MARILYN. Oh, you sound so enamored of it.

ABBY. I'm not. I only mentioned it because I thought you might want it.

MARILYN. Oh no, I'm perfectly happy where I am. There's much more sunlight up here.

ABBY. No there isn't.

MARILYN. (Moves to the window.) Sure there is, we don't have that building blocking our view like they do downstairs. And I can see the park from up here. There's your bench where you like to sit and read. It's a lovely view.

ABBY. I guess I've never noticed.

MARILYN. Well that's a waste, with you so close to the window. Maybe you'd like to swap beds?

ABBY. I would not.

MARILYN. No, I don't blame you. It's the nicest spot in the room. (Abby, annoyed, may go back to reading. Marilyn smiles, then takes a child's painting from her dresser.) Did I show you this? My grandson made it for me. Caleb. So sweet. Do you know what it is?

ABBY. A Pap smear?

MARILYN. It's a fire truck.

ABBY. I don't see it.

MARILYN. He loves fire trucks. Ambulances too. Anything with a siren. He can hear one from blocks away. He gets this big grin, and flies to the window to see them pass by. They make him so happy.

ABBY. That's creepy.

MARILYN. Creepy?

ABBY. Those sirens are blaring because people are dying.

MARILYN. (Chuckles.) Now come on.

ABBY. They are. Or their homes are going up in flames. Or there's a car accident, or some old man has fallen down some stairs. That's what those sirens mean. People in pain.

MARILYN. Caleb doesn't know any of that. It's just a fire truck to him.

ABBY. Well, when you've heard as many sirens as I have ... They're nothing to be happy about. Is he alright? In the head I mean, or is he a little ...

MARILYN. What kind of question is that?

ABBY. Well if he's chasing after fire trucks, you have to wonder. My son never did that. Normal boys don't do that.

MARILYN. Of course they do. You're just trying to get a rise out of me. (Pause.) So you have a son, huh? What's his name?
ABBY. Barbara. (A moment, then Marilyn turns her attention to Abby's tray of food.)

Marilyn. You should eat. There's cobber. It's very good.

ABBY. You know I can't taste it anything.

Marilyn. Oh is that still going on?

ABBY. You know it is. (Looks under the lid.) And I love cobber.

Marilyn. I know, I'm sorry.

ABBY. I don't think you are. I think you're floating. I think you're angry. I made fun of your grandson's painting. (Takes a bite of the cobber.)

Marilyn. Oh, I don't get angry.

ABBY. (Beat.) You don't get angry.

Marilyn. Not anymore, no. There's really no point. It always leads to an ugly place. And I don't care for ugly places. (Beat.) How's the cobber?

ABBY. Tastes like paste.

Marilyn. It's peach. I remember you mentioning it was your mother's specialty, so I put in a special request.

ABBY. (Shoves it aside.) Well it's much too late for peaches. It's a summer fruit. (Marilyn takes out her Sudoko puzzle book and sits on her bed.)

Marilyn. Have you tried these? Sudoko? I do them every day to keep my brain limber. Sudoko. They're from Japan.

ABBY. Yes, I know.

Marilyn. Would you like to try one?

ABBY. No thank you. (Marilyn looks disappointed. She works on her Sudoko. After a couple beats ...) What do you mean, you put in a special request?

Marilyn. I talked to Miss Larusso. I said, "Is there any way to get some peach cobber on the menu?" And she said, "I bet we could arrange that, let me talk to the kitchen."

ABBY. You just asked her and she said, "No problem."

Marilyn. She's very nice to me. (Scotty reenters with their medication.)

ABBY. Did you hear that, Scotty? Miss Larusso is very nice to Marilyn.

Scotty. Well Marilyn is very nice to Miss Larusso. Funny how that works. (Gives Marilyn her pills in a paper cup.)

Marilyn. (Re: her cup of pills.) Say bartender, can you make mine a double?

Scotty. Oh, I think you've had enough, ma'am. I'm afraid I'm gonna have to cut you off. (They have a little laugh.)

Marilyn. (To Abby.) We do that every day.

ABBY. Yes, I know. (Marilyn swallows her pills down, then hands the cup back to Scotty. He moves over to Abby, and hands her more pills.)

Scotty. Here you go.

ABBY. (To Scotty.) Talk to Larusso for me. Please. Just put in the request.

Marilyn. (What request?)

ABBY. Chicken and dumplings. If you can ask for cobber, I can ask for dumplings. (Downs her pills.)

Marilyn. Did Scotty show you his card? He's an actor, you know.

ABBY. You're an actor?

Scotty. Well, not professional.

ABBY. (Smiles.) No?

Marilyn. Give her a card, Scotty.

ABBY. Yes, Scotty, give me a card.

Scotty. Sure. Here ya go. (Gives her a postcard.)

Marilyn. He was handing them out at lunch. It's a postcard for the play he's in.

Scotty. It's not a play.

Marilyn. Oh, I misunderstood. I thought it was a play.

ABBY. (Reading from the card.) Beelzebub's Den.

Scotty. It's a haunted house.

Marilyn. Well that's even better than a play.

Scotty. Some friends of mine rent out a warehouse in Portsville every year and decorate it, and we get into makeup and costumes. It's pretty scary.

ABBY. Weird thing to invite residents to.

Scotty. I thought it'd be fun for everyone to see what I do outside of this place.

ABBY. Does Miss Larusso know you want to give us all heart attacks?

Scotty. No one's gonna have a heart attack.

ABBY. It says on the card, "Heart-stopping horror!" Heart Stopping.

Marilyn. I'd like to go.

ABBY. Yes, I think that's a wonderful idea. You should go.

Marilyn. I'm gonna!

Scotty. Excellent! Thanks, Marilyn. That puts me at thirty-nine!

ABBY. Thirty-nine what?

Scotty. Tickets. Me and my buddies need to sell tickets each to break even on the cost of that warehouse.

Marilyn. Oh, you have to come, Abby. You'd make it forty!

ABBY. No, I don't think so.
into it first. The police records, and calling up pretending to be my /
daurter —

ABBY. Pretended! I didn't actually bring your family here!
MARILYN. But they came!

ABBY. Because you told them to! You asked for their help! You
drugged me and got them to —

MARILYN. Only because you started it! You made it personal the
minute you ripped Caleb's painting.

ABBY. You tracked down my estranged son!
MARILYN. I thought it would make you happy. I thought if you
saw how well he was doing —

ABBY. Then what, Marilyn?! I'd see the light, and my heart would
grow three sizes today?
MARILYN. I think one size would've been plenty.

