

ENTITLED
by
Michael Flood

Cast of Characters

JASON: 32 – High School English Teacher
MACLYNN: 32 – A drifter; Jason's high school friend
SUZANNE: 29 – Advertising Copy Writer; Jason's fiancée

Place

Apartment living room in a contemporary apartment. The front door LEFT, the bedroom door RIGHT. There is a sofa, recliner, coffee table. IKEA furnishings - middle-of-the-road. There is a kitchen UP and a small dining table and chairs.

Time

The Present

/ = A point of overlap by the following line

≠ = A pause in overlapping until the end of overlapped line or next '/' is reached

ONE

Evening. We hear a tentative KNOCK at the door.

JASON (*off stage*)

Minute! Coming!

(Jason enters from the bedroom in stocking feet, buttoning a shirt. Another tentative KNOCK. He finishes buttoning his shirt, gets to the door, breathes out heavily, slowly opens the door.)

Oh, my God. You... come in.

(MacLynn enters. She is carrying a small duffle bag. She stands for a moment, smiles at him uncomfortably, as he moves in for a hug. She accepts, reciprocates halfheartedly, never releasing the bag.)

MACLYNN

Jason. I...

JASON

It's been so long.

MACLYNN

Ten years.

JASON

Ten. *(beat)* Where...? *(beat)* No. We can talk about that later. Can I get you a drink? / Hungry?

MACLYNN

No. I'm fine.

JASON

Been a long trip. / Haven't had dinner yet, have you?

MACLYNN

Can we please... ≠ Please?!

JASON

(Startled, he stops.)

Sorry. A little... uh... Scared. Nervous. Sorry.

MACLYNN

Can I just sit down for a minute.

JASON
 Of course. Sorry. Yeah. Really. Sorry.
(They don't move. After a moment.)
 Anywhere. Sit anywhere.
(She sits on the sofa, bag on her lap, scouting the room. He closes the door and takes his place in the recliner. They spend the next few moments in tense silence.)

MACLYNN
 Nice place.

JASON
 Thanks.

MACLYNN
 Lived here long?

JASON
 A couple years.

MACLYNN
(beat)
 It's nice.

JASON
 You said that... Thanks.
(Awkward silence again.)
 Trip okay?

MACLYNN
 Yeah. Fine. *(pause)* Long.

JASON
 Yeah.

MACLYNN
(Stares at him.)
 Why scared?

JASON
 Huh?

MACLYNN
 Scared. You said you were scared. Why?

JASON
 When?

What? MACLYNN

When was I scared? JASON

I don't know. You said you were scared before. MACLYNN

Oh. That. You know... JASON

No. MACLYNN

Oh. *(beat)* Weren't you scared? JASON

About what? MACLYNN

Seeing each other after all this time... You know. JASON

Not really. MACLYNN

No? JASON

I had decided a long time ago that I wanted to find you. See what you were up to. MACLYNN

(beat) You weren't scared at all? JASON

No. *(beat)* I scare you? MACLYNN

You? Scare me? No. Not... No. JASON

But you said... MACLYNN

I know what... / Look... JASON

MACLYNN

I can only assume you meant it. I mean...

JASON

All I meant was that it has been so long. And the way I felt about you. / You...

MACLYNN

What way?

JASON

What?

MACLYNN

What way? / What way did you feel about me?

JASON

I... ≠ Do we have to talk about this now?

MACLYNN

I didn't bring it up.

JASON

I know. I just... Really. Right now? / On an empty stomach and all.

MACLYNN

Someone starts a conversation topic and then just lets it drop. Empty stomach?
Now I turn your stomach?

JASON

That's not what I meant. / I just meant...

MACLYNN

Sorry I make you so uneasy. *(beat)* I should go. This was...
(She stands, making a subtle move toward the door.)

JASON

Don't leave. / Please. *Please!*

MACLYNN

I'm not one to stay where I'm not wanted. I'll go...

JASON

Sit down.

(She stays where she is for the moment.)

Please. Can we just talk? For a minute. Talk?

(She sits, duffle back on her lap.)

When you called me... What? Two months ago? I was so excited to see you. Ten years! Good God! Ten years! *(beat)* Do you realize what happens in that amount of time? A decade!

MACLYNN

The point?

JASON

Yeah. Alright. When you called I thought you were ready to... You know, put the past behind. All that crap. Move ahead. I was hurt at first but I realize now that you probably didn't even know that I...

MACLYNN

I knew.

JASON

What?

MACLYNN

I knew. / I know.

JASON

Oh. ≠ And...?

MACLYNN

(beat)
Let's get dinner. / Suddenly I am very hungry.

JASON

Wait... I... ≠ You knew. You knew then? All this time?

MACLYNN

I thought you were hungry. You wanted to eat. Let's just go. Okay?

JASON

(Stunned, he gets up to get a jacket.)
Okay... Uh... are you warm enough?

MACLYNN

I'm fine.

JASON

'Cause I can get you a jacket if you need one.

MACLYNN

Really. I'm fine. It's not that cold out.

JASON

Alright.

(He heads for the door while pulling on a jacket. She remains seated.)
Wait a minute! What the hell?! You knew and never said or did anything?

MACLYNN

Neither did you.

JASON

Yeah, but...

(He gives up, leaning against the door.)

MACLYNN

You are the only person I have ever really trusted.

(He remains attached to the door.)

I need you to know that.

(Silence. After a moment she gets up placing her bag on the chair. She crosses to him. They stand toe-to-toe.)

JASON

What...

MACLYNN

Let's go.

TWO

Later that same night. They are sitting on the floor looking at photos, drinking, they are well into their second bottle.

JASON
Oh! Do you remember this? That hair!

MACLYNN
We all had hair like that?

JASON
Nah. Only you.

MACLYNN
At least I had hair.

JASON
That's just mean.

MACLYNN
You didn't seem to mind it.

JASON
Like it mattered.

MACLYNN
Huh?

JASON
You only went after older guys. Jocks...

MACLYNN
Didn't stop you coming around, did it?

JASON
Yeah.

(They shuffle through a few photos in silence.)

I guess.

MACLYNN
What?

JASON
Nothing.

MACLYNN
Come on. Tell me.

JASON
I *was* always there. / Always.

MACLYNN
I know you were. *(beat)* Right. There.

JASON
(Quietly.)
Right *fuckin'* there.

MACLYNN
What?

JASON
What what?

MACLYNN
What is this?

JASON
Why?

MACLYNN
Why what?

JASON
Why do we have to play this game?

MACLYNN
I am *not* playing a game.

JASON
Yes, you are. You always drag me into this. Every time...

MACLYNN
Oh?

JASON
Every time we get together. Every *fuckin'* time...

MACLYNN
Which is not that often.

JASON
You wanna go down that road? / Huh? Do you?

MACLYNN
Road... ≠ You are so melodramatic.

Don't do that!

JASON
(He gets up, tries to walk around the room, but falls against the sofa. She gets up to help, he pushes her away.)

What?

MACLYNN

Leave me alone!

JASON

This is ridiculous.

MACLYNN

Yes, it is! Which brings us to why you've crawled out of your hole this time.
(pause) Well?

MACLYNN

I don't need this.

JASON
Uh huh. *(beat)* Why are you here?
(She goes silent, staring at the wall on the other side of the room, then starts for the door.)

I loved you! Wanted to be with you! But, no! I was your... what... You're fucking emotional whore!

MACLYNN

That's a new one.

JASON
Nothing ever changes, does it? You were an apathetic bitch then and you're an apathetic bitch now.

MACLYNN

Why, then?

JASON

What?

MACLYNN
Why? Why did you hang around?

JASON
I don't know. I really don't.

