



RIPCORD

BY
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★
DRAMATISTS
PLAY SERVICE
INC.



CHARACTERS

ABBY BINDER, a resident, 70s–80s

MARILYN DUNNE, a resident, 70s–80s

SCOTTY, a resident aide, 20s–30s

BENJAMIN, LEWIS and CLOWN, played by the same actor, 40s

COLLEEN and WOMAN IN WHITE, played by the same actress, 30s–40s

DEREK, ZOMBIE BUTLER, and MASKED MAN, played by the same actor, 30s–40s

PLACE

The play is mostly set in a double room at the Bristol Place Senior Living Facility in suburban New Jersey. Though there are a few other locations.

NOTE

A slash (/) in the dialogue indicates the start of the next spoken line.

RIPCORN

ACT ONE

Scene 1

A double room in the Bristol Place Senior Living Facility. It's fairly homey, as far as these places go. There are two beds, a couple end tables, two sitting chairs, and two identical dressers. There's a door to the room stage right that leads out into the hall. A wide set of windows line the stage left wall. It's a very sunny day. A door upstage right leads into the bathroom.

As the lights rise, we discover Abby Binder in the chair closest to the windows, reading on an iPad. Her side of the room, stage left, has a few plants on the windowsill and some knick-knacks. Her bed is made, while the stage right bed is not. The stage right dresser has several framed family photos atop it, while Abby's dresser has a small stack of books.

There's a tap at the door. Scotty, a resident aide, enters carrying a tray with a couple covered plates on it.

SCOTTY. Hey, Abby. You didn't want to come down to the dining room?

ABBY. *(Doesn't look up from her iPad.)* Am I there?

SCOTTY. That's alright, I brought some lunch up for you. *(Places the tray near her.)*

ABBY. Why bother? I can't taste anything.

SCOTTY. I know, I'm sorry.

ABBY. Going on two months now. Which may be a blessing given

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 in 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

Alice and Sally. Mr. Hantz comes along sometimes. I've invited Abby but she doesn't like the exercise.

ABBY. It's not the exercise I don't like.

MARILYN. Did you make my bed, Scotty? I've told you that you don't have to do that. I'm only gonna mess it up again. I'm a restless sleeper.

ABBY. Also she snores.

MARILYN. It's true!

ABBY. I had to get earplugs.

MARILYN. My Oliver used to boot me out of bed. Usually it's the husband on the couch, but with us it was *me*. Poor man.

ABBY. My very thought.

MARILYN. (*Chuckles at that.*) Isn't she awful, Scotty?

SCOTTY. She is, yes. She's awful. (*As he exits.*) I'll be back.

MARILYN. We missed you in the dining room. You should see it down there. They have it all done up for Halloween now. Pumpkins up on the walls, skeletons, black cats. You'd love it.

ABBY. Why would you think that?

MARILYN. They're like classroom decorations. And Mr. Hantz said you used to be a teacher. Grade school, he said. I don't know how he got it outta ya, you won't tell *me* anything.

ABBY. (*Looks to the windowsill.*) My plants are droopy.

MARILYN. But teacher makes sense. I can picture it. I bet you were very stern with the children. (*Abby grabs the watering can and heads into the bathroom. We hear the water running.*) I was an office manager. In my husband's business. Did I mention he was a skydiving instructor?

ABBY. Several times.

MARILYN. We were based down at Alexandria Field. I could tell you some stories, boy. My children run the business now. They're good kids. And they'd do *anything* for me. (*Abby comes out of the bathroom with the watering can filled. She waters her plants over the following.*) Did you hear that Mrs. Moore died? Poor thing. Went in her sleep. Such a nice woman.

ABBY. Such a nice *room*.

MARILYN. Room?

ABBY. It's too bad she's dead, but silver linings, right?

MARILYN. How do you mean?

ABBY. That room is prime real estate in this place. First floor — between the mailboxes and the day room. Less walking, more space.

MARILYN. Are you thinking of changing rooms?

ABBY. What? No, I'm not thinking of changing rooms.

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 windows.*) 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 cobbler. It's very good.

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

MARILYN. Oh is that still going on?

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

MARILYN. I know, I'm sorry.

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

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 cobbler?

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 Sudoku puzzle book and sits on her bed.)*

MARILYN. Have you tried these? Sudoku? I do them every day to keep my brain limber. *Sudoku.* 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 Sudoku. 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 cobbler 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 her 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 cobbler, 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 Pottsville 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 forty 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.

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.*)

Scene 2

Ominous music, creaking doors, and screams of terror. Lights up on the entrance to Beelzebub's Den. Marilyn and Abby enter. Marilyn already looks spooked. Abby gives her a little nudge forward.

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.)*

BLEEEEEEEEEEEEEHHHHH! AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH
(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 appears at the end of the hall.)

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 — AAAGGGGGH-HHH!!! *(The Zombie Butler has thrown a giant lever. Lights flash and spark as volts of electricity shoot through the prisoner.)* AAAGGGGGH-HHH! NOOOOOOOO! AAAAAGGGGGHHHH! *(The butler switches the electricity off, and Scotty slumps in his chair ...)* This is it then. Never to see the sky again. Nor my home. Nor the people I love ...

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.)* AAAGGGHH! NOOOO, I'M NOT READY TO DIIIIIIII — ! *(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. Teeheeheeheehee!

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. Teeheeheeheehee!

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 whips around suddenly to face the women.)* And what is this? Some aged meat?

ABBY. Rude.

CLOWN. Teeheeheehee! *(The clown pulls out a chainsaw, which roars to life — BZZZZZZZ. Marilyn screams, the clown cackles.)*

ZOMBIE BUTLER. This way, ladies! Escape while you can! *(The women flee the cackling clown and find themselves in another corridor. They pass a cemetery scene — maybe the Grim Reaper wanders among the graves.)*

MARILYN. What do you mean you don't get scared?

ABBY. Haven't been in years. That's what happens when you live long enough. Things disappear. Just like my taste buds. Just like your anger. Everything goes eventually.

ZOMBIE BUTLER. Don't dawdle, ladies.

MARILYN. I bet I could find something you're scared of.

ABBY. No.

MARILYN. How about this, I try to find something that makes you scared, and *you* try to find something that makes me *angry*. That'd be fun!

