

*Excerpt from...*  
**MAKES THREE**  
*by Kitt Lavoie*

**ACT I**

**SCENE 1**

*An early workday morning. Cassie's apartment—an unimpressive, box of a two-bedroom in a small American city. CASSIE, a pretty, if decidedly unexceptional, girl in her early 20s, sits in her pajamas, lazily sipping coffee while watching a morning show on TV, a half-eaten bowl of cereal before her on the coffee table. A knock on the door. Slightly puzzled, Cassie goes to the door. She opens the door, revealing MARK, a somewhat rough-hewn man in his early 20s, flanked by JO, a cagey soul in her late teens. Both look like they have been on a long trip. Mark carries a small gym bag. Jo carries a teddy bear.*

**Mark**            Cassie.

**Cassie**           Mark. Hi.

**Mark**            Hi. Good to see you.

**Cassie**           What are you doing here?

**Mark**            Uh... um, Cassie, this is Jo. My wife. Jo, Cassie.

**Jo**                Hi.

**Cassie**           *(to Mark)* I'd heard rumors.

**Jo**                It's nice to meet you.

**Cassie**           *(to Mark)* What are you doing here?

**Mark**            Can I come in?

*Mark slips past Cassie into the apartment.*

**Cassie**           What are you doing here?

**Mark**            A visit. Came back to show Jo the old town. Thought she should meet you.

**Jo**                He's told me a lot about you.

**Mark**            The place hasn't changed much.



**Cassie** No.

**Mark** You have.

**Cassie** Really?

**Mark** Older.

**Cassie** Well...

**Mark** Pretty as ever, though. Isn't she, Jo?

**Jo** Beautiful.

**Cassie** I don't think this is a good idea, Mark.

**Mark** Just a visit.

**Cassie** I've got to go to work.

**Mark** We got married about two months ago—out west. Tucson.

**Jo** It was nice. We would have liked to invite you...

**Mark** It was a small thing. We're thinking about moving back east.

**Cassie** You are?

**Mark** So, we wanted to check it out. Made it kind of a honeymoon. And I wanted to be here for today.

**Cassie** (*calling*) Honey?

**Mark** Where is she?

*MICHAEL appears at the bedroom door, takes in the room. Mark sees him and rises.*

**Mark** Hi.

**Michael** Hi. Cass?

*Cassie moves close to Michael.*

**Mark** We don't want to make any trouble, Cassie.



**Michael** Can I help you?

**Mark** We just want to visit.

**Michael** *Can I help you?*

**Mark** For her birthday, Cassie.

**Michael** Don't talk to her. Talk to me. Can I help you?

**Mark** Look, man, this doesn't concern you. It's between me and Cassie.

**Michael** Then it concerns me.

**Mark** *(to Cassie)* Who is this guy?

**Cassie** This is Michael.

**Mark** Does he live here?

**Cassie** No.

**Michael** But we're together, so what can I do for you?

**Mark** Look, Mike, man—

**Michael** Michael

**Mark** I don't want any problem. I'm not going to cause any problem. I just want to see my daughter. I want my wife to meet my daughter, on her birthday.

**Michael** I—

**Cassie** She's not here.

**Mark** She's not?

**Cassie** No.

**Jo** Where is she?

*Mark makes a quick move for the second bedroom. Michael moves to stop him, but Mark is in the room before he can. A beat later, Mark emerges.*

**Mark** Where is she?



**Cassie** She's not here.

**Mark** I want to see her.

**Cassie** You can't.

*Mark makes a quick move for Cassie's bedroom. Michael grabs a hold of him. Mark struggles to get away. He succeeds, but Michael snatches his gym bag from him as he breaks away. Mark whirls around, producing a pistol from under his coat. He holds it on Michael, suddenly in a rage.*

**Mark** Put it down!

**Michael** I—

**Mark** Put the fucking bag down!

**Cassie** Mark!

**Mark** *Put the fucking bag down!*

*Michael drops the bag and steps away from it.*

**Michael** I'm sorry. Mark. I'm sorry. Here.

**Mark** Fuck... Sit down. (*indicating the couch*) Sit down.

*Michael sits as Mark swipes his gym bag up from the floor.*

**Mark** (*to Cassie*) You, too.

*Cassie moves to sit on the couch next to Michael.*

**Mark** (*indicating another chair*) Over there.

*Cassie sits where she is told. Mark fumbles with the zipper on his gym bag, then removes a revolver and tucks it in the waistband of his pants.*

