

AN ALIEN IN HER BED

A Comedy in Three Scenes

By

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An Alien in Her Bed, by Laura A. Ewald - Scenery

Minimal set. Use set pieces (such as window, fireplace, book shelf, door frames, etc.) to identify locations.

Set	Lighting
<p>Sc. 1 & 3 Single set interior – living room of middle-class home, with 3 exits (front door, to kitchen, to hallway).</p>	<p>Sc. 1 & 3 “Normal” room lighting – it is dark outside.</p>
<p>Sc. 2 Car interior. It is after dark, so can be done with chairs, steering wheel and lighting.</p>	<p>Sc. 2 can be done “in one,” defined by area lighting.</p>
	<p>Specials:</p>
	<p>Sc. 2 Driving – rain, street lights, etc.</p>
Props	Sound
<p>Sc. 3 “Alien computer,” mounted in nondescript briefcase. Needs lights, beeps, movement – should indicate some kind of communication device.</p>	<p>Pre- and post-curtain music</p> <p>Sc. 2 Rain falling on car, wipers, etc.</p> <p>Sc. 3 Beeps, alien voice speaking from computer.</p>

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Scene Breakdown

Scene	Sc. 1						Sc. 2				Sc. 3													
	Page	1	2	3	4	5	6	1	2	3	4	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Maggie		████████████████████											████████████████████											
Noah			████████									████████████████████												
Sally				████████████████								████████████████████												
Carl				████████								████████████████████												
Jane				████████████████████																				
George				████████								████████████████████												

An Alien In Her Bed
Synopsis

Today's world is filled with an abundance of U.F.O. enthusiasts-- people who are certain that extraterrestrial beings have, indeed, visited the Earth and will someday make themselves known to us. But how many of these enthusiasts really want their beliefs to be verified by their own personal experience? An Alien In Her Bed is a one-act play about one woman's confrontation with such a reality.

Maggie Washburn and her husband spend every Friday evening with two other couples. Actually, the women head out for the local Bingo hall, while the men stay at home and play poker. At least, that's what Maggie has always thought they were doing.

Returning unexpectedly to retrieve her forgotten money, Maggie walks in to find their husbands huddled around, not a poker game, but a blinking, whirring contraption that, even to her computer-illiterate eye, appears to be wholly alien. Her shock is made even greater by the fact that neither Jane nor Sally seem at all surprised at what they have found.

Maggie demands the truth, but though she has always had a kind of obsession about the tabloid accounts of U.F.O.s, she is not quite ready to hear that her best friends are from another planet-- nor that her husband of almost thirty years is really an alien!

Cast of Characters

Maggie Washburn:

MAGGIE is a fifty-three year old housewife who has a fanatical obsession with the tabloid accounts of UFOs. Except for this one thing, SHE is a rational, average, middle-class American, but SHE is certain that extraterrestrials are coming.

Jonah Washburn:

Maggie's husband, JONAH is a calm sort, under most circumstances infinitely patient with his wife's eccentricity. HE is an extremely talented computer technician.

Carl Martin:

Work mate and poker buddy of Jonah's, CARL is habitually impatient and doesn't get along well with Maggie.

Sally Martin:

Carl's wife, SALLY is friendly and outgoing, but tends to be a bit flighty. SHE plays Bingo with Maggie every Friday night.

Jane Smith:

Probably Maggie's best friend, JANE is soft-spoken and kind, but very firm in her loyalties. SHE also joins Maggie for Bingo every Friday.

George Smith:

GEORGE is Jane's husband. Older than the others, HE is a thoughtful, gentle man. HE is another of Jonah's poker buddies, but unlike Carl, HE likes Maggie a lot.

Scene

- Scene 1: The WASHBURNS' living room.
- Scene 2: The inside of JANE SMITH'S car.
- Scene 3: The WASHBURNS' living room.

Time

The not-too-distant present.

ACT I

Scene 1

SETTING:

We are in the living room of the WASHBURNS' comfortable, middle-class suburban home. Though their house has not seen an interior decorator, it is clean and neat. The furniture is sturdy and timeless in its design. The collection of art work, trinkets and books show MAGGIE and JONAH to be both well-read and well-traveled.

AT RISE:

It is just after 6pm Friday evening. MAGGIE is seated on the sofa, surrounded by her weekly collection of gossip magazines and tabloids.

MAGGIE

(A blood-curdling shriek.)

(JONAH stumbles out of the back bedroom.)

JONAH

Maggie! Maggie, what is it!?

