

“May or June”

A Play in Two Acts

Written by

Kevin T. Baldwin

CAST

MARK BRADLEY – Millicent’s husband, attractive man, speaks with an English accent. Early to mid thirties.

MILLICENT BRADLEY, SABRINA/MADELINE – A very attractive American woman, married to Mark, early to mid thirties. Abandons her husband in New York to return to her hometown of Abbott Pointe, Oklahoma.

STEVE BARROWS – A New York private investigator. Handsome, early to mid thirties. Investigates Millicent’s disappearance.

ANDY – Owns a small family eatery in Abbott Pointe. Former classmate of Sabrina and Madeline. Begins a relationship with Millicent.

BETHANNE WOODCOME– Madeline’s mother, older woman, mid to late fifties, speaks with mild southern drawl. Oklahoma native.

SAVANNAH INGLEWOOD – Psychologist, attractive, speaks with mild southern drawl. Oklahoma native.

OFFICER PAUL COLLINS – A New York City policeman. Refers Mark to a private investigator to find his missing wife. Can be modified to suit multicultural casting purposes.

OFFICER JOHN TALLMADGE - A New York City policeman. Paul’s partner. Can be modified to suit multicultural casting purposes.

MRS. PATCHLEY and MRS. FISKE – Customers at Andy’s Diner. Two older women, can be modified to suit multicultural casting purposes.

BELLMAN – Hotel Bellman, brings up a breakfast tray for Mark and Millicent. Can be modified to suit multicultural casting purposes.

CLERK – Bookstore cashier. Can be modified to suit multicultural casting purposes.

ANOTHER WAITRESS – At Andy’s Diner. Can be modified to suit multicultural casting purposes. No lines.

PEOPLE at BOOKSTORE/PATRONS AT ANDY’S DINER – Various, can be modified to suit multicultural casting purposes.

Time: The present.

Setting: New York City and Abbott Pointe, Oklahoma

Act 1, Scene 1 – Bookstore, New York City

(LIGHTS UP on an antique bookstore. It is a cold windy New York day and VARIOUS PEOPLE are seen perusing old books on shelves. They are ALL wearing appropriate coats. There is a counter on stage left and an entrance door stage right. MARK and MILLICENT are seen at different sections of the store, also looking at books, when MILLICENT finds a small book and calls out to MARK)

MILLICENT – (No specialized accent) Mark? Over here, dear. Mark! (MARK puts his book away and approaches MILLICENT) Look at this book. Isn't it lovely?

MARK – (In an English accent) Is there a price on it, dear?

MILLICENT – No. (After a beat, joking) Maybe it's free?

MARK - (Joking) Ooh, well then yes, it's lovely, my dear. (MILLICENT laughs) Now, we really should be going. (Looks at his watch) The curtain will be going up shortly.

MILLICENT – Right. (As they cross up to the checkout counter) I have never seen "Oklahoma" before. I can't wait. The London reviewers said this new Broadway revival is the best one to come along in twenty years. I can't believe you got tickets.

CLERK – (To MARK) That'll be forty-three dollars. (MARK and MILLICENT look up at the CLERK in shock)

MARK – (To MILLICENT) Yes, well I...(To CLERK, shocked) Forty-three dollars?

MILLICENT – (Astounded) Are you serious?

CLERK – (Nodding) It's a first edition.

MARK – (Annoyed) I wouldn't care if it was the bloody reunion of Kenny Rogers and the First Edition. That's outrageous.

CLERK – (Deadpan) I absolutely agree. You are one hundred percent correct. It is outrageous. (After a beat) Forty-three dollars.

MILLICENT – That's highway robbery. (Hands the book to MARK) Pay the man, dear.

MARK – Pay the...? (Not amused) Right you are, dear. (Begins to pay the CLERK with a fifty dollar bill when MILLICENT suddenly faints center stage)

CLERK – Dude, umm... (Pointing to MILLICENT, then takes the fifty from MARK)

MARK – Millicent! (There is general crowd reaction as MARK rushes to her side) Oh, my God. (To MILLICENT, who is visibly shaken) Darling, are you all right?

MILLICENT – (Weakly) Yes, feel so silly. I don't know what happened. Just all of a sudden got light headed. Please, help me up. (MARK lifts her to her feet) Must be jet lag. I'm sorry. I'm all right. Really.

MARK – Are you sure?

MILLICENT – Yes. (Fixing herself) Oh, the book?

MARK – Oh, right. (Grabs the book from the CLERK. Turns to go and then turns back) Um...change?

CLERK – Oh, yeah, right. Sure. (Hands MARK seven dollars change from a fifty) Here you go.

MARK – (To MILLICENT) Are you sure you're well enough, dear?

MILLICENT – Stop being a worrier. I'm fine.

DOCTOR – (Approaching) Excuse me, Miss, but I'm a doctor. Are you okay? That was a nasty fall. If you want I can call an ambulance.

MILLICENT – No, really, thank you. I'm fine. Just a little embarrassed, is all. I'm not usually one for fainting spells, of all things. We just arrived in New York from Heathrow this morning and I guess my body is still a bit unsettled.

DOCTOR – I don't mean to get personal, but are you pregnant?

MILLICENT – (Unsettled by the question, politely responds) No. No, I'm not.

DOCTOR – (Handing MILLICENT a business card) Here. I'm not a specialist, but if you need a referral during your stay, please give my service a call. I'd be happy to recommend someone.

MILLICENT – (Taking the card. Thank you. (Looks at MARK, hands him the card) That's very nice.

MARK – (A bit rushed but polite) Thank you for your concern, doctor. Now I'm afraid we really must be getting to the theatre. Come along, darling.

(The TWO exit out of the bookstore as LIGHTS DIM. The scene TRANSITIONS to Act 1, Scene 2)

Act 1, Scene 2 – A Fancy Room at the Bayside New York Luxury Hotel

(LIGHTS UP on a typical fancy hotel room. There are two doors, the entrance door on upstage left and the bathroom door upstage right. It is the next morning. MARK is sleeping in a bed right downstage right. He is either in pajamas or half dressed. MILLICENT is not present. There is a KNOCK at the door.)

MARK – (Groggy, calling out) Who is it?

BELLMAN – (From behind the door) Room service, sir.

MARK – (Rising) Just a minute. (Calling out to MILLICENT) Darling, breakfast is here. (No response) Darling? (Goes to the door and lets the BELLMAN in) Here you go. Good morning.

BELLMAN – (Enters wheeling in a breakfast cart) Good morning, sir. Breakfast. (Sees that MARK is not quite dressed) Oh, excuse me, sir.

MARK – (Groggy) What? (Realizing) Oh, blast. Sorry. (Grabs a robe and puts it on as he makes his way to knock at the bathroom door) Darling, breakfast is here. (No response) Darling? (Opens the bathroom door and sees that there is no one in it) Hmm. Excuse me, have you seen a rather unwell looking woman wandering about in the hallway or downstairs?

BELLMAN – Sir?

MARK – (Sits down to eat his meal) Well, my wife and I...we went to the theatre last night...and suddenly she took ill. Headaches, nausea and all that. Thought it was perhaps a “womanly thing”, if you know what I mean? (BELLMAN chuckles) Anyway, we had to leave the show before the end of the second act. I thought maybe she went down the hall to a vending machine or perhaps to the lobby gift shop for something for whatever ails her. Did you see anyone?

BELLMAN – No, sir, but I just came on a little while ago. Perhaps the guys at the main desk have seen her?

MARK – Right. Good. I’ll give them a call. (Rises, goes over to the phone on the table next to the bed and makes the call) Hello? This is Mr. Bradley, room...

BELLMAN – (Checking the room number on the door before he exits) 1209. (Exits, closing the door behind him.

MARK – Right. 1209. (Pauses, pleased) Oh, yes, thank you. Thought you sounded familiar. Assumed you would have left, by now. (Pauses, amused) Double shift, eh? Jolly good money, I trust? (Laughs) Listen, old chap, do you remember my wife from last night? (After a beat) Yes, she did look pretty well out of sorts, now didn’t she? That’s actually why I was calling. (After a beat) No, I can’t say if she’s better. You see, she’s not here. I woke up and she wasn’t in the room. Have you seen her at all this morning down there? (After a beat) Right. I see. I see. Well, she might be in the gift...? (After a beat) I see. Not open ‘til nine, eh? Hmm. Well, do me a favor, would you? It’s not like her to up and roam about. If you see her, give me a ring, would you? Thank you so much. (Hangs up the phone slowly. LIGHTS DIM as scene TRANSITIONS to Act 1, Scene 3)

Act 1, Scene 3 - The Same Hotel Room, Two Days Later

(LIGHTS UP on the hotel room. The bed is made and the breakfast cart is gone. It is two days later. MARK is now dressed and coming out of the bathroom as there is another knock at the entrance door)

MARK – Just a minute. (Answers the door. OFFICER PAUL COLLINS and OFFICER JOHN TALLMADGE are there from the New York City Police Department) Ah, good to see you again, Officer...?

