

MOLLY JONES STEALS  
HOME

by  
Leslie Bramm

# MOLLY JONES STEALS HOME

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MOLLY JONES STEALS HOME

*“The life well lived is long enough”*

*-Seneca-*

## MOLLY JONES STEALS HOME

Molly Jones Steals Home was developed at the Actors Studio's Playwright/Director Workshop, in New York City. 2018-2020.  
Kathleen Brant Director/Dramaturg.

CAST: 4 Women 3 Men

MOLLY JONES.....9 going on 49. Way too smart and snarky for her own good. Determined, stubborn, existential. \*Molly should be played by a young adult actor.

DR. TEAGAN MARSHALL....30's. Cold. Stern. Genuine. Wants to be a good doctor. Doesn't like to be touched.

LANCE LANE.....30's. Washed up pitcher for the NY Mets. Trying to stay sober. Not the brightest bulb.

TAMMY THE TOUCAN.....40s-50s. An exhausted, sad hospital clown.

3 Actors playing multiple roles:

ACTOR ONE.....20's. A put-upon ORDERLY, a GRUNDGY TEENAGER and SENECA, a tipsy philosopher.

ACTOR TWO.....60's-70's, HEAD NURSE MARZUK, in charge, and a crazy OLD LADY.

ACTOR THREE.....50's-60's. The HEAD OF SECURITY suspicious, a menschy CORPSE and BOO BOO, a surly hospital clown.

TIME: Summer. Now

PLACE: Various locations in and around New York Hospital.

- Author's note. I am a New Yorker, so the play is set in New York City, with a New York baseball team. I am open to changing location and team names to those in your city, if it helps tell the story more specifically for your audience.

# MOLLY JONES STEALS HOME

*MOLLY'S hospital room. It is enshrined with New York Mets bed sheets, pillowcases, a Mets baseball cap hangs on her IV unit. LIGHTS UP to half. NURSE MARZUK is taking Molly's blood pressure while DOCTOR MARSHALL is on her phone and reading over Molly's charts. MOLLY is gaunt, bald, and hollow eyed. She's wearing a hospital robe. She's also wearing earbuds and intently watching the Mets pregame show on TV. Through her earbuds we hear a pregame baseball show combined with the lectures of Seneca. All the sounds blend and transfix Molly, making her unaware of the world around her.*

**NURSE MARZUK.** She has her "Make A Wish Today".

**DOCTOR MARSHALL.** *(Dr. Marshall gets the good news.)* Her white sell count is a mere 3.1, but with your new treatment... Yes! Thank you! Yes...I understand, and I'll make sure she's prepped! *(SPECIAL LIGHT up on Molly. She picks up a book by Seneca and removes her ticket to the game. She examines it closely, almost not believing it's real. She carefully places the ticket back between the pages of the book. Dr. Marshall hangs up her phone.)* They've authorized us to begin treatment tomorrow.

**NURSE MARZUK.** I was saying, her wish?...She's very excited about going to this game.

**DOCTOR MARSHALL.** Preliminary tests show that Fluxomean could be the new cancer drug.

**NURSE MARZUK.** Kids in Molly's condition usually only get one chance at a make a wish.

**DOCTOR MARSHALL.** A quick blast of chemo today then we start the Fluxomean first thing tomorrow morning. That's our strike

## MOLLY JONES STEALS HOME

zone. (*Dr. Marshall makes a call.*) This is Doctor Marshall, I need that “set up”...Yes, pediatric oncology, room 1909 West...Yes now! (*Harsh, cold hospital LIGHTS BURST UP TO FULL. MOLLY yanks out her ear buds, Seneca and the baseball sounds abruptly stop.*)

**MOLLY.** Crapdamnit! ‘Odds makers have the Mets losing the wildcard game, and only a 9 percent chance of making the World Series! We won 99 games this year! How is that even possible, 9 percent?

**NURSE MARZUK.** Molly you barely touched your lunch.

**MOLLY.** ‘Saving room for Stadium food. Hotdogs and nachos, and enough soda to swim in.

**NURSE MARZUK.** (*To Dr. Marshall.*) The yellow section, row one, right behind the dugout. Prime seats for a make a wish.

**DOCTOR MARSHALL.** (*To Nurse Marzuk.*) Can we speak...(*Dr. Marshall reaches for her stethoscope when she realizes she’s not wearing it.*) Did you steal my stethoscope? (*Molly smiles at her innocently.*) How in the world did you even do that?

**NURSE MARZUK.** I see we’re having “sticky finger syndrome” again? (*Nurse Marzuk reaches under Molly’s bed and produces a Mets tote bag, stuffed with knick-knacks Molly has stolen.*) Let’s see what we have here...A bed pan...A pencil sharpener...The Chiefs Mountblanc pen...a prescription pad...Something warm and squishy in a suspect looking envelop, do I even ask?

**MOLLY.** It’s probably better that you don’t.

**NURSE MARZUK.** My red scarf...My red hat that goes with my red scarf, my red gloves that go with both the hat and scarf...and...Ah, here we are...(*She finds the stethoscope and hands it to Dr. Marshall.*)

**DOCTOR MARSHALL.** Keep it up and I’m ordering a Psyche evaluation...

**NURSE MARZUK.** She’d outwit Freud anytime. Wouldn’t you Molly? (*Molly gives her a thumbs up.*)

## MOLLY JONES STEALS HOME

**DOCTOR MARSHALL.** I'll be back to check on you in a few...Nurse Marzuk, a word...*(Dr. Marshall and Nurse Marzuk EXIT. Molly does some research.)*

**MOLLY.** Rosado is batting .350, if Scott can pitch 7 strong innings. *(LANCE enters confused.)*

**LANCE.** I'm a little lost... *(Recognizing him.)*

**MOLLY.** Holy Crapdamnit!!! Lance Lane! Eleven-hundred career strikeouts, to date. 2.63 ERA. A 105.4 mile-an-hour fastball. Lance Lane, who almost pitched a perfect game. Suspended for the season after the now infamous barroom brawl. Extra holy Crapdamnit a real New York Met!!!

