

SPRUCEHAVEN B
Three dark tales
by
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Tell Me You Love Me

Characters: ISABEL, 30; TOMMY, 30

Time: Late October, 1995

Lemon Drop

Characters: JOHN, early 50s; ISABEL, 13; OFFICER SNODGRASS, late 30s

Time: August, 1978

Goodbye

Characters: ISABEL, 49; BRUCE, late 50s; TOMMY, 30, JOHN, early 50s; OFFICER SNODGRASS, late 30s; the maids - MONICA, MARGIE, and MELISSA, all 60s; ISABEL at 13.

Time: Spring, 2014

Notes on the play:

All three plays take place in the B cottage at the Sprucehaven Lodge on Bailey Island, Maine.

The actor playing ISABEL in the first play should play ISABEL in the last play. This play has interludes between plays one and two, and two and three. The interludes should not be treated as intermissions. This play should have no intermissions. MONICA, MARGIE, and MELISSA are part of both interludes.

The play requires four men and five women.

Tell Me You Love Me

Dusk. 1995. A remote cottage. Everything is quiet except for the presence of a low, heavy wind. Car lights flash through a large window upstage. The low rumble of a car quiets. A car door opens and closes. Into the cottage comes ISABEL in a heavy coat. In one hand is the cottage key; the other has a traveling bag. She is young, about 30, and still quite beautiful, but time and experience have taken from her the hope and carelessness of youth. She closes the door behind her quickly, to shut out the wind. She shivers. She pulls from her coat a flashlight and takes a moment to look around. She puts the key in her coat. Looking out the window, she closes the curtains. From the bag, she pulls two lanterns and a set of pom-poms. She lights the lanterns, illuminating the room. The cottage is rustic. Simple. Clean. Dim. There is a wood-burning stove (surrounded by stone), queen bed, dresser, small couch, kitchenette, plain bathroom (which the audience can see through the fourth wall) with a toilet, sink, and tub (with a foggy shower glass obscuring the toilet) off left. The front door is right. The main room has a huge area rug. On one wall is a clock (that says 5:42), a broom, and an ax. ISABEL puts the lanterns around the room. She stuffs the pom-poms in the dresser. She picks up the phone, listens, then rips the cord from the wall. She goes into the kitchenette and gets a glass of water. From her coat she gets a vile of pills and takes one with the water. She removes her coat, revealing a tight, buttoned blouse and a calf-length skirt slit up the side. She tosses the coat on the bed. Cold, she rubs her arms. Then: car lights again. She steps towards the door, tosses her hair, and stands in the middle of the room and waits. She rocks side to side. She hums "Row, Row, Row your Boat."

The sound of a car door opening and closing. Then, the cottage door bursts open. TOMMY enters. He is also 30 and imposing, but clearly not the man he used to be. He wears a jacket that says "Down East Painting Co." His clothes are stained with red paint. His hands, too. He sees ISABEL. He closes the door. Slowly. The moaning wind begs off a bit. After a moment, TOMMY rushes to ISABEL and aggressively kisses her. She responds. He backs her hard up against a wall, lifting her slightly, shoving his hands up and under her open skirt. A lamp gets knocked over. They go at each other, like animals. He grabs her hair. She claws at him. The violence escalates. He swings her towards the dresser. Items get swept away. He begins to overpower her. Under her skirt, his hands find her panties and rip them away. They move towards the bed as he rips at her blouse. He shoves her down on the bed, her skirt falls open. He takes off his jacket and pounces on her. They kiss. Hard. He tries to control her, pinning her arms down, but she fights him. His aggressiveness increases as they continue. He strips away her shoes, then his. He lifts her up and tosses her further up the bed. He falls on her. She groans at his weight. He kisses her. Bites her. She winces. This is no longer fun for her. He slings the pillows away and pins her arms over her head, mauling her face, neck, and breasts. He kisses her all over, bites her. He then fumbles with his belt, gets it free, jerks at his pants. But before he can enter her, he bites her one last time. On the neck. Way too hard. She screams.

ISABEL

Jesus, Tommy! Stop!

She puts two hands to his chest, pushing him away. He slows, but does not stop.

TOMMY

What's the matter? Come on, baby. I'm almost in.

ISABEL

I'm hurt!

She hits him in the chest. He stops.

TOMMY

Oh. But we can keep goin', right?

ISABEL

I'm bleedin'!

TOMMY

How bad?

ISABEL

Get offa me!

She shoves him off her and hurries into the bathroom, half-closing the door. He sits up on the bed. Calms.

TOMMY

Fuck.

(calling out to Isabel)

You OK?

Buttoning his pants, and fastening his belt, he goes to the bathroom door.

TOMMY (cont'd)

Izzy? (beat) Want me to call down to the lodge an' see if they got first aid stuff?

ISABEL

The phones are busted!

TOMMY

I could walk down to the lodge.

ISABEL

I don't want you to do nothin' except feel totally shitty!

Defeated, he sighs, and goes to the wall light switch and flips it. Nothing. Returning from the bathroom, she brushes past him, a wad of toilet paper covering the side of her neck.

ISABEL (cont'd)

What is wrong with you, Tommy? Asshole. You bit me. Like a crazy Rottweiler.

She sits on the bed. He sits next to her.

TOMMY

Aren't you a dog person? (beat) OK, OK, let me see.

She shows him.

TOMMY (cont'd)

Hey, you can see my teeth marks. Wanna go again?

He tries to start something. She pushes him away.

ISABEL

Dirt bag. I'll probably need stitches. When did you become such a maniac?

TOMMY

You used to like all that bitin' shit.

ISABEL

In your dreams.

TOMMY

What can I say? I got carried away. It's your skirt. I ain't never been able to resist it.

ISABEL

It's lycra. A man should be able to resist lycra.

TOMMY

Remember that weekend we borrowed my uncle's catboat an' went out on the water? Over to Westport. You wore the skirt then, too. Remember?

ISABEL

No.

TOMMY

Seriously? You bought those old handcuffs an' 10 minutes out you cuffed me around the mast, I sang you that dirty song, an' then you straddled me until I was as raw as a fuckin' rope burn.

He looks down at his hands, his clothes, covered in red paint.

TOMMY (cont'd)

Sorry I didn't get a chance to clean up. Came straight from this job in Topsham.

ISABEL

I don't mind.

TOMMY

Christ. Looks like someone fuckin' killed me.

She shivers, pulls the bed blankets around her.

ISABEL

It's some cold in here.

TOMMY

Supposed to snow tonight.

ISABEL

Why don't you get a fire goin'?

TOMMY

What am I, Paul fuckin' Bunyan? Fine. But I can't really stay too long.

He rises from the bed.

ISABEL

Samantha got you on a short leash like a little poochy-poo?

TOMMY

Gimme a break, will you, Izzy?

He opens the wood-burning stove.

TOMMY (cont'd)

An' stop callin' her an' hangin' up. I know it's you.

He notices something inside the stove.

TOMMY (cont'd)

That's weird. The damper is closed.

He opens it.

TOMMY (cont'd)

Let me check on some wood.

The wind rises and falls as he goes outside. She looks out the window for him, and then hurries to her coat. She takes out her pills. Takes one without water. He returns. The wind howls again.

TOMMY (cont'd)

Man, it's gettin' wicked harsh out there. An' there ain't no wood.

He goes to the window, pulling open the curtains.

TOMMY (cont'd)

See how much the spruce has grown? God, it's a fuckin' monster now. Like 75 feet I'll bet. Look at it.

She joins him at the window.

ISABEL

Big.

TOMMY

(scanning the grounds)

Not too many guests today. In fact, no guests. Place is totally dark. Where is everyone?

ISABEL

It's Tuesday. It's the middle of the week.

TOMMY

Yeah, but there ain't a light on nowhere. Power out?

ISABEL

Oh...uh...yeah. Guy down at the lodge said it was the wind.

TOMMY

Who said? The mute? That freak still here? He give you the lanterns?

ISABEL

Yeah.

TOMMY

That guy is fuckin' weird with the chalkboard around his neck, right?

ISABEL

Only way he can communicate, I guess.

TOMMY

I never liked the way he used to look at you.

ISABEL

He likes pretty girls, I guess.

TOMMY

When were we last here? Five years ago?

ISABEL

Four. July 4th weekend.

TOMMY

God, the fuckin' traffic. Everything jammed up.

ISABEL

One road in, one road out.

TOMMY

I hate the summer people. Like they own the place. (beat)
Forget how awesome the view is. Even on a grey day like
today.

(pointing)

That's South Harpswell, ain't it?

ISABEL

Yeah. Sea smoke is pretty, huh?

Beat. He shivers.

TOMMY

Really cold in here. Let me get your coat.

He gets it for her. She closes the
curtains. He puts the coat over her
shoulders.

ISABEL

Thanks.

They look at each other.

ISABEL (cont'd)

It's good to see you.

TOMMY

Yeah. It is. (beat) How is everything?

ISABEL

You mean, now that I'm outta the nut house?

TOMMY

Don't say that.

ISABEL

I'd forgotten how much I hated livin' with my mother. All we
talk about is pottery. It's pure hell.

TOMMY

You workin'?

ISABEL

Part-time over at Bowdoin. Financial aid stuff. Beyond
boring. (beat) Hey, I saw that Cuddy's had closed down.

TOMMY

Yeah. Last spring. Everyone started goin' to O'Hara's
instead.

ISABEL

Went by the Project. They still gettin' good bands?

He moves away from the window.

TOMMY

What're we doin', Isabel? I mean, what're we doin' here?

ISABEL

What'ya mean?

TOMMY

I ain't never cheated on Samantha.

ISABEL

Technically, you been cheatin' on me. With her. We are still married after all.

TOMMY

Only 'cause I can't get you to sign the fuckin' paperwork. Like today. Only reason we met today at O'Hara's was to-

ISABEL

Hey, I can't help it if you can't resist lycra. (beat) You never brought her here, have you?