COLLINS – Collins.

MARK – Collins, yes. Thank goodness. Please, do come in. (The OFFICERS enter) Nobody at your precinct was returning my calls. Have you had any leads?

OFFICER COLLINS – (Speaks in a New York City accent) Thank you, Mr. Bradley. This is my partner, Officer Tallmadge. We just wanted to follow up with you and to let you know what we've found out.

MARK – Yes, and...?

OFFICER COLLINS – I'm afraid it's not much, sir.

OFFICER TALLMADGE – (Also speaks in a New York City accent) Mr. Bradley, we checked the entire hotel and every location you said you and your wife had been to when you arrived here three days ago. We tracked her credit card and found that your wife rented a car at eight a.m. on the day you reported her missing.

MARK – What? Rented a car? Why? Good God, man. Back home the woman barely knows how to drive on the left side of the road. Can't imagine her trying to drive on the right. God save us all. Where was she going?

OFFICER COLLINS – According to the rental agreement she stated she would be remaining local. However, we have reason to believe she may have left the state.

MARK – Why is that?

OFFICER COLLINS AND TALLMADGE – (Simultaneously) Because people never stay local.

OFFICER COLLINS - Where she would have gone after that, sir, well...is anybody's guess.

MARK – But can't you trace the car, I mean, go after her that way?

OFFICER TALLMADGE – Only if the rental company wants us to pursue the matter, sir, and until they do, there's not much we can do. She probably left our jurisdiction days ago and it's not yet considered a stolen vehicle.

MARK – Well, can't you put out an all points bulletin or something? The woman is obviously not well. She would have no reason to take off like this.

OFFICER TALLMADGE – (Curious) Any problems at home, sir?

MARK – What? What are you implying?

OFFICER COLLINS – Officer Tallmadge means that domestic disputes are the most common reasons for this type of behavior, sir.

OFFICER TALLMADGE – Have you two been fighting at all?

MARK – No! This was our tenth wedding anniversary, for Christ’s sake. We have been happily married in all that time. I can’t remember when we have had even the smallest of spats.

OFFICER COLLINS – Any kids?

MARK – No. What’s that bloody well got to do with it?

OFFICER TALLMADGE – Children, lack thereof, you know, all of these can account for...

MARK – Look, officers, there are no “domestic disputes”. We simply chose to enjoy our mutual freedoms and not have children.

OFFICER TALLMADGE – (Rolling his eyes at COLLINS) I see.

MARK – (Insulted) No, I don’t think you do. My wife has not left me, nor, if she has, which she hasn’t, it is certainly not for any of the reasons you’ve insinuated. There’s something wrong, here, officers. If she wasn’t abducted then she’s sick. (Thinking of other possibilities) Or perhaps she may have thought her life was in danger somehow or that my life was in danger because of...because of...well, I just don’t know. Now, please, what should I do? How can we find her and that car?

OFFICER TALLMADGE – There’s not much the NYPD can do at this point right now, Mr. Bradley. If the situation changes, please keep us advised and we’ll be happy to help at that time. We sincerely apologize for any inconvenience. (Begins to exit the room when COLLINS turns back and pulls out a business card out of one of his uniform pockets)

OFFICER COLLINS – Hold on Tallmadge. (Handing MARK the business card) Look, Mr. Bradley, I don’t normally suggest this, but here’s a card of an old buddy of mine. He used to be on the force.

MARK – What does he do now?

OFFICER COLLINS - He’s a private investigator. He’s really good. Worked on a few missing persons and recovery cases for us in the past. Give him a call, see what he can do.

MARK – That you. I’ll give him a try. Good day, gentlemen. Thank you for your efforts. By the way, Officer Collins, what do you mean by “recovery”? Stolen property?

OFFICER COLLINS – Sometimes. Other times it’s, well, it’s a different kind of “recovery”. I’m sorry. Don’t lose hope. You’ll find her, I’m sure.

MARK – Right. Thank you. (The OFFICERS exit as LIGHTS DIM. Scene TRANSITIONS to Act 1, Scene 4)

Act 1, Scene 4 – Hotel Room, One Week Later

(LIGHTS UP on the same hotel room, one week later. MARK has changed clothes and is now opening his door and speaking with STEVE BARROWS, a private investigator, who enters the room)

MARK – I can't believe after a week you haven't come up with any leads.

STEVE – Nice to see you, too. (Pulling out a notebook) Actually, Mr. Collins, that's why I'm here. I have uncovered something.

MARK – Really? What is it?

STEVE – (Perusing through his notes) Let me see, here. Okay, now, we know your wife rented a blue 2011 Chevy Monte Carlo last week when you said she took off.

MARK – Disappeared.

STEVE – Well, I avoid using that word, sir, since “disappear” implies she was abducted, and from the evidence so far, that doesn't seem to be the case. I mean, she rented the car by herself. She took off.

MARK – (Pacing) There has to be some other explanation, Mr. Barrows. This is the most bizarre behavior for Millicent. She is not the impulsive type.

STEVE – That may be. I can tell you the credit card she used to rent the car hasn't been used since that day. Is there another card she might...? (Looks at MARK who appears distracted) Sir, it might help my investigation if I have a little more access to your London records.

MARK – (Annoyed) Yes, yes. Anything you want. Now, what's this about the rental car?

STEVE – It was found out of state. As a matter of fact, way out of state. It was found in friggin' Oklahoma.

MARK – Oklahoma? Now, that is peculiar. Mr. Barrows...

STEVE – Steve, please.

MARK – Thank you, and it's Mark. But you see, Steve, we came to New York to attend the musical revival of “Oklahoma”. Bought tickets months ago.

STEVE – So you said, and now the car winds up there. I thought that was strange, too. I'm just glad you didn't buy tickets to “Oh, Calcutta” or “Brigadoon”.

MARK – Do you think they're connected?

STEVE – “Oh, Calcutta” or “Brigadoon”? I doubt it. They were written years apart, and...

MARK – Oklahoma. The show. The rental car?

STEVE – Hard to say. Could be, I suppose. Does she know anybody in Oklahoma?

MARK – No. She grew up in England all her life with her father. (Recalls) Now hold on. Wait. It's possible. I didn't know her father personally, but I seem to recall *he* lived in Oklahoma for awhile.

STEVE – (Writes in the notepad) Okay, it's a start, anyhow. Oh, by the way, Mark, what was Millicent's maiden name?

MARK - Hedgeworth. Millicent Hedgeworth.

STEVE – (Writing the information down) “Hedgeworth”. And you mentioned her father. What was his first name?

MARK – (Thinking) Thomas? Yes, Thomas Hedgeworth.

STEVE – Is that Junior, Senior, Third, Fifth, Sixth...

MARK – Senior, I believe.

STEVE – Thanks. I just know you Brits are crazy about them suffixes. (Laughs, then closes up the notebook and puts it into his pocket) All right. I'll check into it. Oh, but Mark, you said he's deceased. What about her mother?

MARK – (Shaking his head) I'm sorry. Tell you the truth, in ten years she's never mentioned her mother.

STEVE – Really? Never? In all that time?

MARK – No. You see, we met in a restaurant in London's West End. We had a whirlwind courtship and got married. Millicent's father had just recently died of a heart attack and I remember then she told me she never knew her mother.

STEVE – (Considers) Isn't that kind of a peculiar statement, sir?

MARK – What do you mean?

STEVE – She said she didn't “know” her mother. Not that her mother was dead. If she never “knew” her, it sort of makes it sound as if the woman might still be alive, don't you think?

MARK – (Surprised) I see what you mean. Yes, I suppose it could mean that.

STEVE – Okay, well, I'll check into this and some other things and I'll let you know what I find out. I'll be in touch. (Exits the room. LIGHTS DIM as scene TRANSITIONS to Act 1, Scene 5)

Act 1, Scene 5 – Andy’s Diner - Abbott Pointe, Oklahoma

(LIGHTS UP on a small family style restaurant or diner. There are various tables and chairs adorning the place. There is also a counter with a cash register. The entrance door is stage left. ANDY, a handsome man, is dressed very “blue collar” as if he has been doing some handyman work around the restaurant. He has a dishrag off the shoulder as he is reviewing an employment application for MILLICENT who stands before him. She has changed clothes from Act 1, Scene 1 but is still dressed nicely. There is a suitcase on the ground next to her.)

ANDY – (In a southern drawl) I don’t see any references here but, boy howdy, you shore have worked at lotsa places, Mrs., uh, Mrs.?

MILLICENT – (Also in an Oklahoman accent) Oh, it’s “Miss”. Miss Sabrina Severn.

ANDY – Wow. That’s really a purty name. You know, I recall there was this gal way back in high school with that same name.

MILLICENT – Of course there was, Andy, ya silly. That was me.

ANDY – (Surprised) That was you? Holee shit! You gotta be kidding.

MILLICENT – I was only there in the cafeteria sittin’ three tables behind ya all that time.

ANDY – Y’all went to Abbott Pointe High? What year did y’all gradjeeate?

MILLICENT – 1996.

