

Start

CARTER'S MOM. But I also want to watch the rehearsals.

(She settles in. Takes out snacks.)

MS. ROBIN. Rehearsals are closed.

CARTER'S MOM. 'Cause you got secrets? I get it. I won't tell anybody. Shhhh . . . My lips are sealed!

MS. ROBIN. No, that's not the reason we just have closed rehearsals.

CARTER'S MOM. Oh.

MS. ROBIN. So you need to go.

CARTER'S MOM. I need to go because it's a closed rehearsal.

MS. ROBIN. Yeah.

CARTER'S MOM. You, a theatre teacher, are telling me, a mother, where I can and cannot be. That's what you're saying here.

MS. ROBIN. Right.

CARTER'S MOM. So, just so I understand this, you are telling a person who CREATED that child with nutrients from her own body—a person who vomited for thirty-nine consecutive days, you're telling me, the mother, who built that human being over there piece by piece for forty-one weeks and then went into labor for twenty-seven hours, enduring unimaginable pain and suffering, you are telling that person to get out. Good job, Mom. Great job creating this human, now wait outside in the car like a father!

MS. ROBIN. All right all right all right—if you can be silent—

CARTER'S MOM. You won't even know I'm here.

MS. ROBIN. You can watch for like a couple of minutes. Quietly.

CARTER'S MOM. I am a mouse.

MS. ROBIN. Fine.

CARTER'S MOM. Just gonna be over here recording, that's it.

MS. ROBIN. Please don't record.

CARTER'S MOM. Oh okay I see. You get to tell me how I can watch my own child.

End

(MS. ROBIN turns her back on her and talks to CARTER and BRYN.)

MS. ROBIN. All right. Carter? Bryn? Let's go from Nurse's line: "But surely Jason . . ."