

CB Side Wendla & Woman

WENDLA

Mama, don't be cross—don't be. But I'm an aunt for a second time now, and I still have no idea how it happens.

(FRAU BERGMAN looks stricken)

Mama, please. I'm ashamed to even ask. But then, who can I ask but you

FRAU BERGMAN

Wendla, child, you cannot imagine that I could—

WENDLA

But you cannot imagine I still believe in the stork.

FRAU BERGMAN

I honestly don't know what I've done to deserve this kind of talk. And on a day like today! Go, child, put your clothes on.

WENDLA

And if I run out, now, and ask Gregor? Our chimney sweep...?

(A beat)

FRAU BERGMAN

Very well, I'll tell you everything.

But not today. Tomorrow. Or the day after.

WENDLA

Today, Mama.

FRAU BERGMAN

Wendla Bergman, I simply cannot...

WENDLA

Mama!

FRAU BERGMAN

You will drive me mad!

WENDLA

Why? I'll kneel at your feet, lay my head in your lap... You can talk as if I weren't even here.

(No response)

Please.

FRAU BERGMAN

Very well, I'll tell you.

(WENDLA kneels. Flustered. FRAU BERGMAN buries the girl's head in her apron)

WENDLA

(Waits)

Yes?...

FRAU BERGMAN

Child, I...

WENDLA

Mama.

FRAU BERGMAN

All right, then. In order for a woman to conceive a child...

You follow me?

WENDLA

Yes, Mama.

FRAU BERGMAN

For a woman to bear a child, she must...in her own personal way, she must...love her husband.
Love him, as she can love only him. *Only* him...she must love—with her whole...heart.

There. Now, you know everything.