

ABBY & MARILYN

(After Abby is told that the senior living home won't remove Marilyn from her room, Abby tries a new tactic to get her way.)

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 at 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 are 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 blister too. And I got very good working around that. It's sort of my 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 very long beat*)

ABBY: What if I took your bet.

MARILYN: 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: 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