

Are you sleepy?

SARAH

Honey, don't repeat.

I need to pee.

CHARLIE

Uh oh. Battle stations.

SARAH

I think I'm sleepy.

CHARLIE

(Charlie climbs on both of their laps on the couch and falls quickly asleep.)

Oh for christ sake. Now what.

BEN

That's just perfect.

SARAH

Well it could be worse.

BEN

Really? How?

SARAH

If *you* had to pee.

BEN

Yes, that's true, isn't it. It could be worse. I feel so much better knowing it could be worse. It does me a world of good.

SARAH

(Ben is asleep.)

Right. Exactly. Wake up.

What? What?

BEN

We can't stay here. We have to get her to bed.

SARAH

Why?

BEN

If she wakes up while we're still sleeping.

SARAH

BEN

Sarah, this is not working for me. Is this working for you?

SARAH

No, Ben. No. No more therapists. No more shrinks. No more gurus of the Undiscovered Country.

BEN

No, Sarah. This is a woman who was written up in Time Magazine. She is supposed to be phenomenal.

SARAH

No, they're all phenomenal. They're all amazing. They're all bogus.

BEN

No they're not.

SARAH

Charlatans. Leeches. Sycophants.

BEN

We can't go on like this. We have to try something.

SARAH

I'm sick of trying something. How about the madhouse? We could try that.

BEN

They would put her in chains. They would down her out with anti-anxiety medications till she's drooling puddles on the floor.

SARAH

Not her, Ben. Me.

BEN

Ok. Ok. But that's what I'm saying. I am losing it. I think I'm seriously losing it. We are both seriously losing it.

SARAH

I don't want to hear that out of your mouth. You cannot lose it. This is the lost and found. This is where it goes when it's lost.

BEN

I am not prepared to spend the rest of my life like this. This has got to stop.

SARAH

Then kill her. Kill her or kill me. Kill one of us. Because I will not let one of those people into my house ever again.

BEN

Then help.

SARAH

No

BEN

A caregiver.

SARAH

No.

BEN

Someone to take care of her. An hour a day.

SARAH

But they don't. They don't care. It's just a job.

BEN

A cook, a housekeeper.

SARAH

No, no servants. How many times...? I don't want them in my home. I don't trust them with my daughter. I won't have this discussion. I will get up and leave.

BEN

You'll wake her.

SARAH

Then I'll wake her. We take care of her. This family.

BEN

Fine fine. Jesus. What about school? She only goes four hours.

SARAH

And she comes home worse. I have to medicate her. If she makes it through the day. .
"Mrs Greenberg, your child is this, your child is that. Come get your child." I'm sick of their talk. Their vocabulary is weaponized.

BEN

Sarah.

SARAH

No. Ben, stop trying to make it ok. Why do you do that? What is the point?

(Pause.)

BEN

Everyday I wake up and say to myself, today is the day. Today there will be a sign of hope, a hint of an awakening and this dreadful disease will begin to relax its grip.

SARAH

Oh please.

BEN

It will flag. It will relent. It will lose its resolve. It will tire of us.

SARAH

Dream on.

BEN

It happens. You read about it all the time. After years of intervention, therapy, training. The Helen Keller moment they call it.

SARAH

The Helen Keller –

BEN

A little girl types Mommy I love you on a keyboard. A child of ten starts to sing a pop tune. A boy of twelve opens a door all by himself and comes to the table, sits down, puts a napkin in his lap and says hi. It happens all the time. Maybe today, Sarah. Maybe today.

SARAH

That's it. I will not listen.

(Sarah tries to get up. Charlies stirs)

Oh look you woke her. Daddy woke you honey.

BEN

Sarah stop.

(Charlie cries out.)

SARAH

Blame Daddy

BEN

Sarah stop.

SARAH

No honey no shhhh. I'm here. Right here. Mommy's here. Always here. You are mine. Mine mine mine. Shhhh shhhh shhhh.

(Sarah calms Charlies back to sleep.)
(To Ben.) Only kidding. Ha ha ha. It is to laugh.

