

# ABBY, MARILYN, SCOTTY

SCOTTY It's not a play.

MARILYN Oh, I misunderstood, I thought it was a play.

ABBY *(Reading from the card)* "Beelzebub's Den."

SCOTTY It's a haunted house.

MARILYN Well, that's even *better* than a play.

SCOTTY Some friends and I rent out a warehouse in Pottsville every year, and decorate it, and we get into makeup and costumes. It's pretty scary.

ABBY Weird thing to invite residents to.

SCOTTY I thought it'd be fun for everyone to see what I do outside of this place.

ABBY Does Miss Larusso know you want to give us all heart attacks?

SCOTTY No one's gonna have a heart attack.

ABBY It says on the card, "Heart-stopping horror!" *Heart. Stopping.*

MARILYN I'd like to go.

ABBY Yes, I think that's a wonderful idea. You *should* go.

MARILYN I'm gonna!

SCOTTY Excellent! Thanks, Marilyn. That puts me at thirty-nine!

ABBY Thirty-nine what?

SCOTTY Tickets. Me and my buddies need to sell forty each to break even on the cost of that warehouse.

MARILYN Oh, you have to come, Abby. You'd make it forty!

ABBY No, I don't think so.

MARILYN He needs to sell tickets! And we should support Scotty and his dreams.

SCOTTY It's not exactly a dream, it's just—

MARILYN All the nice things he does for everyone around here?

ABBY What nice things?

MARILYN Making our beds, bringing our pills...

ABBY That's his job. He's not changing your sheets because he's *nice*, he's doing it because that's what he gets *paid* to do.

MARILYN It's a twelve-dollar ticket. Throw the kid a bone.

ABBY I will not.

*(Beat.)*

SCOTTY And you wonder why people won't do *you* any favors.

ABBY What favors? Larusso?

SCOTTY You want me to talk to her for you, and yet—

ABBY Now wait a minute. Are you saying you'd be more inclined to put in a good word if I went to your spook house?

SCOTTY All I'm saying is, it would've been a nice gesture. That's all.

ABBY I didn't realize you were a scratch-my-back kinda guy, Scotty.

SCOTTY Well you don't really know me, do you.

MARILYN You know, I'm happy to talk to Larusso if you really want dumplings so badly.

ABBY No, I want Scotty to do it. He knows the kind I like.

*(Beat.)*

SCOTTY I do. And if you're a little nicer I can try to get them for you.

ABBY Fine. I'll see the damn show.

SCOTTY Yes! Forty!

*(Blackout.)*