

MARY. He doesn't!

LIZ. Oh my God. Is this what I think it is?

MARY. Of course not!

LIZ. You're the one who took him to Costa Rica!

MARY. Don't be ridiculous...

LIZ. I *thought* you looked tan!

MARY. I was hiking in Colorado!

LIZ. You were never in Colorado...

MARY. I can you show you my Visa statement!

LIZ. You were hiking with your boy-toy!

MARY. I went hiking with *Jo*! Ask her!

LIZ. *Jo* is *in* on this...?!

MARY. I just wanted Trenner to make sure that Amanda was okay...

LIZ. Oh, Amanda will not be okay with this, I can all but promise you that...

TRENNER. Whoa. Amanda broke up with *me*...

LIZ. First her father, then Trenner, now *you*! All I can say is that you've got a lot of nerve finding fault with my choices when you're dating some 19-year-old *snowboarder*!

MARY. Liz...

LIZ. Stay away from my daughter!

Liz exits, slamming the door. Beat.

TRENNER. People can be really prejudiced against snowboarders.

MARY. Why didn't you just stay in the pantry?!

TRENNER. I don't even know what a pantry *is*!

MARY. It's where you keep the food!

TRENNER. Isn't that a *refrigerator*?

MARY. You were supposed to stay in there until she was gone!

TRENNER. But she was getting the wrong idea about us! And by that I mean she was getting the *right* idea about us...

MARY. Trenner, there is no us! I was worried about Amanda!

TRENNER. You're right to worry. That girl has a *temper*. When she finds out about us she will *freak*.

MARY. I'm not worried about Amanda "freaking." I'm worried about her going off into the wilderness with a *serial killer*!

Start + Amanda enters, banging the door open.

AMANDA. *Seriously? She's the other woman?! Look at her! Look at what she's wearing!*

MARY. I didn't know anybody was coming over!

AMANDA. I can just imagine what's underneath those pajamas. The wrinkles, the varicose veins, the stretch marks...

MARY. I don't have stretch marks!

AMANDA. Why the hell would you want *that* body when you could have *this* body?

TRENNER. I didn't know I could have your body!

AMANDA. (*Pointing to Mary's breasts then her own.*) I mean seriously look at those and look at these...

MARY. There's more to sexuality than body parts!

AMANDA. You'd better hope so.

MARY. (*Offended.*) As a matter of fact, Trenner told me he was bored with your breasts...

AMANDA. (*Turning on Trenner.*) What were they supposed to *do*? Magic tricks?

MARY. He said it was like touching an elbow...

AMANDA. Oh my God. You actually *said* that?

TRENNER. She's taking it out of context!

AMANDA. This behavior is really kind of sad. And when I say sad I mean borderline *pathetic*. You're crawling right back up your mother's vagina!

MARY. Oh my God.

TRENNER. What was I supposed to do?! She *offered* herself to me!

MARY. No I didn't!

TRENNER. And what about you? You're going camping with some old guy!

AMANDA. Don't be disgusting. That is totally platonistic!

TRENNER. Maybe on *your* part...

AMANDA. Just because *you* have a perpetual hard-on doesn't mean everybody else does. What were you guys even *doing* in Costa Rica anyway, *bird-watching*?

TRENNER. I *told* you. I went to Costa Rica with *Dinah*...

AMANDA. Excuse me if I'm having trouble keeping track of all your ho's!

TRENNER. Mary is not a ho'!

MARY. And I've never even been to Costa Rica!

AMANDA. You want him?

MARY. (*To Amanda.*) No.

AMANDA. You can have him. He's a big fat liar anyway!

TRENNER. Are you really stupid enough to go down to Carmel Canyon with this creeper?

AMANDA. That is none of your business!
TRENNER. Because nobody's gonna find you down there!
AMANDA. I'll have my iPhone.
TRENNER. There's no reception genius!
AMANDA. Well, I'm going anyways. And if I die, it will be *your fault*.
TRENNER. How does that even make sense?
AMANDA. And don't even think about following me there...
TRENNER. It's a free country!
AMANDA. It is completely sexist to think I need your "protection..."
TRENNER. It is completely stupid to go camping with a serial killer!
AMANDA. It is completely sexist to call me stupid!
TRENNER. I'm saying what you're *doing* is stupid...
AMANDA. If I want to get myself killed that is my right as a woman. And unless you're some kind of total right-wing douchebag, you will back off!
TRENNER. Whoa, I happen to be a *feminist*...
AMANDA. If I see your truck, I will call the cops, I swear to God. I'll say you're a stalker!
TRENNER. That is a *falsehood*!
AMANDA. And you wouldn't know anything about that, would you Trenner?
TRENNER. Will I never be forgiven for making one single mistake?
AMANDA. Never! So I hope you're happy with your *mom slash girlfriend*!
MARY. I'm not his girlfriend!
TRENNER. And she's not my *mom*!
AMANDA. She's *a* mom. So go crazy with the NPR and the New Balance sneakers...
MARY. I wear New Balance because they're American-made!
AMANDA. And the Bundt pans and the coffee cake...
TRENNER. It's really good. Have you tried it?
AMANDA. It is good. It's really good. (*To Mary.*) I always loved your banana coffee cake! I always loved coming over here. You were like a mother to me, only better at it. (*Starting to leave, then turning back to Trenner.*) And you...you were like a boyfriend to me.

Amanda exits in tears.

TRENNER. Mary, I'm sorry but my heart is telling me I belong with Amanda.
MARY. I understand.

Trenner thumps his heart and points to Mary.

TRENNER. Amanda! Wait up!

Trenner races after her.

End

Scene 6

Mary's kitchen. Friday night. Jo and Mary are dressed for hiking, their coats on. Mary is furiously packing a backpack. Jo sits in a chair, changing into hiking shoes.

JO. Maybe Trenner's already down there.
MARY. She told him not to follow her.
JO. That means he's *supposed* to follow her. Even Trenner would know that.
MARY. She was gonna tell the cops he was a stalker!
JO. But if she calls the cops, isn't that a good thing?
MARY. Not if she calls them on *Trenner*...
JO. Maybe you should call the sergeant.
MARY. It'll look like I'm chasing him!
JO. What if *I* call him?
MARY. He'll know I like him! Stop stalling and get your shoes on.
Mary throws many granola bars in the backpack.
JO. That's a whole lot of snacks, Mary...
MARY. When the kids were little, I always brought granola bars. Otherwise someone always gets cranky...
JO. (*Standing.*) *Damn it!* These are the shoes that gave me the blisters!
MARY. Then why did you bring them?
JO. You were rushing me! This is crazy. What if Jackson kills us too?
MARY. (*Rudimentary.*) He is a "serial killer."
JO. Yeah...
MARY. He kills people one by one.
JO. Is this supposed to be reassuring?
MARY. He can't kill Amanda if we're there. There's a witness. There's *two* witnesses.
JO. It's just we're going off all half-cocked...