

White Bra with a Pink Bow premiered on March 16, 2013, and was produced by the New Urban Theatre Laboratory at Boston SWAN (Support Women Arts Now) Day, Massachusetts, under the direction of Jackie Davis, with the following cast:

BECCA: Jojo Kindair
TAMMY: Alycia Love-Modeste
KIM: Tasia A. Jones

Produced at the Warner International Playwrights Festival
October 17–19, 2013
Featuring:

Marie Roy-Daniels as BECCA
Elizabeth Keiser as TAMMY
Laura Honeywood as KIM

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CHARACTERS

BECCA, a shy 13-year-old. She is wearing a pair of 1972-era gym shorts and a top.

TAMMY, a boisterous 13-year-old. She is wearing a pair of 1972-era gym shorts and a top.

KIM, an athletic 13-year-old. She is wearing a pair of bell-bottoms and a vintage New Orleans sports team T-shirt.

TIME

An early autumn afternoon in New Orleans, Louisiana, in September of 1972.

SETTING

Junior high school girl's locker room. A locker room bench is center stage with a gym bag on the floor next to it. A large mirror is set on stage or the fourth wall can act as a mirror.

PRODUCTION NOTES

All actors stay clothed during the play. The "pencil test" segments should be blocked over T-shirts.

Playwright gives permission for play personalization with city/town of production. Approved changes are: KIM'S vintage T-shirt to a local team, changing "Pontchartrain Park" to a local 1970s-era park hangout, and changing "D. H. Holmes" to a local 1970s-era department store.

Set and lighting can be simplified to fit minimalist staging elements.

In darkness, a locker room shower is overheard. Blue lights cascade onto the stage like shower water, turning white, then filling the stage with full light. BECCA stands in front of the mirror looking at herself, singing a line or two from a song like "Walking in the Rain" by the Partridge Family. Shower fades. BECCA moves her hands to her breasts, which are already developed far beyond those of her friends.

BECCA: I have to grow up, please let me have little boobs like Laurie Partridge.

TAMMY enters, snaps a towel at BECCA.

TAMMY: Ha! You'll never have Laurie Partridge boobs, birthday girl. You're already too big.

BECCA: Nut-uh!

TAMMY: Yeah-huh! You could entertain the troops in Vietnam with . . .

BECCA: I wish I could go there.

TAMMY: Becca, I'm your best friend, right?

BECCA *nods*.

It'd be far out if somebody could fix this, but you can't live only for that day. Your dad wouldn't want you to. We're in eighth grade. Junior high top of the heap. And look at you. You need a bra! What a great birthday present!

BECCA: If I need a bra, that means I can't stay ten years old. I promised I'd stay a little girl.

TAMMY: We haven't been ten years old . . .

BECCA: In three years.

TAMMY: We're teenagers now. We're gonna go to eighth-grade dances at Pontchartrain Park. With boys!

BECCA: I don't need any boys.

TAMMY: Yeah-huh. Can't stop time even if we wanna. Boobs are gonna grow . . . well, maybe not mine. *Beat*. If you can put a pencil under your boob and it stays, you need a bra.

BECCA: Who says?

TAMMY: All the ninth graders.

BECCA: Nut-uh.

TAMMY: Yeah-huh.

BECCA: Nut-uh.

TAMMY: Let's try.

BECCA: No.

TAMMY: Don't be a spaz. C'mon.

She rummages through gym bag, grabs a pencil, sticks it under her breast (see production note). It falls, clattering to floor. Beat. They stare at it.

TAMMY: Bogus. Your turn.

BECCA: No!

TAMMY *grabs at BECCA who turns away*. TAMMY *tickles BECCA, who finally giggles and tickles her back*.

Laughing. Stop it.

TAMMY: *Laughing*. C'mon, Laurie Partridge!

BECCA: *Laughing*. Stop. Stop! Okay.

She takes the pencil and places it under her breast (see production note). It stays. Beat. They stare in the mirror.

TAMMY: Neat! It's like it's glued there.

BECCA *removes the pencil and hands it to TAMMY*.

I'm sorry I said that. About Vietnam, I mean.

KIM *enters carrying her gym outfit and a tennis racket*.

KIM: Our first gym class of eighth grade, and they cancel it. At least we got to change. Did you see the new girl from California? She's looks like a surfer girl. Tan with the longest hair I've ever seen. I wonder if she plays tennis.

She puts her gym outfit in the gym bag and swings the tennis racket.

Billie Jean King is playing Karry Melville Saturday. King is gonna rule. Be there or be square. Happy birthday, Becs.

TAMMY: Becca needs a bra.

KIM: What's that gotta to do with tennis?