MAGGIE

Th-th-th... N-n-no! Wh-what!?

JONAH

Maggie, Honey! What is it? Are you hurt? Did you get a shock? Sweetheart, what is it!? What's wrong!?

MAGGIE (in a squeaky voice)

Th-th-th-they're coming!

JONAH

What!?

MAGGIE

Th-th-they're c-coming!

(MAGGIE stabs her finger at a page in the tabloid she is waving at him.)

JONAH

Who's coming? What are you talking about?

MAGGIE

Th-th-th-them! Th-th-that's who! S-see for yours-self!

(JONAH finally takes a firm hold of both of her wrists and in a brief frozen moment reads the headline on the front page.)

JONAH

"Soap Star Dumps Rocker?"

MAGGIE

Not that one, you dope! The one at the bottom!

JONAH

Oh. Right. Let's see... "Aliens Escape Siberian Prison Hospital: Head East." Aw, Honey. What are you trying to do, give me a heart attack? I thought it was something really serious.

MAGGIE

You don't think this is serious!?

JONAH

No! For cryin' out loud, Maggie. You're fifty-three years old. Don't you think it's about time you gave up this kind of kids' stuff?

MAGGIE

Kids' stuff!?

JONAH

Well, sure. All this means is somebody got an idea for a hokey headline, set the story someplace remote, then sold newspapers with it. It happens all the time.

MAGGIE

You don't believe it!

JONAH

No. Of course not, Sweetheart.

(MAGGIE is outraged.)

Look, Maggie, even if I did, I don't see what there is for you to get so upset about. It's not like they found some of those spacy guys in your backyard or anything.

MAGGIE

They are headed east, Jonah! We are east of Siberia!

JONAH

Honey, it's a long way from Siberia to Seattle.

(MAGGIE stands stiffly and stares down at her husband.)

MAGGIE

It's not nearly as far as it is from Siberia to wherever it is they came from in the first place, and they managed that all right.

JONAH

Yeah. Okay. But, hey, look. According to this, they crashed in Siberia. They must be lousy navigators.

MAGGIE

If you're trying to humor me, it is not working. (SHE grabs the paper.) Just wait until Jane and Sally get here. They'll at least be willing to listen.

JONAH

Yeah, well, whatever. But in the meantime, you want to please get ready? You know that if you're not ready when the Martins and Smiths get here then it'll take forever, and the longer it takes for you girls to get off to your Bingo, the less time we have for our poker game.

MAGGIE (huffing)

All right, all right.

(MAGGIE EXITS into the bedroom. JONAH puts his hands on his hips and takes a deep breath, counting off slowly to himself as he lets it out. When the DOORBELL rings, HE quickly crosses to answer it. CARL and SALLY MARTIN ENTER.)

JONAH

Hi, Sally. Carl.

CARL

Hi, yourself, Jonah.

SALLY

George and Jane are right behind us.

(GEORGE and JANE SMITH ENTER. GEORGE is carrying a large briefcase.)

JANE

'Evening, Jonah.

JONAH

Hi, Jane.

GEORGE

Brrr! It's freezing out there. I guess we don't have to wonder what it's like to live in Siberia any more.

JONAH

Please, George! Don't even mention that place!

JANE

I take it Maggie's seen the pulps this week.

JONAH

Has she ever. Why couldn't they have said those space men were heading west instead of east?

CARL

East or west, your wife would have had them coming to Seattle somehow.

JONAH

Okay, south, then.

(ALL laugh. MAGGIE ENTERS. SHE wears her coat and carries her purse and the tabloid.)

MAGGIE (calmly)

I suppose you're all laughing at me.

GEORGE

No, no. (HE crosses to give MAGGIE a kiss.) We'd never laugh at you, Maggie.

SALLY

Of course we wouldn't. (SHE elbows CARL.) Would we dear?

CARL

Ugh. Ah, no. Of course not. Actually, we were laughing at your aliens. (SALLY elbows HIM again.) Ugh. Well, I mean, I was. (HE dodges a third blow.) I mean, can you imagine? Here's a people with the technology to travel between the stars, and when they get to Earth, they land in Siberia of all places!

MAGGIE

According to the report, they crashed.

CARL

Yeah, well, even so. With a whole planet to chose from, someplace like Hawaii would've been a lot more fun.

(MAGGIE is starting to fume.)

JONAH

Uh... hadn't you girls better get going?

JANE (firmly)

Yes. Let's.

