

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.

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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.

BENJAMIN. (*Pause.*) So you're done then. The store's closed. You're gonna spend the rest of your life in this room stewing about / all the things —

ABBY. *Stewing*? I'll have you know, I have a very active and satisfying life here. There are activities and trips and walking groups — And I jumped out of a plane last week! Well maybe *jumped* isn't the right word, but / still.

BENJAMIN. What are you talking about?

ABBY. It doesn't matter, the point is, don't wag your finger at me and tell me that I'm done. I'm *not* done.

BENJAMIN. You're just done with *me*.

ABBY. Don't. I have put in my time with you. I have done more than my fair