

THE JONBENÉT GAME

By
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THE JONBENÉT GAME

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BILLING REQUIREMENT

Producer shall include the following credit(s) on the bottom of the title page of the official program for the Play:

The JonBenét Game was originally commissioned by San Francisco Playhouse. Bill English, Artistic Director; Susi Damilano, Producing Director. San Francisco, California.

The JonBenét Game was first produced as a National New Play Network Rolling World Premiere by American Lives Theatre (Indianapolis, IN), Theatre NOVA (Ann Arbor, MI) and Unicorn Theatre (Kansas City, MO). For more information, please visit nnpn.org.

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American Lives Theatre (Indianapolis, IN). Chris Saunders, Artistic Director. Andrew Kramer, Dramaturg. Jenni White, Director. Featuring the following cast:

Rae.....Molly Bellner
Hazel/Molly/JonBenét.....Cass Knowling
Miss Kay/Patsy Ramsey/Rae’s Mom.....Lynne Perkins

Unicorn Theatre (Kansas City, MO). Ernie Nolan, Artistic Director. Featuring the following cast:

Rae.....Elise Poehling
Hazel/Molly/JonBenét.....Lainey McManamy
Miss Kay/Patsy Ramsey/Rae’s Mom.....Julie Shaw

Theatre NOVA (Ann Arbor, MI). Carla Milarch, Artistic Director. Featuring the following cast:

Rae.....Maggie Alger
Hazel/Molly/JonBenét.....Cassandra Wilson
Miss Kay/Patsy Ramsey/Rae’s Mom.....Amy Morrisey

THE JONBENÉT GAME

CAST: 3 Women

ACTOR ONE (F, 30s)

RAE At 35, she's a smart, kind guidance counselor who is deeply alone. At 12, she's coltish and always out of place.

ACTOR TWO (F, Teens-Early 20s)

HAZEL 12, A girl with intense focus and intense need.

MOLLY 12, Rae's best friend. A force. She survives by making herself adoptable.

JONBENÉT 6

ACTOR TWO (F, 50s)

MISS KAY 50s, A formidable small-town pillar, she wields charm as a weapon.

RAE'S MOM 30s

PATSY RAMSEY 40s

TIME: Mostly winter.

PLACE: Farmington, Missouri.

NOTE: The slippery bleeding of time and roles is key, so transitions between scenes are fluid, avoiding blackouts and costume changes. JonBenét may be fully embodied by the actor playing Hazel or by that actor's voice only.

THE JONBENÉT GAME

SCENE 1

A middle school counseling office in a cinderblock, bunker-style building. It's doing its best to be homey. RAE sets up her new desk with personal talismans. A Wonder Woman mug, etc. MISS KAY appears in the door and surveys the room.

MISS KAY. A bean bag... That's fun!

RAE. Yeah. I just. I thought if I made it a little more homey.

MISS KAY. So you won't be needing the chair then?

RAE. I mean. We can keep the chair too.

MISS KAY. Smart.

RAE. Yeah, that way they can sit where they want.

MISS KAY. Cleaner too. You will be amazed what 7th-graders can do to microfiber.

RAE. Oh and I finished that certification you asked for.

MISS KAY. Great! Put a copy in my box.

RAE. There were just a couple of things I couldn't answer though.

MISS KAY. But you passed though, right?

RAE. 99th percentile.

MISS KAY. That's my girl! That'll keep the state off our backs.

RAE. *(Taking out a notebook.)* How many of our students would you say are at risk?

MISS KAY. At risk of what?

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RAE. Um. I guess... ruining their lives?

MISS KAY. Listen. Those trainings are made by some PhD that's never laid eyes on a child since he was one. But don't you worry. The Lord has put everything you need to guide these kids right in here. *(She touches Rae's heart.)* You just keep your heart open. And your eyes open. And keep up with your paperwork.

RAE. Actually--I did find one conflict.

MISS KAY. Already?

RAE. It's not a big. It's just that the training said we shouldn't work with any students we had an outside connection to.

MISS KAY. This is Farmington, honey. We abided by that, we'd be out of business.

RAE. Yeah. I mean I'm not even sure it's the same family but...

MISS KAY. What's the name?

RAE. McCabe. Um, Hazel?

MISS KAY. Molly's girl.

RAE. Molly's... Molly's home?

MISS KAY. You haven't heard.

RAE. Heard what?