(They sit. Silence.)

I sound like Daffy fucking Duck.

BEN

One of these days something is going to click. Something is going to work. Something has got to work. It's that simple. It's got to.

SARAH

No it doesn't. It could just go on like this forever. Till the end of time. Till we're dead and gone and she wanders out of the house in search of the Lost Chord.

BEN

This woman is a genius. She can cure autism in small children, documented cures, she can reverse it's course in older kids and she can stabilize kids who are out of control.

SARAH

Oh Ben. Wishing cannot make it so.

BEN

You better wish. You better wish very hard, Sarah. Because the next step is we institutionalize her. Once and for all.

SARAH

No. No. You may not use that word, not in this house. It's that word or me. One or the other. Take your pick. You institutionalize her, you institutionalize me.

BEN

We do not have a choice. Look at us. What is going on here?

SARAH

There is always a choice. As long as I am here there is a choice.

BEN

Fine. I am the bad guy. I am the ogre. I am the heartless cruel parent

SARAH

No, I didn't say that

BEN

The selfish self-centered bastard

SARAH

Stop it.

BEN

No, I am. And you are the hero. You are the saint. You are Mother Theresa. You are selfless and patient and understanding and nurturing and caring.

SARAH

Shut up. Just shut up. Oh my god. I think I'm going to scream. I am. I am going to scream.

(She cries out.)

I can't help it. I'm sorry. I just can't help it.

BEN

Sarah?

SARAH

Please ignore me.

(Another cry.)

BEN

Sarah? Jesus, Sarah.

SARAH

There. All better. Wow. Where did that come from?

BEN

Honey?

SARAH

No, all over. All better.

(She starts again.)

Oh Jesus.

(He manages to hold her with Charlie lying on top of them. She calms down.)

Well this is cozy. One big happy family.

BEN

Yes.

(She closes her eyes. She is asleep. Ben watches her until his eyes close. Jonah comes over to the three of them and takes in the situation. He reaches out a hand to Charlie. She wakes up and takes his hand.)

Shhhhhhh. JONAH

Shhhhhh. Charlie

(Jonah helps to extricate Charlie from his parents on the couch without waking them.)

Jonah Jonah. CHARLIE

Come on, bedtime. JONAH

Hand hand. CHARLIE

Bedtime. Come on. I'm taking you. JONAH

Hand hand. CHARLIE

Are you ok? JONAH

Jonah Jonah CHARLIE

Ok ok. JONAH
(He puts his hand on her head.)

How's that?

Yeah. CHARLIE

Good. JONAH

Jonah Jonah. CHARLIE

What, Charlie. Look at me. What? JONAH

CHARLIE

Anisnamewas.

JONAH

Jesus Charlie, it is the middle of the night. You drank them under the table. You smoked them into the ground. Look at them.

CHARLIE

Anisnamewas!

JONAH

Ok. Ok. Come on,. But you have to be quiet.

(Jonah takes Charlie into his own bedroom.)

A story. Ok. Let's see. Uh..... Once upon a time. Once upon a time there was a wealthy man. A very wealthy man who lived on the upper west side. And his name was... James Boneroo, the thirty-third.

CHARLIE

Jamebonaroothirtythird.

JONAH

Yeah.

CHARLIE

Jamebonaroothirtythird.

JONAH

Yeah. And he lived all alone. And he had so much money. He dated models from Victoria's Secret. And he had season tickets to the Knicks. As good as Woody Allen's. He lived in a penthouse with hawks and falcons nesting in the eaves. He listened to opera and his walls were covered with paintings by Picasso and Monet and Cezanne and Modigliani. Seriously. They were. And every night he drank champagne and snorted cocaine and got laid by beautiful women who made no emotional demands on him. He had a perfect life, but he wasn't happy. And then one day a girl showed up on his doorstep and said she was his longlost daughter. So he took her in and she lived with him. But she hated basketball so he sold his Knicks tickets. And she was afraid of birds so he scared the hawks and the falcons away. She played Jimi Hendrix on his sound system and blew out his speakers. His girlfriends stopped coming over because the girl made them feel self-conscious and ugly. He stopped drinking and doing coke because he didn't want to drink alone. He gave up his entire life to be with his beautiful daughter. And he was miserable and depressed. He never bathed. He never changed his clothes. He never went out. He never spent any money. And they lived happily ever after.

