

WOMAN IN WHITE. (*Tosses the baby at her.*) TAKE HIM! And let no evil come upon him! (*Abby catches the baby. The Woman in White runs and leaps into the crib to hide. Abby looks down at the baby, oddly intrigued by all of this. The clown emerges from the shadows.*)

CLOWN. Ahh, the nursery. That means there are children about. Come out, come out, wherever you are ...

MARILYN. He's looking for that baby.

ABBY. I know.

MARILYN. Don't give it to him.

ABBY. I know.

CLOWN. (*Whips around.*) Ohhh, if it isn't my *old* friends. And what is that in your arms? Why, it's a wee babe. A morsel for my master! (*He moves in for the baby, and Marilyn holds out the crucifix defiantly.*)

MARILYN. *BACK!*

CLOWN. (*Recoils.*) Nooooo!

MARILYN. *BACK* you demon clown!

CLOWN. Nooooo! Not the crucifix! The sight of it burns me!

MARILYN. You shall not take this child! Begone!

CLOWN. Aggggggghhh!

MARILYN. Begone, I say!

CLOWN. (*Retreating into the shadows.*) You have repelled me! My master shall hear of this! (*Giggly sobs as he exits.*)

WOMAN IN WHITE. (*Leaps out of hiding.*) You did it! You saved my baby! Thank you!

MARILYN. You're welcome.

WOMAN IN WHITE. (*Turns to Abby.*) Please, may I have him back? (*But Abby doesn't move. She's still looking down at the baby, cradling it protectively.*)

MARILYN. Abby?

WOMAN IN WHITE. Please, madame. I want my boy. (*A moment and Abby looks up at them. She reluctantly hands the baby back.*) Ohh, there he is. Nothing will ever harm you. (*Singing her lullaby.*) La-lala-laaaa-la la-la-la. La-lala-laaaa-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-laaaa-la la-la-la. La-lala-laaaa-la, La-la-laaa. (*The lights fade on the Woman in White rocking her baby.*)

ABBY AND SCOTTY

START ↓

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.)*

END ↑

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.