

ARTHUR What?

MOLLY You heard me.

ARTHUR Diana Kelsey? What makes you think that Diana Kelsey and I are...

MOLLY Arthur!

ARTHUR I'll call her right now.

*ARTHUR exits. MOLLY speaks to the audience.*

MOLLY The Diana Kelsey thing was just a guess. Shortly after Arthur passed away I went out west to visit my son and his wife for three weeks. I thought it might be a nice change for me, but I found that I was bored, looking for ways to occupy myself while they were off earning their livings. I stayed in their "granny suite." Arthur Junior had the room built when we learned that his father was terminal. He assumed that I would be unable to care for myself without a husband and would thus have to be shunted onto them within hours of his passing. You know what a granny suite is, right? It's where mothers go to die. Lying in bed at night I could feel the pall of death hovering in the stagnant granny-suite air. And every morning when I awoke I fully expected to find the coroner pulling the bed sheet over my head. The granny suite was attached to the kitchen, I'm assuming the reasoning there was to lessen the number of steps I would have to take to get my morning cup of green tea, thereby affording me as little exercise as possible and hastening the atrophy of my muscles and of my will to live. As it turned out, the proximity of the suite to the kitchen had an effect on my mental health as well. I could hear their conversations every morning as I lay there waiting for the coroner.

*Arthur JUNIOR enters. MOLLY moves up to the kitchen table. She is now KENDRA, Arthur JUNIOR's wife.*

JUNIOR What time did you get in last night, Kendra? I didn't hear you.

KENDRA Oh, it was after midnight. It took me forever to finish that report.

JUNIOR Couldn't you have done it here? You've written up reports at home before.

KENDRA No, all the research material was at the office. I would have had to drag all that home with me, so I just decided to finish it there.

JUNIOR Oh. I called your office last night but there was no answer.

KENDRA I wasn't in my office. I was working in the boardroom. There's more space in there. And how was your evening?

JUNIOR Quiet. Mom and I talked until about eleven and then we both turned in.

KENDRA God, I wish I could have done that.

JUNIOR You know she's met a man.

KENDRA What?

JUNIOR Yes, she told me last night.

KENDRA What do mean, a man? You mean a romantic interest?

JUNIOR Well she didn't say that. She just said that he's been pursuing her and they had coffee together last week.

KENDRA Pursuing her or her money?

JUNIOR No, she says the fellow's very well off himself.

KENDRA Well did you tell her how you felt about such a thing?

JUNIOR No, I didn't. How do I feel about it?

KENDRA You don't approve of it.

JUNIOR I don't?

KENDRA Certainly not.

JUNIOR Oh. Why?

KENDRA Because people her age don't fall in love.

JUNIOR I didn't say she was falling in love. And why don't they fall in love?

KENDRA Because they have poor judgment. When people get older their eyes go, their hearing goes and their judgment goes.

JUNIOR It does?

KENDRA It goes right to hell. Besides, your father hasn't even been dead for two months. No, this is completely wrong.

JUNIOR I think it's kind of cute.

KENDRA Cute? It is not cute. God, Arthur, next thing you know they'll be going for walks in the park, holding hands, kissing in public. She'll make a complete fool of herself.

JUNIOR Well I don't know if it'll reach that extreme.

KENDRA It will. Trust me. And what if they want to have sex?

JUNIOR Oh, please, Kendra. We're talking about my mother here.

KENDRA Exactly. A woman her age. It's distasteful. No, she should end this relationship immediately.

JUNIOR I don't know that it is a relationship yet. They've only been out once and just for coffee.

KENDRA Well then she should end it before it goes any further. I mean, I love your mother, Arthur, I truly do, but what man is going to want to engage in intimate relations with a woman of her advanced years? Men her age want younger women. They want women my age.

JUNIOR They do?

KENDRA They clamour for women my age. No, I think this man is after her money. Mark my words. And if he gets his hands on it then you never will.

JUNIOR What?

KENDRA You heard me.

JUNIOR I don't care about my mother's money.

KENDRA Well you should. Your father worked hard for that money. You should care about it out of respect for him. And you should get every penny of it after Molly is gone

because that's how your father would have wanted it. He wouldn't want it falling into the hands of some fly-by-night Casanova. Besides, we built that granny suite. Don't you think we should get some compensation for that somewhere down the road? And how is that going to happen if your mother's elderly gigolo is spending your inheritance on the French Riviera? All right, I have to go. *(She kisses ARTHUR goodbye.)*

JUNIOR Will you be working late again tonight?

KENDRA Hard to say. Love you.

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*KENDRA exits. BUD speaks to the audience.*

~~BUD I waited for two months after the meeting with Molly at the tree-planting ceremony before I contacted her again. She obviously needed some space so I decided to back off for a short while. But, again, she was always on my mind. Sometimes at the forefront, and sometimes just lurking in the back somewhere. But always there. Finally I couldn't wait any longer. I was sitting at home alone one Friday night watching the Bulls - Lakers game. And I hate basketball. I mean, I really hate it. Suddenly the absurdity of the situation landed on me like one of those freak of nature power forwards slam-dunking the ball through the helpless hoop. I phoned Molly but there was no answer, so I got in my car and drove to her house. The lights were off but I knew she was inside somewhere. Don't ask me how I knew. I just knew.~~

~~*MOLLY enters. She is at a second-storey window now looking down on BUD below.*~~

~~MOLLY Who's down there? Is someone down there?~~

~~BUD It's me. Bud Mitchell.~~

~~MOLLY Bud Mitchell?~~

~~BUD Good evening. Nice to see you again.~~

~~MOLLY What are you doing down there? Are you throwing pebbles at my window?~~

~~BUD Stones.~~

~~MOLLY What?~~