CHARLIE
Jonah Jonah. Moralofastoryis.

JONAH
No I'm tired.

CHARLIE
Moralofastoryis!

JONAH
I'm going back to sleep. Go back to sleep.

CHARLIE
Moralofastoryis!! Jonah Jonah. Moralofastoryis!!

(Charlie is agitated. As her arms flail, she accidentally hits Jonah in the face.)

JONAH
Charlie!! Hey!!

CHARLIE
JONAH JONAH!!!

(He opens the door to a small dark closet and pushes Charlie in..)
No, Charlie. In. Get in Charlie. Get in there.

CHARLIE
Dark.

JONAH
Yes, I know but you like this place. Go in, Charlie. Go on. Go in there.
(She goes in the closet. He closes the closet door. He gathers up all the pillows in the room.)

CHARLIE
I need tight.

JONAH
I know, Charlie. Here, this will help.
(He opens the door and shoves some pillows in one by one.)

CHARLIE
(She is very upset.)
I need tight. Jonah Jonah.

JONAH

I'm right here, Charlie. I'm right outside the door.

CHARLIE

Jonah Jonah. More Jonah. More.

JONAH

(Jonah gets in the closet with Charlie and shoves the rest of the pillows in until Charlie and he are wedged in very very tight.)

Ok, settle down, Charlie. You have to settle down. How's that? Nice and tight? Is that good?

CHARLIE

(Charlie starts to calm down.)

Jonah Jonah.

JONAH

I'm right here, Charlie. Now settle down. Settle down and feel all the pillows.

CHARLIE

Jonah Jonah. Don't go, Jonah.

JONAH

I'm right here, Charlie. Just settle down and feel the pillows. You like that.

CHARLIE

Buttermilk.

(After a quiet moment.)

JONAH

Good Charlie. Charlie we need to talk. Something's really wrong. They're getting nuts again. So you have to try harder. You can't panic like that. When you panic they panic. Mom is almost out of her mind. I don't know what to do about her anymore. Ok? They're talking about it again, about getting somebody in here. And you know what that means.

CHARLIE

Buttermilk.

(Jonah extricates himself from the closet without disturbing Charlie, gets her abacus and hands it to her in the closet. Charlie plays with the abacus.)

CHARLIE

Ok so that's.... Ok so that's.... Ok so that's....

(During the above Ben and Sarah have awakened. They come into Jonah's bedroom.)

BEN

What is going on? Who is shrieking like that?

SARAH

Where is your sister? She's not where we left her.

JONAH

She's in the closet. She got upset.

CHARLIE

Jonah Jonah. More!

SARAH

What is she doing in the closet?

JONAH

This is her new thing. She likes it in there.

CHARLIE

Jonah Jonah. More tight.

(Jonah finds a couple more pillows and squeezes them in the closet with Charlie.)

JONAH

She likes the dark. She likes it in there.

BEN

Are you out of your mind? She could suffocate.

JONAH

No Dad I am not out of my mind. She likes the closet. It's the best place for her.

CHARLIE

Jonah!

SARAH

Oh my god. What is going on here?

(Jonah stops them from opening the door. He stands in front of the closet.)

JONAH

DO NOT OPEN THAT DOOR. I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING.

BEN

Open the door, Jonah. Open that door.

SARAH

Let her out of there. There's no air in there.

JONAH

Don't do that.

BEN

Get away from that door.

(Ben opens the door. The pillows fall out.)

CHARLIE

(Charlie screams.)

JONAH!!!!!!!

(Blackout.)

Scene Two

(Charlie and Sarah are alone in the living room. Charlie is slapping herself in the face and on the head quite hard.)

