

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.