ANDY – Some beach! I gradjeeated in ‘94. Goldurn it, why don’t I remember you?

MILLICENT – (Flirting) ‘Cause you was on the football team and every gal had a crush on you. Includin’ me. So I just was just another face in the crowd, I reckon’.

ANDY – Mebbe so, but you shore wouldn’t be now, girly girl. Hooeee, look at you. (MILLICENT does a slight twirl of the skirt, flirty) All right. I’m down two gals now, so’s I ain’t got a lots a’ time to train. When kin ya start?

MILLICENT – Well, I first gotta find me a place to stay. I ain’t been in town awhile. Is Ms. Jennisee still operatin’ her room and board?

ANDY – You know Ms. Jennisee?

MILLICENT – Oh, shore. She ever get that bum kidney taken care of?

ANDY – Shore did. About eight years ago.

MILLICENT – I’m glad. She’s one of the nicest ladies.

ANDY – (Scratching his head) Boy howdy, I am plumb stumped. I'd a thought I'd remember a pretty gal like yourself some. I must be gittin' old.

MILLICENT – (Flirting some more) Not older...just better. So, she still over on Frye Street?

ANDY – At's right. Just tell her I done sent you over and she'll put you up no problem.

MILLICENT – Thanks, Sugar. (Begins to go when he calls out to her again)

ANDY – Shore thing. Hey...Y'knows I'd take you over myself, but I gotta finish cleaning up the place for the evening rush. I know! Why don't y'all come back here tonight and I kin...show ya 'round some? The kitchen, I mean.

MILLICENT – (Continuing her flirtation) I'll be here, Sugar. (Bends over and picks up the suitcase)

(ANDY watches her go and he likes what he sees. LIGHTS DIM as scene TRANSITIONS to Act 1, Scene 6)

Act 1, Scene 6 - Andy's Diner – Several Weeks Later

(At LIGHTS UP, it is still the diner only chairs are now down and in place as several CUSTOMERS dine. ANDY has changed his shirt and is neater in appearance. STEVE BARROWS, in more casual attire, enters into the diner from the door stage left and approaches ANDY at the counter)

ANDY – Howdy!

STEVE – (Thrown back by the southern stereotypical colloquialism) Uh, "howdy". Excuse me, are you the manager?

ANDY – No sir. Name's Andy.

STEVE – Please tell me your last name isn't "Taylor". (Looks at the diner sign) Oh, as in "Andy's Diner"?

ANDY – Right. I own the place. Ain't got no manager named Taylor workin' here. Just me. But we've been open twelve years, so I guess I'm doin' all right. You wanna seat? I kin git ya a menu.

STEVE – No, that's okay. I'm allergic...to grease. Actually, I was told you may have run into this woman. (Checks his pockets)

ANDY – Hell, I "run into" lots a' gals, if'n y'all know what I mean. (Laughs)

STEVE – (Feigning amusement) Heh-heh...yeah, right. (To HIMSELF) It's like Hell became "Mayberry RFD". (Can't find the picture) Damn. Left the picture in my suit. (To ANDY) Um, she's kind of a slender build, nice looking, brown hair. Her name is Millicent? Millicent Bradley?

ANDY – Nope. Ain't seen nobody like that. Lemme check with one of my new gals. Maybe she seen her. (Calls out to that back kitchen area off left) Sabrina! Hey Sabrina!

MILLICENT – (Offstage) What?

ANDY – You seen anybody named...(Looks at STEVE)?

STEVE – Uh, “Millicent”.

ANDY – “Uh, Millicent”? (STEVE shrugs and sighs)

MILLICENT – (Enters quickly carrying a tray of drinks for TWO CUSTOMERS near center. Her hair is tied back with a headband and she now wears a typical waitress style uniform) Nope. Don’t sound familiar. Now, what’ll you nice folks have? (Begins to take their orders as STEVE and ANDY continue talking)

ANDY – Sorry, mister. Is this lady in some kind of trouble?

STEVE – Damned if I know. She’s a missing person. She was supposed to be out this way. Her husband’s worried. They found her car twenty miles outside of this dump...I mean, “hamlet”. What’s it called again? Abbott ...?

ANDY – (Smiling) Pointe. Abbott Pointe.

STEVE – Abbot Pointe. Well, I’ve come all the way from New York looking for her. So far I’ve run into nothing but dead ends and road kill. (Feeling the sweat on his forehead) It’s been a long drive. Do you mind if I just sit here? Can I get some water?

ANDY – Why shore. Y’all go right ahead. I’ll have Sabrina bring you a glass. (Calls out) Hey! Sabrina. Come here, Babycakes. (STEVE sits at the counter and wipes his brow with a napkin)

STEVE – Christ! Sure is hot out, huh? Whew! Must be a hundred and ten degrees in the shade.

ANDY – And this is one of our cooler days.

MILLICENT – (Comes up and kisses ANDY on the cheek) What y’all need there, Sugar?

ANDY – Get this city feller a glass of water, pronto.

MILLICENT – Right away. (She turns and he slaps her on the behind as she goes, which she seems to enjoy. STEVE looks at her and begins to recognize her as MILLICENT. ANDY looks at STEVE and thinks STEVE’s expression is one of disapproval)

ANDY – Oh, it ain’t harassment. She and me, we is goin’ out.

STEVE – “Goin’ out”? As in...mating season is open?

ANDY – Shore. Few weeks now. We went to high school together. You know we was only two years apart in a school with only maybe a hunnerd students in there, but I don’t reckon’ ever seein’ her before. Ain’t life funny like that?

STEVE – Yeah. (MILLICENT re-enters with a glass of water for STEVE) Life’s real funny like that.

MILLICENT – Here ya go. (Turns to go and kisses ANDY again) Bye, Loverboy. (She pinches his behind)

ANDY – Ouch! (Smiling) So long, Babycakes.

STEVE – (Pulls out his cell phone) Uh, is it all right if I make a call? (To HIMSELF) Before I throw up?

ANDY – Oh, you may not get a signal in here. Try it outside. My old truck is around the back. If'n you stand on the hood, you'll get a signal.

STEVE – (After a beat) Seriously? (Beat) Really?

ANDY – Oh, shore. I used to do it all the time before I fell through one of them there rust holes in the hood. (Demonstrating the following) Just stand with yer feet along'n the sides and you'll be fine. (After a beat) You kin take the water. (Cautioning in a humorous way) Y'all just bring me back the glass, though, okay? (Laughs)

STEVE – (Awkwardly, feigning his appreciation for Andy's witticisms) Heh-heh...yeah, right. (Takes his cell phone and glass of water outside as LIGHTS DIM. Scene transitions to Act 1, Scene 7)

Act 1, Scene 7 - Andy's Diner – Next Day

(LIGHTS UP on Andy's Diner, the next day. New CUSTOMERS are seated. It is a bit busier than previous scene and both ANDY and MILLICENT are busy with the rush, along with ANOTHER WAITRESS. Two older women, MRS. PATCHLEY and MRS. FISKE, are seated down right. STEVE is seated at the counter with a full meal and drink in front of him. He has removed his jacket and, if possible, is wearing a different shirt. MARK enters from the stage left door, looks around for STEVE. STEVE sees MARK and motions for him to join him at the counter. MILLICENT's back is to him. MARK joins STEVE just as MILLICENT turns around doing some set up work near them. MARK attempts to confront her but STEVE stops him)

MARK – (Quietly) Millicent. (MILLICENT does not hear MARK)

STEVE – (To MARK) Wait. Wait. Hold your horses, cowboy. You need to see this. (Calling to MILLICENT) Waitress! (MILLICENT turns and smiles at THEM)

MILLICENT – Is he gonna be joinin' ya, Steve?

STEVE – (Mocking a southern drawl) I...reckon' so, Sabrina. This is a good friend of mine. (Introducing) Good friend of mine...Sabrina. Sabrina...Good friend of mine.

MILLICENT – (To MARK, smiling) Howdy.

MARK – (Nodding) S-Sabrina? Pleasure to make your acquaintance.

MILLICENT – (Turned on) Oooh... you got a sexy voice. You must be a foreigner. Well? What kin I git ya?

MARK – You...you don't know me?

MILLICENT – Well, shore. Yer Steve’s “good friend”, ain’t’cha? (Leans over and whispers) We was just introduced, or don’t’cha remember? (Laughs) You city folk is shore weird.

STEVE – (Feigning laughter) Heh-heh...yeah, right... (To HIMSELF) and the hits just keep on comin’.

MARK – (Realizing, after a beat, says to MILLICENT) A glass of water and a menu, please. (MILLICENT continues to laugh as she exits to the kitchen. MARK turns to STEVE and says) You were right, Barrows. It’s as if she has amnesia.

STEVE – (Shaking his head) No, I thought so, too, at first, but I’ve been keeping an eye on her and this is different. Way different. It’s not just that she doesn’t know who she is. (ANDY comes out with two glasses of water and puts them down in front of MARK and STEVE at the counter)

ANDY – Here y’all go. Sabrina will take your orders in a few. She’s just got to take care of them two old bitties over there (Pointing to MRS. PATCHLEY and MRS. FISKE then exits out into the kitchen).

