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Cast of Characters

TRINA: 18, wears dark clothes, boots and a nose ring. A city kid.

ABBY: 14, Trina's sister. Wears cute, trendy clothes. A city kid.

BETH: 17, wears cute, trendy clothes that look slightly worn, and a little risqué. A farm girl.

BILLY: 15, Beth's brother. Wears Wranglers, ropers, and a cowboy hat. A farm boy.

JAKE: 17, a good-looking boy. A suburbanite.

DOUG: 17, Jake's buddy. A jock. A suburbanite.

STEPH: 17, one of the cool kids. A suburbanite.

AMANDA: 17, wishes she was one of the cool kids. A suburbanite.

KARA: 16, see above. A suburbanite.

STUDENTS: Additional various students as needed to create hallway scenes

Setting

Cambridge, MN. Where farmland meets strip mall. Present.

Acknowledgements

CowTown was commissioned by the Guthrie Theatre (Joe Dowling, Artistic Director), in association with The Children's Theatre Company (Peter Brosius, Artistic Director).

COWTOWN

by Allison Moore

(Sound of birds. Sound of chickens, sound of a cow mooing. Warm light fades up on ABBY and TRINA, standing on a porch, facing out. A sense of wide open space. Morning.)

ABBY. It's not so bad.

TRINA. It sucks.

ABBY. It's kinda pretty.

TRINA. I cannot believe we live in the suburbs.

ABBY. There are cows in our yard, Trina.

TRINA. There's an Olive Garden around the corner.

ABBY. It's like three miles away.

TRINA. I'm sorry, Abby, you're right. We only go to school in the suburbs. We live with the rednecks.

ABBY. Would you lighten up?

TRINA. Easy for you to say. You'll be on your little pep-squad, and make your little friends. You won't even remember what it was like before.

ABBY. Last year you begged mom to move—

TRINA. "As Miss Cambridge, Minnesota, I will work to end hunger by donating my butter sculpture from the state fair to all the poor under-privileged children who live in the Ghe-toes in Minneapolis and St. Paul."

ABBY. At least I had friends to leave behind.

TRINA. Dad would never have let this happen.

ABBY. Dad's not here.

(Pause.)

She did this for you.

TRINA. It's only one year, right.

ABBY. Unless you're me. Then it's four.

TRINA. Don't worry, Pep-squad. You are going to be fine.

(Sound of a school bell, lights shift. A flood of high-school students, all trying to get somewhere, cross from different directions. ABBY and TRINA step into the fray. Among the other students are BETH, AMANDA, KARA, JAKE, DOUG, BILLY and STEPH. Snatches of conversation collide as the students pass each other.)

Hey, wait up!

He's such a jerk.

No, I gotta work today.

Are you coming with?

She's like a fascist, I told her my computer died!

You got the trig worksheet?

Stick it.

I soooo don't want to go to practice.

Did you see what he did to me?

(BETH, AMANDA and KARA's lines come between the noise. All motion and sound. TRINA and ABBY stand near each other, but not with each other, not talking to anyone. They are waiting for the bus. BILLY waits alone. In the movement, someone drops a piece of paper. BILLY sees it, as he bends down to pick it up, DOUG enters with JAKE and as he passes behind BILLY, he makes obnoxious cow noises, others laugh.)

KARA. He's right over there.

BETH. Where?

KARA. Behind nose-ring girl?

AMANDA. So gross.

DOUG. *(Shouting:)* Hey Johnson!

KARA. It's Doug.

DOUG. Beth!

BETH. I know who it is.

(As BETH snaps around, she runs into JAKE.)

JAKE. Whoa—

BETH. I am so sorry.

JAKE. Hey, no problem. We were all just trying to figure out a time to work on the group thing for history?

BETH. Right.

JAKE. We were talking about meeting at Steph's.

BETH. Fine by me.

JAKE. It's not too far?

BETH. We do have a car, Jake.

JAKE. You mean, a car and a tractor?

BETH. Ha ha.

JAKE. I'm kidding. So we'll see you at seven?

BETH. Yeah.

(A flurry of activity. Buses are arriving. BETH watches as JAKE moves back toward DOUG and STEPH, looking at TRINA as he passes, smiling.)

JAKE. Hey.

TRINA. Hey.

DOUG. *(To JAKE:)* Who's that chick?

(Others retreat. Sound of busses. BETH, TRINA, ABBY and BILLY are the only ones left. They board the last bus, and sit silently. TRINA and ABBY sit near one another, but not next to each other. BILLY sits alone. He tries to keep from staring at TRINA, but cannot help himself.)

