

I want to be in a relationship and not have to think about it. I want it to just happen. Don't you think that's how a relationship should be? It shouldn't be a lot of hard work. It should just happen. And that's what I'm doing with us. I'm letting it just happen.

MOLLY We're not in a relationship.

BUD Not yet.

MOLLY We're never going to be.

BUD Not with that attitude we're not.

MOLLY I have to go. (*MOLLY turns away.*)

BUD Molly, please. Don't walk away. I mean, it's a lovely view, you walking away, but I would much rather see you walking towards me. I long to see that.

MOLLY ...You're a very nice man, Mr. Mitchell. A very nice man. Please make us both happy and find someone who deserves you.

BUD It's too late. I've already found her.

*MOLLY looks at BUD for a moment, then exits. End Act One.*

---

## ACT TWO

*Time: The present.*

*BUD enters and speaks to the audience.*

BUD I only saw Molly one more time after that second Christmas party. Mr. Graham sold the company suddenly in October of the following year. It was a surprise to everyone that he sold the company he had worked so hard to establish, but he was a shrewd businessman so I'm sure he had a good reason. So the third time I saw Molly was not at a company function at all. It was the summer after that second Christmas party and it was at the opening of an art gallery that her husband had an interest

in. Mr. Graham had donated a large sum of money to the gallery and he had invited a few of his favourite employees to the opening. I didn't get invited. Kitty did. She was Mr. Graham's secretary now, filling in for Shirley who was recovering from the leg surgery. The surgery didn't take, so now, along with the limp, Shirley also had a mean streak. And Kitty had gotten what she wanted. She had become a member of the inner circle.

*KITTY enters. She is carrying one glass of champagne. She gives it to BUD.*

KITTY Here you go.

BUD Thank you. Aren't you having one?

KITTY No, I don't feel well.

BUD What's wrong?

KITTY Nothing. Upset stomach. I don't know.

BUD Oh. I'm sorry to hear that. Well... cheers. (*He holds up his glass to KITTY.*)

KITTY Yeah, yeah.

*BUD drinks.*

BUD How's my tie?

KITTY Your what?

BUD My tie. How is it?

KITTY It's fine.

BUD Is it straight?

KITTY Yes, it's straight. It's fine. Who cares about your tie?

BUD Well I thought you would.

KITTY It's a tie. Why would I care about a tie?

BUD I just thought you would.

KITTY Well I don't.

BUD So what do you think of this?

KITTY What?

BUD This painting. What do you think?

KITTY I don't know. Do you think I came here to look at paintings?

BUD It's an art gallery.

KITTY *(looking at the painting)* It's fine. What is it?

BUD I think it's a horse. Or a very big woman.

KITTY *(looking off)* Who's that talking to Arthur?

BUD Hmm?

KITTY There. That woman. Who is that?

BUD Oh, that's the gallery owner. Diana Kelsey.

KITTY Oh, so that's her.

BUD Yep.

KITTY She calls him at the office all the time. And she keeps him on the phone forever.

BUD Uh-huh.

KITTY Well don't you find that odd?

BUD Why should I find that odd?

KITTY Well there's no need for it. You should be able to say everything you need to say in a two or three minute phone call. Look. Look at that. See?

BUD What's wrong?

KITTY Well she's being overly friendly, don't you think?

BUD Well I think they're friends. After all, he donated half-a-million dollars to this gallery.

KITTY She's very touchy.

BUD A half-a-million dollars will do that.

KITTY Oh God. *(She grabs her stomach.)*

BUD       What's wrong?

KITTY     I think I'm going to be sick.

BUD       Why? Because she's touching him?

KITTY     No! My stomach is.... Oh Shit! I am going to be sick.  
Where's the washroom?

BUD       Uh... over there. *(He points.)*

*KITTY begins to move in the direction of the washroom.*

No wait!

KITTY     What?!