**LANCE.** *(Ashamed.)* Yeah, used to be...Am I anywhere near the Rotunda?

**MOLLY.** Rotundas are usually ground floor? We're on 19? Hey, are you part of my "make a wish"?

**LANCE.** Me? Sorry, no. Don't think you'd be wishing to meet me.

**MOLLY.** I'd be wishing to meet Rusty Staub, but he's already dead.

**LANCE.** *(Really lost.)* I was out front having a smoke. I came back in, took an elevator up, a nurse told me to make a left, then I made another left, then ended up here. Wherever here is.

**MOLLY.** The Mets didn't send you?

**LANCE.** No...I'm really lost.

**MOLLY.** Dude, look around, I am queen of all that is the New York Mets. You being here doesn't seem a little farfetched?

**LANCE.** Maybe it's like destiny or something?

**MOLLY.** *(Quoting.)* "Our destinies are shaped by our individual choices".

**LANCE.** Life can throw knuckles and curve balls, I guess whatever you decide to swing at. *(Checking out the book on her bed.)* This is yours, Sen-e-ca..."On Living"?

**MOLLY.** The "Tug McGraw" of Stoic Philosophy.

**LANCE.** "Ya gotta believe", I guess. *(He pulls her ticket out of the book.)* You going to the game tonight?

## MOLLY JONES STEALS HOME

**MOLLY.** Yeah, how stoked am I? Wild Card game baby! Sudden death against the Braves I hate. I wish you were pitching tonight. *(We hear DR. MARSHALL from off stage.)* That's my doctor! Quick, hide in the bathroom!

**LANCE.** Why?

**MOLLY.** Immediate family only and you're already suspended.

**LANCE.** Tell them I'm your uncle or something.

**MOLLY.** I'm an orphan...Over there, hurry up! *(Lance disappears into the bathroom, Molly pretends to check stats as DR.*

*MARSHALL steps back into the room.)* Rosado's RBIs are off the charts, and if Scott can pitch 7 strong innings...

**DOCTOR MARSHALL.** *(Sternly.)* Molly, I have some news.

**MOLLY.** It's something I'm going to hate, right?

**DOCTOR MARSHALL.** Yes, it probably is, but you shouldn't- *(Just then the ORDERLY steps into the room wheeling a scary looking chemo set up.)* What are you doing!

**ORDERLY.** You said; "I need that set up, bring it now"...Yo, what's up Molly Jones! You psyched for the game tonight?

**DOCTOR MARSHALL.** I meant, "now", not right now. "Now" as in later!

**ORDERLY.** Oh, okay, there's "now-now", and a now later? Got it.

**MOLLY.** Wait a Crapdamn minute! I'm not scheduled for this again!

**DOCTOR MARSHALL.** Great news, we got bumped to the top of the list for the Fluxomean trial.

**MOLLY.** We never discussed that! I don't remember a conversation when I agreed to that, or a wallop of chemo first, before a one and done to decide the winner of the National League East.

**DOCTOR MARSHALL.** Fluxomean is a once in a lifetime chance.

**MOLLY.** So is my make a wish!

**DOCTOR MARSHALL.** I understand that I do Molly, but...

**MOLLY.** You said the last "bloodbath" was supposed to clean the cancer out, the last treatment was supposed to stabilize me.



## MOLLY JONES STEALS HOME

**DOCTOR MARSHALL.** It didn't, I think you know that...Give us the room please.

**ORDERLY.** Should I leave the set up?

**DOCTOR MARSHALL.** (*Glaring at the Orderly.*) Yeah, okay, I'll just leave this here...Sorry Molly. (*The ORDERLY EXITS.*)

**MOLLY.** My "wish" has me crouched behind home plate, catching a pitch from Scott. Can we just reflect on that a moment? Before the game? Home plate? Fred Scott? Can you even begin to grasp the ginormity of that?

**DOCTOR MARSHALL.** They chose us to launch, to be the first to test...Molly preliminary reports say that this procedure...

**MOLLY.** Has a 40 percent chance of adding 6 months, 20 percent odds of a year, a 70 percent gamble the Fluxomean won't work at all.

**DOCTOR MARSHALL.** We need to begin treatment immediately. You know what I'm saying Molly, don't you?

**MOLLY.** You're saying, I don't have too many good days left in my line up. I already know that.

**DOCTOR MARSHALL.** That's not what I meant.

**MOLLY.** I'm the patient you're supposed to listen to me!

**DOCTOR MARSHALL.** You're the patient, that's right. You're the patient and I'm the doctor, that's how this relationship works.

**MOLLY.** I just got my energy back, now it's going to be zapped, again! Look Teagan... (*Molly grabs her hand Dr. Marshall freaks out, shakes, and paces.*)

**DOCTOR MARSHALL.** DON'T! No...No! Stop! No absolutely not...I can't be... (*Dr. Marshall uses her stethoscope, listens to her own heartbeat and takes a series of deep breathes.*) No, no, no, touching, absolutely no touching EVER!

