

WHERE WAS I?

(It's 7:30 on the same Friday night in the same alternate suburban reality. Lights up on ABBIE in THE GARAGE. She holds a stuffed doll—"Dolly." She is searching for something. At the top, LIZ is yelling to Abbie from inside the house—because she is far away from Abbie.)

LIZ: *(From off.)* Abbie? *(Little beat.)* Abs? *(Little beat.)* Abbie, where are you?

ABBIE: *(Searching intensely; half answering Liz.)* Garage.

LIZ: ABBIE!!

ABBIE: *(Yelling.)* Garaaaaage! *(Abbie searches.)*

LIZ: *(From off.)* Oh! *(She bursts into the garage.)* So listen, Tess found Monkey, Kitty, and Giraffey, and I found One-Eyed Lester, but we still can't find Dolly anywhere!

ABBIE: Here. *(She tosses Dolly to Liz and continues searching.)*

LIZ: Well, why didn't you let us know?, Tess is kinda melting down. *(Calling off, starting to go.)* Found her, Tess! Oh—*(Returning.)*—and Caleb is watching... *(Liz is searching.)* What are you doing?

ABBIE: I don't know, just looking for something.

LIZ: Oh., Okay., Well, Caleb wants to watch "Strike Force Pandas" for TV time, and—is that okay for Tess?

ABBIE: It's fine. I vetted it.

LIZ: Well, it's a little violent, don't // you think—

ABBIE: Liz, if you don't like it, put on "Tina Tadpole Goes Exploring."

LIZ: Well, I'm just not sure Tess should // be watching that.

ABBIE: *(Searching.)* Could you just handle it tonight?

LIZ: Huh?

ABBIE: Could you just get everybody down tonight for a change?

LIZ: *(Weird.)* Oh. Yeah. Sure.

ABBIE: Thanks.

LIZ: Are you okay?

ABBIE: Yeah.

LIZ: Okay. (*Weird. Starts to go.*) Well, I think I'm gonna put on "Tina Tadpole Goes to Copenhagen," 'cause I'm just not sure about "Pandas."

ABBIE: Fine.

LIZ: Okay. (*She starts to go; Abbie continues searching. Liz stops.*) And—hey—(*Showing Dolly.*)—you really are a lifesaver—thanks for finding [Dolly]—(*Abbie is searching more intensely.*)—Hey!—Abbie, what are you doing?

ABBIE: I'm not...sure. I came in here to find Dolly—

LIZ: Yeah, and you found her!, Thanks!

ABBIE: Yeah—but I just feel like something else... is missing.

LIZ: What? >

ABBIE: I don't know.

LIZ: What's missing?

ABBIE: This is so weird. (*She searches, maybe a little desperately.*)

LIZ: Abbie—what are you doing?, What are you looking for?, What can't you find?

ABBIE: I think it's...me.

LIZ: (*Receive and process.*) What?

ABBIE: Myself. I can't find it. (*Beat.*)

LIZ: Abbie: What are you talking about?, That's not something you can *lose*.

ABBIE: Well, I don't know where it is., If that's not lost, then what is?!?

LIZ: Okay, okay. Well...(*Trying her best to be helpful.*)...um...Babe: It doesn't seem... like it's the kind of thing you're gonna find out here.

ABBIE: Well, this is the only place I haven't looked. (*Explosion.*) God! Where is it?!? Have I lost it?

LIZ: I'm beginning to think that maybe you // have.

ABBIE: I mean—when's the last time you saw me? (*She says this as if she's saying, "When's the last time you saw it?"*)

LIZ: Huh?

ABBIE: When did you see it last?

LIZ: I don't know...

ABBIE: Think!

LIZ: I don't know.

ABBIE: Liz, help me out here! Think!!

LIZ: Okay! Well...(*At a loss—is Abbie losing it? And then a realization.*)...it's been a while, I guess.

ABBIE: Okay.

LIZ: A long time, actually. Since...before the kids.

ABBIE: What?

LIZ: Yeah, I haven't seen it—since the kids, Abbie. Since Caleb.

ABBIE: What? No, // no.

LIZ: Yeah. Now that I think about it, this is all making sense, actually. I haven't really seen *you*...since the kids.

ABBIE: What do you mean you haven't seen me?!?, I've been right here.

LIZ: No you haven't. I mean, you're *here*, but I never see you. >

ABBIE: Yes, you do!

LIZ: You've kind of disappeared on me.

ABBIE: I have not disappeared! I'm right here all the time: *You're* the one who's disappeared!, You're the one who doesn't even seem to want to *participate* in this family!

LIZ: Excuse me?

ABBIE: You're never here! You never see me because you're never here!

LIZ: What do you mean I'm never here?

ABBIE: You *work*! All the time! You'll never have to go through anything like this because you get to do whatever you want *for* yourself *by* yourself whenever you want to.

LIZ: What do I get to do *for* myself *by* myself?

