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ABBY
MARILYN

~~moment, already regretting saying all this.)~~

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

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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.

MARILYN. If you're so unhappy, maybe *you* should take Mrs. Moore's bed.

ABBY. (*Beat.*) Oh my god, is that what this is? A shakedown? Are you trying to take this room for yourself?

MARILYN. No.

ABBY. Because I have been here four years, and you are not going to displace me! I have *earned* this room, and I am *staying* in it!

MARILYN. Oh good. I'm glad to hear you say that. I prefer you stay as well, but you seemed intent on our not living together.

ABBY. You prefer I stay.

MARILYN. I do.

ABBY. Why?

MARILYN. Because you remind me of my husband.

ABBY. (*Beat.*) Oh, lord.

MARILYN. He was all pushback and bluster too. And I got very good at working around that. It's sort of my area of expertise. If I lived with him, I can certainly live with you.

ABBY. Marilyn —

MARILYN. You need to stop. Because I'm not leaving. (*A stalemate. Neither woman budges. A few moments pass, and then Abby reluctantly has to accept that it's come to this ...*)

ABBY. What if I took your bet?

MARILYN. (*Beat.*) My bet?

ABBY. If I win, will you go?

MARILYN. Which bet are you talking about? Balancing the slipper?

ABBY. No, the one you made at the spook house.

MARILYN. Where I try to scare you?

ABBY. If you can do that, then you win. Unless I make you angry first.

MARILYN. Then *you* win.

ABBY. Nice and simple.

MARILYN. (*Beat.*) What are the ground rules?

ABBY. Scotty can't know.

MARILYN. Oh, I'd hate to keep a secret from / Scotty.

ABBY. Scotty. Can't. Know. If he does, he'll blab it to Larusso, and she'll shut it down.

MARILYN. (*Beat.*) Okay. What else?

ABBY. Just that you agree to leave this room if I win.

MARILYN. And what if *I* win?

ABBY. You get to stay.

MARILYN. But I *already* get to stay. I *live* here. What *more* do I get?

ABBY. (*Beat.*) What more do you *want*?

MARILYN. I want the bed by the window.

ABBY. (*Beat.*) Okay.

MARILYN. Then I'm in. Bet?

ABBY. Bet. (*Blackout.*)