**MOLLY.** I've never been to a real game, you know that. This is like my one at bat.

**DOCTOR MARSHALL.** (*Taking deep breaths.*) You fall asleep, wake up, and it'll be over.

**MOLLY.** (*Quoting.*) "The wise man lives as long as he ought, not as long as he can".

## MOLLY JONES STEALS HOME

**DOCTOR MARSHALL.** Seneca's not your doctor, and I think I know what's best for my patient. (*NURSE MARZUK pokes her head into the room.*)

**NURSE MARZUK.** Doctor Marshall...

**DOCTOR MARSHALL.** I tell you what, in a few weeks, when your condition has improved, I'll take you to a game myself.

**MOLLY.** 'Mets lose tonight, there won't be another game, season over! (*Dr. Marshall EXITS.*) Seneca would give me my wish! (*Lance peeks out from the bathroom.*)

**LANCE.** 'Safe to come out?

**MOLLY.** For you maybe.

**LANCE.** Wow, dude. I'm sorry. You're really sick, I guess. There's no chance?

**MOLLY.** It's bottom of the 9th and Casey's at bat.

*(SCENE SHIFTS: Right outside her room.)*

**NURSE MARZUK.** You still want me to cancel her Make a Wish?

**DOCTOR MARSHALL.** Thank you. Yes, cancel. I've got to get her prepped.

**NURSE MARZUK.** She could always go to the game today and begin treatment tomorrow.

**DOCTOR MARSHALL.** We tried a day trip, 3 weeks ago, she had a seizure. Another seizure could lead to a coma.

**NURSE MARZUK.** Anti-seizure meds, a mild sedative? She could be good for 9 innings... You know your father was able to respect the science and still respect his patient's wishes...

**DOCTOR MARSHALL.** (*Stoic.*) Yes, well, my father is dead. (*Awkward beat.*) Her current cocktail won't stave off the disease too much longer, so the science, the science, says, keep trying!

**NURSE MARZUK.** She might not get another chance at a Wish... Sometimes with cancer there's no more to be done.

**DOCTOR MARSHALL.** I don't accept that. I don't support just giving up. You do everything, I mean, everything you can to save your patient.

## MOLLY JONES STEALS HOME

**NURSE MARZUK.** I'm just suggesting palliative care as an option.

**DOCTOR MARSHALL.** Absolutely not! Death is not an option! Understand? The Fluxomean will work.

*(SCENE SHIFTS: Back to Molly's room.)*

**MOLLY.** The Mets versus the damn Braves I hate!

**LANCE.** And, you already have a ticket. A good seat too. *(Looking over the chemo set up, Lance sneakily produces an empty mini bar bottle of whiskey and inhales the fumes deeply.)* This looks pretty scary.

**MOLLY.** I'm not scared. *(Molly scrawls on the chemo bag. She then defiantly dons her Mets cap.)* You know... Well, you don't actually, but I've had a longer relationship with chemo, this hospital, Dr. Marshall and cancer, than anything else in my life. A "big day" for me is a trip to the cafeteria. ...I'm going crapdamnit, I'm going to this game!

**LANCE.** *(Reading the chemo bag.)* "See ya Chemo-sabe"?

**MOLLY.** *(Plotting.)* I've got about 2 hours till game time, I got a ticket and the "make a wish" probably isn't happening, so it's on me to get there. It's my choice... Okay, there are three separate dynamics that I need to reconcile. A) How to get the heck out of this hospital. B) How to get to the damn game, once I do, and C) How to stay on the D.L., once I'm there.

**LANCE.** Maybe the equipment manager's box, along the third baseline, he's an old buddy of mine. I'm guessing nobody would think to look for you in there.

**MOLLY.** Do you have a car here?

**LANCE.** In the VIP parking garage, but then how do we get you back to your room?

**MOLLY.** After the game you drop me off in front of the E.R., I just walk back in. A little weary, but excited for the Mets win and advancement in the playoffs.

**LANCE.** Okay, let's do it then.

## MOLLY JONES STEALS HOME

**MOLLY.** Seriously?

**LANCE.** Seriously.

**MOLLY.** No, seriously? You would take that risk? You don't even know me. *(We hear the sound of TAMMY performing coming from outside the room.)*

**LANCE.** You're a sick kid, you have a wish, and look at this room, the Mets are everywhere. Once we get past the nurse's station the rest should be easy, right?

**MOLLY.** For that we'll need a gigantically huge distraction. *(Tammy enters singing and juggling. She wears a threadbare toucan costume and has a sad cheeriness about her.)*

**TAMMY.** Well, who do we have here?

**MOLLY.** *(Plotting.)* "Whom"...I'm Molly Jones, this is "The" Lance Lane and you're perfect.

**TAMMY.** Hello Molly Jones. I'm "Tammy the Toucan". And, how old are you?

**MOLLY.** 49...She certainly could be a perfect distraction.

**LANCE.** I was certainly distracted.

**TAMMY.** Hey Molly "why couldn't the pony sing at the opera"?

**MOLLY.** "He was a little horse"...She's our secret weapon.

**TAMMY.** Oh, well, you're a joke wrecker and a smart little girl. What do you want to be when you grow up? A doctor, or maybe an astronaut, or a mommy just like your-

**MOLLY.** *(Cutting her off.)* Dude, I have "acute, lymphoblastic stage 4 leukemia". I won't be growing up to be anything.

**TAMMY.** Wow...Okay...Sorry dad.

**LANCE.** Whoa, wait! Lance is not the father. *(Molly feels her pluck rising. She sits up in bed.)*

**MOLLY.** I'm a ward of the state, thus I have no say in my destiny? My destiny!

**TAMMY.** Probably because, you're what, 8 or 9?

**MOLLY.** 9, exactly! 9 treatments, 9 innings of chemo. Nothing has worked. I got rotten blood. But, hey, no one said life is fair. Not even for a brat such as moi. What would you do if you were me?

**TAMMY.** "Do", Me? I'm a Toucan. I do Toucan things.

## MOLLY JONES STEALS HOME

**MOLLY.** I'm facing a 3-2 count. Just this once I'd like to knock it out of the park. *(Lance finally gets the joke and starts laughing.)*

**LANCE.** "A little horse"!

**MOLLY.** I hear every whisper my body is making. *(Molly swings her legs over the side of the bed and swoons.)* I live in those whispers, between the breaths...Now, who feels like helping me get to the game?

**TAMMY.** Game? What game? What are you two doing?

**MOLLY.** The almighty Mets versus the Braves I hate? That's why you're helping me get off this ward.

**TAMMY.** Wait! Hold up! Helping you? Get off the ward, what?

**MOLLY.** If I were in your shoes, I'd help me.

**TAMMY.** You couldn't fit in my shoes... You're going along with this? Kidnapping? Kidnapping a child?

**LANCE.** *(Realizing.)* I guess I never thought about it like that. Thanks for making it weird. I'm just trying to help a sick kid.

