

ABBY & MARILYN / SCOTTY 2

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-AAAAHHHH!
 YOU! scared, you sonofabitch?! ANHHHHHHHHHHHHH!
*(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?!
 COLLEEN. *(Pointing off.)* THERE! THERE!
 DEREK. DIDN'T I SAY THIS WAS A TERRIBLE IDEA?! *(He
 rubs off in pain to rinse his eyes. Colleen turns to Abby, who is calmly
 packing up her money and iPad.)*