SARAH

No, honey, no. Don't do that. Why are you doing that?

(Sarah tries to interfere with Charlie's slapping. Charlie shrieks. Sarah backs off. Charlie slaps herself again.)

Honey no. Honey no.

(Sarah grabs Charlie's hands and holds them tight. Charlie bangs her head against the wall (or the floor.) Sarah lets go of her. Charlie continues to bang her head.)

SARAH

Jonah I need you. Get the helmet. Jonah get the helmet.

CHARLIE

(Charlie continues banging her head against the wall.)

No no no no no no no no no no no no no no no.

SARAH

Charlie. Look at me. Charlie.

CHARLIE

No no no no no no no no no no no no no no no.

SARAH

Charlie, touch me. Touch me, Charlie.

(Jonah runs in.)

CHARLIE

No no no no no no no no no no no no no no no.

(Charlie continues banging her head.)

JONAH

Charlie please stop. Touch my hand. Touch me, Charlie. Please stop.

CHARLIE

No no no no no no no no no no no no no no no.

(Charlie continues banging her head. Jonah runs to her bedroom but keeps talking to her as he goes and comes back with a football helmet.)

JONAH

Charlie please stop. Touch my hand. Touch me, Charlie. Please stop.

CHARLIE

No no no no no no no no no no no no no no no.

JONAH

Here Charlie here. Here's your hat. Here's your hat.

(He gets the helmet on Charlie's head. Charlie continues to bang her head with the helmet on for awhile. Then she stops.)

I'll get your abacus.

(Jonah exits.)

SARAH.

You are not from this world. You know that? You are not from this planet. I must have been impregnated by one of those galactic beings that exist on another level of reality. Time moves so fast for them that their civilizations rise and fall in the time it takes us to smoke a cigarette or maybe they live in a gas cloud where there is no up or down or here or there, they are all one and it's very ohhhhhmmmmmm and all that or something else so totally alien, but they got me anyways when I wasn't looking, when I was bending over the oven to baste the seder brisket bang bang bang at the speed of light or something like that and now I have this little alien child, well not so little anymore and you just can't make sense of this world, you just can't put it together and live comfortably in your skin. They probably don't have skin on your world. They're all made of some kind of goo or sludge and everything is very melty and swirly and boundaries don't exist there. No surprises. No loud noises. Nobody rushing up to get in your face and make you scream. They probably don't have faces. Or heads for that matter. And they probably don't have walls. Or they would all be *dead*.

JONAH

(Jonah has returned.)

Alien child. Yeah that's very good, Mom. You should write that one down.

CHARLIE

(Charlie gets up and speaks to the audience.)

This is raindrops.

(The sound of machinegun fire.)

This is laughter.

(The sound of brakes squealing and a car crash.)

This is when I wake up and open my eyes.

(A series of gunpowder flashes like old fashioned cameras.)

Here's the thing about the headbanging.

(Charlie bangs her head against the wall repeatedly.)

This is how I know where my head is. Most of the time I can't find my body in the world. So I bang my head. Or I slap my face. So I know where it is.

(She stops.)

Now I know where it is. See I am a lot smarter than I look.

This is my father's voice.

(Sound of a jet taking off.)

This is my mother's voice.

(A subway screeching to a halt.)

This is Jonah talking to me.

JONAH

Buttermilk.

CHARLIE

This is Mommy and Daddy talking to each other.

(A din of voices. Blackout.)

Scene Three
(Sarah alone in the the bedroom. Ben comes in.)

Where have you been?

SARAH

She's asleep.

BEN

She's asleep?

SARAH

She's asleep.

BEN

That's really weird. Must be something wrong with my head. It sounded like you said she's asleep.

SARAH

She is.

BEN

She's in bed or she's asleep?

SARAH

She is O. U. T. out.

BEN

How?

SARAH

I sang he all her songs, just kept singing, and when I got to the end I started over again. I think I hypnotized her.

BEN

Wow. It's only –

SARAH

I know.