TOMMY

Samantha? No. No. She don't even know this place exists.

ISABEL

She don't know about Sprucehaven B?

TOMMY

No. This place got way too much fuckin' history.

ISABEL

Hey, look!

She rushes to the stone around the stove.

ISABEL (cont'd)

It's still here!

She touches a finger to a place in one of the stones.

ISABEL (cont'd)

Look! "IT." Isabel Tommy. I-T. "IT."

She looks around the room.

ISABEL (cont'd)

This place has so many memories for us, don't it?

She giggles at the thought of it all.

TOMMY

I don't miss you with that fuckin' camcorder I can tell you that.

ISABEL

(with a sly grin)

No? Maybe you'd feel differently if you looked at the old tapes. I still have 'em.

TOMMY

This place ain't just about us. You ever think about your dad? An' Snodgrass?

ISABEL

(coldly)

All the time.

Beat. He notices something else.

TOMMY

Ah, shit, we broke the wooden moose.

He inspects, then looks around the room.

TOMMY (cont'd)

You know what? I'm gonna straighten up a bit. Don't wanna look like total assholes, do we? Piss off the maids? Those three sisters would break us both in half. They still work here, don't they?

TOMMY cleans up, rights the lamp, corrals the pillows, etc. ISABEL doesn't help.

ISABEL

Remember the first time we came here?

TOMMY

Sure. Right after the homecomin' game.

ISABEL

Some game. Your big pass. Then, after. You an' me. King an' Queen. You were so hot.

TOMMY

Were. Now I'm just pudgy.

ISABEL

Got here 'bout midnight. That first time was so...wild.

TOMMY

You were a little hell-cat. 'course you were always a hell-cat.

ISABEL

Me?

TOMMY

You always made me feel a little...you know, wicked nervous.

ISABEL

Oh, please.

TOMMY

Izzy, I'd never been with but one other girl when we hooked up.

ISABEL

Huh?

TOMMY

I was never what everybody made me out to be. Why're we talkin' about all this anyway? The past is the past. The cheerin' has stopped. I paint houses now. I don't throw touchdowns.

ISABEL

Samantha has cast some spell. She a witch or somethin'?

TOMMY

Look, what happened then is over. I don't wanna be one of those people who peaked at 17. I only just turned 30. It's all still in front of me.

ISABEL

But nothin's ever gonna be as good as it was back then.

TOMMY

Are we talkin' about me? Or you?

ISABEL

Not a day goes by that somebody doesn't mention the state title an' that game against Mount Blue when we were losin', like, 35-0 at half an' you almost single-handedly-

TOMMY

So what? No colleges lined up to get me. Not even Bowdoin.

ISABEL

Yeah, but-

TOMMY

Just stop, OK? Stop. I'm nobody, Izzy. The newspapers don't call me no more. OK? I don't get high-fives on the street. Guys like me get replaced. Forget football. An' forget our old friends. Because I know you. You're gonna start in like we're all still best pals. They're gone.

Randy's up in The County an' Lisa is a teacher down in Portland an' Mike got religious an' is off in Africa convertin' the natives. We ain't in high school no more.

ISABEL

I know.

TOMMY

Then move on, Izzy. From all of it. This is you. This is me. We are where we are. I'm with Sam. An' you...you should go out an' find someone. Right?

ISABEL

That's a terrible thing to say to me.

TOMMY

No, it ain't. It ain't, Izzy.

Finished cleaning, he goes into the kitchenette and opens the fridge.

TOMMY (cont'd)

Moxie an' red hot dogs. How perfectly Maine. Jesus fuckin' Christ. Like this shit the only thing we got in the whole fuckin' state.

He closes the fridge. The wind howls outside, shakes the cabin.

TOMMY (cont'd)

Man, it's blowin' a gale, ain't it?

ISABEL

So who was the one?

TOMMY

One? One what?

ISABEL

The one other girl you'd been with. You said you'd only been with one other girl before me. Who was she?

TOMMY

Come on, Izzy. What'd I just say? It's pointless livin' in the past.

ISABEL

We been married for 10 years, together for 13. Today I get the news that there weren't a bunch of girls before me...you could at least tell me who-

TOMMY

It was Samantha.

Beat. She is surprised.

ISABEL

Samantha? I thought you told me she's from up near Lewiston.

TOMMY

She is. Sophomore year I went with my parents up there for some regional sports awards supper thing. She worked in the kitchen. (beat) I'm sorry. I should go.

He looks at the clock on the wall.

TOMMY (cont'd)

Jesus, is that really what time it is?

He goes for his things.

ISABEL

Don't go, please.

TOMMY

I have to. Got the papers in my coat. I want you to sign 'em.

He gets his shoes, puts them on.

ISABEL

Tommy...

TOMMY

I gotta go, Izzy. I'm serious. Ain't got a lotta time.

ISABEL

You just got here.

TOMMY

So? I'm leavin'.

ISABEL

Don't.

TOMMY

I have to.

ISABEL

I'm sayin' *don't*.

TOMMY

I want you to sign the papers.

(looking)

Where's my jacket?

ISABEL

Tommy.

I'm fuckin' goin'!

TOMMY

NO!!

ISABEL

In a rage, she grabs two fistfuls of her own hair and yanks them out.

TOMMY

Jesus, Izzy.

She looks down at the clumps of hair in her hands. He goes to her. She cries a little.

TOMMY (cont'd)

Fuck.

He inspects her head.

ISABEL

I'm sorry.

TOMMY

You're scarin' me here. Pullin' your fuckin' hair out?

ISABEL

Oh, well.

(laughing it off)

Crazy me. Is it bad?

TOMMY

It ain't great.

She just looks at him. Sad.

ISABEL

Samantha enjoyin' the house?

TOMMY

Izzy...

ISABEL

Has she changed much of it?

TOMMY

You wanna talk about the house? You just pulled clumps of hair outta your head.

ISABEL

Has she changed it?

TOMMY

Ah, shit. You tell me. See you sittin' outside in your car half the time starin' at it like you're doin' a fuckin' appraisal.

ISABEL

What? I don't do that-

TOMMY

We're gonna get a new place. OK?

ISABEL

You are?

TOMMY

She knows there's a story in everything. Yesterday she was rootin' around in the kitchen an' went totally gloomy over that stupid piece of honeycomb we got from that beekeeper up in Brewer.

ISABEL

What'd you tell her?

TOMMY

She didn't ask. An' I didn't wanna tell her nothin'.

ISABEL

You don't talk about me?

TOMMY

Come on, Izzy. Would that be smart?

ISABEL

She don't know about Crawley Manor?

TOMMY

Everybody knows about that, Izzy.

ISABEL

She must wonder why you stopped comin' to see me.

TOMMY

I came to see you for three years. You know how many times they'd tell me you didn't wanna come outta your room? You pushed me away. What was I supposed to-

ISABEL

I had a breakdown!

Outside, night has set in. It begins to snow.

ISABEL (cont'd)

I miss you, Tommy. I miss *us*. It gets lonely with my mother.

TOMMY

What happened, Izzy? I'm up at St. Charles paintin' the rectory an' I get a call that my wife is in jail for climbin' up to the top of the Swingin' Bridge an' the next thing I know you're out in a fuckin' mental hospital.

ISABEL

Everything I knew was slippin' through my fingers. You sent me down to New York for some culinary school. I hated it there. An' you made me stick it out.

TOMMY

It was six lousy months.

ISABEL

Felt like an eternity.

TOMMY

I just wanted you to want somethin'. Somethin' beyond prom.

ISABEL

You know I always wanted to do movie stuff.

TOMMY

Movie stuff? Us gettin' busy with a fuckin' camcorder rollin' ain't movie stuff.

ISABEL

It was very artful. An' you know goddamn well I did more than that.

TOMMY

New York could've been somethin' real for you.

ISABEL

I got so lonely there. An' this girl was cruel to me. My small town Maine life. How simple I was to them. How *stupid*. I was at a low point an' her insults were just too much.

TOMMY

You broke her nose. Blinded her in one eye.

They look at each other. Sad.
Suddenly, she gets a spark in her eyes.

ISABEL

Hey, look what I brought! I almost forgot!

She goes to the dresser and gets out the pom-poms. He looks at her, pitifully.

TOMMY

Where'd you get those things?

ISABEL

I kept 'em. Watch this.

Swinging the pom-poms, she does a cheer. It's of a highly sexual nature.

ISABEL (cont'd)

*Grab it
Steal it
Take it away
We want that ball
To go the other way
Poke it
Slap it
Take it away
We want that ball
To go the other way*

TOMMY

You just can't do it, can you?

ISABEL

(crushed)

What?

TOMMY

Do yourself a favor, Izzy. Get outta the past. Get outta your mother's house. Get outta this town. I am.

ISABEL

What does that mean?

TOMMY

Nothin'.

ISABEL

Yeah, it does-

TOMMY

Sam an' me are movin' to Boston.

ISABEL

Boston? Like Boston, Massachusetts?

TOMMY

No, the Boston up in Nova Scotia. Yeah, Boston, Massachusetts. OK? *The Boston.*

She sits. Discards the pom-poms.

ISABEL

Oh. So this new place you're talkin' about gettin' ain't in Brunswick?

She starts chewing her fingernails.

TOMMY

My cousin's got a paintin' company down there. He's been buggin' me to come down. There's no work here, Izzy. Brunswick is dead. This job in Topsham is the first time I've worked since August.

ISABEL

When're you gonna do this?

TOMMY

I don't know. Soon. Couple months.

ISABEL

That *is* soon. You even gonna tell me?

TOMMY

Of course.

ISABEL

When? After you got there? You can't do this to me, Tommy.

TOMMY

Sam's got family down there, too. OK? They said they'd help us get a house. A bigger house. She wants kids.

ISABEL

Oh.

