

Dylan. He's sings off key.

BECKY

He does not.

LINDA

Sister Connie says I have perfect pitch.

BECKY

You're making this very difficult.

LINDA

“She breaks just like a little girl.” What is that supposed to mean? It's kind of rude, really, to little girls. And what's wrong with breaking? That's what life is about, right? He makes it sound like little girls //are weak or something—

BECKY

Stop talking! (she takes a breath) You are not old enough to appreciate Dylan's lyrics.

LINDA

Maybe not.

BECKY

Thank you.

LINDA

But I sure know when someone's singing off key.

BECKY

**Start**      *Linda tries to compose herself.*

Mom wants me to have a talk with you.

LINDA

About...?

BECKY

Things that happen during puberty.

LINDA

Oh, I know all about that.

BECKY

(looking heavenward) Thank you...!

LINDA

BECKY

Lisa Burdick told me that I'll have to shower more and boys will want to kiss me and I should say "no" unless we're married.

LINDA

There's a little more to it than that.

BECKY

I don't think so. Lisa Burdick said—

LINDA

Lisa Burdick is a sweet, wheelchair-bound, 11-year old, who never leaves her house except to play Barbie dolls with you on her front porch.

BECKY

She's wise beyond her years.

LINDA

Not when it comes to this.

BECKY

She created an entire city out of popsicle sticks and milk cartons for Ken and Barbie. There's a downtown and a park and a hospital and a church and a cemetery and when Ken goes to work in the morning he takes this little bus // that Lisa built out of—

LINDA

Stop talking!

*Pause*

BECKY

(small) Lisa's very talented for someone who was in a bad car accident...

LINDA

Yes. She is.

BECKY

She has a pen pal in Thailand. He tells her things.

LINDA

Okay. Here goes. There's something called "your period" and it's when you bleed between your legs for a few days and then it's over. (pause) Did Lisa's pen pal from Thailand mention that?

BECKY

I don't think so. Between your legs...like from where you pee...?

LINDA

Further back.

BECKY

From where you poop...?

LINDA

Between the two.

BECKY

What is there between where you pee and where you poop?

*Linda turns and looks at the audience, then turns back to Becky.*

LINDA

An entire universe filled with longing and regret.

BECKY

Liar! You're trying to scare me. I'm telling mom.

LINDA

Come back here!

*Becky returns.*

LINDA

It's not that bad. You can use sanitary napkins, like mom and Aunt Terri, or you can use tampons like me and every other non-prehistoric female. Those big boxes of pads under the sink? What did you think they were?

BECKY

Little diapers that Aunt Terri wore because she drinks a lot of her happy coffee...

LINDA

Wrong. Sanitary napkins. Bulky, stinky and sometimes they shift forward when you're walking and it looks like you have an erection. I'd go with tampons, but it's your choice, any questions?

BECKY

Is any of this true or are you just getting back at me for saying Bob Dylan can't sing?

LINDA

Bob Dylan can sing and, yes, it's true.

BECKY

How often does it happen?

LINDA

Every 28 days is what the books will tell you. That's what I am. Like clockwork. Rita Connelly is every 30 days.

BECKY

That's a lot!

LINDA

Yes. It is.

BECKY

Is it just while you're a teenager?

*Linda starts to laugh.*

LINDA

No. It ends with menopause.

BECKY

What's that?

LINDA

Baby Jesus, where are you? That's when periods stop and another beautiful adventure begins. You know how mom's been crying for no reason?

BECKY

Yeah.

LINDA

Have you seen those hairs on her chin?

BECKY

One of them sticks straight out.

LINDA

Remember when she yelled at the cat to stop purring so loud?

BECKY

Yeah.

LINDA

Menopause.

BECKY

So...you have periods until you're, like...?

LINDA

Fifty. Give or take.

BECKY

Every single month until you're 50?!

LINDA

Enjoy those Barbies while you can.

BECKY

Why aren't women all over the world screaming their heads off???

LINDA

What good would it do...?

*Linda starts to exit, then remembers.*

LINDA

Oh. Mom wanted me to mention a little bit about the birds and the bees.

BECKY

I'm not sure I'm ready for this.

LINDA

Sure you are. I'll make it quick, like a piano dropping on your head. The man's penis becomes engorged with blood when he's aroused. He inserts the penis into the woman's bleeding hole that we were just talking about. The man and the woman jiggle around. The man squirts out a little liquid filled with sperm. The sperm are Olympic swimmers, millions of little Johnny Weissmullers, who race like crazy to get to the woman's egg—first one there is the winner and makes a baby. Best advice I can give you? Don't let a man put his penis inside you.

BECKY

Well...he'll ask first, right?

LINDA

Sometimes they're sneaky. They'll say things like, "You're really pretty," and that means, "I want to put my penis inside you."

BECKY

It does?

LINDA

Almost invariably.

BECKY

What if he says, "Want to go to a movie?"

LINDA

He wants his penis inside you.

BECKY

What if he says, “Did you study for the test?”

LINDA

Penis.

BECKY

What about, “Good //morning—”

LINDA

Penis.

BECKY

“Hi. //My name—”

LINDA

Penis.

BECKY

When does he not want his penis inside you?

LINDA

(pause) When he’s watching football. I think. **Stop**

*Becky stares off into space mulling over this new information.*

LINDA

(to the audience, instantly mortified) I know, I know! I was way too hard on the kid and I used really scary, bad words, I know—I see that now! But at that moment, life was teaching me a really scary, messy lesson and I wasn’t feeling particularly generous. I decided it was time to confess everything to my mom. Not my dad. No way to prep for that. I mean, how do you prep for having your leg sawn off without anesthesia?

*Jo enters.*

MOM

So...how are my girls...?

*Becky exits as if in a trance.*

MOM

Becky, sweetheart...