

MARILYN. You didn't make me angry.

ABBY. Now come on. We made a deal, and you need to be fair. I made you mad, so I won the bet.

MARILYN. But you didn't.

ABBY. Marilyn —

MARILYN. Even if you *had* pulled one over on me, I wouldn't be angry. I'd be / disappointed but not —

ABBY. What do you mean *if* I had pulled one over on you? You came in here last night waving that piece of paper around like you had won the lottery. "Look who left a message! Look who's coming to visit!" You've been waiting like a kid at Christmas for them to show up. And now that they're not, you're pissed! Admit it!

MARILYN. I'm not.

ABBY. You're a liar! *(There's a tap at the door, then Derek and Colleen enter, happy to see Marilyn.)*

START

COLLEEN. Hey, Mommy!

We made it!

DEREK. Knock knock!

Anyone home?

MARILYN. Ohhh, they're here! *(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 move 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.

END

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.)

DEREK. (Also laughing.)

Oh my goodness!

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. Ours 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.)

DEREK. (Also knowing.)

Ohh, did she now.

That's very good.

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