

My Pet George  
by  
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**Place**

A Habitat of Gigantic Proportions

**Characters**

George, innocent and good natured

Sheila, of restless temperament

MY PET GEORGE

SCENE 1

The stage is set like that of a large hamster habitat complete with wheel. Straw litters the bottom of the cage. There exists both an oversized food bowl, and a large water spout. Someone has made a rather large, comfortable looking nest somewhere off center, and various "toys" decorate the stage like a deflated beach ball, and a banged up guitar.

As the audience enters, they see George. He is a dirty creature with scruffy hair and wears a strange looking fur/burlap "sack" of indiscriminate color. He is sleeping in his nest. It is evening.

After a bit, George tosses and turns. He remakes his nest, and after getting settled, looks around surreptitiously. After a moment he begins to masturbate. An alarm immediately goes off, scaring George out of his skin. *He lets out a yelp* and tumbles from his nest in fright.

*(George roars at the offending alarm)*

After looking around, George picks up his blanket and crawls back into the nest. He reaches for himself again. There comes another terrible loud alarm and the cage is flooded with flashing red lights.

*(Another monumental grunt of aggravation from George)*

George stands up, tears his blanket off his nest and wads it into a ball in frustration. The lights and alarm subside. George collects himself, re-evaluates his nest, and with determination wraps himself in the blanket, slyly reaching for himself once more. Again comes the alarm, followed by the flashing lights, but this time George continues to try and masturbate.

GEORGE

*(defiantly)*

Ha! HA HA!! ha, ooh-

Suddenly a large stream of water comes crashing down on George. He lies there very still.

*(George lets out a very long, and very frustrated whimper)*

BLACK.

SCENE 2

The next day. George is running on his giant wheel. He runs, hops, and does little tricks inside the wheel, all the while *letting out intermittent whoops and cheers*, and just generally impressing himself with his level of skill.

Suddenly SHEILA drops into the cage. Her hair is in braids with bunches of pretty pink ribbons tied at the tips, and she wears the same burlap/fur clothes as George, but she is sparkling clean. As she falls to the floor of the cage, George stumbles on the wheel, and gets spit out, landing him directly in front of Sheila.

SHEILA

Ouch!

GEORGE

Oof!

SHEILA

Who the fuck are you?

*(George makes weird sounds)*

SHEILA

Oh, you've got to be kidding!  
*(George is gaping at her)*  
Like the view?

*(George makes more weird sounds)*

George reaches out to touch her.

SHEILA

Hey, uh-uh buddy! Why don't you  
just calm down-

GEORGE

*(trying out the word and  
reaching for her)*  
Bu-ddy...bud-

SHEILA

Hey! I said HEY!!!

She scoots back. George follows.

GEORGE

Mmmm, buddy, buddy, buddy-

SHEILA

Stop saying that!

He looks at her.

SHEILA

What?

GEORGE

(mimicking her)

What.

*(Beat)*

George steps towards her and sniffs her, reaching out to her hair.

SHEILA

Hey, don't touch me!

She slaps at him, hits him, and he pulls back surprised.

*(George makes a sound of surprise)*

They stare at each other a moment. George develops a sloppy grin and decides to try again, lunging at her.

*(Sheila lets out a loud, terrified holler)*

George stops, stares.

*(Beat)*

*(Beat)*

SHEILA

(heart thumping)

I do not want you to touch me.

GEORGE

Touch-

SHEILA

I don't know who you are, or where you come from, or just what the FUCK is happening... But I DO NOT want you to TOUCH ME!!!

George steps towards her.

SHEILA

I'm warning you!

GEORGE

I'm warning you-

She kicks him in the balls.

(George lets out a cry of pain)

Sheila looks around desperately.

SHEILA  
(shrilly)  
Did you bring me here for that  
filthy thing? Cuz' you can just  
FORGET it!!

George groans, clutching himself protectively as she stomps  
around him.

SHEILA  
I am not interested in *procreation!*

GEORGE  
(not understanding)  
Procreation?

Sheila starts pulling the pink ribbons out of her hair.  
George starts picking them up frantically.

SHEILA  
Oh please, you like ribbons?

GEORGE  
Like ribbons. You? Bu-ddy?