**TAMMY.** I don't even know you people and you're asking me to commit a felony?

**MOLLY.** They'll have no idea how I got out, let alone to the game and snitches get stiches, right Lance?

**LANCE.** From my experience.

**MOLLY.** Besides you seem bored, tired around the eyes, benumbed by the day to day of incessant "Toucaning".

**LANCE.** *(Aside.)* She's not buying it.

**MOLLY.** Because I haven't dropped the "Molly bomb"...Witness...*(Molly whips off her hat and makes a pouty face.)*

**TAMMY.** Okay not fair.

**MOLLY.** *(Milking the moment.)* Come on Tammy. I'm bringing the big sad, cancer kid eyes.

**LANCE.** I'm already sold.

**MOLLY.** *(To Tammy.)* Help me feel better. Make my wish come true. Help me escape this place.

**TAMMY.** *(Wavering.)* Damn...This is so not...Okay, just past the nurse's station?

## MOLLY JONES STEALS HOME

**MOLLY.** I guarantee it. You do your thing and distract the nurses, Lance and I escape through the stairwell, go down a couple of floors, grab an elevator, then whoosh...It's that simple. (*Lance is peeking out into the ward.*)

**LANCE.** No nurses, no orderlies, looks like the coast is clear. No wait! The mean looking Doctor! No wait! She's gone into another room. Now's our time!

**MOLLY.** 80 percent power, (*She grabs her iPhone and ticket.*) I can take lots of pictures. (*Molly's woozy as she tries putting her feet on the floor.*)

**LANCE.** Whoa...Easy, one step at a time.

**TAMMY.** I'm really doing this? (*Molly produces a pill and takes it.*)

**MOLLY.** A little Oxy for my Moxy. I keep a backup stash. Okay let's bounce...Kid's dose, no worries.

**TAMMY.** I'm doing this, really? (*Molly drags them both out of the room and into the corridor.*)

**MOLLY.** Move fast and stay focused.

**TAMMY.** Wow, okay, this is easier than I thought.

**LANCE.** I'm glad somebody knows where they're going. (*The three of them creep/sneak down the corridor.*)

**MOLLY.** I told you, once we're off this floor we're home free. (*Turning a corner, they bump into the Orderly. Tammy and Lance shift their bodies to hide Molly.*)

**ORDERLY.** Where are you two going? Wait...You look just like...

**LANCE.** Nope. I'm not him. (*Molly sneezes loudly.*) Bless you...Damn.

**ORDERLY.** Where did that sneeze come from?

**TAMMY.** Sneeze?

**LANCE.** I heard no sneeze. (*The Orderly tries to maneuver around them. They shift their bodies keeping Molly hidden.*)

**ORDERLY.** Then who were you blessing? What are you two doing? Why are you standing here in pediatric oncology?

**TAMMY.** (*Blurting.*) I confess!

## MOLLY JONES STEALS HOME

**ORDERLY.** You confess? Confess to what, did you steal something?

**TAMMY.** To the sneeze, it was me, I'm a...ah...I'm a ventriloquist!

**ORDERLY.** I thought ventriloquists only threw their voices. *(They are doing a circle dance with the Orderly to keep Molly hidden.)* Why are we dancing in circles?

**TAMMY.** I can throw sneezes. I'm a revelation to the art form, right Lance? *(Recognizing Lance.)*

**ORDERLY.** I knew I knew you! You're Lance Lane! THE Lance Lane of the over 100-mile-an-hour fastball. Hey, can I get a selfie with you?

**LANCE.** Yeah, she throws sneezes like I throw sliders.

**ORDERLY.** Who cares about a sneeze, you're Lance friggin Lane!

**MOLLY.** My sentiments exactly. *(Molly covers her mouth.)*

**TAMMY.** That was me...Ha, ha...That was me again...*(Aside.)* I'm going to prison.

**ORDERLY.** You're good. Do that again.

**TAMMY.** Again? Ah...You want me to do it again? He wants me to do it again. Did everybody hear that? He wants me to throw my voice again.

**MOLLY.** *(Thinking.)* "A happy life lives in accordance with its own nature".

**LANCE.** Yogi Berra.

**MOLLY.** Not even close.

**ORDERLY.** Wow! Your lips didn't even move...Okay you two can go about your business...Wait a minute!

**TAMMY.** I confess! *(The Orderly whips out his phone.)*

**ORDERLY.** You must feel really guilty about something...Lance Lane can I get that selfie- *(Suddenly red lights flash and alarms sound. We hear a voice over the P.A.)*

**P.A. VOICE.** *(O.S.)* CODE PINK CODE PINK! PEDIATRIC ONCOLOGY, WEST WING! FEMALE! 9 YEARS OLD!

**ORDERLY.** Molly Jones! Have you seen a little kid? She came from the same direction- *(Lance grabs him and his phone, swings*

## MOLLY JONES STEALS HOME

*him around away from Molly and Tammy.)* What the heck are you...*(Lance takes a series of selfies.)*

**LANCE.** Just, you know, looking for our best sides, I guess. *(Molly drags Tammy through an exit door.)*

**ORDERLY.** Where did the bird go? Did she just tip out through that exit? Not a very theatrical way of getting off stage.