ABBIE: You get to get in your *car*! And *drive*! To *work*! By *yourself*! Do you know what I would give to be able to *drive*! In my *car*! By *myself*! *Anywhere*? You leave me here all alone, >

LIZ: I don't leave you!

ABBIE: and it's a lot for one person—doing everything and *giving* everything—and I am so used up by the end of every day because I have been giving and doing and giving and doing and maybe that's what this is! Maybe I didn't lose it after all!, Maybe I just gave it all away, and there's just not enough of me to go around, and now I am All! Used! Up! (*Little beat.*) Maybe that's what this is. (*Beat.*)

LIZ: Abbie: I know how hard it is, w//hat you do.

ABBIE: No you don't., You have // no idea.

LIZ: Okay, you're right, I don't, but listen: This is the deal we made. This is how we decided to do this. This is how *you* wanted to do this. (*Discovery.*) And—you know, you don't give me much of a chance. To participate. In this family. Because you do it all. You did it all: You had them; you nursed them...and one of us had to work, and that one of us was me, (*Into attack mode.*) and so I *worked*. And I am working! So *hard*! What I do is *hard* you know!

ABBIE: I know—

LIZ: No, you don't know! I am not always here because I am making the money so that there *is* a here.

ABBIE: Oh, don't do that, // pull that!

LIZ: I'm not doing anything! I'm just saying that I make sure there is a here so that you can take care of here. And—you're the one who's never *here*, you know!

ABBIE: I'm here *all* the *time*!

LIZ: For *me*! You're never *here* for *me*! (*Everything stops.*) I mean—it'd be nice, you know, if you slept. In the bed. With me. More than once in a while. // But you don't.

ABBIE: Liz: Tess can't sleep without me right now., You know that!

LIZ: I know! And I'm not even upset about that, because Tess needs you, Caleb needs you...and I think that's probably where what you're looking for *is*—with the kids. And that's where it should be. (*Little beat.*) I mean, I would love for you to find yourself. Or whatever. I really would. But...I don't think that's something that you get to have right now. And I don't think I get to have it either, right now. And I think...that's just the way it goes.

ABBIE: Yeah, well—right now—I don't like the way it's going very much.

LIZ: Well, tough—'cause this is how we decided to do this.

ABBIE: Yeah, well, sometimes I hate the way we decided to do this, >

LIZ: (*Starting to go.*) Well, join the club.

ABBIE: because sometimes the way we decided to do this makes me hate *you*. (*Liz stops. Abbie realizes what an awful thing she has just said; Liz turns and faces Abbie, processing the awful thing Abbie just said. Liz and Abbie really look at each other for the first time in a long time.*) Oh-my-God // —Liz! >

LIZ: Wow. >

ABBIE: (*Abbie realizes that she has found what she's been looking for—and it's in Liz's eyes.*) Oh-my-God!

LIZ: (*Starting inside.*) You know, sometimes >

ABBIE: Oh-my-God...

LIZ: the way we decided to do this all makes me feel pretty much the same way, // so, we'll call it even.

ABBIE: No—Liz—wait! Look at me! (*She grabs Liz and looks into her eyes.*) Oh, my God!

LIZ: What? Come on, // let go of me. (*Liz breaks free.*)

ABBIE: (*Grabbing Liz again.*) I found it! I think I found it, Liz!

LIZ: (*Trying to shake free.*) Abbie: Can we please drop that, // please!

ABBIE: Oh-my-God, Liz! (*Abbie doesn't let Liz go and looks deep into her eyes; shaken to her core.*) There it is. Right there. I found it. (*Little beat.*) There I am. (*Beat.*) And there *you* are.

LIZ: (*After a beat, she catches on.*) Yeah. Here I // am.

ABBIE: Oh, God! (*She hugs Liz.*) I've been looking in all the wrong places. (*Liz does not return the hug.*) I'm so sorry. I don't hate you. >

LIZ: I know.

ABBIE: I love you. >

LIZ: I know.

ABBIE: So much.

LIZ: I know. (*Beat.*)

ABBIE: We'll figure this out, right? We'll figure this out.

LIZ: (*Still hurt. She wants to say, "Yes," but the best she can give Abbie is:*) People have been figuring this stuff out for a long time, so... (*Beat. Liz starts to go.*) All right. Well, I'm gonna go do tubby time and tinkle time and book time and bed time.

ABBIE: No, I'll do it.

LIZ: Abbie! No! Tomorrow. Take the night off. And do it with me tomorrow.

ABBIE: Liz—

LIZ: Abbie—tomorrow!

ABBIE: All right. I'm sorry.

LIZ: Me, too. (*Liz starts to go.*)

ABBIE: But—just so you know—we've already watched "Tina Tadpole Goes to Copenhagen," and we're up to "Tina Tadpole Goes to Istanbul" now, so... (*Beat. Liz stops, gives Abbie a look...and exits. As she does so:*)

LIZ: (*Yelling off.*) Caleb! Tess! Two minute warning! (*Lights fade on Abbie in the garage. Existential space vacuum sound/Music/Transition.*)

THE END (*And we move on to...*)