

# Molly #1

NELSON

You're embarrassing. And it's not like he exactly could get away from it by going home.

*Alejandro finishes cleaning and heads upstairs to the apartment.*

He lives right upstairs.

TRIP

So his whole life right now is up and down, from his cramped apartment to his underperforming bar and back.

NELSON

And that's all he does.

TRIP

Everyday.

NELSON

That's it.

TRIP

We got nothing else to show you.

NELSON

Bet you wondering why you came to see this play.

TRIP

You fucked up. We got nothing.

*MOLLY, at the police station.*

MOLLY

Ma! Yo, Ma!

NELSON

Oh yeah. He got a little sister.

3

MOLLY

I gotta talk to you about your son, Ma.

*Molly begins to spray paint.*

That kid ain't got no life anymore. Go to work, clean the family. Go to work, feed the family. That's all he does, Ma. I tell him though. I tell him that shit kills you, then you dead, and nobody outside your little circle even remembers you. That's what happened to you, Ma.

Start



I # yllom

It's a disease. You had it. And your son Al got it now. You gave him that deli, you gave him the fucked-up genes. You gave him your fucked-up heart. But me? I got the little tiny good part of you. I got the clear-headed DNA. The unblocked arteries. I ain't getting infected. I'm an artist.

*Molly finishes painting and steps away from the wall to reveal that she has written the name MOLLY, big and bold.*

I'm the only healthy one ever lived in this family.

Stop

*She exits towards the apartment.*

4

*Alejandro, making breakfast in the apartment.*

*MOLLY stomps in.*

MOLLY

Don't tell me I'm late.

ALEJANDRO

Did I say anything about you being late? I'm working, Amalia.

MOLLY

My name is not Amalia. It's Molly. I'm not late.

ALEJANDRO

I've been sitting here staring at paperwork since we closed the lounge tonight. I don't even know what time it is.

MOLLY

Me neither. I don't have a watch. I'm an artist.

ALEJANDRO

Right. An artist. Well I'm a businessman, *Artist*, and I've got work to do.

MOLLY

You spend too much time on that shit.

ALEJANDRO

Oh, how should I be spending my time? Scribbling my name on a park bench?

MOLLY

When was the last time you even saw a park bench?

ALEJANDRO

When was the last time you were home before daylight?

stop

Stop