ABBY. Don't do that. I'm not the mean one here, you are, so don't
try to flip this around and pretend that you were trying to do me a
favor.

MARILYN. I was!

ABBY. You might have everyone else fooled, but I see who you are.
Flitting around here, rubbing my face in your happiness. Bragging
about your children when you know damn well it's a sore spot /

MARILYN. I did not know that! How could I? You refused to tell me
anything about your family!

ABBY. How lucky your kids visit and take you to lunch, and paint
pictures. (Grabs Caleb's painting.)

MARILYN. (Re: the painting.) Be careful with that.

ABBY. (Holds it up.) This? (Pretends to bobble it.) Whooa-ohhh.

MARILYN. Gimme that painting, Abby.

ABBY. (Moves away from her.) No, I don't think I will.

MARILYN. You're obviously mad that I won, but you don't need
to lash / out at —

ABBY. You didn't win. I was surprised to see him, but I wasn't scared.

MARILYN. Yes, you were.

ABBY. Of Benjamin?

MARILYN. I could see it on your face!

ABBY. I think someone's finally getting angry.

MARILYN. BECAUSE YOU'RE A CHEATER!

ABBY. (Chuckles.) Look at you.

MARILYN. ADMIT YOU WERE SCARED!
ABBY. ADMIT THAT YOU'RE ANGRY!
Marilyn, PUT THE PAINTING DOWN!
ABBY. OR WHAT?
Marilyn, ABBY — (RIP! Abby has torn the painting in half. She does it again and again. It's in pieces. Silence.) Okay.
ABBY. Okay?
Marilyn. We're done.
ABBY. Are you angry?
ABBY. Seriously? That's all it took? If I had known that, I would've ripped up that stupid painting a long time ago.
Marilyn. Maybe I made a mistake bringing Benjamin / here —
ABBY. Maybe?
Marilyn. — but despite what you think, there was kindness in it. What you just did was the opposite.
ABBY. Gimme a break. It's a finger painting. He'll make you another one. He'll make you a hundred of them if you want.
Marilyn. That's not the point. (She begins to gather up a change of clothes and some toiletries.) I'm going downstairs. I'm sure Charlene won't mind if I sleep in Mrs. Moore's bed.
ABBY. It's your bed now.
Marilyn. (Grabbing clothes.) Well done, you got what you wanted. You've chased me off, just like you've chased off everyone else who dared to walk in here. Just like you chased off Benjamin.
ABBY. Goodbye, Marilyn.
Marilyn. (Grabbing clothes.) You've hit some bumps in your life. I know you have. More than most. But still.
ABBY. Still what?
Marilyn. You can't give up on people. Once you do, it's all over. (Beat.) Benjamin asked me to give this to you by the way. (Hands her the photo.)
ABBY. (Looks down at the photo.) When?
Marilyn. Just now, when he left. He said you refused to take it.
ABBY. I don't even know what it is.
Marilyn. It's a baby photo, Abby.
ABBY. (Flips photo over and reads.) "Gideon," it says. Who's Gideon?
Marilyn. Your grandson. He was born three weeks ago. Congratulations. (Everything stops. Abby looks from Marilyn to the photo, trying to process this. Marilyn grabs her pillow and blanket.) I'll get the rest of my stuff later.

Scene 4

The room. The next day. Scotty, Colleen, and Derek are packing Marilyn's clothes and belongings into boxes. This goes on for a few beats, before Abby enters carrying a shopping bag from a baby clothes store.

ABBY. Oh, hello. (Crosses to her side of the room.) All hands on deck, I see.
Colleen. (To Derek.) Would you pass me those photos?
Derek. Sure. Here ya go. (He passes her the framed photos. She packs them. The mood among them is a sad and quiet one. Holds up some slippers.) What about these?
Colleen. Yeah, we don't wanna leave anything behind.
ABBY. Clearing out then?
Colleen. Almost done. You'll have the place to yourself soon enough.
ABBY. Well there's no hurry.
Colleen. No? (A moment between them. Then Colleen goes back to packing.)
Derek. This box is good to go.
Colleen. This one too. (To Scotty) We're just gonna bring these down and come back for the rest.
Scotty. I'll finish up.
Colleen. Thanks, Scotty. (They exit with boxes. Scotty continues to pack up Marilyn's things. Abby empties her shopping bag onto her bed — baby clothes, mostly onesies.)
Scotty. You were out early.
COLLEEN. Bye, Abby. (Hugs Marilyn.) Love you, Mommy. (Re: iPhone recording.) I can't wait to post this on Facebook! (Colleen and Derek exit. Marilyn turns back to Abby.)

Marilyn. I knew I could do it! He said I was dead, and you believed him. You were scared, right? Scared I was dead? (Beat.)

Abby. I was, actually.

Marilyn. Oh my gosh, I thought you might cry. It was so sweet!

Abby. But the bet was over.

Marilyn. I don't care about the bet! I'm too touched to care! You can have the room! The satisfaction is worth more!

Abby. No, Marilyn. You won.

Marilyn. No, that didn't count.

Abby. I mean, before this. With Benjamin. I lied when I said I wasn't scared.

Marilyn. Good, because I lied about the Sudoku. That really pissed me off.

Abby. I know.

Marilyn. You knew?

Abby. It's okay, because I was shitting bricks during that skydive.

(Silence. Now what? Marilyn notices the onesies.)

Marilyn. Baby clothes?

Abby. Cute right?

Marilyn. Adorable. So you're gonna see them then.

Abby. I need to squeeze that baby. (Looks to her.) I'm glad you're not dead.

Marilyn. Me too.

Abby. (After a moment.) I'm sorry I ripped / the painting.

Marilyn. Water under the bridge. And you were right, I talked to Caleb this morning and he's already painted me three more. Besides, I shouldn't have called / Benjamin.

Abby. Let's not do this.

Marilyn. Okay. (Beat.) You have a grandson!

Abby. I know!

Marilyn. And a daughter-in-law? (Beat.)

Abby. I'm not sure.

Marilyn. They're probably not / married.

Abby. No I don't imagine so. But that's okay. Benny's in a good place. For now. Which ... I'll take.