MACLYNN

M hm.

JASON

I guess because I needed someone like you in my life. I needed to try to fix something... someone.

MACLYNN

I didn't need to be *fixed*.

JASON

Oh. Yeah. Sure.

MACLYNN

You're a dick.

JASON

That's rich, coming from you.

MACLYNN

This is bullshit. I'm...

JASON

You spent all that time with them, all that time. Where did it get you? Huh? / Right back here.

MACLYNN

I don't... ≠ Sure. Right back here... at your level.

JASON

My level!

MACLYNN

Your level. Down here with the... the cheap furniture and the shag carpet.

JASON

And you were... what? Flying with the angels?! Look what it got you! Fucked over and knocked up / at seventeen!

MACLYNN

You little shit!

(She starts pacing the room.)

Where is it? / Where's my bag!

JASON

What?

(Trying to calm her down.)

Mac, I'm sorry. I didn't mean...

MACLYNN
Don't touch me! Where's my fucking bag?!

JASON
Please. Don't do that. / I'm sorry.

MACLYNN
Don't tell me what to do. / Don't tell me what to do!

JASON
Fine. ≠ Whatever. Sorry. It's in the bedroom.

MACLYNN
(She turns on him.)
Where?! Oh, I see! Get me in there...
(She points to the room.)
Then get me in here!
(She points to her crotch.)

JASON
Don't be vulgar! / Have I ever...

MACLYNN
Vulgar! Not my plan, pal! You've been drooling for this. For a long time. Fine!
Here!
(She unzips and starts to pull down her jeans.)

JASON
Stop! Geez! What the hell is going on here? There is no plan. I thought you'd be more comfortable in the bed and I was going to take the couch.

MACLYNN
Yeah, sure! Where's my bag?! / Where's my fucking bag?!

JASON
I already told you. ≠ Mac...
(He plops on the sofa.)

MACLYNN
I'm not going in there! Who knows if I'd ever make it back out.

JASON
(Getting up.)
Fine. I'll get it. Just calm down, please. / We can...

MACLYNN
Quit telling me what to do.

JASON
 You're being irrational.

MACLYNN
 Go to hell!
(He starts toward the bedroom but stops in the doorway.)

JASON
(beat)
 What happened here?
(No response.)
 What? What...?
(She collapses into the chair.)

MACLYNN
 Nothing. / Forget it.

JASON
 This was not nothing. What, exactly, is going on here?

MACLYNN
(beat)
 Act like you don't know.

JASON
 I don't. *(beat)* Do you need money?

MACLYNN
 No.

JASON
 Okay. Then, you're going to have to tell me, because I'm out.
(They fall silent again. Jason shifts his weight, leaning against the doorjamb, then shifts again quickly. A nervous habit. She finally looks at him.)

MACLYNN
 You brought it up.

JASON
 What? Brought what up?

MACLYNN
 The...

JASON
 I'm not sure what... oh...

MACLYNN
Yeah. I had 'em picked out. For both.

JASON
Yeah?

MACLYNN
Susan for a girl. Jason for a boy.

JASON
Yeah, right.

MACLYNN
No. Really.

JASON
Whatever.

MACLYNN
It's true. / I had decided that before anything else.

JASON
Can't be. ≠ I don't...

MACLYNN
I don't want to talk about it anymore. I mean, now.

JASON
Not now, when?

MACLYNN
I don't want to. Okay?

JASON
'kay. Fine. Whatever. Sure seemed like you did...

MACLYNN
Well, I DON'T... want to talk about it.

JASON
Fine. This doesn't change the subject, though.

MACLYNN
What subject?

JASON
Why are you here now? I haven't seen you in...

MACLYNN
You said that.

So... JASON

What? MACLYNN

Why? JASON

Am I here? MACLYNN

Yes. JASON

MACLYNN
(beat)
I just needed to see you again. See what you were up to.

JASON
You could have gotten that in a phone call. An email.

MACLYNN
Could have.

JASON
So?

MACLYNN
So... I needed to see your face.

JASON
Just to see my face?

MACLYNN
I wanted to see your face when you tell me 'No'.

JASON
Tell you...? About what?

MACLYNN
Everything.
(She falls silent again, staring through him.)

JASON
Maybe I *should* get your bag.

MACLYNN
Sit down.

What? JASON

Sit down. MACLYNN

What is this? (*Sitting.*) JASON

Do you remember what you told me? (*pause*) MACLYNN

When? JASON

Then. When it all happened. When you told me what to do. MACLYNN

I didn't tell you what to do. / I gave you an option. Advice. JASON

Yes, you did... ≠ Call it whatever you want, but the truth is that you know... MACLYNN

I gave you advice! You had the choice to follow it or not! JASON

Regardless, that's not the point. MACLYNN

What is, then? What is the point? JASON

The point is that you were right. But... MACLYNN

Okay, then. / I knew I... JASON

Half right. MACLYNN

Half? JASON

The part about me being too young. Needing to live before I get saddled with the whole kid thing. That part of it. MACLYNN

Yeah. JASON

MACLYNN
The other half, though. The part about my future. Not so much.

JASON
I'm not sure I remember that.

MACLYNN
Come on.

JASON
What?

MACLYNN
My baby.

JASON
Baby? / Okay.

MACLYNN
Yes, my baby. My. Fucking. Baby.

JASON
You have one?

MACLYNN
No, dipshit.

JASON
Hey...

MACLYNN
Don't be a moron. You know exactly what you said.
(Silence. They stare in opposite directions.)

JASON
Alright. What I said. Look, you're still young...

MACLYNN
Do NOT give me that shit! I am sick of hearing how young I still am. "Plenty of time, Lynn." "Get your life straight, Lynn, then worry about it." I've been hearing the same shit for fifteen years. / I'm done. The time is now.

JASON
Okay. ≠ You have a boyfriend?

MACLYNN
No.

Sperm bank?
JASON

Asshole!
MACLYNN

JASON
You need to grow a thicker skin. / If you're going to fly off the handle at everything, I can't talk to you.

MACLYNN
Yeah. Yeah. ≠ Okay. Fine.

JASON
(pause)
What are you planning?

MACLYNN
You are *not* that dim.

JASON
No. I'm not. / I can do without the code.

MACLYNN
Fine. ≠ It has to be said... Fine. You owe me. This is your doing. Fix it.

JASON
Of course, there is some middle ground between cryptic and blunt.

MACLYNN
I don't have time to find it. This was not my plan. This was not my choice.

JASON
This was *exactly* your choice. You just refused to make it. You left it up to me to suggest... and I had nothing to do with it in the first place!

MACLYNN
You had everything to do with it. You were my best friend. My only friend.

JASON
That doesn't mean I was supposed to plot your life for you.
(beat)

Y'know, this is too weird. I don't owe you anything. You asked for advice and I gave it. You, ultimately, had to decide... to walk in to that clinic.

MACLYNN
I just did what you told me to do. If you can't be man enough to accept your responsibility...

JASON

(Cutting her off.)

Responsibility! / Good God!

MACLYNN

Yes. Responsibility. You need to make this right.

JASON

This is why...

(He trails off.)

MACLYNN

Why what?

JASON

Nothing.

MACLYNN

No. This is why what? What were you going to say?

(He stares at her for a moment.)

JASON

This is why... This is why I haven't seen you all these years.

MACLYNN

So, you admit it. You owe me.

JASON

You can't be serious!

MACLYNN

You're the reason I have nothing. No family. No kids. No life.

JASON

That's all you, baby. You're the reason all of that is true. You've had fifteen years to get your shit together. You can't blame me for the fact that you are destitute. Emotionally stunted. Delusional.

MACLYNN

(She goes ballistic with this.)