MISS KAY. *(Miss Kay closes the door.)* Apparently, she'd been hiding out in Chicago. Uh huh. On the South Side. No husband. No job. Lord knows how she'd been supporting the child. And poor Nina hasn't heard peep out of her since--I mean not even so much as a Mother's Day card. And then out of the blue, Nina gets a call from Maggie-Kate over at Hope House asking does she want custody of her granddaughter? And Nina says--get this--Nina says, Granddaughter? I'm only 39! Like the rest of us can't count. But. She'll be aging up now--let me tell you. Girl's the spittin' image.

RAE. Wait so. Where's Molly?

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MISS KAY. That's what I'm trying to tell you, honey. It seems. Apparently there was some sort of accident.

RAE. Car accident?

MISS KAY. At home. *(Beat.)* I haven't heard a thing about a service. But I did tell Nina, I said, if you want the women's circle to come by and plant a little rose bush--you know--on the side where she's got that old rotting wagon wheel? You let us put a little rosebush in there and then every morning you can come out and you can water that little rosebush and you can picture her just like she was as a child, you know? Sweet.

RAE. ...

MISS KAY. I know. I know. It breaks my heart too. But that's what can happen.

RAE. Right.

MISS KAY. And that's what we need you to impart to Miss Hazel. Show her what a Godly woman looks like.

RAE. I don't really know if I'm the best person.

MISS KAY. Come on now. Who's worked harder than you? Who drove her mama to every appointment? Changed every diaper?

RAE. I mean. I guess if you think it would help.

MISS KAY. What this is is a blessing in disguise. A fresh start. You of all people know how precious that can be. And rare.

RAE. Right.

MISS KAY. Good. It'll be real simple. I assured Nina we'd refrain from discussing the situation.

RAE. What do you mean?

MISS KAY. It's gonna be hard enough on the girl being new without winding up the gossip mill to boot.

RAE. What if she brings it up though?

MISS KAY. Then you just write up a report.

RAE. But what do I say to her?

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MISS KAY. You know what? I'm just gonna go ahead and take her on myself. But I do hope I can rely on you, Rae.

RAE. You can. Yeah. Of course you can. (*Miss Kay touches Rae's cheek maternally.*)

SCENE 2

Rae's office. A few months have passed.

RAE. (*On the phone.*) OK but does it really rise to the level of expulsion? I just think Jason's at a really delicate place right now, and something like this could send him off the path. I mean, he's pulling a B in bio this quarter--B-minus--but we've got a plan in place for the outstanding assignments, and he's really committed this time. And honestly, the grades aren't the point, right? This is a kid we're talking about. This is the Dudleys we're talking about. And you know how it happens. They're all up at the cabin--they go fishing--he forgets to take it out of his pocket, then BOOM--he's up in your office awaiting execution. (*HAZEL is hovering outside the door. Rae sees her and freezes.*)

HAZEL. I was looking for Miss Kay?

RAE. She's um. I think she's still at lunch. But if you'd like to take a seat in the hall--

HAZEL. Are you anorexic?

RAE. I'm sorry?

HAZEL. You don't have a lunch.

RAE. No, I'm not anorexic. I'm busy.

HAZEL. You could still have like a sandwich.

RAE. I have oatmeal.

HAZEL. Where?

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RAE. *(Into the phone.)* Can I call you right back? All right. All right. Talk then. Bye bye. *(She hangs up and tries to steady her breath.)* Tell you what. I'll open up Miss Kay's office, and you can just wait for her in there, OK?

HAZEL. Mrs. Cochran said I can't come back til I speak with someone.

RAE. Did she say what she'd like for you to speak with someone about?

HAZEL. The fact that she hates me.

RAE. She said that?

HAZEL. She doesn't have to say it--it's obvious. You can ask anyone.

RAE. Did she give you a slip?

HAZEL. *(Hazel comes in and gives Rae the slip. Rae reads. She can't help but react a little.)* See? It's completely ridiculous! She told everyone to bring a question for the fishbowl and I'm literally the only one that brought a question that wasn't about "mixed emotions"--

RAE. What's a fishbowl?

HAZEL. It's where half of us sit on the floor and pretend we're discussing Lord of the Flies while the other half stare at us and write notes about us and Mrs. Cochran sits up at her desk on Zillow. *(Rae smirks.)* I know! It's such bull--it's so stupid.

RAE. So what was this terrible question?

HAZEL. It wasn't even anything! It was literally just about what happens in the book! It was like if they--I don't know--did something to it and killed it or just killed it or I don't know.

RAE. Piggy?

