

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? (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.