

She does things. Everybody always told me not to do things. Your father never [understood me] And my mother! She always said Don't. Is that how you feel about me? Am I a person who says to you: Don't? (beat — maybe she doesn't want that answered) Robyn just says: Do. And then she does. (The voicemail cuts her off.) Are you there? Are you...? Oh. (She calls back, voicemail) Your machine cut me off. I won't keep you too long. I just wanted to say that I'm very happy and that's all. Goodbye. She hangs up. Robyn is standing in the doorway. A beat between them. ROBYN I finished my cigarette.

SHARON

(with real resolve) What do you do, Robyn?

ROBYN

Did.

SHARON

What did you do?

A beat.

Okay.

ROBYN

I took people's money.

SHARON

Like. You robbed them?

ROBYN

Yes.

SHARON

You mugged them?

ROBYN

No. I convinced them to give me their money.

SHARON

That doesn't sound illegal.

ROBYN

Under false pretenses. I called them up. Old people. Mostly. They could donate to save the whales or the orphans or the ozone layer. Whatever. And they did. And it all went to me.

SHARON

(horrified...but also impressed) You did that?

ROBYN

Yeah. But that wasn't enough money. So then I started telling people they'd won things. People are a lot more willing to risk when there's tangible reward. And to collect the prize, they'd have to provide information.

SHARON

Are you the Nigerians?

ROBYN Sorry?

SHARON

All those emails from Princess whatsit trying to store her millions in my whatever - were those actually from you?

ROBYN

Oh! No. I'm much more detail-oriented. Precise. Grammatic.

SHARON

But that's the general idea.

ROBYN

That's the general idea, yes. (*A beat as Sharon takes this all in.*) Do you want me to stop telling you?

SHARON

No, go on.

ROBYN

...So that happened for a while. And it was actually substantially lucrative.

SHARON

What about your daughter?? Did she know?

ROBYN

We teach our children whatever skill-sets we have, Sharon. Didn't you?

SHARON

You *taught* your *daughter* how to *scam* people?

ROBYN

She's the one who came up with the drivers license thing. We started manufacturing fake IDs, and then she'd sell them at school. But that wasn't until college.

SHARON

Your *daughter* is a *con-artist*?

ROBYN

My daughter is an intelligent and resourceful young woman.

*A beat.*

SHARON

I don't know.

ROBYN

What.

SHARON

What you said... before. I don't know if I gave my son any kind of... skill-set.

ROBYN

He sounds successful.

SHARON

I think he might have done that on his own. Or, worse, in spite of me. We're not close. Why aren't we close?

ROBYN

Well. Amanda and I aren't close either.

SHARON

You *scammed* people together. You were *con-artists* together. You were like Bonnie and Clyde, but mother and daughter. That's so... I don't know! Close!

ROBYN

We have to give our kids things, and they have to reject those things. At some point. Amanda temps at a law firm now and she wears these little power-suits and she tells everybody that her mother lives in another country so all of her boyfriends bring her home for the holidays and their mothers are extra sympathetic because her own is so far away. So. A beat.

SHARON

I'm sorry.

ROBYN

It's fine.

SHARON

It's not fine.