

WOMAN. What's going on?

MAN. Is everything—?

ABBY. Just wait! Something's not right, **something isn't** adding up!
I need to talk to you!

JAMIE. Sure, sure. What do you—?

ABBY. Not you!

JAMIE. Then who?

MAN. Yeah, who?

ABBY. Me! Her! You know, me!

WOMAN. Me?

ABBY. You!

WOMAN. And you?

ABBY. Me, myself, and I!

WOMAN. OK!

JAMIE. Can I help in any—

ABBY. Sure! Go sit down and be quiet.

JAMIE. Sit down and be—?

ABBY. Yes. Over there.

*(She points stage right to the farthest sitting spot from center.
JAMIE walks over and sits a little closer than she indicated.)*

JAMIE. Here?

ABBY. Nope. There. That one.

(JAMIE sits at the second to last barstool.)

At the end.

(He shifts to the last barstool.)

A little further.

(He shifts to the nearside of the piano bench.)

All the way. Scoot.

(He resignedly shifts to the farthest end of the bench.)

MAN. *(To JAMIE:)* I got this. *(Back to the women:)* So what are we talking about?

WOMAN. We aren't talking about a thing. You sit over there!

(WOMAN indicates the farthest seat stage left.)

MAN. What? Me?!

WOMAN. Yes, you. This is a private conversation!

(MAN reluctantly, maybe like a bratty child, walks left.)

MAN. But . . .

WOMAN. Over there.

(He sits to the side but looks intently at them.)

And you don't need to listen. Wait . . .

(She grabs an old newspaper that's nearby and roughly hands it to him.)

Here.

MAN. Why are you giving me this?!

WOMAN. Because we don't have a coloring book!

(MAN reluctantly takes it. WOMAN turns back to ABBY.)

So. What?

ABBY. OK, something about this . . . it just doesn't add up.

WOMAN. What do you mean?

ABBY. The whole time he was talking . . .

WOMAN. He who?

ABBY. Him.

(Points to MAN.)

WOMAN. Got it.

ABBY. The whole time he was talking, it reminded me of when he (referring to JAMIE) tried to throw me a surprise party.

WOMAN. I don't remember that.

ABBY. It was last year.

WOMAN. That's like thirty-six years ago . . .

ABBY. Right, right . . . Anyway, he tried to throw me a surprise party but he kept acting strange. I'd ask him and he'd squint his eyes and say, (imitating him:) "I haven't got the faintest idea what you're talking about." Worst poker face in America.

WOMAN. You're right! He does that!

MAN. No, I don't!

WOMAN. (*Quickly without even looking:*) Shut up.

JAMIE. I don't think I—

ABBY. (*Also without looking:*) Quiet! So, he . . . your edition . . . has been making that same face tonight.

WOMAN. One time, he bet a thousand dollars on the Super Bowl and lost.

ABBY. I don't remember that.

WOMAN. Hasn't happened yet.

ABBY. Right.

JAMIE. What year? Who won?

WOMAN. The team with helmets . . . ! BUT he kept squinting and saying "I haven't the faintest idea . . ." until I caught it. Never bet again.

ABBY. So, what are we looking at here?

WOMAN. We've got a guy who's lying to us.

ABBY. But why go back in time to lie?

JAMIE. If I—can I say something?

ABBY. No!

MAN. (*Standing up:*) Can I say something?

WOMAN. No!

JAMIE. (*Standing up:*) I just want to—

ABBY. Nope!

MAN. What he wants to say—

WOMAN. Stop!

JAMIE. Can't I just—?

MAN. I'm just saying—

ABBY. Just be quiet!

MAN. Why?

JAMIE. Yeah, why?!

ABBY and WOMAN. I'M TALKING TO MYSELF!

(The men back down and sit.)

WOMAN. Where were we?

ABBY. So, there are a few things I know in this world: I know that every drunk at IHOP thinks the waitress wants him. I know that Oswald didn't act alone (pretty sure about that one) and I know that he's not telling us everything.

WOMAN. How do you mean?

ABBY. If he breaks us up, he says it's to make him a great musician, right?

WOMAN. Riii . . . ght . . .

ABBY. Well, the Jamie I know doesn't have it in him. He's not selfish enough. If he's come all the way back here tonight, it sure as hell wasn't for that. I mean, has he changed that much?

WOMAN. (*It's dawning on her too:*) No . . .

ABBY. But, I'm saying, you've had a lot more time with him.

WOMAN. Oh yeah . . .

ABBY. So talk to me. Who's he helping here? Jimmy?

(Pause. MAN doesn't answer but abruptly gets up and goes behind the bar to make himself a drink.)

MAN. Oh come on! I need a drink . . . Oh gosh, look!

(He points to his watch.)

We've only got a few more minutes.

(ABBY turns to MAN.)

ABBY. Jimmy!? Truth or dare.

WOMAN. What?

ABBY. We were playing before you came. Truth or dare, Jimmy. And it's going to be truth.

MAN. Oh please . . .

ABBY. Truth or dare!

MAN. Why should I?

(JAMIE crosses in.)

JAMIE. Because if you don't, I promise you, I PROMISE YOU I will not look at a piano and we'll all be back here in thirty-five years playing Truth or Dare.

MAN. But—

JAMIE. Look at me, look me in the eyes and tell me I'm lyin'.

(They look at each other a moment.)

MAN. Fine, truth!

JAMIE. *(To ABBY:)* He's all yours.

ABBY. Good, come over here and sit down.

(MAN comes out from the bar. He sits at the table with his drink. WOMAN sits at the table as well, ABBY remains standing. WOMAN and ABBY are flanking him now.)

ABBY. OK, here we go. You told us that sad story about the baseball player, the guy who wakes up at 3:14 in the morning.

MAN. It was just a story—!

ABBY. Right. *(Beat.)* So, truth: What are you thinking about at 3:14?

MAN. This is stupid.

WOMAN. No, it's the thing that got you here. What is it? I want to know, too.

JAMIE. So do I.

ABBY. Come on, we played, now you play. Why are you here?

MAN. *(Squinting his eyes a bit:)* I haven't the faintest—

WOMAN and ABBY. AH HAH!

JAMIE. Jimmy, truth or dare. Or no piano. Tell them. It's 3:14, what's on your mind?

MAN. A lot of things! Bills, my kids, a stupid thing I said in high school. A LOT of things!

(Long pause. WOMAN takes over.)

WOMAN. Jimmy . . .

MAN. What?!

WOMAN. I know EXACTLY what you're thinking about.

MAN. Oh really? *(He picks up the device.)* Does this thing read minds, too?! Come on!

WOMAN. 3:14 comes and you're looking at the ceiling. You're in the land of "coulda woulda shoulda!" "Why didn't I do this?" "Why didn't I do that?" "When is my ship going to come in?"

MAN. That's ridiculous . . .

WOMAN. "Why am I a failure?"

MAN. You should stop now.