STEVE – (To MARK) Millicent really believes she is this “Sabrina” chick, who was a real person, according to Andy.

MARK – What?

STEVE – Went to school together and everything. Her belief is so strong I swear she even has this Sabrina’s memories.

MARK – That’s ridiculous.

STEVE – Oh, yeah? Watch her with those two old ladies. I saw her do this thing yesterday and my jaw dropped. I couldn’t believe it...and I’ve seen “Cirque du Soleil”. Let’s see if she does it again.

(MILLICENT returns to bring MRS. PATCHLEY and MRS. FISKE their meals)

MILLICENT – Here you go, ladies. Two senior specials.

MRS. FISKE – (In a crabby southern drawl) Where’s the hot sauce? I asked for hot sauce.

MILLICENT – Oh, y’all know Doctor Chanli said you ain’t supposed to have the hot sauce, Mrs. Fiske, on account a’ your ticker.

MRS. FISKE – Doctor Chanli’s a galdurn commie Choctaw.

MRS. PATCHLEY – (Objecting, but in a much more polite southern drawl) Enid, really!

MILLICENT – A *commie* Choctaw?

MRS. FISKE – Well, he is! I had me this heart near twenty-two years now and (loud, disgusting, prolonged coughing spell) it ain’t never caused me no harm. (Rambles) And who told these injuns they could have their own hospitals, anyways? They is takin’ over the whole state, I’m tellin’ ya! Just watch! Just watch! (Looking around) Where’s the goddamn salt?

MILLICENT – (Attempting to change the subject, speaks to MRS. PATCHLEY) How’s Big Timmy doin’ these days, Mrs. Patchley? I been fixin’ to call him.

MRS. PATCHLEY –(Laughs) Oh, Lordy! “Big Timmy”? Ain’t heard him called that in a long time. He’s been in the army now for years. On his third tour. Do you know my Timmy?

MILLICENT – Why shore. Big Timmy was near six feet tall before we was all in eighth grade. Timmy and me used to ride our bikes with the Jenkins kids over by the Saltings Dairy Farms. (MARK appears stunned by these recollections) Do you remember Mrs. Saltings?

MRS. PATCHLEY – I do. Wonderful lady.

MILLICENT – Shore was.

MRS. FISKE – Saltings? Farm was a galdurn dump. (Drinks)

MRS. PATCHLEY – Now, Enid. Stop that. Lordy, that was over twenty-five years ago. I was so sad when it burned down.

MRS. FISKE – It was them injuns that done it. (Drinks)

MRS. PATCHLEY – Enid, it was not. Now stop makin’ those racist remarks or I’ll take you right back to the rectory. (To MILLICENT) Worst fire I had ever seen.

MILLICENT – I know. We must’a been twelve or thirteen years old at the time. I recall me and Big Timmy and the others we was all a’comin’ home from school when we saw the place on fire. Your Timmy rushed right on in there and saved Mrs. Saltings after she had that stroke doin’ some ironin’ in her kitchen. That’s what started the fire, wasn’t it?

MRS. FISKE – (Muttering) It was them injuns. (Drinks)

MRS. PATCHLEY – (To MRS. FISKE) Shhh. Enid! Enough! (To MILLICENT) That poor woman. She almost died. (MRS. FISKE has finished her drink and is making loud slurping noises with the straw)

MILLICENT – That’s when we...(Interrupted by the slurping noises) That’s when we all knew Big Timmy was gonna be something important someday. You tell him Sabrina says “Hey”, all right?

MRS. PATCHLEY – I will. (Recalling) “Sabrina”. Oh, I haven’t heard that name in years. Didn’t you leave town awhile back, dear?

MILLICENT – (Smiling) Yes, ma’am, but it feels so good to be home. Kin I git you some refills on those drinks?

MRS. FISKE – (Holding up an empty cup) I could use one. Mebbe a goddamn clean fork, too, before the food gits cold?

MRS. PATCHLEY – Now, Enid, don't be an old bitty. And watch your language. We're in a public place. Just wipe your fork on your pants like you usually do. (To MILLICENT) I'm fine, dear.

MRS. FISKE – Goddamn place. (Wiping her fork on her pants) Cain't git any silverware...or salt. I don't know why we come here.

MILLICENT – (Taking MRS. FISKE's cup) I'll be right back, ladies. Thank you.

MRS. PATCHLEY – Thank you, dear.

MRS. FISKE – Tain't no salt on the table. Bring me some goddamn salt. (MILLICENT heads back to the kitchen)

MARK – (Astounded, to STEVE) How can that be?

STEVE – And I've heard five other conversations just like that. It's as if she's lived here her whole life.

MARK – It's not possible. She would have told me. Outside of her father, she never mentioned anything about growing up in this part of the country.

STEVE – Where did she grow up, then?

MARK – I...I'm not quite sure. When we met I thought she mentioned something about Portland.

STEVE – Portland? Mark, there's like five Portlands in the country and I'll be damned if I'm driving to each one.

MARK - This just can't be happening.

STEVE – Easy, now, easy. I spoke with this local psychologist, Dr. Irving, who said we should bring Millicent over for an examination so we can find out what's going on.

MARK – Okay, well what are we waiting for? Let's...

STEVE – Let's what? Mark, how the hell are you going to get her to go? Two strangers just walk up and ask a girl "would you like to go see the local shrink"? She'd have *us* committed.

MARK – You're probably right. There must be a more tactful way of asking.

STEVE – Maybe, but look, there's something else you need to know...and this is going to be rough. You need to prepare yourself for it.

MARK - What?

STEVE – Sabrina is, for lack of a better word, "involved" with the owner here. His name's Andy.

MARK – What?

STEVE – Andy thinks she’s this “gal” he knew in high school. I checked around. Apparently, the original Sabrina did leave town years ago. Her parents suddenly just up and moved away. (An older woman, BETHANNE WOODCOME, comes into the diner and immediately recognizes MILLICENT. She approaches her)

MARK – He hasn’t touched her, has he?

STEVE – (Awkward) Well...

MARK – (Realizing) Oh, God.

BETHANNE – (Hopeful) Madeline? Madeline?

MILLICENT – (Freezes in her tracks. Looks slowly in the direction of BETHANNE. She becomes cold, staring. She recognizes the woman) I’m sorry. Can I help you?

BETHANNE – Madeline. Sweet Jesus, it *is* you. (Coming closer to MILLICENT) Baby, it’s Mom. It’s me.

MILLICENT – Lady, I know you who you are, but my name is Sabrina. Not Madeline.

STEVE and MARK – (Simultaneously) Madeline? Whose Madeline?

ANDY – Madeline? (Remembering) As in Madeline and Sabrina? Holeee shit!

BETHANNE – But you can’t be Sabrina. Sabrina is gone, honey. Don’t you remember? Sabrina is...

MILLICENT – I am Sabrina! (Storms toward the exit) I don’t know what kind of game you’re playin’ here, old lady, but I ain’t Madeline. My name is Sabrina! Madeline is dead! Do y’hear me? Dead! (Exits slamming the door behind her with ANDY following her out. BETHANNE, distraught, collapses into her seat sobbing. MARK and STEVE approach her as MRS. FISKE shouts)

MRS. FISKE – I still need the goddamn salt! (LIGHTS DIM. Scene transitions to Act 1, Scene 8)

Act 1, Scene 8 – Psychologist’s Office – Same Day

(LIGHTS UP on the medical office of psychologist SAVANNAH INGLEWOOD, who is seated stage right in a chair next to BETHANNE and across from STEVE and MARK, who are both standing. There is an entrance door stage right. It is later that same day)

SAVANNAH – (In a mild southern drawl) So, I’m a tad confused.

STEVE – Well, then, Doctor, it’s unanimous.

SAVANNAH - You, Mr. Bradley, seem to believe this woman you saw today is your wife, Millicent, but you Mrs. Woodcome, believe her to be your daughter, Madeline.

BETHANNE – She *is* Madeline.

STEVE – But the girl herself believes she is somebody named “Sabrina”?

MARK – But it can’t be her. Millicent lived in London for all those years. We’ve been happily married for ten.

SAVANNAH – But you said you don’t know a lot about her childhood. She might very well be from these here parts, originally, I mean.

STEVE – I can’t track down any birth records. It’s like her life literally began at the age of adulthood in London. So what’s going on, Dr. Inglewood? What makes a person lose their senses and come to Oklahoma?

SAVANNAH – Mr. Barrows, we all happen to love our state, so we’d appreciate it if you’d keep your snide little comments to yourself?

STEVE – Sorry, Doc. I’m just really hot. It’s really...really hot here. What do you think may have happened to Millicent, really?

SAVANNAH – My first assumption would be a kind of multiple personality disorder, but that doesn’t seem to be appropriate here. I suspect its closer to something called D.I.D. or Dissociative Identity Disorder.

MARK – Is that serious?

STEVE – (Sarcastic) It doesn’t sound *good*.