TRINA. Can I help you?

BILLY. Uh, no.

TRINA. Then please stop staring. It's very rude.

(TRINA unwraps a piece of gum, chews.)

ABBY. Can I have one?

(TRINA wordlessly hands ABBY a piece.)

ABBY. *(To BETH, offering her own stick of gum:)* Oh. Hey, do you want some gum?

BETH. Uh, no. Thanks.

ABBY. Sure.

BILLY. *(As ABBY puts her piece in her mouth:)* I'll take it.

ABBY. Sorry.

BILLY. Forget it.

BETH. *(Not looking at BILLY:)* Chicken.

BILLY. Am not.

BETH. Then ask her. She has the gum.

(BILLY looks at TRINA, starts to turn away back to his seat.)

Yeah, that's what I thought.

BILLY. Hey, can I have some gum?

(TRINA does not respond.)

Hello?

(No response.)

Excuse me?

BETH. Hey, where you from?

TRINA. Minneapolis.

BETH. Huh.

(Pause.)

ABBY. We just moved, like two weeks ago. It's a lot bigger than I thought it would be. School, I mean. I don't know what I was thinking, but when my mom first said we were moving to Cambridge, I thought it would be like—

BETH. Little House, and you'd get to play Laura?

(TRINA snorts.)

ABBY. No, just, you know, I thought it would be smaller. But it's not, it's about the same size as my junior high. Do you live on one of the farms out here? Or—

BETH. *(To TRINA:)* I didn't see you on the bus this morning.

TRINA. My mom dropped us.

BETH. Lucky.

TRINA. Lucky would be having a car.

BETH. I changed my mind. Can I have a piece of gum?

(TRINA hands BETH a stick. BETH gestures with the piece of gum, but does not chew it. TRINA and BETH ignore BILLY throughout. ABBY observes.)

BILLY. Can I have one, too?

BETH. So where'd you get it done? Your nose ring.

TRINA. In the city?

BETH. I tried to get my belly-button pierced at this place in Blaine. They wouldn't let me because I'm not eighteen.

TRINA. Bummer.

BILLY. Wah, wah, come on, give me some gum.

BETH. This girl in my class, Steph? She drove in one night and went to some place like, down by the U. And she gave them this forged permission slip from her mom. It was so fake. It was like, "I, Jan Franklin, being of sound mind and body, give my daughter, Steph, permission to pierce her navel." They totally bought it.

TRINA. They probably just didn't care.

BETH. The Piercing Pagoda definitely cared. The manager was like, "All minors must be accompanied by a parent or legal guardian." Like my mom's gonna come with me to get my belly button pierced.

TRINA. My dad went with me.

BETH. No way.

TRINA. Let me squeeze his hand while they did it. He was pretty cool.

BETH. Did it hurt?

TRINA. They numb it with ice.

BETH. Are your parents divorced or something?

TRINA. My dad's dead.

BETH. Oh. I'm sorry. God.

TRINA. Yeah, my dad caks and suddenly my mom is nostalgic for her farm-girl upbringing. The grief counselor said we should wait two years before any major changes, but apparently that doesn't apply to moving to the middle of nowhere, because farm life will be good for us—never mind that we're not actually farming.

BETH. Oh my God, you bought the Swenson place.

(BILLY begins repeating the phrase "May I have some gum, please" under the following.)

TRINA. I don't know. It's a big white house in the middle of a pasture.

BETH. We're totally neighbors. My dad leases the parcel around your house.

TRINA. You're the cow people?

BETH. Please don't ever say that again.

TRINA. I just meant, you own the cows we keep seeing.

BETH. It's so embarrassing.

TRINA. No. What's embarrassing? Is pretending to live this "simple life" while my mom spends an hour and a half on her cell phone during her commute. We might as well have moved into one of those fake split-level Victorians behind the school. At least you're not posing.

BETH. Yeah, dairy farming is supercool.

TRINA. Family farmers are the only chance the rest of us have to stop the corporate bloodsuckers trying to pump us full of mad cow disease and growth hormone and Frankenfood.

BETH. Okay, how do you even know what Frankenfood is.

TRINA. My mom works for Cargill.

BILLY. PLEASE MAY I PLEASE HAVE A PIECE OF GUM, PLEASE.

(TRINA finally looks at BILLY.)

TRINA. I'm fresh out.