Marilyn. (After a pause.) So ... did I win then, or ...
ABBY. And she scoops some into a bowl for me.
MARILYN. She does. Then she smiles and adds a dollop of vanilla ice cream on top. And she hands you the bowl. (Marilyn hands Abby the bowl with a spoon in it.)
ABBY. And I take a bite?
MARILYN. And you take a bite. (Abby, eyes still closed, scoops up a spoonful of the food in front of her and takes a bite. We watch as her face changes over the following ... ) And the peaches are so sweet and hot, and the biscuit crust is flaky, and all of that mixed with the vanilla ice cream is maybe the most perfect thing you've ever tasted. (Abby's face is pure bliss as she chews.) Can you taste it? (A long beat ...)
ABBY. I can. (Abby savor the taste, her eyes still closed. And Marilyn looks to the bed by the window, as the lights slowly fade.)

End of Play

END
ABBY. To me?

BENJAMIN. Well to get a call out of the blue like that.

ABBY. Yes, I know those calls, Benjamin. They're scary, aren't they?

(Beat.)

BENJAMIN. She said you wanted to see me.

ABBY. She was lying. (Beat.)

BENJAMIN. Oh. (The bathroom door hangs, and we hear grunts from inside.)

MARILYN. (Inside the bathroom.) Almost there. A little closer.

SCOTTY. (Inside the bathroom.) Oh god ...

MARILYN. (Inside the bathroom.) Right there! That's it!

BENJAMIN. Are people having sex in there?

ABBY. Yes. This is a filthy place where people have sex in the bathrooms. It's a shame you had to find me here. (The bathroom door is thrown open. Marilyn and Scotty stagger out, winded and sweaty.)

MARILYN. God, that was more than I bargained for.

SCOTTY. I was starting to worry I couldn't get you off. (Beat —

MARILYN notices Benjamin.)

MARILYN. Oh, hello.

BENJAMIN. Hi.

MARILYN. Wait, are you him? Oh my gosh, you must be him! I'm Marilyn! (To Scotty) That's Benjamin! Abby's son!

SCOTTY. Oh.

MARILYN. It wasn't easy tracking him down. I had to go through Miss Larusso's files while she was at lunch. Were you surprised, Abby?

BENJAMIN. You said she wanted to see me.

MARILYN. I did. I did say that, yes. And I'm pretty sure she does.

ABBY. No, I don't.

MARILYN. She'll come around though. It just takes her a while to warm up. But you probably already know that.

BENJAMIN. I should go.

MARILYN. No, don't do that. You haven't seen each other in five years. Isn't that what you said on the phone? Five years is too long.

SCOTTY. Marilyn.

MARILYN. I'm sure this is bringing up a lot of emotions for both of you —

ABBY. Oh, for god'sakes.

MARILYN. — which can be really scary, I know.

ABBY. Nobody's scared. Why would I be scared of my own son?

SCOTTY. We should go.
ABBY. No! “I think you’d be proud.”
BENJAMIN. Are you not?
ABBY. I was proud, Benny. The first time you got clean. And the second time and the tenth, and after twenty years of you saying you’re clean, it gets a little hard to muster an “Atta boy, kiddo.”
BENJAMIN. I bet.
ABBY. But congrats, you’re not sticking needles in your arm. Neither am I. Neither is anyone else in this building, except maybe the diabetics. And yet nobody’s proud of us. Not for being clean. Because, guess what? You _should_ be clean. You _should_ be.
BENJAMIN. You’re right.
ABBY. I know I am. (Pause.) But you’re doing better.
BENJAMIN. Yes. Much.
ABBY. So you’ll be able to pay me back then? (No response.) So not that much better. Can I safely assume you didn’t meet this Zoe woman on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange then?
BENJAMIN. No, I didn’t meet her on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange.
ABBY. But on _some_ kind of floor, I bet.
BENJAMIN. (Chuckles.) You just let me know when you’re finished getting in your punches.
ABBY. Oh it’s gonna be a while I think.
BENJAMIN. Then I should probably sit down.
ABBY. What do you want here, Benny?
BENJAMIN. I don’t want anything. Your friend / called me.
ABBY. She’s not my friend.
BENJAMIN. Well, regardless, I’m here. We might as well catch up.
ABBY. Right. I remember how this scene goes now. You come to catch up, and the next day I notice that things are missing.
BENJAMIN. I’m not gonna / take anything.
ABBY. Jewelry, radios, the _change jar._
BENJAMIN. Jesus. When did you get so mean?
ABBY. Oh it just happened, in dribs and drabs.
BENJAMIN. Because of me?
ABBY. I didn’t say that.
BENJAMIN. It’s what you think though. All the bad stuff that _happened._
ABBY. Don’t tell me what _I_ think.
BENJAMIN. Daddy, and the house, and you getting fired. It was all my fault.
BENJAMIN. (Pause.) So you're done then. The store's closed. You're gonna spend the rest of your life in this room stewing about / all the things —

ABBY. Stewing? I'll have you know, I have a very active and satisfying life here. There are activities and trips and walking groups — And I jumped out of a plane last week! Well maybe jumped isn't the right word, but / still.

BENJAMIN. What are you talking about?

ABBY. It doesn't matter, the point is, don't wag your finger at me and tell me that I'm done. I'm not done.

BENJAMIN. You're just done with me.

ABBY. Don't. I have put in my time with you. I have done more than my fair share of parental duty. I don't owe you any more. (Beat.) I'd like you to go now.

BENJAMIN. (Beat.) Alright. (Benjamin pulls a photo from his pocket. Abby doesn't look at him.) Can I give you something before I do?

ABBY. I prefer you didn't.

BENJAMIN. Mom —

ABBY. Benny, please. Just ... leave. (This is more effortful than cold. Abby, whether we see it or not, is trying to hold it together.)

BENJAMIN. Okay. (Puts the photo back in his pocket.) Your friend has the number at Zoe's if you wanna reach me.

ABBY. She's not my friend.

BENJAMIN. No, I know. (Benjamin regards his mother, then exits.)

After he goes, Abby takes a few moments to collect herself. After a while, Marilyn enters.

Marilyn. He didn't stay long. (No response.) Is he coming back?

ABBY. No, I don't think he is. (Silence.)

Marilyn. Look, Abby, I didn't mean to make trouble.

ABBY. Right.

Marilyn. I knew you might be upset, but I like to think that I was also doing something nice for you. He's your only child after all / and —

ABBY. Is there something wrong with you?

Marilyn. I'm sorry?

ABBY. I knew you were odd, but now I realize there might actually be something wrong with you.

Marilyn. You're mad at me.

ABBY. To pull family into this —?