SAVANNAH – (Explaining) Unlike multiple personalities, Millicent only believes herself to be this “Sabrina”. If something traumatic happened to her *here* as a child, your Millicent may have been suppressing this “Sabrina” all these years and something recently may have made it surface.

BETHANNE – She can’t be Sabrina. She’s Madeline.

SAVANNAH – (To BETHANNE) Why?

STEVE – (Before BETHANNE can respond, says to MARK) Mark, tell her about what happened in New York.

MARK – We were going to see the musical “Oklahoma”, but we had some time to kill before the show, so, on the spur of the moment, we popped into this quaint old antique bookstore.

STEVE – (Laughs) On the “spur” of the moment? (To SAVANNAH) Get it? “Spur”? Oklahoma? (Realizes no one is laughing) Cattle? I’ll shut up, now.

MARK – (Continuing) Millicent had a fainting spell in the store. Then during the show she felt dizzy again so we went back to the hotel. Next morning, she was gone.

SAVANNAH – There might have been something that acted as a trigger for Millicent’s odd behavior and disappearance. What was she doing or looking at in the store before she fainted?

MARK – There was this book on mythology that she was looking at.

SAVANNAH – Do you have the book with you?

MARK – No. It was gone the next day, too.

STEVE – The Oklahoma State Police recovered it from the rental car. I’ve got it somewhere. I’ll be happy to give it to you, Savannah.

MARK – Why’d the police just let you have the book?

STEVE – I still have some friends on the NYPD. I made some calls. They made some calls. I got the book. Let’s move on.

SAVANNAH – (Smiling at Steve, finding him a bit charming) Thank you, Steve. (To MARK) Yes, Mr. Bradley, there could very well be something in the book. (To BETHANNE) You seem so distant, Mrs. Woodcome.

BETHANNE – (In disbelief) It’s just all so fantastic.

STEVE – The names “Sabrina” and “Madeline” seem to ring a lot of bells for people here in town, but nobody’s talkin’. Who were they, ma’am? We know Madeline was your daughter, but who was this Sabrina? I mean the real Sabrina.

BETHANNE – Yes, well, bein’ a small town we don’t have a lot of births in Abbott’s Point. So, when they happen everybody knows about ‘em.

STEVE – (To MARK, joking) Telephone, telegraph, tell-a-friend...

BETHANNE - Madeline and Sabrina were born the same year, less than a month apart. Sabrina was born in May and Madeline in June. Sabrina was born into a poor and spiteful family. My baby girl, of course, was Madeline. We had lots a’ money but there was one thing all her daddy’s money couldn’t buy.

MARK – What was that?

BETHANNE - Fertility. See, I was much younger than he. Oh, we tried and tried but we just couldn’t have a baby of our own.

STEVE – So, he was firing blanks. What about adoption?

BETHANNE - Oh, no, we don’t “adopt” in my family. Maintainin’ our family line naturally was always very important. After years of tryin’ I became desperate to have a child.

SAVANNAH – So, what did you do?

BETHANNE – I'm ashamed to say.

MARK – Please, Mrs. Woodcome. I need to know.

BETHANNE – (Summoning the courage) Tryin' took a great toll on our marriage. Finally, it got to the point my husband didn't want to touch me. There was this feller who came through town once, only once. Never saw him again. He was a truck driver, I think.

STEVE – You had an affair. (To MARK) Well, that's "natural", I guess.

BETHANNE – (Nodding) I ain't proud to admit it, but there it is. Turns out, he had been with Sabrina's mother 'round that same time. After the babies was born, we had no way of knowin'...

SAVANNAH – (Realizing) Oh. Now, I see. You didn't know that they'd look like...identical twins?

BETHANNE – (Nodding) Yes. That's it.

STEVE – Twin girls? Different mothers? Sure this wasn't Charlie Sheen who came through this Okie town?

SAVANNAH - Unfortunately, Steve, it's more common an occurrence than you might think.

BETHANNE – At first, of course, nobody suspected and we certainly didn't speak of it.

SAVANNAH - But, as the girls grew, they became virtually identical in appearance?

BETHANNE – Yes, it became pretty obvious that they both shared the same father. And since they didn't look like either of their *own* daddies, it created scandalous gossip all over town.

SAVANNAH - It must have been even harder on the girls as they got older.

BETHANNE - Both girls were taunted by classmates all through school. Sabrina, tryin' to fit in, would be so mean to Madeline, calling her a snob and bullying her around town. I had to pull Madeline out of school. But, it didn't help. It's such a small town. Where could she go? Shortly after each girl had turned sixteen, there was that terrible night.

MARK – What happened, Mrs. Woodcome?

BETHANNE - The two girls, unable to abide the gossip and humiliation anymore, fought at the edge of a small river ravine outside of town.

SAVANNAH – Yes, now I remember.

STEVE – You do? How?

SAVANNAH – Well, not about a fight, exactly. Both girls disappeared. Rumors swirled about a fight at the river. There was this media frenzy all over the state. They searched for weeks, but no bodies was ever recovered. After a year or so, people just lost hope.

STEVE – So you’re saying Millicent is one of these missing girls?

SAVANNAH – More importantly, Steve, is that *she* believes she is.

STEVE – Okay, but...which one? Sabrina or Madeline? And who started the fight? And if one is still alive, what happened to the other? Christ, there are more plot twists here than on “Days of Our Lives”. (The rumbling sound of a storm begins off in the distance) “Tune in tomorrow for another episode of...”

MARK – (Interrupting, to BETHANNE) What happened next, Mrs. Woodcome?

(BETHANNE begins to speak but then suppresses the urge, fidgeting in her seat)

SAVANNAH – What is it?

BETHANNE – No. I cain’t do this anymore. I want to see her. I want to talk with her. I won’t say another word until I see my baby.

STEVE – “Baby” no wanna come here, Mrs. Woodcome.

MARK – You know, Dr. Inglewood, that’s not a bad idea.

SAVANNAH – What do you mean, Mr. Bradley?

MARK – Let’s get her in here. We can sort this all out and I can get my Millicent back.

SAVANNAH – If she *is* your Millicent, Mr. Bradley.

MARK – (Getting angrier) Of course she *is* my Millicent!

STEVE – But Mark, she also may be this Sabrina...or Madeline. I’m starting to lose track. (Wiping his brow again) God, it’s hot.

MARK – Well, I’ve got to bloody well try, don’t I?

STEVE – Mark, calm down. We only want what’s best for her.

SAVANNAH - For everybody. Think of Mrs. Woodcome, here.

MARK – Blast it all. Not to sound unfeeling, Mrs. Woodcome, Dr. Inglewood, but I don’t care about these two illegitimate children. I just want my wife back. The love of my life. And I’m going to get her back, right now!

(MARK storms out as LIGHTS begin to DIM. STEVE rushes off after MARK. The sound of wind, rain and thunder continues as the scene TRANSITIONS to Act 1, Scene 9)

Act 1, Scene 9 – Andy’s Apartment

(LIGHTS Up on a single door, isolated center stage. There is heavy thunder, wind and rain. MARK enters and knocks on the door, pounding. STEVE enters right behind him, trying to shield himself from the elements)

MARK – Millicent! Millicent!

STEVE – Mark, you can’t just barge in there. Andy doesn’t know anything about any of this. He’s just some poor dumb schlub who thinks he’s been banging some new waitress.

MARK – Shut your face! That’s my wife.

STEVE – He doesn’t know that. Neither does she. How’d you find out where Andy lives, anyway?

MARK – Like you said, it’s a small town. (Returns to pounding on the door) Millicent! Millicent! (Thunder and lightning gets worse)

(ANDY answers the door, shirt off. MILLICENT stands behind him, with her top off, standing in a bra)

ANDY – Hey, look, mister! I don’t know who y’all think you are, but me and my gal’s been tryin’ to...

(MARK grabs ANDY and the two engage in a two fisted brawl)

STEVE – (Trying to pull them off of each other) Guys! Knock it off! Mark! My fee doesn’t cover my saving your ass from a violent Okie! So, stop it! (STEVE gets knocked to the ground. MARK and ANDY continue to fight)

MILLICENT – Andy? Andy? (Struggling) M-M...

(The fighting is fierce, building in intensity until MILLICENT screams)

MILLICENT – Mark! Mark stop! (MARK and ANDY stop as MILLICENT collapses to the ground. MARK rushes to her side and lifts her head up onto his lap)

ANDY – (To STEVE, confused) Mark? Who’s Mark?

MARK – (To ANDY) I am. (To STEVE) Steve...Steve she remembered. (LIGHTS DIM as do the sounds of inclement weather)

STEVE – But we still don’t know, I mean...just who the hell *is* this chick?

(Blackout)

End of Act One

Act Two

Act 2, Scene 1 – A Cliff by a Local Waterway

(LIGHTS UP on a bare stage. The sound of heavy wind blowing is heard. MARK, MILLICENT, SAVANNAH, STEVE, BETHANNE and ANDY are all present stage left, wearing jackets. It is the next day. STEVE and ANDY come to center to speak before the others cross to them)

ANDY – Why is we up here, anyway? And why do y'all need me? I ain't been up here in years.