BILLY. You have a whole pack.

TRINA. Sorry.

BILLY. You have a pack right there.

BETH. I almost forgot to chew mine.

(BETH unwraps her gum, drops the wrapper on the floor, and pops the piece in her mouth.)

BILLY. Come on! One stinkin' piece!

TRINA. I'll sell it to you.

BILLY. How much?

TRINA. A dollar.

BILLY. No way.

TRINA. Op—price just went up. Now it's five.

BILLY. That one piece probably cost about 5 cents!

TRINA. Captive market.

BILLY. What?

BETH. She said no, loser, now go away.

BILLY. I don't know what you're saving it for. It's not like anybody's gonna kiss your pus face.

BETH. Ohmigod, what is that smell?

TRINA. I don't—I don't know.

BETH. It's shit! Oh my God, I'm gonna suffocate. Do you smell the shit? I think you've got shit stuck to the bottoms of your shit-kickers, shit brain.

BILLY. Forget it.

(BILLY retreats, and takes this next in total silence, looking out the window.)

BETH. Billy have you been standing out in the cow pens pretending you're in the rodeo again? Straddling the milk cows, waving your hat. Billy wants to be a cowboy. Why don't you tell these nice city folk how you're going to join Pro Bull-riding Tour. Ride bulls with Cody Custer. "Cody Custer is the BEST." "Cody Custer is my HERO." "Cody Custer, I love to watch you ride those bulls! See that bull just bucking and bucking."

(The bus stops. BILLY gets off the bus.)

BETH. This is our stop. Yours is next.

TRINA. Hey—what's your name?

BETH. Beth.

TRINA. My mom drives us in the morning. If you want a ride.

BETH. What time?

TRINA. 7:10, 7:15.

BETH. Okay.

TRINA. We'll pick you up.

(BETH exits. ABBY looks at TRINA.)

TRINA. What.

ABBY. Dad did NOT go with you to get your nose pierced.

TRINA. I was having a private conversation?

ABBY. I thought you hated people who litter.

TRINA. What?

ABBY. Forget it.

(As TRINA exits, she drops the pack of gum. ABBY picks up the pack of gum, and the wrapper BETH dropped earlier, and gets off the bus. Lights shift, isolating ABBY as she walks. It is night. Sound of cicadas, wind. ABBY unwraps a piece of gum, puts it in her mouth, chews. She unwraps another piece of gum, does the same. She continues this process as she walks, until she comes to the shell of a barn. She circles the outside of it, tentatively, chewing her huge wad of gum, holding all the wrappers. She steps into the structure. BILLY, until now unseen by ABBY, shines a flashlight on ABBY.)

BILLY. What are you doing?

ABBY. *(Mouth full of gum.)* Nothing. Who's there?

BILLY. You shouldn't be out here.

ABBY. Billy, right?

BILLY. Place is haunted.

ABBY. So.

BILLY. What's in your mouth?

ABBY. Do you have some paper?

BILLY. Here.

(BILLY hands her a piece of paper from his back pocket. ABBY unfolds it, there is a drawing on it.)

ABBY. But—

BILLY. It's all right. I got about a thousand of them.

(ABBY puts her gum wrappers carefully in her pocket, then spits her gum in to a corner of Billy's paper.)

Coulda used one of those wrappers.

ABBY. I'm saving them.

BILLY. For what?

(ABBY looks at Billy's drawing.)

ABBY. It's really good.

BILLY. It's just a sketch.

ABBY. You got the shading for the muscles and everything. It really looks like he's running.

(ABBY offers the paper back to BILLY, who does not take it.)

You guys live back over there?

BILLY. Yeah.

ABBY. So what's this?

BILLY. Old Shoewalter barn.

ABBY. How do you know it's haunted.

BILLY. 'Cause, I've seen it.

ABBY. What, like ghosts? Ooooooooooooo—

BILLY. You shouldn't be walking around out here. My dad leases this land.

ABBY. I'm not hurting anything.

BILLY. Just because you bought the farmhouse doesn't mean you can go anywhere you want. Mr. Swenson still owns the land, and he leases it to my dad.

ABBY. What, is this like your secret hideout? You do your secret things here?

BILLY. Forget it.

(BILLY starts to leave.)

ABBY. I'm sorry. Look, hey. Why's it haunted.

BILLY. Why do you care?

ABBY. I don't. I'm just curious. You're probably making it up anyway.

BILLY. You sure you want to know.

ABBY. Yeah.

