

## RS#3 Abe, Miriam, Sarah, Joel

*AT RISE: EVERYONE is sitting around the table,  
having coffee, finishing birthday cake.*

Start



**ABE.** I got to tell you a story. Monday night,  
we're watching Carson. Alan King comes on ...

**MIRIAM.** It was Tuesday night.

**ABE.** It was Monday night.

**MIRIAM.** We didn't watch Carson Monday  
night. Monday night, we went to look at carpet.

**ABE.** It was Monday night.

**MIRIAM.** It was Tuesday night.

**ABE.** It was Monday night. We went to look at  
carpet Sunday night.

**MIRIAM.** Where do you go to look at carpet  
Sunday night?

**ABE.** Where we went, we looked at carpet  
Sunday night.

**MIRIAM.** You don't know what you're talking  
about.

**ABE.** (*Rhetorically.*) I don't know what I'm  
talking about.

**MIRIAM.** Sunday night, we were home.  
Monday night, we went to look at carpet. Tuesday  
night, we saw Carson.

**SARAH.** Anybody want more coffee?

**ABE.** Can I finish my story?

**SARAH.** I'm sorry. Finish your story.

**ABE.** We're watching Carson. Alan King  
comes on ...

**MIRIAM.** It was *Tuesday* night.

**JOEL.** Will you let him tell his story?!

**ABE.** Alan King comes on. He says, one  
morning, his grandfather comes into the house,  
he's limping. They soak the foot in Epson salt.  
They wrap it in a bandage. They take him for tests  
... x-rays ... everything. Finally, his Uncle  
Herman comes over. He's smarter than all the  
doctors. He doesn't look at the foot. He looks  
inside the shoe. In the shoe, the old man had left a  
sock rolled up from the night before. *That's* why  
he was limping!



End