

F1 (Abbie)
F3 (Joellen)
M2 (Robin)

Robin walks away. Abbie holds up the sweaters. She calls out to Joellen.

ABBIE. Mom?

Joellen comes over to Abbie, who is emotional and still angry. Silence. Then:

Start

JOELLEN. Did you decide?

ABBIE. Mom, I can't choose.

JOELLEN. Then let's leave.

ABBIE. I can't go until I buy a sweater. Dad told me to buy a sweater. He said get a red sweater.

JOELLEN. This is for you from your dad?

ABBIE. For HER!

JOELLEN. For—

ABBIE. It's for HER.

JOELLEN. Your father gave you money and told you to go pick up a Christmas present for his new girlfriend?

ABBIE. I hate him. I hate you!

Abbie throws the sweaters on the floor. Joellen stands in silence, defeated. Robin comes over and picks up the sweaters.

ROBIN. (To Abbie.) You dropped this.

ABBIE. I'm sorry.

ROBIN. This your mom?

ABBIE. Yeah.

ROBIN. Is the sweater for her?

ABBIE. No.

Robin starts folding the sweaters.

ROBIN. I used to use my discount to buy presents for my mom.

ABBIE. It's not for my mom.

ROBIN. My mom's dead. She drove me crazy sometimes but, well, she was my mom, and now she's dead and I'm sorry for all the times I got mad at her.

ABBIE. Oh.

ROBIN. Christmas is hard without my mom.

A beat. Robin continues to fold the sweaters.

ABBIE. Mommy?

JOELLEN. You ready to go?

ABBIE. No, I have to pick a sweater.

Abbie holds up the two sweaters.

ROBIN. Why don't you get both?

ABBIE. Both?

ROBIN. One for you and one for your...friend.

ABBIE. She's not my friend.

ROBIN. So keep the soft one you like for yourself.

JOELLEN. And let your dad give her the expensive sweater.

ABBIE. It costs a whole lot more.

JOELLEN. It's your dad's money.

ABBIE. Right.

ROBIN. It's a designer label.

ABBIE. Yeah.

ROBIN. Is your friend sort of a designer label kind of person?

ABBIE. Mom?

JOELLEN. She's definitely a designer label kind of person. And it's cashmere.

ROBIN. Cashmere with twenty percent mohair and ten percent angora.

ABBIE. It's scratchy.

JOELLEN. Scratchy. Yup. That's the one to get.

ABBIE. The scratchy one?

ROBIN. Yes.

ABBIE. Oh...

JOELLEN. Yup.

ABBIE. She'll have to wear it because it's from Dad.

JOELLEN. Yup.

ROBIN. What size?

JOELLEN. What size is that one?

ROBIN. Small.

ABBIE. It might be tight.

JOELLEN. She's a tight sweater kind of person, isn't she?

ABBIE. And maybe it will be all itchy!

JOELLEN. We can only hope.

Unseen by Abbie, Joellen mouths "thank you" to Robin.

*They all march off toward the register, and the scene transitions
to DECK THE HALLS.*