BILLY. Mr. Shoewalter shot his head off with his hunting rifle. Right here in the barn. Mr. Swenson knocked the house down a couple years back.

ABBY. Why'd he kill himself.

BILLY. My dad says they were gonna foreclose on the farm. This quarter used to be his. It was a pretty small operation, and there wasn't a co-op then. He left a note for Mrs. Shoewalter, telling her he was in the barn and to call Mr. Swenson, because he didn't want her to see him with his brains blown out. And he didn't want to mess her carpet or whatever.

ABBY. Did she go out and look?

BILLY. I don't know. She called Mr. Swenson, though, and Mr. Swenson called my dad.

ABBY. When was this?

BILLY. Probably like ten years. I was little.

ABBY. What happened to his wife?

BILLY. She flipped. She opened all the windows and then just left. Didn't take hardly anything with her, my dad said. Went to some home or something in St. Cloud, near her son. Whole place rotted.

ABBY. I don't think I could not look. I'd want to see.

BILLY. My dad said it was pretty terrible.

ABBY. My dad died, in a car accident. Last August. By the time Trina and I got to the hospital, they were already operating on him. He died in the operating room. So when we saw him, he was already, like, cleaned up, you know? And he looked pretty much normal, cause he didn't have any injuries to his head or anything, his face was just kinda, slack. I think it might make more sense if I had seen the blood.

BILLY. So why'd you all move out here?

ABBY. I guess my mom flipped, too. You got a pencil?

(BILLY hands her a pencil. ABBY has smoothed the drawing on the ground. She takes one of the gum wrappers and places it over part of

his drawing, shiny side down. She begins rubbing the wrapper with the pencil.

BILLY. What are you doing?

ABBY. Making a belt-buckle. For the bull rider. See?

BILLY. You got the silver off.

ABBY. Gum wrappers work the best—only the sticks, though. I can sometimes get gold off of like, the Rolo wrappers? But you have to rub pretty hard.

BILLY. Sometimes they tip the horns, too, with silver? Not on the Tour, but other places—Mexico or Spain. The horns suck on this one. I was mostly working on the back legs. I'll show you.

(BILLY pulls a book out of his backpack, flips through, showing ABBY.)

ABBY. Where did you get this?

BILLY. Farm auction. It's got cows, bulls, horses—

ABBY. Oh my god, those are naked people.

BILLY. It's for drawing. You gotta know which muscles to draw, otherwise it just looks posed. See how he's using the back legs to take his weight here? And here in this one, it's these other muscles.

ABBY. Yours is just as good as this one.

BILLY. No way. I won't be able to draw them until I ride. Know what it's like up close.

ABBY. Wouldn't you be scared?

BILLY. There's no time to be scared. That's what Cody Custer said. He's a rider? He said you get scared after, when you remember how close the bull was to goring you, or stepping on your chest. But the second you understand how bad it really was, you remember you're out of the ring. You survived. So you always win.

(Sound of a school bell.)

ABBY. Can I keep this?

BILLY. Sure.

(BILLY and ABBY turn out, step out into the hallway, are enveloped and separated by the movement of students and hallway noise. A boy knocks BILLY while passing him, BILLY disappears. ABBY looks for him, he is gone. Students and noise recedes, leaving BETH and TRINA on the porch.)

BETH. I just thought you'd want to know.

TRINA. Um, thanks?

BETH. It seriously was like you were a celebrity. "What's she like?" "Where's she from?" "What do you guys talk about every morning?" Doug is convinced you're like some kind of pagan priestess.

TRINA. I'm impressed Doug knows the words "pagan priestess."

BETH. I think he actually said "devil worshiper." "Pagan priestess" was Steph's interpretation.

TRINA. I thought you were supposed to be finishing some history thing.

BETH. Jake and I were the only ones who did anything since the last time we met.

TRINA. That's the problem with group projects.

BETH. Jake said he "likes your style."

TRINA. I think you like Jake

BETH. I just said he was cute.

TRINA. If you don't? Then there's no excuse for the amount of time you spend with his obnoxious friends.

BETH. What do you mean.

TRINA. I mean, Jake seems nice, but come on. Doug and those guys are a little—

BETH. What?

TRINA. I don't know.

BETH. No, what were you going to say.

TRINA. I, I can't say anything. I don't know them.

BETH. Look, Doug can be an asshole sometimes, but he's not really like that. Steph says the guys all expect him to be like that, you know? To be the one to start something, or whatever. And if he doesn't, they're like "What's the matter Blinkhorn?" "You turning fag on us?"

