

## ACT ONE

*(Lights up on a well-decorated, albeit cluttered, apartment on the Upper East Side of New York City. A large comfortable couch is the prominent feature of the living room: worn and welcoming with throw pillows of a decidedly more modern mode.*

*There is a hallway that leads to an unseen part of the apartment where the study and guest room are located; on the opposite side of the stage is the front door. On the upstage side of the front door is a simple coat rack with wooden pegs attached to the wall. It has a shelf over the top of the pegs, enclosed by a decorative captain's rail. Further upstage from the pegboard is a large bookshelf.*

*A fireplace is opposite the front door.*

*There is also a bedroom door, a kitchen door, a bathroom door and a closet door. The closet door must be placed on a wall where the interior of the closet can be seen.*

**BRIDGET** and **TOM** enter through the front door. **BRIDGET** has a rolling suitcase, a large bag and a box in her arms. **TOM**, in his NYPD uniform, is struggling to balance two large boxes and one medium sized one – clearly straining under their weight – and valiantly trying to hide it.)

**BRIDGET.** Nana? Hey Nana? <sup>Rt</sup>*(crosses to the downstage left side of the couch.) (To TOM)* Thank you so much for helping me with these boxes!

**TOM.** Well, I figured I should help unload before I give you a ticket for double-parking.

**BRIDGET.** Right! Ticket! *(pause)* What?

**TOM.** Just some law enforcement humor. *(laughs nervously, hovering by the door, a stack of heavy boxes in his arms)* You should move your car, though...It's blocking the street.

**BRIDGET.** Of course! No, you're right – I'll move it right away. I really appreciate all your help. I know you're "on duty" and everything...

**TOM.** My pleasure, Bridge – I was keeping an eye out for when you'd come...

**BRIDGET.** Really? Wow, Tom, that's so –

**TOM.** Um, Bridget?

**BRIDGET.** Yes?

**TOM.** These boxes are really heavy – Can I – ?

**BRIDGET.** Oh! Sure! Sorry. Just put them here. You okay?

**TOM.** I'm fine Bridge. No worries! *(pause)* Do you know a chiropractor?

**BRIDGET.** *(Laughing. Stops.)* Wait, are you serious? Oh! Sit down. D'you want advil? A heat pack? Some –

**TOM.** No, no, it's okay. I'm just kidding – sort of. Hey, how long did you say you were going to be staying here?

**BRIDGET.** Just for the summer. I want to have my own place by the time I start classes –

**TOM.** Law school, right?

**BRIDGET.** Yeah. How did you –?

**TOM.** Sylvia told me. She's pretty excited you're moving in – even if it's only temporary.

**BRIDGET.** Since when did you get on a first name basis with my 83 year-old Nana, Tom?

**TOM.** Ever since I programmed the speed dials into her cell phone three months ago.

**BRIDGET.** You're the culprit! She's been calling me non-stop!

**BRIDGET.** No, her eyesight is fine - her taste I'm starting to question. Look at these pillows. When did she get these?.

**TOM.** A few weeks ago. Said she was going for a different "feel" in here.

**BRIDGET.** Yeah. I guess you could call it that.

**TOM.** It's cute! She's just trying to bring a younger vibe to the place since you're here now, I bet. Hey, is it okay if I wash up in the bathroom before I head out?

**BRIDGET.** Yeah, sure!

*(TOM exits into the bathroom. As soon as the bathroom door snaps shut, SYLVIA - 80 years young - bounds through the front door of the apartment in a sweat suit with matching sweat bands on her forehead and wrists, and a folded up walker held above her, like a trophy.)*

**SYLVIA.** Made it all the way down to 49th and back in forty-five minutes and I didn't even break a sweat! Or a hip! *(seeing BRIDGET)* Hello Pumpkin Face!

*(She hugs BRIDGET, pulls back and holds her at arms length, inspecting her.)*

Oh. Bridget! You have one heck of a pimple on your chin. Let's pop it!

*(SYLVIA lunges at BRIDGET, eager to pop the offending pimple. BRIDGET dances out of the way.)*

**BRIDGET.** Whoa, Nana! I'll get it later - Hey, I didn't know you had a walker.

**SYLVIA.** This? Oh no, sugar, this isn't mine. I took it from Vera - we're doing a new kind of therapy together.

**BRIDGET.** Physical therapy?

**SYLVIA.** No, motivational therapy. She wants her walker back, so she's motivated to chase me down Fifth Avenue to get it.

**TOM.** Yeah, I know. I put you as number two.

**BRIDGET.** Who's number one?

**TOM.** Me.

**BRIDGET.** You're the local law!

*(BRIDGET and TOM sit on the couch together – but not “together” – a slightly awkward, very sweet duo.)*

**TOM.** Well, now she can call if she needs help and I can come right up. A lady her age – I don't like to think about her all by herself.

**BRIDGET.** *(scoots closer to him on the couch)* Well, it's really sweet of you. It means a lot to me – her having someone like you around, I mean.

**TOM.** Yeah? I hoped it would. Mean a lot to you, that is.

**BRIDGET.** Really?

**TOM.** Yeah. *(Closes the gap between them. Faintly romantic.)*  
Bridget, can I ask you something?

**BRIDGET.** *(big breath)* Anything.

**TOM.** Well – *(He reaches towards her cheek.)* Sometimes...  
does she *(He kind of rubs at her face a little.)* You know...Does she always find dirt on your face?

**BRIDGET.** *(crestfallen)* Huh?

**TOM.** I've been wondering for a while if it's just me.  
You know, like I walk around with smudges on my nose all the time and never realize it –

**BRIDGET.** What?

**TOM.** You know – with the –

*(He licks his thumb and tries to demonstrate by rubbing something off of BRIDGET's face again.)*

The dirt-rub!

**BRIDGET.** *(She swats his hand away.)* Yes, yes, yes – okay!  
–She does that to everyone. You're lucky she only points out the dirt to you – for me, it's the zits.

**TOM.** You wouldn't think a lady her age would have eyesight that sharp.