ABBY. I'm not betting you, Marilyn! *(They come upon a child's nursery, all gauzy and white. An empty white crib. A rocking horse. A Woman in White sits in a rocking chair, cradling a baby. A toy piano plunks out the notes of a lullaby.)*

WOMAN IN WHITE. *(Hums a lullaby.)* La-lala-laaaa-la la-la-la. La-lala-laaaa-la, La-la-laaa.

MARILYN. *(Whispers to Abby.)* I find that very unsettling.

WOMAN IN WHITE. *(To her baby.)* Shhh. It's alright. I won't let them take you. It's okay, Mama's here, you precious baby boy. Mama's here.

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

WOMAN IN WHITE. *(Panicked.)* Oh no, he wants my baby.

MARILYN. The clown wants her baby.

WOMAN IN WHITE. *(Turns on the women.)* You brought him here! You led him to my baby boy! Get out before he —

VOICE OF THE CLOWN. Tra-la-la ... tra-la-la ...

WOMAN IN WHITE. Oh no, it's too late! We've been discovered!

VOICE OF THE CLOWN. Pink little toes, and pink little ears ... *(The Woman in White grabs a large crucifix and thrusts it at Marilyn.)*

WOMAN IN WHITE. You, take this crucifix!

MARILYN. Oh god.

WOMAN IN WHITE. *(To Abby.)* And you take my baby.

ABBY. No, thank you, I don't want / to —

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. Agggggggghhh!

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-la-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-la-laaa. *(The lights fade on the Woman in White rocking her baby.)*

Scene 3

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

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.*)

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 got you 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.

MARILYN. If you're so unhappy, maybe *you* should take Mrs. Moore's bed.

ABBY. (*Beat.*) Oh my god, is that what this is? A shakedown? Are you trying to take this room for yourself?

MARILYN. No.

ABBY. Because I have been here four years, and you are not going to displace me! I have *earned* this room, and I am *staying* in it!

MARILYN. Oh good. I'm glad to hear you say that. I prefer you stay as well, but you seemed intent on our not living together.

ABBY. You prefer I stay.

MARILYN. I do.

ABBY. Why?

MARILYN. Because you remind me of my husband.

ABBY. (*Beat.*) Oh, lord.

MARILYN. He was all pushback and bluster too. And I got very good at working around that. It's sort of my area of expertise. If I lived with him, I can certainly live with you.

ABBY. Marilyn —

MARILYN. You need to stop. Because I'm not leaving. (*A stalemate. Neither woman budges. A few moments pass, and then Abby reluctantly has to accept that it's come to this ...*)

ABBY. What if I took your bet?

MARILYN. (*Beat.*) My bet?

ABBY. If I win, will you go?

MARILYN. Which bet are you talking about? Balancing the slipper?

ABBY. No, the one you made at the spook house.

MARILYN. Where I try to scare you?

ABBY. If you can do that, then you win. Unless I make you angry first.

MARILYN. Then *you* win.

ABBY. Nice and simple.

MARILYN. (*Beat.*) What are the ground rules?

ABBY. Scotty can't know.

MARILYN. Oh, I'd hate to keep a secret from / Scotty.

ABBY. Scotty. Can't. Know. If he does, he'll blab it to Larusso, and she'll shut it down.

MARILYN. (*Beat.*) Okay. What else?

ABBY. Just that you agree to leave this room if I win.

MARILYN. And what if *I* win?

ABBY. You get to stay.

MARILYN. But I *already* get to stay. I *live* here. What *more* do I get?

ABBY. (*Beat.*) What more do you *want*?

MARILYN. I want the bed by the window.

ABBY. (*Beat.*) Okay.

MARILYN. Then I'm in. Bet?

ABBY. Bet. (*Blackout.*)

Scene 4

Abby and Marilyn's room. The phone beside Marilyn's bed is off the hook. Abby sits in her chair, reading. She is sleepy. Through the open bathroom door, we see Marilyn by the mirror. She's wearing a nice outfit and is putting on a necklace.

MARILYN. You remember Colleen. You met her when I moved in here. She's my youngest daughter. She and her brothers took over the family business. She was the only girl interested in airplanes! Anyway, she's Caleb's mom. He's the one who likes the fire trucks. (*Abby dozes off.*) And you know what's funny about Caleb? He couldn't say "Gramps" — this was last year when my Oliver was alive — so he called him "Grumps," which we all thought was so funny, because it fit him perfectly. "Grumps." (*Comes into the room.*) Isn't that funny?

ABBY. (*Eyes fluttering open.*) 'Hm?

MARILYN. I'm sorry, were you sleeping?

ABBY. I just dozed off for a second.

MARILYN. You must be tired from last night. The phone keep you up?

ABBY. Didn't keep *me* up. I have earplugs, remember?

MARILYN. Well I wasn't saying anything important. Just family stuff. (*Puts on a little perfume.*) It's amazing though, isn't it? All these people.

ABBY. What people?

MARILYN. The ones I've generated. I still can't get used to it. You have a few kids, and that's all it takes. You raise them, and see them off, and then *your* kids have a few kids, and then all *their* kids have a few kids, and soon you're asking, "Well where did all these people

come from?" And then you remember, "Oh my lord, they came from me. I did that." So strange.

ABBY. Yes, it is.

MARILYN. It's like that old shampoo commercial. "They told two friends, then *they* told two friends." And so on and so on.

ABBY. That wasn't the case for me.

MARILYN. No?

ABBY. No.

MARILYN. You had your son though.

ABBY. And that was the end of that. *(Marilyn looks to her, intrigued. Scotty enters with their afternoon medication.)*

MARILYN. *There he is!*

SCOTTY. *Here I am! (Re: Marilyn's outfit.)* You have a date, pretty lady? *(He hands them their meds over the following.)*

MARILYN. Colleen and her husband are taking me out for lunch.

SCOTTY. Oh, I'm jealous. I wanna go on a lunch date.

MARILYN. You should ask Miss Larusso! There's a Chipotle down the street. I bet she'd like that.

SCOTTY. *(A nervous laugh, then ...)* Why is your phone off the hook?

ABBY. Why don't you put it back and find out? *(A moment. Then Scotty puts the phone back on the hook. The phone immediately starts ringing. Scotty looks to Marilyn.)*

MARILYN. Well, go on.

SCOTTY. *(Answers the phone.)* Hello? ... Am I what? ... Um, I don't think so. *(To Marilyn.)* Are you giving away a futon?

MARILYN. Nope.

SCOTTY. *(Back to phone.)* No, we're not giving away a futon ... Sure thing. *(Hangs up.)*

MARILYN. Abby put my phone number on Craigslist.