BUD       That's not a washroom. That's a painting of a  
washroom. Uh.... Over there! There it is. *(He points in the other  
direction.)*

KITTY     Oh God!

*KITTY exits.*

BUD       *(to the audience)* And so once again I found myself  
standing alone at a social gathering. Unfortunately there were  
no couches in this room so I could not lower my profile as I had  
during my previous uncomfortable moments. I did, however,  
have a painting I could stare at, and I figured the longer and the  
harder I stared at it the more intelligent I might seem. People  
would think that I was an art aficionado. That I understood the  
meaning and depth in every brush stroke.

*MOLLY enters and stands beside BUD. She looks at the  
painting.*

MOLLY    You can't figure it out either, huh?

BUD       Hmm? Oh, hi there.

MOLLY    I think it's a camel.

BUD       Really? I don't see that.

MOLLY    Well it's a got a hump.

BUD       No, I think that's a breast.

MOLLY You think so?

BUD Looks like.

MOLLY Then where's the other one?

BUD I have no idea.

MOLLY Hmm. I'm Molly, by the way.

BUD Bud.

MOLLY Hi Bud. Nice to meet you.

BUD Actually, we've met before.

MOLLY Really? When?

BUD At the Executive Decisions Christmas party last year.

MOLLY Oh. Well I don't remember much about that party. I had a snootful that night.

BUD Really? I didn't notice.

MOLLY Oh yeah. I was very well irrigated. That was back in my drinking days.

BUD You don't drink anymore?

MOLLY Not to excess. No, when you wake up in the neighbour's gazebo covered in a thin December frost it opens your eyes.

BUD I imagine it would, yes.

MOLLY So you work for Executive Decisions?

BUD Yes, I'm one of the road warriors.

MOLLY Oh, you're one of those, huh?

BUD They call us the backbone of the company.

MOLLY Who does?

BUD Lots of people. Some people. No one really.

MOLLY Well I hope you're not married, Bud. Being apart all the time can be hard on a marriage.

BUD        Actually, I am married.

MOLLY     Well take my advice and be careful. Is your wife here?

BUD        She's in the washroom throwing up.

MOLLY     Oh. Bulimic?

BUD        Upset stomach.

MOLLY     Yeah, I know the caterer. Well I hope she's an understanding woman.

BUD        Understanding about what?

MOLLY     About your job.

BUD        Oh, yes. She understands quite a bit.

MOLLY     Well that was evasive.

BUD        Kitty is fully aware of what it takes to be successful, and if that means my being on the road a lot then she understands that.

MOLLY     Kitty? My husband's new secretary is named Kitty.

BUD        Yes, that's my Kitty. She's been his secretary for a few months now.

MOLLY     Oh. Yes, I've spoken to her on the phone. A little on the abrasive side I thought.

BUD        Oh?

MOLLY     That's what I thought.

BUD        Do you always say what you think?

MOLLY     Oh, yes. I've got some wonderful thoughts, Bud. It would be a shame to keep them to myself. So what do you think of this whole "art" idea?

BUD        What do you mean?

MOLLY     Well it's a scam, isn't it?

BUD        A scam?

MOLLY     Yes, I mean, who painted this?

BUD Uh... Raoul Tudwell.

MOLLY Exactly. Who the hell is he? And he's asking two thousand dollars for this thing. I mean, how much paint is on here anyway? Is there two thousand dollars worth?

BUD I don't think it's the quantity of paint applied to the canvas. I think it's the vision. The technique. The significance of the work.

MOLLY I was being facetious.

BUD Oh.

MOLLY I actually know quite a bit about art.

BUD Do you?

MOLLY Enough to know that this is a piece of crap.

BUD That's very funny.

MOLLY There, you see? And I almost kept that thought to myself.

BUD Well I'm glad you shared it.

MOLLY So are you having a good time?

BUD As a matter of fact I am having a good time. I'm quite enjoying myself.