He pushes them at her, she knocks them away.

SHEILA  
I don't want them!

She continues throwing them to the ground and flips the bird.

SHEILA  
(to the unseen captor)  
Yeah, that's right Meathead!! I  
hate pink!! And if you think I'm  
the kind of girl that will just  
roll over with any Tom, Dick, or  
...Hairy over there, than you are  
sorely mistaken!!!

She makes more lewd gestures. George eyes Sheila cautiously.

SHEILA  
You hear me? I want OUT!

BLACK

SCENE 3

The next day. George has collected the pink ribbons Sheila discarded and is tying them to his wrists and hair, just sort of haphazardly to himself, because, well, he likes them. He watches Sheila warily. She is inspecting the habitat, looking for any means of escape. She mutters to herself, measures her steps, steps in something squishy.

SHEILA  
(turning on him)  
Agh! Disgusting!!

George looks up at the outburst, putting his hands over his balls protectively.

SHEILA  
Are you a complete pig?

GEORGE  
Pig?

SHEILA  
Have you never heard of a bathroom?

George scratches himself.

SHEILA  
Hello! I'm talking to you.

GEORGE  
Pig, I'm talking to you.

SHEILA  
You're calling me a pig?!

GEORGE  
Me pig, buddy, pig.

She points at her foot.

SHEILA  
I stepped in your shit!

GEORGE  
(trying the word out)  
Shit.

SHEILA  
(cleaning foot with straw)  
Absolutely disgusting!! You'd think you'd be a little more careful about this stuff-

GEORGE  
Shit, shit, shit...

SHEILA  
(continuing)  
-You can't just go wherever you want!!

GEORGE  
..shit, shit, shitshitshit...

SHEILA  
(continuing)  
-You're practically crapping in your food dish!

GEORGE  
shiiiiit-

SHEILA  
(yells)  
Stop saying shit!

George grabs his balls again.

SHEILA  
(big sigh)  
I'm not going to kick you again.  
Jeez. Look, this stuff?

She point to the poop.

SHEILA  
This needs to go over there!

She points to the corner opposite the food.

SHEILA  
Away from your food. Where no one can step in it! Understand?

*(George looks blank)*

SHEILA  
(to herself)  
Great.  
(very slow and loud)  
Okay, look, this... shit? Do this, over there.  
(waits for him to understand)  
Shit, over, there.

George looks at her foot, looks at the corner. He looks at the foot again...

GEORGE  
Shit.

SHEILA  
Yes. Yours.

GEORGE  
(getting excited)  
Over there...

SHEILA  
Yes. Get it?

George looks at her, smiles and walks over to the pile of poo. He looks at her for encouragement, and when she nods he reaches down, gingerly using some hay to pick the offending pile up. Carefully he carries it to where she pointed and drops it in the corner.

GEORGE  
Over there, buddy.

SHEILA  
(surprised)  
Huh.

(George smiles)

SHEILA  
Not bad.

Sheila goes to the water bottle and tries to rinse off her foot.

SHEILA  
Now if we can just keep all  
bathroom activities in that corner  
things would be good...

George meanwhile has pulled a towel from beneath his nest and thrusts it at Sheila, practically knocking her over with it.

SHEILA  
(grunts)  
Whoa, hey, thanks.

George smiles.

GEORGE  
(repeating)  
Whoa, hey.

Sheila bends over and scrubs at her foot. George stares at her legs.

SHEILA  
Maybe there's hope for you yet.

GEORGE  
(staring at her legs)  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa...

SHEILA  
You like that word, huh? Fun to say? I guess it's better than repeating "shit" over and over again.

Sheila looks up in time to see George reaching for her legs. She immediately brings her legs back together and stands up.

SHEILA  
No!

GEORGE  
No.

She snaps the towel at him.

SHEILA  
Get away!

*(George whimpers)*

SHEILA  
These are mine! My legs. Those are yours. I don't touch you, you don't touch me. Got it?

GEORGE  
Yours, mine, yours.

SHEILA  
Right.

George heaves a huge sigh. He sits down. There is a moment of silence. Sheila finishes cleaning her foot, nervously.

SHEILA  
(to self)  
What a mess.  
(to George)  
How long have you been here?

