

DON'T TOUCH

By Cabe Lindsay

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

MONA flips on the lights as she and DAVID enter a living room. In the center of the room is a table with a ceramic lamp vase on it next to a sofa with a large painting on the wall behind it. David makes himself comfortable on the sofa, sitting Indian-style.

JANE

Hiieee. Can I have a drag.

David wrestles out of his sandals and tosses them in a heap. Mona neatly places her shoes next to the couch in an orderly fashion. David, barefoot, notices the lush throw rug on the floor. He bends down to touch it with his hands.

DAVID

Nice carpet.

Mona pulls him back to the sofa. David sits next to her. He looks her in the eyes, as if he is ready to kiss her, but then he looks at the ceramic vase.

DAVID (CONT'D)

What's this?

On "this," he reaches out clumsily to touch it.

MONA

Ooh, don't touch that! Sorry, it belonged to my grandmother. Very fragile. It's an heirloom.

DAVID

Looks old as hell.

He touches it. He knocks it over and it breaks. They both jump up. She gasps, covering her mouth with her hand. He tries to reassemble the pieces.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I think we can fix it. Super glue oughta do it. I'd say Duct tape, but that probably wouldn't-

MONA

Just put it down, David. I told you not to touch it.

She grabs him by the shirt and pulls him close to her.

MONA (CONT'D)

Isn't there something else you came here to touch?

DAVID

I'm sorry for breaking your grandma's loom, or whatever.

MONA

(kissing him) It's all right. We can try to glue it later. Come sit with me.

She grabs his hand to bring him closer. Before he sits down, he comes face-to-face with the painting. He draws closer and closer to it, and reaches his hand out to touch it.

MONA (CONT'D)

Oh, don't touch that! You're never supposed to touch an oil painting. It's extremely fragile.

DAVID

Okay, okay, I won't touch it. It looks fun to touch, though, all thick with paint and...bubbles and bubbles of paint.

Practically touching it with his face, she yanks him to the sofa, puts his arm around her, and rests her head on his shoulder.

MONA

I know something you can touch (smiling provocatively).

With his free arm, David reaches up backward to touch the painting. The moment he touches it, he knocks it down, crashing onto the table. They both jump up again with their eyes open.

MONA (CONT'D)

Why do you have to touch everything?
Huh? Why can't you just put your hands where they're supposed to go?

She seizes his hands and forces them to her chest.