**LANCE.** The bird, oh yeah...Alarms scare toucans. Alarms and jaguars.

**ORDERLY.** How do you go from All Star to hospital clown?

**LANCE.** By making many a bottle of Wild Turkey disappear.

*(SCENE SHIFTS: A stairwell. Molly and Tammy are descending.)*

**MOLLY.** Note to self: Stair's suck...

**TAMMY.** Wait here. Let me check to see if the stairwell's clear. Don't move. *(Tammy EXITS.)*

**MOLLY.** No worries...*(Molly takes out her cell phone and begins to dictate a voice memo that compels her from here on.)* I want to state for the record that I'm well aware of my body, and my mind can't be any sounder. I'm leaving you this memo because, I don't know, you're- you, and it seems like the right thing to do...Now, if you'll allow me a sports metaphor. It begins with a line drive single, and a close call at first. I'm lucky, I get my foot on the bag just before the first basemen does...*(Tammy ENTERS.)*

**TAMMY.** I think we're safe. We're safe...Are you okay?

**MOLLY.** We're 18 floors up. I need an elevator for the rest of our journey down.

**TAMMY.** And, not for nothing, this escape came with a "guarantee"?

**MOLLY.** One last thing, peek out the door, make sure the coast is clear...Just this one last thing, please...

**TAMMY.** This one last thing, but this is really it. *(Tammy cracks the door and peeks out.)* Looks okay...*(Molly gets up a little shaky.)*



## MOLLY JONES STEALS HOME

**MOLLY.** Let's get a move on then, we gotta find an elevator, then find Lance. Then get to the game.

**TAMMY.** No, Molly, I'm done here. I'm putting my foot down.

**MOLLY.** You don't seem very good at that. Come on, let's find an elevator.

**TAMMY.** My foot is down Molly.

**MOLLY.** Yeah, but not really, come on. You're dying to know what happens and I'm just dying...Come on, it's countdown to game time.

*(SCENE SHIFTS: Another hallway. Dr. Marshall is anxious and reaming out the SECURITY GUARD.)*

**DOCTOR MARSHALL.** How hard can it be to find a sick child hooked up to an IV unit?

**SECURITY GUARD.** You have kids Doctor? A 9-year-old can get into places we can't even imagine...It's a big hospital. 10 separate wings. 24 floors, 25 elevator banks, a labyrinth of hallways, exam rooms, waiting areas, classrooms and labs.

**DOCTOR MARSHALL.** Every minute that passes delays her treatment. I can't afford, she cannot afford any more delays. Do you understand?

**SECURITY GUARD.** I'll have my team start to scour the area. She couldn't have gotten far. *(The Security Guard EXITS. Dr. Marshall talks to herself in her stethoscope.)*

**DOCTOR MARSHALL.** We will find her. Don't worry. Don't panic. We'll find her and the Fluxomean will work, I will not let her give up this fight!

*(SCENE SHIFTS: A hallway. Molly and Tammy are cautiously roaming the corridor.)*

**MOLLY.** There's a gift shop on the 14<sup>th</sup> floor. I need a change of clothes, more aptly I need you to buy them for me, then we find Lance...He's probably back in the pediatric wing. It would make

## MOLLY JONES STEALS HOME

sense to go back to where- *(Just then the Security Guard and the Orderly turn the corner. Molly drags Tammy through a nearby door.)*

**TAMMY.** What???

**MOLLY.** *(Whispering.)* Sssh...Security...Right outside. He's with the Orderly.

**TAMMY.** He's already suspicious. I confessed! I knew it. I knew something like this was going to happen.

**MOLLY.** Just calm down. We just need to find another door out of here, that's all. *(Molly finds a light switch and flips it on. We hear the sudden sound of a thousand babies. They are screaming, crying, talking politics, discussing physics, etc. Molly and Tammy have to shout above the din.)*

**TAMMY.** OH MY GOD! THEY'RE ALL SO ADORBS!

**MOLLY.** HOLY CRAPDAMNIT IT'S A BEVEY OF NEWBORNS!

**TAMMY.** DON'T YOU JUST LOVE BABIES?

**MOLLY.** NO, NOT REALLY!

**TAMMY.** I JUST WANT TO SQUISH THEM ALL! *(Molly finds a diaper box and steals a diaper.)*

**MOLLY.** *(Snarky.)* YEAH, ME TOO!

**TAMMY.** THEY'RE ALL SO PERFECT. BABIES ARE BORN SO PERFECT!

**MOLLY.** *(To herself.)* Not all of them are.

**TAMMY.** WHAT?

**MOLLY.** LET'S GET OUT OF HERE ALREADY!

*(SCENE SHIFTS: Lance is confused, roaming a hallway. The Orderly and the Security Guard turn the corner.)*

**ORDERLY.** Lance Lane! I know that guy. Ex-New York Met who walked off the mound with a perfect game on the line.

**SECURITY GUARD.** We're looking for a little girl, Mr. Lane. Her name is Molly...

**LANCE.** Nope! Don't know her.

## MOLLY JONES STEALS HOME

**SECURITY GUARD.** *(Suspicious.)* She's 9 years old and, a baseball fan, and you're a baseball player, and you're in Pediatric Oncology, that's a lot of coincidences.

**LANCE.** I guess so? *(Lance glances nervously at his watch.)*

**SECURITY GUARD.** Someplace you need to be Mr. Lane?

**LANCE.** The Rotunda, for a meeting? *(Lance produces the mini-bar bottle and breathes in the vapors.)*

**SECURITY GUARD.** How did you get all the way up here when you were looking for the Rotunda? Are you drunk Mr. Lane? *(Lance produces a legal document and hands it to the Security Guard.)*

**LANCE.** Just drinking in the vapors...My sponsor has to sign it. My Parole Officer has to sign it, you can sign it too, I guess. I can't miss roll call, or I'll be in a whole lot of trouble. *(The Security Guard stares him down before...)*

**SECURITY GUARD.** Direct him down to the Rotunda...Mr. Lane...I have my eye on you. *(The Security Guard EXITS.)*

**ORDERLY.** So, you think you'll be back in time for the series?

**LANCE.** Mets haven't made it to the series.

**ORDERLY.** Not yet, no, but we get through the wild card game and who's left that can beat us?

**LANCE.** It's been my experience that anybody can beat anybody in any given game. Either way I wouldn't count on me being there.