TOMMY

I ain't gonna feel bad about this. I'm leavin'. I got the papers here in my jacket.

He finds his jacket, gets out the papers.

TOMMY (cont'd)

I want you to sign. Now don't do nothin' crazy, OK? (beat) Izzy?

ISABEL

Look, it's dark, it's startin' to snow. It won't be safe. Road back'll be slick.

TOMMY

I'll risk it. I don't got a lotta time.

ISABEL

Where you gotta be so badly? You meetin' Samantha someplace?

TOMMY

At The Pelican. For supper.

Beat. She gets especially somber.

ISABEL

You're celebratin'.

TOMMY

Don't put it like that.

ISABEL

Your freedom.

He puts the papers down on the table.
Slaps a pen down.

TOMMY

I want you to sign, Izzy. I don't wanna hound you about this no more.

ISABEL

Hound me? I've only been out of Crawley two months.

TOMMY

Izzy. Please! I'm beggin' you!

ISABEL

I just wanna matter. That's all. Every person should matter. I am here. Do you understand me? I am here, too.

TOMMY

I wanna get out of here, Izzy! You've had this sick, twisted love affair with this place for years! I never liked it here, Izzy! I never did! It creep me the fuck out!

He grabs the pen and holds it out.

TOMMY (cont'd)

Now sign the goddamn papers!

She looks at him coldly, then:

ISABEL

Fine. (beat) On one condition.

TOMMY

Ah, Jesus. What?

She backs up towards the bed.

What're you doin'?

TOMMY (cont'd)

She removes her coat and puts it on the bed.

ISABEL

One last time.

TOMMY

You kiddin'? I can't. It's too late. I gotta go.

ISABEL

You came here for it, didn'cha?

She sits down on the bed. Scoots up towards the pillows.

TOMMY

Yeah, but-...*I want you to sign the papers, Izzy!*

ISABEL

Fuck me an' I'll sign. (beat) I'll let you do to me whatever you want. (beat) Any sick thing you want. (beat) *Anything.*

She lies down on the bed. She gently spreads her skirt.

ISABEL (cont'd)

Come.

TOMMY

You fuckin' bitch.

Slinging his jacket aside, he goes to her. She grabs him, pulls him down on her. They go at it. Fast. Reckless. This time, she shoves him around. She gets on top of him and rips open his shirt. They kiss violently.

ISABEL

Slap me.

TOMMY

What?

ISABEL

Slap me!

He does. She kisses him harder.

Pull my hair.

ISABEL (cont'd)

No, I-

TOMMY

Pull my fuckin' hair!!

ISABEL

He does. Hard. She cries out. Then kisses him again.

Bite me.

ISABEL (cont'd)

Harder.

He does.

ISABEL (cont'd)

Harder!!

He does.

ISABEL (cont'd)

What? What?! WHAT?!

He does. She screams. Then she pulls back, sitting up.

TOMMY

You're a freak.

She reaches into her coat, which is still on the bed, and pulls out two pairs of handcuffs.

TOMMY (cont'd)

Sing me a song, sailor. Maybe that one you sang on your uncle's catboat.

ISABEL

As he sings, she handcuffs both of his wrists to the headboard.

TOMMY

All comin' back to you, ain't it?

(singing)

*In Portland town there was a maid
Her name was Katerina
She loved me so, she liked to blow
Me docked in the marina
Out on the sea...*

She puts a finger to his mouth:
 "Shhhhhhhhhhhhh."

ISABEL

Tell me I'm pretty.

TOMMY

You're beautiful.

ISABEL

Tell me I'm irresistible.

TOMMY

Oh, wicked, yeah. Yeah.

ISABEL

Tell me you wanna be inside me.

TOMMY

Oh. So bad. I wanna fuck you silly.

ISABEL

Tell me you love me.

TOMMY

Izzy.

ISABEL

Tell me you love me.

TOMMY

You're drivin' me insane.

ISABEL

Tell me you love me, Tommy.

TOMMY

Come on, Izzy. I'm dyin' here.

ISABEL

Tell me you love me.

TOMMY

What? Why? Can't we just...Jesus! I ain't got time for
 this shit!

ISABEL

Tell me you love me.

TOMMY

Why?

ISABEL

I wanna hear it.

But, I...*please*. TOMMY

Tell me you love me. ISABEL

No. TOMMY

Tell me you love me, Tommy. ISABEL

No, Izzy. No. I ain't gonna do that. TOMMY

She gets off him.

Oh, come on, Izzy. Where you goin'? TOMMY (cont'd)

She gets her coat and takes out the pills. Takes one.

Thought they took you off that stuff? TOMMY

She grabs a pillow and hits him with it.

Hey! TOMMY (cont'd)

She beats him hard.

Stop it! TOMMY (cont'd)

She stops.

What's the matter with you? TOMMY (cont'd)

Tell me you love me. ISABEL

No. TOMMY

She tosses the pillow aside and grabs the stove broom.

What're you doin'? TOMMY (cont'd)

She strikes him in the leg.

TOMMY (cont'd)

Ow! What the fuck?!

ISABEL

Tell me you love me.

TOMMY

No!

She hits him many times.

TOMMY (cont'd)

Stop!!

ISABEL

Tell me you love me!

TOMMY

This is crazy!

Putting the broom down, she goes into the kitchenette, opens a drawer and snatches a knife. She comes at him with it.

TOMMY (cont'd)

Izzy?!

She stabs him in the side. Once.

TOMMY (cont'd)

Ahhhhhh! (beat) Holy fuck...

ISABEL

Tell me you love me.

TOMMY

(wincing)

You stabbed me.

ISABEL

Tell me you love me.

TOMMY

Izzy. I'm fuckin' bleedin'.

She slings the knife away and grabs a decorative ax from the wall.

TOMMY (cont'd)

You've gotta be fuckin' kiddin' me!

As she comes towards him, he struggles to get free.

TOMMY (cont'd)
OK, OK! Fuck! I love you! I love you! Jesus Christ!

ISABEL
I don't believe you.

She raises the ax.

TOMMY
(hysterical)
Holy fuckin' shit, Isabel! Please, please! Don't! For God's sake, don't...

She lowers the ax.

TOMMY (cont'd)
Have you fuckin' totally lost it?

ISABEL
Is that really how you wanna talk to me right now?

TOMMY
No. No. (beat) Honey, what're you doin' to me? There's blood all over. Get me outta these handcuffs. Now.

ISABEL
No.

TOMMY
Put down the ax, Izzy. Please.

She does.

TOMMY (cont'd)
Izzy, this ain't funny.

ISABEL
Who's laughin'?

TOMMY
I'm fuckin' hurt! Unlock the fuckin' handcuffs!

He moans in pain.

ISABEL
No.

TOMMY
I don't think the maid service is gonna appreciate findin' the bed sheets all bloody like this in the mornin'.

ISABEL

There ain't no maid service.

TOMMY

What? 'course there is. They still got those sisters, right? They've been here like 20 years, ain't they?

ISABEL

Yeah, but they ain't comin' in the mornin'. No one is.

TOMMY

What does that mean? The mute tell you that when you checked in?

ISABEL

I didn't check in.

TOMMY

How'd you get in here? How'd you get a key?

ISABEL

I stole one. Couple of weeks ago.

TOMMY

Why?

ISABEL

Because I knew, by today, they'd be closed.

TOMMY

What?

ISABEL

Sprucehaven is closed for the winter.

TOMMY

It's closed? Then what the fuck are we doin' here? We're alone?

ISABEL

You didn't see no other guests, did you?

TOMMY

No. (beat) That's why the damper was closed.

ISABEL

Yeah.

TOMMY

An' the lights. Ain't 'cause of the wind. They shut the place up. An' no one knows we're here.

ISABEL

No. No one.

TOMMY

(panicking)

What is this, Isabel? What is all this?

She turns away from him, she finds her coat, puts it on.

TOMMY (cont'd)

Izzy...Izzy?! Where are you going?!

ISABEL

Home.

TOMMY

What're you talkin' about? You can't leave! Sprucehaven is closed for the winter! *No one is gonna come this far down the island until spring!*

ISABEL

I know.

TOMMY

You leave me here an'...

He has a morbid realization.

ISABEL

(grinning)

I know.

She finds her panties and stuffs them in her coat pocket.

TOMMY

Izzy, Jesus fuckin' Christ. Unlock these handcuffs.

ISABEL

No. I wanna give you time to think about what you've done.

TOMMY

What I've done? I've moved on! So should you!

ISABEL

All you had to do was say you loved me.

TOMMY

Oh, bullshit! I tell you I love you an' then you'll wanna get back together, move back into the house, go to all the old haunts, relive the old days until we're fuckin' dead an' buried!

He coughs hard, winces.

ISABEL

All I want is for you to love me.

She turns off the first lantern.

TOMMY

You planned this whole thing. Stealin' the key. Wearin' that skirt. You played me. You knew when I saw you I'd want you. An' you'd be able to handcuff me again. Like you did on the catboat.

By now he is shivering and weakening from the blood loss.

TOMMY (cont'd)

Izzy, for the love of God, let me go...

ISABEL

Chew your arms off.

TOMMY

(his teeth chatter)

You bitch. You fuckin' cunt.

She spits on him. Again. Three times. He fights to free himself. He screams in pain, coughs, gasps, moans.

TOMMY (cont'd)

You're a fuckin' psycho, Isabel. You've always been a fuckin' psycho.

ISABEL

How can you say that to me? Your *wife*.

TOMMY

It's over, Isabel! It's been over! You're not my wife anymore! We met today to sign the papers to end this marriage! You knew that!

ISABEL

(devastated)

What about me? What's to become of me? Everything I ever knew is gone. All gone. I'm so lonely. I love you, Tommy.

She breaks. Weeping.

TOMMY

Is this love?!

ISABEL

(brokenhearted)

We were king an' queen.