Marilyn. Now wait a second, you did that first. You pulled family
MARILYN. He needs to sell tickets! And we should support Scotty and his dreams.
SCOTTY. It's not exactly a dream, it's just —
MARILYN. All the nice things he does for everyone around here?
ABBY. What nice things?
MARILYN. Making our beds, bringing our pills …
ABBY. That's his job. He's not changing your sheets because he's nice, he's doing it because that's what he gets paid to do.
MARILYN. It's a twelve-dollar ticket. Throw the kid a bone.
ABBY. I will not. (Beat.)
SCOTTY. And you wonder why people won't do you any favors.
ABBY. What favors? Larusso?
SCOTTY. You want me to talk to her for you, and yet —
ABBY. Now wait a minute. Are you saying you'd be more inclined to put in a good word if I went to your spook house?
SCOTTY. All I'm saying is, it would've been a nice gesture. That's all.
ABBY. I didn't realize you were a scratch-my-back kinda guy, Scotty.
SCOTTY. Well you don't really know me, do you.
MARILYN. You know, I'm happy to talk to Larusso if you really want dumplings so badly.
ABBY. No, I want Scotty to do it. He knows the kind I like.
SCOTTY. (Beat.) I do. And if you're a little nicer I can try to get them for you.
ABBY. Fine. I'll see the damn show.
SCOTTY. Yes! Forty! (Blackout.)

ABBY. Keep walking. Down the hall they said.
MARILYN. Stop pushing me.
ABBY. God, it smells in here, doesn't it? Like cat piss and pot. (A Zombie Butler in Victorian dress appears.)
ZOMBIE BUTLER. Good evening, weary travelers, and welcome to my master's home.
MARILYN. Thank you.
ZOMBIE BUTLER. Down this hall lies only despair and torture. Dare ye enter?
MARILYN. We dare! We dare!
ZOMBIE BUTLER. Very well. (Screams:) STEP INTO THE MOUTH OF HELL!
ABBY. Oh for godsakes. (He disappears. The women approach a wall of framed Victorian portraits.)
MARILYN. (Re: one of the paintings.) Oo! Doesn't this one look like Mrs. Moore? (There is a screech of music as the painting slides open to reveal a horrific screaming clown in the frame!)
CLOWN. (Screaming.) MARILYN. (Also screaming.) BLEEEEEEHHHHHHH! AHHHHHHHHHHHHH! (Abby didn't even flinch. The clown giggles and the painting slides back into place. Marilyn tries to catch her breath.)
MARILYN. Oh my lord, my heart is thumping right out of my chest!
ABBY. Well what did you think was gonna happen?
MARILYN. (Grabs Abby's hand.) Feel it.
ABBY. No.
MARILYN. Feel my heart.
ABBY. I don't want to.
MARILYN. Feel it!
ABBY. Would you let go of me! (Abby snatches her hand away. The
ZOMBIE BUTLER. This way, weary travelers... This way. (They continue on, and eventually the space opens up into a torture chamber. The spooky music continues over the screams of torture. In the middle of the room is Scotty. He is dressed in old-time prison stripes and strapped into an electric chair.) Step in, don't be shy. I'd offer you a seat, but this one seems to be taken.

MARILYN. Oh look, it's Scotty! (Gives an excited little wave.)

SCOTTY. (As prisoner. Panic and desperation.) Oh, thank god you're here! Kind strangers, have mercy upon me! There's been a terrible mistake. I don't belong here!

ABBY. That makes two of us.

SCOTTY. (As prisoner.) Please, they're trying to kill me. You have to stop them. It's not my time! IT'S NOT MY TI — AAAAGGGGHHHHHH!!! (The Zombie Butler has thrown a giant lever. Lights flash and spark as volts of electricity shoot through the prisoner.) AAAAGGGGHHHHHHH! NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

MARILYN. He's very good.

ABBY. Yes, such a nuanced performance. (Scotty gives Abby a look.)

ZOMBIE BUTLER. Say your goodbyes, cretin! (Throws the switch again.)

SCOTTY. (As prisoner. As if electricity is running through him.) AAAAGGGH! NOOOO, I'M NOT READY TO DIIIIII!!! — (He dies. The electricity is switched off. Scotty slumps with his eyes closed. Abby chuckles. Marilyn looks traumatized.)

MARILYN. Aren't you scared?

ABBY. No, I don't get scared. Certainly not of this nonsense. (A giggle echoes through the chamber...)

VOICE OF THE CLOWN. Teeheeheehee! I smell plump, succulent newborn for my master.

ZOMBIE BUTLER. Here comes the master's underling. Come to collect the body. (The giggles get louder, and the clown creeps into the light of the room.)

VOICE OF THE CLOWN. Teeheeheehee!

MARILYN. Oh god, that damn clown. It's so disturbing. Look at him.

CLOWN. Tra-la-la, the master will be pleased. He loves fried food. (He shuffles around suddenly to face the woman.) And what is this? Some aged meat?

ABBY. Rude.
WOMAN IN WHITE. (Tosses the baby at her.) TAKE HIM! And let no evil come upon him! (Abby catches the baby. The Woman in White runs and leaps into the crib to hide. Abby looks down at the baby, oddly intrigued by all of this. The clown emerges from the shadows.)
CLOWN. Ahh, the nursery. That means there are children about.
Come out, come out, wherever you are...
MARILYN. He's looking for that baby.
ABBY. I know.
MARILYN. Don't give it to him.
ABBY. I know.
CLOWN. (Whips around.) Ohhh, if it isn't my old friends. And what is that in your arms? Why, it's a wee babe. A morsel for my master! (He moves in for the baby, and Marilyn holds out the crucifix defiantly.)
MARILYN. BACK!
CLOWN. (Recoils.) Nooooo!
MARILYN. BACK you demon clown!
CLOWN. Nooooo! Not the crucifix! The sight of it burns me!
MARILYN. You shall not take this child! Begone!
CLOWN. Aggggggghhh!
MARILYN. Begone, I say!
CLOWN. (Retreating into the shadows.) You have repelled me! My master shall hear of this! (Giggly sobs as he exits.)
WOMAN IN WHITE. (Leaps out of hiding.) You did it! You saved my baby! Thank you!
MARILYN. You're welcome.
WOMAN IN WHITE. (Turns to Abby.) Please, may I have him back?
(But Abby doesn't move. She's still looking down at the baby, cradling it protectively.)
MARILYN. Abby?
WOMAN IN WHITE. Please, madame. I want my boy. (A moment, and Abby looks up at them. She reluctantly hands the baby back.) Ohh, there he is. Nothing will ever harm you. (Singing her lullaby.) La-lala-laaa-la la-la-la. La-lala-laaa-la, La-lala-laaa. (The Zombie Butler reappears.)
ZOMBIE BUTLER. Let us depart, ladies. (But Abby is still transfixed by the woman and her baby.) Next room, Madame.
MARILYN. Abby, it's time to go. (Abby finally heads for the exit.)
WOMAN IN WHITE. La-lala-laaa-la la-la-la. La-lala-laaa-la, La-lala-laaa. (The lights fade on the Woman in White rocking her baby.)
MARILYN. You didn't make me angry.

