

Molly

because you were standing here all alone. Everyone was staring at you wondering who the loser was who had no one to talk to.

BUD I'm sorry.

MOLLY Don't be. You're the only person who has said anything of interest to me the whole night.

BUD Let me find the champagne guy for you.

Pause. MOLLY says nothing.

No, really. I will.

MOLLY Did you hear me say no?

BUD Right.

BUD exits. MOLLY speaks to the audience.

MOLLY This is the story of a messed up life. And I don't mean just any messed up life, because I know there are millions of messed up lives out there. I'm sure there are some here right now. No, this is the story of my messed up life. Let me start at the end. My husband's end. He passed away last summer. Arthur and I were married for thirty-four years. We have one child. Arthur Junior. Arthur Junior is married to a lovely, if slightly domineering, young woman named Kendra. They are both professionals leading upwardly mobile lives out on the west coast, where apparently there is no telephone service except for every other Sunday evening when I'm in the bathtub. So, as I was saying, my husband died recently. It was a long and painful death. And it wasn't terribly pleasant for him either. Yes, I was at his side through all of it, as I had been for the previous thirty-four years. At his side. *(She thinks for a moment.)* That's a shitty way to spend a life, isn't it? Languishing at someone's side? And I don't blame anyone but myself. I made the decision to set my dreams aside and follow Arthur's. And I raised Arthur Junior while Arthur Senior was travelling here and there for his business dealings. Now, don't get me wrong. I don't resent Arthur Junior for being fastened to my hip for all those years. I just wish he would call more often to show his appreciation. Then again, maybe his leash doesn't reach as far as the phone. He came back for his father's funeral though. I guess that's

something. A funny thing happened at that funeral. I don't mean funny hah hah. It was a funeral after all. But a strange thing happened.

BUD enters. He is carrying a rose.

BUD I'm sorry.

MOLLY What?

BUD About asking you out to dinner while you were standing over your husband's grave. That was probably inappropriate. And I hope you will accept this as my way of apologizing for my actions. *(He holds the rose out to MOLLY.)*

MOLLY What's this?

BUD It's a rose.

MOLLY Yes, I know it's a rose. Where did you get it?

BUD Well...

MOLLY Is that the rose I just placed on my husband's grave?

BUD ...Yes it is, yes.

MOLLY You picked up the rose that I placed on my husband's grave?

BUD Well I needed something to give to you and it was right there. That was probably inappropriate too.

MOLLY just stares at him.

It was inappropriate.

MOLLY There you go.

MOLLY starts to leave.

BUD Wait. Please. I really am sorry. I guess I just let my emotions get the best of me. Please accept my apology.

MOLLY Well... it's understandable I suppose. Funerals do funny things to people.