TAMMY: Nothing. I'm just saying. We did the pencil test. *Pause*. Here's your pencil.

Tosses pencil to KIM.

Becca's lucky.

BECCA: Nut-uh.

TAMMY: Yeah-huh! Every boy in school is gonna wanna date you. It's like you grew watermelons this summer.

BECCA: I'm not getting a bra!

KIM: Who cares what boys want, anyway?

She tries to put the pencil under her breast (see production note) but it keeps falling back into her hand. She finally throws it into her gym bag.

BECCA: My dad said I'll always be his girl. I don't need any boys.

TAMMY: I'd faint if someone like David Cassidy would just look at me. Did you see him on the cover of *Tiger Beat* last week? It was 1972 Super Sweethearts Issue. He was wearing a leather jacket, sitting on a motorcycle. He's so bitchin'.

BECCA: I hate motorcycles.

TAMMY: Motorcycles are bitchin'.

KIM: Nobody's gonna wanna date you if you say "bitchin'."

TAMMY: Okay. Cool. Is that what California girl would say?

She sticks her tongue out at KIM. KIM reciprocates.

BECCA: See. We don't have to grow up.

She sticks her tongue out at TAMMY and KIM.

TAMMY: Yeah-huh. Let's go buy you a bra. We'll get something like in the back of the J. C. Penney catalog . . .

BECCA: Tam . . .

TAMMY: Where the women have black bras or . . .

BECCA: Tam!

TAMMY: Ones with leopard spots or something with lace . . .

BECCA: Tammy!

TAMMY: You're gonna be so popular. We're gonna rule junior high, and by the time we get to be freshmen . . .

BECCA: Tammy!

TAMMY: What?

BECCA: I. Don't. Want. A. Bra!

KIM: We can't buy bras at J. C. Penney, anyways. What do you think, there's some magic box where you can, I don't know, find anything you wish for, point to it and it'll magically appear at your door?

BECCA: If I could do that, I'd wish for something other than a stupid bra. Besides, we're thirteen. My mom would have to drive us to Penney's.

TAMMY: Bitch . . . I mean, cool.

KIM: Your mom has leopard bras. She even has red ones. And purple.

TAMMY: *Teasing.* Spying?

KIM: Nut-uh. She washes 'em and hangs 'em in the bathroom. To dry.

BECCA: I don't want leopard or red or purple! If I have to have a stupid bra, then I want one of those white ones with a pink bow in the middle. I'll bet Laurie Partridge wears a white one with a pink bow in the middle.

TAMMY: Boring!

BECCA: Nut-uh.

TAMMY: Yeah-huh.

BECCA: Nut-uh!

TAMMY: Yeah-huh! And I'm tellin' ya, leather-wearing boys want girls with leopard bras.

BECCA: I don't want leather-wearing boys.

TAMMY: I am not going to the eighth-grade dances with you two. You're gonna have to get dates eventually. And you could have any boy in school.

BECCA: I'd want somebody like . . .

TAMMY: Like?

KIM: Why do we only talk about boys, lately?

TAMMY: Cuz we're supposed to talk about boys.

KIM: Not me.

TAMMY: Ever?

KIM sticks her tongue out at TAMMY.

Hope your face freezes that way.

BECCA: Like my dad.

TAMMY: You want her face to freeze like your dad?

BECCA: I wanna boy like my dad. Somebody who's brave and strong and will take me to Dairy Queen for Dilly Bars and listen to the Partridge Family with me. His last letter said they're his favorite band, too.

KIM: They're gonna find him. He's a pilot. He is brave and strong.

BECCA: The Air Force keeps telling us that. *Beat.* I don't think my

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mom wants him found. She never had leopard bras or rode motorcycles before he went to Vietnam.

KIM: Maybe she did and you just didn't know.

BECCA: Somewhere he's wishing on stars to come home. I know it. He has to be.

KIM: Sure he is.

BECCA: And I don't wanna date boys or grow up. I wanna be exactly like he remembers me.

TAMMY: He'd want you to grow up. Be a teenager. You can date somebody like Michael Jackson. It'll be . . .

She sings a line from a song like The Jackson Five's "A-B-C." KIM then joins in and they both sing a line. BECCA then joins in and all three sing a line. They giggle.

And we'll bicycle over to D. H. Holmes and get you a white bra with a pink bow. Okay?

BECCA: Do I have to?

TAMMY nods. BECCA nods slowly with her.

KIM: It'll be okay. I can maybe ask the new girl to go with us.

TAMMY: Nut-uh. *Pause.* But can I at least try on a leopard bra?

KIM: For your mosquito bites?

BECCA giggles.

Lights fade.

END OF PLAY