ABBY. Now come on. We made a deal, and you need to be fair. I made you mad, so I won the bet.

MARILYN. But you didn't.

ABBY. Marilyn —

MARILYN. Even if you had pulled one over on me, I wouldn't be angry. I'd be disappointed but not —

ABBY. What do you mean if I had pulled one over on you? You came in here last night waving that piece of paper around like you had won the lottery. "Look who left a message! Look who's coming to visit!" You've been waiting like a kid at Christmas for them to show up. And now that they're not, you're pissed! Admit it!

MARILYN. I'm not.

ABBY. You're a liar! (There's a tap at the door, then Derek and Colleen enter, happy to see Marilyn.)

COLLEEN. Hey, Mommy!

DEKK. Knock knock!

MARILYN. Ohhh, they're here! (Abby looks confused. Marilyn and her family all hug and greet one another over the following ...)

COLLEEN. Sorry we're late. We got stuck at the tollbooth.

DEKK. Colleen got in the E-ZPass lane again.

MARILYN. I'm such a dodo.

DEKK. I wasn't worried.

COLLEEN. We had a line of cars behind us.

DEKK. All of them honking and screaming at us.

COLLEEN. People are so rude.

MARILYN. I'm just glad you made it.

COLLEEN. You look so pretty. Doesn't she look pretty, Derek?

DEKK. She's a supermodel.

MARILYN. I wish.

DEKK. And you decorated a little! It looks nice in here!

DEKK. So much sun!

MARILYN. There's more on Abby's side, but yeah.

DEKK. And look, Caleb's fire truck!

DEKK. Prominently displayed!

MARILYN. Abby thought it was a Pap smear.

DEKK. Well that's very specific.

DEKK. I'm gonna have to google that when I get home.

COLLEEN. Hello, Abby. Do you remember us? We helped Mom move in a few weeks ago. I'm Colleen, and this is my husband Derek.

(No response. Abby has shifted from confused to peered.)

DEKK. She looks upset.

MARILYN. I said she would be.

COLLEEN. Did you see her face though? Priceless!

ABBY. Oh, you're all in on it. How nice.

MARILYN. She's mad. We've made her mad.

COLLEEN. She should take a lesson.

MARILYN. Oh, right. (To Abby.) Because you were supposed to make me mad. Not the other / way around.

ABBY. No, I got it. You're all very clever. Now go fuck yourselves.

COLLEEN. (Laughing.)

OH MY GOODNESS!

DEKK. (Also laughing.)

DEKK. Hey, now!

MARILYN. Didn't I tell you?!

COLLEEN. You did! She's just like Grumps!

MARILYN. Just like Grumps! (Back to Abby.) Did you honestly think I wouldn't verify the message?

COLLEEN. She called and I was like, um, no we didn't leave a message for you. But once she explained the bet, I said, you know what, we should come down for lunch!

MARILYN. (To Abby.) Isn't that wonderful?

COLLEEN. I didn't know how Mom would occupy her time in here. But this little bet? Way better than bingo!

DEKK. I just worry about something going wrong.

COLLEEN. He's right, you should probably have a safesword. Do you have a safesword?

MARILYN. I don't know what that is.

COLLEEN. Ours is "Sassafras."

DEKK. Colleen —

MARILYN. Sassafras?

COLLEEN. Actually it's — (As if gagged and/or choking.) MAAFAFRAFF!

ABBY. Well, you got me. My hat is off to you. But if you wanna make that lunch reservation, you should probably get going.

DEKK. You know what? You should come with us! Do you like Middle Eastern?

COLLEEN. This place is delicious. It's called Falafel-ly Yours.

ABBY. No thank you. I've already eaten.

MARILYN. That's true. She nearly cleaned her plate.

COLLEEN. (Knowing.)

DEKK. (Also knowing.)

Oh, did she now.

That's very good.

MARILYN. You should come anyway. There's gonna be belly dancing!
ABBY. Honestly, I'll be much happier here. I don't get much alone time these days. (An awkward silence, then Derek looks at Marilyn, concerned.)
DEerek. How's this supposed to work? You said she'd come with us.
Marilyn. It's okay, we can wait. She'll be asleep soon. She's been dozing off and on for the past hour, so it won't be long. And there are a couple wheelchairs out in the hall. We can just borrow one of those once she's down, and wheel her to the car. (Silence. Abby stares at Marilyn, confused.) What.
ABBY. What are you talking about?
Marilyn. You don't make things easy, I'll give you that. The good news is, I love a challenge.
ABBY. Oh Jesus. What'd you do?
Marilyn. Don't worry about that just now.
ABBY. (Gets up, struggling to stay alert.) Did you drug me? Is that what you did?
Marilyn. You just need to sit / back down.
ABBY. Did you put something in my food, Marilyn?
Colleen. She did! She put something in your food!
Derek. I am so sorry.
ABBY. What was it? What did you give me?
Marilyn. Six Nytsol and a Xanax.
Colleen. (Disbelief.)
Derek. (Also disbelief.) Holy shit.
Marilyn. I ground it up, and sprinkled it on your tuna fish! Couldn't ya taste it?
ABBY. You motherfucker.
Marilyn, Colleen, and Derek. Grump! (Abby stagers around the room over the following. She may knock things over in her struggle to stay upright and awake.)
ABBY. You can't drug me.
Marilyn. I had to. I really want that bed.
ABBY. (To the others.) And you're going along with this?
Colleen. We're a very competitive family!
Marilyn. I told you, they'd do anything for me.

ABBY. This makes you accomplices, you know. Whatever happens, you are aiding and abetting! (Abby goes to Marilyn's phone to call for help. It takes her a while to realize the phone is disconnected. She tosses the phone in the wastebasket.)
Derek. I really didn't wanna do it. But it's impossible to say no to them.