MOLLY *(looking off towards Diana and ARTHUR)* Good. And I see you're not the only one. *(She waves.)* Hi, Diana.

BUD Diana Kelsey.

MOLLY Yes.

BUD Have you known her long?

MOLLY Long enough.

*BUD waves to DIANA.*

BUD Hi Diana!

MOLLY You know her too?

BUD Never met her.

MOLLY No sign of your wife yet. How long has she been gone?

BUD Oh, I don't know. Ten minutes.

MOLLY She must be pretty sick.

BUD Yes, very. That's a lovely bracelet.

MOLLY Thank you.

BUD Quite stunning. And it works so well with the outfit.

MOLLY Maybe someone should go and check on her.

BUD Hmm?

MOLLY Your wife. Maybe someone should check to see how she's doing.

BUD Naw, let's give her a few more minutes.

MOLLY Are you sure?

BUD Oh yeah. So how's your summer going?

MOLLY Fine, thank you. I've spent most of it by the pool.

BUD That's nice. Well it's been a hot one, that's for sure.

MOLLY Hot? I'll say it's hot. I saw a dog chasing a cat yesterday and they were both walking.

BUD You've got a sparkling wit, you know that?

MOLLY Well a sparkling wit means nothing unless you've got someone to bounce it off of.

BUD That's very true. You really do need someone to bounce it off of.

MOLLY Would you like me to go and check on her?

BUD Who?

MOLLY Your wife.

BUD Naw, she'll manage. So you haven't taken any trips this summer?



MOLLY No. You know what? I think I'm going to go and check on her.

BUD Why?

MOLLY Well if I was sick I'd want someone to check on me.

BUD I'd check on you.

MOLLY Really?

BUD Definitely. It would be my pleasure.

MOLLY So what about your wife?

BUD Well I don't know if she'd check on you but I sure would.

MOLLY No, I meant maybe you should check on her.

BUD Oh. All right then, sure. I'll stick my head in the door and give her a shout.

MOLLY Thank you.

*BUD doesn't move.*

Well?

BUD What? Oh, you mean now??

MOLLY Yes.

BUD Right. Okay. Uh... will you still be here when I get back?

MOLLY Oh, I'll be around.

BUD But you won't be right here.

MOLLY Here? In front of this painting? No. You stand in front of a painting for too long and people think you're trying to look intelligent. Like you know what the painting means or something.

BUD That is so pretentious. I hate that.

MOLLY So I'll be mingling. That's what I do. I mingle.

BUD Well it was nice talking to you... again.

MOLLY You too.

BUD Goodbye.

*BUD exits. MOLLY speaks to the audience.*

MOLLY I didn't know who she was. She wouldn't give me her name. She called the house one night while Arthur was working late. She told me she was carrying Arthur's child. It wasn't a long conversation. Two, maybe three minutes. And I didn't get mad. And I didn't cry. I simply listened to what she had to say, thanked her for calling and hung up the phone. And when Arthur came home that night I confronted him. Not angrily but in a very collected manner.

*ARTHUR enters.*

ARTHUR And she called you out of the blue? Just like that?

MOLLY Just like that.

ARTHUR Well she must be deranged. That's the only explanation. The woman is deranged.

MOLLY Well that's one explanation.

ARTHUR Unbelievable. So what does she want? Did she say?

MOLLY Yes, in fact she did say. She wants you, Arthur. She wants me to give you up.

ARTHUR She what?

MOLLY That's what she said.

ARTHUR Well of all the... she wants you to give me up?

MOLLY That's right.

ARTHUR Madness. Absolute madness. Did she give her name?

MOLLY No.

ARTHUR She didn't give her name?

MOLLY No name.

ARTHUR Well this is an outrage. There is simply no need for those kinds of lies.

MOLLY Oh, Arthur, please, stop it.

ARTHUR Stop what?