SCOTTY. She what?

MARILYN. She posted an ad saying I was leaving the country and wanted to give away my belongings. So now my phone won't stop ringing.

ABBY. I attached a list of items.

MARILYN. Free to whoever wanted them. Furniture, appliances, knick-knacks, a car.

SCOTTY. A car?

ABBY. Toyota Camry. Only eighty thousand miles on it.

MARILYN. "For free. Call Marilyn." With my phone number on the bottom. *(The phone rings again. Marilyn answers.)* Hello? ... No

the Crock-Pot was claimed, I'm afraid ... Yes, but thank you for calling ... Well I *will* have a nice move, that's so sweet of you to say. Bye-bye now. (*Hangs up and unplugs the phone.*) The calls just keep coming. All day yesterday, and through the night. I had to finally take the dang thing off the hook.

SCOTTY. You can't do that, Abby. You can't torture her / until she —

MARILYN. Oh it's nothing like that. It was just a gag. Abby knows I love a gag. She was just trying to make me laugh.

ABBY. It's true. I was trying to make her laugh. (*This confuses Scotty. He looks to Marilyn.*)

SCOTTY. You weren't angry.

MARILYN. Nope. Didn't make me angry at all. I thought it was funny.

ABBY. She thought it was funny.

MARILYN. And I got to chat with all sorts of lovely people. One man called himself a hoarder, which I don't believe in, but he was very nice. And very disappointed I had nothing to give him.

SCOTTY. You don't believe in hoarding?

MARILYN. No, we never had that. Back in my day we called people pack rats, but it was never serious. It was kinda quaint actually. "Oh you ol' pack rat you."

SCOTTY. But it's a real thing, Marilyn. Hoarding. It's not quaint, it's an actual disorder.

ABBY. Yes, everything's a disorder now.

MARILYN. Well that's just silly to me. Look at my uncle Joe. He was a barber, and he'd sweep up the hair every night and take it home in garbage bags. For years. His house was filled with the stuff. Big bags of hair piled up to the ceiling. By the end, he could hardly move from room to room without those bags tumbling down on top of him. Big avalanche of hair-bags.

SCOTTY. (*Beat.*) And you don't think he had a disorder?

MARILYN. No. Uncle Joe was just *eccentric*. Why can't people be peculiar anymore? We thought it was *funny*. (*Beat.*) Until the fire, of course. (*Scotty and Abby just stare at her. Then Scotty turns back to Abby.*)

SCOTTY. Well, I have to say, it's nice you two are finally getting along. But you shouldn't put her phone number on the internet.

ABBY. No, I know, I felt terrible about that. Her family couldn't get through on the line. I'm sorry, Marilyn.

MARILYN. Oh that's alright. (*To Scotty.*) Colleen just called the front desk. That's how I found out they were coming. We're going out for Middle Eastern food.

SCOTTY. That'll be nice.

MARILYN. They take care of me. Always have. (*Looks to Abby.*) Oh look, she dozed off again. Poor thing can't keep her eyes open. (*Scotty goes to move Abby's iPad, but Abby wakes up and clutches it.*)

ABBY. What are you doing?

SCOTTY. You were sleeping, and I didn't want you to drop this.

ABBY. I wasn't sleeping. I don't sleep in the middle of the day.

SCOTTY. Are you feeling alright?

ABBY. I'm fine. Just a little low-energy today.

SCOTTY. Did you eat your lunch?

ABBY. Most of it. I couldn't taste / it, but I ate it.

MARILYN. You know what you should do? Whatever they serve, you should pretend it's peach cobbler.

ABBY. Why would I do that?

MARILYN. It's your favorite. Just close your eyes and I bet you start to taste it.

SCOTTY. Sense memory.

MARILYN. Is that what it's called?

SCOTTY. It's an acting trick.

MARILYN. Can you show us, Scotty? How it's done?

ABBY. No, that wouldn't work for me.

MARILYN. Let's try it and see!

ABBY. I don't want to.

MARILYN. Alright. She doesn't want to try sense memory, Scotty.

SCOTTY. That's probably for the best. I'm gonna pop in on Mr. Hantz. I'll be next door if you need me. (*Scotty exits. Abby goes back to her iPad. Marilyn checks her watch yet again.*)

MARILYN. They're a little late.

ABBY. Are they?

MARILYN. One o'clock they said.

ABBY. Oh. It's almost one thirty.

MARILYN. Must be traffic.

ABBY. You'd think they'd call and tell you they were running behind.

MARILYN. Well how could they get through, Abby? The phone's unplugged.

ABBY. That's true. They could call the front desk though. That's what they did before, isn't it?

MARILYN. They'll be here.

ABBY. I hope so. You're so looking forward to the visit. Getting all dressed up like that. It'd be a shame if they didn't show.

MARILYN. They will.

ABBY. You sound so sure.

MARILYN. Why wouldn't I be?

ABBY. No reason. (*Abby reads. Marilyn waits.*)

MARILYN. They told me they'd be here.

ABBY. Oh, they *told* you.

MARILYN. Yes.

ABBY. Called the front desk, did they?

MARILYN. Colleen did, yes.

ABBY. And you talked to her.

MARILYN. No, she left a message, saying they'd pick me up at one, and Barry at the desk gave it to me.

ABBY. Oh. Barry gave you the message. Then how do you know it was really Colleen who called?

MARILYN. Well who else *would* it be? (*Silence.*) Did you leave that message, Abby? (*No response.*) Did you pretend to be Colleen and leave that message?

ABBY. "Hi, I'm trying to reach my mother on the third floor, but her phone seems to be on the fritz, could I leave a message with you?"

MARILYN. Is that what you did?

ABBY. No rules, you agreed.

MARILYN. (*Beat.*) That was a mean thing to do. Very mean-spirited.

ABBY. Yes it was. Are you angry?

MARILYN. It's a shame you had to stoop to this kind of thing.

ABBY. Seems like you might be angry.

MARILYN. You knew what this would mean to me.

ABBY. Well yeah, that's kinda the point.

MARILYN. There are lots of things you could've done to try and make me angry. This one is pure spite. Spite and envy. Because I have people willing to visit me.

ABBY. Not today, you don't.

MARILYN. It bothers you that I talk about my family.

ABBY. Oh, you picked up on that, did you?