Get me my *Goddamn* bag! Now! You... Fuck you! The only reason I ever thought you were worth anything is because you had a brain in your head. You had nothing else. Which really makes me wonder why I even thought you could get it up for this! Where's my *fucking* bag?!

JASON

Calm down.

MACLYNN

Fuck you and your calm! Get me my fucking bag!

(He exits to the bedroom. He reappears a moment later and she's gone, the front door open. He stands motionless for a few seconds, looks at the bag, then back at the door. He drops the bag, walks slowly to the door, looks outside, then closes it, locking the deadbolt. He crosses to the sofa and lies down.)

THREE

The next afternoon. Jason is sitting on the sofa, his head thrown back, a cold washcloth covering his face. He is watching TV with the sound low. The bag is where he left it the night before. He brings his head forward removing the cloth as he does so. He looks at the bag, stares at it for a few seconds, then slowly rises, crosses to it, returns to the sofa dropping it on the coffee table. He plops down on the sofa. He unzips the bag slowly, stops halfway, continues, then looks inside.

JASON

Damn.

FOUR

Night, the same day. Jason enters through the front door carrying two suitcases. He is followed by his very pregnant fiancée, Suzanne.

SUZANNE

... that is seriously screwed up!

JASON

I know. Messed up, huh? She just left. I went in to get her bag, came out... phffft... she's gone..

SUZANNE

All that was in there was a teddy bear?

JASON

Yeah.

SUZANNE

What do you know about her over the past ten years?

JASON

Nothing. We never got to that.

SUZANNE

What did you do with it?

JASON

What? The bag?

SUZANNE

Yeah, the bag.

JASON

It's in the bedroom.

SUZANNE

Why?

JASON

I don't know.

(beat)

SUZANNE

Let me see it.

JASON

Why?

Curious. SUZANNE

No. JASON

Come on. What does it matter? SUZANNE

Fine. Whatever. JASON
(He picks up the suitcases and heads to the bedroom. Suzanne goes through the mail while he's gone.)

Anything good in the mail? Bill. Bill. Letter from your mother - yeah, I'm going to read that... SUZANNE
(She tosses the mail back on the counter as he returns carrying the bag, tossing it on the coffee table.)

Here. Go to town. JASON
(She prances over to it. He crosses to the kitchen and gets a drink.)

This is like some kind of mental patient scavenger hunt. SUZANNE
(She takes the bear from the bag. It is time-worn with a faded ribbon around its neck. A small part of the word "congratulations" remains. She sets it on the table.)

What's this?

What? JASON

Under the bear. You didn't take it out? SUZANNE

No. Why would I? JASON

There's an envelope in the bottom. SUZANNE

Leave it. JASON

SUZANNE

Let's check it out. / You know you want to.

JASON

No... ≠ I really don't. *(beat)* Is it open.

SUZANNE

(Playfully.)

Well... let's see.

JASON

Never mind. Leave it. Come on. Put it back in.

SUZANNE

You're no fun.

JASON

Stop snooping.

SUZANNE

Hey, she left it here. She knew what was in here. Besides, who knows if she'll ever come back.

JASON

Leave it. Put it back in.

SUZANNE

Alright.

(She reluctantly puts it all back, zipping the bag closed.)

What should we do with it?

JASON

Hang onto it, I guess.

(She tosses it to the door, sits on the sofa. He joins her after a moment.)

Tell me about your trip?

SUZANNE

It was good. There's a lot going on this year. They're really excited, though. They want to know when we want it to be. They will work around us.

JASON

Are you sure they're okay with this?

SUZANNE

Of course. They like you. And, this is their first.

JASON
(Talking to her belly.)
And how are we today?

SUZANNE
(Baby voice.)
Fine.

JASON
He speaks!

SUZANNE
Active, too. He's been kickboxing all day.

JASON
So, when do you want to do it?

SUZANNE
After. I don't want to look ridiculous.

JASON
A couple of months, then?

SUZANNE
Yeah. I guess. Actually a couple of months after that would be better.

JASON
... okay...

SUZANNE
Problem?

JASON
(beat)
No. No. Not at all.

SUZANNE
Are you sure? I mean, you're doing that thing where you turn sort of green.

JASON
No. Really. It's fine. Just hit me all of a sudden.

SUZANNE
The kid didn't, but this did?

JASON
I'm a complex soul. Besides, it's sort of a foregone conclusion, isn't it?

SUZANNE
This is a problem all of a sudden?

JASON

Of course not. / I love you.

SUZANNE

A foregone conclusion? Really, Jay, you could have chosen a bit better, don't you think?

JASON

It's fine. I'm fine. Let it go.

(She gets up and goes to the kitchen.)

SUZANNE

If this is a problem... / Well, it doesn't have to be.

JASON

No... ≠ Calm down. Sit. / Please...

SUZANNE

I'm not a dog.

JASON

Never said you were. Not fetching a litter here, right?

SUZANNE

God, you're a dick when you don't try.

(She stands with her back to him.)

JASON

I didn't mean anything by it. The words just... fell out, you know?

(He goes to her.)

You know I'm excited about this. You know I want to be with you. Both of you. We're going to have a great life.

SUZANNE

You need to want this as much as I do.

JASON

I do. You know I do.

SUZANNE

I hope you do.

JASON

I. Do.

(They share a moment.)

SUZANNE

Are you going to be there?

Where?
JASON

Everywhere. For everything.
SUZANNE

Of course. Wouldn't miss it. I want to be there.
JASON

Good.
SUZANNE

Ready for bed. After last night, I need the sleep.
JASON
(pause)

You go. I'll be in in a while.
SUZANNE

You sure?
JASON

Yeah. Just want to watch a little TV.
SUZANNE
(They kiss, hug, she goes to the sofa, he goes to the bedroom. He stops at the door.)

I *am* very happy.
JASON

So am I.
SUZANNE
(He closes the door. She turns on the TV.)

FIVE

Very early the next morning. Still dark in the apartment as Jason comes out of the bedroom to a silhouette sitting on the sofa. He does not notice. He goes to the refrigerator, gets a bottle of water. He turns, with the light from the refrigerator illuminating the room somewhat. He is startled by the silhouette on the sofa.

JASON

I thought you were in bed.

MACLYNN

Nope.

JASON

Holy shit! What the hell are you doing here?

(He quietly closes the bedroom door.)

MACLYNN

I came back to apologize. For how I left things. Running off like I did.

JASON

Uh huh.

MACLYNN

No. Really. I want you to know that I am really sorry for... all that. When I drink I get a little bitchy.

JASON

Don't sell yourself short, you were incredibly bitchy. / I don't...

MACLYNN

I can do without the condescension.

JASON

Sorry.

MACLYNN

I just wanted you to know that I want to be friends. I need a friend right now.

JASON

Aaahhh... *You* need.

MACLYNN

I do.

JASON

(*pause*)
Where do you live?

MACLYNN

Not far.

JASON

'Not far?' Not very precise. Next town? Next state? Planet?

MACLYNN

Funny. In town. I moved here a month ago... month-and-a-half, maybe.

JASON

What?

MACLYNN

I moved here.

JASON

Why?

MACLYNN

Job. Got a job waiting tables.

JASON

Where?

MACLYNN

IHop. On third. You know it?

JASON

Yeah, I know it. I know it well. Down the street from school. (*beat*) I don't get this.

MACLYNN

What's to get? I got a job. Moved here. Looked you up. Easy peasy.

JASON

Yeah. Right. I need a time line.

MACLYNN

I just gave you one.

JASON

No. Not really. When did you find out where I lived?

MACLYNN

Oh... That... About a week ago.

JASON

You moved here and didn't know I lived here? / Excuse me for finding that incredibly hard to believe.