BEN

We could –

SARAH

I know. I was thinking the same –

BEN

Great minds think –

SARAH

They certainly do. So. (Pause.) So how does this work? Refresh me on this.

BEN

Well you go like this.
(She kisses him)

SARAH

That's it?

BEN

No that's just the beginning.

SARAH

Well why don't we skip to the middle, the heart of the thing.
(He goes for her.)

BEN

Wait wait wait. What about Jonah?

SARAH

What is that, a sitcom? I don't want to watch TV. I want to have.... I want to have....
Oh come on. Help me out here.

BEN

Sex.

SARAH

Sex. Yes.

BEN

What about Jonah?

SARAH

He passed out reading War and Peace.

BEN

He had fifty pages.

SARAH

I'm not waking him.

BEN

He has a quiz. SARAH

I don't care. BEN

Me either. SARAH
(Jonah enters.)

I just had the crappiest dream. JONAH

Jonah. SARAH

We were just talking about you. BEN

It was really fucked. JONAH

Jonah please. How many times do I have to tell you. BEN

Disturbing. It was really disturbing. I was on the deck of a cruise ship. JONAH

Whoa, Jonah. Don't tell it. Let it go. Or it will come back when you go back to sleep. BEN

I don't want to go back to sleep. JONAH

Yes you do. Go right back or your sleep cycle will get all screwed up. SARAH

Come on, I'll come with you. Just like the old days. BEN

No Ben. He can do it. SARAH

I can do it. JONAH

Ok. Night, kiddo. BEN

Night, sweetie. SARAH

Night. (As he goes.) You were both in it. JONAH

Night. BEN and SARAH
(He is gone.)

So. SARAH

So. BEN
(He reaches for her.)

Wait. SARAH

What? BEN

Candles. SARAH

No come on. Let's cut to the chase. BEN

No let's do it right. Something to remember. SARAH

Why? BEN

Do you remember the last time? SARAH

No. BEN

Neither do I. SARAH

So? BEN
(She runs around lighting candles.)

Put on some music. SARAH

Like what? BEN

You know. SARAH

Are you serious? BEN

Yes I'm serious. It'll be fun. SARAH

Are we going to play that game where I have to wait till the end of the second side before I can come? BEN

So I have a fighting chance, yes. SARAH

Skull and Roses or Live Dead? BEN
(She reaches for him.)

Hey.

What is this? SARAH

Hey get away from that. BEN

Why? SARAH

It's not ready. BEN

Well get it ready. SARAH

You get it ready. BEN

Do I have to do everything? SARAH

Hey! BEN

Hey yourself. SARAH

Stop pushing me around. BEN

Well push back for chrissake. SARAH
(He pushes her down on the bed. Jonah enters.)

Something's beeping in the kitchen. JONAH

Oh crap, my pie. SARAH
(She runs out.)

So. BEN

Yeah? JONAH

So how's War and Peace? BEN

I fell asleep. JONAH

Where are you? BEN

He's ranting about Napoleon again. He's got a real bug up his ass about Napoleon. JONAH

BEN

Jonah! Please. When you say ass or fuck or goddamn, I don't hear anything you say after that. All I hear is "my kid said fuck to me" and I'm all like ahhhhhh!!!

JONAH

Dad could you please not talk like a teenager. Because after you do I don't hear anything you say. All I hear is "He thinks he's a teenageer," and I'm all like "ahhhh!!!!"

BEN

If you'll stop swearing.

JONAH

Deal.

(Sarah returns.)

SARAH

Burnt to a crisp.

(she has a bottle.)

JONAH

Smells great.

SARAH

It's a cinder.

BEN

(To Jonah.) Ok. Go. Back to bed. Come on. Off you go.

JONAH

Ok.

SARAH

Night.

BEN

See you in the a.m.

JONAH

(As he goes.) You were doing something really weird.

SARAH and BEN

What?

JONAH

In my dream. Really weird.

Night, Jonah
(He goes.)

BOTH

What are you doing now?

BEN

I'm scenting the sheets.

SARAH

Hey come on. Could we please...?

BEN

Is it ready?