**Mark** Where is she, Cass?

**Cassie** She's not here.

**Mark** Cass... this is bad.

**Cassie** Yeah.



**Mark** It can only get worse.

**Cassie** Yeah.

**Mark** Fuck.

**Cassie** Yeah.

*Mark steps into the doorway of Cassie's bedroom and looks inside. Nothing.*

**Jo** Where is she? *(moving to Cassie)* I just want to meet her, Cassie. Please.

*Mark sits down close to Cassie and Michael.*

**Mark** It's okay, Jo. *(to Cassie)* Alright... look, this... um. Cass, I'm sorry. Seriously. Can we start over here? This... I'm going to put this away, okay?

*Mark tucks the pistol in his belt.*

**Mark** I'm sorry, I never meant to take it out. I just had it... When he grabbed me, I should have just... just... *(to Michael)* I'm sorry. Okay?

*Michael nods.*

**Cassie** Mark, it's been two years.

**Mark** I know.

**Cassie** And you should go.

**Mark** I probably should.

**Cassie** But...

**Mark** I just want to see her.

**Cassie** You can't. Not like this.

**Mark** No, I can. I'm her father. I can see her.

**Cassie** Even if you could, she's not here. And I'm not saying you can't ever see her. Just not today. Not like this. Not with a gun. Alright?

**Jo** It's her birthday. She should see her daddy on her birthday.



**Mark** I want to see her Cassie.

**Cassie** No.

**Mark** No?

**Cassie** No.

**Jo** Julie wants to see her daddy.

*Cassie gives Joe a strange look.*

**Mark** You called her Julie, right?

*Cassie nods. Michael bounds up and opens the front door.*

**Michael** You should go.

*Michael goes to the phone.*

**Mark** What are you doing?

**Michael** I'm going to call the police. You should go before they get here.

*Jo is standing next to the phone. She picks up the base and hurls it, snapping the receiver from Michael's hand as it flies.*

**Jo** *We want our baby!*

**Michael** Jesus!

**Mark** *(to Michael)* Close the door.

*Michael races to the table and retrieves his cell phone from the charger.*

**Mark** Close the fucking—

*Michael begins to dial. Mark bounds over the couch and smacks the phone from Michael's hand. Mark kicks the door shut and draws his gun, leveling it at Michael and advancing.*

**Mark** When I say shut the fucking door, you shut the fucking door.

**Michael** I'm sor—



**Mark**            *When I say shut the fucking door, you shut the fucking door!*

**Michael**        Yes, I'm sor—

**Mark**            Say it. When I say...

**Michael**        “When I say—“

**Mark**            When *I* say...

**Michael**        (*confused*) “When you say....?”

**Mark**            *When I say shut the fucking door, you shut the fucking door!*

**Jo**                Make him tell us where she is.

**Michael**        I don't—I swear, I *don't know*.

*Mark drops Michael into a chair.*

**Mark**            (*to Cassie*) You're with him now?

**Cassie**         Yes.

**Mark**            (*to Michael*) You're serious?

**Michael**        About us? Yeah.

**Mark**            How long you been together?

**Michael**        Four months. Almost four months.

**Mark**            You're throwing yourself in my way at four months? Four months isn't serious, Mikey. (*re: Cassie*) We were together nearly two-and-a-half years and it barely got serious.

**Michael**        I love her.

**Mark**            You're luck I still don't. (*to Cassie*) Love him?

*Cassie answers with an oddly non-committal nod.*

**Mark**            Well, he could've got you killed today. (*to Michael*) Still could. (*to Cassie*) I didn't come intending to do this this way. I want Julie, Cass.

**Cassie**         Mark—



*He picks up Michael's phone from the floor and drops it in his gym bag.*

**Mark** Any more of these in the house?

**Cassie** No.

**Mark** I'm going to check.

**Cassie** No.

*Mark removes the second gun from his belt and hands it to Jo, who takes it somewhat tentatively.*

**Mark** Take this. *(to Cassie and Mark)* Stay.

*Mark unplugs the phone cord from the wall and phone and begins to coil it up. Jo trains her gun on the pair.*

**Mark** *(while he works)* I've been putting my life together, Cass. I have. I've got a job—I've been working in a garage for a year or so and it's turning into a real thing, you know. A skill.