TRINA. Amanda told me he pinned Billy down in the hall and shoved cow shit in his mouth last year.

BETH. Billy brought a lasso to school and did a roping demonstration for a class project the first week.

TRINA. So he deserves to have someone try to suffocate him with—

BETH. He brought it on himself.

(Pause.)

TRINA. I've got an English paper due first period.

BETH. Steph's really cool. She's knows everything there is to know about music. She goes down to the cities all the time, to see bands and everything? She loaned me a bunch of CDs.

TRINA. What kind of music.

BETH. Seriously everything. I haven't even heard of most of it. I can ask her if I can loan them to you?

TRINA. That's okay.

BETH. I know she'd say yes.

TRINA. I don't even know her.

BETH. So come to her party Friday.

TRINA. I'm not gonna crash.

BETH. It's not crashing, you're coming with me.

TRINA. I'll feel weird.

BETH. She told me to bring you.

TRINA. What?

BETH. I see her watching you in the hallway. Like she's trying to figure you out. She even started wearing a choker like yours.

(BETH examines TRINA.)

I bet at your old school you sat at a table way off in the corner of the cafeteria. I bet you've never even been to a party.

(Pause.)

You'd like Steph. She's smart, and kinda quiet, actually.

(ABBY enters, hiding a book under her shirt.)

TRINA. Hey, pep-squad, out with your boyfriend again?

BETH. Boyfriend?

TRINA. Didn't you know? Billy is Abby's boyfriend.

ABBY. Shut up.

BETH. What?

TRINA. You show him your pom-poms yet?

ABBY. *(Calling towards the house:)* Mom!

TRINA. Hey, what's under your shirt.

ABBY. None of your business!

(ABBY sidesteps TRINA, but TRINA manages to grab the book out from under ABBY's shirt as she passes.)

TRINA. "An Artist's Anatomy?"

ABBY. Give it back.

BETH. Where'd you get this?

ABBY. I found it.

BETH. Where?

ABBY. In the trash, now give it back.

TRINA. The trash?

ABBY. Leave it alone.

TRINA. Look at this!

(TRINA pulls out the drawing of the bull.)

ABBY. That's mine!

TRINA. A bull? Ooo—I bet that's supposed to be Billy on top. Is this what you and Billy do out in the barn?

ABBY. Mom!

TRINA. Mom's not here. Maybe we should put this up on your locker at school. That way everyone will know.

ABBY. I don't care what you do, just give me the book.

BETH. Let her go.

TRINA. She said she found it in the trash. Maybe that's where it belongs.

ABBY. Give it back!

(TRINA tears a page out of the book as ABBY grabs back the book.)

BETH. Trina!

ABBY. Stop!

(TRINA drops the book.)

TRINA. Don't be such a spaz, pep-squad. You'll ruin your book.

ABBY. I wish you had killed yourself. At least then you weren't mean.

(ABBY picks up the book and exits into the house.)

BETH. Let me see that.

(TRINA hands BETH Billy's picture. BETH examines the picture.)

TRINA. Bus ride's going to be fun now. But she should know better. I mean, like you said: she's bringing it on herself. Right?

BETH. Right. Absolutely.

TRINA. We'll pick you up in the morning?

BETH. 7:15.

(BETH exits. TRINA sees one of the torn pages from the book. She picks it up and hurls it across the stage. TRINA reaches up to the porch light, looks out. As she clicks it off, sound of the school bell. Once again, students enter from all directions, the sounds of a crowded hallway, snatches of conversation. The page from the book gets trampled in the traffic. AMANDA and KARA stand together, looking out into the crowd. TRINA steps off the porch area and into the fray. All the girls in the hallway except ABBY now wear choker necklaces.)

AMANDA. Look, maybe she forgot.

KARA. We said lunch. There's Trina. Ask her.

AMANDA. Never mind. I found her.

(BETH enters with DOUG and STEPH. They all carry fast-food fountain drinks. KARA and AMANDA walk off past BETH without speaking. As TRINA walks, torn pages from Billy's art book drop from her bag without her noticing. ABBY sees BILLY, is about to say something to him when DOUG and some other boys start mooing at him. BETH and STEPH laugh, BILLY turns. JAKE enters, picks up one of the pages TRINA has dropped, tries to hand it back to her.)

JAKE. Hey!

TRINA. Hey.

