

## SCENE I

*Judy stands in the middle of her kitchen. (This can be signified by the presence of a table and two stools and a refrigerator in the corner.) Judy is making peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, as a sort of meditation. Bread, jelly, peanut butter, second piece of bread, and then the whole thing goes into a Ziploc. And repeat. Over the course of the monologue, she accumulates an alarmingly large pile of sandwiches.*

### JUDY

The air conditioning was broken. Again. I wouldn't really mind that much except god well, Newark in August. The sweat gathers on your back and you feel awful and greasy and you keep looking for excuses to take inventory of all of the ice cream in the freezer. It's. Well. It's pretty god-awful.

And we have, this, this rabbit. He was, well, maybe this is mean, but he was a regrettable Christmas present for my daughter. Ill-informed present? Maybe that's nicer to say. I mean, rabbits aren't the most communicable pets to begin with, and I think ours is particularly antisocial. Ebenezer. His name is Ebenezer, because, you know, we got him at Christmas. And he never really acclimated to us, I guess. But anyway, it was blazing hot, the kids were at school. It was just me and this old temperamental puffball, sitting there and cooking in our own clothes in this outrageous heat. I – well, I felt awful, you know. He has this great big fur coat, and I was wearing close to nothing and I still felt miserable. So I just picked him up and we left. I didn't even pull out the old cat carrier that we used to use to take him to the vet. We were in the car, I turned the AC on, and we drove to Ikea.

I have this weird Ikea homing mechanism.

Anyway, I took him out and put him down into my L.L. Bean bag, the monogrammed one that I bought on sale at the outlet shop because it has someone else's initials. Big white bag, red straps, and Ebenezer.

Ordinarily, he would have tried to chew through the bag. That's just what rabbits do. But I think the heat took the ornery out of him. Either that, or he's just too old. He is awfully old at this point. He's definitely surpassed his life expectancy by at least three human years. How long do rabbits live?

I stood in the kitchen section, in front of a refrigerator that is nicer than mine. I found half a peanut butter and jelly sandwich in my purse and I fed little bits of it to Ebenezer. And I broke down in tears. Like, quiet tears, but still – in the Ikea kitchen section. And for some reason, it was – it was really nice to have Ebenezer with me. Just snuffling away in the bag, like rabbits do when they're snoring. Did you know that rabbits snore? It's a soft sound. Softer than snow falling on snow.

*Judy makes another peanut butter and jelly sandwich and is just placing it on the teetering pile when the doorbell rings. In her surprise, Judy knocks the teetering column over.*

### JUDY

Shit.

*Sandwiches everywhere.  
Doorbell rings again.*

JUDY

Shit shit. *(to whoever's outside)* I'm coming.

*She runs offstage.*

JUDY (OFFSTAGE)

What are you doing here?

JAMES (OFFSTAGE)

Can I come in?

*He enters without waiting for a response, followed by a flustered Judy, who is self-conscious about the state of the kitchen: the old refrigerator, the 30 or so sandwiches scattered on the floor.*

JAMES

Have – have you been keeping yourself busy?

JUDY

Yes. What sort of a question is that?

*She gets out a broom and begins aggressively batting the sandwiches under the table.*

JAMES

Judy –

JUDY

I keep busy. What sort of a question is that?

JAMES

Don't get mad. I'm just – concerned, OK?

JUDY

You're early. You know, I'm not letting you take him.

JAMES

What?

JUDY

You told me late afternoon.

JAMES

Judy—

JUDY

It's 9am, James. You can't have him yet.

JAMES

Judy. The girls want to see the rabbit.  
We talked about this.

JUDY

Ebenezer likes me better.

JAMES

Don't be childish.

JUDY

The girls don't pay any attention to him. They certainly don't pay attention to me.

JAMES

This is –

JUDY

They haven't visited in two weeks. How do you think that makes me feel?

JAMES

It's a rabb—

JUDY

It's not about the rabbit. It's about loyalty.

JAMES

We both know that this is ridiculous.

JUDY

Ebenezer is all I've got right now.