MACLYNN

Nope. ≠ Not everything is about you, you know. / You little narcissist. There are a lot of people out there who have no clue you exist. / They wake up. Go to work. Come home. Kiss their kids. And all without ever knowing you share their air. God, I envy them!

JASON

M hm. ≠ Alright, I get it. ≠ Alright! I. Get. It.

MACLYNN

Do you? I'm not so sure you do.

JASON

I do. Believe me, I do.

MACLYNN

Fine. You get it. Now fix it.

JASON

Fix what?

MACLYNN

Nothing. I'm just fucking with you. You should see your face, though! Priceless! I really just came to visit. *(pause)* Who did you think I was?

JASON

What?

MACLYNN

You said you thought I was in bed. Who is supposed to be in bed?

JASON

Oh. Uh... My girlfr... Fiancée, actually. *(beat)* First time I've said that out loud, you know, to someone else.

MACLYNN

Fiancée! Well, well, well.

JASON

Please.

MACLYNN

Please, what?

SUZANNE *(off stage)*

Jay?

JASON
(*Motioning MacLynn to stay quiet.*)
Yeah?

SUZANNE (*off stage*)
What are you doing?

JASON
Just getting a drink.

SUZANNE (*off stage*)
Are you coming back to bed?

JASON
Yeah. Yeah. Just a minute. Be there in a minute.
(*Lowering voice.*)
Do you live close?

MACLYNN
No. And no car.

JASON
How did you get here before?

MACLYNN
Bus. They don't run this late.

JASON
Dammit. (*beat*) Let me get you a pillow. Some blankets. / Just a minute.

MACLYNN
That would be nice. You're nice.

JASON
Are you drunk again?

MACLYNN
No.

JASON
Stoned?

MACLYNN
Nope.

JASON
(*Skeptical.*)
Wait here.

MACLYNN

Okie-doke.

(He exits to the bedroom. MacLynn reacts to the following.)

What are you doing? SUZANNE *(off stage)*

Getting some... stuff. JASON *(off stage)*

What stuff? SUZANNE *(off stage)*

Blankets. Pillow. JASON *(off stage)*

Just come back to bed. SUZANNE *(off stage)*

It's not for me. JASON *(off stage)*

I don't get it. SUZANNE *(off stage)*

I'll be back in a minute. JASON *(off stage)*

She's back, isn't she? SUZANNE *(off stage)*

(beat)

She has nowhere to stay. JASON *(off stage)*

She still doesn't. SUZANNE *(off stage)*

Suze. JASON *(off stage)*

Tell her to leave. SUZANNE *(off stage)*

I can't. JASON *(off stage)*

You sure as hell can! SUZANNE *(off stage)*

JASON (*off stage*)
Let her stay tonight. She'll be gone in the morning.

SUZANNE (*off stage*)
Why is she here at all? This is weird.

JASON (*off stage*)
I'll be right back.

SUZANNE (*off stage*)
That's what you think?
(*Jason enters the living room.*)

MACLYNN
She's mad.

JASON
Figured that out all by yourself, huh?

MACLYNN
Might wanna holster that wit of yours. You may have to sleep out here with me.

JASON
No I won't. Here.
(*He hands her the pillow and blankets.*)
Try to be quiet in the morning. It's her day off and she needs to sleep.
(*He heads toward the bedroom, but the door slams before he can reach it. He opens it slowly, exits to bedroom closing the door quietly behind him.*)

SIX

The next morning. Jason comes from the bedroom, quietly, closing the door gently behind him. He looks about the room. MacLynn is gone.

JASON

Thank God.

(He grabs a couple pieces of fruit, his bag, and exits. Suzanne peeks through the bedroom door, then emerges. She gets the phone from the kitchen counter and dials a long distance number and talks while looking for something.)

SUZANNE

Hi, Mom. Got a minute? ... I need a phone number. ... For Rob. At work. ... Nothing major. I just need him to look someone up for me. ... No. I'm just looking for something. A bag. ... Can you just get me the number, please?

(She finds a pen, but no pad. She writes it on her hand.)

Got it? Number? ... Thanks. ... No. I'll have to call you later. After I talk to Rob. ... I swear. ... OK. Good-bye. I love you. ... What? ... Alright. ... I have to... ... Yes. OK. ... I have to go, ok? *(sighs)* Yes... ... Ok. Bye.

SEVEN

Evening, one week later. Jason and Suzanne are eating dinner.

SUZANNE
... for five years. You didn't know any of this?

JASON
How could I?

SUZANNE
She showed no signs of being whacko before?

JASON
Nothing more than the usual for a screwed-up teenager.

SUZANNE
Yeah, well, she's been gone a week. Maybe she's back inside.
(Silence as they eat.)

JASON
Wait a minute. That wouldn't have been in there. I mean, why would she carry that stuff around with her?

SUZANNE
I don't know. She did, though. Maybe she...

JASON
No. No.

SUZANNE
No... yes... It was in...

JASON
Dammit! You called him, didn't you?

SUZANNE
No!

JASON
How else... Suze...

SUZANNE
Fine! I did. / You, obviously weren't going to do anything about this.

JASON
Great! ≠ Yes, I was. I was taking care of it!

SUZANNE

Yeah? What was your next move? Asking her to move in?

JASON

Come on.

SUZANNE

Well, you were very hospitable. Wish you were that attentive when my family comes to visit.

JASON

You can't call him anymore.

SUZANNE

He's a friend. That's all.

JASON

You fuck *all* of your friends? Wish *I* had friends like you.

SUZANNE

Asshole. (*beat*) At least he hasn't set up house here.

JASON

Neither has she.

SUZANNE

Uh huh. How long 'til she comes back?

JASON

Never. I was very clear.

SUZANNE

Before or after you tucked her little ass in?

JASON

Good God!

SUZANNE

Praying can't help you now.

JASON

Look. She's gone. Okay? She won't be back.

SUZANNE

So you say.

JASON

Alright. Look. Can we just calm down?

SUZANNE

What's that? Couldn't hear you over all the crazy sex I'm having.

JASON

Mature.

(They fall into silence. After a few moments.)

Fine. What else did you find out?

SUZANNE

That thing you *really* like. With my tongue. Honed that little gem on a guy from Art History.

(He shoves his chair out, leaves the table, puts his dishes in the sink.)

JASON

I meant about... You know what? Fuck it! Never mind!

SUZANNE

Giving up that easily?

JASON

Bite me.

(He stands in the kitchen, his back to her.)

SUZANNE

(pause)

She has been in and out of these places for most of the past decade. Drugs. Mental. You name it. She has real problems.

JASON

Yeah, she's the only one.

SUZANNE

Can we cut the sarcastic bullshit, please?

JASON

Fine.

SUZANNE

The biggest question is why is she here? What made her show up now?

(Jason shrugs.)

Come on, Jason?

JASON

I don't know. All I know is that this whole situation is fucked up.

SUZANNE

Are you positive she's gone for good? I mean...

JASON
Not her! Well, her, too. But, this! This... here... us.

SUZANNE
What?

JASON
What?! Honestly?

SUZANNE
Yeah. What?

JASON
There is a real problem here.

SUZANNE
The only problem here is that... *that*... woman!

JASON
No. This started before that.

SUZANNE
Alright. What?

JASON
How can you be so nonchalant about it? We are at each other's throats half the time. We...

SUZANNE
It's not permanent. We just need to get past this.

JASON
This? What this?

SUZANNE
This... your little trip back to teen lust.

JASON
That's not what this is. I didn't plan this, it just happened... I mean, nothing happened, but this whole thing just started. *This*, the bigger issue, has been going on for a few months now.

