

~~Brigadoon. She thinks I'm a bad actor.~~

~~MARILYN. He's *not* a bad actor. He's a *wonderful* actor. You would've seen that if you had come to that improv class Scotty gave in the day room yesterday. We learned so much. We did sense memory exercises! Scotty pretended to eat a banana! He's a terrific actor.~~

~~SCOTTY. Marilyn, could I talk to Abby alone?~~

~~MARILYN. (*Beat.*) Is she in trouble?~~

~~SCOTTY. She and I are gonna talk about that.~~

~~MARILYN. Oh. Well, alright. Maybe I'll visit Mr. Hantz then. (*Turns to go, but then ...*) Whatever it is, Scotty, go easy on her. (*Marilyn goes. Scotty looks to Abby.*)~~

SCOTTY. I thought you two were getting along.

ABBY. We are. Like gangbusters. We might braid each other's hair tonight.

SCOTTY. What are these? (*He holds out a fistful of Xeroxed pages. Abby looks them over.*)

ABBY. Hm. Look like police reports. Oliver Dunne, it says. That's Marilyn's husband, isn't it?

SCOTTY. You know it is.

ABBY. Looks like Grumps had a temper. Where'd you find these?

SCOTTY. They were posted on the bulletin board in the dining room. And on the walls of the day room. And in the elevators. Do you know how many people saw these, Abby?

ABBY. Did *she*?

SCOTTY. I hope not. I just spent the past hour taking them all down. I should've made *you* do that.

ABBY. Why? I had nothing to do with it.

SCOTTY. Barry saw you on the security cameras.

ABBY. (*Beat — caught.*) Well you're the one who wanted us to bond.

SCOTTY. This is bonding?

START

ABBY. We've been playing practical jokes on each other, that's all.

SCOTTY. This is not a joke, Abby. This is humiliating. Her husband's arrest record? Drunk driving reports? Domestic violence?

ABBY. Surprising, right?

SCOTTY. People saw these. Her friends saw these. Why would you do that to her? *(Marilyn enters, clutching a few of the Xeroxed police reports in her fist. She looks to Abby. Silence.)*

ABBY. Whadaya got there, Marilyn?

SCOTTY. I'm sorry, I thought I got them all down.

ABBY. You must've missed the ones I slipped under Mr. Hantz's door.

SCOTTY. Are you okay?

ABBY. She's fine. *(To Marilyn.)* I told him we've been playing practical jokes on each other.

MARILYN. We have. It's been fun.

SCOTTY. Marilyn —

MARILYN. They're not real. She just had them mocked up. To get my goat. Well played.

ABBY. Thank you.

MARILYN. It's just a goof, Scotty. Wait'll you see what I'm gonna do to *her*.

ABBY. I bet it'll be funny.

MARILYN. It won't be itching powder in the bed sheets, I'll tell ya that.

SCOTTY. Okay, enough. I don't know what's going on between you two, but this has to stop. If you're really looking to do something together, I'll find you a checkerboard. But this — *(Holds up police reports.)* — has to stop.

MARILYN. *(Simply.)* Mind your business, Scotty.

SCOTTY. *(Beat.)* What?

MARILYN. We're not hurting anyone. We're not children who need to be scolded. Is this a prison?

SCOTTY. Of course not.

MARILYN. No, this is our home, for better or worse, and we're still free to come and go as we please, and do what we like, so unless we're burning down the building, don't tell us what we can and cannot do.

SCOTTY. Marilyn —

MARILYN. We're just having a little fun. Stay out of it.

SCOTTY. *(Pause.)* You know what? You two might be a better match than I thought. *(He goes. A couple beats of silence.)*

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.)*

END.

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.~~