Interlude

Lights rise. Music blares. Bonnie Tyler's "It's a Heartache." The maid service, three women - all tough; real Mainers - enters through the front door. They are MONICA, MARGIE, MELISSA. All in their 60s. They are unhappy about the mess. But they make the room look fresh again. They take away the telephone and bring in a rotary phone. One of the them puts up a new clock, which is stuck at 12:25, on the wall. They remove a few stones from the fireplace, as if they have fallen. They leave a single duffel bag, by the bed, which says "Bowdoin Football" on the side of it. When they leave, they take the ax and the broom. The lights, and the song, fade out.

Lemon Drop

August. Late afternoon. Hot. August 1978. At rise, JOHN, 51, is pacing. He is thin, haggard, unshaven. In the bathroom, with the door closed (the audience can see through the open wall), is ISABEL, now 13. She is in a pretty, and very adult, dress. It makes her look much older than 13. She is standing on the toilet trying to open a small window that is stuck. ISABEL pounds lightly on the glass. Hearing her, JOHN stops pacing and listens. After a moment, he paces again. In the bathroom, ISABEL pulls and tugs, gets the window open slightly, and then pounds the glass again, this time louder. JOHN stops, listens. ISABEL stops, too, concerned he might have heard her. He goes to the bathroom door to speak to her (he does not have a Maine accent; Isabel and Snodgrass do).

JOHN

Isabel, is everything OK?

She freezes.

ISABEL

Yes.

JOHN

What are you doing in there?

ISABEL

Nothin'.

JOHN

Nothing? You have to be doing something. You've been in there 20 minutes.

ISABEL

I'm takin' a bath.

JOHN

I didn't hear the water running. I heard pounding. Is something wrong?

ISABEL

Daddy, stop buggin' me.

JOHN
I'm not bugging you, I'm-

ISABEL
I have my period!

She steps down off the toilet.

JOHN
What? You have your period? OK, no reason to panic.

ISABEL
Yes, there is! I'm bleedin'!

JOHN
You're bleeding?

ISABEL
I have my period!

JOHN
All right...uh, wow. How long have you been having your period?

ISABEL
This is my first one!

JOHN
Really?

ISABEL
Yes, really! I need tampons! Can you go out and get some?

JOHN
Do you know how to use them?

ISABEL
Daddy! I'll figure it out! I'm bleedin' all down my legs!

JOHN
You are? Girls bleed that much the first time-

ISABEL
Yes!

JOHN
Can you use toilet paper?

ISABEL
What?! Daddy, I need tampons!

JOHN
I can't leave you here by yourself.

ISABEL

I'm safe.

JOHN

I'm not letting you out of my sight.

ISABEL

Daddy, there's blood everywhere in here!

JOHN

OK, OK, hold on.

He goes to the front door, half opens it, pokes his head out, waves. OFFICER SNODGRASS, in full blues, appears at the door. He pushes his way in.

JOHN (cont'd)

Hi, I was wondering if-

OFFICER SNODGRASS

All good in here? Where is she?

JOHN

She's in the bathroom.

OFFICER SNODGRASS

You be nice to her, Coach Pepperton. She's been through a lot.

JOHN

Yes, of course, Officer...

OFFICER SNODGRASS

Snodgrass.

JOHN

I need you to get something, Officer Snodgrass. For my daughter. Tampons, actually.

OFFICER SNODGRASS

Tampons? (beat) I see. Will do.

He looks at the bathroom and then back at JOHN, smiling oddly.

OFFICER SNODGRASS (cont'd)

My partner Jensen and me are gonna be right there down the drive if you need anything else.

He exits.

ISABEL

Who's out there? I heard voices.

JOHN

It was the police.

ISABEL

Not the same men from the house, I hope.

JOHN

No. And only two of them. Snodgrass and-

ISABEL

Snodgrass?

JOHN

Yeah, Snodgrass. Funny name, right? He's going to get you some tampons.

ISABEL

You told him about my period?! That's swell, Daddy!

JOHN

It's a perfectly normal thing for a girl to go through. The policeman doesn't care.

ISABEL

I care!

JOHN

Please don't be upset.

ISABEL

I'm never comin' out of this bathroom ever again!

JOHN

I really wish your mom was here.

ISABEL

I don't! She was screamin' at us when we left the house!

JOHN

She thought it was stupid coming here. But you really wanted to. And I want to make you happy.

He sits on the bed. He cries.

ISABEL

Daddy?

After a moment, ISABEL comes out of the bathroom.

ISABEL (cont'd)

Are you cryin'?

He wipes his eyes.

JOHN

Sorry. I cry now. You should know that.

ISABEL

This is freaky.

JOHN

Football coaches don't cry. Our steely resolve. No crying allowed. It's a unwritten rule. Unless we win a big game. And we didn't do much of that at Bowdoin.

ISABEL

You miss coachin'?

JOHN

No.

ISABEL

It used to be everything to you.

JOHN

I know. (beat) I thought you needed tampons.

ISABEL

Oh.

JOHN

You don't have your period?

She shrugs.

JOHN (cont'd)

What's going on?

ISABEL

I just didn't wanna come out. Everything still feels weird. Bein' back and all.

JOHN

Give it time. Only been a week.

ISABEL

I don't know what I'm supposed to do or say or anything.

JOHN

Me, either. (beat) So...have you had your period? I mean, you're 13 now and...

ISABEL

Daddy.

JOHN

I've missed out on so much of your life.

ISABEL

You always did.

JOHN

I know. And then you got taken away from me and for five years all I've wanted to do is spend time with you. Hear you laugh. Hold you. Kiss you.

ISABEL

Daddy.

JOHN

Sorry. I just can't believe you're really here. (beat) Can I hold your hand?

ISABEL

What?

JOHN

Just...can I just hold your hand? Just for a minute.

ISABEL

(reluctantly)

OK.

Sitting down on the bed, she gives him her hand. He holds it lovingly.

JOHN

(overwhelmed)

This is nice.

Awkward.

JOHN (cont'd)

Well, what do you want to do? We can sit out on the porch or walk to the beach or just talk. I'm boring you. I can see it in your face.

ISABEL

It's OK. You were never that excitin'.

Smiles.

ISABEL (cont'd)

So...Mom is all into clay now?

JOHN

Yeah. I think it helped take her mind off things.

ISABEL

And Michael is mean. Or way too nice.

JOHN

He got used to being an only child, I think. He'll adjust.

ISABEL

He's got a potty mouth.

JOHN

Yeah, we're working on that.

ISABEL

I heard you call him Little Pussy Michael.

JOHN

You heard that? I guess I'm not helping much in the Potty Mouth Department. (beat) I'm sorry about the TV people. They are awful.

ISABEL

And everywhere. Everyone is all over me about this. You sure nobody can find us down here, though?

JOHN

This part of Bailey Island? No way. It's just you, me, and a couple of cops.

Beat.

ISABEL

You left my room exactly as it was before. At home.

JOHN

Nice, right?

ISABEL

No, creepy. I'm not eight anymore.

JOHN

You are to me.

He reaches into his wallet.

JOHN (cont'd)

Hey, I have a photo of you here. This is you at the game against Amherst.

He shows her the photo.

JOHN (cont'd)

Are you a cute little cheerleader or what?

ISABEL

I hated that outfit.

JOHN
No, you didn't. You loved it.

He puts away the wallet. She notices:

ISABEL
You've lost some hair.

JOHN
It happens.

ISABEL
And you're a little fatter.

JOHN
I haven't been eating well. I was on the road a lot.
Looking for you.

ISABEL
You used to always be on the road with the team. Or just,
you know, *with the team*.

JOHN
I know.
(noticing...)
You've got a lipstick smudge.

He wipes it with his thumb. She is
very stiff as he does it.

JOHN (cont'd)
It's not coming off. Hold on.

He gets up. He goes into the
kitchenette. He grabs a hand towel and
wets it at the sink.

ISABEL
Dad...forget it.

He returns to her.

JOHN
Just let me get it. You shouldn't be in lipstick.

He wipes again. Forcefully.

ISABEL
Hey!

She resists. He doesn't stop.

JOHN
I just want to get it off.

They struggle briefly.

ISABEL

You're hurtin' me!

He stops.

JOHN

Sorry. (beat) Sorry. (beat) What are you doing in lipstick anyway?

ISABEL

He likes it.

JOHN

Who likes it?

ISABEL

Joe.

JOHN

Why are you thinking about him?

ISABEL

I just am.

JOHN

Lipstick makes you look all grown up.

ISABEL

He likes me all grown up.

JOHN

Did he buy you this dress?

She looks down at herself.

ISABEL

He did.

JOHN

And the earrings?

ISABEL

He gave them to me on my birthday last year.

JOHN

I don't want you wearing any of it any more.

He looks at her a long time.

JOHN (cont'd)

What was it like, Isabel? That whole thing.

ISABEL

I don't know. What was it like for you?

JOHN

Me? Like time was standing still. Like this thing was overwhelming me and at any moment, I was going to drown. You were all I could think about. Sometimes I felt guilty when something made me laugh. Or smile. Like I had no right. (beat) Do you have any idea what it was like not knowing what had happened to you? I can't imagine anything worse than not knowing.

ISABEL

Can't you?

JOHN

(noticing...)

There's a scar on your forehead.

ISABEL

There is?

JOHN

Two scars. Three. Looks like you were burned. Did he do that to you?

ISABEL

I don't know. No.

She covers herself.

JOHN

Are you lying?

ISABEL

No.

JOHN

He never tried to hurt you?

She rubs her arm.

JOHN (cont'd)

He do something to your arm?

ISABEL

I don't wanna talk about this.

JOHN

Tell me what he did to you.

ISABEL

Nothin'. He's nice to me.

JOHN

Nice?

ISABEL

Yes.

JOHN

Did he...uh...did he ever lie down with you?