*(SCENE SHIFTS: A creepy corridor.)*

**TAMMY.** This is so scary. Where are we?

**MOLLY.** I have no idea. *(They turn a corner and find a cadaver. He lies covered in a sheet. Just his feet stick out. Molly reads the toe tag.)*

**MOLLY.** "Anatomy lab dissection". These must be for the medical students.

**TAMMY.** Don't touch it!

**MOLLY.** Why not?

**TAMMY.** I don't know, he's cold, he's covered...He's not alive.

## MOLLY JONES STEALS HOME

**MOLLY.** This we know...It's pretty brave when you think about it.

**TAMMY.** Us being here? (*Molly surreptitiously steals the toe tag from the cadaver.*)

**MOLLY.** This person made a choice to donate their body to a medical school knowing they'd end up in pieces and parts. It's like the ultimate in recycling.

**TAMMY.** I compost my coffee grounds...Hey, don't you have a game to get to?

**MOLLY.** We still have some time, and a real-life cadaver is a once in a lifetime thing.

**TAMMY.** Okay, enough of this! You hang out with your dead friend. I'm going to look for an elevator. (*Tammy EXITS. Molly takes out her phone and continues her voice memo.*)

**MOLLY.** 67 percent juice...I toy with the pitcher now, leading off first. He winds up, lets it go and I dash for 2<sup>nd</sup>. The catcher has a strong arm, but I'm too lithe for the 2<sup>nd</sup> baseman and slide in under his tag. I lead off again...I'm making one of the few choices I still have afforded to me. (*The Corpse suddenly pops up.*) Holy Crapdamnit!

**CORPSE.** I was expecting harps, halos, old friends floating by on clouds, and I get what, a kid?

**MOLLY.** You're dead.

**CORPSE.** And she rubs it in.

**MOLLY.** Wow, a talking corpse! Are you like in limbo, or some place?

**CORPSE.** I've seen plenty of *angles* but no angels.

**MOLLY.** Ah...a clever cadaver.

**CORPSE.** We prefer, "the formerly alive".

**MOLLY.** Got it! "Formerly"!

**CORPSE.** Formerly I was a dentist. How often do you brush? How are your gums?

**MOLLY.** My gums aren't the issue. Do you have any advice for those currently in their final inning?

## MOLLY JONES STEALS HOME

**CORPSE.** Let me rack what's left of my formaldehyded brain...How about this- try not to drop dead.

**MOLLY.** Come on, be for real. Does death reveal some greater truth?

**CORPSE.** Yes, that life is the only game in town.

**MOLLY.** There must be something. Something you wish you did, or didn't do?

**CORPSE.** I would have charged more for root canals.

**MOLLY.** Be serious. I don't have much time left.

**CORPSE.** Then you haven't got any time to waste.

**MOLLY.** What's the point of living life if you don't live long enough to really live it?

**CORPSE.** What's the point if you do?

**MOLLY.** Easy for the formally living to say. *(Tammy's voice from off stage.)*

**TAMMY.** Molly, I found an elevator! *(Molly turns to leave.)*

**MOLLY.** I have to bolt. Thanks for the "sort of" advice.

**CORPSE.** Kid...Take me with you. Please...Where-ever you're going I want to go too. I'm just staring up at the ceiling here.

**MOLLY.** I have my IV, and I'm going to a baseball game.

**CORPSE.** I haven't been to a ball game in years. Mets or Yankees? *(She points to her hat.)* Good. Even the "formerly living" hate the Yankees.

**MOLLY.** Wait! I have an idea! *(Molly rolls the gurney to a window and raises it to a sitting position.)* A view of the river, and the bridge. You can see the lights at night. You can see all the way downtown.

**CORPSE.** Until they take my eyes...Thanks for the window view.

**MOLLY.** Thank you, seriously, thank you for your service.

**CORPSE.** Hey kid...To answer your question- Today can be a whole lifetime, if you're able to make it extraordinary.

**MOLLY.** How does one make it extraordinary?

**CORPSE.** By taking nothing for granted. By living each moment to the fullest, and by flossing at least once a day. *(Molly is blown away by this advice. Tammy ENTERS and takes her by the arm.)*

## MOLLY JONES STEALS HOME

**TAMMY.** The gift shop's right around the corner. *(They walk down the hall)* What's wrong with you, you seem weird.

**MOLLY.** You're a grown woman in a toucan costume. Don't throw stones.

**TAMMY.** No, I meant...

**MOLLY.** I know what you meant. Don't worry about it. I'm okay. *(They turn a corner)* Score! I'll park it on that bench. If I need to hide, I'll sneak into the bathroom and wait in one of the stalls.

**TAMMY.** I'll find you an outfit so you can blend in. *(Tammy EXITS. Molly sits on the bench, takes out her phone and continues her voice memo.)*

**MOLLY.** Now the pitcher has to look over his shoulder. We size each other up. He blinks, I have him now. He deals a high outside fastball which skids off the web of the catcher's mitt. The ball hits the ground behind him and rolls about 6 feet, and that's all the time I need, I take 3<sup>rd</sup> standing up. Now, home plate is within my reach... *(Molly is interrupted by a TEENAGE KID wearing a band tee-shirt. He's listening to music. He sits down next to her and plays ferocious air drums with a pair of drumsticks. A moment, then...)* 99 games! I ask you, how are the Braves I hate, favored? *(Pulling his headphones out.)*

**KID.** What? What did you say?

**MOLLY.** I said, what are you doing to make this day extraordinary?

**KID.** Ah...I don't know, nothing, I guess.

**MOLLY.** So, do you just go from waiting room to waiting room playing air drums and making a general nuisance of yourself?