*Mark tosses the coiled cord into his gym bag.*

**Mark** I got a wife.

*Mark sees something in Cassie's bedroom and goes inside. A beat later, he returns, coiling another phone cord.*

**Mark** And now, we want a family. I want my daughter back, Cass. You've kept her from me for too long.

**Cassie** I never kept her from you, Mark.

**Mark** I called.

**Cassie** You left.

**Mark** *Then I called.* And you never called back.

**Cassie** I know.

**Mark** Not *once*.

**Cassie** I know.



**Mark** Because I'm, what? "Unfit?" What? "Untrust—..." To be her daddy? I shouldn't have left, but I wanted to be her daddy. And I was *ready* to be her daddy. And you wouldn't call me back.

**Cassie** I should have.

**Mark** And you're—what? What kind of mother to her? I know you should have. You send her away on her *birthday* so you can fuck your boyfriend. (*to Michael*) Where you from?

**Michael** You mean, like, where I grew up?

**Mark** No, I mean, like, where you drove here from last night.

**Michael** Nowhere. I mean, here. A few blocks over.

**Mark** You fucking *walked*, didn't you?

**Michael** No. Sometimes.

**Mark** Unbelievable! (*to Cassie*) How often do you do this? Huh?

**Cassie** I don't know what you mean.

**Mark** I want my baby back, Cassie. She deserves a mom and a dad. Not some whore who packs her off whenever her boyfriend needs a blow job. Where is she?

*Cassie is silent. She is breathing deep, measured breaths, blowing them out through her mouth..*

**Jo** *Tell him!*

**Mark** What are you doing?

**Cassie** (*between breaths*) Trying not to cry.

**Mark** I don't give a damn if you cry. Honestly. One way or the other. I'm not kidding, Cassie. Where is she?

**Cassie** I can't tell you.

**Mark** *Cassie.*

**Cassie** Mark.



**Jo** (suddenly soft) Please.

*Jo goes to Cassie, touching her tenderly.*

**Jo** We need her. We love her. I don't know her, and I love her. I love Mark, and she is Mark, and I love her. You've had her for two years. It's our turn, now. We'd share, I promise. (to Mark) Right, Mark? She could come visit. (to Cassie) But we need our baby.

**Cassie** Jo? Is it?

*Jo nods.*

**Cassie** Jo, I know you can't understand why, but I can't give her to you.

**Jo** No, I understand. I do. You love her. I understand that. But don't you understand? We love her, too. You *have* to give her to us. He'll kill you, you know. Mark will. He promised me. We're her family, and he'll kill you.

**Cassie** I don't think he will.

**Jo** He *promised*.

**Cassie** Then he'll never find her.

**Jo** (near tears) Tell us where she is. Please.

**Mark** Jo.

*Mark tosses Jo his gym bag.*

**Mark** Go pack her things. Wherever she is, they'll have to bring her back home. We'll wait.

*Jo takes the bag into the second bedroom.*

**Mark** You could make this a lot easier, Cass.

**Cassie** So could you.

*Mark moves closer to Cassie, quieting down, keeping Michael in his peripheral vision.*

**Mark** We could still work this out. Jo... We want a family. I know this isn't the



way to start one, but, you know, I've done a lot of things the way you're not supposed to. But we can work something out so that we both see her. And we can be friends again

**Cassie** This is your way of walking back into my life?

**Mark** Lately, I've been thinking about her—a lot. And when I think about her... (*gestures towards Cassie, "I think about you"*). We can be a family. The four of us. Five, even, if you want to include what's-his-name.

**Cassie** We can't, Mark.

**Mark** I've heard of stranger families.

**Cassie** Just walk on back—

**Mark** I always planned to walk back. Not like this. But back.

*Cassie shakes her head. Mark opens his mouth to speak, then Jo reemerges from the bedroom.*

**Jo** Mark, I can't find her stuff.

**Mark** What do you mean?

**Jo** I mean, there's no baby stuff.

*Mark goes to the doorway.*

**Mark** What do you mean? It's a baby's room.

**Jo** Yeah, right, it's got the crib and the changing table and shit, but no *stuff*.

**Mark** Watch them.

*Mark dives into the bedroom. Jo splits her attention between Cassie and Michael and the commotion Mark makes in the room.*