JAMES

Where is the rabbit?

JUDY

You can't have him.

JAMES

Judy, this is – where is the rabbit?

JUDY

These (*gestures to sandwiches*) were supposed to be his lunch but now I'll have to start all over again /

JAMES

Where is the rabbit?

JUDY (contd.)

/ He's recently grown to love peanut butter and jelly.

JAMES

The rabbit, Judy.

JUDY

He's at Ikea.

JAMES

What?

JUDY

If I can't live there, someone I care about should.

JAMES

You left the rabbit in Ikea.

JUDY

I think he likes it there.

JAMES

He'll starve!

JUDY

I made him lunch!

JAMES

I can't believe this. I'm going to get him.

JUDY

Wait. Wait.

Just leave him, I'll –

*James ignores her.*

James!

Please –

*Door slams.*

JUDY

Well. I suppose that's that then.

*She wanders offstage and retrieves her white bag with the red straps. She opens it on the table and shoves all of the remaining 30 sandwiches inside.*

JUDY

Don't worry, Ebenezer, I'm coming.

*She walks over to the refrigerator.*

JUDY

*(addresses fridge)* I never liked you very much anyway.

She exits.

## SCENE II

*Two segmented lines are illuminated, dividing the floor into three parallel sections. The lines converge slightly as they move upstage, giving the impression of a three lane highway that stretches off into the distance.*

*From upstage, Judy walks down one of the lanes, looks up anxiously.*

JUDY

*(muffled noise of frustration)*

*She begins rummaging through the belongings she has brought with her.*

*A tollbooth collector rolls out from the wings on a swiveling chair. She wears an overly large highlighter-yellow reflective jacket and her iPhone headphones. She snaps her gum impatiently and holds out her hand.*

*Still rummaging, Judy reluctantly approaches the tollbooth.*

JUDY

I can't believe it.

TOLLBOOTH COLLECTOR

Dollar ten.

JUDY

He took the EZ Pass.

TOLLBOOTH COLLECTOR

A dollar ten, ma'am.

JUDY

Right off the dashboard –

TOLLBOOTH COLLECTOR

Ma'am?

JUDY

Hi. Sorry.

*She begins rummaging again, this time in search of a dime.*

TOLLBOOTH COLLECTOR

Rough day?

JUDY

Not my best.

*She still has not found a coin. Tollbooth collector takes out one earbud. A brief pause.*

TOLLBOOTH COLLECTOR

I've been here since 6am.

JUDY

Must be exhausting.

TOLLBOOTH COLLECTOR

Exhaust is the worst part.

JUDY

Mm.

TOLLBOOTH COLLECTOR

I listen to books on tape.

JUDY

Which one?

TOLLBOOTH COLLECTOR

Gatsby, for now.

JUDY

Do you like it?

TOLLBOOTH COLLECTOR

Barely started it yet.

JUDY

Oh.

TOLLBOOTH COLLECTOR

I got it because my son was reading it for high school English. He doesn't like it. He's stopped reading it, actually. He said all his teacher talks about is the green light at the end of the dock. And he doesn't get it.

JUDY

Well, it's symbolic, isn't it?

TOLLBOOTH COLLECTOR

Right. The American dream. Says so on Wikipedia.

JUDY

That's the gist, yeah.

TOLLBOOTH COLLECTOR

Vague, isn't it?

JUDY

The green light?

TOLLBOOTH COLLECTOR

I didn't go to high school. No one ever took me aside and handed me a book and said this is what you're going for.

And I get it, that my son is doing the rebellious teenager thing but I just don't think he understands how important it is to –

*A car honks from behind them.*

JUDY

Dollar ten?

TOLLBOOTH COLLECTOR

Right. A dollar ten.

*Tollbooth collector moves to put in her headphones.*

JUDY

Enjoy it.

TOLLBOOTH COLLECTOR

Huh?

JUDY

I hope you enjoy it.

If you figure out that green light –

*Louder bonk. The tollbooth collector has begun to roll her chair backwards, leaving Judy center stage. Judy sighs and keeps moving*