**KID.** I'm here to see my grandma. She's old. She's also a bit "old-crazy".

**MOLLY.** I get it.

**KID.** My parents make me visit. But, the truth, I like it. She's mean and stuff, but she's cool.

**MOLLY.** What are you doing right now?

**KID.** *(Thinking.)* Ah...grooving with whatever song is playing? That's all there is to life. Literally.

## MOLLY JONES STEALS HOME

**MOLLY.** So, is the song like a single lifetime?

**KID.** I've got a thousand songs on my phone, a thousand lifetimes, I suppose.

**MOLLY.** (*Thinking.*) And the individual song tells the story of each particular life. Dude, that's amazing.

**KID.** Literally my preferred pronouns are "ze/zem".

**MOLLY.** Really? Don't you think that's literally...silly?

**KID.** I don't know, what are your pronouns? (*Molly doffs her baseball cap.*)

**MOLLY.** Almost/gone.

**KID.** Sorry...'Some scary stuff I bet. Are you like totally dying?

**MOLLY.** (*Defensive.*) Not at this moment. Not till way later and, I'm not scared. Do I look scared to you?

**KID.** I don't know, suppose scared has lots of different looks.

**MOLLY.** And none of them look like me.

**KID.** Sorry dude.

**MOLLY.** Let's get back to the music.

**KID.** Well, since you're definitely not dead, and totally not scared...

**MOLLY.** Thank you...

**KID.** You must be considering your closing track?

**MOLLY.** (*Considering.*) My closing track, hmm.

**KID.** To the album that is your life.

**MOLLY.** Yeah, I get it. (*Beat.*)

**KID.** Every album has to have one. Every life too.

**MOLLY.** 'Makes sense...How do you pick the one song that will sum up a lifetime? That seems like it would take a lifetime to do. Which makes me think, does it take a lifetime to sum up a lifetime, or even a moment for that matter?

**KID.** Easy. Leave that up to the shuffle gods.

**MOLLY.** You'd leave that kind of choice to the "caprician", nay, mindless mechanics of your shuffle?

**KID.** Shuffle Gods don't lie.

**MOLLY.** If we apply your logic- Your last song becomes the musical sum of who you are. What if you thought you were

## MOLLY JONES STEALS HOME

Bohemian Rhapsody, but it turns out you were 99 Problems, or I Am the Walrus, Trampled Under Foot, Mozart's Horn Concertos, The Ballad of Mona Lisa, Bitch Better Have My Money, or even the Lectures of Seneca?...I have an eclectic shuffle.

**KID.** I guess if you don't like it, you can always skip ahead.

**MOLLY.** The song you get is the song you get. 'Else it means you cheated at life too.

**KID.** Whoa, you're pretty deep.

**MOLLY.** What would be going through your mind in that last moment, I wonder?

**KID.** Probably something like; "Holy Crap I'm dying".

**MOLLY.** That would be cool. Throw some shade at the Reaper. We need a song for this moment.

**KID.** I'll hit a Grim Reaper track...

**MOLLY.** No wait! Okay, close your eyes. Now imagine, we're at Madison Square Garden and there's 10 of thousands of screaming fans... *(We hear the sound of fans screaming, as the lights switch to a rock show. They are both transported to the Garden.)* The music gets cranked up. Now hit your shuffle! *(He does. We hear AC/DC's "You Shook Me". Molly and the Kid begin to jam the song. The Kid plays drums while Molly plays air guitar with her IV pole and lip syncs. They rock out the first verse before we hear Tammy's voice cut through the music.)*

**TAMMY.** Molly! *(Music stops, lights go back to normal. They are back on the bench.)*

**MOLLY.** Crapdamnit! Jam buster!

**KID.** Damn that was cool! We were just literally like right there!

**MOLLY.** Hell to the yes we were. *(She snatches one of his drumsticks.)* Yo kid, you may get a thousand lifetimes, but they go quick. Go be a rock star if you want. Now scam! *(The Kid shrugs and exits. Tammy ENTERS.)*

**TAMMY.** My choices were limited, but here you go. *(Tammy hands her a shopping bag.)*

**MOLLY.** Thank you, again...I spotted a utility closet where I can change, let's bounce!



## MOLLY JONES STEALS HOME

*(SCENE SHIFTS: Dr. Marshall is pacing and plotting.)*

**DOCTOR MARSHALL.** Stay focused... Stay on target... There has to be a way to lure her back... *(NURSE MARZUK ENTERS.)*

**NURSE MARZUK.** Who are you talking to?

**DOCTOR MARSHALL.** She needs to be found! By any means necessary! We're running out of time. If we could devise a ploy, lure her back to pediatrics...

**NURSE MARZUK.** She's way too smart for any of that nonsense. Don't you know your patient yet? Don't you get who Molly is?

**DOCTOR MARSHALL.** *(Snapping.)* I get my patient! She's, my patient! I understand who- *(She clutches Dr. Marshall's arm sternly, making the Doctor squirm.)*

**NURSE MARZUK.** I have an entire ward to run. You're her doctor, be her doctor!

**DOCTOR MARSHALL.** *(Squirming.)* That's what I'm doing. I'm not accepting death. I'm being a doctor. And, please let go of my arm!

**NURSE MARZUK.** Your father knew, like most cancer patients know... He knew how much fight he had in him, and when it was time... *(The elevator dings, the doors open, and NURSE MARZUK EXITS. Doctor Marshall freaks out.)*

**DOCTOR MARSHALL.** I can't be touched, I can't be touched, I can't be touched! *(She listens to her own heartbeat.)* Okay, okay... Okay... Keep it together. Be methodical. Focus!

*(SCENE SHIFTS: Outside of the utility closet.)*

**TAMMY.** It's what they had in your size. C'mon...

**MOLLY.** *(Offstage.)* No, absolutely not.

**TAMMY.** Doesn't your game start soon?

**MOLLY.** *(Offstage.)* How could you do this to me?

## MOLLY JONES STEALS HOME

**TAMMY.** No one's going to notice, don't worry. Come on, so we can get out of here. *(The utility closet door opens slowly. Molly emerges. She's wearing a pair of pink pig sweats, with a hoody that has pig ears and a snout. Her Met's cap rounds out the ensemble.)*

**MOLLY.** Don't you dare laugh!

**TAMMY.** *(Laughing.)* You look cute, and it has pockets.

**MOLLY.** I can't believe I might actually be caught dead in this...*(Tammy is laughing.)* Shut up... We need to find Lance.