**Mark** (*offstage*) What the fuck?!?

*Mark returns from the room fuming, holding several men's shirts.*

**Mark** (*to Cassie*) Whose are these? (*no answer*) *Whose are these?* (*to Michael*) Are these yours?

**Michael** Yes. Cass told me I could—



**Mark**            *What the fuck are your clothes doing in my daughter's drawers?*

**Michael**        I—

**Mark**            Where the fuck are her things?

**Michael**        I don't know.

**Mark**            No, where the *fuck* are her things?

**Michael**        I don't—

*Mark lowers his gun on Michael.*

**Mark**            You I will kill. Got that? What did you do with my daughter's—?

**Michael**        *I don't know!* I don't know, okay. I have never met her. This is the first I've fucking heard of a Judy, okay? I didn't know Cassie had another kid.

*A beat. Mark turns to Cassie.*

**Mark**            What is he talking about? Where is she?

**Cassie**        I never told him. *(to Michael)* I'm sorry.

**Mark**            *(bewildered)* Wait, then where is she...? *(to Michael)* And you, what do you mean you didn't know she had a daugh—? Your clothes are in a fucking *baby* dresser.

**Jo**                *(advancing on Cassie)* Where is our baby?

**Cassie**        I—

**Jo**                *Where is our baby?* If he won't kill you, I'll kill you. *Where is she?*

*Jo hits Cassie hard.*

**Jo**                Where is she?

*Jo hits Cassie again. Cassie begins to back away. She tries to fend Jo off with one hand, keeping one hand poised defensively by her abdomen. Jo drives her across the room.*

**Jo**                Where is she? Where is our baby? *Where is our baby?*

*Mark springs between the two women.*



**Mark** Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa!

*Jo continues to attempt to swipe at Cassie. He fends Jo off with his back as he turns to Cassie. He rips open her shirt. Suspicion confirmed. She is pregnant. Just beginning to show, but undeniably pregnant.*

**Mark** What the fuck, Cass?

*Mark is reeling. He staggers over to the second bedroom and takes it in. Jo grabs hold of Cassie's belly and pulls her head in to listen.*

**Mark** This isn't even her room, is it? (*re: Michael, of the baby*) Is it his?

*Cassie shrugs.*

**Mark** (*to Michael*) Is it yours?

**Michael** I don't know.

**Mark** (*with an oddly genuine admiration*) That takes a special kind of man. (*to Cassie*) Where is she?

**Jo** There's no Julie?

**Mark** Calm down, Jo.

**Jo** There is no baby.

*Jo sinks to the ground in tears, devastated.*

**Mark** (*to Cassie*) Where is our baby, Cass?

**Cassie** I don't know.

**Mark** No, Cassie—Where. Is. Our. Baby.

**Cassie** *I don't know.*

**Mark** *Cassie, don't say that... again. Because I can hurt you now. Keep Julie from me when you don't want her for yourself? I can hurt you now.*

**Cassie** Please don't.

**Mark** Where is she?



*Jo suddenly shoots up from the ground to Cassie's side.*

**Jo** (to Mark) We can have *her* baby!

**Mark** What?

**Jo** We'll take her back to Tucson. I'll pretend—I'll put pillows and tell people I have doctor's appointments and when she has her baby, *we* can have it.

**Michael** No.

*Michael raises his hands above his head and speaks gently.*

**Michael** Please, no. That's not Judy. That's not Mark's baby. People love that baby. It's not yours.

**Mark** He's right. We came here for Julie—

*Suddenly, Jo turns, raises her gun, and puts a bullet in Michael's face. Mark dives for cover. Cassie sinks away, clutching her stomach, terrified. Jo stands over Cassie with her gun trained on her.*

**Jo** *I want a baby!*

**Mark** Jesus Christ, Jo!

**Jo** I want *our* baby. But if I can't have our baby, I'll take yours.

**Cassie** Mark!

*Cassie begins her deep breathing again, trying to pull herself together.*

**Mark** What the fuck, Jo?

**Jo** What?

*Mark trains his gun on Jo.*

**Mark** Jo... put the gun down.

**Jo** Don't point that at me.

*Mark lowers his gun. Jo swings hers around on Mark.*

**Jo** You put it down!



*Mark puts his gun down. Jo turns her gun back on Cassie.*

**Jo** You promised me a baby, Mark! That's why I married you—you promised me a baby.

**Mark** And we'll get one, I promise. Just put the fucking gun down.

**Jo** I want to have one.

**Mark** I know.

**Jo** Of my own.

*Jo, distracted, begins to lower her gun.*

**Mark** You can't.

**Jo** I know.

*Suddenly, Jo snaps to alertness and trains her gun on Mark.*

**Jo** But if I had her baby, it would be almost like having my own. Like I grew it.

**Mark** It wouldn't be yours. Put the gun down.

**Jo** It would be like mine. I want it.

*Suddenly, Cassie slips her hand into her purse and begins fishing for something. Mark and Jo catch this move and both pounce for Cassie, guns poised.*