ISABEL

Of course.

JOHN

I mean, did he lie close, in bed, like me and your mom?

ISABEL

Like you and Mom? I remember *you* bein' in the guest room a lot.

JOHN

Did he put his hands on you? In ways you didn't like?

ISABEL

I *always* like it. He loves me.

JOHN

He doesn't love you.

ISABEL

Yes, he does. He says it all the time.

JOHN

He doesn't love you. Don't say that. How can you think-

ISABEL

Cigarette burns are a sign of love. Broken arms are a sign of love. When he ties me up and presses himself down on top of me and pushes my face into the bed, and puts things inside me, it's because he loves me. I scream and cry and bleed because I know he loves me.

JOHN

Oh, my God.

He starts to cry again.

ISABEL

He pays attention to me. You *never* paid attention to me. Every night when he comes home, he tells me he misses me. When he locks me up in my box at night, he sits outside and reads to me. You *never* read to me. He says good night. You never said good night. He tells me he loves me. (beat) All I ever wanted was for you to tell me you loved me.

JOHN
I love you, Isabel.

ISABEL
I don't believe you. (beat) You're cryin' again.

JOHN
Why do you speak about him in present tense?

ISABEL
What do you mean?

JOHN
"He's nice to me. He pays attention to me." You speak as if it's still going on.

ISABEL
Oh. That's a weird thing to notice.

JOHN
It's over. You know that, right?

ISABEL
(abruptly)
It's really hot in here.

JOHN
There's no AC.

ISABEL
Can you open a window?

He gets up and opens the front window. He closes the curtain, fingers it back briefly, to look, then drags it back.

ISABEL (cont'd)
Are you going to get the bathroom window, too?

He goes into the bathroom. Struggling, he unsticks the window, opening it all the way.

JOHN
There.

He comes back out. Stands there. Doesn't know what to say.

JOHN (cont'd)
You want to watch TV?

ISABEL
There is no TV.

JOHN

(looking around)

Oh. Yeah. (beat) You see what that strange guy at the lodge was watching on his TV when we checked in? Bizarre.

ISABEL

It's called *Faces of Death*. Supposed to be real deaths. That people film.

JOHN

Real? I can't imagine what a person would find entertaining in that.

ISABEL

Some people like dark things.

JOHN

You ever seen anyone wear a chalkboard around their neck like that?

ISABEL

No.

JOHN

Can't imagine going through life like that.

ISABEL

He can't talk, right?

JOHN

No. That's why he's got the chalkboard.

ISABEL

Some people don't need chalkboards, and they still don't talk.

JOHN

True.

ISABEL

You sure you don't miss football?

JOHN

No. There was a lot of pressure, even at a small college like Bowdoin. And all those years coaching in the Midwest, before you were born. Moving all the time. It was crazy. Sometimes I think about coaching again. Maybe high school. There's a kid back in Brunswick who's got promise. As a quarterback. I know he's only 13, but he's going to go far, I can tell. Maybe you know him. Tommy Cole?

ISABEL

Why would I know him?

JOHN

Oh. Right. I don't know. You wouldn't, I guess. What do you want to do? What do you like to do?

ISABEL

I don't know.

Beat. Awkward.

ISABEL (cont'd)

Where are you gonna sleep tonight? Only one bed.

JOHN

I won't sleep. Hey, maybe they have board games in here. We could play checkers or-

ISABEL

Checkers? That's a stupid game.

JOHN

OK. What do you want to do?

ISABEL

I don't know.

JOHN

I'm really hungry. Are you hungry? I can have the cops go get us some pizza.

ISABEL

Sure. I like pizza.

JOHN

(enthusiastic)

Great. Great. What kind do you want?

ISABEL

Whatever.

JOHN

Pepperoni or cheese or what? I don't remember what you used to like.

ISABEL

I don't care. Anything. Whatever.

JOHN

There's Pedro's Pizza. In Brunswick. How's that?

There is a knock at the door. JOHN gets up and gets it.

JOHN (cont'd)

Yeah?

Tampons in hand, OFFICER SNODGRASS
pushes his way in.

JOHN (cont'd)

Can we do this outside?

OFFICER SNODGRASS
(approaching Isabel)

You doin' all right?

She nods wordlessly. He offers her the
tampons.

OFFICER SNODGRASS (cont'd)

Your *daddy* said you needed these. Got 'em from the lodge.

JOHN

Officer Snodgrass, you don't have to-

OFFICER SNODGRASS

Yes, I do.

She takes the tampons from OFFICER
SNODGRASS.

JOHN

OK, thanks. Can you get us some pizza, too? Pedro's in
Brunswick. Or any place you know.

OFFICER SNODGRASS

I'll call it in. Partner and I can't leave the grounds.
Strict orders.

(to Isabel)

Is there anything else you need?

She shakes her head "no."

OFFICER SNODGRASS (cont'd)

I don't mind. It's my job. My job is to fix all our
problems.

ISABEL

I'm good.

SNODGRASS exits.

JOHN

Oh, boy. His name isn't the only thing a little funny.
Sorry about him barging in like that. At least he seems
competent. Unlike everyone else. I mean, the police
couldn't find you. *I* found you.

ISABEL

You also lost me.

Beat.

JOHN

Yes. (beat) How did he do it? How did this guy grab you?

ISABEL

It was at that football thing in Portland.

JOHN

I know that. The Patriots summer camp. But how did he get you? Your mom and I left you at that kids' tent for five minutes to go hear Chuck Fairbanks speak.

ISABEL

It wasn't five minutes.

JOHN

It was five minutes.

ISABEL

It wasn't five minutes!

JOHN

What happened?!

ISABEL

Why is this important?!

JOHN

I just want to know how he did it!

ISABEL

I don't remember!

JOHN

(aggressive)

The lady at the tent told us he talked to you for thirty seconds and then gave you something. What did he give you? Money? Pretty little earrings?

ISABEL

I don't fuckin' remember!

This stops JOHN.

JOHN

Oh, my God, I am so sorry. Oh, Jesus. What am I doing?

ISABEL

You were bein' mean. You were being Dad the Football Coach.

JOHN

Maybe I'm just tired. I haven't eaten anything. I'm sorry.

ISABEL

Forget it.

JOHN

I can't wait for the pizza. I'm going to see if there's something here.

He goes to the kitchenette and opens the fridge.

JOHN (cont'd)

Red hot dogs and Moxie. Oh, boy.

ISABEL

I have some lemon drops, if you want one.

JOHN

You do?

ISABEL

Yeah. I always keep them. My little addiction.

She goes into her dress pocket, retrieving a tiny bag.

JOHN

No, thanks, hon.

ISABEL

They're pretty fillin'.

JOHN

Yeah?

ISABEL

Sure. They're big.

JOHN

All right, then.

He closes the fridge. She gives him one. He puts it into his mouth.

JOHN (cont'd)

Sweet.

ISABEL

They're lemon drops.

JOHN

And a little salty. Bizarre.

He sits down on the bed.

Here, have two. ISABEL

She offers another.

One is fine. JOHN

You're hungry, aren't you? ISABEL

He smiles.

OK. JOHN

He takes a second lemon drop and puts it in his mouth.

You going to have one? JOHN (cont'd)

No. I can wait for the pizza. ISABEL

She sits next to him. They sit quietly for a moment as he tosses around the candy in his mouth.

So now what? JOHN

Now we wait. (beat) For the pizza. ISABEL

I thought we could talk. JOHN

About what? ISABEL

Where we go from here. JOHN

Oh. ISABEL

How we make up for lost time. JOHN

We can't make up for lost time. ISABEL

JOHN

We can try.

ISABEL

You can't get back what's gone.

JOHN

You're awfully wise for 13.

ISABEL

Joe gives me...uh, gave me books to read. Lots and lots of books.

JOHN

What sort of books?

ISABEL

Books about culture and stuff. Society. All the problems we have.

Tired, he half-laughs, agreeing,
rubbing his eyes.

JOHN

We do have a lot of problems. At least Vietnam is finally over.

ISABEL

Joe wants to fix all our problems.

JOHN, looking dazed, barely hears her.

JOHN

Wow, I haven't had a lemon drop in forever.

He sighs, looks at her, smiles. She doesn't react, so he looks off. He takes a deep breath in, and then lets it out.

JOHN (cont'd)

Wow, I am tired. You tired?

ISABEL

No.

JOHN

(looking up at the clock)

12:25? That can't be right.

The clock on the wall says 12:25.

ISABEL

I think that clock is broken. It's been on 12:25 since we got here.

He checks his watch.

JOHN

It's 6:15. (beat) I can't ever remember being this tired.

ISABEL

Maybe you'll sleep tonight.

JOHN

No. (beat) You know, we don't even know this guy's last name. All we have is "Joe." The police raided the house after you and I fled and there was no identification anywhere. No paperwork, nothing. (beat) What's Joe's last name? Did he ever say it to you?

ISABEL

No.

JOHN

Never? Are you sure?

ISABEL

Why are you pushin' me?

JOHN

Because I want to find this man. I want to know what he looks like, what he did for a living. I saw all that lab stuff in one of the back rooms, was he a doctor? A chemist? What? What were his daily habits? Did he ever come down out of the mountains? I want to know everything.

ISABEL

I thought we came up here to get away from all that?

JOHN

His name was Joe. What was his last name?

ISABEL

I don't know.

JOHN

Joe Smith?

ISABEL

I don't know.

JOHN

Joe Johnson? Joe Downs? Joe Merriweather?

ISABEL

Stop it.

JOHN

Joe Emerson? Joe Williams?

ISABEL

Shut up!

JOHN

Joe Young? Joe Brown? Joe Harrison?

ISABEL

Please!

JOHN

Joe Reynolds? Joe Wilson? Joe-

ISABEL

Snodgrass! His name was-

She catches herself, startled. He looks hard at her.