HAZEL. No the pig pig. Wait what happens to Piggy?

RAE. You know, it's been a long time.

HAZEL. But then she's all "we don't talk about topics like that," so then I'm like "well it's literally what happened in the book you assigned" which you obviously didn't even read.

RAE. Well what did you think was happening?

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HAZEL. I mean. Well I thought they were... No they were. They were hunting the pig. But they all have these spears that they sharpened themselves and they make this huge deal about sharpening spears--it's literally paragraphs. And then they're all basically closing in on it. And they're all just like stabbing it. And they're screaming. And they're breathing. And. I don't even know.

RAE. You do know.

HAZEL. What do you think?

RAE. I think. I think literature is complicated, right? There's no one right answer. And if the story is good, then things can mean more than one thing. So hunting can also be, you know, other things, right?

HAZEL. Can you tell Mrs. Cochran that?

RAE. I've tried.

HAZEL. Try harder.

RAE. You're not in my advising.

HAZEL. I'm supposed to be though.

RAE. Nope, you're with Miss Kay.

HAZEL. She's N though Z. You're A through M.

RAE. Well--

HAZEL. My last name's McCabe. That's A though M.

RAE. We trade students sometimes.

HAZEL. Why?

RAE. All kinds of reasons.

HAZEL. You didn't want me?

RAE. Look, you know the kinds of comments Mrs. Cochran is looking for, right?

HAZEL. "What adjectives describe the setting?"

RAE. Right.

HAZEL. "What adjectives describe the protagonist?"

RAE. Exactly.

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HAZEL. “What adjectives describe the--”

RAE. So give the woman some adjectives! Rack up those participation points!

HAZEL. I don’t want participation points. I want to talk about things. No one talks about things. All anyone ever talks about is binder checks.

RAE. I know. But I think it’s supposed to get better.

HAZEL. When?

RAE. College?

HAZEL. I don’t know if I can make it that long.

RAE. What does that mean?

HAZEL. Just. *(Pause.)*

RAE. Look I know things are hard right now.

HAZEL. You have no idea.

RAE. I know what it’s like to be a girl in 8th grade. At this school. I’ve literally sat right where you’re sitting.

HAZEL. Did your mom kill herself?

RAE. What?

HAZEL. Did she hang herself up in the closet like a coat?

RAE. ... If you are even thinking about hurting yourself--

HAZEL. FINE I’LL SAY THE ADJECTIVES!

RAE. I’m guessing it’s going to take a little bit more than that.

HAZEL. Like extra credit?

RAE. Mrs. Cochran doesn’t believe in extra credit.

HAZEL. Just don’t call my grandma, OK? She’s like. She’s crazy. Jesus crazy.

RAE. Well. Maybe we could work something out with Mrs. Cochran.

HAZEL. Will you talk to her?

RAE. I mean.

HAZEL. Please?

RAE. I can try.

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HAZEL. And tell her I'll read a new book. A really really long one.

RAE. That might work actually. What kind of thing would you be interested in reading?

HAZEL. What are you reading?

RAE. Well lately, I've been listening to a lot of podcasts.

HAZEL. Which ones?

RAE. What I recommend is that you go to the library and pick up anything that looks interesting. Anything at all. Literally judge a book by its cover. And then, try the first page. And if you want to keep reading, bring that one in.

HAZEL. In here?

RAE. Um. I mean. If you think it would help.

HAZEL. Thank you so much.

RAE. No promises, OK? *(Rae watches her go. Picks up the phone. Dials.)*

MISS KAY. Who's bleedin'?

RAE. Everything's fine I just--

MISS KAY. Oh good. Well listen I'll be back in--

RAE. I just wanted you to know that I had an impromptu with Hazel McCabe.

MISS KAY. Oh mercy, what now?

RAE. It's not bad. I mean technically it was a disciplinary but--Mrs. Cochran just sent her down here and you weren't in your office, so I just, um, I just talked it over with her for a couple of minutes.

MISS KAY. All right. Well did you write it up?

RAE. Um.

MISS KAY. Write everything up, and just leave your report on my desk, OK sweetie pie?

RAE. I do have just a couple of concerns though.

MISS KAY. You can confiscate the makeup.

RAE. What makeup?

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MISS KAY. Cindy's caught her twice now. Apparently, she's been shoplifting it from the CVS and keeping a stash in her locker.

RAE. Well actually my concern was more about--about Cindy.

MISS KAY. OK...?