MARILYN. Because you don't have that in your life. Yes, you have a son, allegedly, but in the four years you've been here, no one has seen him pay you a visit. Has *anyone* come to see you?

ABBY. Listen to how angry you are.

MARILYN. This is not anger.

ABBY. That's not healthy, Marilyn. All that bottled up fury? You gotta let it out.

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!
We made it!

DEREK. Knock knock!
Anyone home?

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.

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

COLLEEN. I'm such a dodo.

MARILYN. I wasn't worried.

COLLEEN. We had a line of cars behind us.

DEREK. 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?

DEREK. She's a supermodel.

MARILYN. I wish!

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

DEREK. So much sun!

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

COLLEEN. And look, Caleb's fire truck!

DEREK. Prominently displayed!

MARILYN. Abby thought it was a Pap smear.

COLLEEN. Well that's very specific.

DEREK. 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 peeved.)

DEREK. 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.)*

DEREK. *(Also laughing.)*

Oh my goodness!

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!

DEREK. I just worry about something going wrong.

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

MARILYN. I don't know what that is.

COLLEEN. Ours is "Sassafras."

DEREK. Colleen —

MARILYN. Sassafras?

COLLEEN. Actually it's — *(As if gagged and/or choking.)* MAFFAF-RAFF! MAFFAFRAFF!

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

DEREK. 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.)*

DEREK. *(Also knowing.)*

Ohh, 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 to Marilyn, concerned.)*

DEREK. 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 Nytol and a Xanax.

COLLEEN. *(Disbelief.)*

DEREK. *(Also disbelief.)*

That's a lot. 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. Grumps! *(Abby staggers 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 that 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 a 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 a 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!

NOW THERE ARE A FEW THINGS TO REVIEW AS WE MAKE THE CLIMB! THE HARNESS THAT YOU'RE WEARING IS SPECIFICALLY DESIGNED TO CONNECT YOU TO YOUR INSTRUCTOR, SO YOU WILL WANT IT TO BE TIGHT AND SECURE! *(Eventually the lights come up to reveal that we're inside a jump plane. Derek is here, behind Abby, attached by a harness. Colleen is behind Marilyn, also attached by a harness. They're all suited up for a tandem skydive. As Lewis talks, Abby's eyes flutter open. She looks around, confused, wondering if she's maybe dreaming.)* YOU'VE ALSO BEEN OUTFITTED WITH A PAIR OF GOGGLES AND A HELMET! THE HELMET IS EQUIPPED WITH A MIC, AS WELL AS A TWO-WAY RADIO THAT WILL ALLOW YOU ALL TO STAY IN COMMUNICATION DURING YOUR DESCENT! IN A TANDEM DIVE, YOUR INSTRUCTOR WEARS THE PARACHUTE PACK ON HIS OR HER BACK, AND SO LONG AS YOU STAY CONNECTED TO ONE ANOTHER, YOU HAVE NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF! *(Re: Abby.)* IS SHE GETTING ANY OF THIS? *(Everyone yells over the roar of the plane ...)*

COLLEEN. SHE'S BEEN IN AND OUT! I THINK SHE'S COMING TO THOUGH!

MARILYN. ARE YOU AWAKE NOW ABBY? *(Abby looks to her, still not comprehending what's going on.)*

LEWIS. NOW THIS IS VERY IMPORTANT, SO LISTEN UP! YOU WILL JUMP! BECAUSE YOU ARE TWO PEOPLE STRAPPED TOGETHER, YOU WILL BE FALLING MUCH TOO FAST! A SMALL DROGUE CHUTE WILL SLOW YOUR DESCENT! YOU WILL BE FALLING AT A SPEED OF ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY MILES PER HOUR! YOU WILL FREE FALL ALMOST FIVE THOUSAND FEET! AT WHICH POINT THE MAIN CHUTE SHOULD OPEN!

MARILYN and COLLEEN. *SHOULD OPEN!* *(They chuckle.)*

LEWIS. IF THE MAIN CHUTE DOES *NOT* OPEN, WHICH IS VERY RARE, YOU WILL CONTINUE TO FREE FALL FOR ANOTHER THREE THOUSAND FEET. THIS WILL BE HARROWING. BUT THEN A SECONDARY RESERVE CHUTE WILL AUTOMATICALLY BE TRIGGERED, AND YOU WILL LAND SAFELY! DO YOU UNDERSTAND, ABBY?

ABBY. NO! WHAT IS THIS? WHO *ARE* YOU?

MARILYN. THAT'S LEWIS, MY OLDEST BOY! HIS BROTHERS

JIM AND PETE ARE IN THE COCKPIT! YOU MET THEM ALL ON THE TARMAC!

ABBY. ON THE TARMAC? WHAT ARE YOU — ? WHERE THE HELL ARE WE?

COLLEEN. IT'S AN AIRPLANE! YOU'RE IN OUR FAMILY'S AIRPLANE!

ABBY. YOUR FAMILY'S *WHAT*? HOW DID I — ? *(Re: her harness.)* WHAT AM I WEARING?

LEWIS. SHE HASN'T BEEN LISTENING AT ALL, MOM! SHE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW WHAT SHE'S WEARING!

DEREK. IT'S A TANDEM HARNESS, ABBY!

ABBY. *(Looks back, confused.)* WHO SAID THAT? WHO'S BACK THERE?

DEREK. IT'S DEREK! WE'RE ATTACHED TO EACH OTHER! THIS IS A TANDEM JUMP!

ABBY. WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?!

COLLEEN. WE'RE ALL GONNA SKYDIVE!

ABBY. LIKE HELL WE ARE! LAND THIS THING RIGHT NOW!

MARILYN. ALRIGHT, IF YOU'RE SCARED WE CAN DO THAT!

ABBY. I'M NOT SCARED!

LEWIS. GLAD TO HEAR IT! OKAY FOLKS, WE'RE JUST ABOUT AT TEN THOUSAND FEET, SO WADDLE ON OVER TO THE DOOR, AND WE'LL GET READY TO DO THIS! *(They all waddle over to the door, Abby reluctant and pissed.)*

ABBY. WE'RE NOT JUMPING OUT OF THIS PLANE! IT WOULDN'T BE *LEGAL*! YOU'D ALL GET THROWN IN JAIL!

COLLEEN. BUT YOU SIGNED ALL THE WAIVERS BEFORE WE TOOK OFF!

ABBY. WHAT WAIVERS?