Marilyn. She's just trying to scare you.
Colleen. It's a contest. Honey. All in good fun. They both agreed. (Abby unable to stay awake, tries to get to bed. She may or may not make it.)
Marilyn. And she's already done much worse than I have. She had people calling me at all hours. That's sleep deprivation. It's mode of torture, you know. I'm not gonna torture her, I'm just gonna give her a scare.
Colleen. Exactly. Harmless fun. (Only then do they realize that Abby is out cold.)
Derek. Oh god, she's out.
Marilyn. What'd I tell you? She's been fighting it all morning.
Colleen. I'll grab a wheelchair. (Exits room.)
Derek. What do I do?
Marilyn. You help me with the body. (They move towards Abby as the lights fade.)

Scene 5

In the transition we hear the deafening roar of an airplane engine rise up. Lewis, a jump instructor appears in a pool of light, yelling over the sound of the airplane.

Lewis. Hey again, folks. I wanted to take this opportunity to thank you for choosing Sky High Adventures for your outing this afternoon, and to briefly touch on a few things as we make our ascent!

Just a refresher — for those of you who don't know or can't remember, my name is Lewis, and I'm here to make sure you're safe, secure, and having a good time! Though not necessarily in that order! I'm happy to report that we're expecting clear skies and ideal flying conditions today!
Marilyn. Where did you get these?

Abby. Online. You can get anything online these days.

Marilyn. Police reports?

Abby. For a small fee. Don't worry, you're clean. I checked. (Beat.)
Your husband — not so much. I knew it couldn't all be sunshine
and cupcakes.

Marilyn. Every marriage has its bad spots, I'm sure you had yours.

Abby. No one got hit, if that's what you're suggesting.

Marilyn. (Pause.) I wish you hadn't put these up.

Abby. No, I know. Are you angry?

Marilyn. (Beat.) No, not angry.

Abby. I'd be angry. If someone did that to me.

Marilyn. That's the bet. I agreed to it same as you.

Abby. I wasn't talking about the bet. (A moment. Then she moves
to take the police reports from Marilyn. She crumples them up and tosses
them in the wastebasket. Marilyn regards her as the lights fade.)

Scene 2

Late afternoon. Abby is in the park, on her bench, reading on
her iPad. After a few moments, a man wearing a bunny
mask walks on. He looks around, then sits down on the bench
next to Abby. A moment. She looks up from her iPad, glances
over at the masked man, shakes her head a little, then goes
back to reading.

Masked Man. Listen to me, this is very important. Don't do
anything foolish. Just hand me the iPad. (Beat — Abby looks to him.)

Abby. Are you talking to me?

Masked Man. Don't say anything. Just follow my instructions,
and we'll both walk away from this. Okay? (He pulls out a small
pistol and discretely points it at her. Abby glances over at it.)

Abby. What is that? Is that real? Are you mugging me?

Masked Man. Ma'am, I need you to stay calm. I'm going to
gently take the iPad. (He does.) Good. And now I need you to hand
over whatever's in your purse.

Abby. There's hardly anything in the purse. Certainly not enough
money to buy drugs.

Masked Man. I'm not gonna buy drugs.

Abby. Yeah, I've heard that before. (Shoves purse at him.) Here, take it.

Masked Man. (Quietly.) No, don't do that! Take the purse back!

Abby. I thought you / wanted —

Masked Man. No, if I take your purse it looks like I'm robbing
you. We need to just sit here and look normal. (He crosses his legs
and tries to look normal. But he's wearing a bunny mask.) Okay, now
slowly reach into the purse, and pass me the cash like you're giving me
a stick of gum.

Abby. (Rummaging in her purse.) This is so stupid. That tablet is
the only thing of value I own. My books are on there. What am I
supposed to do without my books? Shame on you.

Masked Man. I'm sorry. I am. I'm sure this is very scary for you.
(Beat.) Is it?

Abby. (Hands over a few bills.) Is it what?

Masked Man. Scary. Are you scared right now? (A moment,
and then she realizes. The masked man quickly realizes he's overplayed
his hand.) It doesn't matter, forget I asked. (Puts the pistol away.)

Well, I think this is enough money. I'm just gonna — (He gets up to
go, but not in time. Abby has already whipped out the pepper spray
and maced the eyes of the mask.)

Abby. Masked Man.

No, I'm not scared! Are you? Are
you scared, you sonofabitch?!

(AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!)

(The man wipes off the mask — it's Derek. Colleen leaps out of a bush
where she's been hiding.)

Colleen. (Screaming their safeword.) Sassafras! Sassafras!

Derek. GAAAH! SHE MACE ME!

Abby. You had a gun!

Colleen. IT WAS JUST A TOY! (Calms her husband.) Okay, deep
breaths, baby.

Derek. M'YAAAAH! MY EYES ARE ON FIRE!

Colleen. Rinse 'em out! There's a water fountain over there!

Derek. WHERE? WHERE?

Colleen. (Pointing off.) THERE! THERE!

Derek. DIDN'T I SAY THIS WAS A TERRIBLE IDEA?! (He
rushes off in pain to rinse his eyes. Colleen turns to Abby, who is calmly
packing up her money and iPad.)
Scene 3

The room. Afternoon. Abby comes in from a walk outside. She takes off her sunglasses and dabs her face with a Kleenex. She looks to her plants. They need some water. She grabs the watering can and heads for the bathroom.

Abby opens the bathroom door and finds Marilyn hanging from the back of it, motionless, her eyes closed, as if she's hanged herself. Abby, completely unfazed, looks up at Marilyn. A moment. Then she moves past her, fills the watering can, comes back into the room, and closes the bathroom door.

Abby is watering her plants when Scotty enters with their afternoon medication.

