

The point is: The postcards I sell at the museum—that scary looking tree, with evil arms pointing to the sky? It's not where they hung the witches, it's just some tree. Gallow's Hill is at the exact site of the old Dunkin' Donuts.

BOB:

Nope, not my Dunkin's.

BECKY:

THE OTHER DUNKIN DONUTS, Bob.

BOB:

If you say so. I heard it was at the Walgreens.

BECKY:

Who the hell have you been talking to, Bob? I hate that goddam Walgreens. Anyway, my new boss annoys the shit out of me.

BOB:

I love office politics. You own your own business, you got no villains. Sometimes you need a villain to get through your day.

BECKY:

So you say. But you don't have to deal with *Shelby*.

BOB:

What's wrong with Shelby?

BECKY:

Oh she's so...*(makes a face)* smug. And she's cutting jobs and putting in more videos so you don't need real people to give tours anymore. You just press the button and some creepy voice says: "Do you believe in witches? Your ancestors did." They hired her when Donna got the cancer and the board wants the museum to make money. Who ever heard of a frigging museum that turned a profit? And she wants me to follow the script all the time.

BOB:

You don't follow the script?

BECKY:

Well, the script bores me sometimes and then I deviate slightly.

BOB:

Oh—well I could see where that would be—Maybe a mild irritation for her. If your job is to follow the script.

BECKY:

I know more than Shelby about the witch trials. That's the trouble. I know too much. She

might be a professor, but if she were a good professor she'd be teaching at a college, right—not working at the Salem Museum of freaking Witchcraft. And she wears—these—*blouses*—with these little *ties*--she thinks she's better than everyone in town--she thinks Gallow's hill was down by the Walgreens because someone at frigging Harvard said so, but if you're from this town you know that Gallow's hill is at the goddam Dunkin' Donuts! In the exact spot where you eat your morning jelly roll--

BOB:

I hate jelly rolls—it's disconcerting when jelly flies into your mouth--

BECKY:

Right, fine, or your CRUELLER--Some poor woman was being hanged. And denied a burial. With her daughters watching and weeping their eyes out.

*Pause.*

*Becky is sad.*

BOB:

How is Gail doing?

BECKY:

Oh, a little better.

BOB:

When's she coming home from the hospital?

BECKY:

They won't say. Once you get in there, it's up to the shrinks when you get out.

BOB:

Right.

BECKY:

Sometimes I worry so goddam much it takes up my whole goddam life. I don't know if I was cut out to be a mother. Or a grandmother. Or whatever the hell I am.

BOB:

You were definitely cut out to be a mother.

BECKY:

Thanks, Bob. I didn't exactly succeed at it. If you judge by outcome.

BOB:

I don't judge by outcome.

BECKY:

Then how would you know?

BOB:

I can tell. From your worry.

BECKY:

Oh right from my white hairs?

BOB:

You don't have any white hairs.

*Becky shows him a white hair.*

BECKY:

See?

BOB:

Your hair smells good—like orange juice.

BECKY:

Thanks. I dip it in my goddam Tropicana every morning.

BOB:

You do?

BECKY:

No. I better get back to work. Lunch break's over.

BOB:

This one's on me.