GEORGE  
Been here?

SHEILA  
Were you born here?

GEORGE  
Born. Been born here, mine-

SHEILA  
(interrupting his  
nonsense)  
Right, right, you don't understand,  
I get it... Look, do you know what  
your name is?

George looks at her curiously.

SHEILA  
My name is Sheila.  
(taps her chest)  
Sheila. She-la. Get it? That's  
my name.

GEORGE  
She-la. Yours.

SHEILA  
Right. Do you know your name?

George looks blank.

SHEILA  
(patiently)  
Do you remember how you got here?

*(George lets out a grunt of confusion)*

SHEILA  
Do you remember your mother?  
(gently)  
Mother?

Sheila rocks her arms like she's holding a baby *and hums a lullaby*. George watches her intently.

SHEILA  
Mother.

*(George starts to hum. He copies her at first, and then it turns into something else. After a moment he starts to form some words to the lullaby. They come out slowly, and strangely, as if he is remembering.)*

GEORGE  
*(singing slowly)*  
To bed, to sleep, little George.

He looks at her, surprised at himself.

SHEILA  
(*equally surprised*)  
Wow.

GEORGE  
Wow.

SHEILA  
Nice to meet you George.

She extends her hand to him, ultimately taking his. George thrills at the touch.

GEORGE  
Nice to meet you-

SHEILA  
Sheila.

GEORGE  
She-la.

SHEILA  
So, you can talk a little.

GEORGE  
(*thinking some more*)  
George.  
(*He laughs and sings  
again*)  
To bed, to sleep...

SHEILA  
I bet that was your mother that  
sang that song to you. But you're  
not little anymore, are you?

He grins.

SHEILA  
(*to self*)  
So, how did you end up here?

George gets up, running to his guitar. He picks it up and brings it over to Sheila. He begins banging and plucking at the guitar in a very unique manner. Sheila smiles, politely.

SHEILA  
(*trying to sound nice*)  
Who taught you how to play the  
guitar?

He keeps playing.

SHEILA  
(loudly, over the "music")  
You have a, *distinct*, sound.

George continues to play, happy.

SHEILA  
It's, uh, very different!

She puts her hands on it, silencing him.

SHEILA  
Yes, I like your guitar.

George looks at the guitar.

GEORGE  
(slowly)  
I like, guitar...

SHEILA  
I can see that.  
(big sigh)  
So, which came first, the idiot or  
the instrument?

George is blank.

SHEILA  
Look, you obviously can talk...  
you're just, a bit, rusty, right?  
So, maybe we should just, you know,  
work on getting you up to speed...  
(slowly)  
Do you understand me?

George walks over to his nest, pulls out a blanket and  
returns to Sheila, holding the blanket out to her.

GEORGE  
(smiling)  
Buddy, buddy, to sleep.

SHEILA  
You want to take a nap?

He tries to curl up next to her, but she scoots away-

SHEILA  
Hey, watch out!

George pauses, thinks a moment, and then starts to hum the lullaby song again. He very slowly and gently lays down next to Sheila, curling up in the blanket.

SHEILA

You want me to sing to you?

GEORGE

(singing)

To bed, to sleep, little George.

SHEILA

(sighs)

Georgey, porgey, what have I gotten myself into now?

BLACK.

Scene 4

A few days later. The cage looks a little more organized. There are now two nests, located on opposite sides of the cage. The "bathroom" area has a blanket shielding it's user from the rest of the cage- the blanket is imaginatively stuck to the glass using gummed up food pellets. Sheila is taking inventory of all the items in the cage. She has the guitar, a stack of books, a deflated beach ball, and a disintegrating blanket before her. George runs on the wheel.

SHEILA

Hopeless. I've scoured this place. And all I've managed to find, amidst the many piles of poo, is your guitar, 6 and 1/2 books, and some plastic thing that looks like a melted rainbow.

GEORGE

Rainbow?

SHEILA

A rainbow- it's, a big bunch of colors that stretches across the sky after it rains.

GEORGE

Rain?

SHEILA

Rain... Rain is when water falls from the sky...

George laughs.

SHEILA  
Ah, forget it.

George steps off the wheel, does a few stretches.