SCOTTY. Did I see you out walking with the group today?
ABBY. Why not? I need exercise the same as anyone else.
SCOTTY. No, it's good you're getting out. I was just surprised. I didn't see Marilyn though.
ABBY. No, I know. She apparently had other plans. (She takes the pills from him.) It's a gossipy little bunch. You should've heard them going on about you and Larusso.
SCOTTY. What? What about us?
ABBY. Nothing too juicy. They were just debating how long it'd take you to get up the nerve to ask her out.
SCOTTY. (Flustered in spite of himself.) Oh. That's a weird thing to ——
There must be way more interesting things to talk ab — — Can I get you some water for those pills.
ABBY. (Beat.) I would love that. (Abby watches as Scotty heads to the bathroom. He opens the door and finds Marilyn hanging there. There's a moment of confusion, and then he begins to scream.)
SCOTTY. (Screams.) AHHHHHH! AHHHH-AHHHHH!
(This goes on for a moment, and then Marilyn's body begins to shake with laughter. Abby, too, is laughing now. Scotty's terror turns to confusion as he looks from Marilyn, eyes now open, to Abby.) What is ... what is this?
what they serve down there.
SCOTTY. It's very common. Losing your sense of taste.
ABBY. No, it isn't.
SCOTTY. I've seen it with a lot of our residents. It's usually the medications. Certain combinations do funny things.
ABBY. Oh, are you a doctor now?
SCOTTY. No. The plate's right there when you get hungry. It's shrimp marinara.
ABBY. It doesn't matter what it is. It all tastes like sand to me.
SCOTTY. Okay. (He makes the unmade bed over the following.)
ABBY. How long is that woman here?
SCOTTY. What do you mean?
ABBY. It's been three weeks. And she never stops talking. How long is this supposed to go on?
SCOTTY. This is where she lives, Abby.
ABBY. Well yes, for now, but I / meant —
SCOTTY. Not just for now. Indefinitely. This is Marilyn's room. Same as you.
ABBY. But I thought she was being moved as soon as a bed opened up. And from what I hear, that fat woman on the first floor died last night.
SCOTTY. Mrs. Moore. Her name was Mrs. Moore.
ABBY. Well I can't keep track of everyone's name. You knew who I meant. She's dead isn't she?
SCOTTY. She passed away, yes.
ABBY. Then there's an open bed.
SCOTTY. I think Marilyn prefers this room. She said she likes the view of the park. She's very happy here.
ABBY. But everyone wants the first floor. It's closer to everything. And I've always had my own room, Scotty.
SCOTTY. That's not true.
ABBY. Most of the time. That Spanish lady was here for a few months, but after / her —
SCOTTY. If there's space, we try to accommodate you, but there's not always space. And you don't have a private room.
ABBY. Not officially maybe.
SCOTTY. If you and your family want to pay for a private room —
ABBY. If I have to have someone in here, why can't it be someone quiet? What about that woman without the voicebox? She seems nice.
SCOTTY. So is Marilyn. You just need to give her a / chance.

ABBY. That woman is troubled, Scotty. I think there's something wrong with her. She's always trying to make little bets with me.
SCOTTY. What do you mean, bets? What kind of bets?
ABBY. Just the stupidest things. Guessing games and quizzes. This morning she wanted to race me to the elevator. Last night she bet me she could balance a slipper on her head.
SCOTTY. Could she?
ABBY. I don't know, I rolled over. You have to get her out of here.
SCOTTY. I can't force her to leave, Abby.
ABBY. Management could. Charlie Hastings would've done it. He always made sure I had my own room.
SCOTTY. Well, Charlie doesn't work here anymore.
ABBY. Which is a shame. Charlie liked me.
SCOTTY. I like you too. But, I'm not in charge of room assignments. Miss Larusso is.
ABBY. Well you're friends with her, aren't you? I see you in her office all the time watching those cat videos or whatever they are. They must be very funny the way you two carry on.
SCOTTY. They aren't cat videos.
ABBY. No?
SCOTTY. Not all of them.
ABBY. Can't you talk to her?
SCOTTY. You talk to her. Be your own advocate.
ABBY. Oh that never works. Besides, Miss Larusso doesn't like me.
SCOTTY. Because you're mean to her.
ABBY. Her problem is, she has no sense of humor. Charlie Hastings thought I was hilarious.
SCOTTY. Because he was drunk.
ABBY. You leave that man alone.
SCOTTY. He had a terrible drinking problem, which is why he was fired.
ABBY. All I know is, he did whatever I asked him to. If he were here, that woman would've been gone by now. (Marilyn enters. She's warm and pleasant.)
SCOTTY. There she is.
MARILYN. Here I am.
SCOTTY. How you feeling, Marilyn?
MARILYN. I feel great, thank you. Just back from my walk.
SCOTTY. Oh, are you doing that now?
MARILYN. Every day after lunch. Twice around the park. Me and
Lights up in Abby and Marilyn's room. Abby is puttering about anxiously when Scotty lets himself in.

ABBY. Oh good, you're back! I've been on pins and needles all morning. You did it? You talked to Larusso?
SCOTTY. I did.
ABBY. Oh thank god! I knew you'd do it. And just in time! I don't think I could've taken another day with that woman. So when is she out?
SCOTTY. She's not.
ABBY. (Beat.) What?
SCOTTY. Larusso denied your / request.
ABBY. Don't tell me that. Do not say that to me.
SCOTTY. I told you it was a long shot.
ABBY. You explained the situation? How there was an empty bed downstairs / and how —?
SCOTTY. It's a no-go, Abby. I'm sorry.
ABBY. You promised to help me. You said if I went to / your —
SCOTTY. I said I would try.
ABBY. Try! Try! Story of my life! Everyone tries! And nobody does.
SCOTTY. The problem is, Marilyn doesn't want to leave. And Miss Larusso doesn't wanna pull her out of here. What am I supposed to do?
ABBY. Charlie Hastings would've figured it out. He hauled all manner of people out of this room. You clearly don't give a shit.
SCOTTY. Don't say that.
ABBY. You obviously have your favorites, and I'm not one of them.
SCOTTY. I don't pick favorites. I try to treat every resident with the same kindness and respect.
ABBY. Ha!
SCOTTY. You may not believe this, but I actually want you to be happy.
ABBY. Well you failed, because I'm not.
SCOTTY. And I'm sorry about that.
ABBY. You're sorry? I'm the one who dragged herself to that asinine
SCOTTY. Look, I'm sorry —
ABBY. No-no-no, don't do that. Don't be sorry. I like the truth. I'm not thin-skinned like you are. You don't need to worry about me.
SCOTTY. (Beat.) Okay.
ABBY. I do want the rest of that money though. (He regards her. Then Marilyn enters with a tray. It has a couple covered plates on it.)
SCOTTY. There she is.
Marilyn. Here I am.
SCOTTY. How was breakfast?
Marilyn. Delicious. They were about to close up the dining room, so I went a few things, Abby.
SCOTTY. What a sweet lady. I'll be back. (He exits. Marilyn places the plates on the table closest to Abby.)
Marilyn. There's some scrambled eggs under this plate, and a little sausage. And this is a waffle. I put the syrup on the side. I know you say it all tastes the same, but I thought I'd give you some options anyway. (Looks to her.) Everything alright?
ABBY. My request was denied.
Marilyn. No chicken and dumplings then?
ABBY. That was never what I wanted.
Marilyn. No, I didn't think so. I assumed you were trying to get me booted from this room.
ABBY. (Beat.) You knew.
Marilyn. You're not one for subtlety.
ABBY. Look, some people like having someone around. I'm not one of those people.
Marilyn. I'm not transferring downstairs.
ABBY. Well you're gonna have to transfer somewhere, because this isn't working out. We're just not a good match. Now I'm sorry if that hurts your feelings —
Marilyn. It doesn't.
ABBY. Well... good. Then you understand what I'm trying to say.
Marilyn. I do. But I don't think it's true.
ABBY. No, it is.
Marilyn. I think we're a fine match.
ABBY. I don't enjoy your company.
Marilyn. That's alright. I like the view, and the sunshine. And I don't mind your personality.
ABBY. I don't like you. It's that simple. I don't like you, and I want you to go.

