

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.

ABBY AND MARILYN #2

START ↓

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.)*

END ↑

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!