

REBECCA

#1

AT NIGHT:

(The sound of crickets. REBECCA tiptoes to George's ladder and climbs up beside him.)

GEORGE. Get out, Rebecca. There's only room for one at this window. You're always spoiling everything.

REBECCA. (at the moon) Well, let me look just a minute.

GEORGE. Use your own window.

REBECCA. I did, but there's no moon there....George, do you know what I think, do you? I think maybe the moon's getting nearer and nearer and there'll be a big 'sposion.

GEORGE. Rebecca, you don't know anything. If the moon were getting nearer, the guys that sit up all night with telescopes would see it first and they'd tell about it, and it'd be in all the newspapers. (pause)

REBECCA. George, is the moon shining on South America, Canada and half the whole world?

GEORGE. Well - prob'ly is.

REBECCA. [REDACTED] looking at the moon throughout) I never told you about that letter Jane Crofut got from her minister when she was sick. He wrote Jane a letter and on the envelope the address was like this: It said: Jane Crofut; The Crofut Farm; Grover's Corners; Sutton County; New Hampshire; United States of America.

GEORGE. What's funny about that?

REBECCA. (with increasing awe) But listen, it's not finished: the United States of America, Continent of North America; Western Hemisphere; the Earth; the Solar System; the Universe; the Mind of God - that's what it said on the envelope.

GEORGE. What do you know!

REBECCA. And the postman brought it just the same.

#2

MORNING, BEFORE SCHOOL:

REBECCA. (offstage) Ma! What dress shall I wear?

MRS. GIBBS. (crosses to cupboard for two plates and crosses to stove) Don't make a noise. Your father's been out all night and needs his sleep. I washed and ironed the blue gingham for you special. (serves one plate and sets it on the table for GEORGE.)

REBECCA. Ma, I hate that dress.

MRS. GIBBS. Oh, hush-up-with-you.

REBECCA. Every day I go to school dressed like a sick turkey.

MRS. GIBBS. (serves second plate) Now, Rebecca, you always look very nice.

REBECCA. Mama, George's throwing soap at me.

MRS. GIBBS. (crossing to set plate for REBECCA) I'll come and slap the both of you, - that's what I'll do.

CHILDREN AT THE TABLE:

MRS. GIBBS. (crosses to table and sets down butter) I'll speak to your father about it when he's rested. Seems to me twenty-five cents a week's enough for a boy your age. (crosses to stove to pour her own coffee) I declare I don't know how you spend it all.

GEORGE. Aw, Ma - I gotta lotta things to buy.

MRS. GIBBS. Strawberry phosphates - that's what you spend it on. (crosses between children with cup, sips)

GEORGE. I don't see how Rebecca comes to have so much money. She has more'n a dollar.

REBECCA. (spoon in mouth, dreamily) I've been saving it up gradual.

MRS. GIBBS. Well, dear, I think it's a good thing to spend some every now and then.

REBECCA. Mama, do you know what I love most in the world - do you? - Money.

MRS. GIBBS. Eat your breakfast.