spook house for nothing. (Moves to her watering can.) You're a terrible actor by the way.
SCOTTY. (Beat.) Did you just say I'm a terrible actor?
ABBY. (Watering her plants.) I'm just being honest. If you go and invite me to something like that, I'm gonna give you my review.
SCOTTY. (Beat.) Right.
ABBY. Twelve bucks for that shitshow.
SCOTTY. You want your money back, Abby?
ABBY. That'd be a step in the right direction.
SCOTTY. Fine. (Rummages in pocket for money.)
ABBY. Well don't get upset.
SCOTTY. (Sort of throws a few bills in her direction.) Here, take it.
Take it!
ABBY. If you wanna be a real actor you're gonna need some thicker skin.
SCOTTY. Don't tell me what I need to be a real actor. You don't know anything about it.
ABBY. There's only seven / dollars here.
SCOTTY. That's all I have right now! I'll go to the ATM at lunch! (Turns to leave, but then comes back at her.) But you know ... for the record, Charlie Hastings did not do you any favors.
ABBY. No?
SCOTTY. No. He was not pulling residents out of this room as a favor to you, he was doing it as a favor to them.
ABBY. Alright, if that makes you feel / better.
SCOTTY. There wasn't a single person placed in this room who didn't want out of it within a week. This may come as a shock, but you're apparently not the easiest person to live with.
ABBY. Hey, I don't know what Charlie had to put in the records / but —
SCOTTY. It's not the records, it's common knowledge. No one wanted to live with you. Charlie got so sick of the room change requests that he just stopped putting people in here. (Abby stops watering and faces him.) I did my best with Larusso, despite what you may think, but she made it very clear — not only will she not eject Marilyn from this room, she said it's my job to keep her here, because god knows if Marilyn does leave, we may never be able to fill that bed again. (Silence.)
ABBY. Okay. Thank you for clearing things up. (Scotty stands there for a moment, already regretting saying all this.)
What'd you do with my earplugs? (Scotty charges in, but stops short when he sees Marilyn.)

Marilyn. There he is!
Scotty. (Less enthusiasm than usual.) Here I am. (Beat.) I thought you were out walking.
Marilyn. I just got back. Everything all right?
Scotty. Yeah, I just ... needed to talk to Abby about something.
Marilyn. Oh, is it Brigadoon? (To Abby.) Scotty was telling us all about how he was in Brigadoon in high school. He even sang a little bit for us. (Back to Scotty.) Miss Larusso looked smitten.
Scotty. This isn't about Brigadoon. Abby doesn't want to hear about Brigadoon. She thinks I'm a bad actor.
Marilyn. He's not a bad actor. He's a wonderful actor. You would've seen that if you had come to that improv class Scotty gave in the day room yesterday. We learned so much. We did some memory exercises. Scotty pretended to eat a banana! He's a terrific actor.
Scotty. Marilyn, could I talk to Abby alone?
Marilyn. (Beat.) Is she in trouble?
Scotty. She and I are gonna talk about that.
Marilyn. Oh, well, alright. Maybe I'll visit Mr. Hantz then. (Turns to go, but then ...) Whatever it is, Scotty, go easy on her. (Marilyn goes. Scotty looks to Abby.)
Scotty. I thought you two were getting along.
Abby. We are. Like gangbusters. We might braid each other's hair.
Scotty. What are these? (He holds out a fistful of Xerox pages. Abby looks them over.)
Abby. Hmm. Look like police reports. Oliver Dunne, it says. That's Marilyn's husband, isn't it?
Scotty. You know it is.
Abby. Looks like Grumps had a temper. Where'd you find these?
Scotty. They were posted on the bulletin board in the dining room. And on the walls of the day room. And in the elevators. Do you know how many people saw these, Abby?
Abby. Did she?
Scotty. I hope not. I just spent the past hour taking them all down. I should've made you do that.
Abby. Why? I had nothing to do with it.
Scotty. Barry saw you on the security cameras.
Abby. (Beat — caught.) Well you're the one who wanted us to bond.

Scotty. This is bonding?
Abby. We've been playing practical jokes on each other, that's all.
Scotty. This is not a joke, Abby. This is humiliating. Her husband's arrest record? Drunk driving reports? Domestic violence?
Abby. Surprising, right?
Scotty. People saw these. Her friends saw these. Why would you do that to her? (Marilyn enters, clutching a few of the Xerox police reports in her fist. She looks to Abby. Silence.)
Abby. What if they got there, Marilyn?
Scotty. I'm sorry, I thought I got them all down.
Abby. You must've missed the ones I slipped under Mr. Hantz's door.
Scotty. Are you okay?
Abby. She's fine. (To Marilyn.) I told him we've been playing practical jokes on each other.
Marilyn. We have. It's been fun.
Scotty. Marilyn —
Marilyn. They're not real. She just had them mocked up. To get my goat. Well played.
Abby. Thank you.
Marilyn. It's just a goof, Scotty. Wait'll you see what I'm gonna do to her.
Abby. I bet it'll be funny.
Marilyn. It won't be itching powder in the bed sheets, I'll tell ya that.
Scotty. Okay, enough. I don't know what's going on between you two, but this has to stop. If you're really looking to do something together, I'll find you a checkerboard. But this — (Holds up police reports.) — has to stop.
Marilyn. (Simply.) Mind your business, Scotty.
Scotty. (Beat.) What?
Marilyn. We're not hurting anyone. We're not children who need to be scolded. Is this a prison?
Scotty. Of course not.
Marilyn. No, this is our home, for better or worse, and we're still free to come and go as we please, and do what we like, so unless we're burning down the building, don't tell us what we can and cannot do.
Scotty. Marilyn —
Marilyn. We're just having a little fun. Stay out of it.
Scotty. (Tense.) You know what? You two might be a better match than I thought. (He goes. A couple beats of silence.)