SHEILA  
(continuing to herself)  
How do I explain rain without  
explaining sky, without talking  
about the sun, and the moon, and  
the stars... Hey!

George has snuck up on the pile of books and is trying to  
steal one.

SHEILA  
Forget it!

GEORGE  
Shit.

SHEILA  
You cannot continue to defecate on  
the words of Shakespeare, Twain,  
Rowling-

He reaches again.

GEORGE  
Shit!

SHEILA  
-I gave you Freud-

*(George groans)*

SHEILA  
Besides, you're supposed to read  
them! Not tear the pages out to  
wipe your ass.

George gives up on the books and walks over to the  
"bathroom".

SHEILA  
I still don't understand how these  
got here...

GEORGE  
(from bathroom)  
Mine.

SHEILA

Yes, I know, they're yours.  
(to self)  
They must have been stolen...

GEORGE

(from bathroom)  
Stolen?

SHEILA

Yeah. Stolen. Like you and me. I didn't choose to come here, you know. And I bet your mother didn't drop you off here either. These books probably got thrown in here the same way as us!

GEORGE

Stole you?

SHEILA

From my home-

George comes out of the bathroom.

GEORGE

What home?

SHEILA

Where I live. Outside this cage.

GEORGE

Stole you.

SHEILA

Right.

GEORGE

For me.

SHEILA

What?

GEORGE

Mine.

SHEILA

I am not yours!

GEORGE

Yes.

SHEILA

No!

GEORGE  
Stole you for me. Mine books, mine  
guitar, mine you-

SHEILA  
Oh, hell no!

GEORGE  
(as if it's the most  
obvious thing in the  
world)  
Yes.

SHEILA  
I don't believe this! You don't  
own me, buddy! NO ONE owns me.

GEORGE  
You here for me.

SHEILA  
(narrowly)  
You better hope that's not true.

GEORGE  
Mine buddy.

SHEILA  
(low and dangerous  
sounding)  
Because if you're right, and IF  
this is all YOUR fault, you better  
start praying to whatever Gods you  
believe in because I AM GONNA' KILL  
YOU!!!

She marches towards him. George grabs his balls  
protectively.

GEORGE  
No. No want that! Mine buddy be  
nice!

SHEILA  
I'll show you nice!

She runs at George who lets out a helpless yelp as she  
tackles him to the ground. They struggle and the alarm goes  
off, startling them both. Sheila pins George and looks up  
nervously.

SHEILA  
What is that?

GEORGE  
(panting)  
You get off, get off George!

SHEILA  
(loudly, and towards the  
alarm)  
You're gonna' have to come up with  
something a little more impressive  
than that!

The alarm continues. George takes the opportunity to squirm out from under Sheila, they wrestle again. The lights start to flash.

GEORGE  
No!

SHEILA  
No yourself!

Sheila hits him and they are both drenched with water. The alarm and lights stop as they roll off one another sputtering.

GEORGE  
(panting)  
Thanks. Thanks be that sound. You  
all wet.

SHEILA  
We're both wet, idiot.

BLACK OUT.

SCENE 5

A few hours later. George is rolling in the hay.

SHEILA  
Do you have any idea what's in that  
hay?

GEORGE  
Feels good.

SHEILA  
It's disgusting.

GEORGE  
Try.

SHEILA  
No thanks.

GEORGE  
Scratchy.

SHEILA  
I bet.

He rolls around a bit more, then sits up, looking at her.

GEORGE  
Play?

SHEILA  
No.

GEORGE  
Yes. Play me now.

SHEILA  
(gritting her teeth)  
No. Thank. You.

George thinks a minute, then walks to his food bowl, rooting around for a pellet.

GEORGE  
Food now? You?

SHEILA  
Not hungry.

George nibbles on the pellet. He watches Sheila. After a moment he drops the pellet and walks over to his guitar.

GEORGE  
I play you now.

George starts banging away on the guitar. Sheila rubs her head in frustration. When she can't take it anymore *she lets out a huge groan!*

SHEILA  
Look, I know. Let's play a game after all.

George gets excited.

GEORGE  
Oh! Oh!