JOHN

What? What did you say? Did you say Snodgrass? Snodgrass? Like the cop outside?

His breath labors hard. He swoons.

JOHN (cont'd)

Oh, shit.

He starts to rise, as if to go to the door, but his body goes half-limp, and he hits the floor on his knees.

JOHN (cont'd)

Jesus, what's wrong with me?

He looks up at her.

JOHN (cont'd)

I'm...

He tries to reach for her, but he falls to the floor. The candy spills out of his mouth. He tries to get up. Can't.

ISABEL

Don't fight it, John.

JOHN

Isabel...?

ISABEL
Relax. The poison won't kill you. At least, it's not supposed to.

JOHN
Poison?

ISABEL
It just paralyzes you. For a little while.

JOHN
Wha...what are you doing?

ISABEL
I'm doin' to you what he did to me.

JOHN
Huh?

ISABEL
He gave me a lemon drop. To get me to his car. It's laced with some thing with a really weird name. Starts with an "r." He said it's from the sixties.

JOHN
I...

ISABEL
He told me to always keep these lemon drops in my pocket in case I need them. In case anyone came for me.

JOHN
Isabel...

He starts crying again.

ISABEL
I'm sorry, John. I'm going back to him.

JOHN
Wh-why?

ISABEL
Because he loves me and takes care of me.

He can hardly talk. Or move.

JOHN
I've changed.

ISABEL
So have I.

She stands up.

Goodbye.

ISABEL (cont'd)

Mustering the strength, he snatches her leg. She tries to get away, but he holds on. She falls.

Let go of me!

ISABEL (cont'd)

You're *my* daughter.

JOHN

She pulls free, kicking him. He rolls, goes limp. She looks at him. Inspects him closely. She then reaches into his back pocket and removes his wallet, taking all the cash in it.

No...

JOHN (cont'd)
(grunting)

She tosses the wallet down at him. She gets up and goes into the bathroom. Doesn't close the door. She climbs back onto the toilet and attempts to get out the window. It's very difficult for her. In the other room, JOHN regains some strength and begins to drag his body slowly towards the bathroom. Just as he gets to the open door, she sees him, gets off the toilet, and tries to close the door. He blocks it.

Isabel...

JOHN (cont'd)

She kicks at him. They fight. At one of her kicks, he grabs her foot. Down she goes. He pulls her towards him.

Please...

JOHN (cont'd)

Her shoe comes off and she's temporarily free. She tries to close the door again. He stops her. She slaps at him. Over and over. Finally, he grabs an arm and pulls her down, out of the bathroom.

You're my daughter.
JOHN (cont'd)

She fights to free herself. He pulls her all the way into his arms.

No! No! Noooooooo!
ISABEL

You're my daughter.
JOHN

Noo!
ISABEL

He holds on with everything he's got, crying.

You're my daughter...you're my daughter...you're my daughter...
JOHN

After a moment, he goes limp again. She frees herself. Just then, a pounding at the door. She rushes to get it. OFFICER SNODGRASS enters.

I heard screamin'.
OFFICER SNODGRASS

I'm OK.
ISABEL

She embraces him.

Don't.
OFFICER SNODGRASS
(pushing her off)

He ducks out the door.

All good, Jensen!
OFFICER SNODGRASS (cont'd)

Entering again, he closes the door. He sees JOHN.

What happened, Isabel?
OFFICER SNODGRASS (cont'd)

I gave him the lemon drops, Daddy.
ISABEL

He inspects the body.

OFFICER SNODGRASS

You really fucked up.

ISABEL

But I brought him here, like you told me to, if I was ever found. Because you said you would come. I gave him the lemon drops, like you told me to do, Daddy.

OFFICER SNODGRASS

You should never have allowed yourself to be caught. You compromised everything.

ISABEL

But I did what you told me to do.

OFFICER SNODGRASS

What does he know?

ISABEL

Nothing.

OFFICER SNODGRASS

You've been at home for a week. What does he know?

ISABEL

Nothing.

OFFICER SNODGRASS

You've been alone together, in here, for almost an hour. What did you talk about?

ISABEL

I...

OFFICER SNODGRASS

What?

ISABEL

He tricked me.

He turns, cold-blooded, and looks at her.

OFFICER SNODGRASS

What do you mean?

ISABEL

He tricked me. He knows who you are.

OFFICER SNODGRASS

Oh, Isabel. You *really* fucked up.

ISABEL

He was talkin' in circles. I got confused!

OFFICER SNODGRASS
I'm gonna need you to do somethin'.

ISABEL
What?

OFFICER SNODGRASS
He knows. No one can know.

ISABEL
What does that mean?

OFFICER SNODGRASS
You've been traumatized. You weren't thinkin' straight. You got into a fight. You hit him.

ISABEL
What are you talkin' about?

OFFICER SNODGRASS
I want you to finish him off.

ISABEL can't respond. He looks around the room.

OFFICER SNODGRASS (cont'd)
There's several loose stones from the fireplace. Grab one.

ISABEL
And do what?

OFFICER SNODGRASS
Grab one!

She does.

OFFICER SNODGRASS (cont'd)
Kill him, Isabel.

ISABEL
What?

OFFICER SNODGRASS
No one can know about me.

She looks at him, then down at her father.

OFFICER SNODGRASS (cont'd)
Do it.

She hesitates, getting emotional.

ISABEL
Daddy, please.

OFFICER SNODGRASS
He never loved you, never hugged you, or spent any time with you. It was like you didn't exist.

Suddenly, she brings down the rock, cracking her father's skull.

OFFICER SNODGRASS (cont'd)
Keep goin'.

She hits her father again. And again. Blood flies. She stops.

OFFICER SNODGRASS (cont'd)
Very good.

ISABEL seems deeply traumatized.

ISABEL
Can we go now?

OFFICER SNODGRASS
No. I have to arrest you.

ISABEL
Why?

OFFICER SNODGRASS
You killed him.

ISABEL
You told me to do it!

OFFICER SNODGRASS
So?

ISABEL
I wanna go back home with you!

OFFICER SNODGRASS
You can't come back now. You're a killer. And you have your period.

ISABEL
No...no, I don't. I was just pretendin'.

OFFICER SNODGRASS
You have your period.

ISABEL
I don't!

OFFICER SNODGRASS

You're all grown up.

ISABEL

I thought you liked me grown up!

OFFICER SNODGRASS

You're not the sweet, precious thing I once knew. Not even close. I'm gonna call my partner outside.

He turns away, pulls out his walkie-talkie, and...

OFFICER SNODGRASS (cont'd)

Jensen, this is Snodgrass.

He can't get out the rest of it. ISABEL comes up behind him and strikes him with the stone in the back of the head. He falls, stunned. On the floor, he turns to look up at her.

OFFICER SNODGRASS (cont'd)

Isabel...?

Falling on top of him, she hits him again. And again. Until he is no longer moving. She rolls off, breathing hard. She drops the stone. She is dazed. She sits on the floor, confused, traumatized. She just breathes and stares out at nothing, book-ended by the two bludgeoned bodies. She hugs herself, to comfort, and starts to rock back and forth, lost.

ISABEL

*Row, row, row your boat
Gently down the stream
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily
Life is but a dream.*

The sound of footsteps approaching quickly outside. Blackout.

Interlude

Lights rise. The Lumineers "Ho Hey" plays. The same, tough, maid service returns - MONICA, MARGIE, MELISSA, dressed as before, and removes all elements of play two. They remake and refresh the room. They aren't happy about the mess. When they leave, the lights, and the music, fade out.

Goodbye

Lights up. Spring. 2014. Morning. The lights are off in the cabin and the curtains to the front window are closed. The cabin is dim and shadowy. Nearly black. Eerie. We hear the jangle of keys and then the front door opens (and a blast of light comes in) and in walks BRUCE, late 50s, awkward, homely, and strange, with a small chalkboard tied around his neck (with the words "good morning" written in chalk), with a cooler in his arms. As he enters, the door goes all the way to the wall and stays there. He goes to the fridge in the kitchenette and sets the cooler down on the counter. He opens the lid and begins putting Moxie and red hot dogs from the cooler into the fridge. His movements are slow and deliberate, even mindless. He's done this a million times before and believes he's going to do it a million more. This should take him 30 seconds or so to do. Finishing, he caps the cooler with its lid, and turns to head out. He stops when he sees the bed, which has its blankets slightly askew. He goes right over, putting down the empty cooler, and straightening up the blankets. He starts to grab the cooler when he sees something on the bed. He touches it, holding up his fingers. Blood. Then, he notices, on the floor, more blood, which leads to the bathroom, where he finds even more blood, and broken glass, which he steps on. He seems unfazed, but not unfeeling. Behind him, from the cabin, he hears the sound of something hitting the floor. He doesn't startle, but he does get concerned. He steps out of the bathroom and slowly walks to the center of the room, looking all around. He sees the now-glued wooden moose on the floor near the door. Something bumps the back of the door and it moves. He sees. Then the door seems to move, slowly, seemingly on its own, to its original position against the wall. BRUCE walks over.

Then slowly reaches out and pulls the door away from the wall, revealing ISABEL behind it. She is older now, nearly 50, with grey-ish, straggly hair. She's in a red New England Patriots hoodie (with the hood over her head), which is over a robe that falls down open over plain pajama bottoms. She has nothing on her feet, which are very dirty. Her hands and arms are cut and bleeding. Closing the door (the cabin goes dim again), she picks up the wayward moose like a stray child. She is wild in the eye. She moves past, and away from BRUCE to the center of the room. They look at each other. She covers her bloody arms.

ISABEL

Do you know who I am?

He nods. She takes off the hood of the hoodie.

ISABEL (cont'd)

You gonna tell anyone I'm here?

He shakes his head "no."

ISABEL (cont'd)

(emotional)

Sorry for comin' here. Didn't know where else to go.

He nods sympathetically. She calms a little.