SUZANNE
Few months. What? What has happened that is so different?

JASON
Everything. The way you treat me. See, I realized something this week. After her. I realized that you are not very nice to me. You two are not all that different...

SUZANNE

You'd best stop there.

JASON

I know you don't want to hear that. Maybe I'm out of line. / But, it just seems...

SUZANNE

Way out of line... *Way* out of line. And, you think I'm mean now, you just wait, pal.

JASON

See! See! That's exactly what she'd say.

SUZANNE

Okay! Fine... Then, get out.

JASON

Get out?

SUZANNE

You just told me I belong in an institution!

JASON

Now, wait, I did *not* say that.

SUZANNE

You said we're the same. By extrapolation, then, I belong in an institution.

JASON

You have *got* to be kidding!

SUZANNE

Get the fuck out!

JASON

That's your answer to everything, isn't it? / Always your answer.

SUZANNE

Not every time. This time, it is.

JASON

Come on, Suze.

SUZANNE

Don't call me that!

JASON

(beat)

I didn't mean anything of the sort. You know that.

(MORE)

JASON (cont'd)

(She remains silent.)

You know I didn't.

(He falls silent as he stares at her, she stares away.)

Can we please talk? Instead of falling into this pissing contest?

(beat. Then, turning to her:)

Suze.

SUZANNE

Why would you compare me to her?

JASON

I didn't compare you to her.

SUZANNE

You said I treat you like she does.

JASON

That is not comparing you to her. Besides, it was the heat of the moment. I'm sure you didn't mean everything you said about me.

SUZANNE

Probably not. *(beat)* Did you ever think that, maybe, it was the pregnancy?

JASON

Did *you* ever think...

SUZANNE

You do *not* know when to get out, do you? I gave you a clean break there and you just blew right through the stop.

JASON

I'm not the entire problem here, you know. Maybe you can take it down a notch or two?

SUZANNE

Fine. I'll try. But you have to accept that things will be a little rough 'til we, at least, get this thing out of me. I can really only deal with one catastrophe at a time.

JASON

See! It's things like that! Being with me is a "catastrophe." A family with me is a natural fucking disaster.

SUZANNE

That's not what I meant.

JASON

Uh huh.

SUZANNE

Quit being such a girl! Being with you is not a disaster. It was a little joke, that's all. Granted, this was not the ideal order of events, but, we take what we get and do what we can with it. Sometimes it takes life changing events to make the realization sink in.

JASON

What realization?

SUZANNE

That we should actually be together.

JASON

You had doubts?

SUZANNE

Didn't you?

JASON

(beat)

Maybe. Small ones. But, not now.

SUZANNE

What changed it?

JASON

Well...

SUZANNE

Come on. What changed it? One day you woke up and it dawned on you?

JASON

No.

SUZANNE

Then... ?

JASON

(He pulls up a chair and sits next to her.)

Sometimes clarity can be thrust upon us. Happiness comes out of nowhere and... slaps you across the face.

SUZANNE

Happiness is tough that way. *(pause)* Are we good now?

JASON

For the time being... I guess. *(beat)* I will help any way I can, but I can't put up with this... / This...

SUZANNE

I'll try... I said I will *try*.

JASON

Okay.

(They sit in silence for a few moments.)

What do we do now?

SUZANNE

(She gets up and heads for the bedroom.)

There is an obvious choice.

JASON

Oh? Oh...

(He follows her.)

EIGHT

The next morning. Jason enters from the bedroom. He is in a hurry, grabbing things as he rushes about the living room. Suzanne is making breakfast.

JASON

I don't have time for breakfast. I'm late.

SUZANNE

Not even for some toast and eggs?

JASON

No. Thanks, though.

(He kisses her and rushes out the door. Suzanne crosses to the table with two plates and sits down to eat her breakfast.)

SUZANNE

Sure. No problem.

(He comes back in the room after a few moments. He sits across from her.)

JASON

Sorry. Good morning. Anything going on today?

SUZANNE

No and good morning to you. Why so rushed?

JASON

Thought I was late.

SUZANNE

Holiday.

JASON

Yeah, I realized. So, what should we do today?

SUZANNE

I don't know what you're doing, but I'm going out to look for a crib.

JASON

Ah. Alone?

SUZANNE

With Jane.

JASON

Gotcha.

SUZANNE

(beat)

Did you want to come along?

JASON

You and Jane all day? I'll pass.

SUZANNE

I offered.

JASON

Some offer.

SUZANNE

Just saying.

JASON

Yeah. I'll see if the guys want to play some ball this afternoon.
(They eat in silence for a moment.)

SUZANNE

Have you heard from her? You know, looney tunes.

JASON

No. Thank God. She was lying about moving here. I stopped by the IHop on the way home yesterday and they haven't heard of her.

SUZANNE

I figured.

JASON

She dropped in, slashed and burned. Her work here is done.

SUZANNE

Sure hope so. I still wonder what she was doing here in the first place. Had to be more to it than just kicking up dust.

JASON

I'm really past caring.

SUZANNE

(pause)

Did you and she... you know... ever?

JASON

What? No... No!

SUZANNE

Just wondered.

JASON

She... she didn't want someone like me.

SUZANNE

You wanted her?

JASON

Then? Sure. I wasn't alone. *(beat)* Certainly not now.

SUZANNE

I would hope not now.

JASON

I get my daily requirement of crazy right here.

SUZANNE

Nice.

JASON

I know.

SUZANNE

What is your connection, then?

JASON

Friends. That's it.

SUZANNE

Mm... *(beat)* How did you two even meet?

JASON

(beat)

Tenth grade homeroom. Sat next to each other the first day and just sort of stayed there.

SUZANNE

Not very exciting.

JASON

I think that's why we stayed friends. I was, sort of, a balance. I didn't really fit in with her little clique. Every now and then, I guess, she needed to slow down.

SUZANNE

You were the husband.

JASON

I might have had more fun in high school if that were true. No, it turned into more of a brother-sister thing. Actually, more of a therapist-patient thing. It seemed like she only called me when she needed someone to listen to her complain.

SUZANNE

So, you were her analyst? Her advisor? / Her... what... priest? Eunuch?

JASON

I guess. ≠ Thanks for that.

SUZANNE

Not very fulfilling for you, huh?

JASON

(beat)

It got out of hand. She would get herself into trouble and, when she needed a way out, she came to me. When she turned up pregnant...

SUZANNE

Pregnant... Who did it?

JASON

I don't know. I guess one of the football players. Anyway, when she... you know... ended it... That's when I knew... that's when it dawned on me that advice equalled command. Not suggestion. I had to put a stop to it.

SUZANNE

So, you told her to... / I mean, there's no little mini psycho running around out there, right?

JASON

Suggested... ≠ No.

SUZANNE

You know this for sure?

JASON

Yes.

SUZANNE

So, that's what you told her to do?

JASON

Suggested! It was advice! You don't know what it was like! Calling every day! All day! She refused to stand on her own! Take any responsibility.

SUZANNE

She was, what, sixteen?

JASON

Seventeen. So was I.

SUZANNE

Sorry. I didn't think about that.

JASON

Just because I acted more mature doesn't mean I was any better equipped.

SUZANNE

I'm Sorry.

JASON

(pause)

Y'know, about six months later, she disappeared. Didn't hear from her for about five years. I was almost done with college. Out of the blue, she called me, wanted to get together for lunch.

SUZANNE

... and?

JASON

Nothing. Doesn't matter.

SUZANNE

That can't be it.

JASON

I didn't meet her, if that's what you mean. When I got home from work, she was waiting outside. Sitting there in the hallway, leaning against my door. She looked terrible. Complete train wreck. She wanted to stay.