STEVE – The doctor thought coming here might stir some memories. Believe me it wasn't my idea. I'd just assume go home to New York and let the doctors there figure things out. But when the girl came to last night, she called out for you.

ANDY – She did?

STEVE – That's right. She still thinks she's Sabrina. Mark thinks she's Millicent. Bethanne thinks she's Madeline. I think everybody's nuts, but nobody's asking me. You went to school with these girls. Tell me what you remember about the night they went missing.

ANDY – Not much. Rumor round school was Sabrina had it in for Madeline and was gonna beat her up somethin' fierce, is all.

STEVE – This charming cliff side was the last place they were seen together?

ANDY – Yeah. Most of the serious fights in school they'd settle scores up good round here.

(MARK escorts a stunned MILLICENT up to center stage, followed by BETHANNE and SAVANNAH. MILLICENT sees ANDY and bursts free of MARK)

MILLICENT – Andy! (Rushes up to ANDY. ANDY looks at the others, not knowing how to respond) Oh, Andy, I'm so frightened. Take me home. Please?

ANDY – (Trying to comfort her) Easy, Babycakes. I'm right here. I ain't gonna let nothin' happen to ya.

MARK – (Comes up and grabs her away from ANDY) Stop this! (To ANDY) You get away from her, you hillbilly cretin! I'll kill you if you touch her again! You hear me? I'll kill you!

MILLICENT – (Screaming out toward the sky) I'll kill you! I'll kill you!

(ALL turn toward MILLICENT who appears disoriented and drops to the ground)

STEVE – (Looking around) Whoa. (To SAVANNAH) Doc...what's happening? Why'd she say that?

SAVANNAH – (Kneeling next to MILLICENT) She's recalling what happened that day.

MILLICENT – (Groggy, tries to stand, points out over the cliff) I...see it. I see it.

STEVE – (Looking out beyond the cliff area) See what? Muskogee?

MARK – (To STEVE) Steve, please! (Attempting to help MILLICENT) Millicent...

SAVANNAH – (Cautioning MARK) Not yet, Mr. Bradley. Let's see if we can pull this out of her. (To MILLICENT) What do you remember, Sabrina?

BETHANNE – She's not Sabrina. She cain't be. She's Madeline.

SAVANNAH – You said that before. (Curious) How can you be so shore?

BETHANNE – Because Sabrina is dead.

ANDY – Wait a sec. Both girls was dead, uh, I thought.

STEVE – (To BETHANNE) I'll bite. If the girls looked like twins, how can you know for certain who this is?

BETHANNE – Because Madeline...

MILLICENT – (Interrupting, cold, recalling) I killed her. I killed Sabrina. She came at me. She was crazy. We fought. She got too close to the edge. Her body...she fell into the river. I couldn't find her. I ran. I ran home.

BETHANNE – (Admitting to ALL) Madeline came home that night, after the fight. She told us Sabrina just went wild. Madeline was all cut up, bruised. She told us what happened. Then Madeline became agitated and collapsed, blacked out.

MARK – Just like at the bookstore...and outside Andy's place.

STEVE – (Looking at MARK) Yeah.

SAVANNAH – You and your husband...I'm guessing you coordinated some sort of cover up. But how?

BETHANNE – (Nodding) My husband, who was not a good man, felt the family could not withstand another scandal. He had business interests all over the world and this would be the height of embarrassment for him.

STEVE – He wanted to leave town?

BETHANNE – No. He wanted to leave me. He never forgave me for the affair or for the sixteen years of hell that followed.

STEVE – So, after the media lost interest, he paid Sabrina's scum parents a lot of money to leave town.

SAVANNAH – Then he took Madeline away?

STEVE – Sure. (Guessing) Out of the country and into hiding, I suppose.

MARK – (Surmising) To England. Millicent.

STEVE – Millicent Hedgeworth’s life began just as Madeline Woodcome’s ended. Mr. Woodcome wanted a clean slate. Must have paid a bundle to change their identities like that. All that to...

SAVANNAH – ...to preserve his reputation. He was so wrong in so many ways.

BETHANNE – He was cruel. He threatened me, saying that should I ever try to find them he would expose my infidelity. At the time, this would have proven personally and financially devastating to my prominent family. My parents took his side, of all things. I was devastated.

SAVANNAH – You poor woman. What’d you do?

BETHANNE – I shut down. I became a recluse. I didn’t leave that house for fifteen years, just waitin’ for the day my Madeline would come back to me. And now, she has.

MILLICENT – (Breaking her silence) For years I didn’t speak.

BETHANNE – Madeline?

MARK – Millicent! Darling. (Holds her but sees there is no response) She’s in there. I know she is.

STEVE – (To MARK) Mark, my guess is that when Madeline’s father created this whole “Millicent” persona for Madeline, he ultimately raised her, no, *programmed* her to be “Millicent Hedgeworth”.

ANDY – “Hedgeworth”? I am so confused. Y’all know...I mean, what do we do now? Call the po-lice?

STEVE – I doubt it. It was fifteen years ago. They were both minors, and it sounds like this Sabrina chick had freaked out. Madeline (Looking at MILLICENT) was only trying to defend herself. They’d drag this out in the courts for years.

BETHANNE – (To herself) “Trying to defend...”? (Goes up to MILLICENT and tries to reassure her) Do y’hear that, baby? It wasn’t your fault. It wasn’t your fault, Madeline!

MILLICENT – (Slowly looks at BETHANNE with blossoming recognition) Momma? Momma?

BETHANNE – (Looks at her curiously, but then smiles) Yes, baby, it’s Mom! (They hug)

MILLICENT – (Hugging) Momma! Oh, momma! I missed you so.

MARK – (To SAVANNAH) Now what, Doctor?

SAVANNAH – (Indicating MILLICENT and BETHANNE) Let them enjoy the moment, Mark. There may still be some hope for you, as well.

ANDY – (To SAVANNAH) So, if she’s really Madeline, how come this gal called herself Sabrina?

SAVANNAH – Her conscience, I suppose. Madeline felt guilty because of Sabrina’s death all these years that when the memories started rushing back they returned in the guise of the victim.

STEVE – (Considers) Of course, we could run a DNA test, just to be sure.

SAVANNAH – (Indicating MILLICENT and BETHANNE) I don’t think that will be necessary, Steve. Just look at them. Mother and daughter, reunited after all these years. Let ‘em enjoy it for now.

MILLICENT – I missed you so, Momma.

BETHANNE – (Reassured) I don’t need any test. This is my baby. (MILLICENT becomes dizzy again)

MARK – (To SAVANNAH) But is there any way to bring Millicent back?

MILLICENT – (Becoming more steady, turning) Mark? (Sees MARK and becomes emotional) Mark! Oh Mark! (Rushes up to MARK and hugs him) I remember. (Turns to BETHANNE) I remember everything. Momma, this is Mark. My husband. (To MARK) The love of my life.

ANDY – Do y’all remember me?

MILLICENT – (Looks at ANDY for a beat, then shakes her head) No. I’m sorry. Do you work with the doctor?

ANDY – (Shrugs his shoulders and sighs) Guess I’m out a waitress. (To MARK) Good luck, there, feller.

MARK – Thank you.

STEVE – Come on. Let’s get the hell out of here. I was sweating when I got here now I’m freezing my balls off. How do you people live like this?

(Wind diminishes and LIGHTS DIM as scene TRANSITIONS to Act 2, Scene 2)

Act 2, Scene 2 - Andy’s Diner – One Week Later

(LIGHTS UP. The diner is empty. It is a week later. ANDY is there, sans jacket. It is night and near closing time. MRS. FISKE is sitting at the counter, eating when ANDY comes out of the kitchen)

ANDY – I cain’t find any more hot sauce anywhere, Mrs. Fiske.

MRS. FISKE – Goldurn it. (After a beat) What about some salt? (SAVANNAH and BETHANNE enter through the door)

ANDY – We is closed. (Sees that it is them) Oh, hey there, ladies. Come on in. What can I get y’all?

SAVANNAH – (Pleased) Two coffees. We just came from the airport.

ANDY – I’ll join ya. (Starts to prepare a tray) Did the happy couple get off okay?

BETHANNE – (Smiling) They shore did. They’ll be heading back to London in a day or two. They wanted to finish their anniversary which got interrupted. I’ll be seeing them again...in about nine months, though.

SAVANNAH – (Surprised) Nine months? You mean she...(BETHANNE nods. BOTH women shriek)

MRS. FISKE – Pipe down! Christ! Ya think it was a bunch of them commie injuns come a’callin’.

BETHANNE – Oh, Enid. Please! Quit your racist diatribin’ for a minute.

SAVANNAH – Enid, I see you ain’t stickin’ to your diet again. I’m going to have to talk to Doctor Chanli about you.

MRS. FISKE – He’s the worst of ‘em!