MOLLY The charade. The innocent act. The woman described your naked body right down to the size and shape of your birthmark. She described your lovemaking technique, and by the way, I'm a little upset at a couple of the things she's getting that I never got. So I know she's not lying. I know she's slept with you. So you can dispense with the false indignation.

ARTHUR I see. Well.

MOLLY Yeah. Well.

ARTHUR This is... uh... this is extremely awkward, isn't it?

MOLLY Awkward? Yes, Arthur, it is awkward. At the very least it's awkward.

ARTHUR And she didn't give her name?

MOLLY No. Why? Is there more than one? Could there be someone else out there carrying your child?

ARTHUR No, of course not. Was it a long-distance call?

MOLLY No, it wasn't a long-distance call. Does that narrow it down for you?

ARTHUR Molly, I ended it a month ago. It was very brief and it meant nothing. She's calling now because... I don't know... maybe she sees me as a meal ticket. Maybe she thinks she can get something out of me.

MOLLY So you admit it. You admit you had an affair.

ARTHUR Yes. Isn't that what you want?

MOLLY Actually, Arthur, what I want is for you not to have affairs. For you to be faithful. For you to feel that I'm all you need. That's what I want, you son of a bitch...! All right, I got that out. Now let's talk about what we're going to do.

ARTHUR What do you mean?

MOLLY Well we can't go on like this, can we?

ARTHUR No, we most certainly can't. (*beat*) Like what?

MOLLY Oh, God. All right, here's what I think. I think you should sell the company.

ARTHUR Sell the company? Sell Executive Decisions?

MOLLY Yes.

ARTHUR And how is that going to change anything?

MOLLY Our marriage hasn't been the same since you started that company, Arthur. I think it's bad luck for us.

ARTHUR Bad luck? You want me to sell a profitable enterprise because you think it's bad luck?

MOLLY Yes.

ARTHUR Molly, that's ridiculous. What's next? Voodoo dolls? Incantations?

MOLLY I want you to sell the company. You can start another company if you like. I don't care. Just get rid of this one. And then you will give this woman a large sum of money.

ARTHUR What for?

MOLLY To care for your child. There's no reason why the offspring should suffer just because the parents are fools.

ARTHUR And how do we know she's really pregnant? Maybe she's lying. And if she is pregnant, how do we know the baby is mine?

MOLLY Well you'll have to find out, won't you? There are tests you can take. Call her and set it up.

ARTHUR And how much money am I supposed to give her?

MOLLY I don't know. I mean really, Arthur, can you put a monetary value on something like that?

ARTHUR Of course you can. You can put a monetary value on anything.

MOLLY Fine then. Half-a-million dollars.

ARTHUR Half-a-million?! I don't have that kind of money lying around.

MOLLY You will when you sell the company.

ARTHUR You want me to give this woman a half-a-million dollars?

MOLLY You gave half-a-million to Diana Kelsey and her art gallery. You don't think a child is worth a half-a-million dollars too?

ARTHUR And what if she won't take money? You said she wanted me.

MOLLY You were her number one choice. Second on the list was money. And that was just ahead of a condo in the Caribbean.

ARTHUR My God, is she still going on about that bloody condo?

MOLLY What?

ARTHUR Nothing. Half-a-million dollars. I should give it to her in gold bars. See how she likes lugging that around.

MOLLY Just give it to her.

ARTHUR I don't know about this, Molly. I really don't.

MOLLY Arthur, I could very well just take our son and leave you and get a multi-million dollar settlement. In fact, that's what any normal, sensible, vindictive person would do. But I've invested too much in this relationship. And I'm not a quitter. And I want Arthur Junior to have a home where both parents reside. Now if you want to make this work you'll do what I suggest.

ARTHUR You haven't asked me who this woman is.

MOLLY What?

ARTHUR The other woman. You haven't asked me who it is.

MOLLY I don't care who it is. The fact that you were with someone else is more than enough information, thank you. Oh, and one more thing. I want you to end the affair you are currently having with Diana Kelsey.