**Jo** *Stop!*

**Mark** *(simultaneously)* Don't, Cass!

*Cassie stops in her tracks.*

**Cassie** Okay, okay. Here, very gently, let me get...

*Cassie gently slips her hand out of the purse. In it, she holds a small stack of wallet-sized pictures. She offers them out to Mark and Jo.*

**Cassie** They're Julie. Two from when she was here, the most recent my cousin sent me.



*Jo and Mark take the pictures and scour over them as Cassie explains.*

**Cassie** I sent her to live with my cousin Meredith about eight months ago, when I was out of work. If you promise to let me see her, I'll call Meredith and tell her you're coming to pick her up. (*indicating her purse*) Can you get me a pen.

*Mark retrieves a pen from the purse and hands it to Cassie. Cassie writes on a pad and tears off the front page. She hands it to Mark.*

**Cassie** This is her address in Delaware. I'm going to have a family here. You deserve one of your own.

**Jo** (*transfixed by the picture*) Mark! She's so pretty...

**Mark** You're just going to give her to us?

**Cassie** No. I'm going to *share* her with you. You're right—I don't have the right to keep her from you. Not if I'm not going to have her here. But you can't keep her from me, either. I want you to promise that you will let me see her.

*Jo goes to Cassie.*

**Jo** Of course we'll share, Cassie. You can come out and see her whenever you want.

**Cassie** Okay. I'll call Meredith and tell her to expect you. Now get out of here.

*Jo throws her arms around Cassie.*

**Jo** Thank you!

*Jo retrieves her stuffed bear and scoops up Mark's bag, heading for the door.*

**Mark** Cass. No.

**Cassie** Why not?

**Mark** C'mon, Cass. You're a smart girl. I know it. We leave you here and the Delaware States are gonna be waiting for us at Meredith's when we get there.

**Cassie** No.

**Jo** No! She promised. (*to Cassie*) You promised!



**Cassie** I do. I won't.

**Jo** And we would get her, anyway! We would get through the police and we would get Julie and you would never see her again.

**Mark** We would, Cass. (*Mark looks at the body of Michael on the floor*) Fuck. This has gone way too far already. If we are walking out of this, it's not going to be without Julie.

**Cassie** I know that. And that is why you can trust me. Even if I did try to stop you, I think you may get to her. And then I won't see her again. I'm going to call Meredith. I'm going to tell her to let Julie go with you. (*re: Michael*) I'm going to take care of *this*. I don't know how, but I will. You have to trust me, Mark. I trust you. You'll go get her, and then I trust you, Mark, I do, that you will let me see her.

*A beat as Mark mulls this over.*

**Jo** (*without irony*) I don't want to kill her, Mark.

*Mark takes the bag from Jo. He opens it and takes out the phone cord.*

**Mark** Alright. You are going to call her, Cass. But you're going to call her from down the street.

*Mark begins to bind Cassie's hands behind her back with the phone cord.*

**Mark** You're coming with us. And once we have Julie, Cassie, we'll let you go. I swear to God.

*Mark finishes tying Cassie, then places her in a chair. He digs in the bag and hands Jo a gun. He heads to the door with his bag slung over his shoulder.*

**Mark** (*to Jo*) Watch her. (*turning in the doorway, he looks at Michael's body, then to Cassie*) This is all going to turn out alright. I promise. (*to Jo*) I'll bring the car around.