SHEILA

It's called the "Help-Sheila-escape-  
before-she-goes-stark-raving- mad"  
game. Sounds fun, doesn't it?

George nods.

SHEILA

Alright. Here's what we do. We  
look for the strongest thing in  
here. The absolute strongest!  
Then bring it to me. Understand?

GEORGE

Yes.

SHEILA

Okay, go!

Sheila starts walking around, George stays where he is,  
thinking.

SHEILA

There's got to be something in here  
I missed...

GEORGE

Strong.

SHEILA

(not listening)  
Something hidden in the hay maybe?

GEORGE

I strong.

SHEILA

No, I swear I checked every single  
piece of hay in here-

GEORGE

(loud)  
I strong, me.

SHEILA

What?

GEORGE

George strong.

SHEILA

Are you kidding me?

George starts flexing his muscles.

SHEILA

Oh, gross!

GEORGE

(caught off guard)  
Why gross?

SHEILA

I have been working my butt off for the past couple of days to get this place organized and all you want to do is run on that wheel and feel your muscles and now you want to stand there and tell me you're the strongest thing in here?

GEORGE

I like wheel.

SHEILA

Right, I know, it's your most special thing in the whole-  
(has a thought)  
Of course! Why didn't I think of it before?

She walks over to the wheel.

SHEILA

We can use the wheel to get out of here!

She tugs at the wheel.

GEORGE

What you do my wheel?

SHEILA

Seeing if I can use it to smash my way out of here.

GEORGE

No!

SHEILA

George, it's the only way.

GEORGE

My wheel!

SHEILA

Hmmm, it's stuck.

She bends down to inspect the base of the wheel.

SHEILA  
Bolts. Damn. Have to loosen them  
if this is gonna' work...

She bends down to try and loosen the bolts, but her hand slips.

SHEILA  
Ouch! Mother-

GEORGE  
What?

SHEILA  
I cut my hand! Stupid wheel!

She kicks at the wheel, George tries to get a closer look at her hand.

SHEILA  
Well don't touch it!

GEORGE  
Ouch.

SHEILA  
Yes.

He leads her to the water spout, and helps her to rinse off the hand. Sheila is a bit thrown off.

SHEILA  
(nervously)  
I can do it myself, really-

George takes one of th pink ribbons from his hair and ties it around her hand.

SHEILA  
Thanks.

George smiles.

GEORGE  
(about the hand)  
Good.

There is a bit of an awkward silence between them. George gets confused by the silence and leans in towards Sheila. She pushes him away.

SHEILA  
Hey! What's the big idea?

George falls over in frustration, howling.

GEORGE

Not fair!

SHEILA

Look, buster, if you think a jog on the wheel and a smooth bandaging job is all it takes to impress this girl, you are sorely mistaken.

GEORGE

(howling)

Buddy smell, me smell buddy!

SHEILA

If you really wanted to impress me, you'd get off your butt and help me...

GEORGE

What to do?

SHEILA

To break out of here!

GEORGE

Break out?

SHEILA

Yes! BREAK the GLASS!!!! I want to get OUT!

George gets up and starts hitting the wall with his bare fists.

GEORGE

I break, I break, then touch you, smell, want to smell, aghh! You let me smell Buddy! I BREAK!!!

He roars at the wall and throws his whole body into it. Stunned he slides down the glass in a heap.

SHEILA

(deadpan)

Definitely not one of your finest moments.

BLACK.

SCENE 6

It is night. Sheila lays in her nest asleep, George lays in his, tossing and turning. He gets up, walks over to Sheila, fights the urge to touch her, and returns to his nest. He lays very, very still, as long as he can, and then, as he can't fight it anymore, reaches down to masturbate. After a moment the beeping goes off, and Sheila jumps out of her nest in alarm. The beeping stops as quickly as it started.

SHEILA  
Wha's gong on?

GEORGE  
(feigning sleep)  
Hmm?

SHEILA  
Did you hear that?

GEORGE  
Hear?

SHEILA  
I thought- I thought I heard  
something... the alarm?

GEORGE  
I dunno what you talk.

Sheila gets up, confused, and crawls back into bed.

SHEILA  
Must've been dreaming...

George sighs in relief as she drifts back to sleep.

BLACK OUT