

# Molly's Secrets

Arthur Keyser





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MOLLY'S SECRETS

By Arthur Keyser

CAST

MOLLY ALBERT, a sixty-eight-year-old widow.

FRAN LOBIANCO, a seventy-one-year-old widow.

BETH COHEN, a sixty-seven-year-old widow.

Place

The family room in Beth Cohen's home, located in a planned community in the suburbs of Boston, Massachusetts.

Time

Late morning on a weekday in early October.

MOLLY'S SECRETS

*At Rise: There is a tray with a carafe and three cups preset in Beth's living room. She hears a knock at the door, walks to the door and opens it. Molly walks in and they hug.*

BETH: I missed you.

MOLLY: I arrived home late last evening...I smell coffee.

BETH: Started it right after your call.

MOLLY: Did you reach Fran?

BETH: She should be here in a few minutes. She was getting ready for a luncheon date and was just finishing her face.

MOLLY: Another new man?

BETH: It's their second date.

MOLLY: Is he age appropriate?

BETH: Fran told me he won't be ninety-six for a few months yet.

MOLLY: Just perfect for a seventy-one-year-old woman.

BETH: He meets her qualifications. He has long-term care insurance.

MOLLY: We all have different priorities.

BETH: Well? I'm waiting for your explanation.

MOLLY: About what?

BETH: For heaven's sake, Molly! What do you think I'm asking? Where have you been?

MOLLY: I'm just teasing you.

BETH: When your best friend disappears, that's not an answer. (*Molly sits in an armchair.*)

MOLLY: Can we wait for Fran? Don't want to explain it twice.

BETH: I thought you were dead.

MOLLY: Now you're exaggerating. I sent you an email.

BETH: Only one in three months. It could have been sent by whoever murdered you and stole your laptop. It said, "Don't call the police. I'm doing fine." If I were a murderer, that's the kind of message I'd send.

MOLLY: You've always had such a vivid imagination.

BETH: Don't you watch the late night news? It's always full of frightening —

*(there's a knock from the door.)*

BETH *(continues)*: That must be Fran. Now, don't start anything.

*(Beth opens the door and Fran walks in. She walks toward Molly and then stops.)*

FRAN: Your face looks familiar. Have I ever met you before?

MOLLY: Don't try to be funny. It doesn't go with your personality.

BETH: Are you two going to start already? Call a truce.

MOLLY: I'm sorry. Let's start over.

FRAN: Why didn't you call us??

MOLLY: I couldn't. I had good reasons.

FRAN: Where were you hiding?

MOLLY: I went to Seattle.

FRAN: Don't tell me. I can guess. You met a man. I've been a widow for seven years and haven't found anyone. Your Sam died last year and already you've found someone. I'll never forgive you, especially if he's handsome and rich. Is he younger than you? How on earth did you find a man three thousand miles away? Does he have a friend for me?

MOLLY: Slow down and take a breath. First, in case you've already forgotten, Sam died two years ago...not last year. I didn't meet a man. I'm not looking for a man. No new man could replace Sam.

FRAN: So why does a sixty-eight-year-old woman leave Boston and go off by herself alone for three months without any explanation?

MOLLY: I wasn't alone.

FRAN: Who were you with?

MOLLY: My daughter. She lives in Seattle.

BETH: Your daughter!! The three of us have lived on the same street and been best friends for forty years...and this is the first time you ever said you have a daughter!

MOLLY: Because I didn't know I have a daughter.

BETH: I know we're all getting older, but that makes absolutely no sense.

MOLLY: If you'll just wait, you'll understand. Her name is Laura. She was born before I met Sam.

BETH: Did Sam know?

MOLLY: I had no reason to tell him. I never met her till three months ago.

FRAN: You're not making any sense.

MOLLY: It's complicated.

FRAN: What's complicated about having a daughter?

MOLLY: It's a story I've never told anyone. Only my parents and Laura's father knew.

**END OF FREEVIEW**

***You'll want to read and perform this show!***