

ABBY / MARILYN / SCOTTY 1

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 mutes 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 it to.

MARILYN. *Feel it!*

ABBY. Would you let go of me! *(Abby snatches her hand away. The*