

LINDA

(to the audience) And off we went, driving north until we didn't recognize houses or stores or schools. It didn't take long because we never went anywhere. We stopped when we saw a shingle that said, Dr. P.L. Brewster, Family Medicine. He was short and bald and very nice, just weeks away from retiring. Mom was great. She explained quickly and simply what was going on and asked for Dr. Brewster's "utmost discretion concerning this very private matter." He nodded and said, "I raised five daughters, ma'am." He took me into the examining room and mom waited. Then, he took mom into an examining room because he said she looked a little peaked. He walked us out to the car, which I thought was kind of sweet for a doctor, and told us he'd call with the results. Wouldn't take long, he said. Mom and I didn't talk on the way home. But...at one point, when we were at a red light, she reached over and ... fixed my hair. "That's better," she said. Back at home, Terri and Becky were waiting—

TERRI

Yoo-hoo.

LINDA

Terri, you had your monologue.

TERRI

No, not that. I'm thinking maybe I could take over at this point.

LINDA

What...?

TERRI

Well, you're going to be leaving in a minute anyway, right?

LINDA

I thought I'd stick around for the next scene.

TERRI

You can't. You weren't here for what happens next.

BECKY

She's right. You shouldn't have insinuated yourself into my Father Lovett scene.

LINDA

If it weren't for you we wouldn't have any Father Lovett scenes!

BECKY

If you hadn't used bad words to describe what mom says is a piece of God's beautiful mosaic—

TERRI

Knock it off! Look, I just want a little bit of direct address, that's all. And Becky and I have a little scene together that you don't know about.

LINDA

You do...?

TERRI

It's tiny.

BECKY

Don't feel bad.

LINDA

I have a memory of you telling me about what happened!

TERRI

Not as interesting. Two degrees of separation.

BECKY

Can I have a monologue...?

LINDA

No! I'll stop everything if you go off the rails.

TERRI

I can't go off the rails, it's my memory, remember.

LINDA

Make it quick. (leaving) I'll be listening!

*Linda starts to exits.*

TERRI

(to the audience) Hi. Uh...okay...so...

LINDA

(off) Pick up the pace!!

**Stop**

TERRI

Right. Linda and Jo left and I was pretty nervous—and I don't get nervous. But Father Lovett...how to describe this man...he provokes instant focus in every person he meets, like cancer or a house fire. I had a plan. Two plans, really. (to Becky) Where's the Bible?

BECKY

What Bible?