SALLY (cheerfully)

We wouldn't want to miss any of the early bird specials!

JONAH (Giving MAGGIE a kiss.)

Have a good time, Sweetheart.

MAGGIE

You, too. The chips are on the counter. The beer and dip are in the fridge.

JONAH

Okay, okay. We'll find it. (HE herds the women towards the door.) Win a big one!

(JANE, SALLY and MAGGIE EXIT. JONAH closes the door with a sigh.)

CARL

Does Maggie really believe that stuff?

JONAH

I don't know.

GEORGE

I guess a lot of people do.

JONAH

Yeah, well, I guess Maggie's always had a thing about UFOs and stuff, but she's only gotten this excited since those two T.V. documentaries last month, the ones about those circle and line patterns-- you know, the doodles in the hay fields.

GEORGE

Oh, yeah. I thought they were just in England and Europe, though.

CARL

No, I hear they're turning up in the States now.

GEORGE

Oh, great. That should set off anyone with a little imagination.

JONAH

That's Maggie.

CARL (changing the subject)

Come on. Let's get this thing set up.

GEORGE

We've got plenty of time. What's the big hurry?

CARL

Why put it off? The girls are gone, and besides, I want a beer.

JONAH

All right, all right. Keep your shirt on.

(JONAH crosses to the closet to retrieve a card table. GEORGE sheds his coat and reaches for his briefcase.)

(BLACKOUT)

(End of Scene 1)

ACT I

Scene 2

SETTING:

We are in JANE'S four-wheel-drive car. It never snows in Seattle, or so some people insist, but when it does, it is a mess. It is dark, icy, and sloppy wet outside.

AT RISE:

JANE is driving. MAGGIE sits up front on the passenger side, and SALLY is buckled in in the middle of the back seat.

MAGGIE

You don't believe it either, do you?

SALLY

It's not that we don't believe it, Maggie. It's just that-- oh, I don't know.

JANE

What Sally's trying to say, is that we're not saying it's impossible, just that these particular stories are a little unlikely considering the sources. I mean, on the one hand, you have the pulp newspapers that'll print anything for a sale, and on the other, there are these real honest-to-God phenomena that no one can explain.

SALLY

Jane's right, Maggie. I even think it's kind of exciting to think of the possibilities. I'm just not so sure that we'll ever know with any certainty-- at least in our lifetimes.

MAGGIE

Well, at least you two have some imagination. Jonah only thinks I'm nuts.

JANE

Well, let's just forget it for now, shall we? After all, we've a long night of Bingo ahead of us, and you're on a roll.

MAGGIE

Oh, no!

SALLY
What is it?

MAGGIE
We have to go back.

JANE
Back? Why?

MAGGIE
I forgot to pick up last week's winnings.

SALLY
That's okay, Maggie. Jane and I can loan you enough for tonight.

MAGGIE
No! I mean, it's not just any money, it's that money. Those two particular twenty dollar bills are lucky since I won them. I haven't got a chance tonight without them.

SALLY
Come on, Maggie. Money's money. After all, those two bills weren't very lucky for the people who lost them last week. Be reasonable.

MAGGIE
Okay. Just pull over here, and I'll walk back.

JANE
You are nuts! You can't walk all the way back in this stuff!

MAGGIE
It's not all that far. After all, we walk it all summer.

JANE
Yes. Of course. When it is seventy degrees and light until ten thirty. You can't do it now.

MAGGIE
Why not?

SALLY
Come on. It's too cold, too dark, and too icy. Besides, we'll miss the early bird specials.

MAGGIE
If you let me off here, then you'll still make it in plenty of time.

SALLY

Forget it!

MAGGIE

But I can't play tonight without those twenties. I just can't. I wouldn't have a chance. If you keep going, I'll still walk back before I play.

JANE

Oh, all right. Don't worry. We'll go back.

SALLY (urgently)

Jane!

JANE

If we hurry, we should still be in time.

(JANE mimes driving, turning left twice.)

Good. This street has more sand on it. We should make a lot better time than on the trip out.

SALLY

I sure hope so.

JANE

Don't worry.

(THEY are stopped by a red light.)

Damn!

(Jane drums her fingers furiously on the steering wheel. After a moment, THEY move on. THEY are stopped by a second red light.)

SALLY(anxiously)

Oh, come on! Why is it they only sand the streets with traffic lights!?

JANE

Relax, Sally. We'll make it.

MAGGIE

Of course we will. What on Earth are you so excited about? So we miss a couple of games. It's not as though any of us have ever won on an Early Bird Special.