LEWIS. *(Pulls out documents.)* LOOK HERE! YOU DON'T HOLD ANY OF US RESPONSIBLE FOR WHATEVER MIGHT HAPPEN TODAY!

ABBY. I DIDN'T SIGN THAT!

COLLEEN. YOU DID! YOU WEREN'T ENTIRELY CONSCIOUS, BUT YOU *DID* SIGN IT!

LEWIS. YOU'RE GONNA LIKE THIS, ABBY! IT'S JUST LIKE LIFE! YOU GET SHOVED OUT INTO NOTHINGNESS,

THEN IT'S A LONG TERRIFYING FREE FALL TO CERTAIN DEATH! WHICH IS WHY YOU GOTTA PULL THE RIPCORDER, BABY! SLOW YOURSELF DOWN AND LOOK AROUND WHILE YOU CAN!

MARILYN. THAT'S BEAUTIFUL, LEWIS!

LEWIS. THANK YOU, MOMMY! *(Lewis throws open the door of the plane, and the sound is deafening. They all fight against the force of the wind.)*

DEREK. OH MY GOD!

LEWIS. WE'RE OVER THE DROP ZONE!

COLLEEN. ISN'T THIS EXCITING?!

ABBY. YOU PEOPLE ARE LUNATICS!

LEWIS. NOW REMEMBER, CROSS YOUR ARMS OVER YOUR CHEST, LIFT YOUR FEET AND LAY YOUR HEAD BACK!

MARILYN. WE'LL GO FIRST AND SHOW YOU HOW IT'S DONE!

COLLEEN. READY?

MARILYN. GO! *(Colleen and Marilyn lean out the door, then step off, screaming as they fall ...)*

MARILYN and COLLEEN. AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! *(... and they disappear from sight.)*

ABBY. HOLY SHIT! THEY REALLY JUMPED!

DEREK. YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS, ABBY!

ABBY. *(Defiant.)* NO! I WANT TO! JUST DO IT ALREADY! JUMP!

DEREK. HERE WE GO! *(And with that, Derek and Abby leap into nothingness, screaming as they fall ...)*

ABBY and DEREK. AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

LEWIS. SEE YOU AT THE BOTTOM! *(Lewis and the airplane fly off behind them. There is nothing but the sound of rushing wind, as Abby and Derek scream ...)*

ABBY and DEREK. AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! *(They free fall, plummeting to Earth.)* AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! *(This goes on for a couple beats, before Colleen and Marilyn fly in beside them, also free falling, also screaming. We hear their voices through the mics in their helmets.)*

MARILYN and COLLEEN. AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

ABBY and DEREK. AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

MARILYN. ABBY! *(But Abby can't hear her. And her eyes are clenched*

shut.) ABBY! OVER HERE! *(With great effort, Abby opens her eyes and looks over at Marilyn.)* YOU'RE AWAKE NOW I BET!
ABBY. I HOPE YOUR CHUTE DOESN'T DEPLOY!
MARILYN. WHAT?
ABBY. YOUR CHUTE! I HOPE IT DOESN'T OPEN!
MARILYN. I CAN'T HEAR YOU!
ABBY. YOUR CHUTE! YOUR CHUTE! I HOPE YOU DIE!
MARILYN. YOU HOPE I DIE?
ABBY. YES!
MARILYN. YOU'RE FUNNY!
COLLEEN. TIME TO DEPLOY!
MARILYN. GO FOR IT! *(Colleen pulls the ripcord, and their chute deploys. She and Marilyn are whipped up and offstage.)*
MARILYN and COLLEEN. *(Screaming as they disappear.)* WOAH-HHHHHHHHHHHHHH!
DEREK. OUR TURN! HOLD ON! *(Derek too pulls the ripcord. He and Abby are whipped up and offstage.)*
ABBY and DEREK. *(Screaming as they disappear offstage.)* WOAH-HHHHHHHHHHHHHH! *(For a moment we see nothing but clouds and sky. And then ... Abby and Derek, still attached, float gently back in, their parachute keeping them aloft. Abby catches her breath. She looks around, amazed to still be alive. Again, we hear their voices over the two-way radios.)*
DEREK. We're under canopy! I've got the controls, so you can relax now. We'll be on the ground soon enough. *(Beat.)* You did great, Abby. You should be really proud of yourself. *(They float along for a couple beats. Then Colleen and Marilyn glide in next to them, their parachute also deployed.)*
COLLEEN. Why, hello! Fancy meeting you up here!
MARILYN. Wasn't that amazing, Abby?
ABBY. Don't talk to me.
MARILYN. Were you scared? I know I was.
COLLEEN. I've done it a hundred times, and I *still* pee a little bit.
ABBY. *(To Marilyn.)* All this trouble. For a *room*.
MARILYN. Was it fun at all? *(Abby doesn't respond. They float along in silence.)*
DEREK. Are we done then? Marilyn wins?
ABBY. No. I wasn't scared.
MARILYN. You were thrown out of a plane, Abby.
ABBY. I wasn't scared.

MARILYN. Abby —

ABBY. I wasn't. Scared.

MARILYN. *(Beat.)* Okay. But I don't think I can do much better than that.

ABBY. So you forfeit?

MARILYN. Of course not.

ABBY. Good. Because I intend to get you back for this.

MARILYN. *(Beat.)* I heard you screaming, there is no way you weren't / scared!

ABBY. Can you stop talking for a little while? I'm trying to enjoy the view.

MARILYN. *(Beat — smiles.)* Sure. *(They float along in silence, enjoying the view. They slowly descend, as the lights fade.)*

End of Act One

ACT TWO

Scene 1

The room. Abby is reading her iPad. After a couple beats, Marilyn enters, energized.

MARILYN. Good walk today. We picked up the pace a bit. You really should come with us some time. Mr. Hantz is always asking after you.

ABBY. Blech. That's all I need, that horn-dog sniffing around.

MARILYN. You're gonna start turning into an old lady if you don't get out of this room and get some fresh air.

ABBY. I go down to my bench every day.

MARILYN. Yeah, to *read*. Forget sitting on a bench, you gotta move your body. *(Marilyn opens her Sudoku book and stops when she sees the page. She frowns.)* Abby —

ABBY. Yes?

MARILYN. You filled in my Sudoku.

ABBY. Yes, I know.

MARILYN. But I was in the middle of that puzzle. *(Flips pages.)* Wait ... you filled in the entire book.

ABBY. Did I?

MARILYN. You didn't even do the grids *correctly*. You just wrote in random numbers!