JAKE. I never knew you were into drawing

TRINA. What?

JAKE. These are a little intense, huh?

TRINA. That's not mine.

JAKE. No, it's cool, I just hope you didn't tear these out of a library book—

TRINA. I said it's not mine, it was on the floor.

JAKE. I saw you drop it.

(Sound of the bell ringing.)

DOUG. *(Shouting from across the hall:)* Borowski! You missed the grub run!

TRINA. I have to go.

(As TRINA turns, another page drops behind her. JAKE stops to pick it up.)

DOUG. Some of us gotta eat.

JAKE. And some of us gotta get into college.

DOUG. I got you some fries, but Steph ate them all.

STEPH. I did not!

JAKE. Jeez, thanks a lot, Steph.

DOUG. What the hell is that? A cow?

JAKE. Nothing.

(JAKE slides the pages into his book as the group moves from the emptying hall, lights begin to fade.)

Just something for class.

(Lights have faded; it is night again. Sound of crickets. ABBY at the burned out barn.)

ABBY. Billy? Billy?

(BETH, who has been hiding, snaps her flashlight on ABBY.)

BETH. Billy's not coming.

ABBY. Where is he?

BETH. I heard him on the phone with you. This place is so nasty.

ABBY. What happened to him?

BETH. Cow's missing. I opened one of the pens.

ABBY. Look, I promised I'd bring his book back—

BETH. You shouldn't have let Trina see.

ABBY. So I'm leaving it here. If he doesn't get it it'll be your fault.

(ABBY sets the book by the door, and sees BILLY, who has been hiding in the dark. He silently puts his finger to his lips, asking her to not reveal his presence to BETH.)

BETH. He's gonna ruin you. He's a freak, Abby. Everyone knows it.

ABBY. He's not a freak.

BETH. If people find out you've been hanging out with him—

ABBY. I don't care if they find out.

BETH. So why don't you talk to him at school? Why don't you give him his book in the hallway where everybody can see?

ABBY. Because, I—he said to meet him here.

BETH. You know I'm right.

ABBY. If everyone would just leave him alone—

BETH. They won't. People are gonna find out, and when they do? They're gonna stop talking to you. They're gonna say things about you behind your back. Leave little drawings and messages on your locker, on your desk, or take your stuff? I know what it's like. I'm trying to help you.

ABBY. I don't want your help.

BETH. When Doug pinned Billy down in the hall, I was there. I was standing right there, with Amanda and Kara and Brad and Jake and everyone. Everyone was just watching. And while he was doing it, Doug looked right up at me. Everyone saw him looking at me. And I had to make a choice.

ABBY. He's your brother.

BETH. You can pretend like you're better than me, like you would have done something different? But no one is gonna help you when you're the one pinned down in the hall, Abby. Trina is graduating. You've got four years.

(ABBY looks right at BILLY.)

ABBY. What did you do? When Doug looked at you, and Billy was right there, on the floor.

BETH. I laughed. And then I walked away.

ABBY. Just leave the book.

(ABBY starts to exit.)

BETH. He's gonna be big someday. Like our dad? Some summer he's gonna get tall. He's already strong, he's just small. When he comes back to school nobody's even gonna recognize him. I kept praying it would happen this year. But it's gotta happen sometime. And then they'll leave him alone.

(ABBY exits silently past BILLY. BETH hesitates, then picks up the book, pulls Billy's drawing from her pocket, and lays it in the pages of the book. She replaces the book, walks off the other direction. Silence, for a moment. BILLY appears from his hiding place, with a flashlight. He picks up the book, opens it, the picture falls to the ground. BILLY snaps his flashlight off. On the other side, TRINA again turns on the porch light. ABBY has been swinging in the dark. She is sipping Dr. Pepper from a can with a straw.)

TRINA. The next time you try to slip some bullshit drawing in my books I'm gonna kill you. Did you hear me?

(ABBY keeps sipping.)

You're lucky I'm nice. You're lucky I'm not Beth.

(ABBY keeps sipping.)

I wasn't even going to say anything to anyone about Billy, but now, I don't know. One more thing like that and I will, I swear to God, Abby.

ABBY. I cut him out.

TRINA. What.

ABBY. Like they cut that lump out of Aunt Dawn's chest.

TRINA. What are you talking about.

ABBY. I was looking right at him, I didn't know if I could do it. Maybe if I practice it'll be easier. He'll be like he's dead, and I'll look at him the way I look at a locker, or a door handle. That's what

THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!

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