RAE. Do we have a... like a process or something for reporting that stuff?

MISS KAY. Um.

RAE. It's not a big deal. And I'm not trying to get anyone into trouble. It's just... the way she described some of Cindy's methods--

MISS KAY. Well you know Cindy's real strict.

RAE. I know.

MISS KAY. That's why our ELA scores are so high.

RAE. Right but it just sounds like she's maybe accidentally shutting down some things that Hazel needs to be talking about?

MISS KAY. I'm gonna be real honest with you, Rae. If Cindy sent her down, she must've been real out of control. We've been making allowances seeing as how she's been going through a rough patch.

RAE. Her mother is dead.

MISS KAY. Exactly.

RAE. Do you know how it happened?

MISS KAY. ...

RAE. Hello?

MISS KAY. What Hazel needs now is a fresh start. Consistency.

Boundaries. To know that the adults that are left in her world aren't going to let everything just fall all to pieces. Understand?

RAE. Right--but--

MISS KAY. And what we need to do is we need to put up a united front. Let this girl know that she is safe. That we won't be tolerating any kind of behavior.

RAE. I really don't think that she meant to--

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MISS KAY. I hear you, all right? I do. And I'm sorry I wasn't there for you today. But you just put all your concerns down in your report and you leave it on my desk. All right?

RAE. Yes, ma'am.

MISS KAY. And if she shows up again, you call me right up. We're gonna nip this thing in the bud.

RAE. Thank you.

MISS KAY. Good girl.

SCENE 3

Rae's office. The next day at lunch. A copy of Perfect Murder, Perfect Town sits on the desk between Hazel and Rae.

HAZEL. You said pick a book.

RAE. I know.

HAZEL. It's really long--it's 621 pages. That's basically two books.

RAE. What about a novel? You know, something a little more literary?

HAZEL. Mrs. Cochran said nonfiction can be literary.

RAE. You've discussed this with her?

HAZEL. You said you would.

RAE. I said I would try.

HAZEL. It doesn't have autopsy photos.

RAE. That's not really the issue.

HAZEL. What's the issue?

RAE. I just. I think you'll be more likely to be successful in this situation if you choose something from the school library.

HAZEL. There's nothing good in there. Besides I already read it.

RAE. You read 600 pages in one night?

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HAZEL. 621. With the appendix. It's so good. OK. So. JonBenét is this little girl beauty queen in the 90s, right? And her family's this perfect rich Christian pageant family? But then. Christmas night. This small foreign faction of international assassins breaks into her house and they leave this really long ransom note and it says that they kidnapped her but really they killed her. So her parents wake up the next morning, and they think she's been terrorist kidnapped but actually the whole time she's dead in the basement.

RAE. Well that was just a cover though.

HAZEL. You read it?

RAE. It was all over the news.

HAZEL. Wait so who did it then?

RAE. I don't know.

HAZEL. Oh, come on.

RAE. No one knows. It's one of the most famous cold cases.

HAZEL. It's the dad. It's always the dad.

RAE. Are you in touch with your dad?

HAZEL. NA.

RAE. He's in the program?

HAZEL. What program?

RAE. Never mind.

HAZEL. It means not applicable. My mom said I sprang from her forehead like Zeus.

RAE. Athena.

HAZEL. Whatever.

RAE. *(Taking the book and examining it.)* Where did you...? How did you come across this again?

HAZEL. It was just in my room.

RAE. You're in your mom's old room?

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HAZEL. It's pink. I wanted to paint it midnight blue with the universe but my grandma said that was Satanic.

RAE. Was it packed away in a box or out on a shelf or...?

HAZEL. Why?

RAE. I'm just wondering if your grandmother would be OK with the content that you're choosing to read.

HAZEL. It's fine. Me and my mom used to read stuff like this all the time.

RAE. Stuff about JonBenét.

HAZEL. No. Murder.

RAE. Murder.

HAZEL. Just like general murder. You know like podcasts and stuff.

RAE. It sounds like you and your mom were pretty close.

HAZEL. I guess.

RAE. *(Rae tries to come up with the right thing to say, but there is no right thing.)* What was she like?

HAZEL. Why does everyone hate her?

RAE. They don't.

HAZEL. They all just keep saying I look exactly like her. But they say it like weird like, "You surely do favor your mama!"

RAE. Yeah. Well you know Farmington's a really small town.

HAZEL. I know. You don't even have a pool.

RAE. We don't need a pool. We have a lake.

HAZEL. You have a pond. In Chicago, our lake is basically an ocean.