SALLY(laughing nervously)

Well, there's always a first time, as they say.

JANE

We'll make it.

(They are stopped by a third red light.
JANE looks around then runs it, turning
left.)

MAGGIE(surprised)

You're the one who should relax, Jane. Running red lights
isn't exactly your style.

JANE(shrugging)

By the time it turns green, there will probably be traffic
coming the other way that can't stop anyway. Might as well go
while it's clear.

(JANE continues to mime driving. As they
pull into the driveway, SALLY releases
her seat belt and reaches for the door.)

SALLY

You two stay put. I'll get it.

MAGGIE

Don't be silly. It's my money, and I know where it is.

SALLY (anxiously)

That's okay. I can ask Jonah.

MAGGIE

He'll never be able to find it. (MAGGIE opens car door.)
Don't worry. I'll only be a minute.

(The car door slams on any further
protests. JANE and SALLY look at each
other in a moment of panic before
charging out after her.)

(BLACKOUT)

(End of Scene 2)

ACT I

Scene 3

SETTING: We are back in the WASHBURNS' living room.

AT RISE: The three men are huddled around a card table, but what we see there has nothing to do with a poker game. It looks like a computer of some kind, but even the computer-illiterate eye can see that it is completely alien. JONAH wears a strange kind of ear piece.

(MAGGIE ENTERS.)

MAGGIE

(A blood-curdling shriek.)

(JONAH jumps up to face his wife, pulling off the ear piece and hiding it behind his back. JANE and SALLY rush in behind MAGGIE. There is a long moment of silence during which only the soft whirring and beeping of the strange computer can be heard.)

(MAGGIE speaks very carefully.)

What are you doing? What is that thing?

JONAH (uncertain)

Uh, gee, Honey. What are you doing back so soon?

MAGGIE (tightly)

You didn't answer my question, Jonah!

JANE (softly)

She forgot her gambling money.

CARL

And you brought her back to get it!

SALLY

If we hadn't, she would've walked. We thought we could be back before you set up.

GEORGE

You would have, if Carl hadn't been in such an all-fired hurry.

CARL

Oh, right. So now it's my fault!

(MAGGIE and JONAH continue to stare at one another. The machine suddenly beeps and a voice fills the room. Both the voice and the language are bizarrely alien. GEORGE hurriedly hits a switch.)

GEORGE (whispering fiercely)

Klak tona'ipt mai!

MAGGIE (shocked)

You're aliens...

(When no one responds to her accusation, MAGGIE looks to SALLY and JANE for support. It suddenly registers with HER that they are not surprised by what they see.)

(MAGGIE begins to laugh hysterically.)

MAGGIE

My God! You're all aliens!

(ALL continue to remain silent.)

You know what I mean, Jonah-- those people you've been telling me for years don't really exist! (SHE ends with a shriek.)

JANE

Maggie... why don't you sit down?

MAGGIE

Sit down!?! I don't want to sit down!

(SHE breaks off abruptly and continues in a deceptively soft voice.

What I want is the truth! Are you people really aliens?

GEORGE

Well, not exactly, Maggie.

JANE

What he means, Maggie, is that we're not aliens, technically speaking, because we're all human, but it is true that we're not... from here.

MAGGIE

From here, as in Seattle, or from here, as in the planet Earth?

JANE (reluctantly)

As in the planet Earth.

MAGGIE

Are you saying that all five of you are from another planet!? That for nearly thirty years I've been married to a... !?

JANE

Yes.

(MAGGIE takes a deep breath.)

MAGGIE (in a normal voice.)

Maybe I should sit down.

(MAGGIE crosses to sit on the sofa. JANE sits with her. The MEN remain where they are. SALLY takes off her coat.)

SALLY

I guess we really blew it this time.

CARL (disgusted)

No doubt.

MAGGIE (still calm)

I don't understand.

SALLY

It's really quite simple.

MAGGIE

It is.

SALLY

Yes. You see, well, uh...

JANE

Maggie, the simple truth is that we, all five of us, are one segment of a large research team that came here thirty-odd years ago to study the Earth.

MAGGIE

To study.

GEORGE

That's right. You see, Jane's really a Xenosociologist, and I'm a cultural anthropologist. Sally and Carl are both archeologists.

(MAGGIE looks squarely at JONAH.)

MAGGIE (bitterly)

So. What does that make you, Jonah?

CARL

A big mistake, that's what!