ISABEL (cont'd)

You normally stay behind the front desk down at the lodge.

He nods.

ISABEL (cont'd)

I don't even know your name.

He takes a rag and a piece of chalk from his pocket. He erases "good morning" on the chalkboard around his neck and then writes something. Shows her. "Bruce"

ISABEL (cont'd)

(reading)

"Bruce"

Hi, Bruce. (to Bruce)

He gives her a tiny, guarded wave.

I'm Isabel. ISABEL (cont'd)

He erases. Writes. Shows her. "I know"

"I know" ISABEL (cont'd)
(reading)

She smiles.

Of course. ISABEL (cont'd)
(gesturing to bathroom)

I'm sorry for the mess I made in here, Bruce.

He shrugs.

I'm sorry for *all* the messes I made in here. ISABEL (cont'd)

He just looks at her, more empathetic than anything else. He erases, writes. "arms?"

"arms?" ISABEL (cont'd)
(reading)

Oh. The door was locked. An' I had to come in through the bathroom window. Wasn't easy. (looking down at her arms)

He puts up a hand, as if to say "hold on." He crosses to the kitchenette and grabs a dish towel out of a drawer and gets it wet in the sink.

Hey, you don't gotta do that. ISABEL (cont'd)

Ignoring her, he comes over to her and, leading her to the bed, where they both sit.

Bruce... ISABEL (cont'd)

He cleans her arms. She doesn't let go of the wooden moose.

ISABEL (cont'd)

Please don't.

(resisting)

Bruce...I don't want you to-

He pays no mind and tenderly works away.

ISABEL (cont'd)

Bruce...

He puts a finger up to his mouth gestures "shhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." She abides. She takes a long look at him. He tosses the towel in the sink and pulls out a First Aid kit from under the sink. He puts it on the counter and opens it. He grabs some large bandages and goes to her. He puts them on her arms. Finishing, he smiles at her.

ISABEL (cont'd)

Why're you not afraid of me?

He erases, then writes. Shows her. "I don't scare easy"

ISABEL (cont'd)

(reading)

"I don't scare easy"

He smiles. She smiles at him. Beat.

ISABEL (cont'd)

(to Bruce)

Me, either. Well, sometimes I get scared. Bein' alone. That's one thing that scares me.

He erases. Writes. Shows her. "I understand"

ISABEL (cont'd)

(reading)

"I understand"

(to Bruce)

Course you do, bein' out here an' all. Must get lonely.

He nods.

ISABEL (cont'd)
 When I was a little girl, a really little girl, like four years old, my mother used to sing *Row, Row, Row Your Boat* to me. At bedtime. Stupid right?

He shakes his head "no."

ISABEL (cont'd)
 Song always made me feel less lonely. Don't remember why she liked singin' it to me. Mom's gone now an' I guess I'll never know.

Beat.

ISABEL (cont'd)
 You been here a long time, ain't you?

He erases. Writes. Shows her. "All my life"

ISABEL (cont'd)
 (reading)
 "All my life"
 (to Bruce)
 But you ain't been here, right here at Sprucehaven all your life, right? You traveled around, right?

He erases. Writes. Shows her. "nope"

ISABEL (cont'd)
 (reading)
 "nope"
 (to Bruce)
 You been off the island, at least, right?

He holds up the "nope."

ISABEL (cont'd)
 Your mom or dad never took you off Bailey Island?

He holds up the "nope."

ISABEL (cont'd)
 An' you never just went off on your own?

He holds up the "nope."

ISABEL (cont'd)
 Why not?

He erases. Writes. Shows her. "I'm a freak"

ISABEL (cont'd)
 (reading)
 "I'm a freak"
 (to Bruce)
 No, you ain't, Bruce. You ain't. Trust me. You ain't no different than anybody else out there.

He can't look at her.

ISABEL (cont'd)
 Hey, I know what it's like to be trapped some place all your life. I know. An' I sure as hell know what it's like when people think you're different. I was prom queen. Me. Kids voted me in as a joke. You know "let's make the crazy girl prom queen." But I got the last laugh. The king fell in love with me.

They smile at each other triumphantly.
 It dies. Awkward again.

ISABEL (cont'd)
 Can I ask you somethin'. Could you ever talk?

He shakes his head "no." He erases, writes, shows her. "my father hit me"

ISABEL (cont'd)
 (reading)
 "my father hit me"
 (to Bruce)
 Jesus. I'm sorry.

BRUCE points to this throat. He erases, writes, shows. "I was a baby"

ISABEL
 A baby? Incredible. Fathers, right? They either ignore you or they're all over you. All the good ones belong to someone else's family.

She stands, goes to the window, peeks through the curtains.

ISABEL (cont'd)
 Sprucehaven ain't changed much.

He shakes his head "no."

ISABEL (cont'd)
 Well. The spruce out front's bigger.

He nods.

ISABEL (cont'd)
Those maids still here? The sisters?

He nods.

ISABEL (cont'd)
Bet they won't be happy about the mess.

He shakes his head, then erases,
writes, shows. "I'll clean up"

ISABEL (cont'd)
(turning to read)
"I'll clean up"

Facing the room:

ISABEL (cont'd)
(gesturing)
I see the broom an' the ax're gone. An' you fixed the wooden
moose, which is still here.

She holds up the moose, which is still
in her hands. He nods.

ISABEL (cont'd)
Surprised it could be put back together. A lotta broken
things can't be put back together. (beat) Me an' Tommy were
the ones who busted this. Were you the one who found him?

He nods.

ISABEL (cont'd)
What'd he look like?

BRUCE erases, writes, shows. "very
dead"

ISABEL (cont'd)
(reading)
"very dead"

She half-chuckles. Then gets somber.

ISABEL
I been away for a long time. (beat) You ever feel like life
has completely passed you by?

He erases. Writes. Shows her. It
says "EVERY DAY" in big capital
letters.

ISABEL (cont'd)
 (reading)
 "EVERY DAY"

Out of the gloom of the room, we hear the voices of TOMMY, JOHN, and OFFICER SNODGRASS all saying "Isabel" over and over in a raggedy symphony, running together, and overlapping. ISABEL hears them. BRUCE does not. She covers her ears, and the voices stop. She begins a slow panic.

Bruce, could you...
 ISABEL (cont'd)

The voices start again. She covers her ears.

Stop it!
 ISABEL (cont'd)

They do.

Why don't you go on back to the lodge, Bruce?
 ISABEL (cont'd)

We hear the voices of TOMMY, JOHN, and OFFICER SNODGRASS all saying "Isabel" over and over again.

Quiet!
 ISABEL (cont'd)
 (to the voices)

The voices stop.

Go, Bruce.
 ISABEL (cont'd)

BRUCE shakes his head "no."

Bruce. *Please.* Bad people will be comin' for me. Bad people from Crawley Manor. To take me back. I ain't gonna let 'em take me back.
 ISABEL (cont'd)

Out of the shadows come TOMMY, JOHN, and OFFICER SNODGRASS. They are dressed as we last saw them, and they are bloody. Very bloody. ISABEL sees them, frightened. BRUCE does not see them.

TOMMY/JOHN/OFFICER SNODGRASS

(singing, hauntingly)

*Row, row, row your boat
Gently down the stream
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily
Life is but a dream.*

ISABEL

Stop.

TOMMY/JOHN/OFFICER SNODGRASS

*Row, row, row your boat
Gently down the stream*

ISABEL

STOP!

She falls to the floor and scrambles for a loose, and long piece of broken glass.

TOMMY/JOHN/OFFICER SNODGRASS

*Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily
Life is but a dream.*

ISABEL

STOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOP!!

She holds up the glass shard, as if to keep the ghosts at bay. ISABEL closes her eyes.

ISABEL (cont'd)

Go, Bruce. Go. Go. *For God's sake, go!*

Grabbing the cooler, BRUCE goes to the door, but all he does is open it and close it without leaving. He hides in the shadows. Her eyes are closed, so she doesn't notice. Just then, the ghosts whisper, over and over, "you killed me," not at the same time, but over each other, loudly, softly, etc. She puts a hand up to stop the voices.

ISABEL (cont'd)

(quietly)

No.

They stop.

ISABEL (cont'd)

No. No. (beat) *You listen to me. Tell me you love me.*

Silence.

Say it.

ISABEL (cont'd)

Silence.

Say it! All of you! Tell me you love me!

ISABEL (cont'd)

TOMMY

I love you, Isabel.

ISABEL smiles, emotional.

JOHN

I love you, Isabel.

OFFICER SNODGRASS

I love you, Isabel.

TOMMY

There was never be anyone, but you.

JOHN

I cried the day you were born.

OFFICER SNODGRASS

You were the best thing that ever happened to me.

TOMMY

You're...

JOHN

...so...

OFFICER SNODGRASS

...beautiful.

ISABEL is almost giddy with happiness. She holds up the long shard of glass in front of her, like a knife, ready to plunge it into her stomach. BRUCE rushes to her, the cooler in his hands flies, and he lunges, grabbing her wrists, stopping her.

ISABEL

No! Nooooooooooooo!

They struggle. As they do, the three ghosts retreat into the dark corners of the cabin.

ISABEL (cont'd)
Let me do this!

He squeezes and shakes her wrists and the glass falls from her hand. He kicks it out of the way.

ISABEL (cont'd)
You can't take this away from me. *You can't.*

They fall to the floor. She cries. Deep and mournful. But he doesn't let go. He holds her, and holds her, and holds her. Gently and lovingly. As if to take away the pain. He sits up and pulls her with him, into his chest, rocking her. She slowly quiets.

ISABEL (cont'd)
I ain't goin' back, Bruce. They ain't takin' me back.

She cries. It slows. She gathers her strength to speak again.

ISABEL (cont'd)
Do you know what my doctor at Crawley told me yesterday?

He shakes his head "no."