SUZANNE

How long did she stay?

JASON

Long enough for dinner and a fight.

SUZANNE

I'm seeing a pattern.

JASON

Yeah.

SUZANNE

What is her problem?

JASON

Don't know. I guess she thinks the world owes her something.

SUZANNE

(Condescendingly.)

That's what sets you apart, honey.

JASON

We check off patronize for the day.

SUZANNE
Little joke. Lighten up.

JASON
Regardless, we need to keep this freak show out of our lives.

SUZANNE
You *don't* think she's gone?

JASON
Yes... No... I don't know.

SUZANNE
(beat)
She has you scared.

JASON
I just don't trust her.

SUZANNE
You did before?

JASON
Not totally, I guess. It's easy to get caught up in the excitement of an old friend visiting.

SUZANNE
Yeah.

JASON
Especially after so long. The past gets remembered a little rosier than it actually was.

SUZANNE
(pause)
What do you want to do?

JASON
For now, I guess, just hope she doesn't come back.

SUZANNE
Is that it?

JASON
What?

SUZANNE
Well, you get all melodramatic and chickenshit and now you decide to sit and wait for her to do something?

JASON
What do you suggest?

SUZANNE
(beat)
Should we look into moving?

JASON
Where? This town isn't that big. Am I supposed to quit also? Find a new job...
(beat) You're messing with me again.

SUZANNE
If you are this freaked out by her, there might be something more to it. You know her better than I do.

JASON
Ooooooh... she has you scared, too.

SUZANNE
You are freaking me out a little, I can tell you that.

JASON
So, what do we do?

SUZANNE
I don't know. I guess we can talk about it tonight. I need to get going. I need to meet Jane at the store in twenty minutes.

JASON
Yeah. Alright. We'll talk about it tonight.
(She gets up, kisses him and heads for the door.)

SUZANNE
Have a good day.

JASON
You, too. See you tonight.
(She exits.)

NINE

Late afternoon. The apartment is empty. The phone rings. Answering machine picks up.

JASON

(Through answering machine)

You've reached... us. Leave a message after the beep.

Suze? Where are you? I've been trying to call you all day. You're not answering your cell. *(beat)* She was at the park. The park! She's following me! She... Shit! If you get home before I do, just stay there. Lock the door. I'll be home in a few minutes.

(He hangs up.)

TEN

That evening. Jason is sitting at the table. He is nervous, keeps checking the clock on the kitchen wall behind him. The door opens and he springs into action. Suzanne enters carrying a couple grocery bags which he grabs, throws on the counter, and slams the door, locking it.

JASON

Where the hell have you been?

SUZANNE

Nice to see you, too.

JASON

Where have you been?! And, why don't you answer your phone?

SUZANNE

What is your problem?

JASON

I have been trying to call you all afternoon!

SUZANNE

Battery died.

JASON

She was there.

SUZANNE

Who? / Where?

JASON

Nut job. Park. I was playing ball with the guys and she was standing there staring at me in that fucked up way she does.

SUZANNE

You sure you're not overreacting a bit?

JASON

What?! What about last night?!

SUZANNE

I think I just got caught up in your whole deal.

JASON

'My whole deal?' Fine. Whatever. My whole deal. Uh huh.

SUZANNE

Calm down. I can't talk to you if you're going to be irrational.
(Doorbell rings and they freeze, staring at each other, then he drops to the floor.)

JASON

(Under his breath.)

Who's irrational now?

SUZANNE

Get up.

JASON

No. You get down.

(Doorbell rings again. He grabs her and tries to pull her down.)

You are not answering that door.

SUZANNE

This is ridiculous. Let go of me.

JASON

Fine, but you're on your own.

(She breaks free and goes to the door. She takes moment before opening it, checks the hall, then closes the door and locks it.)

SUZANNE

No one there. Chicken.

JASON

Uh huh. You were worried, too. I saw it. Not so cavalier when it comes to the actual... uh... act, huh?

SUZANNE

I'm hungry. Start dinner, will you? / I want to change.

JASON

Start dinner? I'm just supposed to jump? *(beat)* What do you want?

SUZANNE

(She heads to the bedroom, but stops at the desk.)

Whatever. You didn't check the machine?

JASON

No. I was worried about *you*. Didn't think to. Doesn't matter anyway, it's from me.

SUZANNE

There're two. Did you call twice?

JASON

No.

(He comes toward her. She presses play.)

"Sue? Where are you? I've been trying to call..."

(She deletes.)

MACLYNN

(Through answering machine)

Hey. Sorry about everything. I didn't want to cause any trouble. I'm leaving town. I'll send you my address and phone number when I get settled in case you want to call or write or anything. *(beat)* Yeah. *(beat)* Okay. *(beat)* Well, bye.

SUZANNE

Ooooooooo... Spooky!

JASON

Stop it!

SUZANNE

She's gone. Okay?

JASON

(Not convinced.)

Uh huh.

ELEVEN

The next morning. Jason is sitting at the kitchen table eating breakfast. Suzanne enters.

Good morning.

SUZANNE

Yeah.

JASON

Don't be mad. I didn't mean anything by it.

SUZANNE

Whatever.

JASON

I didn't. Really. You gotta admit it was pretty funny, though.

SUZANNE

Not really.

JASON

Oh, yes, / it was.

SUZANNE

No! ≠ It wasn't!

JASON

(She throws the teddy bear onto the sofa.)

Not funny. Fine. Sorry.

SUZANNE

I gotta go.

JASON

Come here. Don't leave mad.

SUZANNE

See ya tonight.

JASON

Tonight?

SUZANNE

I have to go with Andy and get his new car. I need to drive his old one back.

JASON

Why doesn't he just trade it in?

SUZANNE

They won't take it. JASON

Big surprise. SUZANNE
(Laughing.)

I should be home around seven. JASON

What about dinner? SUZANNE

I'll get something out. With Andy. JASON

You sure? SUZANNE

Yeah. *(beat)* I'll see you later. JASON

Bye. SUZANNE
(She waits for a kiss, but he walks out the door without.)

TWELVE

That night. Apartment is dark with a sliver of light from the bedroom doorway, the door is cracked open. The front door opens. Jason enters. He turns on the kitchen light.

JASON

Suze? Hey, Suze?

(No answer. He heads toward the bedroom, MacLynn exits bedroom.)

MACLYNN

Hey.

JASON

(Flabbergasted.)

What the hell are you doing here?

MACLYNN

Waiting.

JASON

For?

MACLYNN

You. Dumbshit.

JASON

Why?

MACLYNN

Nah-ah-ah... Soon enough.

JASON

I thought you were gone.

MACLYNN

Why would you think that?

JASON

Wishful thinking, I guess.

MACLYNN

(Sitting on the sofa.)

Aaaah... poor little Jason just can't seem to catch a break.

JASON

So, if you're not gone, / then what are...

MACLYNN

Clearly I'm not. I'm right here. In your house. On your couch.

JASON

Sofa.

MACLYNN

Sofa? God! What does it matter?

JASON

Why are you here?

MACLYNN

We aren't finished.

JASON

Oh, yes, we are.

MACLYNN

Think again, mister man. You still owe me.

JASON

I owe you... For what? For what?!

MACLYNN

Calm down. This can all go very easy. Or, if you decide to be a prick, it can go very, very hard.

JASON

Okay. Look. That was fifteen years ago... and, I don't owe you anything.

MACLYNN

Yes. Yes, you do. You owe me a life.

JASON

What?

MACLYNN

A life. LISTEN! A life. You owe me a LIFE!

JASON

How is that even possible?

MACLYNN

(pause)

Do you remember what you told me?

JASON

What? When? Then?