GEORGE (growling)

Oh, get off it, Carl. When we were voting on it, it was bad enough. Thirty years after the fact, it's ridiculous.

CARL

I don't think so! Considering that our careers were just shot to hell, I don't think a little anger is out of line!

JANE

We agreed as a team that Jonah could marry. And, I might add, it was approved by the Research Board.

CARL

Which is exactly why Jonah shouldn't have been allowed on the team in the first place!

SALLY

We never could have accomplished half of what we have without Jonah's expertise in primitive technology, Carl. Even you have to admit that.

CARL

But at what cost!? Five years into it, maybe even ten, and we might have been able to recover from an enforced recall. But thirty years, Sally! We'll all be forced into early retirement, our work will be disgraced, and all because we made an exception to this one simple rule.

MAGGIE

What rule?

JANE

There's a standing rule at the Planetary Cultural Research Institute that all long-term field personnel go into assigned projects with their spouses. It helps to avoid certain intra-team conflicts, and...

CARL (still disgusted)

... And it keeps personnel from becoming involved with primitives.

JONAH (very angry)

You're talking about my wife!

CARL

Tell me about it!

MAGGIE (quietly)

I've always wondered why you didn't like me, Carl.

SALLY (apologetically)

It's not that he doesn't like you, Maggie. It's just that he's always been a little less comfortable with the whole situation than the rest of us.

CARL

With good reason, you have to admit.

GEORGE (Glancing at his watch.)

Well, I suppose we'd better call back and finish making our reports.

JONAH (sadly)

Yeah.

(JONAH sits at the card table, replaces the ear piece, and begins to fiddle with the controls.)

MAGGIE

Wait a minute! Wait a minute!

(ALL turn to stare at her.)

What happens when you make this report?

CARL

We'll be recalled.

MAGGIE

What do you mean, "recalled"?

CARL

Recalled, withdrawn, removed, pulled out... !

MAGGIE

Do you mean to tell me you'll just disappear off the face of the Earth?

JANE

No, of course not. Carl, back off.

GEORGE

There are several means for extracting field staff. They are all aimed at leaving the least number of questions and problems behind. The choice is usually dictated by circumstance.

CARL (growling)

We'll probably be stuck with the Fatal Accident Scenario. A real pain, if you ask me.

MAGGIE

"Fatal accident"!?

GEORGE

It's not dangerous or anything, Maggie. We just set up the circumstances for an accident involving all of us and then make sure there's enough evidence left to give the authorities a positive I.D.

MAGGIE

And that's it?

JANE

I'm afraid so.

MAGGIE

What about me?

CARL

Oh, you'll be all right. You'll have Jonah's life insurance as soon as he's declared legally dead. You ought to come out a fairly wealthy widow-- if you keep your mouth shut.

MAGGIE

But I don't want to be a widow!

GEORGE (gently)

I'm sorry, Maggie. You can't come with us. That would never be allowed.

MAGGIE

But why do all of you have to go?

CARL

Ha! That'll be the day. The Board will never let us stay after this.

SALLY (reluctantly)

You know about us now, Maggie. With our cover gone, the Research Institute will force us to pull out.

MAGGIE

But why do you have to tell them? I'm no threat to you.

CARL

Just knowing about us makes you a threat. After all, you are one of the most avid UFO watchers on your whole planet, and now you have proof that there is extraterrestrial life living among you.

MAGGIE

But now that I know for sure, I'll be satisfied. I'd never tell anyone about you. I certainly know that you're no threat to us. You're my friends.

CARL

It just wouldn't work, Maggie. We can't keep making exceptions.

JANE (sharply)

Why not? Maggie's right. We've been friends for better than thirty years. Why shouldn't we trust each other?

CARL

It's not a matter of trust. It's just too easy to make mistakes.

SALLY (firmly)

So, we'll be careful.

CARL (sarcastically)

Now, where have I heard that one before?

JANE

This is different.

CARL

How!?

MAGGIE

Because if I do anything to give you away, I lose more than my job. I lose my husband!

(JANE crosses to put an arm around MAGGIE.)

JANE

I'd say it's a sure bet.

SALLY

Me, too!

GEORGE

Jonah? You've been awfully quiet.

JONAH

I'm no expert in Research Institute politics-- just a tech specialist-- but all of you must know I couldn't want anything more than I want to stay.

(MAGGIE wipes at her eyes and smiles at JONAH.)

GEORGE

Carl?

CARL

It's inadvisable, unethical, illegal, and just plain nuts!