*Mark leaves, shutting the door behind him. Jo keeps her distance from Cassie. Silence. After a moment...*

**Jo** Does she like bears?

**Cassie** I'm sorry?

**Jo** Does she like bears? Julie. I brought her a stuffed one.



**Cassie** Yes. She likes bears.

**Jo** (*genuinely relieved*) Good. I almost got her a doll, but I had a feeling. (*A beat*) She'll like her room.

**Cassie** Her room?

**Jo** Yes. It's pink. I painted it. I know she likes pink.

**Cassie** You had a feeling?

**Jo** Doesn't she? I can paint it... (*distressed*) The dresser's pink, too.

**Cassie** I'm sure she'll like it fine...

*Silence. After a moment, Jo gets up and begins to walk around the room. She passes by the second bedroom and looks inside. She disappears inside the bedroom, then reemerges holding a mobile.*

**Jo** Can I have this?

**Cassie** Sure.

**Jo** Thank you. Does she like it?

**Cassie** I'm sure she will.

**Jo** I'm going to be a good mom to her. Don't worry.

**Cassie** Mmmm.

**Jo** I will... I'm sorry about your boyfriend. (*A beat*) I don't usually get like that. And *never* with Julie.

*Cassie begins her deep breathing again.*

**Jo** He wouldn't have made a good daddy, anyway.

*A beat. Cassie breathes.*

**Cassie** You're right. He wouldn't.



*Jo continues to tour around the apartment. She picks up and discards various knickknacks as she goes. Suddenly, she sees something on a shelf across the room. She bolts for the shelf.*

**Jo** Oh! They're beautiful!

*Jo takes three free-standing photographs from a collection of photos propped up on the shelf. She brings them over to Cassie.*

**Jo** She is so pretty, Cassie. Does she still have this dress?

*She flips one picture over towards Cassie.*

**Cassie** I don't know. I think so. You'll have to ask Meredith.

**Jo** She has Mark's eyes! And his chin!

*Jo continues to shuffle slowly, mesmerized, through the pictures. She turns another towards Cassie.*

**Jo** Was this while she was still here?

**Cassie** Yes.

*Jo looks at the picture again. She offers it out to Cassie.*

**Jo** You should keep this.

*Jo hands Cassie the picture, then sits opposite her, taking in the other two photos. She beams. She turns one of the photos over. She stops dead. She turns the other picture over. She looks up at Cassie. A beat. She grabs the photo from Cassie's hand. She looks at the back. She rises.*

**Jo** Why do these say "Chelsea?"

**Cassie** They—

*Jo begins to smack Cassie on the face and head. Cassie, with her arms tied behind her, is left defenseless.*

**Jo** Why do these say "Chelsea"!!!

*Jo smacks Cassie a few more times, then rears back and reels around the room, clutching the photos and the mobile. As she passes the window, she sees...*

**Jo** MARK!... Mark!

*Jo races out the front door of the apartment and stands in the hallway.*

**Jo** MAAAARRRRKKKK!

*Suddenly, Cassie throws herself up out of the chair and charges the front door. She kicks the door shut, then throws her full weight against it to make sure it is closed tightly. Jo is heard slamming up against the door from the other side.*

**Jo** (offstage) MARK!

*Cassie struggles to lock the deadbolt with her teeth.*

**Jo** Open up! Open the damn door!... MARK!

*Cassie gets the deadbolt locked. She takes the chain lock in her teeth and slides it into place. The banging on the door stops. Cassie moves away from the door, struggling to get her hands untied. Footsteps are heard charging down the hallway outside. The front door rattles under a pounding fist.*

**Mark** Cassie, open up! Open the fucking door!

*The banging continues. Cassie crosses to a drawer, opens it, and retrieves a mirror. She places the mirror on the table and tries to work out how to untie the cord in the reflection. Mark's body can be heard slamming into the door. Cassie becomes frantic as she continues to struggle. The slamming against the door stops. Silence for a brief moment as Cassie continues to struggle. Then, a gentler, monotonous knocking begins on the door.*

**Jo** Come on, Cassie. Unlock the door. We don't want to hurt you. Just let us back in and everything will be fine.

*Cassie throws herself on the couch, tucks in her legs, and pulls her arms under her feet to the front of her. She begins to try to untie the knots in the cord with her teeth. The monotonous knocking continues. The knot comes loose, and Cassie struggles to slip her hands out of the bind. One hand slips out, then the other. Free! Cassie looks around the room, then races into the first bedroom. She emerges with a phone. She plugs the phone cord that had been used to tie her hands into the wall. She moves for the phone. As she does, Mark appears outside the window, climbing from above down onto her fire escape. He looks inside. Seeing what Cassie is doing, he steps back and kicks the glass out of the window. Cassie plugs the cord into the base of the phone. She picks it up and listens—no dial tone. She checks the connection at the base of the phone. She races to the wall and jiggles the connection. Mark tumbles through the window. Cassie begins to dial as Mark arrives at her side, grabbing the phone from her and yanking the connection from the wall. He storms around the room, hurling the phone. The monotonous knocking stops.*



