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.)* Oh my goodness!
DEREK. *(Also laughing.)* 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.)* Ohh, did she now.
DEREK. *(Also knowing.)* 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.)* That's a lot.
DEREK. *(Also disbelief.)* 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!

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.

RIPCORD

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?

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 *YOU* scared, you sonofabitch?!	AH-AH-AAAAHHHH! AHHHHHHHHHHHH!

(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 rushes off in pain to rinse his eyes. Colleen turns to Abby, who is calmly packing up her money and iPad.)*