ABBY. I've never been very good with puzzles.

MARILYN. Not nice. You know this is part of my daily routi — *(Suddenly notices.)* There are *letters* in some of these boxes! Why would you put letters in Sudoku boxes?

ABBY. To send you secret messages.

MARILYN. What secret messages? *(She looks more closely, realizes, then looks back to Abby again.)* You're disgusting. *(Abby chuckles, amused.)* Is this supposed to make me angry? Scribbling in my Sudoku? Well, you've shot yourself in the foot. Without my puzzle book to keep me occupied, I'll have to focus all of my attention on *you*.

ABBY. Which is why I have earplugs. *(Opens earplug case, then ...)*

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 alright?

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 sense 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 tonight.

SCOTTY. What are these? (*He holds out a fistful of Xeroxed pages. Abby looks them over.*)

ABBY. Hm. 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 Xeroxed police reports in her fist. She looks to Abby. Silence.)*

ABBY. Whadaya 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. *(Pause.)* You know what? You two might be a better match than I thought. *(He goes. A couple beats of silence.)*

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 discreetly 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 eye holes of the mask.*)

ABBY.

MASKED MAN.

No, I'm *not* scared! Are *YOU*?! Are

AH-AH-AAAAHHHHH!

YOU scared, you sonofabitch?!

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

(*The man whips 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 MACED ME!

ABBY. You had a gun!

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

DEREK. M'YAAAAAH! MY EYES ARE ON FIRE!

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

DEREK. WHERE?! *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.*)

ABBY. I thought he was a mugger.

COLLEEN. I don't think you did.

ABBY. Hey, don't get mad at me, your mother's the one who put you up to it. (*Faces front and looks up.*) Is that her up there in the window?

(*Calls to her.*) NICE TRY, MARILYN! BUT IT DIDN'T WORK!

COLLEEN. This has to stop. I thought the bet was funny, but this has gotten *way* out of hand.

ABBY. And whose fault is that?

DEREK. (*Offstage.*) Oh god, it burns! It BUUUUUURNS!

COLLEEN. Please, just call it off.

ABBY. Why would I do that?

COLLEEN. Because *she* won't. She's too stubborn, and too proud, and she will take whatever you dish out. She's had a lot of practice in that department, believe me. She's not gonna quit, Abby.

ABBY. Then why should I?

COLLEEN. Because she's not well. I don't know how much she's mentioned about her heart condition / but —

ABBY. Oh, come on, she doesn't have a heart / condition.

COLLEEN. She does, and it's pretty serious. That's why she's in this facility. We wanted her somewhere with doctors on staff, god forbid something goes wrong.

ABBY. You let her jump out of a plane!

COLLEEN. That's like riding a bike to her! What / *you're* doing —

ABBY. There's nothing wrong with Marilyn. You're just scamming me to get what you want. You're just like your mother.

COLLEEN. (*A sudden fierceness rising up.*) I swear to god, if something happens to her because of you I am going to sneak into that goddamn room when you're sleeping and hold a fucking pillow over your face! (*Beat, then quietly to herself.*) Sassafra. (*Derek enters, his face and hair soaking wet, his eyes red and puffy.*)

DEREK. I'm not doing this anymore. I can't, with the skydiving and the drugging and the mugging — I can't anymore. I'm done.

COLLEEN. I know. We all are, baby. (*Then to Abby.*) It's over, right? (*But Abby exits without responding. Colleen leads Derek off in the other direction. As they go . . .*) Are you okay?

DEREK. Am I okay? I'm blind and in pain. It's our wedding night all over again! (*The lights fade as they exit.*)

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.)* AHHHHHHH! AHHHHH-AHHHHHHHHHH!
(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?

ABBY. That was fantastic.

MARILYN. I'm sorry, Scotty.

SCOTTY. (*Realizing he's been duped.*) Oh for godsakes.

MARILYN. I'm glad it worked on *someone*. Abby gave me nothin'!

SCOTTY. What is the *matter* with you people? You could've really hung yourself, Marilyn!

MARILYN. No, it's a trick harness. Perfectly safe. I bought it online. Help me down, wouldja? (*Scotty goes to Marilyn and struggles to get her down over the following ...*)

SCOTTY. How did you even manage this?

MARILYN. Mr. Hantz gave me a boost. I didn't expect Abby to go out for a walk though. I've been stuck up here for two hours.

ABBY. (*Chuckles.*) Oh, that's wonderful. You hanging there, waiting for me. This is the best day ever.

SCOTTY. Is there a strap that loosens it?

MARILYN. Yeah, if you reach around the back' — Careful, that hurts.

ABBY. Are you okay?

MARILYN. Ow! You're making it tighter, Scotty.

SCOTTY. Sorry.

ABBY. I only ask because your daughter and I talked yesterday after I maced her husband.

SCOTTY. After you *what*?

ABBY. They're concerned. They said we should call this off. Because of your heart condition.

MARILYN. I don't have a heart cond — And I don't need them interfering! They were lying, Abby. To get you to back down. But don't you dare do it! Especially not *today*! A bet is a bet!

SCOTTY. (*Stops and steps away from Marilyn.*) What do you mean, a bet is a bet?

ABBY and MARILYN. (*Beat.*) Shit.

SCOTTY. Is that what this is? Oh my god. I knew you had *something* going on.

MARILYN. It's a good one Scotty! If I scare her I get the bed by the window! And if she makes me mad —

SCOTTY. Let me guess.

ABBY. Now don't go runnin' to Larusso.

MARILYN. It's almost over anyway.

SCOTTY. You know what? I don't even — You've officially worn me down. This is like some weird S&M relationship. And I'm not

gettin' in the middle of it. You obviously *like* whatever this is. So I'm out. Kill each other, I don't care anymore.

MARILYN. (*Beat.*) You're still gonna get me down though, right?

SCOTTY. (*A frustrated sigh.*) Unbelievable. (*He goes back to work getting her down from the harness.*) I should leave you up here.

ABBY. Yes, you should!

SCOTTY. And hang *you* right beside her. (*Struggling with the harness.*) This isn't working, Marilyn.

MARILYN. It's easier if you close the door. That's what Mr. Hantz did. (*Scotty goes inside the bathroom and closes the door. We hear their voices inside.*) If you put your foot on the toilet you can get some leverage.

SCOTTY. Like this?

MARILYN. Exactly, but release the strap at the same time.

