

ABBY, MARILYN, ZOMBIE, WIW, CLOWN

MARILYN What do you mean you don't get scared?

ABBY Haven't been in years. That's what happens when you live long enough. Things disappear. Just like my taste buds. Just like your anger. Everything goes eventually.

Z. BUTLER Don't dawdle, ladies.

MARILYN I bet I could find something you're scared of.

ABBY No.

MARILYN How about this, I try to find something that makes you scared, and *you* try to find something that makes me *angry*. That'd be fun!

ABBY I'm not betting you, Marilyn!

(They come upon a child's nursery, all gauzy and white. An empty white crib. A rocking horse. A Woman in White sits in a rocking chair, cradling a baby. A toy piano plunks out the notes of a lullaby.)

WOMAN *(Hums a lullaby.)* La-lala-laaaa-la la-la-la. La-lala-laaaa-la, La-la-laa.

MARILYN *(Whispers to Abby.)* I find that very unsettling.

WOMAN *(To her baby.)* Shhh. It's alright. I won't let them take you. It's okay, Mama's here, you precious baby boy. Mama's here.

CLOWN Teeheeheehee. I smell plump, succulent newborn for my master.

WOMAN *(Panicked.)* Oh no, he wants my baby.

MARILYN The clown wants her baby.

WOMAN *(Turns on the women.)* You brought him here! You led him to my baby boy! Get out before he—

CLOWN Tra-la-la... tra-la-la...

WOMAN Oh no, it's too late! We've been discovered!

CLOWN Pink little toes, and pink little ears...

(The Woman in White grabs a large crucifix and thrusts it at Marilyn.)

WOMAN You, take this crucifix!

MARILYN Oh god.

WOMAN *(To Abby.)* And you take my baby.

ABBY No, thank you, I don't want / to —

WOMAN *(Tosses. The baby at her.)* TAKE HIM! And let no evil come upon him!

(Abby catches the baby. The Woman in White runs and leaps into the crib to hide. Abby looks down at the baby, oddly intrigued by all of this. The clown emerges from the shadows.)

CLOWN Ahh, the nursery. That means there are children about. Come out, come out, wherever you are ...

MARILYN He's looking for that baby.

ABBY I know.

MARILYN Don't give it to him.

ABBY *I know.*

CLOWN *(Whips around.)* Ohhh, if it isn't my *old* friends. And what is that in your arms? Why, it's a wee babe. A morsel for my master! *(He moves in for the baby, and Marilyn holds out the crucifix defiantly.)*

MARILYN **BACK!**

CLOWN *(Recoils.)* Nooooo!

MARILYN **BACK** you demon clown!

CLOWN Nooooo! Not the crucifix! The sight of it burns me!

MARILYN You shall not take this child! Begone!

CLOWN Agggggggghhh!

MARILYN Begone, I say!

CLOWN *(Retreating into the shadow.)* You have repelled me! My master shall hear of this! *(Giggly sobs as he exits.)*

WOMAN *(Leaps out of hiding.)* You did it! You saved my baby! Thank you!

MARILYN You're welcome.

WOMAN *(Turns to Abby.)* Please, may I have him back?
(But Abby doesn't move. She's still looking down at the baby, cradling it protectively.)

MARILYN Abby?

WOMAN Please, madame. I want my boy. *(A moment, and Abby looks up at them. She reluctantly hands the baby back.)* Ohh, there he is. Nothing will ever harm you. *(Singing her lullaby.)* La-lala-laaaa-la la-la-la. La-lala-laaaa-la, La-la-laaa.
(The Zombie Butler reappears.)

Z. BUTLER Let us depart, ladies. *(But Abby is still transfixed by the woman and her baby.)* Next room, Madame.

MARILYN Abby, it's time to go.
(Abby finally heads for the exit.)