ANDY – (Rushes out from kitchen) Whoa...whoa...wait a minute. If she’s pregnant, I didn’t have nothin’ to do with it. (To BETHANNE) I used protection and all that, ma’am. I swear.

BETHANNE – No, silly. She checked. She wadn’t pregnant before she arrived here. But thank you for that lovely image, dear.

ANDY –Whew! That’s a relief. (Goes back to preparing the coffee tray) Hey, I ain’t seen that detective feller ‘round, neither.

SAVANNAH – Steve? Oh, he left days ago. But, we have a luncheon date for the next time I’m in New York. (Smiling. BETHANNE is happy for her)

ANDY - Well, looks like everybody got their happy ending around here but little old Andy.

BETHANNE – (Rolling her eyes) Oh, I wouldn’t say that, dear.

ANDY – (Ignoring the remark, returns with the coffee tray) Ah, well. I’ll live. What’ll they do now?

BETHANNE - (Smiling) Mark said he was thinking of relocating his business to America. I gave them a belated wedding present. It should more than cover the cost of a new home. (To SAVANNAH) Oh, maybe they’d even consider moving near here.

SAVANNAH – Aww, that would be wonderful.

ANDY – Yeah. Wonderful. (Pours them each a cup of coffee then himself a cup) Y’know, one thing that I still don’t git about this whole thing. I still ain’t clear what caused the gal to snap like that in the first place.

SAVANNAH – It was the book.

ANDY – What book?

SAVANNAH – Millicent bought a book on Celtic mythology in New York. (BETHANNE stirs) In it she came across the story of Sabrina and the River Severn.

ANDY – “Sabrina Severn”. That’s the name she give me when she come in lookin’ for work.

SAVANNAH - The myth speaks of a man who fathered two children by different women. Both children, in that case a boy and a girl, were born on the same day. One was named Sabrina.

ANDY – And the other one Madeline, right?

SAVANNAH – Wrong, but that was enough to trigger a flashback. Her father must have had quite some control over her.

BETHANNE – (Unnerved) The book. Where is that book? Did Steve take it with him?

SAVANNAH – No, as a matter of fact I have it with me.

BETHANNE – Could I see it, please?

SAVANNAH – Shore. (Reaches into her purse and pulls out the book, showing it to BETHANNE) Here it is.

BETHANNE – (Studying the book, then with cold realization) Oh my.

ANDY – What?

BETHANNE - I only met Sabrina’s mother once. It was at a “welcome to the neighborhood” party bein’ thrown for them.

ANDY – Hey! I remember that party. The whole town came. Regular barn burner.

BETHANNE – Yes. And I was told the mother was a collector of Irish curiosities and books. So, I brung her this book.

SAVANNAH – This book?

BETHANNE – The very same one. She...she give it to...

SAVANNAH – (Shock, quiet) Sabrina. Oh, my God.

BETHANNE – (Stunned, realizing Madeline must be dead) My baby.

ANDY – What do you think’a that, Doc?

SAVANNAH – Let me think. (Considers) All right. Well, I guess there are two possibilities: First, it could be that the shock of the murder was too much for Sabrina’s conscience to handle, so in her mind she assumed Madeline’s identity and began a new life as Millicent.

BETHANNE – Could that be it?

SAVANNAH – Hard to say, Andy. The new identity might a’ consumed her, meaning she literally became Madeline and Millicent, forcin’ Sabrina’s personality to lay dormant for a decade while the Millicent persona become dominant. Then, like a volcano, Sabrina erupted to the surface when triggered.

BETHANNE – What is the other possibility?

MRS. FISKE – Sabrina is a cunt (Eats her meal).

SAVANNAH – Enid! Please!

MRS. FISKE – (Apologizing) S’cuse me...(To herself) but she is.

SAVANNAH – It is possible, Bethanne, I suppose, that Sabrina staged the whole thing.

BETHANNE – Oh, no. It cain’t be. That means...

SAVANNAH – (Gently taking BETHANNE by the hand) I know, Bethanne, and I’m sorry.

ANDY – Some beach. Should we go after ‘em? Call the police?

BETHANNE – Wait, Andy! What if we’re wrong? What about poor Mark?

SAVANNAH – She’s right, Andy. No matter which truth is revealed, it would be devastatin’ for Mark. He might not be able to take much more. And if Millicent is *innocent*, just think of her.

ANDY – How come?

SAVANNAH – Consider that volcano. Three personalities, locked together, constantly fightin’ each other for dominance. The Madeline or Sabrina personalities could re-surface at any moment, and potentially cause total devastation for Millicent...and Mark.

MRS. FISKE – Doctor Chanli told me there’s an old Choctaw legend. It’s about a child who was offered three things which would determine they’s future. One was poisonous herbs to use against tribal enemies, makin’ the kid they’s protector. The second was good herbs to make the child a great healer of the tribe. The third was a knife, which would make the child a ruthless, coldblooded killer.

SAVANNAH – Which did the child choose, Mrs. Fiske?

MRS. FISKE – (Annoyed) How the hell should I know? Alls I’m sayin’ is that Doctor Chanli is a goddamn communist Choctaw! Kin I git this to go? I gotta git back to the church to finish doin’ the laundry.

ANDY – (After a beat, feeling helpless) So we just...do nothin’?

SAVANNAH – (Sips her coffee) Let’s have another round. Then...I’ll make a call.

(LIGHTS DIM as scene TRANSITIONS to Act 2, Scene 3)

Act 2, Scene 3 - A Fancy Room at the Bayside New York Luxury Hotel

(LIGHTS UP on a typical fancy hotel room. There are two doors, the entrance door on upstage left and the bathroom door upstage right. It is the next night. MARK is lying in a bed right downstage right. He is either in pajamas or half dressed. MILLICENT is not present. There is a KNOCK at the bathroom door)

MARK – (Calling out) Who is it?

(MILLICENT emerges from the bathroom. She is scantily costumed in “sexy maid” lingerie with stockings and garters, holding a feather duster)

MILLICENT – (Seductively) Room service, sir. Can I...”service” you?

MARK – Yes. Yes, you can. Come here. (She crawls into bed with him. Before the action gets too hot and heavy, there is a knock at the door) Blast! (Calls out) Go away. We don’t need the room cleaned...yet. (There is another knock at the door) Oh, damn.

MILLICENT – Let them think we’re out.

MARK – Another ten seconds more, love, and that would be an almost impossible task. (There is another knock) All right. Hold on! (Gets out of bed. Looks at MILLICENT) Well, cover up, love. (To the door) Coming! I’m (He looks back at MILLICENT who purses her lips seductively. He sighs) coming. (He puts on a bathrobe and answers the door. STEVE is there) Mr. Barrows. Steve! What are you doing here? I mean, at this hour?

STEVE – (Joking) I hope I’m interrupting something. May I come in? (MILLICENT covers herself up with the blankets from the bed)

MARK – (Surprised) Uh, certainly. (STEVE enters and MARK closes the door behind him) What can I do for you?

STEVE – Well, Mark, I’m afraid there’s been a little hitch.

MARK – A “hitch”? What “hitch”?

STEVE – (Looking at MILLICENT) Well, speaking of “hitch”, good evening, Mrs. Bradley.

MILLICENT – (In a mild southern drawl) Evening, Mr. Barrows.

STEVE – (To MILLICENT) Ooh, still got the accent? Nice touch. Very good, very good. (To MARK) Yes, a hitch in your plan.

MARK – (Annoyed) What plan?

STEVE – (Casually) Why, your plan. And her plan. The whole fraud scheme. See, I got how you planned this whole con before you came to the U.S. You can thank Officer Collins for that.

MILLICENT – Officer who?

MARK – Collins, dearest. He referred me to the good investigator here.

STEVE – (Crosses to MILLICENT's bedside) Yes, ma'am. You see, when Officer Collins referred Mark to me, he realized something wasn't ringing true with Mark's story. But, he gave you the benefit of the doubt when he gave you my card. It was so nice of your husband to give me access to all his computer files both here...and the ones in London. You do remember that conversation, Mark, don't you?

MARK – Yes. What of it?

STEVE – Let me back up a sec. (Literally backs up to where MARK is standing, beeping noises optional) Remember the rental car? Oh, that was a nice touch. I gotta give you props for that. Abandoning it was traceable, leading me right to where you wanted to be found all along. (To MILLICENT) But I guess you didn't expect me to find you there so quickly, did you?

MILLICENT – I didn't expect you there at all.

STEVE – (Comes back over to her bedside) Ah, sure you did. We both know. But you had to have wondered how I was able to find you that *soon*. I mean, out of all the goddamn random places in that part of Oklahoma I could have gone to why choose Abbott Point first? I mean, bing! Right out of the gate? (MILLICENT says nothing, after a beat) Didn't cross your mind? Not at all? Huh. (Rises, crosses up to MARK again) You said you had never been to Oklahoma before.

MARK – Yes. I've never been out of England.

STEVE – That *is* true, but you looked up Oklahoma on the internet.

MARK – No, I didn't.

STEVE – Oh, yes you did. The search was saved on your computer.