MACLYNN

Yes. Do you remember?

JASON

Sure. I told you to take care of yourself...

MACLYNN

And?

JASON

And... You would be able to have a child later. Is that what this is about?

MACLYNN

Not so much the words but the results.

JASON

Results? Your nutjob tendencies?

MACLYNN

You *are* a dick. She ever tell you that? *(beat)* I mean the fact that I am alone. I have no one. *(beat)* I need someone. *(beat)* I can't be alone anymore.

JASON

That sounds an awful lot like your problem. / I can't fix that.

MACLYNN

Now it's yours. ≠ Oh, but you can!

JASON

How do you see that?

MACLYNN

You need to give me a family.

JASON

You are really screwed up!

MACLYNN

And you are a liar!

JASON

You want a solution?

(Condescendingly.)

Go find someone as fucked up as yourself and get to work on it. There's a solution.

MACLYNN

Don't treat me like a child. Or a mental patient. Or whatever you're doing, you condescending prick.

JASON

Condescending. Ooooooo. Big word. Just look that one up? / I mean, hey, you could write a book with a word like that.

MACLYNN

Shut up. ≠ SHUT UP!

JASON

This is stupid.

MACLYNN

Yes, it is!

JASON

I'll tell you what you do. Grow up. / Get your shit together.

MACLYNN

Fuck you. STOP IT!

(She jumps up from the sofa turning on him, she has a large and threatens him with it.)

Shut the fuck up and sit down!

(He stands, frozen.)

That did it, didn't it? Taking me a bit more serious now? Sit down.

(He starts to sit down, then:)

JASON

Wait a minute. Where's Suzanne? / *(calling out.)* Suzanne?! Suze!

MACLYNN

Who? Oh, the little slut you knocked up?

JASON

She's not / a slut...

MACLYNN

I don't know.

JASON

You don't know?

MACLYNN

Where she is. How would I?

JASON

She wasn't here?

MACLYNN

(She looks around mockingly.)

Nope. Not here.

(They stare at each other, sizing up.)

(MORE)

MACLYNN (cont'd)
 Alright! I was kidding! She's here!
(He jumps up.)

JASON
 Where! / Where is she?

MACLYNN
 Sit. The fuck. DOWN!

JASON
 What did you do?!

MACLYNN
 She's resting in the other room. Being that pregnant takes a lot out of you... I'm assuming. Tell you what, you sit down and I'll get her. *(beat)* Sit!
(He does and she goes into the bedroom returning a few moments later dragging one of the kitchen chairs, Suzanne is tied to it, gagged.)
 See, she's fine. No harm, no foul.

JASON
(He lunges for Suzanne.)
 Are you okay?

MACLYNN
 We were having a nice talk until you got home.

JASON
(To Suzanne.)
 I'm sorry. I'll get us out of this.

MACLYNN
 It's nice to see two people in love. I mean, *really* in love. People who truly care about each other.

JASON
 What is your problem?

MACLYNN
 You. You are my problem. How can you still not see that?

JASON
 Because I'm not.

MACLYNN
 This is what I'm talking about. People—in this case *you*—fail to see how their choices affect others' lives. How you supremely fuck people over and then walk away like it's your God-given right.

JASON

You are beyond delusional. You have crossed right over into full blown dementia.

(MacLynn grabs him by the collar, pulling him away from Suzanne, forcing him into a chair.)

MACLYNN

You sit over there.

JASON

Look. If you have a problem with me, then let's work it out. There's no reason she has to be involved.

MACLYNN

I wonder...

JASON

What?

MACLYNN

I wonder...

JASON

What?

MACLYNN

If your decision to take my baby would have been easier or harder if you knew.

JASON

It was not my decision! I gave you *advice*. You made the choice. *(pause)* Not that I really care, but, knew what?

MACLYNN

Whose baby it was.

JASON

Why would *that* matter?

MACLYNN

It might.

(She circles him then stands in front of him.)

Did I ever tell you how I got pregnant?

JASON

Not hard to figure out. You were fucking the football team. Pretty obvious.

MACLYNN

No! You assumed I was fucking the football team. *Everybody* assumed I was... hopping bed to bed! I WAS NOT A SLUT!

(MORE)

MACLYNN (cont'd)

(In his face with the knife.)

I. Was. Not. A. Slut. There was one. Only one. It went on for a couple of years. You know... until... but there was only one. There was really only one. Ever. I loved him... love him. Still do. *(beat)* You know, the night it happened... that night... that was not our first night together.

JASON

What does that matter?

MACLYNN

Oh, it matters. Trust me. It matters.

JASON

Whatever.

MACLYNN

Whatever. *Whatever.* You use that a lot. Are you really that apathetic?

JASON

I guess you just bring it out in me.

(She turns toward Suzanne and spies the bear.)

MACLYNN

Ooooh... You looked in the bag. How did it feel rifling through my things? Exciting? No matter. I figured you would. Actually, I wanted you to find it.

(She approaches Suzanne, stands in front of her holding the bear out to her.)

You know where I got this?

(Pointing with the knife.)

Right there. You're little boyfr... sorry... *fiance*. See, I came home from the doctor. From getting the test. This was sitting on my bed. Sitting there smiling up at me with that stupid-assed grin. *(beat)* Congratulations. Nice joke. Say, did he give you one?

JASON

Come on. It wasn't meant to be a joke.

MACLYNN

Still. Turned out to be quite the knee slapper. Did you get her one, too?

JASON

What does that matter?

MACLYNN

I don't know!

(She lunges toward him, knife leading the way. She cuts his arm.)

Does that matter? / HUH?! It matters, you piece of shit! It matters because I still have this! Instead of my *child*! What is so hard to grasp here?!

JASON

(Pressing against the cut.)

Shit! ≠ What is your fucking problem?

MACLYNN

Shut up. You know my problem. You. Know. My. Problem. You... *You* are my **FUCKING PROBLEM!**

JASON

Fine. I'm your problem. Somewhere in the middle of all the piles of shit in your head, I'm your problem.

MACLYNN

Maybe there wouldn't be all those piles if you hadn't screwed things up in the first place. Ever think of that?

JASON

So, everything that came after... *Everything* after I gave you *advice* is my fault. My God, you're... you are... there isn't even a word for it!

MACLYNN

You really want to start throwing insults at me? **NOW?! Tell you what: You just sit there. I want to have a chat with the little woman over here. Can I count on you to stay here?**

(She crosses back to Suzanne, pulls up a chair and sits where she can keep an eye on Jason.)

You know, when I found out, when I told him that I thought I was pregnant, he was so nice. Stepped up and was so helpful. / That's why I thought he knew.

JASON

We were friends. I was just trying...

MACLYNN

Shut. UP. I'm not going to tell you again. When I want to hear from you, I'll let you know.

(Back to Suzanne.)

That's why I thought he knew. As it turns out, he had no clue. Nothing new for him in those days, really. He was in the dark about most things regarding relationships. Maybe that's why he never made a move on me. Either that or he was chickenshit.

(Considering Jason.)

Never mind... He was chickenshit.

JASON

What the hell?!

MACLYNN

Really. You were. Maybe you still are. Is he? *(beat)* The eyes! You are. Too bad. *(beat)* What was I talking about? Oh. My true love. Well, he got me quick. He just had to look at me, really. / Just look at...

JASON

It's all anyone had to do, *really*.
(She turns on him again, quickly, wielding the knife in his direction.)

MACLYNN

... Go in the other room. If you can't follow simple directions, go in the other fucking room and wait. I am trying to have a private conversation here.
(He remains silent.)

That's right. Sit there and keep your fucking mouth shut. Alright?
(Back to Suzanne.)