ISABEL (cont'd)
She said they would never let me out. *Never.* After 18 years, I guess I always did figure that, but to hear her actually say it. Out loud. To my face.

She cries. He watches her, helpless.

ISABEL (cont'd)
I told her, over an' over, I did what I did 'cause *I was in love.* How can you lock someone up for the rest of their lives for bein' in love?

He holds her. A long time. She recovers.

ISABEL (cont'd)
I bet you didn't expect all this today.

She laughs at herself in a sad way. He shakes his head "no." Then holds her up, looks at her. They remain sitting on the floor. He erases. Writes. Shows. She looks. "But I always hoped"

ISABEL (cont'd)
 (reading)
 "But I always hoped"

He erases. Writes. Shows. "that one day"

ISABEL (cont'd)
 (reading)
 "that one day"

He erases. Writes. Shows. "you'd come back"

ISABEL (cont'd)
 (reading)
 "you'd come back"
 (to Bruce)
 What does that mean?

He just stares at her.

Bruce?
 ISABEL (cont'd)

He looks away.

ISABEL (cont'd)
 What does that mean? (beat) Are you fuckin' with me?

He shakes his head "no."

ISABEL (cont'd)
 You...got feelin's for me?

He nods.

ISABEL (cont'd)
 Really?

He erases. He writes. Shows her. "I love you."

ISABEL (cont'd)
 You love me?

He erases. Writes. Shows her.
 "always have, always will"

ISABEL (cont'd)
 (reading)
 "always have, always will"

They look at each other.

ISABEL (cont'd)
 No. Come on. Me?

He just nods.

ISABEL (cont'd)
 I'm an escaped mental patient, Bruce. I mean, look at me.

He just smiles.

ISABEL (cont'd)
 I stole a Patriots hoodie from a clothesline an' put it over a bad robe an' worse pj's. My hair must be a total wreck. I look ridiculous. You're in love with this?

He grins bigger.

ISABEL (cont'd)
 I've done dark, dark things!

He erases. Writes. Shows. "I like dark things"

ISABEL (cont'd)
 "I like dark things"

She smiles. He does, too. A nice moment. They regard each other. Long moment. It almost looks like they are going to kiss. Suddenly, there is the ring of a cell phone coming from the closet. BRUCE hears it, looks towards it. He turns to ISABEL. He doesn't know why there would be a cell phone in the closet and she gives no indication she knows, either. But when he turns his attention back to the closet...

ISABEL (cont'd)
 Don't open that closet.

...then back to her.

ISABEL (cont'd)
 Don't go over there.

The phone keeps ringing. He starts up - she tries to stop him, trying to grab an arm-

ISABEL (cont'd)
 Bruce!

But she misses, and he goes to the closet. Turns to ISABEL. She rises.

ISABEL (cont'd)

Don't. Please.

He looks back at the closet. The phone stops. Beat. Just then, the closet door opens, and out falls the body of DR. CALDWELL. She is stabbed to death, and very bloody, with several shards of glass poking out of her. BRUCE flusters.

ISABEL (cont'd)

My doctor. She shouldn't've tracked me down alone. She shouldn't've tried to take me back. *I ain't goin' back.*

BRUCE shakes his head like "why?"

ISABEL (cont'd)

She didn't believe in love, Bruce. She believed in pills. All different kinds. An' she loved it when they made me do funny things. I ain't an experiment. She told me "I'm writin' a book, Isabel! About you!" I ain't somebody's best-seller. I'm a person. (beat) You don't like me no more, do you?

He puts his hand to his heart, gesturing as if he still loves her.

ISABEL (cont'd)

You don't. I can tell.

He shakes his head hard, disagreeing.

ISABEL (cont'd)

You don't!

In the dark corners of the cabin, we hear the voices of TOMMY, JOHN, and OFFICER SNODGRASS all saying "Isabel" over and over again.

ISABEL (cont'd)

Stop!

They don't stop.

ISABEL (cont'd)

(begging)

Leave me alone...

There is a loud knock at the door.
 BRUCE and ISABEL freeze. The voices
 die out. Then we hear the voices of
 the maids, and sisters, MONICA, MARGIE,
 and MELISSA.

MARGIE

Maid service!

BRUCE and ISABEL don't move.

MARGIE

Monica, stop sniffin' the Pine Sol, you stupid hag.

MONICA

It helps my allergies, Margie. It's springtime, you know?

MARGIE

Put it back in the cart an' leave it.

A second knock.

MARGIE

Maid service!

MELISSA

Why're you knockin'? Ain't nobody in B.

Quietly, BRUCE hurries and locks the
 door. He grabs the bedspread and
 tosses it over the body. Then he pulls
 ISABEL out of view, behind the door.

MARGIE

If there ain't nobody in B, then what the Jesus was that?

MELISSA

I didn't hear nothin'.

MONICA

All I hear is tinnitus.

MELISSA

Whose fancy schmancy piss-antsy car is that down the drive?

Another knock.

MONICA

Hello? Maid service! We need to clean the room!

BRUCE and ISABEL look at each other.

MARGIE

Melissa, take the keys and see if anyone's inside.

MELISSA

In cabin B? No, thanks.

MARGIE

You big baby. What're you afraid of?

MELISSA

You without a bra.

MARGIE

Monica?

MONICA

Last time I got nosy, Officer Jensen got called an' he refused to search my body.

MARGIE

You two're as sad as it gets. I know what it is. It's the ghosts.

(making ghostly noises)

Ooooooh-ooooh-ooooh-ooohhh-

The cell rings again. MARGIE stops.
Tense, BRUCE and ISABEL eye the body.

MONICA

Whose phone is that? That yours, Margie?

MARGIE

My ex clipped mine. Melissa?

MELISSA

Mine's back at the lodge.

There is the jangle of keys and the door unlocks. BRUCE grabs the handle and tries to hold the door closed, but the door bursts open, clearly shouldered by MARGIE. The door knocks BRUCE down, and swings wide. ISABEL grabs it and pulls it to her, hiding herself just as she did at the top of the play.

MARGIE

(seeing Bruce on the floor)

Bruce? What the hell's goin' on here?

They see the bathroom and the broken glass, the stripped bed, the dumped cooler, and the covered body.

MONICA

I am not cleanin' this shit up!

MELISSA

What's under the blanket?

MELISSA pulls it back. The women gasp.

MELISSA

Mother of the North Woods.

MONICA

Oh, my God, oh, my God...

MARGIE

Bruce? What the fuck you do?

He backs up, shaking his head.

MELISSA

It's all those sick videos he watches! He's finally snapped!

MONICA

Who is she? Who is she, you demented mute-

MONICA grabs BRUCE hard as her sisters move in as well. They stop when the cabin door swings wide, revealing ISABEL. The three women look. ISABEL looks at them harshly, and a little frighteningly.

ISABEL

Get your hands off him.

MARGIE

Who're...?

MARGIE stops. Realizes...

MARGIE (cont'd)

Oh, shit.

They all look at her, peering in a little closer.

MELISSA

Isabel?

ISABEL

Leave him alone.

The three women start to back out.

MELISSA

We can do that.

As they get to the door, they turn and bolt.

MARGIE

Run!

They are gone, down the driveway. ISABEL and BRUCE look at each other. The cell on the body rings for the third time. They stand there until it stops.

ISABEL

The bad people at Crawley gonna be comin', Bruce. They're gonna try an' take me back. They're gonna make a zombie outta me.

BRUCE goes to the body and grabs from the pockets, car keys.

ISABEL (cont'd)

What're you doin'?

He shows her the keys.

ISABEL

What're you gonna do with those?

He erases, quickly, writes "come with me"

ISABEL (cont'd)

"come with me"

(to Bruce)

Come with you?

He nods fast.

ISABEL (cont'd)

You and me? Just drive off?

He nods furiously.

ISABEL (cont'd)

Where?

He shrugs like it doesn't matter 'where?'

ISABEL (cont'd)

There's no escape, Bruce. They'll find us. I promise you.

BRUCE erases, writes shows. "so?"

ISABEL (cont'd)
(reading)

"so?"

(to Bruce)
This will ruin your life.

He erases, writes, shows. "what life?"

ISABEL (cont'd)
(reading")

"what life?"

(to Bruce)
What will we do?

He erases, writes, shows. "live"

ISABEL (cont'd)
(reading)

"live."

(to Bruce)
When they come for me, and they will, you promise to not let them take me?

He considers. Then nods.

ISABEL (cont'd)
Show me you mean it.

He approaches her. Kisses her on the mouth. It's light and gentle.

ISABEL (cont'd)
You gotta do way better than that.

He kisses her harder, with much more confidence. But...

ISABEL (cont'd)
OK, I'm givin' you one more try.

He goes for it, and she grabs him. It's aggressive, a little violent, but meaningful. She shoves him backwards.

ISABEL (cont'd)
Now we're talkin'.

He grins.

ISABEL (cont'd)
Wait.

He removes the chalkboard from around his neck.

ISABEL (cont'd)

Give me the chalk.

He hands her the rag and the chalk. She erases, then writes. She takes the clock down off the wall and replaces it with the chalkboard, which she hangs on the wall hook. It says "goodbye."

ISABEL/YOUNG ISABEL

Goodbye.

In the gloom, 13-year old ISABEL has said it along with her. Older ISABEL looks around for her.

YOUNG ISABEL

Goodbye.

From the shadows comes YOUNG ISABEL, dressed exactly as she was from before. She approaches Older ISABEL.

YOUNG ISABEL (cont'd)

Goodbye.

ISABEL

Goodbye.

They hug. It is a goodbye hug, warm, affectionate. They look at each other. ISABEL hands YOUNG ISABEL the broken moose. ISABEL then exits with BRUCE. YOUNG ISABEL sits on the bed. She looks at the broken moose. Then around the room.

YOUNG ISABEL

(to the cabin)

Goodbye.

Blackout.

End of play.