MILLICENT – Now I remember. I did, months ago.

STEVE – (Coy) Why, precious?

MILLICENT – It was before we realized that I wasn't quite right in the head.

STEVE – Ah-ha! (To MARK) I always wanted to say that. (To MILLICENT) Ah-ha! Now see, that's *not* true. In your internet history folder I also discovered that you, and I'm guessing it was both of you, had done a MapQuest specific to Abbott Point weeks prior to leaving London. I simply followed those same directions.

MILLICENT – (Unnerved) Mark?

MARK – (Countering) Steady, darling. (To STEVE) That doesn't mean anything. Millicent could have been doing that under duress, another suppressed memory.

STEVE – Now you’re an expert on D.I.D.? Interesting. Out in Abbott Pointe you didn’t seem so knowledgeable. Anyway, you’re right. That could be. But then there’s the book.

MARK – What about the book?

STEVE - You “Googled” for that Celtic Mythology book at antique bookstores in New York City. (Pulling the book out of his pocket) You knew *exactly* where to find it. (Tosses the book at MARK) You should really clear your cache more often, Mark. (There is a knock at the door) Ah-ha! I love doing that. Ah-ha! That must be him now. (Opens the door and OFFICER COLLINS enters) You remember Officer Collins, don’t you, Mark? (MARK nods) Good. Now, where was I? Oh, yes. While we were in Abbott Point, I called Collins asking him to look into your financials with his London counterparts, and what do you think he found? (MARK shrugs but before he can answer) No need to answer. Go ahead, Collins.

COLLINS – Gambling debts. Tons of them. Both of you. Right up your “across the pond” wazoos.

STEVE – I also asked Collins to speak with the attorney for the Hedgeworth estate. (ALL look at STEVE. After a beat, he responds) What? Cell service sucked in Abbott Pointe. I got tired of standing on that truck.

COLLINS – Madeline’s father found out that Sabrina was posing as Madeline all those years and eliminated her from the will before his heart attack.

STEVE – (To COLLINS) No loss. Guy sounded like a prick. (To MARK) But, you two crazy kids needed some green and quick. Sabrina here hatched the scheme and you made all the arrangements.

MILLICENT – Sabrina? Who in the world is...

STEVE – Oh, for the love of God, wouldja shut it please! And by that I mean put on a robe or something. I’m cold just looking at you. (MILLICENT finds a sheer negligee robe and puts it on) You staged things real good, I gotta admit. While buying the new copy of the book, you now had witnesses like the store clerk who could attest to Millicent’s fainting spell. (Pointing to the book still in MARK’s hand) By the way, forty-three dollars for that thing? Outrageous.

COLLINS – (Pulling out the business card of the DOCTOR from Act 1, Scene 1) Even got a doctor’s business card here to boot. There would also be a number of witnesses who would have seen her “unwell” at both the theatre and at the hotel.

STEVE – (Excited) I just love good exposition. Recognizing Andy, Sabrina knew she could flirt her way into a job where she hoped eventually Bethanne would come by to eat.

MARK - She didn’t know that would happen.

STEVE – (Seriously) No, Mark, she didn’t know WHEN it would happen, but she knew it would happen. If it took too long I guess Sabrina would just keep dropping enough hints to get people like Mrs. Patchley to gossip about (faking a southern drawl) “this waitress who bore a strikin’ resemblance to Bethanne’s

long lost daughter”? (Normal voice) It was just fortuitous that she showed up while you and I were at the diner to see it happen.

MILLICENT – This is obscene. She’s the most wonderful woman I have ever met.

STEVE – I agree, which makes you all the bigger of a bitch. Of course, I still didn’t know any of your scheme until much later. You had me fooled. But more and more, little things you guys either said or did kept revealing your con. That’s why I had to let things play out as they did.

MILLICENT – (Gets out of bed) And what about Andy? Was it also a “con” that I fell in love with him?

STEVE – That poor schmuck? You never gave two shits about Andy. Establishing a relationship with Andy just made the whole D.I.D. theory more plausible. (To MARK) But, letting your wife get shtupped by him, Mark? Yikes. I mean (Looking at MILLICENT) wow. Yikes.

COLLINS – (To MARK) Then, you maneuvered Steve and the psychologist to foster the whole manipulation of Bethanne’s emotional state.

STEVE – Right. The whole thing played out so well Bethanne wanted to give “Madeline” the money she had always hoped to give her on her wedding day. (To COLLINS) Paul, would you? (COLLINS exits the room. To MILLICENT) How much did she give you? A hundred thousand? Two?

MILLICENT – (Admitting) Five.

STEVE – Wow. Holy shit. And once you blew that on the craps table, I’m sure you could always call her for more. Well, I’m just so sorry, actually, I’m not (chuckling), but you’re gonna have to give all that money back.

MILLICENT – (Seductively opening up her robe) Now, Steve, I’m certain we can work out some sort of nice little arrangement?

MARK – (Cautioning, annoyed) Darling...

STEVE – (Looks at her) You are a stunner, lady, but I’m afraid that wouldn’t be possible.

MILLICENT – You don’t find me appealing?

STEVE – I find I’m gay. But, even if I weren’t, Sabrina, you’re becoming less appealing to me by the second.

MILLICENT – (Angry, defensive) I am not Sabrina. I am Madeline!

MARK – Millicent!

STEVE – Shut up, all *four* of you! I’m getting dizzy myself, here.

(COLLINS knocks on the door. STEVE opens the door and COLLINS walks through with TALLMADGE, who escorts in both BETHANNE and SAVANNAH)

MILLICENT – (Getting out of bed, re-wrapping her robe) Momma.

STEVE – Save it. You worked this out to every detail, but there’s one thing about Madeline you didn’t know which gave you away. (Looking at BETHANNE) Right? One thing that only her mother knew.

BETHANNE – (Takes a step forward, forcing the news out) At the time she disappeared, Madeline...Madeline was...pregnant.

(There is a stunned silence for a beat then MILLICENT responds out of anger and frustration)

MILLICENT – She was not!

MARK – (Slamming the book to the ground) Shut up! Sabrina, you stupid bitch!

STEVE – Ah-ha! It never gets old. Ah-ha! Collins! (COLLINS and TALLMADGE grab onto MARK and MILLICENT, restraining them)

MILLICENT – Shit! (Panicking, breaks free and runs up to BETHANNE) Momma, you gotta believe me, I...

BETHANNE – (Coldly, referring back to the Choctaw legend) I guess you “chose the knife”, didn’t you, Sabrina?

MILLICENT – (Confused) “Knife”...what?

BETHANNE – (Grabs MILLICENT by the shoulders) Never you mind. (Building into a rage) Sabrina, Madeline may have been your half sister, but she was still your sister, your only sister...and you killed her! (She slaps MILLICENT hard then looks away. MILLICENT truly reveals herself as SABRINA by laughing then she turns to STEVE and the laughter subsides)

STEVE – (Serious) Yeah, it was a trick. A lousy, dirty trick. I’m just glad it was Savannah who came up with the idea.

SAVANNAH - Madeline *wasn’t* pregnant. But even if *we* didn’t figure things out, I’m shore Bethanne would have eventually found out your charade...

STEVE - And you’d be up shit’s creek again. What would you have done then? Kill her, too? (Looks at MILLICENT who merely provides a chilling smile) Yeah, I guess you would’ve. You know, you did get one other thing right. You said it yourself...there is definitely something “not quite right in the head” with you, lady. (Looks at MARK) You either. (Motions to the door) See ya.

(COLLINS and TALLMADGE escort MARK and MILLICENT out the door. STEVE looks at BETHANNE who has been looking away this whole time. He leans over and asks)

STEVE – “Pregnant”?

BETHANNE – (Turns back to him, calmly apologizing) I panicked. I’m sorry. I just couldn’t think of anything else. Was that too much?

STEVE – (Smiling) No, ma’am. You were great, just great. But there *was* something. At the cliff, I saw it in your face. It was then I thought you may have suspected something. What was it?

BETHANNE – It was nothing, really. It’s just that, she called me “Momma” and Madeline always called me “Mom”.

STEVE – Well, I guess it’s like you said, a mother always knows.

BETHANNE – Y’all are being very tactful, Mr. Barrows, but I realize I almost lost half a million dollars. But, you wanna know something? In the end, it might have just been worth it to believe, however briefly, that my Madeline was still alive.

STEVE – Yes, I suppose that’s true, Mrs. Woodcome. I suppose that’s true. I’ll take you downstairs.

(As they begin to exit, SAVANNAH turns to STEVE and says)

SAVANNAH – You’re gay? You could have told me you were gay. I thought we had a date.

STEVE – (Playfully defensive) I said lunch. Anyway, I thought you knew.

SAVANNAH – (Annoyed) How would I have known?

STEVE – Some shrink you are. Jesus! (Pointing to BETHANNE who has left the room by now) What was that business she said about a knife?

SAVANNAH – I’ll explain later. (They exit, shutting the door to the hotel room behind them as LIGHTS DIM)

(Blackout)

The End