So, I caught him looking at me in line at the cafeteria and I knew we would be together. He asked me out after the next period. Dinner and a movie. Welcome to high school, eh? *(beat)* Anyway, we decided to keep it quiet. Not let anyone know. But, since I was always at the parties with the football players, and not *officially* dating anyone, the rumors started flying. All of a sudden I became the football team's whore. Fine. I didn't care because... well, actually, it hurt at first, but I got over it. See, I knew the truth. And... I had this one over here. It didn't matter to me.

(to Jason.)

Ever wonder why I didn't fuck you all that time we were together in your room? Honestly? I mean, if I was such a slut, wouldn't I have started something even if you weren't man enough to close the deal? Huh?

JASON

I never thought about it. Just figured you only wanted flunkies with big muscles and small dicks.

MACLYNN

Is this really the time?

JASON

You...

MACLYNN

No. Really. Is it? *(beat)* I was in love with the only one that didn't treat me like shit. The only one who cared at all about me.

(To Suzanne.)

See, we dated for a couple of years. He was a year ahead of me. I was a sophomore, he was a junior when we started. As graduation got closer, though, he started applying to colleges. None of them near, of course. When it looked like we would be separated, I knew I had to do something. Especially after he was accepted to Washington.

(She glances at Jason looking for a reaction.)

(MORE)

MACLYNN (cont'd)

That was just too far. And he wasn't going to turn it down. Not with a full ride and all.

JASON

Shit.

MACLYNN

You got it now, huh? Put it all together?

JASON

Fuck me... David?

MACLYNN

Ding ding ding! You got it! Big brother Dave! It's really not his fault, though. See, I was in charge of the birth control. And I took control. Poked little tiny holes / in all of them.

JASON

Oh, my God. ≠ You...

MACLYNN

When it worked I knew I had him all to myself. There's no way he can go away and leave me *and* his child. He would have to either stay or take us with him. So, I guess it's not just you, but, pretty much, your whole damn family that's screwed up my life, huh?

JASON

Jeez...

MACLYNN

Your brother knocked me up and you killed my baby! Hell, it's almost a Greek play!

JASON

What do you know about Greek plays. Shit! I cannot believe you have carried this shit all this time? You think it's our fault you can't keep your life together? Bullshit! You started this whole thing...

MACLYNN

And you're going to finish it. You...

JASON

You created / the problem...

MACLYNN

No! You...

JASON

Shut up! You created the problem in the first place. My brother...

MACLYNN

Your brother needed to be a man...

JASON

Nonono... *You* poked the holes...

MACLYNN

And *you* killed your little nephew... niece... whatever it was.

JASON

You decided, not me.

MACLYNN

You told me to do it.

JASON

Holy shit! You... I... There are no words to describe how fuckin' crazy this is!

MACLYNN

Do NOT call me CRAZY!

JASON

I said *this* is crazy. Not you.

MACLYNN

(Calming herself.)

I'm confused about this. You went through my shit. Didn't you ever look in the envelope? Huh?

JASON

No.

MACLYNN

What? Can't hear you.

JASON

NO. Alright? No.

MACLYNN

She did. I know she did. Why didn't you tell him? Huh?

(Suzanne looks away.)

MACLYNN (cont'd)

This is rich! Lots of trust working here, huh?

JASON

Fuck you.

MACLYNN

No, really, what else has been going on here? You have to be asking yourself what else she has kept from you, don't you? Well...? *Suze?* What else is there?

JASON

I... Look...

MACLYNN

Nope. This has been all sorts of fun, but, I'm getting bored. Time to do your duty.

JASON

What?

MACLYNN

Your duty. What the hell have we been talking about? Time for *you* to take one for the team.

JASON

Yeah... not gonna happen.

MACLYNN

Bed or living room cou... sofa.

JASON

How can you think I can even do this, let alone will?!

(MacLynn starts pacing about the room, hovering around Suzanne. After a few moments...)

MACLYNN

Did I ever tell you where it happened?

JASON

We're back to this.

MACLYNN

Well, did I?

JASON

No.

MACLYNN

Your bed.

(She laughs to herself)

I figured, if you're not getting any proper use out of it, someone should.

JASON

Bitch.

MACLYNN

Hey, you had chances. *Many* of them. Not that I would have, but, you did have chances... you know, to try, at least. David thought it was pretty funny, too.

JASON

Fucker.

MACLYNN

What? Anger toward your saint of a brother?

JASON

No, you.

MACLYNN

Tell me, how is he? How many kids does he have now?

(She approaches him again.)

How many?

JASON

None.

MACLYNN

None? So, you killed off your mother's only grandchild... to date, at least. How does it feel? / See, I know your mother. She'd be pissed if she knew.

JASON

I... No. ≠ *You* killed it...

MACLYNN

YOU... Well, we can fix that here, too. Two birds with one stone, huh? Now, it's really not that hard.

(Acknowledging Suzanne)

Look who I'm telling. You know! Come on... You did it for her, you can do it for me...

JASON

No way in hell!

MACLYNN

Really? REALLY?! You may want to rethink that, buddy!

(Straddling him, putting the knife to his neck)

Really?

JASON

So, I'm supposed to take you in there and have sex with you?

MACLYNN

If that's what you'd like. There are a few ways we can do this. That's just one option. Not *my* first choice, but if it would help you, I guess I'm game.

JASON

This is insane!

MACLYNN

DO NOT call me insane. Look, if you don't like that one, we can just go to a clinic and you can... You know.

JASON

Not gonna happen.

MACLYNN

Look, I'm giving you the easiest options here. You can keep...

JASON

Go to hell.

(With this she flies into a rage lunging toward Suzanne and running the flat of the knife against her stomach.)

MACLYNN

ALRIGHT, THEN! OPTION THREE! / HOW D'YOU LIKE THIS ONE, HUH?! ALL YOUR PRECIOUS WORK UNDONE!

JASON

Leave her alone! Please! Come on! ≠ Leave her alone!

MACLYNN

You just sit there... See how he just sits there. Her? What about... Don't you care about your unborn child? Huh? About your own...

*(She looks at Suzanne then back at Jason.
She starts to laugh.)*

Oh, my God! It's not yours. It's not yours! Shit! You can't close the deal with anyone! Tell me, were you together before or after? How long have you known each other?

(Suzanne stares at her, eyes wide with panic.)

JASON

Leave her...

MACLYNN

ANSWER MY FUCKING QUESTION!

JASON

Before.

MACLYNN

Wellwellwell... I couldn't get your brother to stick around when it was *his*.

JASON

Please...

MACLYNN

Is the problem that you just can't get it up? Huh? What is it?

JASON

Look, leave her alone. Please. You leave her alone and... I'll help you.

MACLYNN

(beat)

You know what? No. I don't feel like waiting. Taking on all that extra weight and shit. The vomiting, the stupid cravings in the middle of the night. I think... I think I'm just gonna take this little guy right here! After all, you're young. You can have another one... What am I saying? One of *your* own. So, when you think about it, hell, I'm doing you a favor! You can start fresh! Sorry, Suze, it's nothing personal... toward *you*, at least. I'll be as gentle as possible, okay?

(She turns her attention fully to Suzanne now, her back to Jason. She starts running the point of the knife along Suzanne's stomach, debating the best point of entry. With this Jason springs from the chair hurtling himself onto her back wresting her to the floor as the knife skitters away from them, back toward the sofa. He finally gets the upper hand, stands and pulls her away from Suzanne by her foot as she claws the floor. He grabs the knife when he gets her behind the sofa. Finally, there is one great exchange, then silence. After a couple of moments, Jason emerges from behind the sofa, bloody knife in hand. He looks at Suzanne, she at him, panicked.)

End of play.