**TAMMY.** How, everyone is looking for you, everyone!

**MOLLY.** But we're so close to getting out of- *(Molly's suddenly nauseous, she darts back into the closet and throws up.)*

**TAMMY.** See...See, this is God talking, she's telling you what a bad idea this is. *(Molly steps out of the closet and sits.)*

**MOLLY.** I just need a minute... Tammy relax. *(Tammy hands her some tissue and mints.)*

**TAMMY.** I'm sorry... I'm not doing a very good job. I'm failing at being felonious.

**MOLLY.** Your "felonious" is erroneous?

**TAMMY.** *(Fretting.)* All I ever wanted to do was help. Make somebody laugh, do something nice for some kid being eaten alive by... Sorry.

**MOLLY.** No problem.

**TAMMY.** I see their faces, children, old people, confused, filled with fear...

**MOLLY.** *(Snapping.)* You think I'm afraid? Do I seem afraid? Why do you think that I might actually be afraid?

**TAMMY.** Because... Well... Obviously...

**MOLLY.** Yes, "obviously", what? I'm a big girl, you can say it.

**TAMMY.** Because you're going to die?

**MOLLY.** *(Defensive.)* Other kids, other people might be scared... I'm not other people.

**TAMMY.** That's for sure.

**MOLLY.** Philosophy overcomes fear, the whole point of having a philosophy. Without philosophy you don't have a leg to stand on.

## MOLLY JONES STEALS HOME

**TAMMY.** That's okay I'm scared enough for the both of us.

**MOLLY.** Okay we need to focus. We need a new rally point for Lance...The Rotunda!

**TAMMY.** The Rotunda? That's the center of the hospital!

**MOLLY.** (*Plotting.*) There's a little chapel, I'll hide there. They have the black security phones in the Rotunda. Type 9-9-9 then hit pound, it's the building wide intercom.

**TAMMY.** And of course, you know that.

**MOLLY.** I pay attention, the secret to life.

**TAMMY.** Doctors, patients, visitors, Security Guards, the Rotunda is a hive.

**MOLLY.** Okay, here's what you do- page Lance, when he gets there, tell him to get his car and meet us at 72<sup>nd</sup> and York.

**TAMMY.** Molly no! Enough is enough. I'm not moving a foot from here. (*Molly drags her down the hall.*)

**MOLLY.** Walking and talking here.

**TAMMY.** My feet are moving, why are my feet moving?

**MOLLY.** They'll be taking the field for pregame warm-ups soon. Trust me Tammy. I totally got this. We need an elevator. (*They turn a series of corners.*) I know how Dr. Marshall thinks. She's awkward, unaware sometimes, but she's smart. She's going to assume we're trying to escape via the 69<sup>th</sup> street exit, it's a straight shot from there to the Triborough. That's where she'll concentrate her forces...So, we use the sky bridge that leads to the Hospital for Special Surgery, and escape from there.

**TAMMY.** Won't HSS Security be looking for us too?

**MOLLY.** Not so fast my fine, feathered felon. We'll find the subbasement elevator leading to 72<sup>nd</sup> street. Where Lance will be waiting in his car...

**TAMMY.** Then I'm finished here, right?

**MOLLY.** You're free to go on your Toucan way and boom, I'm off to Shea Stadium, because "Citi Field" is a stupid name, because it'll always be Shea to me!

## MOLLY JONES STEALS HOME

**TAMMY.** Can't we just page Lance and have him meet us. It seems safe here. We page him and wait in one of the bathroom stalls like you suggested.

**MOLLY.** A) I haven't seen a Security phone on this floor. B) We don't know how long this area will remain safe. C) The HSS sky bridge is just around the corner from the Rotunda, and D) We still have 14 floors to descend. Trust me, I know exactly what I'm doing... *(She marches ahead of Tammy, confidently turns the corner and smacks right into the Orderly. Tammy ducks out of sight.)*

**ORDERLY.** No way! Molly Jones! I found you.

**MOLLY.** Crapdamnit! Bad choice.

**ORDERLY.** Ha! Half the hospital is looking, and I found you!

**MOLLY.** Is there a reward? *(Tammy remains hidden around a corner.)*

**ORDERLY.** Dr. Marshall is freaking out. You know how she gets. There's an elevator over this way, come with me. *(They arrive at the elevator. He takes hold of the IV unit.)*

**MOLLY.** Any chance of you just letting me, you know, go to the game? I'm in the yellow section after all.

**ORDERLY.** You're really cool and all, but my job, my benefits, are more important than your game...Let's head back up now. *(The elevator dings, Molly hesitates.)*

**MOLLY.** Wait! An idea.

**ORDERLY.** What? What idea? We have to go, there's no time for ideas.

**MOLLY.** You have access to aspirin and an ice pack?

**ORDERLY.** At the Nurses Station. Why, you got a headache?

**MOLLY.** Sorry about this...*(She kicks him in the nuts. He doubles over and let's go of the IV. She shoves him onto the elevator.)* You have a choice to make Molly Jones...Suck it up! Choose! *(She takes a deep breath and removes the catheter from her arm. She rolls the IV onto the elevator and hits the up button We hear the Orderly swearing as the elevator ascends Tammy peeks round the corner.)*

## MOLLY JONES STEALS HOME

**TAMMY.** There's another elevator this way! Hurry!

**MOLLY.** The whole place will be lousy with Security soon, elevators aren't an option right now. To the crapdamn stairs! (*They step through an EXIT, and into the stairwell and start walking down.*)

**TAMMY.** Where's your IV?

**MOLLY.** Unhappily headed back up. (*Molly is visibly fatigued, she swoons.*)

**TAMMY.** Are you okay? You're not...

**MOLLY.** Dropping dead, no. I'm hypoglycemic. I should have asked you to get me a candy bar. Let's find a place...I just need to get my bearings a sec...I'm okay Tammy I just need a couple of minutes to recoup.

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