

# COLLEEN, DEREK, MARILYN, ABBY

COLLEEN Hey, Mommy! We made it!

DEREK Knock, knock! Anyone home?

*(Abby looks confused. Marilyn and her family all hug and greet one another over the following:)*

COLLEEN Sorry we're late. We got stuck at the tollbooth.

DEREK Colleen got in the E-ZPass lane again.

COLLEEN I'm such a dodo.

MARILYN I wasn't worried.

COLLEEN We had a line of cars behind us.

DEREK All of them honking and screaming at us.

COLLEEN People are so rude.

MARILYN I'm just glad you made it.

COLLEEN You look so pretty. Doesn't she look pretty, Derek?

DEREK She's a supermodel!

MARILYN I wish!

COLLEEN And you decorated a little! It looks nice in here!

DEREK So much sun!

MARILYN There's more on Abby's side, but yeah.

COLLEEN And look, Caleb's fire truck!

DEREK Prominently displayed!

MARILYN Abby thought it was a pap smear.

COLLEEN Well, that's very specific.

DEREK I'm gonna have to google that when I get home.

COLLEEN Hello, Abby. Do you remember us? We helped Mom moved in a few weeks ago. I'm Colleen, and this is my husband Derek.

*(No response. Abby has shifted from confused to peeved.)*

DEREK She looks upset.

MARILYN I said she would be.

COLLEEN Did you see her face though? Priceless?

ABBY Oh, you're all in on it. How nice.

MARILYN She's mad. We've made her mad.

COLLEEN She should take a lesson.

MARILYN Oh, right. *(To Abby.)* Because *you* were supposed to make *me* mad. Not the other / way around.

ABBY No, I got it. You're all very clever. Now go fuck yourselves.

COLLEEN *(Laughing.)* Oh my goodness!

DEREK *(Also laughing.)* Hey, now!

MARILYN Didn't I tell you?!

COLLEEN You did! She's just like Grumps!

MARILYN *Just* like Grumps! *(Back to Abby.)* Did you honestly think I wouldn't verify the message?

COLLEEN She called and I was like, um, no we didn't leave a message for you. But once she explained the bet, I said, you know what, we *should* come down for lunch!

MARILYN *(To Abby.)* Isn't that wonderful?

COLLEEN I didn't know *how* Mom would occupy her time in here. But this little bet? *Way* better than bingo!

DEREK I just worry about something going wrong.

COLLEEN He's right, you should probably have a safeword. Do you have a safeword?

MARILYN I don't know what that is.

COLLEEN Our's is "Sassafras".

DEREK Colleen—

MARILYN Sassafras?

COLLEEN Actually it's—*(As if gagged and/or choking.)* MAFFAFRAFF!  
MAFFAFRAFF!

ABBY Well, you got me. My hat is off to you. But if you wanna make that lunch reservation, you should probably get going.

DEREK You know what? You should come with us! Do you like Middle Eastern?

COLLEEN This place is delicious. It's called Falafel-ly Yours.

ABBY No thank you. I've already eaten.

MARILYN That's true. She nearly cleaned her plate.

COLLEEN *(Knowing.)* Ohh, did she now.

DEREK *(Also knowing.)* That's very good.

MARILYN You should come anyway. There's gonna be belly dancing!

ABBY Honestly, I'll be much happier here. I don't get much alone time these days.

*(An awkward silence, then Derek looks to Marilyn, concerned.)*

DEREK How's this supposed to work? You said she'd come with us.

MARILYN It's okay, we can wait. She'll be asleep soon. She's been dozing off and on for the past hour, so it won't be long. And there are a couple wheelchairs out in the hall. We can just borrow one of those once she's down, and wheel her to the car. *(Silence. Abby stares at Marilyn, confused.)* What.