RAE. Well. People here get to know you. Really know you. In a way no one else ever can. But then. I mean it goes both ways, right? Like once people get an idea of you, who you are, that idea--right or wrong--it can stick. For a really long time. Maybe even forever.

HAZEL. But she had friends though.

RAE. Of course.

HAZEL. No I mean you were her friend.

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RAE. I mean. We were in the same grade.

HAZEL. (*Pulling out a photo.*) So this isn't you? There's more. A lot more. There's this whole box under my bed.

RAE. We um. Yeah. We were close. For a while.

HAZEL. Who dumped who?

RAE. I think it would be a good choice for you to read a different book.

HAZEL. She dumped you.

RAE. No.

HAZEL. She totally dumped you. It's OK. She dumps everyone.

RAE. No one dumped anyone.

HAZEL. That's not what my grandma says.

RAE. What does your grandma say?

HAZEL. She says you're dangerous.

RAE. What do you think?

HAZEL. She says that you're an apostate.

RAE. Well. What if I am?

HAZEL. ...

RAE. And you know what your grandma will do if she finds this book.

HAZEL. She won't.

RAE. Your room doesn't have a lock.

HAZEL. I have secret places.

RAE. The broken radiator?

HAZEL. No.

RAE. I think it would be smarter for you to just leave it here.

HAZEL. ...

RAE. Don't worry. I'll keep it safe. And you can come see it any time you want. (*Hazel hands Rae the book.*)

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SCENE 4

*The basement of a cinder block ranch house: Rae's childhood home.
MOLLY and Rae are now 12.*

RAE. Can we please do something?

MOLLY. We're doing makeovers.

RAE. Let's be Turtles!

MOLLY. What are you five?

RAE. No.

MOLLY. Come here. Come on--I'll do you.

RAE. I don't like getting stuff in my eyes.

MOLLY. I'll just do your mouth.

RAE. It tastes like candles.

MOLLY. Stop talking. *(She applies lipstick to Rae's lips.)*

RAE. Where'd you get that?

MOLLY. I found it.

RAE. Where?

MOLLY. In the bathroom.

RAE. My mom's bathroom?

MOLLY. Stop talking.

RAE. Put it back.

MOLLY. It's getting all over your face!

RAE. I'm serious, Molly. You know how she is.

MOLLY. She's not gonna come down.

RAE. She could though. She could wake up. She could wake up and have to pee and then suddenly notice that her favorite lipstick is missing. And I'll have to say it was all your idea.

MOLLY. Like she'd believe you.

RAE. Sh! I think I hear her. *(They both freeze.)*

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MOLLY. No, you don't.

RAE. Yes, I do. She's coming. She's standing right there at the top of the stairs.

MOLLY. What do we do?

RAE. It's too late.

MOLLY. There's no escape now.

RAE. Omigod! Omigod--she has the rope!

MOLLY. She ties us to chairs.

RAE. Back to back.

MOLLY. Back to back.

RAE. But our fingers can touch.

MOLLY. So we talk in Morse code.

RAE. I won't break if you won't.

MOLLY. I won't.

RAE. I won't. *(They turn and look into each other's eyes.)*

MOLLY. Wow.

RAE. What?

MOLLY. You look really pretty.

RAE. No I don't.

MOLLY. You do. You look like JonBenét Ramsey.

RAE. Fuck you!

MOLLY. Fuck you! It's a compliment!

RAE. Gimme the Kleenex.

MOLLY. It's a good thing! See? *(She holds open a copy of Perfect Murder, Perfect Town.)*

RAE. Where did you get that?

MOLLY. I stole it.

RAE. No you didn't.

MOLLY. From Walmart.

RAE. What if someone saw you?

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MOLLY. I was a ninja. *(She walks like a ninja.)*

RAE. They have cameras all over!

MOLLY. And I have a disguise. *(Molly holds up the book's picture of JonBenét as a mask and creeps through an imaginary Walmart. Rae takes in JonBenét's beauty on Molly. She sneaks a peek at herself in the mirror, comparing herself.)* You need a crown though. A tiara. Hold on. *(She digs a princess tiara out of dress-ups and crowns Rae.)*

MOLLY. I hereby crown you Miss--

RAE. Ow!

MOLLY. Hold still.

RAE. You're pinching / me!

MOLLY. Your head's too big!

RAE. Get off!

MOLLY. Fine! *(Molly tries the tiara on her own head. Now she's JonBenét. She likes how she looks.)*

RAE. Let's just be Turtles.