SCOTTY. How? I only have two hands! (*The struggle inside the bathroom goes on. Abby chuckles. There's a knock at their door.*)

ABBY. Come in. (*Benjamin, mid-40s and a bit rough around the edges, enters, carrying a small potted plant. Abby looks up and lets out a little gasp.*)

BENJAMIN. Hello.

ABBY. (*More to herself.*) Oh Jesus.

BENJAMIN. Can I come in?

ABBY. Looks like you just did.

BENJAMIN. Surprised?

ABBY. That's *one* word.

BENJAMIN. I know. It's weird for me too. (*Re: the plant.*) I brought you this.

ABBY. Thank you. (*We hear grunts and sounds of struggle from the bathroom ...*)

SCOTTY. (*Inside the bathroom.*) Let me get behind you, and try it that way.

MARILYN. (*Inside the bathroom.*) You're not gonna fit.

SCOTTY. (*Inside the bathroom.*) Would you — ?

BENJAMIN. (*Re: the bathroom.*) Is everything okay, in / there?

ABBY. What are you doing here?

BENJAMIN. Your friend called me. Marilyn?

ABBY. She's not my friend.

BENJAMIN. Oh. Well, she somehow got ahold of a number to this old apartment I lived in, and the guy that's living there now passed on the message to me, so I called her back. Because I thought maybe something bad had happened.

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 bangs, 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 godsakes.

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. Is this my punishment? For those arrest reports?

MARILYN. It's not punishment, Abby. He's your *family*, and / I thought —

SCOTTY. (*Firmly.*) Let's go, Marilyn. (*Beat.*)

MARILYN. Scotty's right, we should let you two talk. (*To Benjamin.*) I'm glad you're here. Stay awhile. (*They exit. Benjamin and Abby are silent for a few beats.*)

BENJAMIN. I didn't realize she was sick.

ABBY. In the head, you mean? Oh, she's not sick. She's diabolical.

BENJAMIN. She seems so sweet.

ABBY. That's what makes her so diabolical. (*After a moment, Benjamin looks around.*)

BENJAMIN. So this is nice. It's a nice place. I would've come to visit sooner, but I had no idea where you were.

ABBY. Well, I wanted to leave a forwarding address, but you were otherwise engaged. (*Beat.*)

BENJAMIN. You look good.

ABBY. I *am* good.

BENJAMIN. Me too. Much better than I was. And I'm working. Odd jobs mostly. Drywalling and things like that. Nothing big, but it pays the rent. I think you'd be proud.

ABBY. Where are you living?

BENJAMIN. In Freehold. With Zoe.

ABBY. I don't know who that is.

BENJAMIN. No, I know. She's, uh ... pretty great actually. You'd like her.

ABBY. Well I hope it sticks, because if it doesn't work out in Freehold you can't live here. Too many people in this room as it is.

BENJAMIN. I know, Mom.

ABBY. I wanted a private room but there wasn't enough money for that. Actually I wanted to stay in my own house, but it was hard to make those payments with an empty bank / account.

BENJAMIN. Okay, you don't need / to —

ABBY. Are you clean, Benjamin? (*Beat.*)

BENJAMIN. Yeah. Almost two years now.

ABBY. Well that's good. If you are in fact / clean.

BENJAMIN. I *am*, Mom.

ABBY. Good. That's good. But you'll forgive me for not patting you on the back. If that's what you came for, then you're out / of luck.

BENJAMIN. That's not what I came for.

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.

ABBY. No, that's not what I think. Maybe that's what *you* think, but it's not what I think. The bad stuff wasn't all your fault. *(Beat.)* Just mostly. *(Beat.)*

BENJAMIN. That's fair. *(Silence. A momentary truce.)*

ABBY. Marilyn and I have a bet, by the way. That's why you're here. If she scares me, she gets the bed by the window. So she broke into an office, stole my file, and dragged you here hoping I'd flinch. *(Beat.)*

BENJAMIN. That's kinda nuts.

ABBY. You have no idea. *(A nice moment between them. But then ...)* I think you should probably go. *(Beat.)*

BENJAMIN. I don't wanna go.

ABBY. Why not?

BENJAMIN. I just ... wanna spend a little time with you. Is that crazy?

ABBY. No, not crazy at all. We all *want* things. I certainly did. I wanted to stay in my house, I wanted a healthy son —

BENJAMIN. Would you stop?

ABBY. I wanted holidays and neighbors and barbecues and a garden —

BENJAMIN. You had that. Don't pretend you never had that.

ABBY. Well I wanted *more* of it. I wanted it to keep going. It does for most people / after all.

BENJAMIN. I know. I know / it does.

ABBY. I wanted to get old with Daddy, and take trips to Hawaii, and go to your wedding, and *grandchildren* that I could *squeeze*, and *spoil*. I wanted a *lot of things*, Benny. So no, it's not crazy to *want* to spend time with me. I spent years *wishing* you would want that. But you seemed to want other things more. And now it's too late.

BENJAMIN. Don't say that.

ABBY. Why not?

BENJAMIN. Because I'm here.

ABBY. For now. But you'll go away again. You always do.

BENJAMIN. I won't / this time.

ABBY. Which is what you always say. And I know you *mean* it when you say it. But then you slip, you can't help it.

BENJAMIN. Well I'd love to give you a *guarantee* / but I can't.

ABBY. That's my point, you *can't*. And I'm too tired to be disappointed again. It hurts too much when it doesn't work out. And it seems to never work out.

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 reenters.)*

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

into it *first*. The police records, and calling up pretending to be my / daughter —

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 ridiculed 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 / for me.

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.*) Whooooa-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?

MARILYN. I am. Congratulations. You win.

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.

ABBY. *(Re: the photo.)* Benny didn't tell me.
MARILYN. Sounds like you wouldn't let him.
ABBY. You'd think it'd be the first thing he'd mention.
MARILYN. Maybe he was trying to ease into it.
ABBY. Benjamin never eases into anything. He's a very abrupt person.
MARILYN. Yeah, well, people change. *(And with that, Marilyn exits. Abby stares down at the photo as the lights fade.)*

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.

ABBY. Yeah, I wanted to get a jump on things.

SCOTTY. I brought your lunch up.

ABBY. Oh good. I'm famished. I ran out of here without grabbing breakfast. *(Re: the boxes.)* I didn't realize she'd be packing up so soon.

SCOTTY. Marilyn?

ABBY. Guess she's eager to get outta here. *(Beat.)* Did she mention our fight?