SARAH

It's in hiding. It's been hibernating. To conserve energy. During the long winter.. Oh. Oh. It's waking up. It's going to be very groggy and disoriented.

BEN

I hear they're very dangerous when that happens.

SARAH

Violent, snarling...

BEN

Wait wait.
(she puts the scent on her body.)

SARAH

Could we stop with the foreplay now and get serious.

BEN

Catch me.

SARAH

No.

BEN

Come on, catch me.

SARAH

No.

BEN

Catch me you lazy slob. SARAH

I'm not a slob, you cheap slut. BEN

Wanker. SARAH.

Harridan. BEN

Neanderthal. SARAH

Harlot. BEN

Butt ugly cavemen. SARAH

Slovenly lascivious nymphomaniac. BEN
(They are on each other. Jonah enters.)

Could you please keep it down in here? JONAH

Jonah!!? BEN and SARAH

What? JONAH

Could you please go back to bed. It's late. You have school. You have a test. BEN

Ok. Ok. But you're --- JONAH

Jonah, it could appear to an objective outside observer that you are expressing an unhealthy interest in your parents' bedroom privacy. BEN

What????!!!!!! JONAH

SARAH
No come on. Come here. We're sorry. We didn't mean... Come here. Sit down.
(As she sits, Ben puts a hand under her butt. She makes a strange sound.)

JONAH
What?

SARAH
Dad and I are sorry. We were in the middle of something.

JONAH
Hey what....? What's that smell?

SARAH
Ummm....

JONAH
Is that you, Mom?

SARAH
Yeah, you like it?
(She squirms, suppresses a giggle, elbows Ben surreptitiously.)

JONAH
Whoa, Mom. Are you serious?

BEN
You don't like it. I bought it for her.

SARAH
Hey!

BEN
What?

SARAH
Ben?!

BEN
What???

SARAH
Jonah we love you very much... .
(She tries not to laugh, but can't control it.)

We really, do, but....

JONAH

Why is that funny?

SARAH

No it's not. It's.... (Laughter slipping out again..)

JONAH

OK. Jesus. I'm going, I'm going.

SARAH

(Laughing out loud.)

No Jonah hey.

JONAH

You guys are freaking weird.

SARAH

Don't wake your sister.

JONAH

Could you please stop having sex in my dreams. It's inappropriate.
(Door closes.)

BEN

I'm gonna pretend he didn't say that.

SARAH

You fucking bastard. That is not fair.

BEN

All's fair.

SARAH

It is not.

BEN

Is too.

SARAH

Is not!!!

BEN

Is is is and is!!!

(They are on each other on the bed.)

SARAH

And that was an awful thing to say to Jonah.

BEN

What did I say?

SARAH

About an unhealthy interest.

BEN

You want him in here? I'll go get him.

SARAH

You are sick.

BEN

You're the one who's inviting him in.

SARAH

Stop it.

BEN

You stop it.

SARAH

No you stop it.

BEN

You started it.

SARAH

Baby.

BEN

Infant.

SARAH

Come here.

BEN

No you come here.

(She does.)

Yeah right there. Oh yeah. Right there.

(They are in a very compromising position . Jonah bursts in.)

BOTH

Jonah!!!!

JONAH

She's not in her room. I think she's under the bed.

BEN

What?

SARAH

What?

BEN

Oh Jesus.

(Jonah gets on his hands and knees and puts a hand under the bed, feels around. He pulls Charlie's hand out from under the bed.)

JONAH

It's her new tight place. I just found out. I forgot to mention it.

SARAH

That does it. That does it for me. That takes the cake. That seals the deal. I give up. I give up. I can't live like this. Get her. Get her.

BEN

Get who?

SARAH

Her her her.

BEN

Ok. Ok. I will.

JONAH

Get who?

SARAH

Fine. Fine. Well that's just fine.

BEN

What if she's not available

JONAH

Who??

SARAH

Get someone else. (Pause.) Please forgive me.

BEN

I forgive you.

SARAH

Not you. God.

(Blackout.)