MOLLY. No. You be the judge and you crown me Miss Colorado.

RAE. Little Miss.

MOLLY. It's the future.

RAE. So you're dead.

MOLLY. It's a future where I don't die. No wait. Wait. It's Little Miss Boulder. It's my first pageant ever. And nobody thought I would make it this far. But I proved them all wrong. And I came from behind to beat everyone out. And my mom's ugly crying. Rae--be my mom.

RAE. I'm the judge.

MOLLY. No now you're the mom. And you're crying cause you're so proud of me.

RAE. But then, in your speech, you forget to thank Jesus, so then I disown you.

MOLLY. But it's fine. I can just come live here.

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RAE. Yes! We can make this whole basement an apartment!

MOLLY. Your mom would say yes. She loves me.

RAE. OK.

MOLLY. She basically wishes I was her daughter.

RAE. She doesn't think you're a good influence.

MOLLY. She said that?

RAE. Don't worry. She's not allowed down here.

MOLLY. No one's allowed.

RAE. Just us.

MOLLY. Just us.

RAE. We'll have to put in a bathroom.

MOLLY. And then we escape to Chicago.

RAE. And then in the day its a detective agency.

MOLLY. We take the first bus out of town. And that morning. The moment my mom goes to open my door, she sees that my bed's just like empty. And that's when she gets it. She finally gets it.

RAE. *(Playing Molly's Mom/Patsy Ramsey.)* "I'm so proud of you!"

MOLLY. No now you have to discover I'm gone. *(Rae takes in the empty bed.)* OK but be sad though.

RAE. I am.

MOLLY. You're not crying.

RAE. Well I can't just like make myself cry.

MOLLY. I'm gone, Rae. You lost me. You threw me away. And now you're alone. Completely alone. Forever and ever and ever.

RAE. ...

MOLLY. Try again.

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SCENE 5

Rae's office. Lunch. She's reading Perfect Murder, Perfect Town but hides it as Miss Kay appears in the door, holding cake.

MISS KAY. There's cake in the lounge. If you want to come down.

RAE. Oh. I'm OK.

MISS KAY. *(Entering the office.)* This job. It'll eat you alive if you don't carve out some room for yourself. I remember my first year, every day I'd come home it was like I'd been out at a picnic and I had all these ants crawling over my skin.

RAE. They're sweet though.

MISS KAY. Course they're sweet! You know what does help though?

RAE. What?

MISS KAY. Shaving. Honest to god. You shave your legs after school and just see if you don't feel lighter.

RAE. I'll try that.

MISS KAY. So. You seeing anybody?

RAE. What?

MISS KAY. Oh Maryellen just mentioned that she hasn't been seeing your lights on too much.

RAE. I'm mostly just using the first floor.

MISS KAY. The basement?

RAE. It's cozy.

MISS KAY. Well. Don't leave it too long. These things have a way of settling in. You know, when I lost my Denny, it took me a year-and-a-half to clean out his closet. I guess I just figured if I didn't change things too much, maybe he'd... I don't know--come home or. Silly.

RAE. That's not silly.

THE JONBENÉT GAME

MISS KAY. But then I went up to St. Louis--up to Kloss Furniture--and I got myself a brand new sectional--Parisian blue velvet--and you would be amazed the difference it has made.

Listen, I know that your mama was... how she was. But you did right by her. All the way to the end. I saw that. We all did. But now, it's your turn, honey. You're young. Not getting any younger--let's face it--and you've got that big beautiful house to fill up. Are you on the apps?

RAE. No.

MISS KAY. Give me your phone.

RAE. I'm not trying to match with Tim Minsky.

MISS KAY. You know Ryan Meyer's getting divorced.

RAE. Saw that coming.

MISS KAY. You're bad! OK... I see you Miss Rae.

And look, if you need a little extra time for your paperwork...

RAE. Oh, I think I'm caught up.

MISS KAY. You sure? Cindy said Hazel McCabe was in here.

RAE. Was she?

MISS KAY. Last Tuesday.

RAE. Oh. That's right. I forgot. She was working on a project, and she just wanted some feedback--

MISS KAY. I didn't see a report.

RAE. Well it wasn't really a meeting.

MISS KAY. You need to be documenting every interaction that you have with a student. It's for your protection as much as for theirs. These girls, they can twist things. Especially that one. Just like her mother.

RAE. I'll be more careful.

MISS KAY. Good.

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