**Mark** God fucking damn it, Cass!

*Mark goes to the door. He opens it. Jo comes in and takes in the scene. Mark closes the door behind her.*

**Mark** (to Jo) I told you to watch her.

**Jo** I had to tell—

**Mark** No, I told you to watch her.

**Jo** Look!

*Jo holds out the now crumpled photographs. She turns the photo over and hands it to Mark. Mark looks at the back of the picture. He turns it over and looks at the photo. He steps towards Cassie, now cowering under a table.*

**Mark** This is Chelsea?

*Cassie looks away.*

**Mark** Then where the fuck is Julie?

**Jo** Who is Chelsea?

**Mark** My niece. My sister's little girl.

**Jo** Why did you say this was Julie? (*she crouches down to Cassie*) Why did you say this was Julie?

**Cassie** I can't give you Julie.

**Jo** (*gently*) I told you, I'm going to be a good mommy to her. She has a room...

**Cassie** I can't—

*Jo smacks Cassie hard.*

**Jo** Don't say that again!

**Cassie** I—

*Jo smacks Cassie harder.*



**Jo** No more lying! Where is she—where is she—where is she— where is she!

*Jo mercilessly beats Cassie. Cassie tries to crawl away, defending her abdomen, but Jo stays right on top of her.*

**Cassie** Mark! Stop her! Please!

**Mark** No.

*Jo continues to swing at Cassie. Suddenly...*

**Cassie** *I don't have her!*

*Cassie summons up her strength and kicks Jo off of her and scurries to the other side of the room. Jo moves for Cassie, but Mark stops her and pushes her down onto the couch.*

**Mark** What does that mean you don't have her?

**Cassie** Just go, Mark. Just leave us alone.

**Mark** What does that mean, you don't have her?

**Cassie** You weren't here, Mark—

**Mark** *What does that mean, you don't have her?* I'm serious, Cass. I came here to see my daughter on her birthday. I came for my daughter, and I have no intention of leaving without her. I don't want to hurt you, but I know that if you don't tell me what that means—if you don't tell us where Julie is—*Jo is* going to want to hurt you. And I'm going to let her.

*Jo rises and walks wobbly to Mark's side.*

**Jo** We just want our baby, Cassie.

*A beat.*

**Cassie** I don't have her to give to you.

**Mark** What does that mean?

**Cassie** She was adopted. I put her up f—I don't have her to give to you. I'm sorry.

**Mark** I would have taken her.



**Cassie**        *You weren't here.*

**Mark**         *I'm here now.*

**Cassie**        Just— Just go, Mark. Please. I don't have her.

*Jo begins vibrating.*

**Jo**            (*cracking*) Mark?

**Mark**         It's alright, Jo.

**Jo**            I want our baby, Mark.

**Mark**         It's okay. We'll find her.

**Cassie**        Mark. You don't want to take her from a family.

**Mark**         I do. She's mine. Just because you didn't want her—

**Cassie**        *I wanted her.*

**Mark**         Then why did you give her away? (*no response*) What is their name?

**Cassie**        Who?

**Mark**         The family. Who has her?

**Cassie**        Mark—

**Mark**         Who, Cassie?

**Cassie**        I don't know.

**Mark**         *Cass—*

**Cassie**        I didn't *want* to know.

**Mark**         Cassie, we are going to get in that car. The three of us. And we are going to drive around the country until we find her. So you tell us what you know.

*A beat.*

**Cassie**        I don't know their names. Anything... Somewhere in Hardin County. Ohio. That's all I know.



*Mark tosses his keys to Jo.*

**Mark**           Go start up the car.

*Jo picks up the bear and heads out the front door. Mark moves to the front window and watches the street. Cassie fights valiantly not to sob. Mark shoots a glance her way.*

**Mark**           C'mon. Don't cry.

**Cassie**          I thought you didn't care, one way or the other.

**Mark**           This will all be over soon.

*A horn honks from the street. Mark takes a gun out of the waistband of his pants.*

**Mark**           Let's go.

*Cassie walks slowly to the front door. Mark stands just behind her, his gun resting against the back of her leg. He opens the door. The two leave together.*