

Raising Helen 3

F/V (OR)

Helen

Henry was making all that stuff up, Jenny.
Jenny, what are you doing?

Jenny

"When a problem comes along you must
whip it. Before the cream..."

Helen

Give me my letter.

Jenny

That's it? That's all she left behind to
explain why she chose you? The lyrics to
"Whip it"?

Helen

It makes sense to me.

Jenny

What is it with you two and that song? It's
ridiculous. I don't get it.

Helen

Exactly!

Jenny

What are you saying? That that's the point?
I'm no fun? That I don't get things? That I
never make jokes?

Helen

Show me your letter.

Jenny

No!

Helen

No? No? what do you mean "No"? we said you would read my letter and I would read yours.

Jenny

This is not a letter. These are lyrics. Nonsensical lyrics. This is not a letter. If this was a letter, you could read my letter, but this is not a letter.

Helen

Not a letter? What? You are a smug, bitter, colossal bitch.

Jenny

If you've finished, I think I'd like to serve dessert.

Helen

You don't want to help me, you just want to judge me. You just want to prove that you're a better mother than me, that Lindsay was wrong.

Jenny

Why would I need to prove that? Of course I'm a better mother than you. I've been doing it forever. But does that matter? No. she still chose you over me.

Helen

Exactly. She chose me, Jenny. Not me. I had no control over it. You're angry with me because of a decision that she made for me. I am giving up everything for these kids, and you have no idea what that's like.

Jenny

I don't know what it's like? How do you think I got this way? Whatever this way is that's so particularly un-fun and funny. Who changed your diapers?

Helen

Don't start with that. Mom died when I was seven.

Jenny

Who fed you? Who baby-sat you?

Helen

Lindsay was there, too.

Jenny

Lindsay was in New York trying to be a dancer and I was at home not having a normal childhood, because I was too busy being your mommy. And you're Tra-La-La-La Helen. So... free. Miss Party-Party-All-Night-Long and I never got to feel like that, ever. Not once.

(BEAT)

I don't want to fight anymore.

Helen

(BEAT)

Happy Mother's Day.