SALLY

It's also a chance to save thirty years of research, Carl.

CARL (sighing.)

Yeah. You know, you really are something else, Maggie.

(GEORGE studies each face in turn then nods.)

GEORGE

Send out our weekly reports, Jonah. No changes.

(JONAH lets out the breath he has been holding and complies.)

(Pause.)

JONAH

Transmission complete and accepted.

GEORGE

Good. Now, I think we should pack up and call it a night.

JANE

Good idea. (SHE hugs MAGGIE.) Everything's going to be fine, now. You'll see.

(GEORGE, CARL, and JONAH pack up all of the alien equipment into the briefcase.)

SALLY

Don't worry. (SHE hugs MAGGIE.) We'll take those two twenties out for Bingo next week, and everything will be back to normal.

MAGGIE (Laughing)

I'd forgotten all about them.

GEORGE

Maybe you should frame them. (HE kisses MAGGIE.) Good night, Maggie.

MAGGIE

Good night. And thanks.

CARL (shaking his head)

You really are something, Maggie.

(SALLY takes his arm.)

SALLY

Good night, Jonah.

JONAH

Good night, Sally. We'll see you next week.

SALLY

You bet.

(CARL, SALLY, GEORGE, and JANE EXIT. JONAH closes and locks the door behind them. MAGGIE automatically begins to clear away the beer glasses and bowls of chips.)

JONAH

Why don't you leave that, Honey. We can get it in the morning.

Okay. MAGGIE

(JONAH crosses to MAGGIE and takes her by the shoulders.)

You all right? JONAH

Sure. MAGGIE

I love you, you know. JONAH

Well, if I hadn't known it before, I certainly would now. MAGGIE

(JONAH kisses MAGGIE.)

What do you say we forget all this and go to bed early. JONAH

Sounds okay to me-- but let's not call it a night quite yet. MAGGIE

(JONAH grins and hugs HER tightly. MAGGIE watches as HE goes to turn out the living room lights. By the end of the scene, only the light from the hallway remains on.)

Honey? MAGGIE

Yeah, Sweetheart. JONAH

Would you tell me something? MAGGIE

If I can. JONAH

Those reports of aliens in Siberia... MAGGIE

If anyone else was investigating Earth, we'd have been informed. JONAH (shaking his head)

MAGGIE

Oh. Okay. (Pause.) What about those patterns in the hay fields?

JONAH (chuckling)

Senator Doolan's Doodles.

MAGGIE

Senator Who's What?

JONAH

Doodles. Senator Doolan serves on both the Alien Contact Finance Committee and the Noninterference Commission. Somewhere he got the idea for these giant doodles. He calls them his "Primitive World Interest and Technology Indicators".

MAGGIE

Huh?

JONAH

He figures that, on the one hand, we can track the investigations, media attention and general popular interest in these patterns and, in a sense, assume certain things about a population's acceptance of the whole concept of extraterrestrial life. On the other hand, the scientists who study the doodles are leaders in certain fields of technology, allowing our people to stay one step ahead of your capability to track us.

MAGGIE

And what happens when we get good enough?

JONAH

That'll depend on who's interested. If it's civilian scientists, we may go ahead and make official contact. If it's military, and your world is still as volatile as it is now, we'll likely make a complete withdrawal from your star system and just avoid contact for as long as necessary.

MAGGIE (apprehensively)

Then there's still a possibility that you'll be recalled?

JONAH

It's possible, but not too likely. At least not for the next ten or fifteen years. The way NASA's budget's been cut plus all the problems they're having with the shuttles and telescopes, it'll probably be closer to twenty or twenty-five years.

MAGGIE

But... ?

JONAH

Maggie, Sweetheart, don't worry. I have no more intention of leaving you twenty years from now than I did this time.

MAGGIE

But Carl said the recall would be forced.

JONAH

It doesn't matter. After all, I'm the tech specialist here. The "Fatal Accident Scenario" can be directed either way.

MAGGIE (surprised)

Then, even if they had voted to inform the Board of my discovery, you would have found a way to stay?

JONAH (smiling)

Sweetheart, you're my wife. I love you. The vow I took was "'til death do us part", not "'til the Research Institute doth recall me". I'm not going anywhere. Well, not without you, anyway.

(JONAH winks at her. MAGGIE laughs and kisses him soundly.)

MAGGIE

Let's go to bed.

(MAGGIE takes JONAH'S arm and THEY EXIT to bedroom.)

(BLACKOUT)

(End of Play.)