SCOTTY. No ...

ABBY. Well, it doesn't matter. She'll be happier downstairs anyway.

SCOTTY. She's not going downstairs.

ABBY. Did another room open up?

SCOTTY. No.

ABBY. Oh. Then where is she going?

SCOTTY. She's not going anywhere. *(Off her confused look.)* Marilyn passed away last night.

ABBY. *(Beat.)* What?

SCOTTY. She died in her sleep. Charlene found her this morning. *(Beat.)* I'm surprised no one's told you.

ABBY. But ... she said the heart condition / wasn't real.

SCOTTY. Yeah, she lied about that. *(Beat.)*

ABBY. Oh.

SCOTTY. That's why we're packing up her things.

ABBY. I see. *(Beat.)*

SCOTTY. It's not your fault. You know how it is around here. Not everyone wakes up in the morning. *(Trying to keep it together.)* She was a good one though. So sweet. *(He goes back to packing. After a couple moments he looks over at Abby.)* You alright?

ABBY. I was gonna show her the onesies I picked out. I mean, I know she was mad at me, but I thought, she'll cool off, and I'll show her these little onesies I bought for Gideon. *(Beat.)*

SCOTTY. Who's Gideon?

ABBY. My grandson.

SCOTTY. Oh. Well that would've been nice.

ABBY. Yeah. But she's not coming back. *(Beat.)*

SCOTTY. No.

ABBY. Okay.

SCOTTY. I should go give Mr. Hantz his medication. I'll be back in a minute. You gonna be okay? *(Beat.)*

ABBY. Yeah. You go ahead. *(Scotty exits. Abby is left alone. She looks*

around the room, which suddenly feels very empty. And in that moment, the fear creeps in. A few beats pass, and suddenly the bathroom door is thrown open to reveal Marilyn.)

MARILYN. *(Yells.)* Haha!

ABBY. *(Lets out a scream.)* AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!
(Scotty, Colleen, and Derek all burst back into the room.)

SCOTTY. There she is!

MARILYN. Here I am!

COLLEEN AND DEREK. Surprise!

MARILYN. *(To Abby.)* I got you! I-got-you-I-got-you-I-got-you!

ABBY. *(Catching her breath.)* What the fuck!

MARILYN. Look at her! You're all my witnesses! She was scared!

DEREK. COLLEEN: SCOTTY.

Terrified. It was a thing of beauty. She was definitely scared.

SCOTTY. You scared her *twice* actually!

MARILYN. Did I?

SCOTTY. First she was scared you were dead! Then she was scared when you *weren't*!

COLLEEN. That's a two-fer!

MARILYN. I got her! I-got-her-I-got-her-I-got-her! Oh god, it feels so good!

DEREK. We're done, right?

COLLEEN. All done. For real this time.

DEREK. Oh that makes me so happy.

MARILYN. Thanks for your help, Scotty.

SCOTTY. Well, I had to do *something*. I'm glad it worked out. Now if you'll excuse me, I have a lunch date. With Miss Larusso.

MARILYN. Ohhh, isn't that nice?

ABBY. You lied to me, Scotty.

SCOTTY. Sorry about that.

ABBY. You said she was dead.

SCOTTY. I know. And you believed me.

ABBY. Yes.

SCOTTY. BECAUSE I AM A GOOD ACTOR! *(Scotty exits.)*

COLLEEN. We should take off too.

DEREK. Mr. Hantz is babysitting.

COLLEEN. That was awesome though. And I got the whole thing on video. *(Pulls iPhone from one of Abby's plants.)*

DEREK. *(Hugs Marilyn.)* Bye, beautiful.

MARILYN. I'll see you guys this weekend.

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. Let's just call it a draw. You can stay. But I keep the bed by the window. *(Beat.)*

MARILYN. Huh.

ABBY. *(Turns her attention to her lunch.)* I have to eat, or I'm gonna pass out. *(Lifts the tray lid.)* Oh god, what is that, shepherd's pie? Not that it matters.

MARILYN. I want the bed by the window, Abby.

ABBY. *(Looks to her.)* I'm sorry?

MARILYN. Let's do double or nothing.

ABBY. Now don't start. We finally / settled —

MARILYN. If I win I get the bed, if you win I won't talk before breakfast.

ABBY. *(Pause.)* What's the bet?

MARILYN. The one you turned down. The sense-memory thing. I'm gonna make that shepherd's pie taste like cobbler. *(Beat.)*

ABBY. Okay. *(Reaches for a spoon.)*

MARILYN. No-no, put the spoon down. We have to do this properly. Like Scotty taught me. Sit back and close your eyes. *(Abby reluctantly does.)*

ABBY. Is this gonna take long? Because I'm / about to —

MARILYN. Shhh. I want you to imagine a summer morning. Your mother's in the kitchen just back from the farmer's market.

ABBY. We didn't have a farmer's market.

MARILYN. The supermarket then. She's just back from the supermarket, where she's picked up a basket of peaches — soft, bulging with juice.

ABBY. Sexy.

MARILYN. You're in the kitchen, and you're eight years old, and you watch as she peels and slices the peaches, and tosses them in a saucepan.

ABBY. With the sugar?

MARILYN. Yes, lots of sugar, a little flour, some butter. And she cooks it all up, until it bubbles up and gets syrupy.

ABBY. *(Starting to enjoy this.)* Okay.

MARILYN. And then she pours it all into the deep baking dish, and drops scoops of buttery biscuit dough all over the top, and she slips it into the oven, and you wait.

ABBY. *(Inhales.)* But I can smell it cooking.

MARILYN. Yes, sweet and sticky, and finally it comes out of the oven.

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 savors the taste, her eyes still closed. And Marilyn looks to the bed by the window, as the lights slowly fade.)*

End of Play

PROPERTY LIST

iPad
Tray with covered plates, bowl, and spoon
Watering can
Child's painting
Sudoku puzzle book
Medication in paper cups
Postcard
Chainsaw
Baby
Large crucifix
Cash
Perfume
Phone
iPhone
Documents (waiver)
Earplug case
Police reports
Purse
Pistol
Pepper spray
Potted plant
Photo of baby
Shopping bag with baby clothes
Boxes
Framed photos
Slippers

SOUND EFFECTS

Ominous music, creaking doors, and screams of terror
Chainsaw
Lullaby, as if from a toy piano
Phone ringing
Roar of airplane engine and deafening wind